

Our Yard
HAPPY NEW YEAR



from

THE STAFF

SUN SHIPBUILDING & DRY DOCK CO., CHESTER, PA., JAN. 1959



Each time that we enter a New Year I think of the many years of friendly relations I have enjoyed with my fellow employees.

I sincerely hope that in the years ahead these friendships within the Sun Ship family will in no way diminish.

May 1959 bring to each of you a full measure of health and happiness.

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "John G. Peugh". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned above the printed name.

VICE PRESIDENT



RICHARD L. BURKE

TO ALL SUN SHIP EMPLOYEES

It is difficult for the writer at this time to prophesy, due to the conditions that prevail, as to what the activities in the shipyard may be for the coming year.

We sincerely regret that due to the fact that we have been under threat of strike since October 22nd of this year there has been a loss of ship repair business, boiler shop and Wetherill Plant work, which unfortunately has caused a lay off of several hundred people. So long as this unsettled condition exists our future is unpredictable.

During the past year we have delivered two ships, the Atlantic Enterprise, our Hull 604, and the Atlantic Endeavor, our Hull 605. We have on the shipways at the present time two 30,000 deadweight ton tankers for the Socony Mobil Oil Company, Inc., one of which is scheduled to

launch December 30th and the second one early in the coming year. In addition to these we have started construction of the first of two 47,750 deadweight ton tankers for the Sun Oil Company. Also, we have on order two freight ships for the Moore-McCormack Lines, Inc., and I am informed that negotiations between owners and Maritime Administration have now progressed to the point where contracts are being prepared awarding us three additional vessels, generally duplicates of these two vessels.

The transition work in the yard, of which we are all so proud, involving two new shipways and shops has progressed very satisfactorily this year, to the point where they are very near completion.

We appreciate the cooperation that has been prevalent during the past year, however, we sincerely regret that after several years of satisfactory relations with the Union a serious misunderstanding exists in the present negotiations regarding wages. Your Company has made a most liberal offer in an attempt to settle this dispute. This offer is made to keep us competitive in the industry in order that we may be successful in obtaining future work for all of us in the yard. We earnestly hope that this unfortunate situation will have been settled to the satisfaction of all concerned by the time you receive this issue of *Our Yard*.

With very best wishes to all for the coming New Year.

Sincerely,

President

December 16, 1958

OUR YARD — Sun Shipbuilding & Drydock Co., Chester, Pa. — Vol. XVIII, No. 5
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John Hart, *Editor*, Ann Smedley, *Secretary*. REPORTERS: Al Bagby, Harold Baker, "Fireball" Bentley, "Whitey" Burr, Len Buscaglia, Clarence Duke, "Brutus" Falcone, Sam Flood, John Hefflefinger, Frank "Shakey" Hickman, Joe McBride, Harry Osman, Gavin Rennie, Harry Sanborn, Eddie Wertz, Bob Wilson, Frank Wilson, and "Whitey" Hahn, *Outdoor Editor*.



COMPETITION AHEAD

The past year has seen virtual completion of our shop modernization and shipway expansion program. The difficult transition period is over and production using the new facilities is now in full swing. The change-over from full size lofting to modern one-tenth loft work associated with automatic flame cutting equipment has been accomplished, and a complete ship has been built using this new method. I am confident that these factors will contribute substantially to improvement in our competitive position.

Our customers buy ships on the basis of quality and cost in exactly the same manner that you and I buy automobiles and refrigerators. Consequently our volume of work and therefore our job security depends on our producing a quality product at costs below those of our competition.



PAUL E. ATKINSON

In looking to the future one fact is crystal clear. There will not be, barring a national emergency, sufficient new shipbuilding work to keep all of the yards working at or near capacity. Only the most efficient ones will obtain contracts enabling them to maintain a reasonable volume of work. The Maritime Administration cargo vessel replacement program is now under way and substantial amounts of new construction have been awarded. However, this program of 10 to 15 ships a year will not supply work to all of the shipyards interested in obtaining these contracts. The opening of the St. Lawrence Seaway will place three or four more yards in a position to bid on ocean-going vessels and can only serve to intensify the already highly competitive situation. Recent bids on proposed new vessel construction verify these conclusions.

Regardless of these problems, I am convinced that we can obtain a substantial portion of the work, if we can continue our concerted efforts toward improvement in design, methods and working conditions. I am sure that each of you appreciates the importance of your contribution to our overall effort.

I would like to extend my best wishes for the coming year to each of you and to your families.

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "P.E. Atkinson".

VICE PRESIDENT — OPERATIONS

Employee "Fringe Benefits"

It has been said that we are a generation of comparers, viz: "Those were the good old days"—"They really built a solid car then"—"You think this is a cold winter, huh, I remember when"—"Stan Musial is better than Ty Cobb ever was," etc. You, no doubt, have participated in this type of discussion.

In keeping with this, I thought it might be interesting, to you, if we compared some of our "fringe benefits" with the program in effect, say, a decade ago.

Average No. of Employees	1958		1948	
	Cases	Benefits	Cases	Benefits
Employees Hospitalization & Surgical Insurance	534	137,501.50	253	29,676.58
Dependents Hospitalization & Surgical Insurance	978	183,100.60	Not available	
Group Life Insurance	58	506,882.50	26	173,500.00
Mutual Benefit Assn.	495	165,184.42	392	37,600.00

One can see from this table, that even with a smaller group covered by these plans, we have been called on and have been able to provide more financial protection, for those of our members who suffered physical adversity, during the past year as against a decade ago. Thus, once again, we can look forward to the coming year with an air of confidence that our problems of health will be minimized in so far as money can purchase cures and comfort.

As in the past, many of our fellow workers, 20% in 1958, have taken advantage of the opportunity to purchase U.S. Government Savings Bonds thru the Payroll Purchase Plan. With an outlay of \$422,428.48 for the year, they will realize a return of



WILLIAM CRAEMER

\$563,237.71 at maturity.

Christmas Club checks have been mailed to 1,065 of our employees, totaling \$296,144.00 or an increase of 22% over the previous year. These employees had an average of \$278.00 with which to fill the role of Santa.

Those of our number who enrolled in the Savings Fund Plan watched their future financial outlook increase in the amount of \$96,403.00. In the two years this plan has been in force \$158,027.50 has been put aside by some of our fellow workers.

With these facts, figures and hopeful outlook, may I extend to you my personal expression for your good health and happiness during this ensuing year.

SECRETARY and TREASURER



Rod and Gun News



By Robert "Whitey" Hahn
**ANOTHER STEP
 TOWARDS COMMUNISM**

Philadelphia does it again—this time into the harrassed police department. The Police Commissioner asks the law-abiding citizen to set aside their constitutional rights, and bring their guns in to be registered. In so doing he risks the ire of all the country's sportsmen. I can hardly wait to see what the National Rifle Association has to say about it. Next step is to confiscate all guns? The thugs and hoodlums are going to march in and register their guns—oh yes, they are! Don't hold your breath until they do!

Radio station WPEN has taken up this crusade. They're on the air urging all law abiding, public spirited citizens to forget their constitutional rights and help to curb crime in the city of brotherly love.

They told a tear jerking story of some little boy up in North Philadelphia who killed his mother with a twenty-two rifle using the only bullet that was in the house at the time. This was a regrettable accident. This lad wasn't a criminal. Sure it must have been an awful thing, but why mention it on the program? Only to work on the sympathies of the listeners, that's why.

I don't know what the circumstances were about this accident, but registering all the guns in the country wouldn't have prevented it or any other accident like it.

Awhile back some criminals cut a hole in the roof of a sporting goods store in Philadelphia and stole a quantity of guns and ammunition. Right away they brought out an ordinance or law making the proprietors of sporting goods stores—and others who sold guns and ammunition—responsible for their safe keeping. They had to make it hard for crooks, etc., to get at the guns. The guns had to be kept in cases and locked up at night. Always putting the blame on the good citizens.

About two years ago two representatives from Philadelphia introduced three bills in Harrisburg on anti-gun legislation (Bills #118-309-310). And were they lulus! One in particular wanted to make it compulsory to get a written permit from the chief of police of your town or township in order to buy a box of shells.

Think of the paper work and confusion that would result when hunters by the thousands tried to get these permits. And if the chief thought you were going to hunt where he and his friends were, he could stop you by refusing you a permit. The other bills were just about as useless, and I'm glad to say they were killed before they got too far, through the efforts of the Pennsylvania Federation of Sportsman's Clubs, the National Rifle Association and the real thinking lawmakers. But they stirred up quite a ruckus for awhile. They always seem to want to handicap and inconvenience the law-abiding citizen.

You, the law-abiding citizen, register your gun today, tomorrow night some criminal



The law reads no hunting within 150 yards of dwellings or outbuildings. This deer must be able to read—there is no denying that he is hiding behind an outbuilding.

breaks into your home and steals among other valuables your registered gun. Next week he kills somebody with it and the police recover the gun. It's a simple matter to trace it back to you, and many a good man has been executed or served time on circumstantial evidence alone.

The police risk their lives to bring these criminals to justice. The courts slap them on the wrists and turn them loose again. Or if they do sentence them to a term, a chicken livered parole board turns them loose. And registering the guns of the law-abiding citizens won't change this.

When Hitler's hordes overran Europe, they

carried the lists of registered guns with them and the first thing they did was confiscate the guns. But the underground gave a good account of itself in spite of this with the few with which they got away. Except only for these lists the citizens would have had practically all their guns and the story might have been a lot different.

When the English thought Hitler was going to invade them, they started begging us to send them guns—any kind of guns so they could arm the citizens, many of whom didn't know which end of a gun to put to their shoulders.

In England most of the hunting and shooting is reserved for the nobility and titled gentree, and so the working man has no need for a gun. That's why his knowledge of guns is nil. And in a few short days they were going to have to learn to match their skill with that of Hitler's crack troops! What a fiasco that would have been. As soon as the crisis was past they gathered up the guns and scrapped them. Lots of them should have been scrapped before they left here.

You say it can't happen here, but the communist spies would have copies of those gun registrations in Moscow as fast as they were made up over here. They know this is a country of sportsmen. There are millions of men and women in this country who own the best of guns and ammunition in the world and know how to use them. The commies know there are plenty of sportsmen (and women) over here, who are capable of putting a bullet through the head of a groundhog at two or three hundred yards. And other untold numbers who—if called upon or pushed far enough—could hit a man at much longer ranges, and they would like to get a list of them and their guns.

Philadelphia has a lot of wonderful firsts to its credit, down through history. Is it going to be the first to open the door to communist dictatorship by forcing the law-abiding citizens to register their guns?



PERRY WELSH (in white cap) and GEORGE AMRHEIN (alongside him) on a fishing trip a good many years ago—when the men did the fishing and the wives stayed home, and cooked all they caught!

This is a vital issue, and a good piece of writing by Outdoor Editor "Whitey" Hahn. Article II of the Bill of Rights of our Federal Constitution states: ". . . the right of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed."

Aroused public spirited citizens can do great things. Look what they did at the state-wide election in November. They set a record for splitting ballots, and just to get one man out. "It was the greatest splitting demonstration since Honest Abe Lincoln hung up his axe and went into politics." I guess they didn't want to give him a chance to throw the gates of the federal prisons open.

This column is against any anti-gun legislation in any shape or form, and gun registration heads the list. The National Rifle Association, whose offices are in Washington, keep a close watch on any gun legislation that is proposed whether local, state or national. If it's good they work for it, if it's bad, they work twice as hard against it. They have done a lot of good. More power to them!

SPORT SHOTS

As usual, the news about our sportsmen is hard to come by, and you have to go out and practically dig it up. And when one digs, one never knows what might turn up. There are still a lot of men around the yard who don't know who writes this column.

Some fellows will tell a story about their hunting or fishing experiences and on finding out that they have been talking to the writer of this column will become embarrassed, and ask not to have it printed or not to mention their names.

L. McElwee of the welding department is a veteran muskrat trapper of the Eddystone swamps. Says the furs aren't worth much this year, so he might not do any trapping. His boy is doing a little. . . . "Pee Wee" as he is known to his many friends in the yard, told us of catching a well dressed muskrat one time. But as it is the policy of this column not to embarrass anyone, we'll let "Pee Wee" give you the details.

Carl Fink of 47 Shop had good luck while deer hunting and came home with a six pointer. . . . Dick Dallatore and John Rossachaj, a couple of old timers when

it comes to deer hunting, spent a week up near Pottsville. It has always been our contention that more deer are shot the first day than all the rest of the season, but Dick got his on the sixth and last day of their hunt. It was a nice eight pointer. They are a couple of welders. Carl and Dick were really lucky as there aren't many nice racks this year. The antlered deer kill will be a lot less than last year we think. Most of the bucks that we saw around State College were spikes.

Stanley Hockman of 47 Shop didn't get a buck, but he is going back for doe. Some of the nimrods from 47 Dept. who were out for deer are: Joe Grant, Russ Rothka, Charlie Sokalowski, and John Ferguson. We haven't heard to date how they made out.

Out at Penn State College they have several buck deer in captivity to experiment with. The object is to grow better antlers.

The inmates of the penitentiary out at Bellefonte have put strips of red scotch lite on some of the buck deer so car lights will reflect red when they shine on them. This helps keep down collisions with autos.

Hunters have been shooting doves on telephone wires causing a lot of expense to the company and inconvenience to their subscribers. Are you one of the culprits? Do you shoot sitting doves? Another black eye for sportsmen and hunting.

Every year a group of sportsmen from the Berks County Federation of Sportsmen's Clubs gather up the trash left by the fishermen during the summer around the Reading Water Supply Dam. This year on Sunday morning September 28, they gathered up three truck loads, most of it beer cans and soda bottles. I wonder if they make that good old Reading Beer from that water.

Now that the hunting is about over, what are you going to do? Don't hang up that gun, but get out and plaster a few crows. Every one you kill makes your chances of getting a pheasant, rabbit, duck or other game a lot better next fall. And if the

weather gets real bad, get out and scatter a little feed. Your game protectors and sportsmen's clubs would appreciate a little help.

The season for Regulated Shooting Grounds runs to the end of February. Sure that kind of shooting costs money, but what doesn't cost money these days? In the meantime, keep those guns, ammo, and archery equipment under your personal control, especially around the home, where there are children.

These coming three or four months are the worst as far as fires are concerned. Do your part to prevent them. If you bagged any game with leg bands or ear tags this season, get in touch with the nearest game warden. Some fellows don't report these bands or tags because they want them as souvenirs. All the game commission wants to know is where and when the game was bagged. It helps them in their game management program. You can have the tag.

Don't forget to report any big game if you were lucky enough to bag any.

The following letter was received and put into the Congressional Record by Senator Goldwater (R. Ariz.)

"Dear Mr. Senator:

"My friend Bordeaux over in Pima County received a \$1,000 check from the Government this year for not raising hogs. So I am going into the not-raising-hogs business next year.

"What I want to know is what is the best kind of farm not to raise hogs on and what is the best kind of hogs not to raise? I would prefer not to raise razorbacks, but if that is not a good breed not to raise, I will just as gladly not raise any Berkshires or Duracs.

"My friend Bordeaux is very joyful about the future of his business. He has been raising hogs for more than 20 years and the best he ever made was \$400 until this year, when he got \$1,000 for not raising hogs.

"I plan to operate on a small scale at first, holding myself down to about 4,000 hogs, which means I will have \$80,000.

"Now another thing: These hogs I will not raise will not eat 100,000 bushels of corn. I understand that you also pay farmers for not raising corn.

"So will you pay me anything for not raising 100,000 bushels of corn not to feed the hogs I am not raising?"

"(Signed) Octave Broussard."

IT'S THE CONSUMER WHO PAYS

Statistically, the consumer contributes directly only 14.9 per cent of federal revenues—primarily through excise taxes.

In the long run, of course, through his purchases and income taxes, he pays virtually all the taxes. For each dollar of direct taxes on his purchases, the average person pays an estimated two dollars in "hidden" taxes. An automobile has some 205 taxes incorporated in its price. The buyer pays all. Even a loaf of bread carries 151 taxes in its price.

The average U. S. family pays \$387 a year in direct taxes, but more than \$900 in other taxes, many of them hidden.—*Better Living, published by E. I. DuPont de Nemours & Co., Wilmington.*

"KNOW YOUR CHEMISTRY"

OXYGEN

The most important element of all—OXYGEN. Since the air we breathe contains about 21% of Oxygen and we cannot live without this Oxygen—it of necessity becomes the world's most important element. Without oxygen—death.

The depletion of the supply of Oxygen is demonstrated by the effects on a person when the Oxygen supply is lowered to about 14%, breathing becomes more difficult and the movement of the body becomes more difficult, coordination of the mind and body becomes sluggish and at about 12% headaches start, breathing becomes deep and rapid and at 5% unconsciousness and death will result. Death has also been known to occur at even higher percentages of Oxygen when the body has been under much more exertion, such as the effort to remove one's self from the dangerous atmosphere.

Pure Oxygen is a gas without color, taste or odor, it is slightly heavier than air, and on cooling condenses to a pale blue liquid which may be further condensed to a solid.

It combines very rapidly with nearly all the other elements and since all common cases of burning require the presence of Oxygen, it is termed to support combustion.

Many oils such as those used in paints, absorb Oxygen and in the case of oily rags and similar articles, the absorption of Oxygen causes oxidation, the heat does not escape and rises until fire occurs. The well-known Spontaneous Combustion is an active burning started by the accumulated heat of slow oxidation.

Oxygen is the earth's most abundant element, one-half of the solid crust of the earth is Oxygen; eight-ninths of the water is Oxygen and one-fifth of the air is Oxygen.

All animal life requires Oxygen to carry on the life processes. The air supplies the Oxygen to land animals and fish absorb the dissolved Oxygen from the water.

The Oxygen is taken into the body during the process of breathing, absorbed by the blood and carried throughout the body. The various tissues are slowly oxidized, heat being liberated by this action and it is this heat which keeps the body temperature up to the normal temperature of life.

John M. Techton.



E. DAVID KARLSSON, 78-40, 30 years



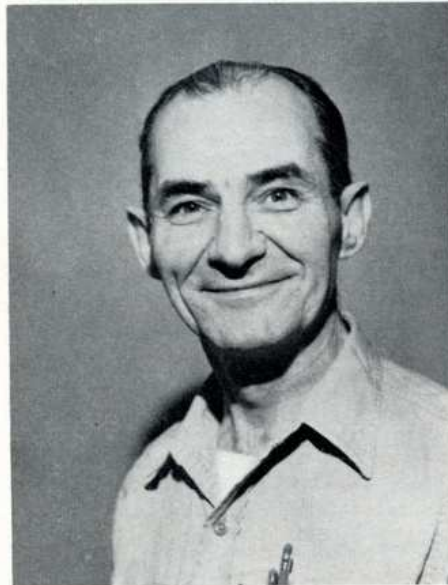
HERBERT ROSENBERG, 76-37, 25 years



STEWART WOOLLEY, 96-8, 25 years



JOSEPH KRUGER, 35-52, 25 years



JOHN ROMAN, 34-97, 25 years



HARVEY BREEDEN, 45-20, 25 years

BEGIN TODAY

Dream not too much of what you'll do tomorrow,
 How well you'll work another year;
 Tomorrow's chance you do not need to borrow —
 Today is here.
 Boast not too much of mountains you will master
 The while you linger in the vale below,
 To dream is well, but plodding brings us faster
 To where we go.
 Talk not too much about some new endeavor
 You mean to make a little later on
 Who idles now will idle on forever
 Till life is gone.
 Swear not some day to break some habit's fetter.
 When this old year is dead and passed away;
 If you have need of living, wiser, better
 Begin Today!

**November Awards
 1958**



Service — Loyalty

40 YEARS

- 91-287Frank Roberts
- 86-4Charles E. Feddeman

30 YEARS

- 78-40E. David Karlsson

25 YEARS

- 76-71John Peck
- 76-37Herbert Rosenberg

- 35-52Joseph Kruger
- 34-97John Roman
- 45-20Harvey Breeden
- 96-8Stewart Woolley

20 YEARS

- 74-99Harry DeHaven
- 47-1272Joseph Jones
- 31-65James Dunne
- 8-207Harold Rowles
- 8-195Edward Hoffmeister
- 36-260Edward Burg

15 YEARS

- 84-48Harold Eby
- 59-79Francis Coyle
- 46-209Clifford Pulcher
- 66-162Joseph Fasano
- 74-111Harold Ousey

10 YEARS

- 30-137Robert Casey
- 91-66James Barnard
- 34-949Lawrence Thompson
- 59-103Albert Robinson

ROBERTS and FEDDEMAN JOIN 40 YEAR RANKS



The Dispensary staff gathered around to congratulate **DR. C. E. FEDDEMAN** on the occasion of his fortieth year of service at Sun Ship. John G. Pew, Jr., presented the service award while James P. McCann thumbed the cake. Behind are John O'Ranger, Ann Finnegan, Ann Siebert, Rose Foley, Florence Pastick and Donald Clare, Director of Personnel. (Doc's story was told in the May 1955 issue.)



FRANK W. "ROBBIE" ROBERTS
"Robbie" was born in Carbondale, Pa., on June 3rd, 1895.

He graduated from Technical High School, Scranton, Pa., where he was quite active in sports. He played end on the football team and shortstop on the baseball team.

After graduating from school, it looked as though baseball was to play a major part in "Robbie's" life, because he played three years as shortstop on the Scranton and Wilkes-Barre teams in the old New York State League.

Shortly afterwards he came to Sun Ship on November 24, 1918, and has been here ever since.

In stature "Robbie" isn't very tall, but men aren't measured by a physical measure alone. For his heart, initiative, and his ability to get along with others he can walk with the tallest of men.

He was married to Bertha B. for forty years. Mrs. Roberts died September 22, 1958, after an illness of two years. "Robbie" is a member of the Chester Baptist Temple.

In retrospect he looks back over the past forty years as well spent, and has many happy memories.

So to another member (of the Forty Year Club) we wish continued success and happiness in the future to "Robbie" Roberts.—"Fireball" Bentley.

AUTO COSTS !

Special highway user taxes have zoomed to another record high level of \$8,800,000,000 and probably will approach the \$10 billion mark in 1959, William Berry, Secretary-Manager of Keystone Automobile Club, said yesterday.

These monies, of course, are paid in registration fees, gasoline taxes, city and county levies, tolls, and Federal excise taxes. Where motoring taxes have been properly allocated to motoring uses there has been very little resistance from the public, which knows full well that its demand for modern highways cannot be met without additional revenue. On the other hand, there is definite resistance to the continued practice of diverting motor taxes to general state purposes.

Twenty-six states, including Pennsylvania, have anti-diversion amendments dedicating state motor vehicle and gasoline taxes to highway purposes. However, other states in 1957 diverted more than \$300 million of highway user revenues to purposes other than roadbuilding.

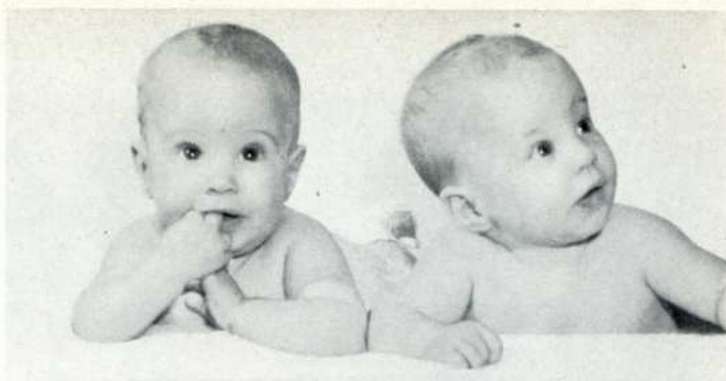
While on the subject of taxes, it should be noted that since 1939 taxes on new cars have skyrocketed from \$143 on a \$1,000 car to \$592 on a \$2,500 car in 1957, latest year for which such figures are available. Thus, taxes take 24 cents out of every automobile dollar today.

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LOUIS, JR. 3, and **DAVID JAMES 2,** are the sons of Louis J. Seery, a ship fitter in 47 Department.



"Think they'll strike?" "What's the thermometer say?"
JANE and **SALLY DREGER, 8 months,** are the granddaughters of Andy Anderson of 36 Dept.



STEPHEN M., four months, is the son of Dick Wetzell, of the Invoice Department.



RICHARD H. McGONIGAL, III, 9 months, is the son of Richard and Mary McGonigal. Richard is employed in 47 Department.



KATHLEEN is the daughter of John McLaughlin, a burner in 47 Department.



From an Air Force Base on **GUAM** in the Pacific come these pictures of **MIKE 5, JULIE 3** and **PAT 18 months**—children of Capt. John and Martha Rogers. They are the grandchildren of Joe Gillespie of 80 Storeroom—Receiving.

1958—1959 SUN SHIP MEN'S LEAGUE

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MIXED LEAGUE

PAGES 12 — 13



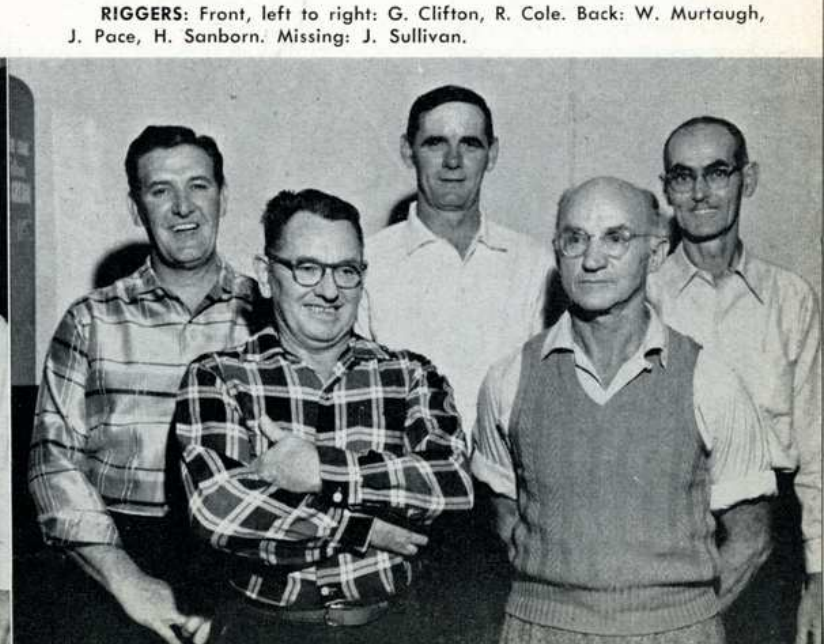
ELECTRICAL DRAWING: Front, left to right: C. Wyatt, F. Bray. Back: J. Burns, W. Nowak, J. Dougherty, Jr. Missing: C. Dooley.



CHIPPERS: Left to right: C. Zebley, P. Demski, L. McCabe, M. Piontko. Missing: J. Friel, J. Thompson.



TIMEKEEPERS: Front, left to right: G. Lewis, M. Bullock, F. Statter. Back: T. Dougherty, E. Touring, F. Griffith.



RIGGERS: Front, left to right: G. Clifton, R. Cole. Back: W. Murtaugh, J. Pace, H. Sanborn. Missing: J. Sullivan.



OFFICE: Front, left to right: R. Staley, D. Owens. Back: J. Burgess, E. Murphy, H. Benner. Missing: E. McGinley.



SUPERS: Front, left to right: F. Ferrell, E. Setaro. Back: P. Atkinson, W. Brodhead, C. Zeien.



SHIPWAY: Front, left to right: C. Hill, N. Pinto, G. Liberato. Back: A. Follett, F. Mosser, A. Adam, Jr.



HULL DRAWING: Front, left to right: J. Ambrosino, S. Pascal. Back: L. Eshelman, J. Dougherty, S. Woolley.

TRANSPORTATION: Front, left to right: W. Higginbotham, S. Petrillo. Back: F. Metrick, W. Newlin, W. Locke, E. Smith, C. Harmer.

47 FABs: Front, left to right: R. Vickers, W. Rowles, C. Love, R. Rothka, L. Robinson, V. Masciarelli. Missing: D. Faverio, G. MacDonald.





WELDERS: Front, left to right: S. Stevens, J. Kaminski. Back: W. Kaminski, L. Bentley, A. Sherrer. Missing: J. Gummel.



WETHERILL: Front, left to right: B. Stokarski, P. Reyna, W. Allen. Back: R. Katein, G. Laird, M. Walker. Missing: P. Masusock.



YARD GENERAL: Front, left to right: L. Buscaglia, C. Morgan, M. Moody. Back: E. Bennett, C. Desmond, R. Gibson.

ENGINE DRAWING: Front, left to right: E. Grisz, C. Sidewater. Back: E. Wahowski, J. Herbert, V. Pajan. Missing: J. Aitken.



SAFETY: Front, left to right: E. Humphreys, W. Marvel. Back: J. Singley, A. Green, E. Strzala.

CARPENTERS: Front, left to right: G. Kushto, W. Shanko. Back: O. DiSilvestro, D. Kushto. Missing: J. Dallesandro, J. Sage, B. Irej.





YALE: Front, left to right: K. Coonan, N. News. Back: M. Bullock (sub.), R. Burgess, Jr., F. Raezer. Missing: J. Heavey and E. Wahowski.



LEHIGH: Front, left to right: K. Schmidt, B. Hazlett. Back: J. Burns, P. Gibney, H. Hurst. Missing: G. Ives.



P. M. C.: Front, left to right: J. Hardcastle, N. Jones, L. Green. Back: J. Dougherty, P. McKinney, J. Sage.

TEMPLE: Front, left to right: F. Kenvin, A. Greenberg. Back: J. Preston, D. Hill, H. Peter. Missing: J. Martin.



HARVARD: Front, left to right: A. Smedley, B. Orr, H. Daily. Back: D. Rich, G. Mancini, E. Setaro.

PRINCETON: Left to right: A. Adam, Jr., R. Gibson, J. Andreoli, V. Pajan. Missing: L. Flick and W. Marvel.





PENN: Front, left to right: H. McLaughlin, S. Yankanich, B. Ferrell. Back: R. Cole, L. Collison, E. Killian.



DUKE: Front, left to right: F. Pastick, C. Huey, S. Longbine. Back: G. Wilkie, D. Allebach, H. Benner. Missing: F. Pavlik.



NOTRE DAME: Front, left to right: E. Adam, G. Clifton, C. Hill. Back: P. Jones, J. Johnson. Missing: A. Sulger.

ARMY: Front, left to right: G. Bartow, E. Scott. Back: E. Humphreys, J. Singley and F. Ferrell. Missing: C. Skidas.



NAVY: Left to right: F. Wilson, D. Nuttall, H. Grills, E. Green, C. Nuttall. Missing: S. Lebo.

CORNELL: Front, left to right: M. Pajan, A. Beniuszis. Back: J. Russell, J. Aitken, E. Murphy. Missing: A. Fulton.



OUR YARD



By "Brutus" Falcone

The New Year is upon us and we trust it will be a good one for everybody on this tired old planet.

No doubt the Russians will create a new crisis whenever they think we are vulnerable or foolish enough to repeat the tragic mistake at Munich, which instead of giving us "peace in our times" led to the holocaust that was World War II. We'll leave that for our diplomats to handle; let us concentrate on our homes, families and friends.

Let us also resolve to make this a banner year for Sun Ship by getting things done on schedule with maximum efficiency. It doesn't take a whole lot of brains to figure out that we would benefit the most if Sun was able to clobber our worthy opponents competitively.

Now for some departmental news: The fellows have all welcomed 'Fats' Scheer (burner) back to the fold. He was on loan to #84 Maintenance for a long time, and having ironed out the wrinkles in that department has come home. 'Fats' has a fabulous personality—controversial at times but ever lovable!

Nick DiGeorge (burner) shelled out pretty near \$4800 for his "Big M" as advertised by Ed Sullivan and Julia Meade. The horn doesn't blow, the tail pipes rusted out and he's being needled to death by Bill Krauss (burner) who paid only \$300 for a second hand Willys and has had no trouble at all. Nick doesn't want bargains, he's happy with the prestige that goes with the "Big M."

Quite a few of the 2nd Shift men were transferred over to day shift. From my own observations, they seem to be a fine group of fellows. They speak well for 2nd shift supervision who had the job of making mechanics out of some, and steering them in the way we try to operate hereabouts.

If only I could get John Shedletsy (S.F.) into a more talkative mood, he could give an interesting story of his own sports background. This much I know—he was an outstanding scholastic star from Old Forge H. S. (coal region) and among other things he played service basketball with 'Goose'

Tatum, all time great with the Harlem "Globetrotters."

Ross' Trimboli (S.F.) woke up one cold morning last month only to find his car stolen from in front of his home in Darby. It was recovered next day after having been abandoned by the thieves.

Maurice Orio—handsome, debonair, suave member of our department—operating out of George Trosley's office, is an incurable home movie addict. His only flaw is stealing all the scenes. While cutting the Holiday turkey, he was so busy posing into the camera he took a nice cut from one of his fingers. I guess there's a little ham in all of us.

Testimonial: During my stay at Bryn Mawr Hospital the bill totaled \$174.00. Of this, Blue Cross paid \$148.00 and I paid the balance, \$26.00 by check, before my release could become effective. On presenting my claim to Sun Ship for hospitalization coverage, they mailed me a check for the full amount \$174.00. For those who love to snipe at the fringe benefits we receive at Sun, let them ponder the above for a few moments. Then digest slowly the fact that added to this was the prompt Mutual Benefit check mailed weekly after the first seven days of illness. Sometimes me thinks we complain too much!

Carl Fink got himself a nice six point buck on his first day of hunting. He's having the head mounted. Needless to say his freezer is also being stuffed with choice cuts of venison.

Among the hunters in our department not filling the freezer this year even though they gave it magnificent effort were: Joe Grant (Monopol), Charlie Sokolowski (M.R.), Russ Rothka (burner), Charles Rhodes (Leader) and Stanley Hockman (Ass't. Foreman).

Enjoy what I'm doing now very much, but I do miss the fellows who formerly worked with me, including Noah Smith, Bill Tuppeny, 'Ross' Trimboli, 'Ducky' Ruh, Ray Kulakowski, Marion Davis, L. Trapp, S. Moore, C. Worrell, etc. There's a nice well balanced gang that anybody can be pleased to fall heir to.

Thanks to some of the boys in the office, I was able to compile some items sorely wanted by the following men in our department. Let's hope their wants become realities!

Bob Sands—A length of stout cord to tie 'Lefty' Sarnocinski's hands so as to limit his spail when talking.

Bill Forster—A pair of scissors so his arm won't tire as quickly while cutting scotch tape. At present he is using an 18" paper cutter.

'Vince' DiLorenzo—A compass so as to better find his way about.

Jack Wonderly—Would give almost anything to get a "tin ear" so he would become immune to Joe Dougherty's constant drumming.

Joe Dougherty—Would like more matters of a controversial nature that he can dig into and thereby keep the pot boiling in 1959.

Stanley Hockman—Would like a pair of knee pads in place of a chair when telling his troubles to 'El Chubbo.'

John Ferguson—Would like someone with journalistic talent to write his memoirs for posterity. Someone who would do justice to "Fergie's" great contribution to our century.

Danny Faverio—Foremost authority on our national pastime and umpire of note, wishes 20-20 vision for the upcoming season. Too many people at games think he should get a seeing eye dog.

Charles Love—Field Manager of 47 "Fabs" softball team, wants a pitcher who can get the opposition out with monotonous regularity.

Valentine Violon—The fellows in the office are giving him one of Joe Miller's joke books, hoping thereby to change his serious demeanor to a light, sunny smile.

We've never officially welcomed Tommy Rodgers to our department. He's the capable draftsman who has hung his hat in our office; so we're going to adopt him as our own. Consider yourself one of us, Tommy—even if the idea doesn't appeal to you!

Too bad the boys over in Time Study don't have a press agent. That outfit is loaded with real people—Willis Glenn for one rates high in my book, and since I've had the opportunity to know him and deal with him in sports and on the job I feel they don't come any better.

Our Editor, John Hart, threw a damper on our Holidays somewhat by informing his staff that he was leaving. We truly wish it weren't so. In fact #47 Dept. has a column because John prevailed upon me to take it on after a convincing argument. No one has more strength of his convictions than does our Editor, so we won't plead for him to stay. We are sorry to see him leave and wish him every success in the future. (Editor's Note: You mean stubborn?)

SAFETY FIRST

A couple of co-eds were talking about their future plans. One remarked that she intended to get an airline hostess job. "That way," she said, "I'll meet lots of men."

"Might be an idea," agreed her companion, "but wouldn't you meet as many men doing something else?"

The first gal shrugged. "Could be," she admitted, "but not strapped down."



By Eddie Wertz

Sincerely hope that everyone has a Happy and Prosperous New Year!

Ralph Denston and Miss Isabelle Bettner of Chester will be married on January 10th at 2 p.m. in St. Paul's Church, 9th and Madison Sts., Chester, Pa. Yes, 'Izzy' and 'Dizzy' will face the big world together, and we all wish them the very best in life and hope all their troubles will be little ones—Manny, Moe and Jack.

H. R. Palmer spent his December vacation at Wellsboro, Pa., hunting. After bagging his 150 lb. deer, he said the woods were too deep in snow for him to navigate and he spent the rest of the time "dear" hunting.

Way back around Thanksgiving we knew a man who had a twenty-four lb. turkey in his freezer, then he won a fifteen pounder, but wound up at his son's house for dinner! He probably had Christmas dinner with his daughter. If you hear Copper gobbling at Eastertime, you will know he ate at home.

Don Weidner had Phil Masusock down on Emsley's Acres on his first fresh water fishing trip. Beginner's luck—Phil landed a 24" pike and would not let his dad clean it until he showed it to Jackson and the boys. Then Phil went ahunting in the Blue Mts. and lost his deer. His reason? The gun was leaning against the tree and his hands were in his pockets. As Phil unlinked, he watched the white flag go down the mountain.

The Blake-Holmes hunting party bagged two deer, and I hear the 'old man of the mountain' (Holmes) bagged a 90 lb. spiked buck after he looked over Georgie's cows. Were you looking for milk to go with your venison steaks, Joe?

Harry Sinex, on his vacation trip to California, travelled 3,000 miles and only saw three cowboys. But he did quite a bit of shooting, and has over fifty Kodachrome pictures of our West in color. They are very beautiful.

We also are wondering if Santa left any cook books and can openers under the Christmas trees? . . . Was told Gillespie, while on vacation, joined his wife's sewing circle so he could get all the news. He received his merit badge in sewing and knit-

ting, and is now working on a tatting project.

The 'Admiral' and Captain Kaufman celebrated their 30th wedding anniversary on December 12th of '58. We hope they sail along calm seas for many years to come.

At this point we learn John Hart, editor of OUR YARD, is leaving and we'd like to wish him the very, very best of luck in his new adventure, and sincerely hope we hear from him again.



By Norm Kefford

Pinch-hitting for Sam Flood

This is the dawning of a New Year, and what we gain throughout it will depend upon each one of us. Let us look forward to a successful year. We of the Electrical Drawing Room hope you have a very pleasant and enjoyable New Year.

I wish to compliment Mr. Sam Flood for assuming the task of keeping our department's "32," among the fine columns of news appearing in OUR YARD each month. Many of the articles he writes are interesting and unique.

We wish to inform you that Sam has been hospitalized for several weeks. He returned home on the 12th of December and is recuperating from his illness. We extend best wishes for his complete recovery and hope that he and his family had a good holiday. He ought to be back with us before the end of January.

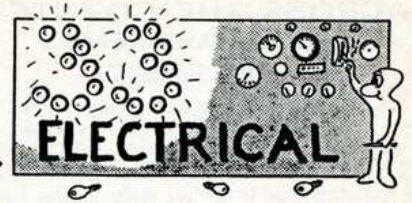
From our Gang: Benny, or Carl as you may know him, was confined to his home recently with a virus infection. Thanks to the "stouthearted" men, as in our department, he returned to work after a few days sickness.

Pat was working as a waiter one day and at lunch time two of his buddies decided to play a joke on him during his absence. They drew the features of a donkey on the back of his coat. Pat returned and presently came along wearing the decorated coat.

"What's the trouble, Pat?" asked one casually.

"Not much," replied Pat. "I'd like to know which one of yez wiped your face on me coat."

With this we end our column for now.



By John F. Hefflefinger

This issue of our interesting magazine brings us to the beginning of a brand new year, and it is our earnest wish and hope that all those in our department had a Very Merry and Joyous Christmas and will have a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

The passing of the "Old Year" always brings notes of sadness to families of our men, and we announce with deepest sympathy the passing of Frank Hall, of our Maintenance Dept., on December 7, 1958 after a spell of illness. Also since we went to press in November, Ray Smith has passed on after a long period of illness.

Our sympathies also to Supt. and Mrs. Raymond J. Flanigan upon the death of their daughter, Betty, and to her husband Jack Burgess. Knowing Betty personally, we were very sorry to learn of her serious illness which caused her death.

James McElroy was off for over a week on account of sickness, and 'Big Jeff' was also on the sick list for a few days.

Irving Mauer has returned to his duties after a week vacation. Among those taking vacations during the Holidays we find, Bill Drake, W. Jefferis, George Zenson, Charles Anderson, Walt Singles, Andy Roskus, Carl Browne, J. Hefflefinger, Bob Cantwell and Bill Hadley. Hope all had a very enjoyable time.

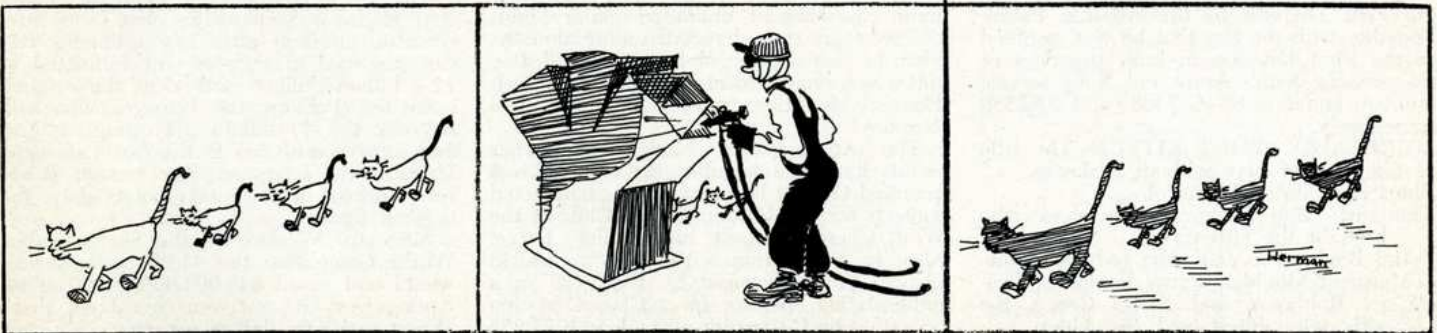
Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Carl Browne on the arrival of a new granddaughter born November 28th to their daughter, Audrey. The new baby has been named Carol Ann. Brownie said if it had been a boy it was to be named Carl. . . . We also hear that Brownie has been getting quite a volume of mail lately.

We regret to learn that our Editor, John M. Hart, is leaving us on the fifteenth of January to accept another position. It has been a real pleasure to work with him and we will surely miss him. We wish him the best of luck in his new work.

Joe Hasson of Maintenance spent Thanksgiving Day at Riverside. . . . Abie says he doesn't know whether he is coming or going.

Our sympathies to Mr. Wilmer Marine of the Carpenter Shop upon the recent passing of his wife.

Sorry to learn that 'Admiral' MacDonald is off on the injured list suffering from a broken wrist due to a fall.



ACROSS THE COUNTER 80 DEPARTMENT

By Len Buscaglia

The world gets better every day—then worse again in the evening.—KIN HUBBARD
Old Man 1958 has entered that oblivion called the past. Like all of his predecessors, his passing was in grand style as the baton in the race of time was transferred to that rugged, rollicking, eager and hope-inspired young fellow 1959. Tempus Fugit. Was it not just yesterday that 1958, filled with the ambitions and hopes of mankind, had burst upon the earth to take the baton?

To individuals, families, businesses, communities and nations the New Year is the perennial springboard towards a better life. Our aspirations for the common goal of peace, prosperity, happiness and progress are inspired with renewed hope. May the good Father grant that from the conflicts and disappointments of the past year, shall emerge enlightenment and unity of purpose insuring a bright and shining future for all. SICK REPORT: Joe Lachall is on sick leave—getting a clinic check-up to determine what is wrong. . . . Andy Rankin and Joe Peck are still waging an uphill fight in their get well battle. . . . Happy to see Luther Baldwin back on the job. After further observation, his doctor decided not to perform the stomach operation.

Being sick would hold no qualms if the cure were as simple as the one effected on the ailing Scotsman. This Scotsman, holding his stomach and emitting woeful grunts, leaned against the bar of a well-known tavern.

"Sick?" was the sympathetic query from the stranger standing next to him.

"Verra, verra sick," bemoaned the Scotsman. "I am afraid I've got yooors."

"What's 'yooors'?" asked the stranger.
The Scotsman brightened immediately. "Make it a double scotch and soda," he said.

OBITUARY: Our deepest sympathies to Sam Petrillo on the passing from this world of his father, Bernardo, aged 75. Sam's father died from complications on the way to the hospital on November 27, 1958.

NIMRODS ON THE LOOSE: Bob Morgan and Sam Pickerell made a trek upstate, but the deer eluded them. . . . Walt Logan tramped the fields and woods of Ole Virginia. He spared the game for another day.

ARMY AND NAVY MAN: Sam Petrillo enjoys the distinction of having served his country as soldier and sailor. Sam's enlistment in the Army was from 1933 to 1937, attached to the First Division, Fort DuPont, Del. At the outbreak of World War II, he enlisted in the Navy with a tour of duty extending from 1942 to 1945. Again the First Division claimed him. Only, it was the First Division of the Atlantic Patrol. Together with the fact that he was assigned to the First Division in both branches of the services, Sam's Army and Navy service numbers ended in 80-6874080 and 4052580 respectively.

MUCH ADO ABOUT KITTEN—The title of our one-act play without dialogue. The scene: Material Control.

The cast: Bob Galloway, the man who brought the kitten.

Jim Brown, the man who fed the kitten. Margaret Moulder, Agnes Beniuszis, Peggy Robinson, and Eloise Green, the girls who entertained the kitten.

Tom Bishop, the man with the mop (evidently the kitten wasn't house broken).

John Henry Jones, the man who backed up Tom Bishop with a box of sand.

Betty Savage, the girl who took the kitten home.

The kitten, the star who enjoyed a perfect day and found a good home.

Aim at perfection in everything, though in most things it is unattainable. Tho e who aim at it, and persevere, will come much nearer to it than those whose laziness and despondency make them give it up as unattainable.—LORD CHESTERFIELD



1.—Zeek Model Plane equipped with Bantam .19 engine, Austin Timer and D. E. Cutoff.

A MAN AND HIS HOBBY: We have quite a hobbyist in our midst, Vic Lawler. He has run the gamut from model planes and gliders to sports cars and airplanes. That he takes an enthusiastic interest in his hobbies is evidenced by his accomplishments.

Vic has been building and flying model planes for the past twelve years. In the course of pursuing his hobby, he has built models of every class, such as: power loading classes with following engine displacements—Class ½A up to .050; Class A .19; Class BC .25 and .29, plus the glider planes in Class A1 and A2 with wing loading displacement of 100 oz. per cubic inch.

He has competed in many events including the International Class Free Flight at Willow Grove, Pa., and the radio controlled plane contests at Carlisle, Pa. His successful entrants have won him: six first-place trophies; two second-place trophies and one third-place trophy, together with many lesser prizes.

Of course, contests have qualifying rules that create a very keen competitive aura which thoroughly test the skills and knowledge of the contestants. For instance, in the power loading class, it is a ground take-off, the motor is allowed to run 15 seconds—on towed take-offs, 10 seconds—then six minutes of free flight.

Three such flights qualify the operator for the unlimited flight and a possible prize. The gliders, naturally, are towed on take-off and five, three-minute flights are necessary to compete in the final unlimited flight. Speaking of unlimited glider flight, Vic set some sort of record unintentionally, when he sent a glider aloft at Broomall, Pa., and it was recovered at Palisades Park, N. J. Thermal conditions must have been ideal that day.

The Academy of Model Aeronautics counts him as a member. As such he is a qualified Contest Director, having conducted contests for the Golden Eagles Club at the West Chester airport and Valley Forge. Also, in conjunction with radio controlled planes, Vic is licensed by the FCC as a radio station operator for a Class C station operating on Citizenship wave length 27.255

ke and limited to 5W output. He makes most of his equipment for this type station. However, he is also licensed in the Citizens Radio Station, Type B Class for wider range.



2.—C-20 Anonia Single Engine Plane is one of the planes VIC LAWLER piloted; from models to the real thing was inevitable.

We would expect from the interest and effort that he puts into this hobby, Vic would turn to the real thing. He did. He is a licensed civilian pilot—having flown Piper Cubs, C-20 Aronacs and Taylorcraft single engine planes. His exploits did not stop here. He has had an MG and is now the possessor of a Triumph sports car. With these, he has enjoyed the thrill of sports car racing.



3.—VIC LAWLER overshadows his 1958 Triumph Sports Car.

To Vic Lawler, an interesting personality living in an interesting world, we wish continued enjoyment and success in all that he does.

WORDS OF WISDOM—There is something much more scarce, something far finer, something rarer than ability. It is the ability to recognize ability.—ELBERT HUBBARD

TRUE TO FORM

The cost to complete the (Federal) Interstate Highway System—like most every government program after low estimates win Congressional passage—is now estimated at 12.4 billion dollars more than the original estimates. Perhaps the taxpayer who will pay for the 40 billion plus program, can find some consolation in the fact that some bureaucratic programs, like certain dams, run *hundreds* of percentage points above the original figures.

Secretary Weeks told the Senate Public Works Committee the 41,000 mile system would cost about \$40,000,000,000.00 at today's prices. Get out your checkbook, that's almost a million dollars per mile.



By "Senator" Morgan
pinch hitting for "Whitey" Burr

At the lunch table in 84 Dept., the Philadelphia Bulletin's 'Dear Abby' column was the topic of conversation. We have a couple of—well, not old men, but men who take the stand that although there is snow on the roof that is no indication that there isn't any fire in the house.

One mentioned the query to 'Abby' of: "How do you keep a man from kissing you too much—but not entirely?" Dear Abby's answer was: "Study up on his favorite sport and be full of conversation on the same."

A few days later at the same table, both agreed that 'Dear Abby' certainly can influence the women. (One likes football, the other basketball.) They claim now, their wives see more plays in the games than they see themselves! Report such remarks as: "Fourth down and three yards to go? Why don't they penalize Notre Dame for holding?" or, "That wasn't a fumble, they deliberately knocked it out of his hand!" Or remarks about seven foot basket hangers. The women's interest in sports continues into the wee hours of the morning.

Have faith men, football and basketball season will soon be over and this will teach you not to show too much interest in baseball.

Sam hits the headlines again. This time a little different from speeding fines. He claims the light changed so fast that he plowed into the back of Ed Purcell's car. Sam's excuse was that he had to hurry home. But, as he pulled away he was heard to mumble something about a mother-in-law and a tire iron.

Weaver, Dick Steward and a few more of the boys looked as though they had eaten more than their share of turkey when they returned after Thanksgiving. But after a close examination, we had to apologize—they had added heavy undies to their wearing apparel.

Bud McKniff returned from his vacation. After a good view of Niagara Falls, he is trying to get Gallagher to design a barrel to make a trip over the falls. He seems to think he would get some publicity, and should it be a success, the shipyard would get some work building barrels.

Louie is building up a cigar business. He buys them 2 for 25¢, then sells them to Moyer for 15¢ a piece. Moyer has convinced him that he would make a good politician, so at the next election Louie's hat may be in the ring for Mayor of Upland.

Art O'Connor (Muddy Water) is dead bent on putting the ticket scalpers out of business. He sat in a big easy chair in his living room looking at the televised Army and Navy game. Every time a commercial came on he made a dash for the icebox and the beer with the barrel of flavor. His comment on Monday—"A good game but not enough commercials."

The boys of 84 Dept. extend holiday Greetings to Captain Harry 'Whitey' Burr

and 'Bulldozer' Pennington who are on the sick list.

HABIT AND DIALOGUE

It is not a usual sight to see a man and his Bible in a busy shipyard—even on a lunch hour. Yet when a sight becomes a familiar one you forget that it is unusual. Come with me and see for yourself.

The noon whistle has just sounded. Ernie Simpson picks up his lunch and opens the bag. He pauses quietly for a moment, reverently, before unwrapping the sandwiches. Then, reaching up on the ledge he picks up a worn black book. He quickly finds his place and he begins to read.

He is so preoccupied that he doesn't notice for a moment that another man has joined him. He, too, has opened his lunch as the first man looks up.

"What are you reading today?" the Senator asks.

"Well," he smiles, "I was watching the Thanksgiving parade yesterday and I began to think that it was time to think of the religious side of Christmas. I guess you might say I'm reviewing the facts."

"The facts?" the Senator asked.

"The story of the Nativity. I like to start toward the end of the first chapter of Matthew and read on through the 17th verse of the second chapter. It gives a good picture of life at the time with the coming of the Wise Men and the wickedness of Herod. But I think, like so many others, I love the second chapter of Luke. It tells so beautifully the story of Bethlehem and the coming of the angels."

"What translation are you using?" the Senator asked.

"This is the King James. Why?"

"Last night I heard a discussion about Luke 2:14. How does yours read?"

"Oh, that's the part where the angels speak to the shepherds. Here it is:

'Glory to God in the highest and on earth, peace, good will to men.'

"Yes, that's the one," the Senator answered. "But, last night my daughter read me the same verse from the Moffat translation. It has been ringing in my ears all day. It was nearly the same thing, but I think it has more meaning."

"I don't think I'm familiar with it," Ernie said leaning forward.

The Senator hardly noticed the interruption. "It reads, 'Glory to God in the Highest and on the earth peace to men of good will.'"

There was silence for a moment. Ernie moved his lips as he silently repeated the verse to himself as though studying it. Then he compared the two verses.

"I see what you mean Senator. In these days of cold wars and fear of our fellow men, you often find the good will you feel toward men come back like a hollow echo. But, men of good will have already found a peace within themselves. It glows every day like a little Christmas star, and they just love to help others to help themselves."

While driving in North Philadelphia before the Thanksgiving Holiday, I noticed a church bulletin board announcing the theme of Sunday's sermon. "A hearse is a poor vehicle to ride to church. Why wait for it?" I visited a friend and on mentioning it he gave me this poem to read.

Money Can't Do It

*Do you ever think as the hearse goes by
That some day you may even die?
You'll ride along in that big, black hack
With never a thought of coming back.
If you skimp and slave, a fortune to save
You'll lose it all when you go to the grave.
For it life were a thing that money could
buy*

The rich would live and the poor would die.

Moyer, a choir singer in his church, speaks for those who need no encouragement: "Every time I pass a church, I stop to pay a visit, lest someday when I'm carried there the Lord will say 'Who is it?'"

James Gallagher after hearing the riding to church discussion seems to think too large a percentage of the 84 Dept. boys will get to church only "via" the hearse service.

Ike (Hamilton) spent his vacation overlooking the Statue of Liberty. He claims his hat became too small for his head when he thought of Alexander Hamilton being one of the kingposts of American liberty.

Giles returned from a week of hunting. The club that he is a member of brought back a deer. He gave the boys in 84 Dept. to understand that it had four legs and spelled it d-e-e-r so they wouldn't get it mixed up with the two-legged "dears" they were kidding him about.

Harvey Campbell received his vacation check and is already to go hunting for hogs and "bares" in the backwoods of Tennessee. No fancy boots needed. Harvey claims it is against the rules and regulations to even wear shoes. Good luck, Harvey, bring back a nice b'ar skin.

"Whitey's" undercover man in 42 Dept. reports that Roy Blake had to close up his home in Chester and move out of town. Because of this, our good pal Ducky Blair—his chief cook and star boarder—had to get some other place to live. We hear that he has an apartment in town and is thinking of asking Morris Bullock to come and live with him since Gerald is getting tired of putting out fires.

The story goes that if Ducky can get a fireproof bed, clothing, rugs and chairs he will be glad to have Morris. He seems to be having some trouble getting these items so we suggest that he ask Morris to stop smoking in bed. We do know that the Evans insurance will go down quite a bit if he does move out. This might also be the thing that is worrying Gerald so he can't sleep at night!

"THERE'S NOBODY HERE BUT US CHICKENS" AND WE'RE GETTING MIGHTY CONFUSED

In the last three years six different agencies of the Federal government lent 35 million dollars to encourage increased poultry production.

A seventh government agency is spending 12 million dollars to buy surplus eggs to remove them from an oversupplied market.

And yet (the government says) it cannot possibly reduce taxes—every penny it asks for in its budget is essential!

Essential to whom?

Hadn't we better spend America's money where it is urgently needed for all America?

—from Warner & Swasey advertisement

INK SPOTS

FROM THE
HULL DRAWING ROOM

By Harry Osman

News from the Hull Drawing Room seems to be a little on the short side again this month. I suppose everybody concentrated on Christmas shopping and did not have time to do things that normally make the column.

The Christmas Season is the gayest and happiest time of the year, especially for children, and I regret having to report news on the tragic side. Within a period of a few days, three sons of draftsmen suffered broken bones!

Chub Connor, fifteen year old son of Jim Connor, was the recipient of a broken leg, received while playing fullback on the St. Joseph Prep School team.

Joseph Dougherty, son of John Dougherty of the Blue Print Room, is a senior at St. James High School and plays end on the football team. It was during a game with Roman Catholic that he received a broken wrist instead of a pass from the quarterback.

George Petchel is still too young to play football, but young enough to play hard. It was during recess that George played a little too hard and broke his ankle. George is the son of Jack Petchel in Hull Scientific.

As all of these broken bones occurred early in November, it is to be assumed that all are well along to recovery.

In addition to the broken bones, there was also a little sickness in the department last month, fortunately not serious. Charles Grauel and Bill Stegemerten both lost a few days because of illness. Unfortunately, Bill says, the doctors cannot pinpoint his trouble, but they think it originates from a percussion he underwent while in the service.

We are sorry to hear that Harry Allen, formerly of the Blue Print Room, has been ill. For those not so informed, he would be glad to receive a card from you. His address is: Mt. Park Hospital, St. Petersburg, Florida.

Susan Marie Sloan, four-year-old daughter of Paul Sloan, spent a little time in Crozer Hospital where the doctors discovered some trouble with her heart. As of

this writing, Paul expects to take Susan to Hahnemann Hospital for further study.

Let's all pray for a speedy recovery, not only for Susie, but all others unfortunate enough to be ill.

You probably all heard that Sue Longbine won a Thanksgiving turkey with her bowling. The question is, how? Joe Ambrosino has his name everywhere on the bowling reports except among the turkey winners! Apparently the only time Sue bowls well is when there is something at stake, such as a turkey or championship. What is your explanation, Sue?

Have you noticed Mr. Pavlik's secretary's new hairdo? The curl in Lois Green's hair is natural. While wearing it in its former style, she had to take the curl out. We think it is better with the curl in, and Paul probably thinks the same.

Mr. Wilkie's Secretary still has the same hairdo except these probably are a few more hairs missing.

Congratulations go to Martha Mascardo on the birth of Antonio. Little "Tony" was born on Thanksgiving Day, November 27th at 1:14 p.m., at Sacred Heart Hospital. Alfredo says he weighs 8 lb. 3 oz. and is twenty inches long. Martha and Alfredo were married on Thanksgiving Day last year.

While on the subject of babies, have you noticed the happy look on the faces of Joe Carantonio and John Borsello? The infants are not expected till next June or July, but that is not sufficient reason to hinder these two from celebrating right now. (Just say you read about it first in the Ink Spots.)

Joe was so happy when he heard the news from Rose that he put in a long distance call to Santa Claus in order to get number two on the Christmas list. We think the call was a little early. He could have waited till next year.

It looks like Alice Fisher is going to get a car of her own—Elmer is looking around for a two-car garage. Of course, there has to be a house alongside of the garage, but that is incidental.

Tom Larkins is deeply involved in the building of a house without a garage. Tom is giving up the garage in favor of a fifth bedroom. He is also in favor of giving up the accompanying mortgage.

The picture of Dave Karlsson receiving his thirty year pin should be in this issue. After Dave serves ten more years, his autobiography will accompany his picture.

Several of our men went deer hunting, and one was lucky. Bud Hallman spent a week at his son-in-law's cabin and had a good time resting and tramping through the snow. Bud said they found plenty of deer tracks, but saw no deer. . . . Ron Fellman with his brothers, Russ and Stewart, spent one day in Centre County where Ron shot a five point buck. His kill weighed in at one hundred and forty pounds dressed.

John Stevenson spent one whole Saturday Christmas shopping for a pocketbook for himself. We wonder what kind of a pocketbook he wanted that would take a whole day to find it? If he was Scotch, we could assume that he was looking for one with a padlock!

Our softball team overwhelmed the second floor team in softball, and now we have done it again with football. The score: 36-0. Now they want to test our skill at soccer. It will probably be basketball next.

Earl McElroy has a fantastic story about receiving a traffic ticket for going too fast in a school zone—while he was stopped! It sounds a little ridiculous, but that is his story and we were not there.

Many thanks for news tips this month go to Jim Connor, Paul Sloan, Sam Summa, Steve Slatowski and Bob Filliben.

Have you noticed that Gabby Moretti has gone in for ceramics? He is following the feminine line and does a pretty good job. We have to admit that his board looks good with the added decorations.

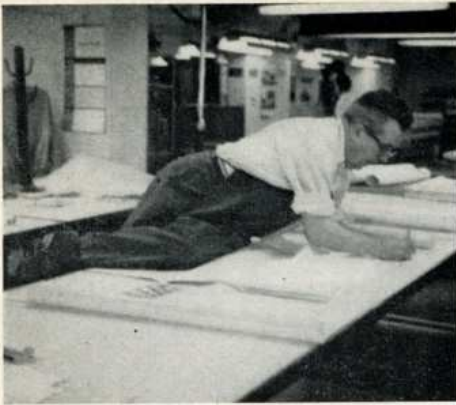
Just call him "Hard Luck Doug." A smash in the rear of his new car is the latest bit of bad luck to be received by Doug Cadman. This is the second time his car was hit in the short time he has owned it.

Two of our men looked rather foolish one Friday last month. Ernest Hosking and Charles McCauley were amazed to find that they were beaten at their noon time bridge game by such a high score. Ed Housley and Jack Sulger were the victors. Score 5160 to 550!

Those who attended the annual Christmas party had a marvelous evening of fun and fellowship as usual. The food was good,

THE ANNUAL CHRISTMAS PARTY OF THE HULL DRAWING ROOM DRAFTSMEN HELD AT ROSE TREE INN, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 11TH.





YOU CHOOSE THE CAPTION:

1. Draftsman at work.
2. This is a draftsman up on his job.
3. This is a draftsman laying down on the job.
4. This is a draftsman working on the super-structure.
5. Draftsman, trying to impress his boss.

the service excellent and the surroundings beautiful.

Dancing was enjoyed by some and "just talking" by others. A vote of thanks for the entertainment goes to Bea Grauel, Chris Boyd and Alice Ives. Thanks also go to Lo's Green, Frank Raezer and Bob Scull for arranging the affair for us. To them we say, a job well done!

Now that the Holidays are over, why not get to work right away on that income tax report? Don't wait till the 15th of April like me. The Democrats say they will spend a lot more money this year, so they will need your checks as soon as possible.

Let's hope some of our money is spent for new ships from our shipyard, then we are sure to have a prosperous New Year.

This ends the first column for the new year. With your continued help, we will try to make each succeeding one interesting.

DIM VIEW

*One day as I sat musing,
sad and lonely and without a friend,
a voice came to me from out of the gloom
saying, "cheer up, things could be worse."
So I cheered up and sure enough,
things got worse.*



By H. "Clovehitch" Sanborn

Well, the Holidays are over and I hope everyone had very happy ones. It would have been happier for a lot more if this labor trouble had been settled. Some people will never learn.

Glad to see quite a few of the boys back for awhile—even though their stay was a short one. Better luck next time.

At the time of this writing the sick list includes Bishop, Jackson, Keeley, J. Lee, Babicki and Smitty. Hope when this reaches you, you will be all up on your feet again. Take care of yourself from now on.

Tony, of 2nd shift, sure arranged his vacation at a very opportune time. He spent the month of December in Florida, spending Christmas with his son and family. Nice going, Tony, hope you had a good time.

To the bowling team: Make sure every team has the right handicap for every man. You don't want any more games furtively taken away from you.

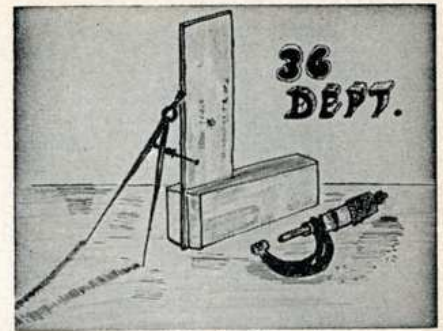
The way December started out it sure is going to be a humdinger the rest of the way. Get bundled up warm, boys, we don't want too many lost days on account of colds and grippe—things are bad enough now. You should also have your car winterized by now.

Here's wishing for happy years ahead for Luther, who retired last month. The loft doesn't seem the same. Hope you enjoy yourself as long as you live. How are the card parties coming along?

It was kind of deserted around the loft during Christmas week. At least a dozen men had their vacations. It gave a few plenty of time to get in their Christmas cheer if that is what they call celebrating the birth of Christ. Strange customs for some people.

A HAPPY AND PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR TO EVERYONE!

"He who works with his hands is a laborer, he who works with his hands and his head, is an artisan. But he who works with his hands, his head and his heart—is an artist."



By Gavin Rennie

The start of a new year finds us hoping everyone is now relaxed and expecting the best for '59. How many have forgotten the resolutions that were made a few days ago?

The fellows who were on vacation in Sunny Florida the last few weeks of the old year, do not like starting back to work in the cold weather.

The reason so many of the boys in the shop are wearing dark glasses and using flashlights is that they are from the night shift—not yet used to the sunlight!

Darby Welsh says that when you read that inflation will make your money worthless, it's no relief to reach in your pocket and discover you have nothing to worry about.

News is a little short this month—we'll be glad to have a little help!

Notice to J. Lankford and others: January 31st is the last day to have your car inspected.

Reports from the deer hunters say no deer, too cold and too much snow. But that is all right, as they will be larger by next year. (Maybe. Read last month's Rod & Gun.)

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. F. Smith on the birth of another son.

So long till next month!

APOLOGY

We goofed—left off the name of the author of last month's "Music Hath Charms" article. We're particularly sorry because Hull's Harry Osman has been an above average contributor to OUR YARD for several years, and he did a good job on the article about Ernest Hosking's organ and home.





By L. "Fireball" Bentley

A NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTION: Don't be a fault-finding grouch! When you feel like finding fault with somebody or something, stop for a moment and think—there is apt to be something wrong within yourself. Don't permit yourself to show temper, and always remember that when you are in the right you can afford to keep your temper; and when you are in the wrong you cannot afford to lose it.—J. J. Reynolds.

The New Year is upon us, and with it comes the usual responsibilities which at times will tax our being to the hilt.

No matter what our station in life may be, every day we find ourselves in a position of being responsible to others and by the same token, of others being responsible to us.

Today the world in which we live is fraught with complexities, from which there is no escape. We have to face them one by one, but in doing so the majority of us are prone to find fault with the other person, not realizing that he might have a problem much greater than ours. So without hesitating, we often go right ahead and find fault in a grouchy manner. Then when it is over, it makes you think, "Was it necessary?"

So the next time you would find fault, stop and think!

A man wrapped up in himself makes a mighty small package.

A sadness was prevalent throughout the yard when learning of the passing of Betty Burgess after a lingering illness. Surely a new star was added to the Heavens when this beautiful soul was called to her eternal rest. A devoted wife and mother, a wonderful personality to those who knew and loved her. We deeply regret her passing and offer our sincere sympathies to her relatives and friends.

Deepest sympathies are extended to E. "Firpo" Owsiany on the sudden passing of his brother.

Our wishes for a speedy recovery go out to Dick Clendening, Norman "Applejack" Lloyd, Les Eledge, Bud Martin, Charlie Flanagan and Sam Flood.

A cheery "Hello" to Johnny Bresset and his wife from all of us.

Many thanks to C. "Pappy" Jenkins for his contributions to this column.

The best way to get a job done is to be a busy man and not a busy body.

Charlie Filbert knows a man who pays a quarter to park his car so he won't be fined two dollars while spending a dime for a nickel cup of coffee.

Al Schwartz states the intellectual is effectual but the torso is more so, especially if it's a blond. . . . While on the distaff side, Jack Godo is almost positive they call a ship a she because it takes a pair of slacks to reveal the (stern) facts.

Know how to discern a gal's age? Just ask her sister-in-law. That is Tom Kelly's way. . . . And lastly, Jimmy Dougherty has been trying to find out why it takes

most wives hours to figure out what to buy but only seconds to figure who pays for it. . . . Many a man who goes into a bar for an eye opener comes out blind.

DID YOU KNOW THAT? —

Although the Great Salt Lake is fed by fresh water streams and has no connection with the ocean, it is about six times as salty as the ocean?

The limpet clings to rocks with a strength of 1,000 times its own weight?

The flight of a flying fish may cover from 150 to 1,000 feet?

Delicate glass articles have been found in Egyptian tombs over 4,000 years old?

The cowbird lays its eggs in the nests of other birds?

Tolerance is the uneasy feeling that the other fellow could be right after all!

Coryell claims some fellows would be tongue tied if they could not talk about themselves. . . . Cupid has been about early this year shooting his little darts here and there. How do you do there, Commander MacGregor? No need answering, Mac, we know.

'Reds' Graham says a picture may be worth 10,000 words, with most women preferring to use the words. After hearing 'Reds,' 'Big Pat' came up with the idea that some women may have lost the art of conversation, but unfortunately not the power of speech. Say now, let us out of this.

As long as Harry Rickenback of 55 Dept. has been in the yard he never mentioned the fact that he had a "twin" brother. Why Johnny Fedena kept this secret will probably never be known.

A few weeks ago Sigmund 'Ziggy' Piccara achieved his ultimate goal in a game of shuffleboard. He shuffled the quoits in such a manner so as to not only win the game, but to procure eleven straight points from his most worthy adversary, Ben Burke.

To be happy give up the things that tax your system, like fried foods, redheads and politics—so states Henry. Monopol's bowling team will go on record as the first team to hold 14th place in a 12-team league.

Al Gordon remembers the good old days when they put things into cans instead of always taking them out. Nice to see you back, Al, after a rather harrowing experience.

Since the Eddie Fisher in Hollywood doesn't care for Debbie Reynolds, we have an Eddie Fisher in 34 Dept. who really does!

When reason rules the mind, peace rules the day.

Charlie "Shot Gun" Deppner recalls the days when a delinquent was a boy who owed a few cents on a library book. . . . Bill Marvel is still wondering what Walter Logan found in the desk drawer that day—the day that all the papers flew around the office.

How is it that it's always he who is in the wrong who gets angry first? . . . 'Whitey' Lent came into the yard as an erector, then went to the Pipe Shop, and finally to 60 Dept. He is known as the man who gets around. And you should see him get around his locker after whistle time. That is when the Glenolden Flash and the Glendora Flash, known as Bill Winters, are usually taking an inventory of their respective lockers.

It is better to deserve praise than to receive it.

MONOPOL

The following is a letter to Santa Claus from the Monopol Drawing Room. It was lost in the deluge, but it will be interesting to see if their individual wishes were fulfilled over the Holidays.

Dear Santa:

Would you please bring us the following presents?:

Martin—A book of void sketches, so he can have a book of his own that no one else would want.

Ives—A couple of mornings with fifteen extra minutes in them so he could go to the dentist without rushing.

Starr—A ten cent raise.

Hill—The ability to grow hair in the right place.

Hallman—A year with 417 days so he could take a day a week off and still work a full week.

Temple—A million dollars worth of worries.

Sterner—An automatic inking pen and self-aligning straight edge.

Peter—Overtime.

Hudson—Help.

Sulger—A 40 day work year.

Washkevich—A new man in the shop to listen to all his wild ideas.

Hough—A Slenderella Course.

News—Some votes for Governor Leader.

B. Weldon—A box of canary seed.

H. Weldon—A pitch pipe.

Gleave—A deluxe indoor cookout.

Unglaub—A right foot Porsche to match the one he has for his left foot.

Preston—Iron ten pins and a magnetic bowling ball.

Cheesman—A couple of lame rabbits for his dogs to run.

Urian—All the fish that were caught the day before he got there.

Powers—Some washable vegetable dye so he can wear his string band trousers to work.

Grygo—Someone to haul him to and from work, and pay him for riding with them.

Owens—A fume tight lunch pail so he can bring for lunch what was salvaged from the banquet the night before.

Carpenter—Another new man to listen to his old tales.

Grant—An unleavable flash attachment.

Stafford—A body and fender shop of his own.

Sinex—A hearing aid so he can hear his new pocket portable.

Letherbury—Instructions on the tracing of lost blue prints.

Herrod—A hole in the wall so he can see what's going on in the shop.

Golla—A cheap player piano that looks and plays like new.

Jerrell—A uniform, befitting his title "Mayor of Dividing Creek."

Trocine—A raise, any old kind and Thanksgiving Day's pay.

Lacey—A new white shirt, tie, and order book.

Giomboni—A new set of locks and keys for his car.

Moody—A transmission for his car that will last a minimum of 3 weeks.

Hoot—A highway where he can go as fast as California law allows.

Thank you Santa,
Monopol Drawing Room

It seems no time at all since John Hart

In Memoriam

Sun Shipbuilding and Dry Dock Company extends sympathy to the family and friends of the following employees who died during November and December.

FREDERICK J. THEILIG, 35-61, of 519 Fernwood Ave., Folsom, Pa., who died on November 25, 1958.

GILBERT BENNETT, 47-38, of 404 Hastings Ave., Garden City, Chester, Pa., who died on November 30, 1958.

FRANCIS HALL, 33-55, of 17 No. Front St., Darby, Pa., who died on December 6, 1958.

WILLIAM F. McNEILL, 88-106, of Bakersville, North Carolina, who died on December 4, 1958.



RAYMOND M. SMITH, 72, of 306 Leslie Street, Ridley Park, Pennsylvania, died on November 16, 1958 after a short illness. Born in Wilmington, Delaware, he came to Sun Ship in November of 1917. An electrician, he worked steadily—receiving his 40 year pin last year—till he became ill in June of '58. He was a Mason for fifty years.

Survivors include his wife, Gladys C., and two sons, Walter Enolds and Kenneth C.

Mrs. Smith would like to convey her appreciation to all the departments for their kindness and sympathy during her husband's illness and at his death.

came into our midst from the American Economic Foundation (promotion) to take over the reigns as Editor of OUR YARD magazine from the late Bob Vale.

Now the time has come for him to leave, and we would be remiss if we didn't say we will miss him very much.

Many descriptive adjectives could be used to describe his many attributes. We would like to select one, believing this one word typifies his way of life and his way of thinking. The word is diligent.

It is not without reluctance that we see him leave to climb higher on the ladder of success with the American Economic Foundation (editorial research).

So we won't say goodbye, John, just "auf wiedersehen."

About all for now, so until next month, so long and good luck!



By Frank Wilson

Here we go into another year. Don't forget those New Year's resolutions you've made. Keep them for at least a couple of months anyway.

Now that Christmas is over and you've exchanged all the gifts and gotten what you wanted in the first place, it's time to start thinking about income tax. You will get your W-2 this month so you'll know how much more you'll have to have, or how much you're going to get back. Wouldn't it be wonderful if we had 1959 wages, 1932 prices and 1910 taxes?

Probable weather for this month is: precipitation above normal, temperatures below. Oh well, it's only three months until Spring.

The Mixed Bowling League winners of the Thanksgiving turkeys were: men, J. Singley (Army) 221 plus 8, N. Jones (P.M.C.) 198 plus 27; and the girls, J. Harcastle (P.M.C.) 168 plus 41, and Sue Longbine (Duke) 160 plus 48.

Sorry about you fellows who gave me your names to work at the Army and Navy game and were not called. Better luck next year. Believe me it was a beautiful day, but rather on the cold side. Ask Mary Jane Frank (Cost)—she was there as a spectator. And Gertrude Higgins (Cost) said the way they pack them in like sardines at that game is the way to balance the budget. It's the only place where two ends meet.

I wonder if Lottie Flick (Purchasing) and Robert Wallace (Mail Room) got what they wanted for Christmas. They called a certain telephone number last month and it happened to be Santa Claus himself.

Sorry to hear about Ralph Pontillo's (Mail Room) mother, who accidentally fell out of a 3rd floor window. At last report her condition was fair.

Also sorry to hear about our reporter from 32 Dept., Sam Flood, who is now in the Hahnemann Hospital undergoing a major operation. Get well soon, Sam!

Deepest sympathy is extended to Jack Burgess, Assistant Secretary, whose wife Betty passed away. . . . And also to Richard Settine (Mail Room) whose grandfather passed away.

NEWS FROM THE STORK: Dolores Massi, our former telephone operator, had a baby girl. Born Nov. 30, 1959, weight 6 lbs., 8 oz. And Jerry Klinger (formerly of Distribution) a baby girl, November 20, 1958.

SOCIAL EVENTS: Mary Hoppe, formerly of distribution, took a trip back from her home in Florida and visited the office last month.

A surprise housewarming party was given last month by your reporter's wife, Paulette (formerly of Payroll) for Dr. and Mrs. Bruce Smith (formerly of Cost) at their new home in Wyncroft. Guests were former neighbors of Riddlewood and Mr. and Mrs. Thomas D. Bishop (Material Control).

VACATIONS: Helen Finnegan (Mr. Burke's secretary) spent two weeks in Florida. And Wills Broadhead also spent a week there. . . . Grace O'Neill (Tab.) spent one week doing some Christmas shopping. . . .

Mary Jane Bedford (Cost) was going to the shore for a week, but the rainy weather changed her mind. . . . Mary Ann Loretta (Voucher) spent one week visiting her boy friend at Cherry Point, Marine Base, North Carolina. . . . Robert Crompton (Paymaster's) visited his daughter and son-in-law at the same place. . . . And Peg Miller (Employment) spent one week visiting her daughter, son-in-law and new grandson, in St. Louis.

Best of luck to Ed McGinley (Cost) with his new car, a 1959 Oldsmobile.

John Hart, our genial editor, moved to the country a couple of months ago. I guess he was tired of the big city life. Now he lives in Gradyville which is quite a little distance from the shipyard. He announced recently that this was his last month with the company. He is returning to the American Economic Foundation in New York. We're all going to miss you, John, so the best of luck in your new position.

LAUGHS FROM HERE AND THERE:

The rich kid who got a hula hoop with white sidewalls for Christmas.

The cat that was All-American for the year. It made 58 yards in one night.

All it takes to separate the men from the boys is the girls.

A honeymoon is the period between "I do," and "Get your cold feet off my back!"

And with this thought in mind, I'll say so long for now. See you next month.

SAFETY CRUSADE

If everyone who drives a car
Could lie a month in bed,
With broken bones and ugly wounds
Or fractures of the head
And then endure the agonies
That many people do,
They'd be always preaching safety
Evermore to me and you.

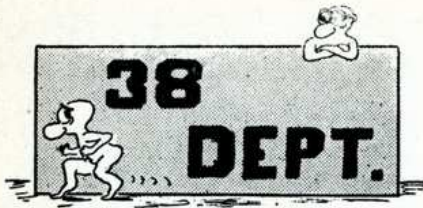
If everyone could stand beside
The bed of some close friend
And hear the Doctor say "No Hope"
Before that fatal end,
And see him there unconscious
Never knowing what took place,
The laws and rules of traffic
I am sure we'd soon embrace.

If everyone could meet
The wife and children left behind
And step into the darkened home
Where once the sunlight shined,
And look upon the "vacant chair"
Where Daddy used to sit,
I am sure each reckless driver
Would be forced to think a bit.

If everyone who takes the wheel
Would say a little prayer
And keep in mind those in the car
Depending on his care,
And make a vow and pledge himself
To never take a chance,
The Great Crusade for Safety
Would suddenly advance.

Anonymous

In transactions of trade it is not to be supposed that, as in gaming, what one party gains the other must necessarily lose. The gain to each may be equal.—Benjamin Franklin.



By Bob Wilson

Once again we are at the start of a new year. It hardly seems possible that twelve months have passed since I put the column together for January, 1958, and here I am trying to get one going for January, 1959.

On the other hand, when we stop to consider all that has happened in the department in the last fifty-two weeks it seems incredible that so many things could take place in one year.

Probably foremost has been the renovation on the second floor. One of our elder statesmen once said, "We are living in a period of far-reaching changes." I don't know who said it, but he must have had our drawing office in mind. "Operation Big Switch" had nothing on us.

As Ed Herman's cartoon shows, we at least tried to keep on working during most of the work. Some of the department members, who happened to be away from their boards for a few minutes, returned to find two feet at the end of their boards had suddenly disappeared. (So had some of the little pieces of miscellaneous junk which they had gathered over the years.)

However, the shortening of the boards was nothing compared to moving day—some draftsmen are still looking for lost articles.

I am sure that if the boys from the Safety Department could have seen some of the contortions and movements that some of us went through to move the drafting tables into the spaces allotted to each man, they would have "flipped their little yellow hats." The close calls and near misses showed "Old Lady Luck" was riding on the side of the department members, as it all ended with nothing more serious than an occasional splinter.

On behalf of those who did get splinters, I would like to thank Miss Gloria Mancini who stood by through all the chaos and confusion with her little bottle of merthiolate and trusty box of band aids, ready and willing to aid the wounded.

Of course, all this had its happy ending. We got a new office arrangement and a fresh coat of paint on walls and ceiling, also additional lighting. We are all looking forward to the installation of air conditioning during 1959.

This department once again put a softball team in the Sun Ship league. We won't dwell on the whys and therefore; the boys did try hard.

Vic Pajan is still trying to get a team together that could win something for a change. So he begged, pleaded and cajoled a group of the former softball team into accepting a challenge from the Hull Department in a game of touch football. This "Garbage Bowl" game was played December 7th on the Swarthmore College grounds. Of course it was a lost cause and the team from 38 Dept. went down defeated to the tune of 30 to 0.

This may seem like a very one-sided game in favor of the Hull squad, but such was not the case. I understand our team gave them a run for their money in the first half, but in the second half they had a wind problem. It wasn't the wind blowing down the field, but loss of their own. (Those nicotine loaded weeds will do that, boys.) However, a loss of 30 to 0 wasn't so bad, you should have heard some of the softball scores from last summer.

Believing in the age old saying about "half a loaf is better than none," I feel sure most of you will agree that having half the parking lot paved last year was a lot better than having the usual quagmire. Unfortunate and irritating to those of us who have to use it, the other half of the lot has yet to be done. (In the near future, we hope!) So keep the rubber boots, tow ropes, etc., handy for the melting snow and spring showers are approaching.

The past year heard wedding bells ring for a record number of department members. It averaged out to a wedding every eight-and-one-half weeks throughout 1958! To all the newlyweds we extend our best wishes for their years ahead together, and of course, the old saying about all their troubles being little ones.

Speaking of the little ones congratulations are in order for Mr. and Mrs. Bob Decesare. Bob got himself a seven pound, male tax exemption the middle of December. The mother and new arrival are doing fine, but the new Dad, I am afraid, is a

little the worse for wear. He even admitted he had rubber bands for knee joints when he came to work the following day. I don't think I ever saw a guy more relieved or happier than Bob was. He was grinning from ear to ear and his face was all aglow as he handed out the cigars and informed everyone he was at last a father.

Around the middle of October we had a visit from Ross Billstein who was home on leave from the army. Ross is still stationed in San Francisco, and along with several of his army pals had motored from the West Coast. According to a report I got recently, Ross and his friends were involved in an accident while driving back to California. I understand Ross wasn't hurt, but some of his buddies were hospitalized. Very sorry to hear about this unfortunate accident and the boys who were injured. Hope they are all well on the road to recovery Ross, and our best wishes to you and your buddies in the new year.

Considering the number of fishing and hunting enthusiasts we have in the department, the 1958 season was either a poor year or their luck had deserted them. To my knowledge there was nothing in the line of a record catch, or record size fish taken. Matter of fact, Ralph Morgan offered to buy "Salty" Blair a couple of sardines just so he would know what a fish looked like.

As for the hunters—be it bow and arrow, shotgun or rifle—the department members who took to the woods, fields and hills also had a poor season with no bear or deer kills reported. A few did better during small game season—several got rabbits, ring neck pheasant and "pneumonia" on opening day. But on the whole, with a larger number of the department members hunting and fishing last year, it just seemed like a poor showing. I should know, I was one of them.

So we leave and say so-long to 1958, and as we start another year I would like to wish all of you a VERY HAPPY AND PROSPEROUS 1959.

WHICH?

I often watch the kids at play
They're gay and fancy free,
Their one concern is just today
Not what the morrow will be.

One may the best in life achieve
The top rung of success,
He had the courage to believe
And would not stand for less.

Another one would set his sights
But fail to make the grade,
He never did attain the heights
He fancied as he played.

As equals they had started out
To reach success and fame,
But they had different thoughts about
Just how to play the game.

Such are the kids now grown to men
And some of them wondering why,
Things didn't turn out as they might have
been
After the years rolled by.

Did it happen that way when you were a kid
And did all of your dreams come true?
Don't worry about what the other guy did,
What counts is what happened to you.

A. J. Brown



GOSSIP AFTER RETIREMENT

By "Deacon" Duke

RING OUT 1958 — RING IN 1959

Farewell old man 1958, welcome the new man 1959.

Instead of making new resolutions this time, let us again look into the Good Book for the new year's guide to our actions:—Ephesians Chapter 4, portions of verses 22, 23, 24, 25. "Put off concerning the former conversation, the old man; and be renewed in the spirit of your mind; and that you put on the new man, which, after God is created in righteousness and true holiness; speak every man truth with his neighbor, for we are members one of another."

Alton A. Norton, former Vice President in charge of Operations, still lives at 604 University Place in Swarthmore, Pa., in the house that he and Mrs. Norton had built 25 years ago.

Both being raised in a sea-going atmosphere it had always been their desire, ever since their courtship days, to have a little home "by the sea." This was finally realized through the acquisition of a little cottage 'down-east Maine,' where they now look out upon the sea from early Spring until late October.

Their son, Alton Jr., of the Expediting division of the Purchasing Department, is also an enthusiastic marine proponent. His family and he spend their vacations up there with the Norton Srs. and their sea-going neighbors.

Realizing Mr. Norton's interest in nautical astronomy, the superintendents at the shipyard sent him a lovely star telescope. To utilize this effectively he had a skylight installed in his "low head room" attic. So on clear nights he is usually up in what he calls the "Crow's Nest," scanning the wonders of the universe with his star-telescope, spotscope, and binoculars.

Here Mr. and Mrs. Norton live simply, enjoying the marine atmosphere, picnics with friends and relatives, car rides on traffic-free roads and boat trips in the neighboring waters.

We have found that a number of the so-called inactive from Sun Ship, are very active in new lines of real work. One was giving his help in church repair work, another helping put on a bazaar; still another weather forecasting, the real stuff.

Mr. William Y. Payne says:

"Halloo to every one far and near. May we offer just a few words on the subject of weather and weather changes. As many of us know, the weather of tomorrow depends largely on the wind direction, and the type of cloud present today. One of the problems which continually baffle meteorologists, is determining whether a storm will move faster or slower and decrease or increase in intensity. Air pressure as shown by a barometer cannot in itself reveal all the conditions, however, one will find the barometer to be very helpful.

"Let us now take a step forward and meet our weather man Pa, as suggested by Margaret Martz:



Thanks to MRS. HILDA HAHN, wife of our outdoor editor, STELLA RUSTARK, left, and MARY ANN LORETTA contemplate an apple—a lunch in itself. From Lancaster County, it measures 12½ inches around, weighs 15½ ounces!

NO WEATHER MAN LIKE PA

I'll bet there's not a weather man
In all the world like Pa,
Fer 'e knows when it's goin' t' rain
An' says like this t' Ma:
"Y'd better git yure washin' done
An' do it purty quick,
Because my rheumatiz is here;
I'm nigh t' bein' sick.
'Y'd better not go into town
T' sell them plants and flow'rs
Fer jist as sure as I do tell
We're goin' to have some show'rs;
My knees keeps creakin' when I walk
An' pains shoots through my legs;
My gosh-darned corn is hurtin' too—
They feel as big as eggs."
An' then 'e turns t' me
An' says jist like 'e knows,
"Go hurry, boys, an' do yure chores
Afore it storms an' blows!"
An' sure enough, jist as Pa says,
It rains an' storms and blows!
Why don't th' reg'lar weather man
Know things like my Pa knows?
Sometimes they say, "It's goin' t' rain,"
But it don't rain a-tall;
They say, "Tomorrow—Warm an' Fair"
An' then we have a squall.
I guess they don't have rheumatiz
T' give 'em all th' signs
They jist look at ther maps an' 'charts
An' drawin's an' some lines.
Now my Pa don't need maps an' 'charts,
Ner telescopes, ner books;
He hobbles t' the kitchen door
An' feels the air an' looks—
An' then 'e starts t' prophesy!
It might seem strange t' you,
But Pa ain't missed in forty years;
His record's good an' true.
I can't see why our Uncle Sam
Pay men that ain't no good;
If 'e would only hire my Pa,
'E'd git th' truth, 'e would.

I know ther's not a weather man
In all th' world like Pa,
But no one knows how good 'e is
'Cept me and Si and Ma.

MARGARET R. MARTZ
Pittsburgh, Penna.

This month we have another letter from the fishing state of Florida. Says Mr. Frank J. Hibbs, Box 1664, of Vero Beach, Florida: "I have been receiving my copy of OUR YARD and appreciate keeping in touch with the doings at Sun Ship. Last Fall I had the pleasure of a visit from several employees of Sun Ship which included my former foreman, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Mitchell; Mr. and Mrs. Jack Lee of Rigging; and Mr. and Mrs. Randy Boulden of Maintenance.

"So far this year we have had a visit from Mr. and Mrs. Lee. We enjoyed a good day of fishing at Suiger Island. Of course, Jack had to come visit so I could teach him how to catch fish. Would like to hear from or have a visit from some of my other friends at Sun Ship. Best of good wishes to all at Sun Ship for a Merry Christmas and a very Prosperous New Year."

Note: Letter arrived too late for December issue.

A GOOD BARGAIN

The street corner orator was delivering a lengthy discourse on inflation and expounding the theory that the public was being robbed of its sense of values by unstable currency. Finding that verbal efforts alone were not enough to arouse interest, the speaker drew a bill from his pocket and waved it before his audience. "There was a time," he declared, "when this dollar was worth 100 cents. Then its value skidded to eighty cents. Today it is worth fifty-seven cents. Tomorrow . . ."

"Mister," interrupted a tired listener, "here's fifty-seven cents. Let's have that dollar before it goes any lower."



By Harold Baker

With this issue we begin another new year, and we are sorry to report that we are losing our editor. It has been a great pleasure working with Mr. Hart, and all of us who are his friends wish him much success in his new situation. We are happy that Miss Ann Smedley will still be with us. I am sure that she will be most helpful in getting our new editor established in the production of OUR YARD.

We wish everyone a MOST HAPPY AND PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR.

Quite a few of our fellows wound up the old year by taking their vacations during the holiday period.

We heard through the grapevine that George Urian's family received a tape recorder from Santa Claus. Warning! Anything you might say in the Urian home might go on record, so beware!

Al Davis has been hiding his lunch lately. This has been going on ever since Joe Greco ate his turkey sandwiches by mistake!

More news about our hunter. Oakie Twaddell says he shot a white pheasant and he has the feathers to prove it. Frank Gaffney wants to know what farmer is missing a white rooster out in Oakie's neighborhood?

NINTH LIFE?

Joe Ondeck tells us about one of his gunning expeditions when he was a boy. He said they had a cat and his father wanted him to shoot it. Joe got some string and took the cat a long way down in a field. There he tied the cat but the cat broke loose before he managed to get the gun ready. The cat dashed off into the woods. Joe shot the gun anyway; then he returned home. When Joe went into the house, his dad asked him if he shot the cat. Joe glibly said that he did. Mr. Ondeck angrily asked Joe why he was lying. Joe, somewhat perplexed, said he wasn't, but then he spied the cat sitting under the kitchen range. The cat seemed to be smiling as he sat there with a bit of broken string tied around his neck.

We are sorry to report that Leo Wiseley was seriously injured recently. Pat Hughes is still out sick, too. We wish Pat and Leo a speedy recovery. . . . We are happy to have Joe Ondeck back with us after an absence of eight weeks. Joe is still on a special diet and receives a lot of kidding about his daily Pabulum, but he can take it.

We had word from Deacon Bitterlich out in California—he was ill recently, but now he is well and doing nicely in the plumbing field.

That's about all there is for this month. Since the second shift and day shift have combined, our group is now smaller than ever. We would appreciate any contributions you might have for this column, or for OUR YARD. After all, this is your magazine. We need your help to keep it that way.



2nd Lieut. DONALD P. McCABE and the former PHYLLIS ZIPPI of West Philadelphia, were married on November 15, 1958. Don is the son of Leo McCabe of 55 Department. The couple are making their home at Fort Benning, Georgia.



FOR SALE—16 cu. ft. Jordan upright freezer—excellent condition—\$290 cash. Call Chester 4-5073.

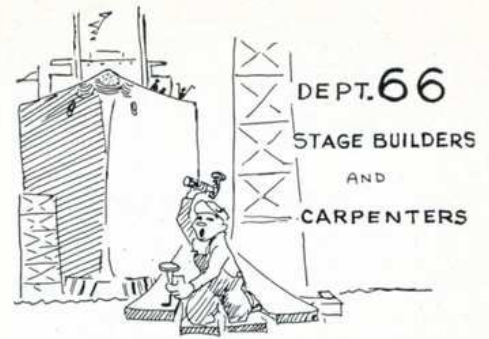
LOST—Sterling silver miniature cigarette lighter between 2 Way and the Paint Shop. Bill Russo, 2 Way or call 275.

RENT—Small country spring house; fireplace, beam ceiling, swimming pool. Unfurnished. Ideal for a couple. Phone GLOBE 9-0821.

RIDE and/or RIDER from Mt. Airy area, to commute for day shift. Call 471.

The new recruit didn't salute the colonel. "Do you realize who I am?" snapped the colonel. "I run this entire camp. I'm in charge of 25,000 soldiers!"

"You got a good job," replied the recruit. "Don't louse it up."



By Frank "Shakey" Hickman

We of 66 Dept. hope that '59 will find you of Sun Ship, and our other readers, well. That this year will be prosperous, and that you will be happier than you have ever been. In times like these it is almost impossible, but I hope and pray that we are next in line for some of the breaks we hear about.

Now that Santa has come and gone—turkeys and toys just about demolished—everyone is asking himself "Was it worth it?" Personally, I can say I have at no other time had the feeling that comes to me when the little ones fly down the stairs and gape at the fine display of toys and assortment of all kinds of goodies. That makes you know that it really was worth it!

George Sipe has been back with us for a few weeks. George is still the same and looks none the worse for the wear and tear that he went through.

Norman 'Applejack' Lloyd has suffered a very severe heart attack. Since then he has recovered some. Having spent several weeks in an oxygen tent, he will remain in the hospital for several more weeks. If improvement is in order, 'Apple' may get home for the holidays. I have been asked by the gang to extend cheeriest hello and best wishes to 'Apple' for a speedy recovery. Hurry back, we are saving the stanchions and draught marks for you.

Guy 'Tuck' Kushto has given up his warm berth in the shop to face the bitter and cold winter outside. He is now in the Carpenter force and busily moving the racks on #610.

Art Sutton has again used another week of vacation. He shook off a good cold, and had a pleasant week for himself.

Al Downes has been seen sporting a new set of denims. We all want to know if the farmer who was raising potatoes gave them to you?

We offer our sincere condolences to Wilmer Marine on the recent death of his wife.

In closing, I would again like to wish you all a very Happy New Year.

The State makes use of money which it extorts from me to unjustly impose fresh constraints upon me. This is the case, when it pretends to regulate my morals and my manners, to limit my labor or my expenditures, to fix the price of my merchandise or the rate of my wages. With the coin which I do not owe it and which it steals from me it defrays the expense of the persecution which it inflicts upon me. Let us beware of the encroachments of the State, and suffer it to be nothing more than a watchdog.

—Hippolyte Taine (1828-1893)

THANK YOU!

To those of the Our Yard staff pictured on the front cover, a departing editor would like to add a few more faces and names of those who made his job and the magazine possible and pleasant:



Thanks to all staffers,

past and present,

whose names follow:



STAFF:

A. BAGBY
H. BAKER
L. BENTLEY
F. BROOKS
H. BURR
J. CONNOR
J. FALCONE
H. FITHIAN
R. CLENDENING
S. FLOOD
R. HAHN
J. HEFFLEFINGER
C. GRAUEL
F. HICKMAN
J. McBRIDE
A. THEMENS

H. OSMAN
J. PITTS
G. RENNIE
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A. WAGNER
C. DUKE

H. HLADKY
Photographer
W. SPENCER
Printer
E. HOLT
Foreman
R. STUBER
Engraver
J. DOWNHAM
Printer
A. CARSON
Typesetting
P. STANKUS
Foreman

OUTSIDE SERVICES:

A. KNOTT
Photographer

In addition, there are several dozen who wrote feature articles for the magazine during the past six years. Much gratitude is due these volunteers:

A. ADAM
E. ANDRAEAS
S. BECTON
G. BLAIR
G. BUCHAN
E. BROOMALL
W. BROTHERSTON
H. CHETTY
L. COLLISON
W. CRAEMER
J. CZUDAK
K. DAMSGAARD
C. DOOLEY

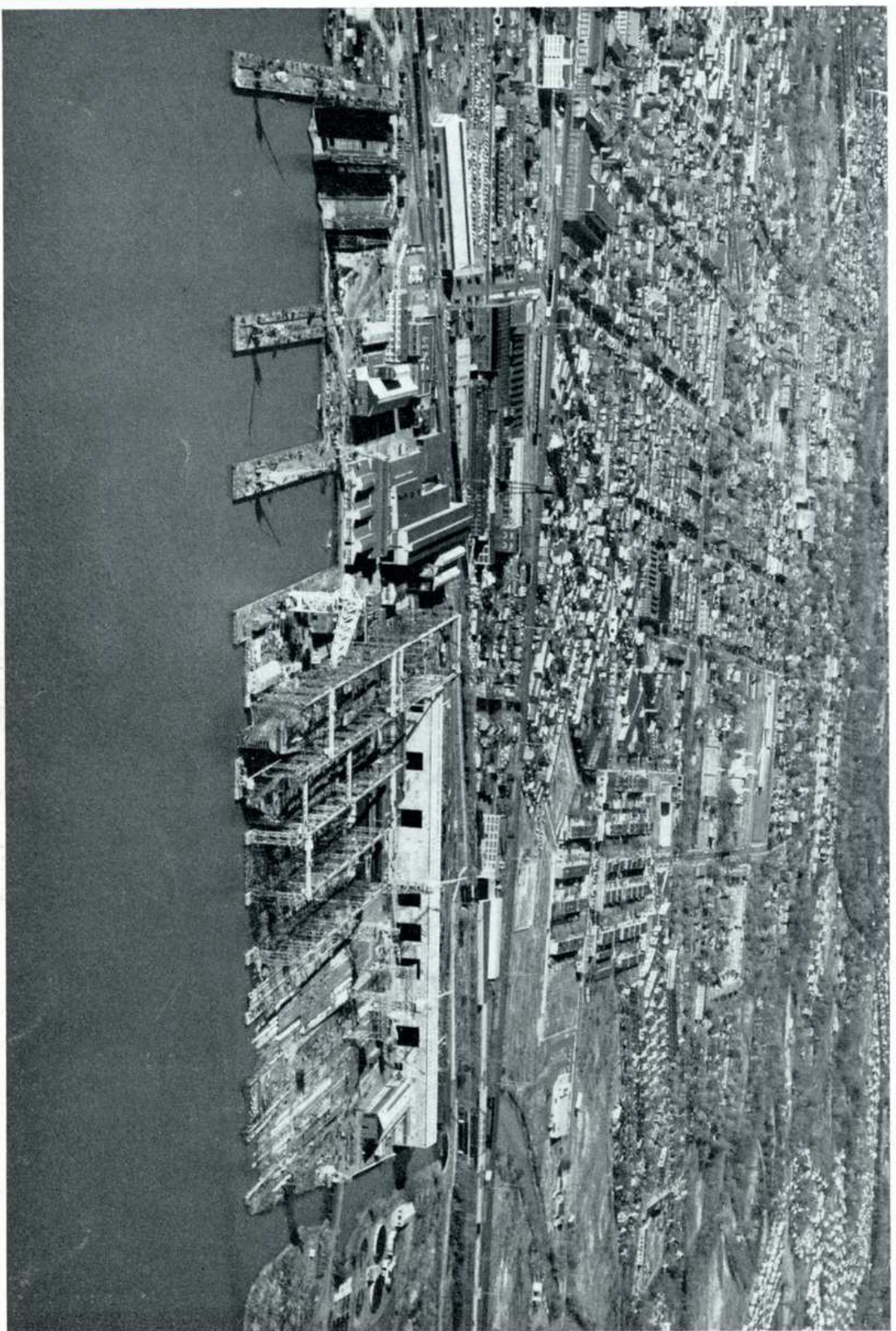
C. DOYLE
F. FERRELL
F. GOODWIN
J. GRABER
F. GRIFFITH
A. HIEBECK
A. HOLZBAUER
F. HOOT
H. HUTCHINSON
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D. SIDLE
W. SMITH

J. SULGER
J. TECHTON
F. THOMPSON
G. TROSLEY
A. WAGNER
E. WHITE
G. WIDDOWSON
O. WILDE
G. WILKIE
J. WILROY

I have enjoyed working with each of you, and take pleasant thoughts of these and additional friendships with shipbuilders with me. I know you will cooperate with the new editor, W. Dean Moore.

Gratefully,
John Hart



Central yard of the Sun Shipbuilding and Dry Dock Company taken from the air at the end of 1958 shows (at right) the keel for the largest ship built in the company's forty-three year history, laid on #6 Way. Two enlarged shipways in front of the huge Fab Shop gives the firm building capacity to meet today's market requirements. Next to the hammerhead crane in shipways Number 1 and 2, two tankships for Socony Mobil near completion.