

*Our
Yard*



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

Memo from John G. Pew, Jr.

The Federal Government is the country's largest employer with 2,323,947 civilians on its payroll.

The 11 largest industrial corporations in the country employ a TOTAL of 2,240,205.

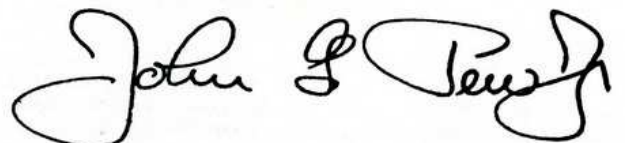
To employ that many civilians the Federal Government owns 700 sizeable corporations and 19,000 small businesses plus many service organizations. They lose about \$10 BILLION a year. A private corporation would go out of business. The Federal Government simply writes it down in red ink and takes it out of taxes.

WHO PAYS THE BILL? It takes all the U. S. income taxes each year from about 19 average private industry employees to pay the annual salary of ONE average Federal civilian jobholder. Last year's payroll for the 2.3 million such jobholders was \$11 BILLION. That's about a third of the total taxes of all Federal individual income taxpayers. Total tax burden for families at average income levels (including all hidden taxes) now is about a third of the family monthly income. Average tax burden on a \$3,500 income family is about \$1,059; on a \$4,500 income, \$1,393; on an \$8,000 income, \$2,726.

WHAT CAN BE DONE ABOUT IT? Students of the problem say the only solution is for the Government to get out of competition with private industry. There are only two corporate activities which the Government constitutionally can engage in: post offices and post roads. The proposed 23d Amendment to the Constitution would put an end to Government in business. Wyoming already has approved it. Not only would the \$10 billion deficit be wiped out but the 700 corporations would become tax-paying private enterprise bodies. Repeal of the individual income tax would then be possible.

That's the only way to do it. It doesn't do any good to say we will only use \$5 to pay a bill if the bill is \$10. The only way to reduce the cost of government is to cut down the things for which money must be spent—the unnecessary things. Get rid of those 700 corporations and the \$10 billion deficit and turn them into tax-paying enterprises and government once again becomes the thing our Founding Fathers intended it to be and we become once again a free people.

Hoping we can soon get our housekeeper in line.



A Fine New Ship's a Thrilling Thing

(Since the following article was written, Sterling Becton has returned from two trips to Beaumont, Tex., on the Mobiloil as guarantee engineer. He reports he was not called once on either trip. "That's the finest ship I ever handled," he said. "We can really be proud of that one!")

Sun Ship workers should be a proud lot.

That means all of them—those who make the floors dirty and those who clean them up; those who put lines on paper and those who reproduce the lines in wood or metal; those who write messages and those who deliver them.

The clerks, the drivers, the secretaries, the cafeteria workers.

The guards, the painters, the riggers.

At the beginning of that incontestable record of the past we read in the second

chapter and the seventh verse that the Lord God took a handful of dust and formed man. And this man was just that—a pile of dust—until the Lord "breathed into his nostrils the breath of life and man became a living soul."

We don't want to be sacreligious in our comparison, but to see what you saw as a pile of rusty steel plates, disconnected pipes and characterless spools of wire only a few short months ago, changed into a living, pulsating giant ship must bring a thrill of creation to every one who had anything to do with it.

Take #616, the Mobiloil, for instance. We watched that grow—lines from the drawing rooms, negatives from the monopols, lists of figures (bills of material) from the girls in the tabulating section, mockups from the Mold Loft, all the

other diverse operations being fused into solid form as steel plates of countless shapes and sizes, electric lines, pipe lines and all the rest.

In the Fabricating Shop the plates became sections. Moved to #2 Shipway the sections became the hull, its outside shell masking the activity of hundreds of men bringing order to the inside to permit the vessel to become the smooth-functioning it was intended.

Finally it was an assembled fact. The hidden contributions of the coppersmiths, the flues and vents of the sheetiron shop bringing the comfort of ventilation to the deepest recesses of the interior, the work of the painters, the chippers, the boiler-makers, the carpenters, the cleaners and all the rest all were united into a beautiful,

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FOR HE'S A JOLLY GOOD FELLOW! His many friends gather round Harold T. Barr to wish him years of relaxation and enjoyment in retirement. David Mylrea, chief engineer, presents token of esteem. Harold received his 40-year pin a few months ago. He came from Baltimore and began in Wetherill plant. He had some time out during which he went around the world three times in tankers and earned first assistant engineer rating. He returned here in 1926 in the Engineering Department, moved to Purchasing in 1941 and back to Engineering in 1952. He plans to do a lot of nothing for a while then he'll map out a program of long deferred projects.

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All unsigned articles are by (or with the collusion of) the editor





Rod and Gun News



By Robert "Whitey" Hahn
DOG DAYS

Every dog has his day or days as the case might be, and the gun dog is no exception. His days start in August each year as dog training season begins. A real dog lover doesn't wait till August to start. You can start with a pup right after he is weaned. He'll learn to respect a lightly-rolled-up newspaper if it's applied to his posterior when he does something wrong. Later on graduate to a switch.

Always use a rough, stern voice with the switch or paper and soon the gruff voice will be all you'll need to make him mind. Never use your hand or feet as you could injure him permanently or even fatally. Hard slapping around the head could be very injurious to the ears, eyes or even nose.

You really can't knock anything into their heads by hitting them in the face, but a little applied psychology at the rear end with a switch or rolled newspaper will work wonders.

One of the biggest problems is temper — yours, that is! Keep his word commands to a minimum—four or five words, such as: "Here," "Whoa," "Fetch" and his own name. Of course, when you have to use a rough voice the words you use won't matter so much as the tone of your voice.

If your pup shows any inclination to retrieve, encourage it but don't overdo it. Always stop the game before he tires of it. Always reward good deeds with an affectionate pat or a dog yummy.

Most dogs won't go in the water of their own accord, so dispel their fear of water early by carrying them out over their depth a short way and letting them down gently with a few words of encouragement headed for shore. Usually after a few trips, they lose their fear. All hunting dogs, like children, should be taught to be able to take care of themselves in water. It might save their lives some time.

The best insurance against gun shyness is a mother and father who aren't gun shy. At the risk of being thought old fashioned, I'm a firm believer that a bitch carrying pups should get her daily exercise by doing some hunting and have some shooting done over her. Her offspring will be all the better for it. Use a little thought and taper off before she gets too heavy.

After your beagles are running, you are up against three big problems—digging, running foxes and deer and going to strangers or into strange autos. Any one of these could cost you a valuable dog or at the least a ruined day afield.

Discourage digging. If they get down a hole they can't hear you calling and they could get hung down there. You would have to know approximately just where they holed up to find them and might lose them to a slow death by starvation.



NO MORE WILL YOU SEE scenes like this with Richard Dallatore (left) and John Rossachacj, both welders, sitting before their forest abode exhibiting proof of their piscatorial prowess. The state has taken over the place and you can't camp there no more, is why! They are camped along Shaho!a Creek up in Pike County. Shahola Falls and lake area has been made a state preserve by Fish and Game Commission. No camping and no motorboats, in- or outboard. You come, row your own and leave when you're done fishing. There still are fish in the place — at least one. Dick is showing how big it is (below). Richard Dallatore, Jr., was along but he is behind the camera.



It might take some whipping to break a beagle from running fox or deer, but break him you must. If you are gunning some day and he starts after a fox or deer, you might not see him again for hours if at all. If he does come back, he'll be too tired to do you much good. Always be positive the dog is doing wrong before trying to stop him.

Sometimes all it takes is working him with an older dog who is fox and deer proof in country where some of these animals are. If this doesn't work, you might have to resort to a 50-foot check line. Dogs as a rule like to run deer and it takes a lot to discourage them sometimes.

To stop them from going to strangers or getting into strange cars, get someone you know who won't be around your dogs again soon—if ever—to call them to him. Then sting them with a switch. A lesson or two like this and no dog-napper will ever get his hands on your dog. And believe you me, there are such things as dog-nappers. Dog stealing is a pretty big business just before hunting season. You notice I call dog-nappers "things" because anyone who would steal a man's dog just couldn't be human.

And last but not least, don't take that inexperienced pup out the first day of gunning season. Wait a day or two and then take him by yourself or with your favorite hunting buddy. It will be better for him to miss all the shooting, confusion and strangers the first day.

SHORT SHOTS AND NEWS

During the lunch period every day there is a variety of sports going on around the yard. There are some rip-snorting games of pinochle and checkers. There are several groups of horseshoe pitchers.

One day while tracking down some bear hunting news, I tracked Bob Cole to the rigger's shanty and imagine my surprise to discover he was a "long hair." There he was playing chess with John Fedak of 34 Dept. Now Bob is the bear huntingest bear hunter in the Rigging Dept. if not the whole yard.

Last year John wanted some advice on how to get rid of a rabbit that was eating more stuff out of his garden than he was. A few days later he was really worried as he had discovered a nest full of young ones under one of his shrubs. He figured that mob would eat him out of a house and home.

When I told him how mama cottontail spreads her brood around by carrying each one off in a different direction quite a distance and leaving them there on their own, he was quite relieved. That's nature's way of preventing in-breeding in rabbits.

In my wanderings around the yard at noon time, I discovered a group of outdoorsmen enjoying the ancient and honorable pastime of fishing. They gather at the foot of what used to be the old wind

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MORE ON MOBILLOIL . . .

sleek tanker. But that's all to this point—just a collection of all these things like a full scale model.

Then one day the oil burners are lighted, steam forms in the huge boilers, valves are opened, switches pulled and the ship becomes a living thing ready to do the job for which she was built. First, however, it must be determined that all the parts function properly. She must be tried out.

When we stepped onto the deck of 616 ready for her trial run on the night of June 16, we could feel that life in the steel under foot. Like a current passing through it. The big ship lay quietly by the dock waiting for her first chance to show she could do all the things the Sun Ship workers had made a part of her.

A ship comes to life in the engine room and with sailing time so near, there is where we headed.

What a place! Beautifully laid out, immaculate in appearance and to the uninitiated, the epitome of confusion.

In the combustion chambers of the two huge boilers the oil burners roared away merrily as they burned up a thousand gallons of fuel oil each hour to produce the 54,000 pounds of superheated steam the boilers could produce in that time under normal conditions.

Men disappeared under things where you would have sworn they would be reduced to small pieces. They came up out of places you hadn't suspected there was room for any one. On a broad bank across the forward end of the room was a bewildering array of dials and banks of lights. Before it stood Raymond Flanigan, Sun's superintendent in charge of machinists and machinery, and Sterling Becton, Sun's guarantee engineer, surrounded by a group of men in uniform (the Socony-Mobil engineers who would man the engine room after the ship had been delivered).

Conversation is difficult at best in an engine room with steam up so little was being said. As the minutehand approached 10 p.m., all eyes were on the telegraph which received orders from the bridge.

Then it came—"Slow Astern." Sterling stepped forward to the "board," turned two small wheels rapidly and it was done. Nothing happened—no whistles or fire-works, not even any noticeable increase in the noise; but outside it was seen that the ship began to move backward slowly.

Getting out into the river with the help of three tugs involved some jockeying with the turbines mainly between "Slow Astern" and "Stop." Then as the tugs began to nose her downstream the "ahead" signals began to come between the "Stops." Finally came the "Half Speed Ahead," and the Mobiloil was on her own.

Once underway, practically anything understandable to the non-technical stops. Men stand around and suddenly do this or that; a horn blows loudly, a light flashes and someone dashes somewhere, but you can see no reason for it and no one is going to take the time to give you a short course in the ABCs of it all. So it is best you be somewhere else. We headed for the bridge.

There you find some semblance of san-

Have a Hart! Have 2 Harts!!

Johnston M. Hart, former editor of OUR YARD, wishes to advise his many friends that his family now numbers four. Twin sons arrived at 5 a.m. July 21 in a New York hospital. Mrs. Hart "came through in wonderful shape" and the babies are in the best of health.

ity. At 10:30 p.m. it is dark except for the shaded lights for the instrument faces. Capt. Frank Ferrell stands at the windows in front conversing quietly with the river pilot. The pilot raises his voice at intervals to give a bearing to the helmsman who announces the new course after he has brought the ship around. The pilot acknowledges this with a quiet, "Thank you."

Off to one side stands that source of endless entertainment, the radar. You see the shoreline on each side, the lines of buoys marking the channel. The range lights ahead by which the pilot is keeping the ship in the channel make their blots on the screen. There are other "blips" too, which make a course of their own as time goes on. You know they are the ones to watch—other ships passing in the night.

Suddenly you hear a sound. From where you stand it seems to be almost a musical tone. Someone with more experience than you speaks:

"There go the cargo pumps!"

The sound increases in volume as it rises in pitch. You head for outside down on the deck and step into a cacophony which stops you open-mouthed; a fountain of sound which makes the din of an engine room sound like muted drums. This is it:

A tanker at work.

Now those lines of pipe suddenly have become the veins and arteries which will carry the ship's liquid cargo throughout the storage places prepared for it. They are the tanker's circulatory system just as the veins and arteries of the human body carry the blood from and to the heart. Each one vibrates with the force of the flow within, making a deafening clatter as it strains against its restraining bands.

But where is the "heart" of this system? You detect a louder sound in the night air and follow it. The path is through a narrow door then down, down, down with the noise increasing until you feel you have to break a way to get down through it.

Finally you come to the source—four big pumps shattering your ear drums at top speed. Together they hurl 16,800 gallons a MINUTE into the vast maw inside the ship. They will do this without pause for eight to ten hours before the tanks are full.

A little of this racket is enough for most anyone. For a change, you climb up, up and up (for those pumps are right on the bottom of the ship) and go up in the prow until you can go no further. No one but you, a vast expanse of star-

MORE ON ROD & GUN . . .

tunnel or else on the bridge over the creek. What they catch or how many doesn't matter so much as the fact that they are fishing. But often enough to make it interesting, someone catches a catfish or carp. How many they keep depends on how well the cat's larder is stocked in the Blacksmith Shop as the men are all from there.

It was often said in the Armed Forces that if the men couldn't find something to gripe about they weren't happy. I believe this holds for freshwater fishermen, too. Most of them gripe about the scarcity of the trout, but when you pin them down they admit they have taken more trout than the price of their license at \$1.40 per pound and that's what they charge at these places where you fish for pay, such as "Kriess Pines" up near Lehighton, Pa.

There are two lads in the yard who seem to think there are enough trout around. One of them is Charlie Sokolowski, a hooker on 47 shop. Charlie took seven trout one Saturday early in July out of the Octorara and lost several more. He was telling me about seeing four or five brown trout in each of several holes in a nearby stream that wouldn't take any kind of bait. Browns, as a rule, are the cagiest of all the trout family that I have come up against. Charlie admits he has taken more than 20 trout this season.

The other one of these two lads is "Lefty" Shanko of 59 Dept. "Lefty" has taken quite a few out of Chester and Ridley creeks. He was telling me one day how he got four one evening and missed several more out from under a tree top that was laying in the creek. It seems he went about 200 yards further down the stream than he had ever gone before and that was his reward.

Richard Dallatore and John Rossachaj of 59 Dept. are brothers-in-law and a real pair of hunting and fishing buddies. On Decoration Day weekend this pair accompanied by Dick's son, Richard, Jr., went fishing up the Shahola Creek in Pike County. They brought out some nice trout according to the pictures they showed me—two of which appear in this month's issue. I guess Dick, Jr., must have been the man with the camera as he doesn't appear in any of the pictures.

George Ridgley, another Izaak Walton of the Welding Dept., had a piece of bad luck while fishing out in the reservoir where Chester gets its water supply near Oxford. Someone stole his tackle box with all his lures out of his car—a loss of over \$200.00 George claims.

studded sky and the limitless ocean.

(It is now about 3 a.m. and the ship is far down the bay.)

It's a funny thing about the ocean. There is nothing but water and more of the same coming at you wave after wave, yet you can spend hours, fascinated, just watching these waves come one after the other. Drenched in the light of the brilliant moon, it was beauty that beggared description.

You looked—and wondered about the stupid, infinitesimal, human minds which could believe that it all could be accidental; those who can make themselves say

GOSSIP AFTER RETIREMENT

By Clarence "Deacon" Duke

Ever since school days, on up through the years to the present time, two verses keep coming into my thinking.

"Ours is the seed time; God alone
Beholds the end of what is sown.
Beyond our vision weak and dim,
The harvest time is hid with Him."

And the other:

"and your young men shall see visions,
and your old men shall dream dreams."
(portion of Acts 2:17).

How like life? When we started to work, we saw visions of the future; now we dream the dreams of men who have reached the time when we can reap that portion of the harvest whose seed we sowed

years ago that He has kept for us. We cannot understand why the harvest is so different; that part is surely hid with Him.

It is with regret that we report that Miss Mabel O. Emmott, of 616 E. 19th St., Chester, formerly of 91 Dept., is under the care of her doctor and at this time is not able to be out of the house. We are hoping for improvement soon.

Howard W. Bailey, 7 McKinley Ave., Norwood, Pa., formerly of 68 Dept., says:

"We have our little place here that keeps me busy. Due to the condition of my own health and also that of Mrs. Bailey, we do not travel very much.

"I can look back on 23 years, plus, at the yard with satisfaction and pleasure for the friends and associates made at my work. It gives me a feeling of contentment in my present life of inactivity.

"In a sense, we do not have to travel to see some places. For instance, down the hill from my backyard is a nice new swimming pool. The other evening they put on an evening in Hawaii—water, beach, music, dances and the whole works. All we had to do was sit in our own chairs and look on.

"One of my interests here at our house is a pet robin that is so tame he comes and asks for his food and visits with us.

"We want to say 'hello' to all the folks at the yard."

We saw the robin hopping across the yard and Howard went out and picked it up. You must surely enjoy your harvest, Howard.



Mabel Emmott



Mr. & Mrs. Bailey



FRANCINE RUTH KAUFFMAN and Gary Franklin Bellsky, son of Samuel Bellsky, a burner in the Fab Shop, are planning to be married in the late fall.

Miss Lena S. Smith, 503 E. 19th St., Chester, formerly of 91 Dept., phones:

"Since leaving the active work of Sun Ship I am still active in my church (Brookhaven Baptist) and I enjoy that kind of work. I have a place down at Stone Harbor, N. J., where I shall spend at least a part of my time—I also enjoy that.

"I recall with a great deal of pleasure my years of service at Sun Ship, both company and associates."

Thanks Miss Lena, continue to enjoy your harvest.

James Skean, 731 2nd Ave., Prospect Park, Pa., formerly of 30 Dept. Reminisces Mr. Skean:

"I put in 22 years at Sun Ship and it was a great place to work, both from the standpoint of men and management. I like to recall the number of pleasant things that happened as well as some that were not so pleasant—like when a weight fell on me and broke my right leg—which the yard took care of in a very nice way. I remember Mr. Pew would stop and talk with us about ourselves and our work, which made the work seem better.

"Before I went to Sun I fished on the Delaware and caught many a shad right where the yard is now. I sold them in Chester for 25 cents. Went in swimming lots of times from the old wharf at the foot of Morton Ave. Now I do a little woodwork and travel a little, and we are enjoying this new kind of life."

Nice talking with you James, and we could add a lot more if we had time and space.

Harry Williams, Greensboro, Md., formerly of 42 Dept., writes, in part:



Lena Smith



By Joe McBride

Locomotive engineer, Curtis Temple, is vacationing in Michigan. While there, he expects to visit with the Breeze brothers, both of whom were crane operators at Sun Ship during the war days.

The Amos Stricklands are spending their vacation at their summer home in Rehoboth, Del. Amos took quite a few orders for flounder, sugar corn, etc. which will be delivered upon his return home.

Marine Rigger Elliott "Sug" Jenkins was awakened recently by a glare in his bedroom window. Investigating "Sug" found the interior of his car was afire. The fire companies were called and quickly extinguished the flames, but it will take six months and a gallon of deodorant to get rid of the odor.

Many happy returns to Fred Warden who is celebrating a birthday anniversary this month. Mrs. Warden gave Fred a gallon of paint and a brush. Smart lady, this Mrs. Warden.

At a recent meeting in the new conference room, Earl Bennett, foreman of 81 Dept., doffed his hat and laid it on a chair. He was holding an ash tray in his hand throughout the meeting and when adjournment came, you guessed it, Earl put the ash tray on his head instead of his hat. I wonder if the ash tray was square in shape, too!

Our best wishes to A. "Tony" Pinto who left the yard to enter business on his own.

"Now as to the Eastern Shore—when a man retires he should come down here. This is the land of three meals a day. A land of farms and dairies also noted for fried chicken (see OUR YARD, Sept., 1955, page 18) and Maryland biscuit—one reason you put on weight.

"We are located about halfway between the Delaware and Chesapeake bays—both noted for their seafood. We are 24 miles from Dover, Del.; 70 from Wilmington and 62 from Baltimore.

"I am enjoying my retirement and planting my garden. I also enjoy recalling my years at Sun Ship. Miss the friends but read OUR YARD and have a lot of them. I look over them to recall old friends. One picture I always liked to see was that of Mr. John G. Pew—there was no finer man.

"I wish we could have an 'old timers' day at the yard, get together and visit and maybe have lunch together. Maybe we could have Mr. Pew tell us about the progress of the yard—kind of bring us up to date.

"Best wishes to everybody."

Thanks, Harry, for your nice, long letter.

"You say your husband sat up all night trying to figure out where the sun goes when it sets? What happened?"

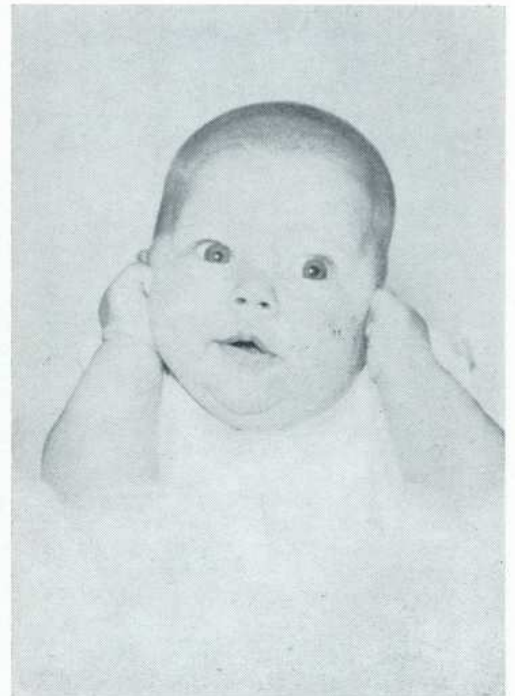
"Well, eventually it dawned on him."



Miss America 1976.
DIANE MARIE LETHERBURY, 2, daughter of George Letherbury, 47 Monopol Dept.



"Just wait, Mr. Rabbit!"
KIRK WILLIAM BLYTHE, 6, son of William Blythe, 76 Dept. crane runner.



"Definitive, Sir, beyond a doubt!"
NORINE PATRICIA SLAUGHTER, 3 months, granddaughter of Samuel Krupic, Pipe Shop.



OUR JUNIORS

"Some guys have all the luck."

Nothing to do but lie around all summer for **KENNETH McCORMICK, Jr.**, 11, but don't think he wouldn't swap with you, even if you're on crutches. Kenneth, son of Kenneth, Sr. (Salary Payroll), was riding home on his bicycle to Drexel Hill May 23 from a Catholic Youth Organization track meet where he had just won a gold medal. An automobile hit him and did things to his left leg — all bad. This is how he looked in traction bed in Delaware County Hospital. Now he is at home — in a cast from his ankles to his chest. Nothing to do but lie around all summer, but, like he says, anyone want to swap?

A man appeared at a newspaper office to place an ad offering \$500 for the return of his wife's pet cat.

"That's an awful price for a cat," the clerk commented.

"Not for this one," the man snapped, "I drowned it."

"Well, my dear," said a businessman who had married his secretary, "I must get someone to replace you at the office."

"I've been thinking of that," replied the bride. "My cousin is just leaving school."

"What's her name?"

"John Henry Briggs," said the bride.

The Sunday school teacher was reviewing a lesson. "Who led the children of Israel out of Egypt?"

No answer. So she pointed to a small lad at the back of the room.

"Wasn't me, ma'am," he answered timidly. "We just moved here from Tulsa."



By Frank Wilson

The first frenzy of summer is over now. Your garden is planted, your flowers are growing, your storm windows are down and your awnings are up. Or, if they're not, it's too late to fuss about it now. You have perspired through your quota of June weddings and graduations now you can relax.

The weary August days are long,
The locusts sing a plaintive song,
The cattle miss their master's call
When they see the sunset's shadows fall.

E. C. Stedman

The birthstone for August is the peridot and the flower is the gladiolus. Some of the events that took place in August of other years are:

Aug. 6, 1945—Atom bomb dropped on Hiroshima.

Aug. 14, 1934—Social Security bill was signed.

Aug. 12, 1898—Spanish - American war ended.

Aug. 15, 1935—Will Rogers killed in plane crash.

Aug. 26, 1920—Women were given the right to vote.

Welcome this month to newcomers: Helen Dougherty (daughter of Tom Dougherty of the Time Office) National Steel Co., office; Charles Carroll and Joseph Rusek (Mail Room); George Brodhead (Time Office) and Judith O'Brien (Distribution).

Good luck to Peggy Robinson (Material Control) who just purchased a new 17-foot outboard motor boat. And to Jack L. Burgess (Assistant Secretary) who just purchased a new home in Wallingford.

The state tax on these two items alone must have been terrific. Glad to see the state has ruled 50-cent meals are tax free. Now maybe they could show us where to find a meal for a half dollar.

Doris Frank (Distribution) who left service on July 10, was given a dinner at "Walber's on the Delaware" in Essington by the girls in her department. Those attending were: Vera Burch, Jerry Bruggeman, Mary Logue, Evelyn Gay, Betty Ronberg and Debbie Murtaugh.

This is the time of year when ice can cause a nasty fall—unless you're mighty careful what you mix with it.

Talk about the luck of the Irish. At a recent benefit party for the Sacred Heart Hospital of Chester, Ed Murphy (Tab.) won \$300 on their 50-50 club.

A bridal shower for Gloria Mancini (38 Dept.) was given by Ann Smedley (OUR YARD Secretary) at the home of Ann's sister in Village Green Farms on Monday evening June 8th. Thirty Sun Ship girls attended the gala occasion.

A chaperone could be described as an elderly woman who accompanies young women to see they don't indulge in any of the things she would have enjoyed doing if she hadn't been chaperoned when she was young.

Best of luck to Harold Barr who retired the end of June after 40 years of faithful service.

32 Dept. Electrical Drawing will now have to seek a new reporter. Sam Flood who did this job so well has been laid off for lack of work.

Good jobs aren't half as scarce as good men to fill them.

Lillian Pennington (Stores) says August

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INTO EACH LIFE SOME RAIN, ETC. On Monday evening, June 8, GLORIA MANCINI, of the Engine Drawing Room, was guest of honor at a surprise bridal shower given by Ann Smedley at the home of Ann's sister in Village Green Farms. Those attending were, Front row (l. to r.) Edith White, Dorothy Cauley, Jessie Hardcastle, Lois Green, Joanne Steele, Gloria and Ann. 2nd row: Helen Daily, Helen Shallet, Anna May Sulger, Margaret Boyd and Mae Scott (both formerly of Sun), Grace Hite, Stella Rustark, Nellie News, Maureen Pajan, Mary Jane Bedford, Florence Pastick, Sue Longbine, Jean Walters, Lillian Gagner and Fannie Kenvin. Back row: Ollie Kehler, Dorothy Nuttal, Jane Scull, Hannah Hepworth, Doris Moody, Mary Perry, Peggy Jones and Edna McKinney. Gloria received many beautiful gifts from those present and from several Sun Ship girls unable to attend. The wedding of Miss Mancini and Eugene Grisz, formerly of the Engine Drawing Room, will take place in St. Anthony's Church Saturday, Sept. 26.

MORE ON CHATTER . . .

is really her most eventful month. She was engaged and married in August, 1944. Her husband returned from overseas in August; her mother was born in August and died in August and her daughter was born in August.

Your reporter (a member of Middletown Fire Co.) took part in a three-hour motorized parade at West Chester last month. The beauty queens from all the different counties of Pennsylvania were in the parade and Miss Pennsylvania was picked.

SICK NEWS: Fred (Ducky) News (Time Office) suffered a stroke last month and at this writing is still in the hospital. Here's hoping for a speedy recovery.

Donald Clare (Personnel) with a blood clot near his heart is in the hospital and has been for several weeks. Hope to see you back sooner, Dinny.

Sympathy is extended to the following: Frank Hoot, Jr. (Outfitting Superintendent), Carl Boettger (Purchasing), Joe Wyatt (Invoice) and Ned Johnson (Janitor). The mothers of all four passed away last month.

Best of luck to Eloise Green (Material Control) who was married July 2, 1959, to Wesley C. Winfree, of 113 E. Chelton Road, Parkside, Chester, in our Lady of Charity Church in Brookhaven.

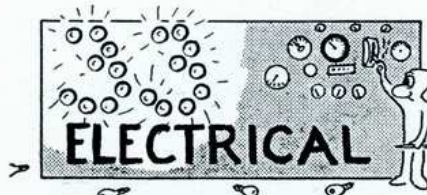
You can figure the honeymoon is about over when you find out the girl you've been indebted to is the one you're going into debt for.

VACATIONS: Grace O'Neill (Tab.) had a wonderful week in Sea Isle City, N. J. John Cole (Remington Rand mechanic) one week in Margate, N. J. James Donlin (Tab.) two and a half weeks in Margate. Your reporter, one week in Wildwood, N. J. Hester Archer (Payroll) one week in Atlantic City and New York City. Hulda Gay (Stores), one week at Schroon Lake, N. Y., in the Adirondacks. Kas Coonan (Stores) and Jane Heavey (Insurance) had two enjoyable weeks in Nassau and Miami Beach.

Vic Litwin (Cost) went by air for two weeks at Neenah Lakes, Wis. Mary Jane Bedford (Cost), one week in Stone Harbor, N. J. Ann Smedley (OUR YARD secretary), two weeks at Ship Bottom, N. J. Chris Skidas (Payroll), one week visiting her sister in Washington, D. C. Ray Burgess (Financial Accounting), one week in the Poconos where, according to his score in the last golf outing, he must have played a lot of golf. Jim Miller (Mail Room), one week in Ocean City, N. J., and one week in Virginia Beach, Va. Tom Hazlett (Paymaster's Office), one week in Ocean City. Al Norton (Purchasing), three weeks in Jonesport, Maine. Richard L. Burke (President), two weeks in Florida. John G. Pew, Jr. (Vice President), three weeks to Portugal and back.

Stu Reppert (Billing), while touring the New England States, had a bit of bad luck. His car was stolen one day. However, it was returned in about four hours by the local authorities.

William Jarrett (Financial Accounting) had a little worse luck on his vacation. While in Williamsport, Pa., his new Triumph station wagon was involved in an accident. His car was damaged to the extent of \$600.00 and he received a broken jaw. Fortunately, his wife and 18-month-old son were not injured.



By John F. Hefflefinger

August, truly the month of summer vacations, and as usual we have a goodly number of our department, either just back, on, or planning to go.

During July, we find "Buff" or, to be more formal, Frank Buffington spent a vacation down at his cottage on Broadkilm Beach. Net result of fishing—2 poor flounder. Better luck next time, pal!

Driller Tom Dearmit was away from his drills and taps for a week spent mostly at home.

Andy Cassidy, upon the finishing of 616, took off a week to do some needed chores around the house. He did get a weekend trip to Wildwood, and very surprisingly ran into our own Brownie and Mrs. Browne who were down for the day.

John Wheeler was away for a week's rest. . . . Harry Thornbury left his layout and studying for two weeks vacation, which we are quite sure he used to catch up in his garden work.

Walt Singles had great plans for his week but didn't accomplish much as it got just too hot. . . . Bill Butler also spent a week just being around the house.

"Whitey" Peet, our assistant foreman, went camping for a week in late June down at Trapps Pond in Delaware. Had good fishing as the picture will show. . . . Joe Squitiere took a week off from his galley problems for a rest.

We are glad to welcome our foreman, Emil Roenne, back after a serious siege of illness.

"Little Richie," our apprentice boy, has moved forward in the world. After six months in the aft quarters, he is now up on the midship section of 610.

Our Abie and Orio spent some time on the ship during July, but haven't got used to the noise as yet.

Our congratulations to William Walls on the delivery of his new Chevvie. Also to Mr. and Mrs. Howard Fithian upon receipt of their new Simca car. Good luck with them, folks!

Ronnie Peet left on July 10 for two weeks vacation on Lake Cayuga, New York. He and his family with all their equipment really loaded down the Dodge.

Sorry to hear that Jim Wilroy is out on the sick list. . . . Norm Fellenbaum and Bill Martin paid a visit to Hubert Johns recently and found him still partially disabled.

Andy Roskus continues to be bothered by his ailments and is still unable to work. . . . Ed McCann has returned to his maintenance duties after a week's rest.

Dick Beaumont has left the Powerhouse job and is now on Maintenance. John Fitzgerald has replaced him.

We hear Bill Crutchley also is out on the sick list. . . . C. D. Browne was off for a check up on his circulation.

If you think a woman driving a car can tie up traffic, you should see a man pushing a cart in a supermarket.

No Fish Story

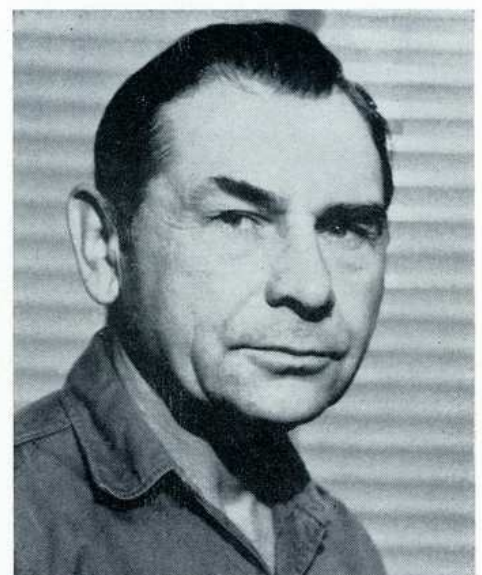
IT'S A FISH PICTURE. Comparing fish and a girl inch for inch, this fish should run about 40 lbs. So that must be pretty strong line (look closely) making a handle. In fact, it must be a pretty strong girl to hold such a fish so nonchalantly. Liar in this case is Roland Peet, assistant foreman in 33 Dept., or Roland's camera to be exact. When his daughter, Bobbie, 14, caught fairly insignificant (9 lbs. or so) bass in Trapps Pond, Del., where family spent a week, Roland decided to make something of it. It took about three different shots, one for the fish (closeup), one for Bobbie (about 20 feet farther away), and one to put background in proper perspective. All three together make a shot guaranteed to interest more people in fishing—or trick photography. Incidentally, the string by which Bobbie is holding this "monster" is made of graphite. Roland put it in with pencil on the negative.



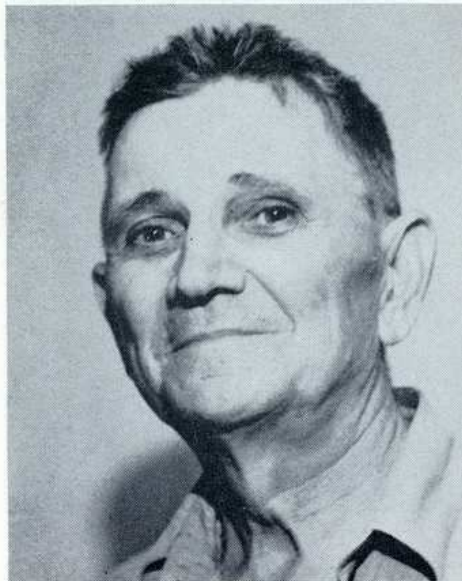
WALTER MOMOT, 60-70, 30 years



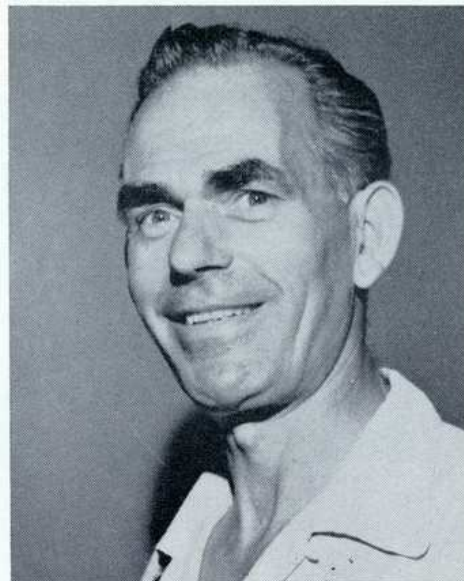
SAMUEL AMBROSINO, 55-116, 25 yrs.



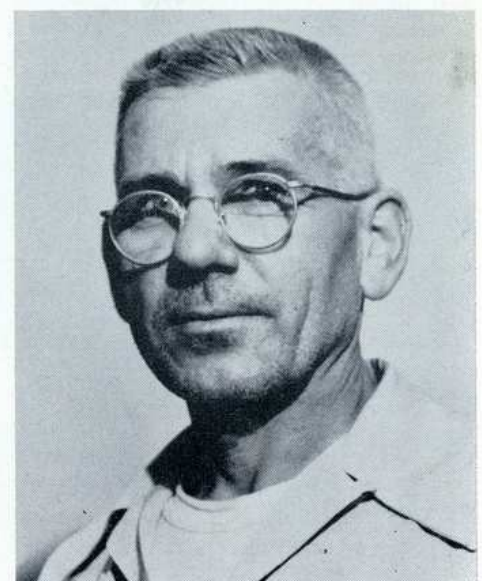
FRANK KRUPKA, 55-66, 25 years



ANTHONY KASCAVAGE,
65-142, 25 years



CHARLES WAGNER, 30-74, 25 years



ADAM ZIEGLER, 45-157, 25 years

June Awards 1959



Service — Loyalty

40 YEARS

47-1010 James Zomptor
42-23 Francis T. Cox
19-5 Edward Marshall

30 YEARS

60-70 Walter Momot

25 YEARS

55-66 Frank Krupka
65-142 Anthony Kascavage
45-157 Adam Ziegler
30-74 Charles Wagner
55-116 Samuel Ambrosino
8-314 Albert Robinson, Jr.

20 YEARS

33-395 Andrew Roskus
46-10 Horace McCue
59-36 John Orr
74-115 Benjamin Stipe

15 YEARS

38-247 Lawrence Triboletti
8-210 Joseph Begley
8-163 Herman Baker
31-91 Felin Damico
55-98 Joseph April
69-185 Charles Burrs, Jr.
59-55 John Forgione
45-64 Alfred Scheiber
67-4 Raymond Henry
60-104 Philip King
36-280 Harvey Moulder

10 YEARS

34-49 Stephen Kowalski
87-1 Gilbert Widdowson

OUR COVER

Another man on the shoulders of Tom Parent would just about span this huge distillation tower being built in the Boiler Shop. The mammoth "tube," one of the largest of its kind ever built in Our Yard or anyplace else, is 145 feet long. When finished with some 70 fractionating trays inside, it will weigh about 200 tons. This tower with another like it (also being built here) will be part of the \$2 million plant being built at Marcus Hook by Sun Oil to produce propylene. Propylene is an odorless, colorless gas frequently used as a component of LPG for home heating and cooking. Also it may be converted to a high octane component of motor fuels or an ingredient of liquid detergents.

40-Year Service Pins for Three More



SAME HANDCLASP AND WARM WORDS of congratulations which Francis T. Cox, 42-23 (left), foreman of the blacksmith shop is receiving from President Richard L. Burke with presentation of 40-year pin (left) were received also by James Zomptor (upper inset), 47-1010, and Edward Marshall, 19-5, foreman in Wetherill plant.

Three more employees, all men, received congratulations last month from President Richard L. Burke for 40 years with the company. They are Francis T. Cox, Edward Marshall and James Zomptor.

Frank Cox not only has been here 40 years, but he has put in all but one of them in the Blacksmith Shop (his button number is 23). Which may explain to some extent why he has been foreman there, for these many years.

Blacksmithing seems to run in the Cox family. When Frank's father, Lawrence, retired in 1956 he had been a heavy fire helper most of his 34 years service and was the oldest man on the payroll (nearly 82). Frank spent a year in 91 Department after he came here in 1918 then went into the blacksmith shop.

He was born and raised in Cedarcroft and was graduated from Kennett Square High School. Now he lives in Milmont

Park. He has one daughter and two grandsons.

Edward Marshall came here about a year after Frank Cox and moved around a little more after he arrived. Ed started as a berthing man in 45 Department when he came in June, 1919. After two days he was transferred to 79 Department as a rigger. Five weeks of this and Ed moved again, to 84 Department. Three weeks later he was back in 79 where he stayed four months and one week. Jan. 1, 1920, Ed started in 19 Department at Wetherill and has been there ever since.

In those days the description of 19 Department read: General including stables. The horses which did the hauling in the yard were stabled there then. Ed was one of the first men in it. His button number is 5. He started as head of the department in charge of production and planning, estimating, doing time studies and similar industrial engineering work

and continues in that position, "a most faithful and valuable employee," to quote Supt. William Smith.

He is a native of these parts and has lived many years in Collingdale. All three of his daughters are married. He has four grandchildren.

James Zomptor, 47-1010, was born in Rome, Italy, came to this country as a small boy and hasn't been back since. He came by himself to live with an uncle and for a couple of years lived in various places mostly in New England. In 1915 he came to the Chester area and worked at Baldwin and a number of places before coming to Sun Ship in 1917.

He must have liked it here because he's been here ever since. He had a couple of slack time layoffs which is why he didn't get his 40 year pin until now. James married a girl from this area and lives in Chester. He has four stepchildren and twelve grandchildren.

INK SPOTS

FROM THE
HULL DRAWING ROOM
By Harry Osman

It is possible that some of the draftsmen failed to mention to their wives that on July 1st they received an increase of 3.74%. Mentioning this fact seems like an ideal way to start the column this month.

You say, how much is 3.74%? As soon as your husband read the notice, he reached for a slide rule and did some quick calculating. When he tells you his answer in dollars and cents, deduct one-fourth for taxes and the balance is the increase.

July 1 was known as "inch day" by the United States Bureau of Standards. On that day the difference of 0.000002 inch between the standard U. S. inch and Great Britain's inch was abolished. The U. S. inch shrank by half that amount and Great Britain's expanded by half that amount. All draftsmen are hereby notified to change their scales accordingly. You will also keep this in mind for future calculations.

Our Hull Scientific Department recently welcomed a new employee by the name of Yun-Do Pak. Born in North Korea, Yun-Do had to flee from his city when the Communists took over. His father was a wealthy contractor who built large buildings in North Korea. He and his family had to abandon all of their possessions when they fled south to Seoul. Yun-Do was sought by the Communists for service in their army but was hidden by his family in a space two feet wide between two houses. He lived for six weeks in these cramped quarters, receiving sustenance from his family under the cover of darkness.

When he was finally able to leave his hide-out, Mr. Pak was horror stricken when he saw the number of dead bodies lying in the streets and gutters of the city.

Pak attended Seoul University from which he was graduated with a degree in engineering. He then came to the United States and attended M.I.T. for three years graduating as a Naval Architect.

Yun-Do Pak, we welcome you to our Sun Ship family and hope your stay with us is pleasant.

A draftsman changing drawing boards is not newsworthy and ordinarily would not be mentioned in this column. However, Bob Filliben recently changed to a board by the window. The amusing part of the change was that the first thing Bob moved, and by itself, was his lunch.

Lois and Paul Green have been wanting to buy a house. In spite of the fact that Tom Larkins has been tearing his hair out trying to sell one of his houses, Lois wouldn't buy it. She is so particular that she has been looking for a house for two years. She found it—just a short distance from where she now lives.

Lois and Paul agreed if they bought a house they could not go on vacation, so—they spent their vacation looking for someone to carry a mortgage on a house.

Lawrence Collison went out to visit



FISHING BEING order of the day, Ronald and Russell Fellman, Hull draftsmen, get into the swim. These are some of the bluefish they caught off New Jersey coast.

Bud Hallman recently and to sit and chat for a spell. Bud retired recently at 78 years of age. They talked over the merits of marglobe tomatoes, how best to kill the cabbage worms, etc.

As predicted, Bud has his garden and is raising flowers. At the end of each day he is finding it is much more tiresome being retired than working. But guess what! He and Adelaide bought a swimming pool!

Bill Stegemerten read in last month's issue of OUR YARD about Earl Springer having his battery stolen from his car. Lo, and behold, Bill had the same thing happen to him while his car was parked in the Sun Ship parking lot. Bill had a new battery, too. The astonishing thing is that Bill had his car parked in view of the office.

Ronny and Russ Fellman went fishing for blues with another brother, a brother-in-law and their father. The five of them went out from Cape May and ran into a school of blues. In a short time they had landed 211 fish!

After returning to shore, they sold 166 of them for \$32.50. This was used as a deposit on the same boat for another trip. Two weeks later they caught 56 more blues and two tuna. One weighed 17 lbs., 9½ oz., close to the week's record, and the other one scaled at 15 lbs.

Les and Alice Ives went fishing also, but had slightly different results. They went down to Atlantic City and rented a boat with an outboard motor. Les (an old hand around boats) started the motor and put-putted out. In fact, a way out to where he was sure there were fish. He was wrong.

After drifting for awhile, Les pulled the motor starting cord, but it would not start. Upon inspection (Les is an old hand around motors) he discovered a blown head gasket.

Les got out the oars and started the Armstrong motor (Les is an old hand at rowing a boat). Three hours later, much sunburned and dehydrated, he steered the boat toward the dock.

It was then that Les felt like committing mayhem. Upon seeing idle boats and motors at the dock, Alice queried, "He won't charge us to take another boat out, will he?"

In the last few months after reading about lung cancer and higher taxes on cigarettes, Paul Sloan, Al Ingham, Bob Filliben and myself have stopped the filthy habit. Earl Springer stopped too—a number of times. Ed Housley swore he would never pay the added tax on cigarettes—but he is. We would be glad to add your name to the above list.

Ed Housley recently bid goodbye to his wife, Margarete, and daughter, Kathleen, when they left for a vacation to Wildwood, N. J. They left by train for Philadelphia where they would transfer to a bus for the shore resort.

Several days later, Ed received a phone call from them. They were staying in Atlantic City! When Ed asked why they went there, he felt utterly frustrated at the reply. "The Atlantic City bus was the first one to leave Philadelphia."

Ed was so dumbstruck that he forgot to ask them where they were staying.

Sue Longbine had another birthday. Last year OUR YARD said she was over 19 so now she must be over 20. It won't be long till she reaches the age when she starts backwards.

Two former members of our Hull Drawing Room passed away during June. John Roeske, formerly our Naval Architect, passed away June 27, at his home in Chestnut Hill.

Valentine Germann spent 15 years of his life in our Hull Fittings Section. He retired in 1954. A neighbor found him lying in his back yard where he died while pruning a tree.

Condolences are offered to the families of both of these men.

Another new man who hails by the name of William McNamara, joined our drawing room recently. Bill was graduated from Sharon Hill High School in 1954, then entered the Army and spent the next three years abroad.

After leaving the service, Bill joined the Sun Ship family in the Transportation Department. He is married and lives on Ridley Avenue in Norwood. His favorite sport is water skiing. He owns a 14 ft. speed boat with a 35 h.p. motor. Every evening during the summer you can find his wife, Adele, steering his boat up and down the Delaware with Bill trailing behind on skis. Welcome to our Drawing Room, Bill McNamara.

We are sorry to hear that Ron Fellman's young daughter recently had a spell of pneumonia. Happily, after a few days in the hospital, she was discharged as cured.

Joe and Rose Ambrosino can now be called grandpop and grandmom. Their son, Dick, a lieutenant in the Army stationed in South Carolina, was presented with a son, Richard, by his wife Estelle. Joe's job as occasional baby sitter won't start till his son returns to this area.

Don and Helen Burkey have just purchased a new home in Holiday Hills, a suburb of Wilmington. Of a split-level design, it has four bedrooms, recreation room and 2½ baths. The Burkeys expect to occupy their new home by Sept. 1.

MORE ON INK SPOTS . . .

Ernest Hosking and his sister, Evelyn, live in Rose Tree where there are two cars in every garage and six horses in the pasture. Although living among them, neither of the Hoskings are interested in mingling with the horse set nor in their horse raising pastime.

Their only interest in horse raising is the end result, mixed in the earth around their prize flowers.

At four o'clock in the morning recently, Evelyn heard an unfamiliar clatter of hoofs. Realizing it was not Christmas with reindeer, she arose and peered from her window. She was amazed to see seven horrid horses in her yard.

Two were chasing each other around the freshly planted Japanese holly in the formal garden. Another was thoroughly enjoying the succulent new shoots of corn that had recently emerged from the ground.

One of the beasts was seeing how deep he could make tracks on the Hosking front lawn. A big red brought Evelyn's blood to a boil when he decided the spring lettuce needed watering.

The one that raised the most ire was the filly who was blissfully chomping away on the petunias. Double petunias!!

On seeing this, Evelyn raised the window and yelled, "Scat." The reply was a chorus of neighs. Having been raised in the city, Evelyn had never been taught how to shoo away a herd of horses. This was a situation that clearly called for help. The local police received that call and were urged to hurry "before they start on the zinnias."

The local gendarmes rode up on their trusty steeds with lassoes in hand and played cowboy, lurking behind the sweet peas. All seven horses were eventually rounded up and taken away. The Hosking residence then calmed down again to just an occasional snore.

Our Drawing Room was blessed with two new babies last month. Rosemarie Carlantonio presented Joe with a 9 lb. son, Joseph, about 10:30 a.m., June 23. Joseph is the second child of the Carlantonios and is a brother of 18-months-old Sharon. Little Joe was born in Jefferson Hospital in Philadelphia.

Anna Borsello went to Sacred Heart Hospital June 22, a day before Rosemarie, and gave birth to a 6 lb., 14 oz., girl named Nancy. Nancy arrived about 6:15 p.m. The Borsellos now have two boys and two girls.

In addition to the new daughter, the Borsellos have a new car. John was urged by a neighbor to go along while he looked at a new Ford. Reluctantly, John went along and then spotted a gleaming white Galaxie touring car on the showroom floor. The pride of possession overcame him so he signed the order that night. We are wondering if the new car is a present to Anna.

When Yun-Do Pak, our new man from Korea, went through the Exception Office he signed all of the necessary papers and was then told that he would be examined by the doctor. As the doctor was not available at the time, he was asked to be seated till the doctor came in.

In the meantime, the chap who takes the pictures for the Sun Ship buttons, de-



GOOD (?) OLD DAYS, about 1930, dry dock office was 4-room, frame shack. Capt. H. D. Campbell, retired, recently re-married and now living in New Jersey, was dockmaster with a small room for his office. Late Raymond Shallet was in charge of office. Olaf Martin, whose Florida home was pictured in OUR YARD last month, was assistant dock master. Late James Mackie and late Clifford Heacock were Sun Ship inspectors. Part of their office was shared by outside inspectors (ABS, Lloyd's). Douglas Cadman was in charge of shipfitting. Picture was turned in by Charles S. McCune, 33-236, who worked there in 1930.

cided to speed things up a bit by taking Yun-Do's picture before the doctor arrived.

Accordingly, he opened the Exception Office door and beckoned our new man to follow. Thinking it was the doctor who motioned to him, Yun-Do arose and followed to the room housing the camera. Upon seeing the camera, Yun-Do figured he was not only to be examined by the doctor but to be X-rayed also. He began preparing himself accordingly.

In the meantime, the camera operator busied himself adjusting the camera lens loading film, etc., not paying attention to Yun-Do.

He eventually had the camera prepared and emerged from behind it, amazed to find our new man ready to have his picture taken attired in his shorts!

John Borsello's tomatoes are getting so large he is thinking of acquiring the yard next door also.

Elmer Fisher received a call from Alice from Atlantic City. She was sitting on a porch of the Lexington Hotel watching the Shriners parade on the boardwalk. Her new Nash was parked in the Hotel parking lot nearby. Elmer expects to go down for two weeks in August.

John Davidson, of course, is vacation-



By Charles "Toots" Thornton

Walter Dzwoniarski, of the hanger gang, retired July 10 after about 31 years of faithful service. He was well liked by the men in the shop and also the men around the yard with whom he came in contact. He had an even disposition which made it a pleasure to deal with him. All the men wish him lots of health and happiness so he can enjoy his retirement for a long time. Best of luck to you, Walt.

Bob Pilson has returned from his vacation down at the fishing banks. No tall stories to report, but he is sporting a new butch haircut. Nothing else exciting but a couple of neon flashes.

William Corkery is back on the job after a setto with a broken ankle. Glad to see you back, Corkey.

Ask Jim Myers whose wife goes to bingo? But first, puts him to bed at 7 o'clock then locks the front door.

How come Admiral Charlie was hang-

SEE PAGE 20, COLUMN 3

ing in his cottage in the Poconos. His wife will spend the entire summer there.

Frank and Mary Pavlik and children recently spent some time in Ocean City where they enjoyed the surf. Frank returned looking well tanned.

John and Harriet Stevenson will also vacation in Ocean City early in August.

. . . Henry McDermott and wife will follow about the middle of August.

Steve Slatowski will spend another week in Wildwood where his wife rents out apartments. Joe and Mary Chermol took their children to Brant Beach for a week in July and will spend two weeks at Ocean City early in August.

Allen Palmer will spend two weeks at Cape Cod early in August, and later in the month, Howard and Grace Horn may go to Florida.

Bill Burr hopes to get away on vacation providing Jesse is well enough. We hope that this is possible. . . . Ralph April expected to spend some time at Rock Hall, looking over the bathing beauties and maybe finding himself a wife.

Wayne Conger will use some of his vacation time moving into a new apartment. . . . Danny and Kathleen Rogers will enjoy the water of Lake Wallenpaupack in the Poconos.

George Wilkie says he is thinking of taking his vacation away this year. It is too expensive to stay home. George thinks he spends more money taking day trips and eating out than if he went away. After seeing this in print, Helen will start packing the bags.

Ken Cadman does not know where or when he will go on vacation. He says Miriam will tell him.

To one and all we wish a very pleasant and safe vacation.

Gratefully we end this month's column with many thanks for news tips to Earl Springer, Bob Filliben, Charles Grauel, Sue Longbine and Paul Sloan.

Carpenters Put Finish To All-Stars



LEAGUE PRESIDENT James S. (Brutus) Falcone made announcements (names and numbers of all players) and kept things moving. Said he thought power megaphone was quite unnecessary considering what nature had equipped him with.

The Carpenters showed their finish at the top of the heap in the first half of the softball league schedule was no fluke by trimming the All-Star team, 9 to 8.

Playing on Burke Field with its infield packed hard and leveled off beautifully by Earl Bennett's men, the two teams played nine innings of better than average softball full of the kind of action it takes to produce 17 runs.

The game was a fitting climax to a first half schedule so hard fought the winner was not known until the Carpenters won the playoff of a tied game the night before the All-Star game was scheduled.

The roughness of the ground and lack of seating worked a hardship on the spectators to the point where many did not come back after their first game. Now that seating space is being provided, the crowds should improve greatly. By next season it is expected grass will have spread over much of the area between the street and the playing fields which will make it even more attractive for spectators.

Players in the game were:

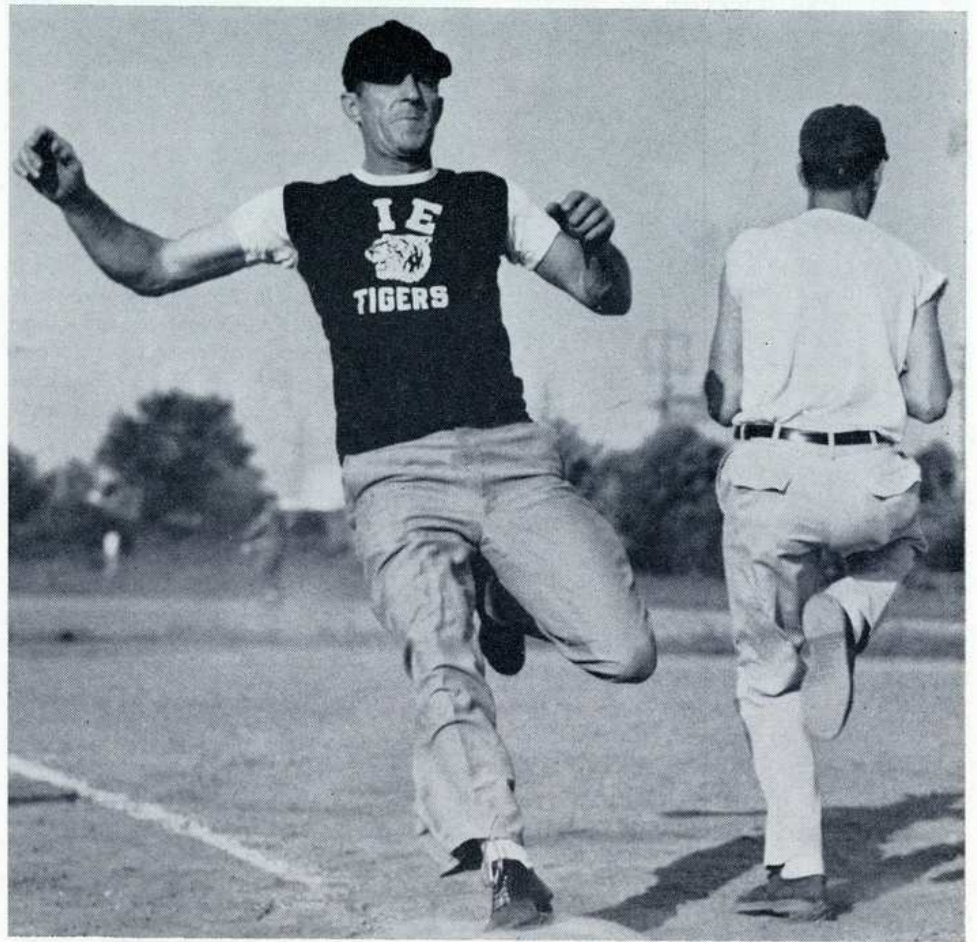
Carpenters
 Richard Kushto — CF
 Walter Shanko — LF
 James Preston — 3B
 Guy Kushto — SS
 Stanley Carter — C
 William McNiff — SF
 Robert Murray — RF

Noah Jones — 2B
 Albert Follett — 1B
 Robert Stevenson — P
 Stanley Carter — Manager
 Donald Logan — Scorekeeper

All-Stars
 David McKee, Industrial Engineers CF
 Robert Filliben, Hull Drawing
 David Hill, Hull Drawing
 Samuel Summa, Hull Drawing SF
 Page Croton, Counters
 James Burns, Electrical Drawing
 Edward Setaro, Industrial Engineers SS
 Henry Peters, Fab Shop
 Graham Ramsey, Drawing Engine
 James Culley, Hull Drawing 3B
 Joseph Newman, Fab Shop
 Peter Masusock, Electrical
 Harry Moore, Fab Shop LF
 Bert White, Welders

Harry DiArros, Engine Drawing
 Nick Pinto, Industrial Engineers C
 James Knox, Engine Drawing
 James Miller, Welders
 Nat Aiken, Counters RF
 Gerald Dougherty, Fab Shop
 Robert Allen, Electrical
 William Powers, Fab Shop 1B
 Paul Atkinson, Industrial Engineers
 Holland Suter, Welders
 Raymond Zalusky, Fab Shop 2B
 Francis Van Horn, Electrical
 Ezekial Blue, Welders
 James Hunt, Industrial Engineers P
 Paul Jones, Welders
 Robert Walls, Hull Drawing
 Willis Glenn, Industrial Engineers
 Robert MacGregor, Welders
 John Aitken, Engine Drawing

Manager
 Coach



SHALL WE DAHNCE? ? ? Premier Danseuse Edward Setaro, All-Star shortstop, pirouettes onto first base while Albert Follett, Carpenters' first sacker, does a pas de deux or something as he gets into spirit of things. A psychiatrist probably would find that Ed took ballet lessons as a child and this need for quick steps brought sort of an instinctive reaction to the twinkletoes days. Just what brought on Al's attack not even a psychiatrist could tell.

FIRST BALL was thrown out (and how!) by W. Dean Moore, director of public relations (upper left, facing page). James Burns, Electrical Drawing, is ready to commit mayhem with bat unless ball gets to Nick Pinto, catcher, first. Both were on All-Star squad. **FIRST PITCH** was by Robert Stevenson, of first half champion Carpenters (upper right). **LUSTY SWING** by Pinto (bottom) results in resounding foul. Stanley Carter, league vice president and Carpenters' catcher, is braced for what didn't come.







IN 1956 William D. Waynes became the first Negro salesman for our next-door neighbor to the south. You know, the one that's so big—on paper. Well, if you don't know, it's Scott Paper. We were just trying to get around any free advertising. He became senior salesman in the Philadelphia district and now has been upped to district retail sales manager of the Allentown area. His mother, Mrs. Eleanor Waynes, 93-21, thinks that's pretty good. So do we. You know Mrs. Waynes as the pleasant vice president in charge of dispensing coffee and ice cream (also iced tea, now) in the cafeteria.

What! No Pianos?

We've investigated all the offers of pianos which came after the notice in OUR YARD in May. We still need two pianos (if one was a grand it would be grand) so you can see we are not going to take just anything. In fact, you'll probably find it will be quite an honor if you can say your piano was accepted by Our Yard. To make it easier this time, we'll even tell you where to call—TR 6-9121 (that's the yard), extension 471. With Christmas just around the corner, carol singing in the cafeteria will sound real beautiful with piano support.

Fortune Teller: "Prepare yourself — your husband is about to die a violent death."

Wife: "Will I be acquitted?"

This Girl Is Getting Name(s) for Herself

If Dawn Marie Slawter ever sends you a set of potholders, you just feel real honored. That means you're "nice people."

As Dawn puts it—"I have a hobby of making potholders on a loom and sending them to nice people."

You'd be in a select company, too. Right up there with people like President and Mrs. Eisenhower, Herbert Hoover, Gen. Douglas MacArthur, Eleanor Roosevelt, Mr. and Mrs. Truman, Pope John 23d, Pope Pius 12th, Ladies-in-waiting to Queen Elizabeth and Princess Margaret, Archbishop of Canterbury, Mme. Chiang Kai Shek, Mme. Pandit, Bishop Shean, Mrs. Winston Churchill, Christian Dior, Princess Grace and Rainier, Soraya, Einstein, the late Aga Khan and his Begum, the current Aga Khan, governors of 48 states, Conrad Hilton and about 300 others.

Dawn has 15 scrapbooks full of signatures which would make an autograph hunter think he was in name-heaven.

Dawn is the 13-year-old granddaughter of Joseph Slawter, a guard at the Weth-



By Harry "Clovehitch" Sanborn

The Machine Age has finally arrived in the Rigging Dept. We now have an automatic splicing machine. After a few days trial, it will save both on labor and materials. Any wire over 7/8ths will have to be hand spliced, but it is still helpful.

The boys are saying the bluefish are running off the coast around Brielle, N. J. One man reported a catch of more than 20 with one or two rather large ones. Hardly a week goes by that somebody isn't on a fishing trip. Good luck to everyone.

LOST:- One cement bucket. If found please return to Raymond Pile Driving Co. Lost somewhere off No. 6 Way in about 10 feet of water. Been dragging with hooks off and on but haven't located it yet. Where are those skin divers we had?

We sure appreciate the lovely weather the last week or so. Nice for working and better yet for sleeping. A good night's sleep makes a better worker the next day.

More and more every day the fellows miss Al Luther. Everything was always so shipshape and things were there when you needed them. If they weren't, he would get them for you. Oh, well, we hope better days are coming—if we live long enough.

Haven't heard much from Charlie Sawyer lately. Don't know whether he is improving or not. Glad to see Jimmy Jones back to work again. Hope you are feeling okay now, Jimmy.

erill Plant, and lives with her parents at 158 St. Paul's Rd., Ardmore. When she was about half past seven her uncle bought her a loom and she learned how to make potholders. She made them for the whole neighborhood and then one day she "saw in the paper" that Mamie Eisenhower was having a birthday.

A set of red, white and blue potholders went on their way to Washington. Back came a nice letter and a fine photograph of the First Lady.

Then Dawn was off. Nobody was too high to be beneath Dawn's notice. From the list at the beginning you can tell she went right to the top. Letters with the signatures of famous people became commonplace in the Slawter home. Most every letter was accompanied by a picture. As Dawn says,

"It is always so much fun to see what the mail man has brought when I come home from school."

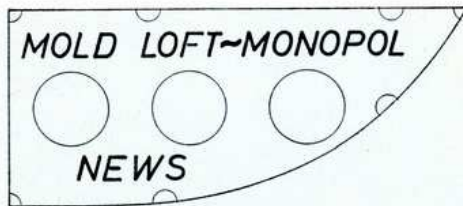
One of her latest additions—and what some would consider a choice one when you think of how close he came to not being around—is Boris Pasternak. He is the Russian who wrote the book about Russia which some other Russians thought was a little too close to the truth. For a time, there, it looked like it would be touch and go—for good. A sort of a Boris-doesn't-live-(here)-anymore deal. But she has a nice letter and picture from him as she has from the others.

No doubt in years to come this collection will be quite valuable. There is one piece in it, however, which may not wait years to reach that point. Not long ago she sent a gift of potholders to a man who has made quite a name for himself in the art world. When he acknowledged her gift he sent with it an original sketch. Down in one corner he signed his name—Picasso.

(Editor's note: At a London auction recently a Picasso was sold for something more than a half million dollars.)

HE HAS BEEN COLLECTED! Dawn Marie Slawter wrote to John G. Pew, Jr., recently telling him about her fabulous collection of letters and pictures. Then she wrote, "My granddaddy is a guard at your shipyard and he thought perhaps I could add you to my collection." As anyone may see from facing page she was successful. Bright little potholders accompanying letter were, of course, for Mrs. Pew and now grace her kitchen. Spread around Dawn are some of her other "trophies." Mrs. Eisenhower, Princess Grace, President Eisenhower, Pope John 23d, Werner Von Braun are pictured with accompanying letters. Other letters are from Eleanor Roosevelt and Harry Truman. ➤➤➤➤





By K. Stafford

ALL ABOUT SOFTBALL

Gradie Berrien, who did a lot of striking out the first half, has turned over a new leaf. For the second half of the season his batting average is over .500, one of his hits being a home run with two men on.

Congratulations to Jim Preston and the rest of Dept. 66 softball team for finishing first in the first half.

Monopol has challenged the Mold Loft to a softball game. Loser to buy the refreshments. Jack Sulger will be the ump. Mold Loft batteries have been picked. Dave Starr will pitch and Charlie Morris will catch. Final score will be in next month's column.

ALL ABOUT FISHING

George Cheesman and Charles Urian accompanied by their wives made a trip to Brigantine. Along with a good soaking from a sudden storm, they caught 37 flounder.

Two amateurs, Dave Hill and Joe Golla, also went to Brigantine and only caught 14. Dave's sister who accompanied them caught most of these.

Walt Washkevich and his son also made a trip and caught 28. . . . Aaron Powers is still trying every weekend down Chesapeake Bay area, but has only come back with 1 crab and 1 eel so far.

John Herrod and the Mrs. go every weekend and always come back with a basketful.

ABOUT VACATIONS

John Gleave spent a week at Atlantic City enjoying the shore and a convention. . . . Aaron Powers spent four days at Pittsburgh enjoying a convention. Ed Hough spent a week touring Virginia, Skyline Drive, the Caverns, Williamsburg, etc. . . . Anne Greenberg spent a week at Split Rock Lodge on a second honeymoon.

Bob Unglaub is back after two weeks of illness looking a little thinner but gaining a little back each day.

"Bud" and Barbara Lacey proudly announced the arrival of Virginia Ann Lacey, July 5, 1959. Virginia weighed in at 6 lb., 1 oz., and is the first addition to the Lacey family. Congratulations!

Earl Carpenter lays claim to the most grandchildren—he has 19. With only six of his nine children married, Earl says there is still room for more.

Bob Hoot left us July 14. His new job after a 3-months training period will be as a salesman for Houghton Co. somewhere in the U. S. A.

Monopol fellows are wondering about the blonde streaks in Anne Greenberg's brunette hair. Were they put there by the sun during her vacation or is it . . . ?

Walt Washkevich, who lives in Jersey, says: "Keep Jersey green; bring money!"

Foreign car owners have been complaining about chewing gum thrown on



By Eddie Wertz

Wetherill's top men of the yard in sports were: Robert Katein (bowling) and Donald Rhodes (golf) who brought home the bacon as winners while Philip Masusock made the All Star baseball team. Nice going, fellows, same next year!

William Emsley and James Jackson spent their vacation at Emsley Acres in Milton, Del. Mrs. Jackson took top honors for the biggest fish caught while hubby Jim hooked an outboard motor boat that broke his store string line and got away.

Mr. and Mrs. James Jackson will celebrate their 30th year of married bliss on the 25th of this month. We wish them many more years of happiness together.

Philip Masusock, visiting upstate over the 4th of July, tried sneaking up on a duck (he thought) through the high grass. He found it was a cute little animal with a white stripe down its back. Then the "city slicker" ran faster than he does to first base.

July 11 Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Copper left for Artesia, N. M., to visit their son and see their two grandchildren whom they have never seen.

On July 24 Mr. and Mrs. Eddie Wertz celebrated their 30th year in the army of married men and women, while back on June 16 they received a new granddaughter, Gail Marie Kearney, who weighed in at 7 lbs., 3 ozs.

H. B. (Nellie's husband) Ward and Mrs. Ward, Jr., held a birthday dinner party for Hugh Ward, Sr., on his 70th birthday at Milmont Park. Mr. Ward, Sr., now retired, formerly of 36 and 8 Depts., is enjoying his retirement. His favorite pastimes are golf and TV.

John Hoopes enjoyed his trip through the West to California and return. He stopped at Disneyland and also at Dodge City. John claims that Matt Dillon and Chester Good can keep their prairie land. Glad you did not fall in the Grand Canyon, John. Where to next year?

the ground in the parking lot. When they stop or park on it, their cars stick tight and they have trouble starting out. Remember the fellows with the little cars. Wrap your gum in paper before depositing it.

Charlie Urian reports: Tony "Chrome Dome" Trocine claims to be the champion gardener of Monopol. Tony says he'll match his weeds and bugs with anyone. . . . Henry Peter claims to be a fisherman, but hasn't been allowed out of the house to prove it.

Joe Golla reports: We hear rumors that Frank Ives purchased a new Plymouth. So far no one has seen it. His comments about the car are, "Good mileage and no bugs." His comments about the car he traded in on it are, "No mileage and good bugs."

47 Department 2nd Shift

By Bob Willoughby

Congratulations to Jerry Dougherty, shipfitter, on buying a new home. Lots of luck, Jerry.

Our sick list consists of one person this month. Oscar Fincannon, leader in Low Bay, could not stand the hot weather and caught a cold.

Welcome to 47 Department to Ed Libucha to fill in the vacant spot we have with the marine riggers.

Ray Reimers and Charles "Mac" McLaughlin are our other two marine riggers. Dom Settembrino, automatic welding machine operator, was sorry to lose his good helper, Ray.

Harry Frank, shipfitter, got so tired watching the Phillies lose on TV he had to go to the ball park and watch the same ordeal—Braves, 5—Phillies, 0.

We will not have to watch our national defenses for a couple of weeks. C. "Donald Duck" Dick sent Ed Towey, shipfitter, to take care of them for two weeks with the National Guard.

A welcome back to 2d shift to Ed Marshall. Sorry you had to take a couple of weeks off after getting sick on day shift. This night air is good for you.

John "Mickey" McLaughlin, burner, is back off the sick list with his shoulder in good shape. . . . Herman "Slim" Lipsius' rundown condition has charged up enough for him to come back to work.

Ray Fleming's address at his retired resort is, White Oak Run Rd., Tannersville, Pocono Mts., Pa. Ray would like to hear from you or see some of the fellows if they should happen to get up in his neck of the woods. Ray said the fishing and hunting are good.

Bill Clerval, assistant foreman, has had enough of the shore for awhile. It was too crowded down there for him—or did the girls in their bathing suits shake you up, Bill?

Our vacation list for July is 16 strong: Steve Duman, machinist on cold press, is taking his to go in the hospital to have his sore feet taken care of. . . . Art Warren, leader, is going to the shore to fish and relax to keep his legs in shape for his walking chores next year. . . . Pete Darlak, machinist on cold press, took his family to Wildwood by the Sea to rest and smell the good, old fresh salt air.

Stan Wolverson, leader, is taking his vacation to show his in-laws, who came all the way from New Orleans, around. . . . John "Cigar" Koshetar, burner, is going to sit on the front lawn and look at his new home and car and enjoy them.

E. "Gilbert" Bedsole, marine rigger, had enough of the south this year. He will just drive around and see the sights. . . . Jim Zomptor, leader, won't have to go to California on his vacation this year to see his daughter. They moved closer just for Jim. Now he only has to cross the Delaware River and head for New Jersey.

Fran Weaver, leader, tells us he will help his wife tend summer Bible School,
SEE PAGE 18, COLUMN 3

Ray Grygo reports: He would go crabbing if he could find someone to take him.



By "Whitey" Burr

Well, my pals, I am sorry to report the death of our good fellow worker, Walter Lynch. Walter had a host of friends in our shop.

I am glad to report that Dick Stewart has come home from the hospital. If any of you can get around to his home, stop in. He will be glad to see you. Dick, we wish you a speedy recovery.

It is reported that "Muddy Water" O'Connor has been getting shots just where they put a premium on standing. We also hear that he was down to Atlantic City to a convention. "Bud" Mc-Kniff told us he sure added to their parade.

"Sugar" Thomas, jack of all trades of 42 Dept., has a new up-to-date car. It is a 1931 Buick and has all the latest improvements on it such as free wheeling, power brakes (when they work?), a starter that requires the car be left on a hill if you wish to start it again, a touring top with a few air holes to let the water in or out and gas lights. He stopped up to see Bud last week and was one hour getting it started again because he was on level ground and the book said you must stop on a hill. We also understand that Frank Cox, his boss, has taken out extra insurance on him since he got this late model car.

Archie Meriano is now carrying his tools around in his socks.

The "Air Condition Boys," Bernard Kravitz and Ed Purcell, sure have had the laugh on the gang during the hot weather. We are all waiting to be invited up to their homes to play our card games. George Moyer (Kravitz's partner in crime) and Kravitz have a new deck of cards and Yours Truly and Purcell think they must have them marked for since using them we have not won one game.

Well, our good pal, Bill MacLennan, has left our yard and he reports he will take a well-earned vacation and go over to the old country to visit his folks. We all wish you the best of luck, Bill. Sam Mangeri, the master mechanic for Boss Browne, has been assigned to his job.

We now have our private telephone exchange and "Nippy" Jones and Jim Madison are having their hands full taking care of same. Why sometimes you even get the right party, but it won't be long before they clear this condition up.

Ike Hamilton has had his fill of Mayor Dilworth and his gang in Philadelphia and has moved out to Delaware County. We feel sure they will miss him in Philadelphia.

Senator Morgan will be having his vacation very soon and we hear he is going down to Washington to see if he can help Ike out with his troubles—as he knows he needs a good man.

Our First Aid sure did look like Atlantic City last week with all the sand in it. The only thing missing was the bathing suits, and we were all waiting to

Another Chance To Help Blood Bank!

Seems like only last month we rolled up our sleeves and did a job for ourselves with the help of the American Red Cross. The guys and gals (only two of them. Remember?) gave 362 pints of blood to be "banked" against the time that you or me might need it—for ourselves or members of our families.

We gave 362 pints—and that wasn't enough. As of now we owe the Red Cross for blood which has been provided to preserve the life of some Sun Ship employee, his wife or child.

If all 508 who pledged last time showed up that would not be the case, even with the 76 rejections taken into account. But, as you remember, 70 of the 508 didn't show which, added to the 76 rejections, meant 146 pint blood bottles with nothing in them after the last visit.

Our next opportunity is approaching—next month. The exact date and all particulars will be published in the September OUR YARD. But begin now to prepare for it—you know; determine to be among the donors this time. Talk it up among your fellow workers. Then when the pledge forms come around, your thinking will be all done, you'll sign on the dotted line and be ready.

see John and the girls in them. I would like to say at this time that we have the finest group of First Aid people around in our plant. Too much cannot be said of their wonderful work in taking care of our men and ladies, for they are always willing to help you and have a smile for everyone.

John O'Rangers of the First Aid would not let his son come back to the yard to work this summer. We understand that last year while riding with your reporter his son got the wrong line on life from the talk in the car. John feels it would be safer to let him go some other place before it is too late.

Your reporter is arranging to have a get-together of all the men who worked in the old 84 shop, and George Moyer said we can have it at his place. I just wonder if George knows what he is saying when he invites us to come out to his home for the party. I can say this, I hope to have "Donald Duck" Redman, Hans Hanson, Jerry Hartz, Tim Sullivan and Tony Soltnor all along with us. Roy Haskell said he will have his pickup truck there and if we need it, okay. That will be a good thing for then all the men will get home safely.

"Skin" Campbell is back from his vacation. He said he never saw a week go so fast. . . . While I was in the doctor's office recently, I was surprised to see Jane Heavey and Kas Coonan in the office and had a very nice talk with them. Jane had also had an operation. . . . I am sorry to learn that Peggy McKinney was in the hospital. She is out now and we hope will soon be okay.

Men, the following is something that has had me concerned for some time and I have tried to find out just how these parties get away with it. Only a few weeks ago you saw quite a piece in the papers in regards to a very fine lawyer in Philadelphia who had not paid his taxes for a number of years. If we miss one item on our tax blanks, they are after us at once and even have it deducted from our pay checks. Here is a case where a person has done nothing about paying his taxes, and along with quite a few others who do the same, is asking that our government settle for about 10c on a dollar and even forget some of it.

I just wonder how these same people would have gotten along in some other country.

Just check the persons who have won

on the TV shows, in the fighting game, and elsewhere who have not paid one cent of what they owe. Why not take the Government's share out like they do out of our pay? That way they could not forget about paying the tax. Here they live in the best country in the world and still say how bad things are. Maybe this would be a good thing for Senator Morgan to take up before the people, for right now quite a few are fed up with the way these people are getting away with it.

Here is something I saw which I feel sure is worth passing on:

THE BAR

The name of each saloon is bar,
The fittest of its names by far.
A bar to heaven, a door to hell,
Whoever named it, named it well.

A bar to manliness and wealth,
A door to want and broken health.
A bar to honor, pride and fame,
A door to grief, sin and shame.

A bar to hopes, a bar to prayer,
A door to darkness and despair.
A bar to honored, useful life,
A door to brawling, senseless strife.

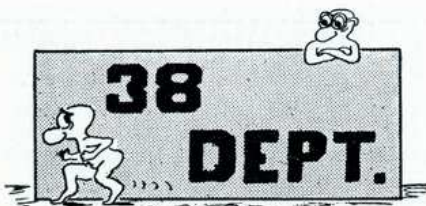
A bar to all that's true and brave.
A door to every drunkard's grave.
A bar to joys that home imparts,
A door to tears and aching hearts.

A bar to heaven, a door to hell,
Whoever named it, named it well.
By a convict, 25 years of age,
in Joliet Prison, Ill.

FOR SALE—½-ton trailer, 2-wheel rubber tires plus coupler. Reasonable. See Ralph Jenzano, 15 Windemere Ave., Lansdowne, or on 2d shift, 33 Dept.

FOR SALE—17-inch television—\$75.00. Radio and gramophone (22 by 40 inches), Mahogany with 50 recordings—\$50.00. 1951 Nash Sedan, good condition, \$100.00. Tel. TR 6-7985 or inquire Scotty, 84-89.

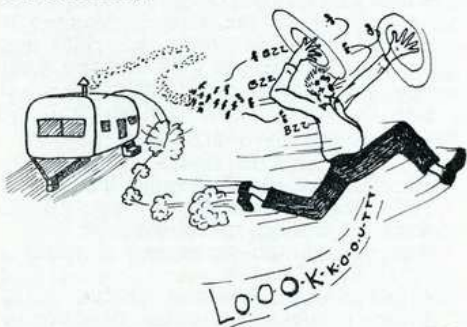
FOR SALE—17 cu. ft. Gordon upright freezer. Like new. Dick Porter, 47 dept., 2nd shift or TR 2-3557.



By Bob Wilson

With this issue of OUR YARD we are about half way through the summer and better than half way through the year. In a few short months it will be cold again, and we will wonder where the summer went.

One thing about the winter months that Charlie Daggett likes is the lack of bees and wasps. We often hear of people getting stung by bees, wasps, and yellow jackets. For the most part, this happens when people bother or irritate them. Such was the case of our friend, Charlie Daggett, who decided he did not like sharing his trailer home with a nest of yellow jackets and decided to evict them. Of course, Charlie got stung—fortunately not seriously.



I don't know if Charlie knows it or not, but bees and wasps, when rated among the poisonous animals or insects, probably kill more persons each year than all the poisonous reptiles combined. As a rule, the sting of these insects is not deadly poison, but it has that effect on people who are allergic to it.

Most of us, not having been stung more than once or twice at one time, don't really know if we are allergic to them or not. We may never know until stung repeatedly and then it may be too late. So in the remaining months of summer, let's take Charlie's lesson to heart and treat these insects with a healthy respect.

So much for the bees and wasps. Just after making a few notes on them one night last week, my young son waltzed into the house with a jar full of bumble bees he had caught and wanted to know "if we keep them would they give us honey?"

George "Salty" Blair switched from pipes and cigars to candy bars. Trouble was he couldn't keep the candy bars lit. This agony and craving for nicotine went on inside "Salty" for four whole weeks. He finally gave up, bought himself a new pipe and a fistful of cigars and became his jovial old self again. According to Salty the craving for tobacco was bad enough, but it was the constant needling by Ralph Morgan that was hard to take.

The trend these days seems to be back to smaller cars. Ed Herman with his new Simca and Ross Billstein with his Volkswagen. Why is it that two big fellows like

Ross and Ed get small cars, while a guy like Bob Decesare has a big earth-shaking Cadillac?

During the past five or six weeks, the horseshoe-tossing boys have been out during lunch period warming up their throwing arms. It is quite a sight to see



John Russell toss with one hand a horseshoe that weighs almost as much as he does while balancing a sandwich and a bottle of "pop" in the other.

At the time of writing, there are several department members away on vacation. Dick Stewart is in Europe, Jack Kupsick in Florida, Claude Allen at his summer home in Delaware, Jack Dougherty at Camp Delmont with his boy scout troop from St. Robert's Church, and Morris Potts off on his tour of Western Canada.

Before leaving, Morris was presented with a gift from the members of the E.D.R. Social Club in appreciation of his 15 years of service to the club as secretary-treasurer. The gift was a pipe with a silver band around the stem engraved with the inscription, "M.L.P. Secretary-Treasurer E.D.R. Social Club Sun Ship 1944 to 1959." Along with the pipe, Morris received the best wishes from the members and a plaque signed by the present membership.

Best wishes for many happy years of retirement were extended to Harold Barr when he left us the first of last month.

Mr. Barr was a well known and very well liked figure around the yard, who only a few weeks ago completed his 40th year of service.

He was presented with a gift from his many friends, not only in the main office (SEE PICTURE ON PAGE 1) building, but also in the yard and Wetherill Plant. He informed us he had no definite plans at the moment, and was going to take it easy at his home in Wallingford and catch up on his reading.

To you, Mr. Barr, wherever your retirement plans take you, go our best wishes for a long and happy retirement.

Not related to any news item from this department, but noticed by a great num-

ber of its members, was the absence in last month's issue of OUR YARD of a column from 32 Department.

This was due to the loss of Sam Flood as a reporter for the "Short Circuiters."

It is not surprising to me that comment was passed by so many members of the Engine Drawing Room, as I think Sam's column was read with as much pleasure by 38 Dept. members as it was by his own group. This was not only due to the close proximity of the two departments, but I think because everyone over here liked him. His work often brought him over here and we also found him to be a good man to go to when we needed information from the electricians. In all our dealings, Sam gave us straightforward answers, also Sam had a unique way of putting his column together that made very pleasant reading.



Sam Flood

Sam's column may be missed and sooner or later 32 Department will find a new reporter to take over, but I know we will miss Sam the most when it comes time for the annual Social Club dinner dance. During the past four years "Sam, the Man" and his "old top hat" have become symbolic of this annual affair.

We would like to see him back with us one of these days, and if it can't be on a permanent basis, then maybe he will just drop in and say "hello" to his many friends at Sun Ship.

That about wraps it up for this month. In closing just a reminder to take it easy driving over the long Labor Day weekend coming up the end of this month.

MORE ON 47 2ND SHIFT . . .

and maybe get a chance to go to their summer home in New Jersey.

Harry Johns, burner, is going to motor to Kentucky. . . C. "Donald Duck" Dick, shipfitter, had enough seashore his first week. Now he is going to sit in Norwood Park and enjoy one of his cigars.

Bob Martin, assistant foreman, is staying around the house. . . George Green, burner, is going to take his new bride on another honeymoon. . . Lonnie Evans, driller, is going to give the toggle bug a little rest from all that weight.

Eugene Whaley, shipfitter, is going to rest for another hard winter. . . Ed Eustace, shipfitter, giving the layout sticks a rest for a week. . . Peter McKeon, Jr., took his family to the shore for the sunshine and swimming.

Retired

The following have retired recently:

William MacLennan, 65; 84-89, June 30, 21 years, 11 months.

Walter Dzwoniarski, 65; 34-60, July 10, 30 years, five months.

John Borowy, 68; 55-24, July 10, 22 years, six months.

John Mallen, 67; 55-86, July 10, 31 years, four months.



GEORGE E. MILNES, 55, of 1717 Chichester Ave., Linwood, Pa., died suddenly May 26, 1959. Born in Yorkshire, England, he settled in Linwood in 1920. George (better known throughout the yard as "Limey George") started as a welder at Sun in October, 1923. With the exception of two short lack of work periods he remained here, accumulating 33 years of service, 21 as a leader in the welding department. Fishing, boating and hunting were his favorite sports. Survivors include his wife, Wilhelmina; a son, Henry; three daughters, Barbara Milnes, Shirley Cox and Dorothy Koontz, and nine grandchildren.

VALENTINE GERMANN, of 211 Summit Rd., Springfield, Pa., formerly of 78 Dept., died in June. Mr. Germann was born and raised in Brooklyn, N.Y. He started his drafting career at the Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N.J. Later he moved to the Baldwin Locomotive Works at Essington and joined Sun Ship hull drafting in September, 1939. He terminated his employment in May, 1954, and had been living in retirement.

His sudden death of heart failure followed that of his wife's by about two years. There are no close survivors



JOHN F. ROESKE, of 21 Benezet St., Germantown, Philadelphia, died June 27, 1959, of cancer. Mr. Roeske was born in South Philadelphia November 14, 1876. He was a graduate of Central High School and attended the University of Pennsylvania. He started his drafting career in 1896 at the Cramp shipyard in Philadelphia. In December, 1916, he joined the Hull drafting force at Sun Ship as a first-class draftsman. He advanced to chief draftsman, then assistant naval architect, and upon the retirement of John W. Hudson in 1949 became naval architect. He retired in January, 1954.

Mr. Roeske was a bachelor and made his home with an unmarried sister. She is his only survivor and to her we offer our condolences.

Mr. Roeske was a man of wide interests. He was particularly fond of music and chess. As a member of the old Franklin Chess Club of Philadelphia he was one of the top ranking players at the turn of the century.

His many friends at Sun Ship long will remember Mr. Roeske for his dexterity with the English language and his skill at verbal combat.

and his many friends at Sun Ship note his passing with a sense of loss.

Wally Brotherston Dies

"In the midst of life we are in death . . ."

Last month we recorded the happy news of the retirement of Wally Brotherston, Sun Oil inspector who had been stationed in Our Yard the past 15 years. Wally still was a very active man and had extensive plans to use his time "now that I don't have to punch a clock anymore."

This month we record the stunning news of the death of Wally, suddenly, early in the morning of July 19. Wally and his wife, Clara, had been to a picnic the day before and he had retired feeling fine. He awoke about 3 a.m. and complained of pains which he thought were indigestion to which he was very susceptible. Mrs. Brotherston prepared a cup of hot tea for him.

After drinking the tea he said he felt much better and lay back on his pillow. He died almost immediately, the only outward sign being a slight gasp which Mrs. Brotherston heard and called a doctor at once.

Wally was 64. He was a member of St. Paul's Protestant Episcopal Church and was very active in the Masonic order. Funeral services were held at 11 a.m., July 22. Burial was in Chester Rural Cemetery.

36 Department

By Gavin Rennie

Another month has gone by and a few have spent part of their vacations at different places and in different ways. Some went to the shore to see the beauties and the beasts, some stayed home to paint while the wife was away and some sat at home. One fellow stayed at home in the day time and worked the third shift.

Was glad to see Ralph Dantonio and Fred Thorman back to work after their trips to the hospital.

Walter Biebas thinks a cigarette tastes better if it is smoked in a fancy holder. Walter was seen taking a drink of water at the cooler last month—his first drink this year!

Dave Harris and Andy Anderson both report the arrival of new granddaughters in the past month. Could that be the cause of the broad smiles?

It is reported that George Hauck and several friends made a trip to New Jersey to see Bob Cohee's large farm. They thought Bob was going into poultry raising, and were surprised to find what they thought was chicken wire was what they used for mosquito netting.

Frank Wood and Francis Hoopes say they have passed another milestone in their lives.

Dave Harris has now reached the retirement age and still cannot get the "Farmer," Walter Biebas, in a mood to start for California.

Webbie Sherman has had a lot of trouble with the cats in his rose garden, but now has a sure cure to keep the cats from digging all the bushes up. If you are having this trouble, see him in the shop any lunch time. It really works!

Sweepin's from Bentley's Broom

By L. "Fireball" Bentley

The following bit of prose should command the attention of those who read it.

THE INDISPENSABLE MAN

Sometime when you're feeling important,
Sometime when you're ego's in bloom,
Sometime when you take it for granted
You're the best qualified in the room,
Sometime when you feel that your going
Would leave an unfillable hole,
Just follow this simple instruction
And see how it humbles your soul.
Take a bucket of water.
Put your hand in it up to your wrist.
Pull it out, and the hole that remains
Is a measure of how you'll be missed.
You may splash all you please when you enter.

You may stir up the water galore.
But stop and you'll find in a minute
That it looks just the same as before.
The moral in this is quite simple.

In Memoriam

Sun Shipbuilding and Dry Dock Company extends its sympathy to the family and friends of the following employees who died during the month of July, 1959:

LEWIS PAGE, 67-400, of 213 Yarnall St., Chester, Pa., who died July 5, 1959.

WALTER LYNCH, 84-28, of 4933 Shepherd St., Brookhaven, Pa., who died July 13, 1959.

Do just the best that you can.
Be proud of yourself, but remember
There's no indispensable man.

That gem really makes one stop and think, doesn't it?

Our best for speedy recoveries go out to Donald "Dinny" Clare and "Ducky" News.

A hearty "hello" to John J. Bresset from the gang at the yard.

Time really flies. Two months of vacation time have passed already. If you have had yours, hope it was a safe and pleasant one. If you have yours to take, make it the same.



By James "Brutus" Falcone

Noah Smith, veteran shipfitter, has returned to work. He's just as chipper as ever. All his fellow workers are delighted to have him at their side again. "Smitty" proves the old saying, "You can't keep a good man down."

Joe Tyson, shipfitter, took his family to Wildwood for a pleasant vacation stay. . . . "Pete" Amato, shipfitter, sandwiched his annual jaunt to Baltimore into his vacation itinerary. The rest of the time he just lazed around.

No. 1 man of the Burners, Bill Forster, and his wife graced Wildwood with their presence on a recent vacation.

No. 2 man of the Burners, "Pete" Berkeheimer, and his wife did the same. Only the week "Pete" was down it rained like all get out for several days—which probably had a dampening effect on his plans.

George (G.I.) Layman, burner, is building a ranch house out Goshenville way on one acre of ground. He has the shell up and roof ready to go on. The house will have an all stone front with three sides stuccoed. He invited me out to haul stone. I invited him to my place to pull weeds and paint—that took care of him and his wild stone hauling scheme.

"Richie" McGonigal and family spent a few days in Wildwood. He ran into Joe Tyson at the "7 Seas" cafe while there. The balance of his vacation he used in moving into a farm house out Chelsea way. For a smooth operator like "Richie" you've got to leave room for maneuvering. The green acres of his farm home will provide him with same.

Nick DiGeorge, burner, cruelly forsook the beauties of Delaware County to give the girls of Cape May County, N.J., a break. Women are attracted to this eligible bachelor who always travels first class or else he doesn't travel.

"Al" Gallo, burner, apartment owner, luncheonette operator and onetime proprietor of a dry cleaning establishment, has his family comfortably ensconced in a house trailer at the shore for the summer (Cape May County). He joins them on weekends.

"Fats" Scheer, colorful burner who often doubles as leader, planned an outdoor cookout to welcome back his nephew from France who served in Uncle Sam's Army. He ordered five lbs. of frankfurters from Al Gallo—then somehow they disappeared. "Fats" has since not paid up in full—he has offered to settle up for 1/2 of cost. Gallo has engaged Russ Rothka to investigate the matter thoroughly before making his next move. I hope they settle amicably and avoid the possibility of a long drawn out and expensive court action.

We know our foreman, George Trosley, enjoyed two weeks vacation but details are lacking. Perhaps he availed himself



ROCK FISH by the yard are result of fishing trip by Stanley Belczyk (left) and his son, Albin, to Port Penn, Del. They (the fish) are all between two and 3 1/2 pounds. Stanley, a heavy forger in Blacksmith Shop, says they have caught more than a hundred rock fish this year at this spot.

of his place on the Chesapeake Bay. Anyhow, we hope the vacation speeds up his return to complete good health.

John Sarnocinski (big man in the middle bay) who is known primarily by his nickname, "Lefty," traveled hither and yon during his vacation accompanied by his family. "Lefty" gave me details verbally, but for the life of me I can't remember the many places he visited. Somehow there wasn't time to take notes. He certainly put a lot of miles on his new Ford Fairlane and looked quite rested upon his return to the shop.

Saturday and Sunday, July 18 and 19, I treated my son, Jimmy, to the international track meet between the U.S.S.R. and U.S.A. It was a tremendous athletic event worth many times the cost of admission.

Aside from the exciting track and field events and the grueling battle for decathlon honors, the highlight for my son must have been when he went onto the field before Saturday's opening events and went directly to where Soviet athletes were sitting under a canopied grandstand and got many autographs, pats on the head, Russian embraces and what have you. I think a Russian big wig finally asked him to leave as it was distracting the Russian girl and men athletes. By that time, Jimmie had the autographs and met practically all of them. His program book is a reminder of the day he found out that Russian girls and boys did not grow horns but were exactly as you and I. He then circled among the U.S. athletes and got them to sign their pictures on the program the same as did their Russian counterparts.

How he got away with it I'll never know, as only authorized personnel were allowed on a well guarded field. For him it was a broadening experience and he said he liked the Russians very much. If the Soviet leaders started acting more like civilized human beings, we could enjoy friendly competition between the two nations instead of cold war diplomacy.

Experience is a wonderful thing! It enables you to recognize a mistake when you make it again.

MORE ON PIPE SHOP . . .

ing around the shipyard gate on his vacation? Was he homesick for the boys?

Hank Cunningham's stepson, Bob Simpson, is sporting around in a new Volkswagen. The book said "31 miles to the gallon." Bob was upstate in the mountains and tried to get 40 miles per gallon—no luck, he had to walk.

A lot of the boys are on vacation at the time of this writing. There should be a lot of interesting material for the next issue.

A little corn from the succotash factory: You can surprise your friends by getting married, and surprise them again by staying married. . . . A woman stayed in Echo Cave for three hours trying to get the last word in.

If a man wears a monocle because he has a weak eye, some of us ought to wear glass hats. . . . The torch singer is a girl who sings when she is lit up.

If a fly gets in your soup, don't worry. He can't drink much anyway.

. . . The reason that one-half the world doesn't know how the other half lives is because some people know enough to mind their own business.

One reason why there are fewer train wrecks than auto accidents is due to the fact that the engineer seldom, if ever, tries to neck the fireman.

Quips from the 2nd Shift

By Stanley Boyda

The boys are starting their vacations now and it will be interesting to hear, on their return, just where and how they spent their leisure time.

We know, of course, that Paul Dute is floating around on his water wings in his new swimming pool pursuing his sketches (we didn't say what kind). We expect an item from that corner as Paul put a lot of time and rubles into the pool.

Lewis Gales wants the fellows to know that his vacation time will put him in New York visiting his seven children and 40, yes, 40 grandchildren. Happy vacation, Mr. Gales.

Edwin Lewis is heading for his cottage in Towchester, Md., with his family and dog. The last time Ed left his dog home he had to put a new door in.

Harry Hulings will drift down to Beach Haven for a week's fishing and promises a picture of the one that did not get away. He replenished his supply of seasick pills as he used up his last box doling them out to his crew on their last fishing trip. Harry will have a good time for he will only have his own hook to bait this time.

Jimmy Lambert, the shop crane runner, returned to work after being in the hospital under observation for a week. Apparently, Al Krebbs painted such a rosy picture of his own operation and what the hospital menus contained, Jimmy figured he was going to have a better time there than a week in Atlantic City.

Jack Sloss, we discovered, enthusiastically supports his hobby which is weight lifting. He takes his vitamin pills faithfully and says that people should try to give nature a hand in supplying what we need through pills if we can't eat certain foods which contain these essential vitamins. I hope you boys will take a tip from Jack as he always seems to be very fit.

Golfers Increase—Outings Decrease

By Jack Herbert

With the John G. Pew, Sr., tournament looming larger and larger on the horizon, it becomes more important than ever that those aspiring to participate get out and qualify.

By that we mean that though there are only two more outings and it takes three to earn a handicap, anyone wanting to qualify for the tournament still can do so. By getting into the two outings he will have two rounds. By playing another round someplace else and having his score card attested, he can get in the third. Then he's got his invitation to the party.

All information pertinent to the tournament will be published in the magazine next month. The committee has been putting the event together for several weeks already. Let us say, at the risk of being trite, "a good time is being planned for all."

Last month's outing produced some real golf at the top and great improvement all down the line. Dominic Amoroso, a driver in the Transportation Department, appeared for the first time and kept right in that role—he finished on top with a low gross of 72. Also out for the first time was Pete Martin, of the Fab Shop, who grossed 80. Many more of these "first-timers" around and we'll make the thing professional.

The writer already is planning a team to enter the Delaware County Industrial League next year. Sun Ship could field a team now with six players who could be expected to finish with 80 or under.

Classifications were tightened a little last time after the June outing produced 15 class A players. Class A was limited to gross score of 89 or better, Class B, 90 to 107; class C, 108 and up. So we ended with six A; 20 B, and 6 C players. Wills Brodhead, co-chairman of the outings, got the prize for Class B with a net of 78. Ernest Wray got a 17 on the seventh hole but won class C with a 76 net.

The fourth outing will be held at the Valley Forge Country Club, site of all the others. It will be Aug. 15 and the group should be edging up toward 50. There were 39 names on the list last time, though all did not play. Money should be handed in at once at OUR YARD office so starting times can be reserved for all.

Results of July outing:

Class A	Out	In	Gross	Net
Dominic Amoroso	36	36	72	72
George Ridgley	40	37	77	77
Peter Martin	42	38	80	77
Jack Herbert	42	39	81	77½
William Feehan	43	44	87	80
Michael Bonar	44	44	88	82



TASSLES yet!



WHERE now?



SPARE a ball?

Class B				
Wills Brodhead	49	42	91	78
Joseph Gillespie	45	45	90	78½
Thomas Larkins	48	42	90	80
W. David Biddle	49	48	97	81
Walter Dilworth	45	49	94	82
Fred Heese	47	49	96	82
Raymond Burgess	50	53	103	82½
Joseph Begley	49	44	93	83
Joseph Sykes	48	45	93	83
James McSorley	46	47	93	83
Earl Watts	49	52	101	83
James Knox	51	52	103	83½
Frank Griffith	56	48	104	83½
Blaine Sheffield	48	47	95	85
Joseph Wyatt	48	47	95	85
Fred Cornell	52	47	99	85
Salvatore Pascal	47	54	101	85
Victor Pajan	49	51	100	86
Bernard Nolan	53	53	106	86½
John Viscuso	52	54	106	88½
Class C				
Ernest Wray	62	47	109	76
William MacIntyre	51	59	110	86
Nicholas Stewart	52	58	110	86
Lyle Reeves	50	59	103	83
John Burke	53	60	113	89
Russell Staley	56	62	118	89

Tournament Committee Ready To Go

Plans for the tournament will be developed by a group having that as their only concern. It won't be tied in with the outings so far as organization goes, in other words.

Wills Brodhead, co-chairman with Jack Herbert, of the outings, will turn his entire attention (extra-curricular) to the tournament as chairman of the committee. He will be assisted by Joseph McSorley, Wetherill; Thomas Larkins, Hull Drawing; George Ridgley, 59 Dept., and Joseph Gillespie, Storehouse. You will hear from them in the September magazine.

NOTES... by Mozart

We tip our caps to Tom Amoroso, low gross, 72 — "Unk" Ridgley, 77 — and Pete Martin, 80. But it's hats off to the boys who won't give up: John Aitken, Russ Staley, Bill MacIntyre and Joe Wyatt who always "shoot" in the good old 100s.

Our co-chairman, Jack Herbert, arrived a little late and gave this story to Joe Gillespie and Bill Feehan.

Jack to his wife—"I'm wearing my golf



MAN IN MIDDLE is Mozart looking for notes.

socks today. Did you see them?"

Wife to Jack: "What golf socks?"

Jack to wife: "You know, the ones with the 18 holes."

USED STEEL CHEAP

Set of 7 matched Sam Shead irons

2 woods with steel shafts.

1—all metal golf cart.

Contact Ray Burgess—Main Office.

Don't sell, Ray—look at Ernest Wray (Lloyds). He's gone thru hades but he never gave up. He finally won the top honor in Class "C" group and not for the 17 on the seventh hole either, though that helped. (Editor's note: Wonder where Mr. Mozart was on this outing? Ray Burgess' gross was only 105.)

Wills Brodhead, being of the old school of golfers, still likes to use a sand or dirt tee when driving. On No. 4 hole he made a dirt tee which was full of ants and took one mighty swing. He missed the ball but hit one side of the dirt tee killing all the ants on that side. He then swung again, but hit the other side of the dirt tee killing all the ants on that side. In all this time Wills had not touched the ball. Only two ants were left alive who had been in the middle under the ball. One ant said to the other:

"Brother, if you want to stay alive around here you'd better get on the ball."

Well, this is Vic Pajan signing off. Next month Mozart will be back to cover the August match.

Everyone likes to see a broad smile—especially if she smiles at him.



2d Shift Bowling

IF PAST BOWLING SEASON doesn't soon die a natural death, it will collide with next one. But this should do it. Second Shift bowlers had their banquet at Palumbo's and presented awards. Army captain William Owens receives trophy for winning team from league president Gino Nardy (top) with (l. to r.) Raymond Radtke, William Blythe and Richard Porter grinning approval. Owens also got award for high average (168) and was high triple with handicap (612) and high triple with handicap, also 612. Robert Willoughby (center) was third but got award for high triple with handicap (591) because Harold Baldwin (left) who was runnerup (603), also runnerup for high single with handicap (245), got award for high triple as runnerup (603). Harry Dilworth got high single award (236), also was high single with handicap (254). Harry Founds, who wasn't around to be photographed, was third for high single with handicap (230) and got that award. Gino got Broken Award (average slipped most during season). If anyone needs an interpreter for all this, see Bob Willoughby.



2D SHIFT

By Charles "Pappy" Jenkins

A simple method to keep out of trouble with your fellow man is don't let your mouth get too big for your face.

"The Tzar" claims when most husbands get home from work today they no longer ask "What's cooking?", but ask "What's thawing?"

Remember that many a man who acts like a big deal often gets lost in the shuffle. . . . Let he who throws a tantrum catch it! . . . Remember discussion is an exchange of intelligence. Argument is an exchange of ignorance. . . . There is a big difference between giving advice and lending a hand.

Did you know the first nonstop flight across the Atlantic Ocean was made by Britain's Capt. John Alcock and Lt. Arthur W. Browne who made the 1900-mile flight from Newfoundland to Ireland on June 15-16 in 1919?

Did you know that the giant Triton is the largest submarine ever built in the U.S.? It's powered by two nuclear reactors and displaces 5,450 tons. It was launched August, 1958, at Electric Boat Division at Groton, Connecticut.

Harry Dongel built a combination fish and swimming pool on his farm. The \$64.00 question is who welded the drain lines? He is mum about that. Why did they have to use cement on one joint?

Tom Kelly received some neckties for Father's Day. The only trouble with them is that they are so gaudy that a Zulu medicine man wouldn't wear them.

An airline statistician has traced the first recorded air cargo fleet to the year of 990 A.D. The Caliph of Cairo craved fresh cherries. The Vizir of Ballbek, 400 miles away, seeking a favorable treaty, heard of the Caliph's craving and shipped him the cream of his crop by air neatly tied to the legs of 600 carrier pigeons.

That watch Jessie "Barrel" McDaniels carries keeps time like a drunken cuckoo clock.

Al Gordon, in the Lining Dept., still has the crying towel concession all to himself.

Most motorists are proud of this country's great achievements in electronics until radar catches them speeding.

Officialdom—Henry claims at Geneva it was the big FOUR, at Gettysburg it's the big FORE.

"Tank Sniffer" Dell Morgan claims golf liars have the advantage over fish liars. They don't have to show anything to prove it.

Frank (All-American) Armstrong of 46 Dept. was told to get himself some salt air. He spent a week's vacation in Bermuda shorts, under the cherry tree in his back yard fanning himself with file of mackerel.

No man has a right to do as he pleases, unless he pleases to do right.

Hull Starts Strong In 2d 1/2 Softball

By James "Brutus" Falcone

The big news in softball, of course, the Counters. They won a game July 23 and it was no fluke, by any means. They beat 47 Fab, no mean opponent, by the very definite margin of 13 to 6. Everyone is cheering for the Counters—they are so typical of what this league ought to be—the sport is the thing regardless of who wins. But we rejoice to see them win and hope it is just the beginning of their climb.

The best description of the second half of the softball league season to date is rain. Ten of the 24 games which should have been played through July 23 were washed out.

When the mud had settled, it was seen that a new name was appearing more frequently in the win column—Hull Drawing Room, unbeaten in the second half. Of course by the time you read this they may have had their brains beaten in, but I can't see into the future because my wife is using my crystal ball for a lawn ornament.

It's nice to see someone else at the top of the heap. The Carpenters, first-half champs, have only won one game so far in this half so we might just as well start planning for a playoff the first week in September. On July 24 things looked thisaway:

Team	Won	Lost	Ptc.
Hull Drawing	4	0	1.000
33 Electrical	3	1	.750
59 Dept. (Welders)	2	1	.667
Counters	1	2	.333
I. E.	1	2	.333
47 Fab.	1	2	.333
Engine Drawing	1	3	.250
66 Dept. (Carpenters)	1	3	.250

A menace to shipping are glacial icebergs. They are only eight-ninths as heavy as sea water. One ninth projects above sea water, the rest under water. Some that project 150 feet above may extend 1000 ft. below and weigh from 100,-000,000 tons to twice that much.

Jimmie "Play Boy" Vincent is sporting around in a new Cadillac. Looks like it's a mile long and many yards wide. He has a hard time to find a parking space for it and generally winds up using two parking meters.

DAFFYNITIONS

California—State washed by the Pacific on one side and cleaned by Las Vegas on the other.

Leisure—Time you spend on the job that you don't get paid for.

Expert—One who has a good reason for guessing wrong.

Panelist—Someone with the ability to think on his seat.

Optimist—Bridegroom who thinks he has no bad habits.

Budget—A system to remind you that you can't afford to live like you would like to.

Women are to blame for most of the lying which men do. They insist on asking questions!

Archery Still Alive

Bowmen, archers, yoo-hoo bend the yew for pastime, be not dismayed. Do not despair and all such suggestions as that there. The idea of an archery range for the Robin Hood Club of the Sun Ship-etc. is not dead.

Matters connected with getting this new activity underway are being taken care of rapidly. If everything isn't in shape by the time you read this, it soon will be.

In the meantime, the roster is growing. Add to last month's list: Edgar Newman, 59-794; Frank Szalkowski, 59-344; Frank Owens, 59-49; Burt White, 59-238—looks like the welders are the only ones strong enough to draw the string—Richard Miller, 59-332; David Persinger, 45-73. How did he get in there? Others interested should see John Sabatelli, 46 Dept., or any of the officers listed on page 24 last month.

2d Shift Bowlers Dine and Dance

By Bob Willoughby

First off this month, the officers and men of the bowling teams would like to thank the company for our bowling banquet.

After a good year, all the men were glad to see the banquet arrive to show off their wives and act like gentlemen for a change.

The banquet was held in Palumbo's in Philadelphia. Our tables were next to the stage with no crowded areas. The food and floor show were superb.

Art Noel was disappointed because the trophies did not arrive in time for the banquet. The league gave each man a desk pen set on a marble base engraved with name and team.

The men of the league invited Mitch Perski, owner of the Armory bowling lanes, to be toastmaster at the banquet for his support with donations of Christmas and Thanksgiving turkeys, bowling bag and winning team trophies. Mitch said this was the finest banquet he ever attended.

Awards given out at the banquet were: Most Improved Bowler of the year—Frazier Crouse. He received a belt buckle. Last Place Champs, headed by Captain Art Noel, were awarded their pins to be worn with honor until next year's banquet when they receive them again.

"Gutter Gus" was awarded to Joe "Feet" Hinkle. . . . "Bozo the Bowler" was awarded to Bill Blythe.

All team officers and team captains will meet August 10 to set the rules for our league next season.

Until next season so long and keep bowling to stay in shape.

Officers Vacation

The glitter of brass in Our Yard was noticeably reduced for about three weeks last month: President Richard L. Burke was in Florida and Vice President John G. Pew, Jr., was on a trip to Portugal.

Both have returned from what we hope was an enjoyable change from their regular duties.

MORE ON MOBILLOIL . . .

there is no God. There have been, probably, very few sailor atheists.

Turning back you meet another prowler who suggests a cup of coffee. In the officers lounge, you cut a slab from a big cold turkey, fill a plate with cheese, olives, potato salad, pour a cup of steaming hot coffee and start to find out all about each other.

Very soon it is day break and you go up on the bridge to watch the sun rise. No clouds so the display is not so lavish as it might have been.

Breakfast at 7. Orange juice, hot cereal, bacon and eggs, bread, rolls and strawberry jam, sweet rolls and coffee—all seasoned with salt air—and good!

As the day wears on you follow the different tests with interest with time out, of course, for dinner at noon. A half a chicken, plentifully surrounded with vegetables, a salad, pie for dessert and coffee.

The tests all point to the efficiency of the new ship. She makes her rating in speed without effort, turns in less than three times her length, goes from full speed ahead to full speed astern and vice versa without a tremor. All the things the draftsmen, the loftsmen, the riggers, the burners, the welders and all the rest of the Sun Ship family had as their goal for the performance of this ship as they developed her, she does and to spare.

Finally she has proved herself. The tests are ended, the instruments are tuned to perfection, gauge dials mean what they say. Bells rang and whistles blew on order. She could be turned over to her owners with confidence that the curve of Sun quality would continue upward.

Nothing left now but to go home so her prow is headed northward and the Virginia capes are left behind. Once again the cargo pumps begin their song of power, the valves are opened and the big pipes begin to spew the load back into the sea from whence it came. The thought suddenly comes that this being well after midnight the second night out, the clatter of the pipes could be music to sleep by so you turn in to be up, showered and shaved in time for another delicious breakfast at 7 o'clock.

The trip up the river is uneventful. The antics of a school of whales (the large size kind) divert you for awhile then the shore line closes in and time fails to take in all there is to see.

Finally the Yard looms in the distance with the gantrys standing up like so many giraffes. The tugs come down to meet their charge. The engine room telegraph clangs "Slow Ahead" and the huge ship is given over to the care of the little monsters.

Slowly, slowly, then slower she moves into her berth until a splinter away from the stringpiece she stops.

Certainly a proud ship. She must be the work of proud people.

80 Department

By Len Buscaglia

Life is very short and very uncertain; let us spend it as well as we can.

—Samuel Johnson.

VACATION VARIETY: Bob Morgan

SUN SHIP MUTUAL BENEFIT ASSOCIATION

Statement of Receipts and Disbursements
for the month of April - May and June - 1959

Cash on Hand March 31, 1959			\$ 7,787.26
Receipts:			
Dues From Members			
April	\$ 5,286.40		
May	7,820.20		
June	7,508.20	\$20,614.80	
Company Contribution			
April	\$ 5,286.40		
May	5,511.80		
June	5,278.40	\$16,076.60	
Cash Dividends from Investments:			
The American Tobacco Co.	180.00		
Bethlehem Steel Co.	175.00		
Duquesne Light Co.	52.50		
American Telephone & Telegraph Co.	310.50		
Pillsbury Mills, Inc.	100.00		
American Smelting & Refining Co.	175.00		
United States Steel Corp.	175.00		
Delaware County National Bank	412.50		
Ohio Edison Co.	220.00	\$ 1,800.50	
Sale of 100 Shs. Preferred Stock, International Harvester Co.	\$15,039.30	\$15,039.30	\$ 53,531.20
			\$ 61,318.46
Disbursements:			
Sick Benefits			
April	\$15,014.75		
May	10,708.25		
June	10,541.50	\$36,264.50	
Compensation Cases			
April	270.66		
May	257.42		
June	204.40	732.48	
Miscellaneous Expenses:			
April	62.41		
May	55.60		
June	17.05	135.06	
Re-payment Temporary Loan to Sun Shipbuilding & Dry Dock Co.	\$10,000.00	\$10,000.00	\$ 47,132.04
Cash on Hand June 30, 1959			\$ 14,186.42
Securities as of March 31, 1959			\$149,630.56
Sale of 100 Shs. Preferred Stock, International Harvester Co.			
Proceeds of the Sale	\$15,039.30		
Commission and Taxes	60.70		
Loss on Sale	2,000.00	17,100.00	
Securities as of June 30, 1959			\$132,530.56

made the upstate trek. . . . Tom Bishop roamed the waters of Indian Creek. . . . Jimmie Ryan rested. . . . Ben Leflar poked around the Poconos. . . . Charlie Harmer completed the work on his home.

IRONY BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD

—While working on his home during his vacation, Charlie Marmar ran out of paint. So he climbed into his trusty Pontiac and set off to town to replenish his supply. He got as far as Edgmont Avenue when much to his chagrin the car ran out of gas. To top it all his battery went dead.

After a few forlorn moments, hope lit his face as he spied one of the yard chauffeurs coming towards him. Charlie began waving as the chauffeur (wonder who it was?) drew near. With a salutary wave of his hand and a cheery "Hello, Charlie," the chauffeur disappeared down the road.

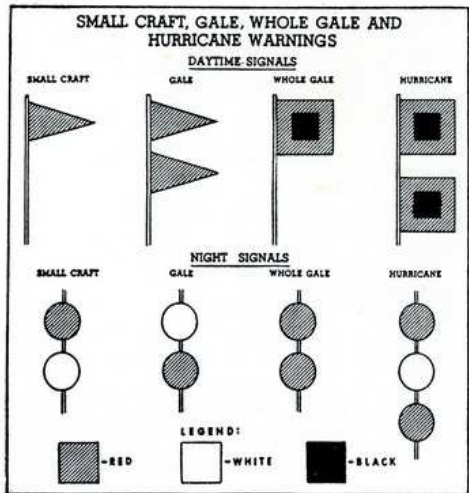
WET FEET—George Corsey is keeping

his rubber overshoes under lock and key after the experience he had last week. During the rainiest day last week one of the truck drivers innocently borrowed them. Needless to say, George got his feet wet and the overshoes turned up in their proper place, after the rain had ceased at 3 o'clock that afternoon.

GRANDFATHERS ON PARADE—Ben Leflar joined the grandfather's club when his daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Dave Esry, became the proud parents of a baby boy. . . . James Ryan was initiated with the birth of a son to Mr. and Mrs. Jimmie Ryan, Jr. . . . Also, Ruth and Martin Slezak presented Tommy Leeson with a grandson.

HEAD AND TAILS—76 Dept. had the distinction of winning both ends of the recent golf outing—Amoroso came in first and MacIntyre finished last.

This page and the same page of last month's magazine will give you most all you need to know about regulations for operating a small boat. If you want more information or would like any printed material further than this, see Lt. Robert Ewels, USCG, on the second floor of the Yard Office.



LIGHTS REQUIRED ON BOATS UNDERWAY BETWEEN SUNSET AND SUNRISE

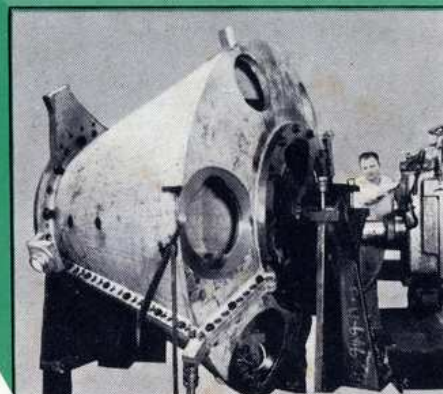
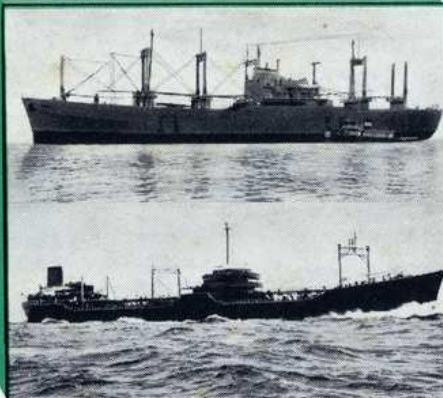
Manually propelled vessels shall have ready at hand a lantern showing a white light which shall be temporarily exhibited in sufficient time to prevent collision



INBOARDS, OUTBOARDS, OR AUXILIARIES

		POWER ALONE	SAIL & POWER	SAIL ALONE
INLAND These lights are required and may be shown only on inland waters, western rivers, and Great Lakes.	Under 26'	White all around 2 mi. Combination red & green 20 pt. 1 mi.	White all around 2 mi. Combination red & green 20 pt. 1 mi.	White 12 pt. 2 mi. Separate sidelights P. & S. 10 pt. 1 mi.
	26' or over not more than 65'	White all around 2 mi. Separate sidelights P. & S. 10 pt. 1 mi. White 20 pt. 2 mi.	White all around 2 mi. White 20 pt. 2 mi. Separate sidelights P. & S. 10 pt. 1 mi.	White 12 pt. 2 mi. Separate sidelights P. & S. 10 pt. 1 mi.
INTERNATIONAL RULES Lights under International Rules may be shown by motorboats on inland waters, western rivers, and Great Lakes, and are required on the high seas.	Power vessel under 40 gross tons and sail vessels under 20 gross tons*	White 12 pt. 2 mi. White 20 pt. 3 mi. Combination red & green 20 pt. 1 mi. OR White 12 pt. 2 mi. White 20 pt. 3 mi. Separate sidelights P. & S. 10 pt. 1 mi.	White 12 pt. 2 mi. White 20 pt. 3 mi. Comb. red & green 20 pt. 1 mi. OR White 12 pt. 2 mi. White 20 pt. 3 mi. Separate sidelights P. & S. 10 pt. 1 mi.	White 12 pt. 2 mi. Separate sidelights P. & S. 10 pt. 1 mi.

* Under International Rules powerboats of 40 gross tons or over and sailboats of 20 gross tons or over must carry separate sidelights, visible 2 miles, and a 20-point white light visible 5 miles. Under sail, only boats of less than 20 gross tons may use combination lantern.



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