



SUN SHIPBUILDING & DRY DOCK CO., CHESTER, PA., OCT. 1960

Good, Bad and Indifferent

This month I want to take up matters of praise or blame mixed with an item of information which seems necessary to clear up a misunderstanding in the minds of some of our 3d shift workers.

On the side of praise—as I write this, refilling of the blood bank still is in progress. The count so far, coupled with the low percentage of rejections and the increase in the pledges would indicate we should come close to the 500 mark.

This is a fine thing, not alone from the standpoint of the individual donor, but—more particularly, perhaps—from the standpoint of the group. It indicates people who think seriously and intelligently—not as a whole, of course, because there are those among us who never will consider a blood bank a matter of importance until the time they need it—and who have the welfare of their fellow-workers at heart as well as their own.

Most of us have never had need for the service provided by a blood bank, neither for ourselves or our loved ones. We hope the need never arises. But there always is the possibility. If the need does arise, the blood bank is there and we have no hesitancy in making use of it because we have done our part to provide it. Until that time, however, we are very willing to turn the supply, including our own donation, into veins that need it.

I have heard there are men on the 3rd shift who think that because no opportunity is provided on that shift for giving blood they are not eligible to use the bank's services in time of need. Nothing could be farther from the truth. Third shift men and those who have volunteered and have been rejected all are free to make demands on our blood bank.

In fact, the humanitarian aspect of this whole business is that any Sun Ship employee—including those who can give but won't—can get blood for himself or his immediate family when necessary. Furthermore they have this right for a year after they leave Sun Ship employ.

It will be another six months before the bloodmobile returns. Perhaps if they start thinking about it now, by that time more of our people may bring themselves to the level of donors.

I mentioned blame also at the beginning. Actually it isn't blame. A better name would be, I guess, wonderment.

It floors me when people turn down the opportunity to better their community when it can be done without inconveniencing them one little bit. It fills me with wonderment.

We have just finished another United Fund drive in Our Yard. Again we did not reach 100 per cent of participation. Of those who refused to give, there is not a single, solitary one with a valid excuse. When you consider what even the lowest paid person receives in this, the highest paid shipyard in the world, there isn't a single one who can truthfully say he would miss a quarter a week.

In fact, an interesting note is that the largest percentage of those who doubled their base rate—gave 50 cents instead of a quarter—are among the lowest paid workers in the yard. Also interesting, but for a different reason, is the number of those among the highest paid hourly men who wrote in 15 cents—some even 10 cents—as their pledge.

Too many of us have the idea the United Fund is an institution of charity for the help of the careless and the indifferent. Once again—nothing could be farther from the truth.

To be sure many of the services the United Fund provides do help those people among many others. But the big reason behind the United Fund is that it provides services not otherwise provided. Often they are used by people who can afford to pay—and DO pay—but to whom the service would not be available if it was not for the fund. That is because no private organization would provide such a service, or if it did would have to charge fees which would press even the well-to-do in order to make it pay. And this service, whatever it may be, is available at the same time to the one who cannot pay.

I could go on and on, but you know it as well as I. I don't think I will be called sacrilegious if I paraphrase a bit of the Bible right here—"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto yourself also."

And I mustn't stop without a grateful "well done" to those who made the campaign as successful as it was.

John G. Pew, Jr.

Our Yard

A publication of the Sun Shipbuilding and Dry Dock Co., Chester, Pa.
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All unsigned articles are by (or with the collusion of) the editor

Cimarron Now Is Queen of the Fleet

Word has been received from Navy sources that the USS Cimarron, an auxiliary oiler, has the longest period of continuous active service of any of the Navy's ships currently in commission with the exception of the U.S. Frigate Constitution (Old Ironsides) now berthed at the Boston Naval Shipyard.

The Cimarron, whose notable record of service in the thick of two wars without damage of any sort is cited in detail in the communication, was built by the Sun Shipbuilding and Dry Dock Co. and is listed on the shipyard records as Hull #172. Turned out in January, 1939, when war clouds were getting thicker, she was the first tanker built in the United States capable of 18 knots.

American shipbuilders think the Japs may already have had a diesel-powered tanker capable of 18 knots at this time. In trials off Mare Island after modification by the Navy for service as an oiler, the Cimarron did 21.4 knots but her official rating was 18. It was this speed which brought the Cimarron through the wars unscathed. Many times submarines were sighted by her crew but she was able to outrun them.

The vessel with a capacity of 149,000 barrels worked practically all over the world in those days. Picking up cargo in the Gulf of Mexico she hauled to the West Coast and Pearl Harbor. She and another oiler refueled the Pacific fleet in 36 hours in April, 1940, when four days had been assigned to the task.

The fall of 1941 found her on duty in the North Atlantic refueling ships convoying U.S. Army personnel to Iceland. A destroyer near her was sunk by German submarines on this patrol. A month later she was part of a convoy taking 18,000 British troops to Singapore. She was two days out of Capetown S.A., when the Japs attacked Pearl Harbor. She spent the next three months in broken-field running among German subs between the East Coast and Newfoundland and Iceland. Then she headed for the Pacific.

The Cimarron with the oiler Sabine refueled the Tokyo Task Force before and after the Tokyo strike. She refueled units of the task force the day after the battle of Coral Sea and from there went battle by battle through until V-J Day—15 days in the Midway fracas; Guadalcanal where she refueled the carriers and other units before they went in for the landings Aug. 7. Aug. 23 in the Solomons the day before the first battle. Then to New Hebrides, back to Guadalcanal.

Time out for an overhaul late in 1942 then back to the Solomons, then Wake Island, the Gilbert Island operation, Marshall Island, the raid on Truk. Saipan and the Mariannas were next. The Cimarron and two other oilers serviced the fleet until relieved by three other oilers. The day after they were relieved all three relief oilers were hit during an air attack.

So goes the list down to the end of the war. The log of the Cimarron in the Pacific is practically a chronological list of all the battles in the war. Navy press releases said the ship "having participated in every major operation in the Pacific since the beginning of the war — has fueled more ships than any other oiler in the Navy." She was one of the first Navy ships to enter Tokyo Bay after the war.

From July, 1950, until November, 1953, except for a total of 11 months, the Cimarron operated continuously off Korea in support of the fleet. In the summer of 1954 she was the flagship of the support group during the evacuation of North Vietnamese in South Vietnam — Operation Passage to Freedom. When the Seventh Fleet went into the Formosa Straits to op-

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OCTOBER

GOSSIP AFTER RETIREMENT

By Clarence "Deacon" Duke

Let Glory's sons manipulate
The tiller of the Ship of State.
Be mine the humble, useful toil
To work the tiller of the soil.

(Ambrose Bierce)

Saw a little item on the back page of a newspaper the other day that gave the impression that we are going to have an election this Fall.

JOHN B. SULGER, JR., 220 Trites Ave., Norwood, Pa., formerly a foreman in 47 Dept. writes:

"Your reporter of the retirement column, Sir Clarence Duke, asked me to write a few lines on how I was spending my time since retirement after 42 years with Sun Ship.

"I spent most of the winter in Florida where I met two old friends, "Colly" (Lawrence Collison) and Bill Beatty. This summer I have had a couple of fishing trips to Wildwood and Maryland. The rest of the time my wife has kept me busy doing things around the house which she said should have been done years ago.

"In September we expect to take a trip to Massachusetts to see my sister. I think the best thing about retirement is no alarm clock — you get up when you are hungry.



J. B. Sulger, Jr.

"I often wonder, however, what changes will be made in shipbuilding in the next 42 years. When I came to Sun Ship in 1918, the hulls were all riveted. Then came the all welded hulls and the templates were developed full size on the Mold Loft floor, then marked on the steel plates and sheared by side shears or gate shears. Now templates are made to scale in the Monopol Drawing Room. A plate negative 2 1/4" x 5 1/4" is taken from there and a steel plate full size is burned from it by the Monopol machine."

Thank you, Jack, for your nice contribution to our column. But are you sure that the trip to Massachusetts is the only trip in your mind? That little expression in the first sentence shows to us that there may be a sea voyage in the back of your mind, yet.

JAMES A. STUART, 117 Rhodes Ave., Collingdale, Pa., formerly of Dept. 34, says:

"I started to work at Sun Ship in February, 1918. Hull #1 was in the wet basin being fitted out for service. I had worked at New York Ship with Charlie Molitor and when he came to Sun as foreman of the Pipe Shop I came here to work, too.

"When I retired in March, 1954, I had only 20 years service because there had been a lot of slack time periods which cut into my accumulated time.

Old Folks

Relations by the score
They'll turn you from their door.
They'll meet you on the street,
They'll pass you by.
But remember what I say —
There'll be a time, someday
When they'll be old and only in the way.
So let us journey on —
The time will not be long.
Let's make the road for old folks
Light and gay.
Remember while you're young
The day to you will come
When you'll be old and only in the way.

By Mrs. Freda Ford
wife of Wm. Ford (burner)

"I spent some time in the hospital this summer which has slowed me up in doing some of the things I used to enjoy doing. Now I find the "old arm chair" my best friend. I have a little plot of ground across the street where I grow a few flowers and some vegetables. We may drive to Harrisburg before long — a nice ride for us.

"I knit hammocks and also knitted my wife a shopping bag in my spare time. I make my own needles (out of plastic) as it is hard to find the right length on the market for my kind of work.

"We have one son in Levittown, Pa., one in Green Ridge and a daughter in Lima, so we are close enough to drive to them and they to us."

Thank you, Mr. and Mrs. Stuart, for our nice little talk. We can see that since retirement you have tended your knitting with net results.

The following is a letter we received from Herbert K. Hall, of 5249 Mayflower St., Seattle, 18, Washington.

"Today I received the July issue of OUR YARD and was very much pleased.

"I was forced through prolonged illness to quit Sept. 8, 1958. I was employed at the Wetherill Plant as a carpenter, first class, and enjoyed every hour I worked there and am really sorry I could not continue.

"I came to Seattle May 9, 1959, and am enjoying better health than I did in Pennsylvania.

"I was told before I came out here what a wonderful place I was coming to and it was mildly described. There is more to see and more places to go than anyone has any idea of.

"When one can take a 45-minute auto ride and then have a snowball fight on July 1st it is really something.

"Fishing is great here both in Puget Sound and in any of the numerous lakes.

"What makes Seattle so nice is the low humidity. When the temperature is 92° the humidity is 20% and averages from 20% to 40% which is something seldom seen in Eastern Pennsylvania.

"I'm taking this opportunity to say many thanks for the July issue of OUR YARD and will be glad for future issues.

"Hello to all old friends."

Thanks, Mr. Hall, for your contribution to our column. If you run across any of our retired folks out that way all of you get busy and send some more news including a picture of something interesting including yourselves.



SECOND SHIFT

By Charles "Pappy" Jenkins

Henry (Von) Kloefer spent a few days down at the seashore. He got himself a beautiful sultan. He looks like a parboiled lobster to me.

Will someone please help out Jack Godo on a question? Seems he read an article by the F.B.I. about a \$5,000 reward on the head of a criminal. He wants to know what they would pay for the whole body?

Who was the 2d shift liner who lost his car? Couldn't be the guy they all call Hammerhead, could it?

George (Black Out) Brown of the Electrical Dept. is thinking about two new signs for his truck.

On one side, "Watts my line," on the other "Volts Wagon."

The best way to make ends meet says big Steve is to get off your own.

Jack (Beanpole) Conners claims a charge account is a fiendish device used by wives to keep their husbands from becoming too independent.

Sam (Sad) Cole, who has a group of energetic, rambunctious, strong-lunged noisemakers — known as children — claims the most beautiful and restful sound he heard this month was the sound of the school bell. His wife agrees with him, too.

George (Smoke Stack) Howarth's golf score looks like a high fever chart on the bed of a hospital patient. So claims Ben Good. . . Tom (Dry Dock) Kelly claims it's a safe bet that the man who seldom gets into hot water is the guy who has a wife, three daughters and one bathroom.

Sniffle and sneeze time is here again, so Gesundheit to all who suffer with hay fever.

Who was the only bachelor president of the United States? Answer next month.

Little boy to his mother: "Dad took me to the zoo today and one of the animals came in first and paid \$34.50 across the board."

Now that vacations are about over, most agree that you spend two weeks for fun and six months paying for it.

Al Schwartz claims his money goes a long way nowadays. In fact, he says some of it goes into orbit in outerspace. . .

Ralph (Prune Head) Christopher spent a week down on the farm. Claims he gave numerous blood transfusions to the mosquitos, whereupon Taylor wanted to know where he got the blood.

What an exciting year this will be with scientists trying to get a man into space

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Rod and Gun News



By Robert "Whitey" Hahn

That Decline in Duck Stamps Sales

In the last two years the sale of duck stamps has fallen off about 735,000. This decrease in sales means more than the fact that about 3/4 of a million sportsmen have quit duck hunting. It means that duck hunters and stamp collectors are tired of being played for suckers. Yes, a lot of duck stamps are bought by stamp collectors. Most Americans will contribute to any worthwhile cause that they are interested in if they feel it is being managed according to Hoyle.

Dyed-in-the-wool duck hunters would pay the three bucks for a duck stamp or even more, but the small game hunters



R. Hahn

who would spend a dollar or even two dollars — just in case they were lucky enough to get a shot at ducks while hunting small game — balked at the raise of a dollar in the price last year. To the amateur stamp collector three dollars was just too much moola to put out for a mint condition stamp. He would rather fill the space in his collection with a used one that he could buy from a duck hunter after the season.

Ross L. Leffler, assistant secretary of the interior, in his address before "The National Conference on Shooting Sports" spoke of the great need for the preservation of duck production areas in the northern agricultural regions. The greatest waterfowl producing area on the North American continent is the prairie pothole region of the Canada province of Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba. Also the northern prairie states of Montana, Minnesota and the Dakotas.

"Ducks Unlimited" is doing a good job on the Canadian side spending contributions of American hunters and conservationists to counter drainage with the restoration of permanent water areas and swamps.

Sales of duck stamps were started back in 1935. All money from the sale of these stamps was to be spent on the purchase of swamps and other areas that waterfowl used on their travels up and down the various flyways and for this purpose only.

It was revealed in 1958 that a total of \$63,000,000 had been raised since 1935 by the sale of duck stamps, most of which went for everything but land purchases. In fact, only about \$9,500,000 was used for what it all was supposed to be used. The U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service reduced the seasons and the bag limits last

year while they raised the price of stamps because of serious droughts in the central Canadian provinces, Minnesota, Montana and the Dakotas.

"Ducks Unlimited" contradicted the claims of the Fish and Wildlife Service that ducks would be a lot scarcer last year and as it later proved there were more ducks on the Atlantic flyway than for several years because these ducks came from eastern provinces of Canada not affected by the droughts—also northern New England states. Mr. Leffler, as assistant secretary of the interior, is in charge of the Fish and Wildlife Service and as such declared that the decline in the sale of duck stamps would endanger all wildlife programs.

What could endanger the wildlife programs more than getting only \$9,600,000 worth of swamps for \$63,000,000 worth of duck stamp money? And another thing that hurt the sale of duck stamps was restricting duck hunters on the Atlantic and Pacific flyways when the central flyways were the only ones effected by the droughts.

A lot of those swamps and potholes that should have been bought in the 30s and 40s with duck stamp money have been drained to get more farmland so Uncle Sugar can pay farmers—with more tax money—not to raise crops on it. And brother we need more farmland like we need more holes in the head, of which there seems to be an over supply, along the Potomac.

October is just about the best month of the year. Nature comes out in all her gaudiest colors as birds, animals and plants put on their prettiest. When that composer wrote, "The best things in life are free," he wasn't kidding.

One of the greatest shows on earth is Pennsylvania in October. A trip through her rolling hills or tree covered mountains is all the proof that is needed.

Gunning starts in earnest in this month with the small game season opening. The bow hunters are very fortunate in having October to themselves and they should guard this privilege very carefully. They can be out in the woods when the weather is usually the nicest. Crisp days and nights that are usually clear.

October is here, so get out and enjoy it. If you are a sportsman, nature lover, bird watcher, conservationist or just people, you can't help but thrill to nature at her finest and it's all free—well, almost free!

There is an abundance of small game this season so take it easy, don't get excited and KEEP THAT SAFETY ON UNTIL YOU ARE READY TO SHOOT!

POT SHOTS AND NEWS

Hurricane Donna raised Cain up along the coast. Maybe she was a blessing in disguise as salt water fishing news seems to be a little better since the big blow. It just had to be better as it couldn't have

been any worse than it's been all summer.

Some of the boys with boats and cottages at the shore were wearing worried looks around the yard. We asked Dave McCracken of sheet metal if the storm had done any harm to that new cottage he built at Slaughter's Beach this summer. His reply was partly drowned out by a nearby chipper, but it sounded like "I don't know, they haven't found it yet."

Bill Zier of 65 Dept. reports the tide was 7 1/2 feet above normal but no damage to his cottage at Larry's Landing on the Chester River in Kent County, Maryland. Lots of damage to small craft but the fishing is just as good as ever. The fishing seemed to be better in the Chesapeake than elsewhere this summer.

Richard Burke (Burkey) of 45 Dept. and his party took 170 bonito while fishing out of Cape May the first Sunday of September. Some of them went 8 lbs. and more. That's the best catch we heard of this season. Burkey says his freezer is full and everybody in the neighborhood was eating baked bonito. It only takes about 12 that size to make a dozen.

Bill Gentry had a good day with the doves up near Pottstown. He bagged six and one crow. He only fired nine shells and that's pretty good shooting on doves. Always glad to hear of a gunner bagging a crow. If every hunter could get one crow every season, it would help increase our game supply a lot.

Salt water fishing this year is the worst ever, claims Frank Babgy of 67 Dept. He's a veteran of many years of salt water angling. He's made quite a few trips this summer and always came back with discouraging reports. I've been holding off hoping he would come up with a good trip so I would have something to write about. We have to admit he's game—he keeps trying.

This is the first year we can remember where party boat captains handed out half fare tickets when their patrons had a bad day. These rain checks are good for half price fare the next time you go out on their boat.

The Welders can boast of having a real dyed-in-the-wool skin diver—none other than Leo Miles. We were going to write him up in this column but Brutus Falcone encouraged him to do a feature article about his sport. He has been working on it for some time now and it should be really worth reading in the near future.

Coming and going to work every day I cross the dam of the Springton reservoir and I've been wondering why the water level has been going down. By accident I discovered why when Jack Williams of 33 Dept. admitted he had been taking his son, Richard, out there fishing. Dick caught some nice strings of crappies and large mouth bass. He sure is a lucky boy. In our humble opinion anybody who has a



THIS WAS SITUATION MOST OF THE TIME when bloodmobile was in Our Yard last week. With more than 700 pledges you know it would take a steady stream to process all in two days. Of course there were quite a number who were rejected — less than usual, though — and some who “forgot” about their pledge (these we have always with us). Total of 491 pints was better than last time but not as good as was expected. Group above is waiting to register. Below they are at last step before hitting the couch. This is where they find out if they will be allowed to give. Read Mr. Pew’s memo inside front cover.



66 Dept. Stage Builders Carpenters

By Frank "Shakey" Hickman

The trainees whom we all learned to know so well have been released along with the men we hired from 36 Dept. Best of luck to them from all the men who knew them and worked with them. They fit right in with the best of us when it comes to working on shipyard jobs. We wish them the very best and hope they will all have new jobs to tide them over until we can use them again.



F. Hickman

knew them and worked with them. They fit right in with the best of us when it comes to working on shipyard jobs. We wish them the very best and hope they will all have new jobs to tide them over until we can use them again.

September has made another pass and left us faced with a long season of long Johns and the like. The gripes will run just about the same, but we will all know a few new ones by the time it is over. I know they are all good men, for there never was a good job done where the men didn't do some sort of griping.

We probably won't forget this month for quite awhile—the launching of the Texas Sun, which was one of the smoothest I have ever witnessed. Amid the clamor and cheers of the spectators, much handshaking went on. We suffered a few minor injuries and plenty of backaches. For a job well done, I would like to congratulate the people who worked on this huge job and made it such a success.

SCHOOLS ARE OPEN, PLEASE DRIVE SAFELY!

The plea for blood once again was put to us all. I sure hope you have all made us here in 66 proud of you. The last showing we had was anything but good. I think we had a grand total of 10 and that was out of about 65 men. Fellows, you can never tell when you are going to need that transfusion yourself, and I would bet the ones who would yell are the ones who didn't even try to give. Even though you have tried with no result, it is still credited. Those who did give will always get it back twofold.

Most of the men in the department have used all or the best part of their vacation. I get only one thing out of them and that is that they could use more of the same thing.

The bowling team started off the season by winning three out of four. Hope the same kind of news greets us every time we go to press.

"Look what I got for my wife," exclaimed Jones as he pointed with pride to a brand new convertible.

"You lucky dog," Smith said in envy. "Where did you make a trade like that?"



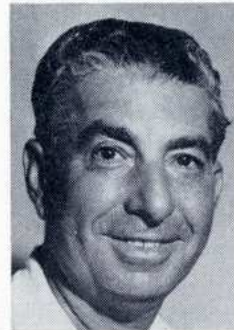
DONNA LYNN, 2½ years, if you please, is a granddaughter of George W. Wood of 88 Dept. She had a much closer connection to Our Yard when her daddy, George D. Wood, worked in 33 Dept.

75 Department

By John Rosati

Charlie Williams, a marine rigger with the diesel crane crew, spent his vacation in Miami, Fla., accompanied by Mrs. Williams and granddaughter, Victoria Marconi. They enjoyed every minute of it. Charlie has been with the company 27 years and claims that Miami is a good spot for rest, sunshine and pleasure.

FOR BASEBALL FANS: Karl Drews, a pitcher for the N.Y. Yankees and St. Louis Browns, made only one hit in 103 games, for a batting average of .011.



J. Rosati

Jimmy Allcock from Arlington, Tex., pitched 24 innings and struck out 48 batters in one game of softball. The game was played in Cisco, Tex., Aug. 7, 1948.

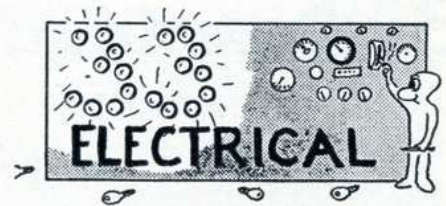
Odd but true: 100204180 Can you read this?

Answer: I ought naught to owe for I ate nothing.

Elmer Doakes attended a drive-in movie. During the picture when the villain was at his best, Elmer hissed loud and clear. Twenty people got out of their cars and started to look for flats.

Double Duty: Downtown, a painter parked his truck in front of an office building. Knowing that his job would take some time, he cannily stuck a note on the windshield: "Painter working inside."

On his return the painter saw his note had been removed. In its place was a parking ticket with a note attached: "Cop working outside."



By Carl D. Browne

Vacation time is about over for the seaside geers. We are glad that all of us are not like Bob (Gum Shoe) Cantwell. He is on his vacation now and we suppose some of the fellows will be getting postcards from him in Las Vegas with Chester, Pa., postmarks.

Our friend, Ronnie Peet, is back from his vacation at the campsite. "You should have seen the fish we caught. But we did get some suntan and about 1,000 mosquito bites. I guess we spent most of the time scratchin'."

Vince Orio says the trip to California is still in the making. He saved a little money by sleeping under the boardwalk at Wildwood, and Brandywine Park did some good, too.

We hear that Nostick Yaglinski is still on the sick list. We hope by the time this goes to press he is feeling much better. Hurry back, Yogie, I don't have anyone to argue with.

William Drake, our expeditor, is back from his vacation. He says he had a wonderful time in Atlantic City window shopping.

Ed Shisler spent his vacation fishing in Chesapeake Bay. And fish, yes, they were larger and longer than that. And crabs, it only took ten to fill a bushel basket. Oh, I forgot to say he uses raw peanuts for bait.

Anyone wanting any 2d hand clothes, see Mike (Black John) Mutro, 3d shift marine gang. . . . Someone took Vince Orio to the Brandywine race track and he wanted to know why the horses were running around the big circle.

Tom Farmer is the only person we know who can run his car from Richardson Park, Del., to the shipyard without using any gasoline. I tried it and it did not work.

Abe Wolodersky has a nice little business he takes care of after working hours and weekends. He will cut and trim your grass for a small fee. All you must have is the mower, shears and rake. You can contact him by asking for 33 Dept., #176.

We see John Tyner is wearing a new red cap. He says he got it with bottle caps, but we think Orio gave it to him for on the inside it says "Made in Salem, N. J."

Hank (Dobberman) D'Amico is going to have a big party to celebrate his going back on TV. I sure hope a lot of us get invited as we are all good friends of his.

It will soon be time for Bob (Gum Shoe) Cantwell—also known as Smoky Joe—to put on his six sweaters and three overcoats. He says he can't find his gum shoes.



C. Browne

33 Department

MAINTENANCE

By Albert (Mac) McCann

We welcome back to the Dry Dock Temporary Light gang Albert (Ham) Hamilton after an 11-weeks battle with the microbes. I know that Edward (Whitey) Raymond is especially glad as he now has someone to help carry the load — or carry him, I don't know which. Only kidding, of course, for Whitey has done an excellent job in Ham's absence.

At this writing there will be another ship slide down the shipways (Hull 611) of which the Temporary Light boys can be proud. William (Reds) Wolf who has been on her since the keel was laid doleing out his temporary light service, and Harry (Gregg) Benners, who saw to it that all welding needs were satisfied (and there were many) and all the other temporary boys who did their share take a bow.

Speaking of launching things Dick (Reds) Stebner, our affable and very capable clerk for 33M, has launched himself on a new hobby — chair refinishing. I don't know how he does with the living-room type but he sure does a bang-up job on office chairs.

Overheard at #4 shipway canteen: "Like man, how about ten Lincolns for a fast flask of express." For the benefit of those who are L7s (squares to the cool ones) that means the loan of one dime for a cup of coffee. Frank (Cool Daddy) Ciliberto, new man to Temporary Light gang, is the user of this way out language and sometimes when he uses this cool language on me I wonder if he is way out or if he is here and I am way out. Dig me, Dad?

Good to see Dick Daubert back from his vacation. Heard he spent some time with his relatives upstate. Seems as though his children were fascinated with a little house that had a crescent over the door. Bring back any nostalgic memories for you? It did for me.

Just received news that two of our well-traveled maintenance men are going to hit the high road again. Only it will be high seas this time. Roy Blake, who repairs welding handles, and Dick (Daddy-O) Beaumont are taking an ocean cruise come fall. Their destination will be the Mediterranean and its main ports. Roy says he has his tuxedos all pressed and ready to go. Seems as though if you travel like a king you should look the part. Happy sailing, fellows!

Speaking of tuxedos, did you hear the story about the man who painted tuxedos on ducks and tried to sell them as penguins? I thought you had, and you probably didn't like it the first time you heard it either.

Heard tell of a well-adjusted fellow who had a beautiful bird bath on his lawn and this fellow just loved to cut his grass — especially around this bird bath. Ah hah! Come to find out (spying with a surplus C2) this fellow had mixed a batch of whiskey sours in the bird bath and every time he went by with his mower he would take a sip. Sounds pretty good, doesn't it? Well, the moral of this story is if you want to fly high be a bird in this fellow's neighborhood. Anyone having any ques-

tions on this story direct all your queries to Bill (I want a vacation) Martin, the very capable leader of 33 Maintenance and Armature Shop groups.

Norm Fellenbaum, foreman of 33M, has returned to us after a week's vacation with his family. Overheard him say he went fishing but as yet we haven't heard any fish stories from him. But like everything else nowadays, good fish stories are hard to come by. Should be easy for him, though, he usually has a story for everything.

If anyone should be interested in some good horse meat, there's a fellow who works out of Dry Dock Temporary Light Dept. who has some of the finest. I can't say offhand how he sells it, whether it's by the pound or on the hoof, but in either case it should be fairly reasonable. We hear he has some horses to get rid of and I guess he feels he can get more money selling them this way than he can selling the whole horse. Contact Albert (Ham) Hamilton for full details.

I see that Russell (Buy me a coffee) Powell has taken over the duties of the construction gang leader while Charlie Swenker, the regular leader, has taken a well-earned vacation. Norman Drake is performing the leader duties for Crane Repair while Frank Buffington is on his vacation.

There's a lot of activity going on in Bill Martin's maintenance gang. They are on the move again. Seems as though they should get their feet on the ground and stay put in one place. I see them all rushing around getting set up in their new shop. Bill Higgins and Charlie McCune were moving benches and tool boxes while Joe (Monopol) Downey, a member of the maintenance group, was looking like a landlord who didn't know what to charge the new tenants. Take heart, boys, there aren't too many places left where you can be moved to.

We are sorry to learn that Joe Hulton, our refrigerator mechanic, is in the hospital. His son, Joe, Jr., who works for the Marine Section of 33, was telling us he should be back with us soon. Here's to a speedy recovery, Joe.

We just received word that Addison Hines, one of our senior electricians who works in Temporary Light, has received his 40-year pin. Hats off to Addison, that's a long time to work on any job. One thing for sure, they could never call you a part time worker, Addison.

Overheard at a tennis match:

1st cat: "I have a brother in that racket."

2d cat: "How come you never got into it?"

1st cat: "No guts!"

It's good to see Frank Lopez back with us after having been out of the yard for over a year. Also Jim McShane who is a part time worker loaned to us by Drexel Institute. He works for 33M for six months and goes to school the other six months.

Bill Hunter, temporary leader in Bill Martin's maintenance group while Bill Martin is on vacation, tells us he has a grandson he is going to bring down to show some of the boys how a child can handle some of the more difficult jobs — especially one George (Senator) Morgan of 84 Dept. fame. Seems as though Bill

Powers Earns Top Masonic Honor

Aaron G. Powers (47-2866) received the 33d Degree, Scottish Rite, at a ceremony in Boston, Sept. 28.

This is the highest degree in the Masonic order and is awarded only to those who have rendered service of the highest type to the order after having earned all lower degrees. Mr. Powers received this honor as a member of a class of 181 only five of whom were from the Philadelphia area. The ceremony was held as a part of the annual meeting of the Northern Masonic Jurisdiction of the U.S.A., a week-long affair.

Mr. Powers joined the order about 24 years ago. He is a past master of Prospect Park Lodge 578, Free and Accepted Masons, and a past officer of two organizations in the Benjamin Franklin Consistory in Philadelphia. He is a loftsmen in Our Yard where he has worked 18 years. He and his wife live in Prospect Park.

Hunter claims his grandson could teach the Senator a few things. That could be, but one thing for sure — the Senator certainly would out-talk him. Why he can out-talk me, and that's saying plenty.

Those little three-wheeled scooters you see buzzing around the yard have really been a help to 33M. They take you to and from a job with the greatest expediency. They also help the feet and legs if you have a lot of walking to do. This reporter has used a scooter many times and can attest to their usefulness. Frank Buffington, leader in Crane Repair, and Charlie (Chief) Swenker, leader of the construction group, likes them so well they must be considering buying one because every time I ask who has the key to the scooter Charlie or Buff will have it. (Actually I only use the scooter about 7½ hours a day, I can't see what there is to complain about, do you?)

Henry (Page) Groton has rejoined us after two weeks vacation looking like a prosperous banker. Could it be that he has regained all that excess "muscle" he bragged about losing. If he would like to get on a losing streak again, I know of a fellow in Glen Riddle who has a small horse ranch and runs what he calls a "health program." Just what this program consists of I am not quite sure but if you would like all the particulars please contact Albert (Ham) Hamilton. He'll handle your problem nicely.

As you have probably guessed by now, I am fairly new to this reporting game. If you will please bear with me, I am sure it will work out to your satisfaction. If any of you have anything you would like to have reported in this column, tackle me as I pass your way — and I will surely pass your way one time or another.

As a closing note I would like to say to each one of you that there is a very important day in your life coming up in November. Upon you and me rests the duty to elect to the Presidency the man you and I feel will do the best job for us. Whatever your political conviction may be, register and vote for the man you feel will do the most for you and your country.



By Eddie Wertz

Vacations are mostly over and reports are trickling in of the odd spots from here and there. The Pugh family's trip goes something like this: Harvey Pugh and his sons, Robert and Allen took off for Ocean City, N.J., early leaving the ladies to follow later. They fished from 3 A.M. to 9 A.M.—no fish—at which time the ladies arrived. They took the boat out for a ride and came back with fish. The boys tried fishing again—same result—no fish. The girls also tried again and got fish again. Harvey now has an outboard motor and full fishing gear for sale cheap. See him for a real low price.



E. Wertz

One man reports that while driving through the Poconos on vacation he saw a man with a white beard and a sign, "For Hire," on his back. He claimed it looked like Herby Hughes. Could be, as we haven't heard from him since he returned.

Mr. and Mrs. John Wolf spent part of their vacation in Gettysburg. Johnnie had to get those last few "bucks" caddying for Ike.

William Doran had his tickets to Albany, Ga., all bought for the week of Sept. 5 when Mike Quill pulled the railroad from under him. 'Tis two mad Irishmen, begora, we have got.

It is reported that when James Jackson goes fishing and they don't bite the lure he just throws the lure at the fish. Sure is an expensive way to not catch fish.

Robert Katein has abdicated as captain of Wetherill's bowling team in favor of Phil Masusock. Phil has his team picked and is ready to roll. Best of luck, Phil, hope you get top honors.

Question of the month:- What young fellow's future father-in-law invited him to go deer hunting this fall and then said, "I will wear the red hat, you wear the brown one." We are wondering why?

Johnnie Kosmider could sell ice boxes to Eskimos, they say. He even talked Harvey Pugh off the bowling team so he could take his place. Transferring to our Sales Dept., John?

Harry Sinex found where his home boss hid the whip and took her and the whip to Milton, Del., where he had her row over the lake while he fished. On the 12th of Sept. they started their month's vacation Florida bound.

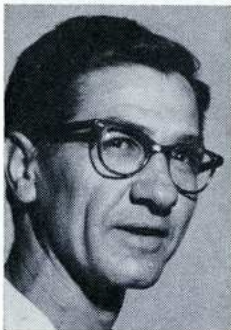
James Logue would you please tell us who was up a tree yelling, "Don't shoot, I'm no squirrel!" M.B. could but will not.



By James S. "Brutus" Falcone

Vacations are the big order of business Welcome back to George Trosley—a welcome day for all in our department and for George also, I'm sure!

We always hate to see an oldtimer leave our ranks. This is especially true in the case of "Rube" McAllister who retired for reasons of health. Rube served many years as a leader in shop fabrication, performing his duties diligently and well. Enjoy your retirement Rube and remember we wish you well always.



J. Falcone

Edward (Fats) Scheer, burner leader, is a big wheel on the scrapping job being performed on the cruiser Columbia. . . . Joe Tyson, popular shipfitter, did some work around the mansion that needed doing then concentrated on a program of complete relaxation for the remainder of his vacation.

John Smedley, front man in Supt. Holzbaur's office, proudly gave out statistics when his wife, Dorothy, gave birth to an 8 lb., 14 oz., daughter Aug. 29 at Fitzgerald Mercy Hospital. They've named her Marion Elizabeth. Congratulations!

Tom Harris (driller) and his wife spent a week of their vacation visiting friends and relatives in Virginia. . . . Norman Garrett (expeditor) his wife, Ethyl, and children, Normalynn and Buddy, spent two weeks in Atlantic City. His brother-in-law and sister were guests during their pleasant stay at the Motel Caribe on Chelsea Ave.

John "Lefty" Sarnocinski (leader, Fabrication) motored far and wide during his vacation. Accompanied by his wife, Sophie, and three children, they visited Roadside, America, near Reading; Palantine Lake, Wildwood and Atlantic City all in New

Today is the day you worried about yesterday.

We have one fellow who found out financial headaches are severe pains that extend as far down as your pants pockets.

Archie Brown replaced the "road closed" sign in Maine and returned to Chester. But where are those pictures of the big fish, Archie?

We also would like some news on Frank Thompson since our co-reporter, John Gorman, no longer can see in the daytime and Butch, the cat, must have been shipped to the S.P.C.A.

Jersey. The trips were both educational and fun, especially for the children!

Tommy DeCarro (Layout) with his wife, Ann, enjoyed the swimming, fishing and sunning available at Seaside Heights, N. J. while on vacation. . . . Joseph Jones (Pascick's gang) and his wife, Edith, returned to their favorite resort—Ocean City, Md. (World's greatest white marlin center!) (Is it?)

Our department is once again represented in the men's bowling league. On our side are the following worthies: Walt Rowles, Lou Robinson, Russ Rothka, Bob Sands, Paige Groton and Danny Faverio. Paige is widely known throughout the yard and is on loan to help beef up our team. His stomping grounds are 33 Dept. Maybe my friend Paige can inspire the boys to greater heights this season. "Talk to them, Groton, build a fire under them!"

Allan Reeves (burner) once again represented the Hanley Fire Co. as its delegate to the State Fireman's Convention. . . . William Ford (burner) with his wife, Freda, flew to Helena, Mont., to visit her parents then on to Sun Valley, Nev., and San Francisco to visit their daughter, Gwynn, and four grandchildren. This was a combined flying and bus trip which the Fords will remember with pleasure.

Pete Polinsky (machinist) on his two weeks vacation did some work around home and then spruced up the fire equipment of the Lester Fire Co. which he has served as president for eight years.

Joe Dougherty (office) and wife, Josephine, vacationed at Ocean City, N. J. Their son is a member of the freshman class at St. Joseph's College, Phila.

Verge Carpenter (shipfitter) has been feeling poorly and is out, as of this writing. Hope he's back real soon. Everybody likes Verge, he's reliable in his work and just plain down to earth likeable!

Bill Powers (layout leader) took a needed rest at Cape May, N. J. Of course, his wife, Mae, and the children accompanied him. Bill said everything was great—and the ocean water was just right.

Valentine Violon (office loftsmen) took a week off and just rested easily. Last year he took a long Florida vacation in Miami Beach during the winter. . . . Earl Daniels (The Boss in shop fabrication) with his wife, Gladys, spent two weeks at Dingman's Ferry, Pa., (Poconos) where he has a summer home-site!

Walt Kelly (shipfitter leader) his wife, Helen, and children Joan Marie and Stefanie, favored Margate and Atlantic City while on vacation recently.

Another blasted hurricane and I'm probably going to lose a quince tree in my yard. It suffered badly during Hazel's big blow—now Donna also was most unkind. The tree, which is not too often seen hereabouts, is listing to port. It bears fruit heavily, but I am fond of it for its beautiful mass of white blossoms in the springtime and its decorative shape and foliage throughout the summer. Certain remedial measures have been taken in an effort to save it.

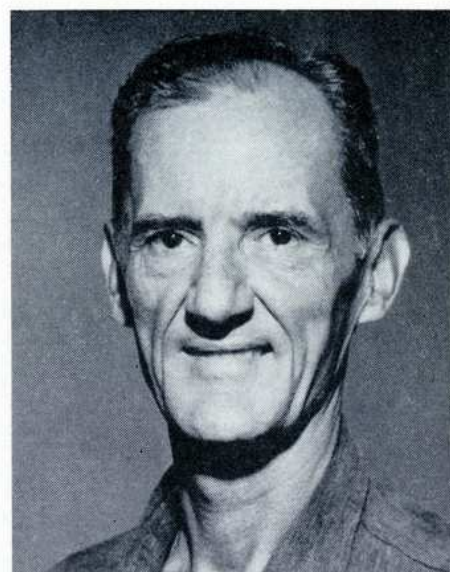
My wife, Ann, remarked on my failure to mention that our son, James, Jr., received the American Legion Award last June—plus other recognition—and that he was president of the class, etc. He is



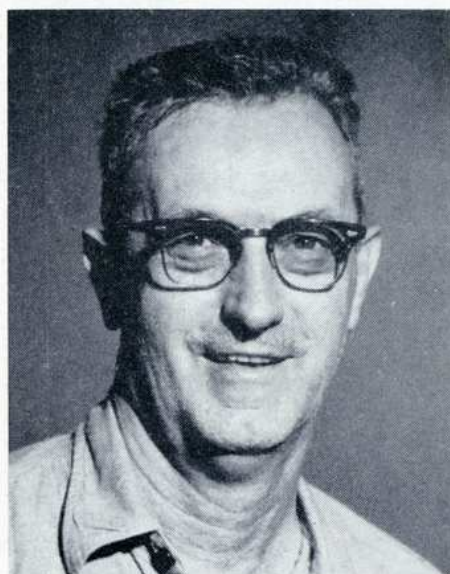
W. CARUTHERS, 38-13, 35 years



FRANCIS ANDERSON, 36-87, 30 years



WILLIAM BEARD, 36-96, 30 years



GAVIN RENNIE, 36-889, 30 years



DON SAUCUNAS, 47-57, 30 years



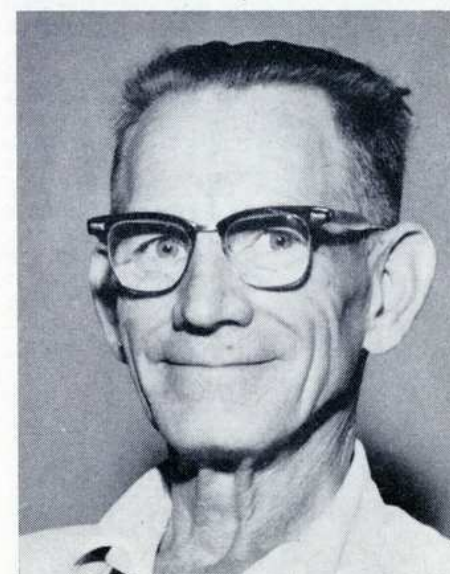
JOHN TECHTON, 79-34, 30 years



CARL BOETTGER, 94-5, 25 years

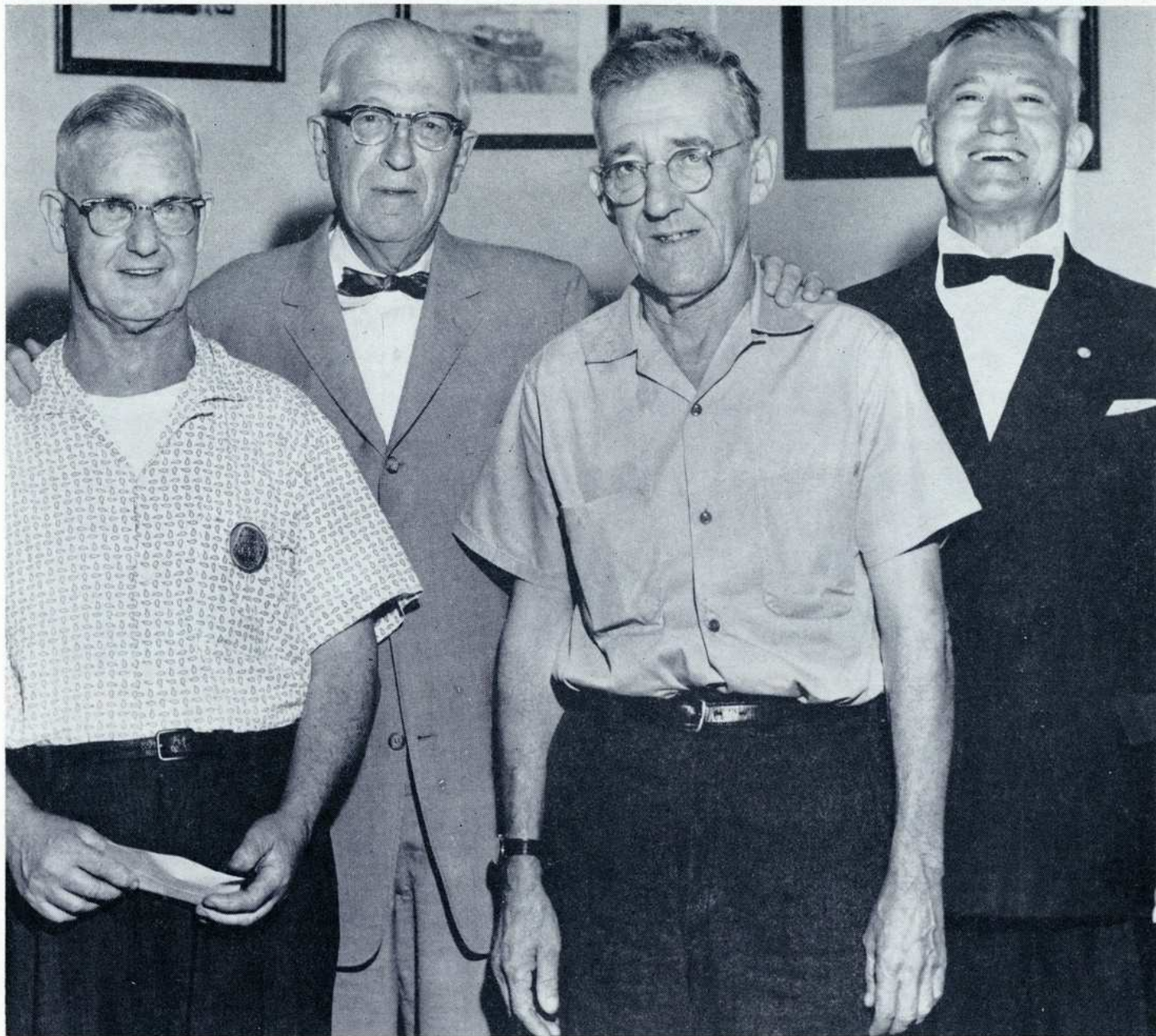


HARRY JOHNSON, 59-52, 25 years



BENJAMIN LEFLAR, 80-36, 25 years

50-Year Man Heads Class this Month



RANKS OF 50-YEAR MEN INCREASED TO EIGHT when Albert Robinson in Wetherill plant was presented with his pin by President Richard L. Burke. All are Wetherill men, of course, because their tenure has to go back to before machine shop became part of Our Yard. Two more 40-year men were honored at same time. Alfred Graham (center) is another Wetherill man, and Frank Cuore (right) has spent his entire time in 47 Dept.

SEE PAGE 10

August Awards



50 YEARS

8-57Albert Robinson

40 YEARS

47-1078Frank Cuore

35 YEARS

38-13Wallace Caruthers

30 YEARS

36-87Francis Anderson
 36-889Gavin Rennie
 79-34John Techton
 36-96William Beard
 47-57Don Saucunas

25 YEARS

8-641John Mullaney

75-46Frederick Warden
 94-5Carl Boettger
 80-36Benjamin Leflar
 47-236Charles Sokolowski

20 YEARS

30-175Chester Twardowski
 8-268Donald Weidner
 60-120Bernard Hunigman
 58-56Angelo Petrone
 59-311James Cobb
 59-908William Gosselin, Sr.
 59-82John Byron
 91-525Gertrude McGeehan

SEE PAGE 10, COL. 2

Robinson Reaches 50 Years



JOHN MULLANEY, 8-641, 25 years



C. SOKOLOWSKI, 47-236, 25 years



FREDERICK WARDEN, 75-46, 25 years

"When I started there was nothing between here and the river but a Bell row!"

Anyone familiar with this territory knows that it's going away back to remember when a row of Bell-owned houses was the only thing between the Wetherill plant and the river. And the speaker was going away back.

It was Al Robinson talking about the day he started as an apprentice in the Wetherill plant 50 years ago.

"My first job out of school," Albert said, "and I earned all of three cents an hour—\$1.80 for a 60-hour week, standard in those days. After 3100 hours you started your second year and got a raise—one cent to four cents an hour. At the end of four years you were a journeyman."

At that rate what did a journeyman get?

A first class journeyman got as high as 25 cents an hour!

Seems almost impossible, doesn't it! Yet Al did well enough on it to marry a Chester girl as soon as he had finished his trade.

"I'll never forget my wedding day," Al said. "It seemed that all the ministers in Chester had gone to a conference somewhere, but we finally found one way down in the south end of town. He was out working in his garden when we came but his wife called him in and we were married right there in his living room with his wife as a witness. Went to the Grand Theater for a honeymoon. It was brand new and about the swankiest place in Chester."

From the beginning until the present there never has been a break in Al's work record. "We were down to one day a week in the '30s there, but we had something every week," Al said. Twice for short periods he had to come over to the yard to work.

But it was in that depression period that both his sons began to work here. "Groundhog Day in 1934 I brought the older boy in," Al said. "How I remember that. Three below zero as we came walking up Third St."

The second son came two years later. Both boys have been here ever since. Each has three children.

Al also had a brother here until he retired a few years ago. "Between him, my older boy and myself, we had 120 years service," Al said. His brother also has two

sons, both of whom are Sun Ship men.

"Wanted to send my boys to college when the time came," he reminisced, "but that was right about at that one-day-a-week era and there was nothing I could do. I was fortunate to be able to save our home and keep the family together. And maybe it was for the best. We've got good jobs which have helped us to be happy and comfortable. What more would a man want?"

Alfred Graham was several years later than 1910 in coming to the Wetherill plant but it still was a small shop extending along Sixth St.—far from the block-square deal it is now. Alfred had, several years before, left his native Wilmington for Gloucester, N. J., from where he traveled daily to New York Ship to learn his trade as a machinist. Almost as soon as he finished his apprenticeship he came to Sun Ship, starting in September, 1917.

After the war when things slacked a little he was assigned to the dry dock for five years, but in 1923 he returned to Wetherill and has been there since. He experienced the one-day-a-week times in the '30s and a couple of layoffs for lack of work—rough times for a man with six children—but that's behind him now, the children are raised and married and things are much easier for Al and Mrs. Graham. Two sons and a son-in-law are Sun Oil employees.

Incidentally, Al's father became a Sun Ship employee two years after Al and had 30 years in when he retired in 1949. He died a few years ago aged 89.

If you will refer back to about the July, '59, issue of OUR YARD you will see Al's most time consuming hobby—14 grandchildren.

FRANK CUCORE started to work as soon as the law would allow. He was 16 years old when Supt. William Beatty (top man on Frank's list) put him to work in the Fabricating Shop. That was in 1920.

The fact that he got his 40-year pin just 40 years later shows that there was no lost time and he put all of it in at the same place—the fab shop and 47 Dept. Frank was so busy working that it was a long time before he got to noticing there were girls in the world so he was 38 before he got around to getting married. He lives with his wife in the house in Milmont Park where he has lived 55 years.

JOHN McDONOUGH is the man whose picture you saw in last month's magazine. John was laid up and didn't get around to speaking for himself until now.

Five years at Baldwin's prepared him for working in Our Yard. He came easily in 1918 when J. K. Graham was hull superintendent. He started as a tank tester on the Sabine Sun (Hull #2, in case you don't know) and he still is a tank tester. He was the youngest man in the crew when he started. Now he's the oldest.

What's the difference between then and now among the tank testers? You could put those tanks inside today's, John says.

"Today when you are at the top of a tank it's a long way to the bottom and when you are at the bottom the top looks

MORE ON SERVICE . . .

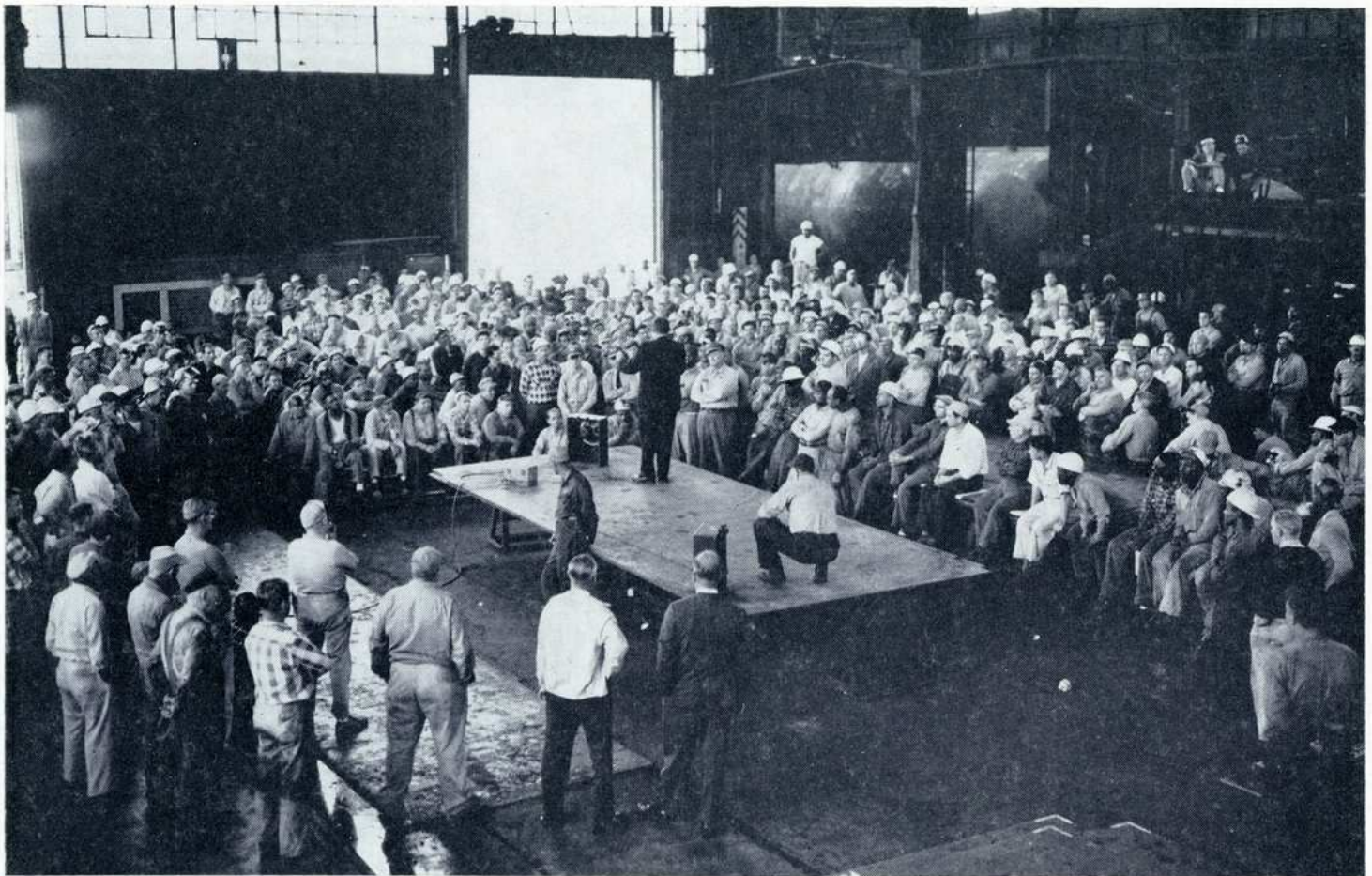
59-1113Walter Oprouseck
36-989Francis Hoopes

15 YEARS

34-107Floyd Gregory
59-494Daniel Virgili
31-78James Stewart

10 YEARS

59-111Paul Dobbins
34-197Abraham Feierman
30-458Anthony Toscano
59-179John Gale
59-80Mario Marano
60-74Ernest Coleman
58-515John Myklich
59-1942James Fox
46-66Edward Love



ONE REASON WHY UNITED FUND DRIVE was so successful was because union got behind it and urged every member to have a share. Even with union backing we did not come out with 100 per cent participation. You'll always find a few who will take an "out" even though reasons they give make them look slightly (or altogether) ridiculous. Mass meetings were held in boiler shop annex on first and second shifts. This was first shift meeting with Frank Ritter, United Steel Workers representative and general chairman of the entire campaign, at microphone. Beyond a doubt this and other meetings held were responsible to a large measure for improvement in our United Fund performance over previous years.



By Clyde Landis

HURRAH! for our 59-ers softball team. In just their second year of competition they won the yard championship and have already served notice that they are the team that will have to be reckoned with next year. They are a well balanced, young team and have a lot of good years ahead of them. Manager Joe Blythe had them up for this game and had them all set for the play-offs.

Scores — Aug. 16 — Welders, 5; I.E., 3; — Aug. 17 — Welders, 5; I.E., 3.

I. E. put up a fine battle as can be seen by the score of both games. It is competition like this which will stir up more



C. Landis

interest as the years go by. There are six of these young fellows playing on the team whose fathers are working at Sun Ship. They hope some day to have sons of their own working here. Robert Miller pulled a key play in the last game. With bases loaded and no outs he rifled the ball to 3d base — and the pitcher before he could get back to the base. Louis Leach, the pitcher, with his machine-like motion and ice water in his veins just kept pouring them in. If any of the players needed any confidence, all they had to do was look at him and relax. It would be very easy to say something about each member of the team as they all contributed to this win. I am sure these players have their positions nailed down for next year.

Arthur (Shorty) Henson, 59-118, left the

game with a sore throat as he was the chief commentator for all the plays.

Our sympathy goes out to Mr. Frank Cox's family. He was one of our first welding superintendents in the yard.

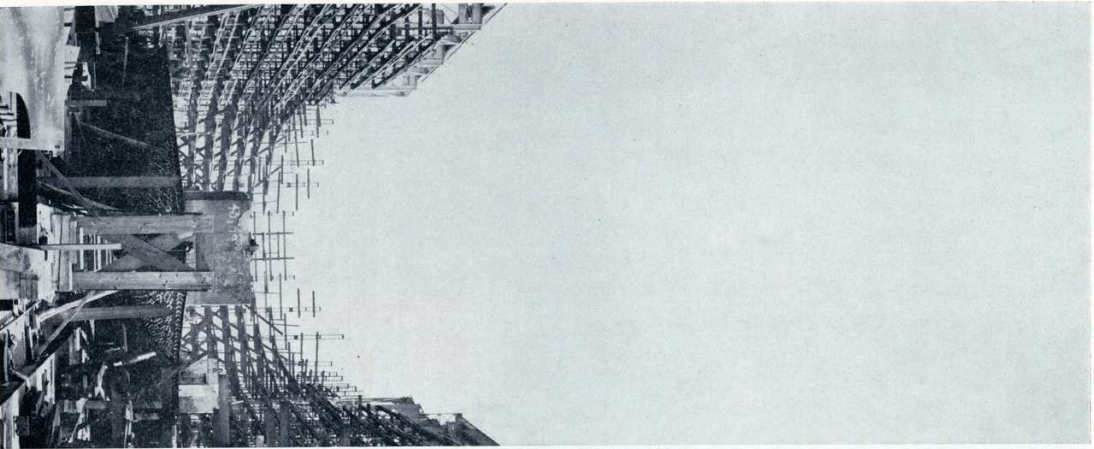
Ralph (Pop) Stolz, 59-1413, of the Boiler Shop is our badminton champion. He is mighty light on his feet having won the championship at Marshall Terrace, Linwood, Pa.

James Ferguson (59-318) had a fine time killing mosquitos at Woodland Beach, N. J., on his vacation. After one week they laid off one of the spraying crews.

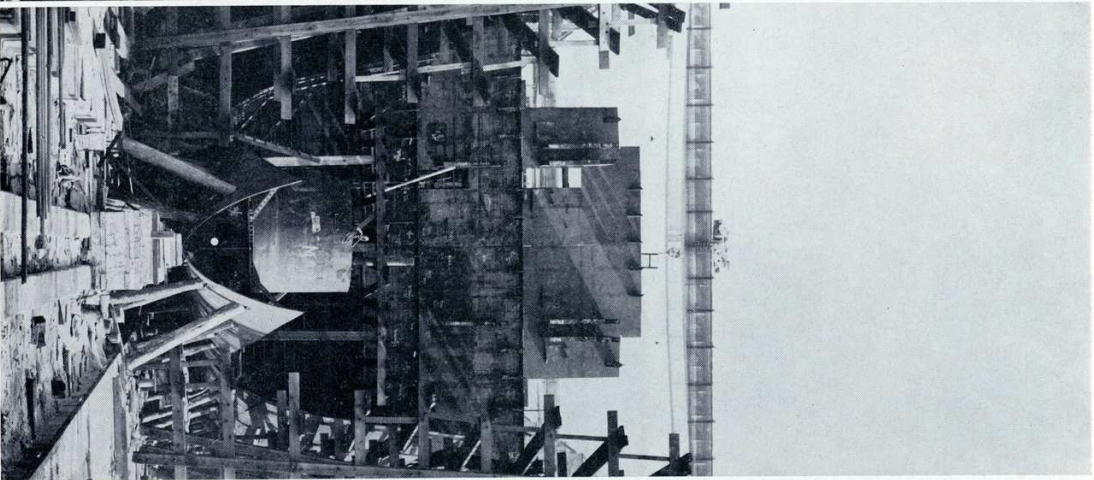
Gene Jalbert (60-376) and James Madden (60-285), spent their vacations at Thousand Islands having themselves a mighty nice time. On my vacation I went to Luray Caverns, Natural Bridge and Williamsburg, Va. Take these places in, they are wonderful to see.

Harry Dongel, on seeing me giving a pint of blood to the Red Cross, said at least they will have one pint of noisy blood.

They tell me the ground is so rich on Harry's farm the vines grow so fast they wear the watermelons out dragging them after.



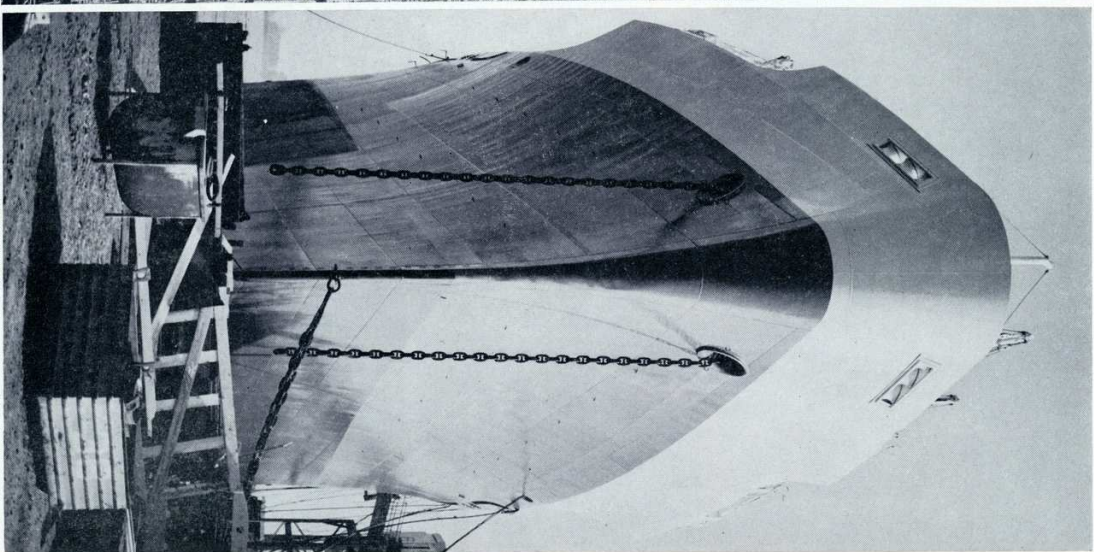
FOUR STEPS IN BUILDING a ship could be title for these pictures. They are Moore-McCormack ships in various stages of growth. Above we see Hull #621 with keel just about complete. That whole business—bottom plate, in between structure and top plate—is called the keel. Not like what most landlubbers picture a keel.



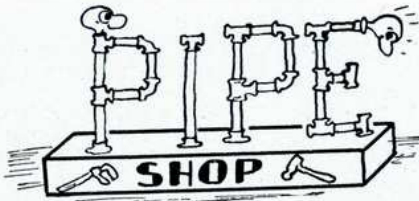
A LITTLE OLDER, a little larger. Hull #621 was started on ways June 1. Above is Hull #620 which shows how 621 will appear about 3½ months from now. Hull #620 was started Feb. 15. It now is up to main deck in rear and bow is almost closed by this time. There still is about 3½ months before launching time.



WE ARRIVE AT PLACE where no one now points in wonderment and says, "Is that a ship?" This is Hull #619 which is less than two months ahead of #620. Shell of hull is complete to the eye but much welding remains to be done and much of superstructure is unfinished. This vessel will be launched in about two months.



PINNACLE OF ACCOMPLISHMENT for all unfinished hulls is to become beautiful, freshly painted finished proposition. Hull #618 has arrived. In fact, it no longer is just Hull #618. It has become a ship with a name, S.S. MORMACBAY, or "The Boy," as it is known around Our Yard. Soon the BAY will go out on her own to prove she can perform as handsomely as she looks.



By Charles "Toots" Thornton

Lloyd (Cap) Lawson has been on the injured list for quite a long time. All the boys have been inquiring about him and wish him a speedy recovery.

Everyone in the shop expressed their sympathy to the family of George Clifton, Jr., who passed away suddenly Aug. 27. We note the passing of a good friend and buddy.

Yocum Linski has returned to work after a seige of the gout and a couple of sprained wrists.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Fite spent a restful vacation at Wildwood, N. J. . . . Mr. and



C. Thornton

Mrs. Charles Broughton spent a few days in the Poconos recently. . . . William (Windy) Lonquist, his wife and daughter spent a week in Buffalo visiting relatives and Niagara Falls on a second honeymoon. . . . Mr. and Mrs. John Mifflin spent a couple of weeks at Cape Cod and toured the New England states. . . . Singing Eddie

Fisher spent a week at Atlantic City promenading the boardwalk giving the girls a break — broke again.

Tom (Digger O'Dell) Cavanaugh spent his vacation at Porch View entertaining his family and friends. . . . Ed Woolsey spent a week at Rehoboth Beach recently. . . . Clarence Cox spent his vacation trying to find some of his old cronies. . . . George Flaherty spent some time in Boston looking over his real estate.

Herb Artwell didn't do any crowing about his batting average or the team — they must have been like Sam Jillard's Pipe Shop team.

Russell (Reds) Dantine said he has finally got settled. He recently bought a home in Aniline Village. We wish you a long stay, Reds.

Joe Kulp had Bill Kelly in tow on a recent evening. That Kelly is really living it up on his retirement. He is as round as a barrel and somebody suggested tapping him.

Quips from the 2nd Shift

By Stanley Boyda

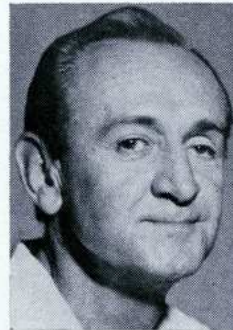
We're opening this column with congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Paul Smalec. Paul's wife presented him with an heir last week weighing 7 lbs., 2 ozs.

Floyd Gregory completed 15 years service last month and feels like 15 more will be a breeze. . . . Lewis (Deacon) Gales spent his vacation time recounting his grandchildren of which there are quite a



A SCHOLAR AND, no doubt, a little gentleman is Joseph (Jody) Blossic, son of Joseph Blossic of Electrical Drawing. At tender age of five Jody is a student — kindergarten at Chester Christian School. Mother is Audrey Carroll Blossic who graced Stenographic before her marriage. Jody's ambition, she says, is to be a "ship man like my daddy."

few. And these are only the ones in New York, he hasn't been to Virginia for a spell and there he would have to rent an adding machine.



S. Boyda

George Hannisick gave his agent, Harry Hulings, a standing order for tickets to all the Ice Capades in the future. His family never misses a show. George offered Harry a commission but it was turned down. Harry told Mr. Hannisick he always received a dollar allowance every week and he didn't need any more.

Bob (Colonel) Clegg's boat ran aground near the West End Boat Club recently causing about \$160.00 worth of damage. The story floating around is that the Colonel had guests aboard who wanted to visit the club but none were members except the Colonel and he had left his membership card at home. They decided to gain entrance the hard way. They headed for the club in a hurry, but forgot the boat wasn't equipped with wheels and that you had to walk part way to the door.

Tony Asenavage (80 Dept., 2d Shift) and his family spent a very pleasant vacation fishing and taking it easy at their resort home, Lake Wallenpaupack in the Poconos. Tony has quite a place up there and runs for the lake every time he has any time on his hands.

Eddie Cubler recently took 20 of his



By Harry (Clovehitch) Sanborn

The vacations this year have sure raised hob with getting any news. Every month on the last news date your reporter has been on vacation. I'm turning over a new leaf right away.

Congratulations are in order for two new fathers on the same day. To Bob Bamforth, 68-172, a son, 7 lbs., 5 oz., Sept. 12, at Crozier Hospital. He was born at 11:56 p.m. and named John Robert, II. The other happy father is James Groover, 68-120, a son, 7 lbs. 2 ozs., born on the same date at Fitzgerald Mercy Hospital. He was born at 9:50 p.m., I think. Best of luck and happiness to both the young couples.

Story just heard this week. One of the boys brought a bag full of corn to sell to the rest of the gang. He put it in his car trunk then locked his keys in the car. After getting the car open and the corn out, all the boys swore it was horse corn — which he took good naturedly. Some corny story!

One of the boys has been pouring beer over his rice crispies. Now they don't snap, crackle or pop any more. They just lay there and hiccup.

I know the drydock boys are glad to get rid of those heavy trestles and planks they have had to handle for years, also those heavy swings and lines. More and more every day things around the dry dock are getting modernized and not too soon either. No wonder no one liked to be sent there to work.

Did you hear the one about the pitcher who became a famous obstetrician? They always said he had a fabulous delivery.

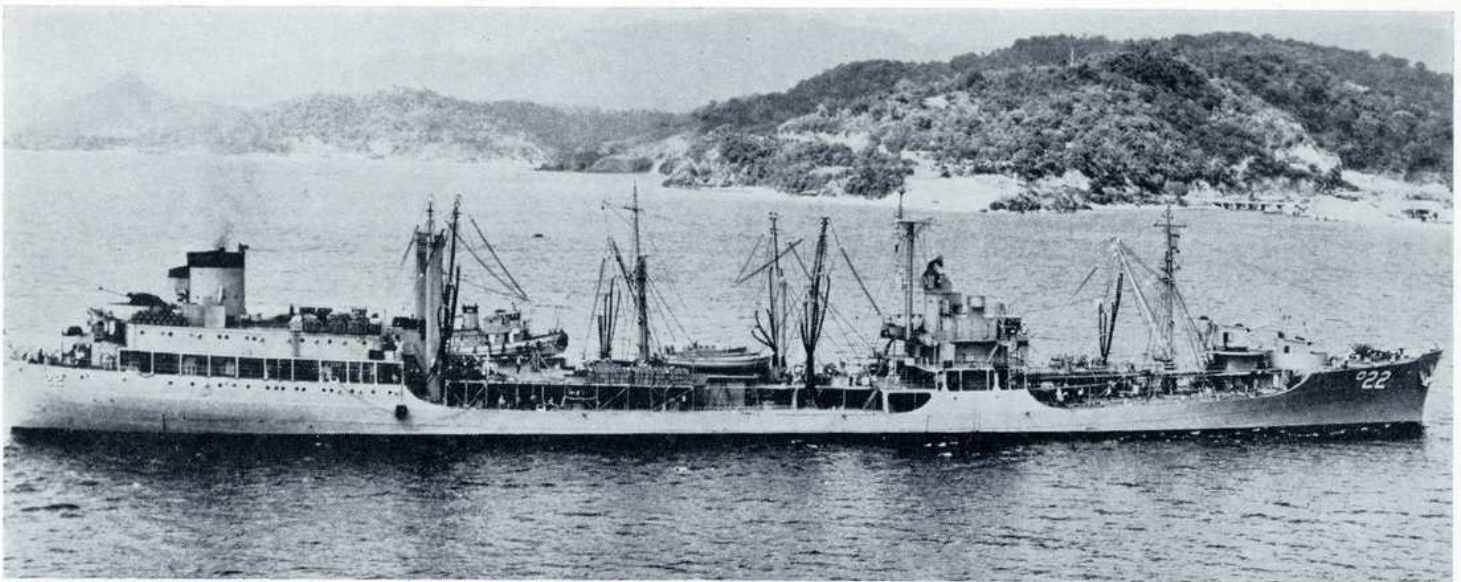
We welcome back Al Underkofler from drydock who has been on the sick list for over a month. Take care of yourself from now on, Al.

pigeons to the Chocolate City, Hershey, Pa., then returned home to await the outcome of his experiment. He had visions of his little friends breaking all kinds of speed records. After a couple of days, four landed on the runway in the backyard. These had been banded with the proper bands. Eddie has just about given up on the delinquent 16 for he suddenly remembered that after he banded the four he ran short and used 1/4 inch pipe hangers on the rest for bands so he doesn't expect to see them again.

We extend to our friend, George Clifton's family, our deepest sympathy on his passing away. All the fellows say he will be missed for a long time.



H. Sanborn



QUEEN OF THE FLEET, as her commanding officer suggests, AO (auxiliary oiler) 22 to them, Hull #172 to us, U.S.S. Cimarron looks fit as a fiddle and going about her customary duties in these pictures taken recently. Above the famous vessel is steaming into Subic Bay in the Philippines. Below she pumps "ramble sap" into two vessels at once, a Destroyer Escort (left) and Aircraft Carrier Ranger, in West Pacific. Lower photo was taken this spring.

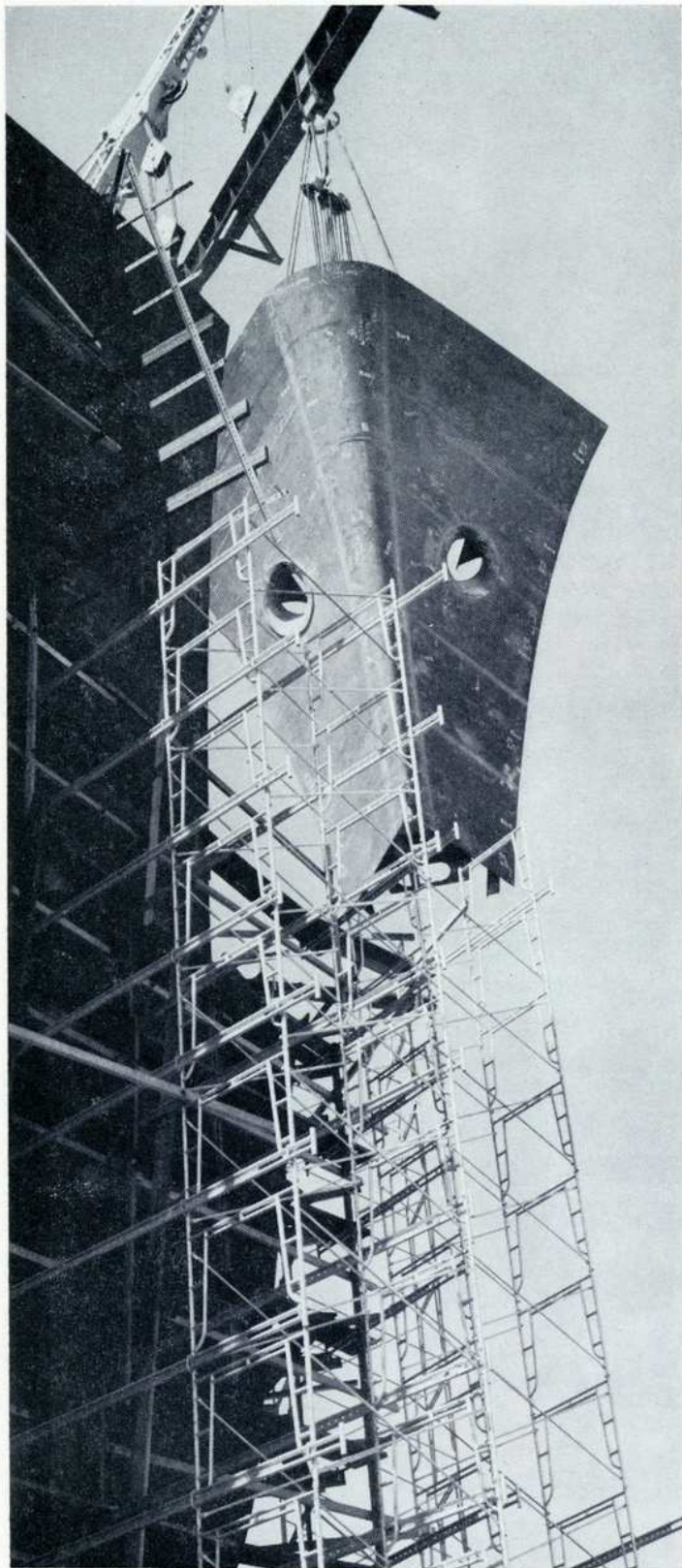


MORE ON CIMARRON . . .
 erate during the crisis of the Quemoy, there was the Cimarron in the midst of it.

The Navy communication ends with a question to which the obvious answer is affirmative—Is she not Queen of the Fleet?

Another illustrious episode in the his-

tory of Sun Ship products. It is the sort of thing the shipbuilders in Our Yard expect of what they turn out and it is gratifying to hear from time to time that the products live up to expectations.



THIS GOES BACK A LITTLE BIT BUT IT WAS too good to miss. When time came to put third and last piece (the nose) of bow on #611—pardon me, the TEXAS SUN—two cranes hooked on (this was light piece, only about 75 tons lifting weight) and picked it up. As they lifted piece it swung around (left) to all intents and purposes looking down its nose at its future home. You can even see highlights in the eyes. "That place? For ME!" says it. "Well, now, maybe it's not so bad after all," says that pleased expression (right). "You'd almost think it was made for me!" Highlight in one eye visible still is very plain. As is common knowledge now, piece fit into opening just as it was intended to and completed hull structure of a most beautiful ship.



By Harry "Whitey" Burr

We have just found out why George (MG) Moyer is having trouble with the tires on his new MG. He was caught putting in air from a tank over in our parking lot the other day and after checking this tank we found it was full of English air. He told us that the Democrat and Republican air here in this country won't stay in his tires.

Your reporter stopped out to visit George and his lovely wife the other evening and sure enough he got me to ride in the MG. First we had to put on safety



H. Burr

belts and brother, I can tell you right now you need them when you go along with him for I was sure I was flying at times. I sure would like to see Senator Morgan in this set-up.

Bob Weaver of the 3d shift would like to have longer days. He just can't get enough sleep as it is. . . . Joe Newman, one of our fine ball players

was hurt playing up at Williamsport last week with a team from Chester.

Bill McKniff is off on his vacation and from what his father tells us, his wife will be glad to see him back at work for right now their little daughter doesn't want to leave him.

Kenzie Pennington, our tractor man, was badly hurt in an accident over in our parking lot and taken to the hospital. We all hope it is not too serious and that he will be back working very soon.

Frank Gyles sure did show the boys how to eat chicken the other day when he came in with almost a whole one and started to eat it at lunch time. It looked funny seeing those two big legs standing out as he worked on the main part.

Harry (Hoppy) Hopkins and his wife report they had a very fine vacation on their new boat. They traveled down our Delaware Bay and through the canal into the Chesapeake Bay where they visited quite a few fine clubs.

Howard Cleland, who has charge of our stock room, is in the hospital for a check-up. We hope he will be back with us very soon as Arthur "Muddy Water" O'Connor said he is getting tired running around.

Leroy (Lord Chesterfield) Stewart celebrated his 31st wedding anniversary Sept. 21. He has seven children and 20 grandchildren. Congratulations and many more happy years, Leroy.

Our great master mechanic has been working in the garage on the second shift and now is working with our men on the same shift. He reports he doesn't know what we do without him.



A SOUTHERN GEN'EMAN, he is not ("not" goes with Southern, not gen'eman), but a lot of folks down thataway sure think he should be. Harry Burr (84 Dept.), a writer for OUR YARD is presenting the gold medal of the Centennial Legion of Historic Military Commands to Cadet Col. Arthur J. Faint, commander of the Grady High School ROTC Corps in Atlanta, Ga. In this capacity he is Capt. Harry S. Burr, past national commander of the Centennial Legion and past commander of the Veteran Corps, 1st Regiment Infantry, Pennsylvania National Guard. The gold medal is presented annually to outstanding member of ROTC corps in Atlanta, also to similar cadet at Valley Forge Military Academy. Harry does both jobs each year. He is an honorary colonel in Georgia National Guard and a member of Old Guards of Gate City Guards of Atlanta. Pretty good for a Northerner, huh?

Carl Uiner, Uncle Roy Haskell's grandson, sure is having a wonderful time with their new boat. The story is around that maybe we should start an 84 Dept. yacht club.

Bud McKniff went down to the shore to check on the beauty contest. He tells us each year he is there to see the most beautiful girls in America.

Muddy Water O'Connor took his son over to New York to visit Freedomland and tells us they had a wonderful time. Everyone should see this great setup.

Well, our George (Senator) Morgan was off on vacation and sent quite a few

cards into our department. Now we found out why so many! They were free and the track paid the postage.

Jim Gallagher took one week off to dig a sewer line into his home. Pal, now we know what that Chic Sale place was doing out back. We all understood you lived in a town, not out in the country.

Jim (Weasel) Lynch has moved and it took him four days. Some of the boys said they would have been only too willing to help him but he said he did not want those peach baskets broken.

Lew Laird was off sick for three days. SEE PAGE 24, COL. 1

Weeds In Our Yard Really Burned Up



ONE THING THAT HAS MADE EARL BENNETT'S lot in Our Yard a little easier this past summer is this contraption. It's a weed burner. No more mowing by hand to get them down and spreading oil to keep them that way. One of Earl's boys just turns on heat and stuff goes up in smoke nor returneth for a long time. Scorched earth policy, so to speak. He just fills the tank with propane and he's off on a fire buff's dream of utopia. A weed-grown area like plate yard above becomes weedless and wellkept in short order (below). Kills weed seeds, too.



'Twas Ever Thus!

A well-known writer expressed his feelings about juvenile delinquency in the following words: "Our youth now love luxury. They have bad manners, contempt for authority, disrespect for older people. Children nowadays are tyrants. They no longer rise when their elders enter the room. They contradict their parents, chatter before company, gobble their food, and tyrannize their teachers." That this is an ever-present problem is reflected in the note that these words were written by Socrates about 420 B.C.

Having completed a quick sale the day before, a used car salesman was somewhat worried to see the purchaser driving the car back into the lot.

"What's the matter," demanded the salesman. "There's nothing wrong with the car is there?"

"Not yet," replied the purchaser, "I just wanted to return these things for the quiet little old lady you said owned the car before I bought it. She left her plug of tobacco in the glove compartment and a bottle of gin under the seat."

A pretty young woman stepped into a music shop in the city the other day. She tripped up to the counter where a new clerk was sorting music and in her sweetest tones asked: "Have you 'Kissed Me in the Moonlight?'"

The clerk turned, looked, and said: "It must have been Ira Jones at the other counter. I've only been here a week."

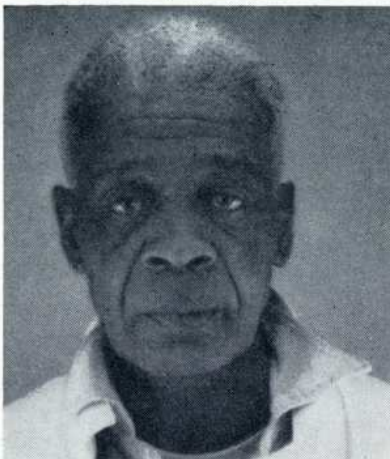
—o—

Heard on a bus: "You know I wouldn't say anything about Mary unless I could say something good. And, oh, brother, is this good . . ."

Who from Their Labors Rest



WALTER C. BROGAN, 72, of 1013 Johnson St., Chester, Pa., died July 27 after a prolonged illness. Mr. Brogan began his employment at Sun in 1936 as a carpenter. In September, 1958, ill health forced his retirement. A veteran of 24½ years service, he was a leader in the Carpenter Shop at the time of his retirement. Mr. Brogan's spare time was spent at his summer home in North Wildwood, N. J., where he spent many happy, carefree days. He was a member and past president of Moyamensing Hook & Ladder Co., a member of the Delaware County Firemen's Assn. and the Holy Name Society of St. Michael's Church. Sur-



WILLIAM VAN TRECE, 60, of 1755 Thompson St., Philadelphia, Pa., died July 1 after a brief illness. He was born in Dayton, Ohio. Mr. Van Trece began his employment with Sun in January, 1943, and with the exception of several lack of work periods continued until May of this year when he was stricken ill. A pipefitter, he was a veteran of 16 years in the Pipe Shop. He was a member of the Club Royal. A cousin, Nannie Corpening, is his only survivor.



GEORGE THOMAS CLIFTON, JR., 39, of 1014 Morton Ave., Chester, Pa., died suddenly Aug. 27. He was a life-long resident of this area. A pipefitter, he had 13 years service with Sun and was a leader in the Pipe Shop at his untimely death. Bowling was his favorite sport and he participated in the Men's B League. Survivors include his wife, Vivian Clifton; two sons, George Thomas, III, and Joseph; and a daughter, Doreen. He is also survived by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Clifton. Mr. Clifton is a rigger in 88 Dept.

In Memoriam

Sun Shipbuilding and Dry Dock Company extends its sympathy to the family and friends of:

STEVE SANETRIK, 30-38, of 201 E. 22nd St., Chester, Pa., September 6, 1960.

vivors include his wife, Kathryn Brogan; two daughters, Mrs. John Morley

and Mrs. William Elsner; and two sons, James G. and Walter C. Brogan.

36 Department

By Gavin Rennie

The summer months have moved into the past, the grass has stopped growing so fast, the garden doesn't need as much work so we'll get a few notes in the book again.

Vacations are about over for the majority of the boys in the shop. They have covered from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico and from the Atlantic Coast to the new state of Hawaii. Some fellows are saving their vacation for the Christmas holidays. Some are saving it for the gunning season. Hope they have better luck than the fishermen had this past season.

Ralph Dantonio traveled to Florida to meet Donna before we got acquainted with her.

Our deepest sympathy is extended to Mr. and Mrs. Walter Biebas on the fire damage to their home. We were happy to hear they are about straightened out now. The only difficulty is Walter cannot get accustomed to twin beds—he falls out so easily.

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. William Wallace and Mr. and Mrs. Lester Jillson on the new daughters in their families. We hear they were well celebrated.

We hear that Perry (Darby) Welsh

Read Last Word First, If You Wish

I am more powerful than the combined armies of the world. I have destroyed more men than all the wars of the nation. I massacre thousands of people in a single year. I am more deadly than bullets and I have wrecked more homes than the mightiest of guns. I steal in the United States alone over \$500 million each year. I spare no one and I find my victims among the rich and poor alike; the young and the old; the strong and the weak; widows and orphans know me to their everlasting sorrow. I loom up in such proportions that I cast my shadow over every field of labor. I lurk in unseen places, and do most of my work silently; you are warned against me yet you heed me not. I am relentless, merciless and cruel. I am everywhere—in the home, on the streets, in the factory, at railroad crossings, on land, in the air, and on the sea. I bring sickness, degradation and death—yet few seek me out to destroy me. I crush, I maim, I devastate; I will give you nothing and rob you of all you have. I am your worst enemy. I am CARELESSNESS!

Sept. 11, 1960

Sun Shipbuilding & Dry Dock Co.
Chester, Pa.

I wish to express my sincere appreciation for the deep concern over the death of my husband, George Clifton, by Mr. and Mrs. Dave Van Horn (his foreman and wife), the Pipe Shop 1st and 2d shift, members of the Sun Ship Bowling League, Sun Ship Mutual Benefit Assn., Riggers of Sun Ship and Local #802.

Many thanks to everyone of you.

Gratefully yours,
Mrs. George Clifton and family

caught some nice northern pike. The only thing was he had to stretch them a lot to fit his story.

Parkside, Pa.
Sept. 1, 1960

Mr. Gilbert Widdowson
Safety Dept.
Sun Shipbuilding & D.D. Co.
Dear Gil:

Please accept my grateful thanks for the Blood Donations from the Sun Ship Blood Bank, during my recent illness.

It came at a time when it was sorely needed, and prevented what could have led to a very disastrous climax. Believe me Gil, the chips were really down.

To the Blood Donors of Sun Ship. I can only say, THANK YOU, VERY, VERY MUCH.

Sincerely,
Mike Znachko 74 Dept.

INK SPOTS

FROM THE
HULL DRAWING ROOM

By Harry Osman

The month of October brings fall weather, football and the end of summer vacations. Businessmen force us to think about the Christmas season with their early displays of gifts and toys.

This opening splatter of "Ink Spots" is to turn the thoughts of department members to our annual Christmas dinner and party. A successful affair is planned well in advance — and now is not too soon.

Bob Scull, Lois Green and Sue Longbine did a good job for us last year in preparing our party. Possibly they could be prevailed upon again this year. Of course, we will pledge our cooperation by telling them in advance whether we will or won't attend and by paying well in advance. With this pledge, the committee of three can start working.



H. Osman

Summer vacations of the draftsmen and their families slowly came to an end. With two of our members, vacation was not exactly a happy event. Jack Petchell (Hull Scientific) took his family to the shore for two weeks of pleasure. His family thoroughly enjoyed the beach and ocean, but Jack, unfortunately, was called back to the office to help with an estimate.

George Wilkie encountered a similar situation. George, Helen, Sandra and Maureen vacationed at Indian River where the two daughters have become expert fisherwomen. Sandra has even learned the art of cleaning and filleting flounder. George had to interrupt his vacation and return to the office because of the illness of Mr. Pavlik.

Jack Sulger was luckier. He planned a second honeymoon to Niagara Falls with Jewell and they made it with no interruption.

Bob and Jane Scull also enjoyed the attraction of the falls but at a later date. Bob had difficulty getting started when his new car turned up with a bad water pump and Jane acquired a bad cold. Repairs to each by the proper person sent the couple on their way north to Canada.

When Hurricane Donna struck the Jersey coast, Bertha Springer was vacationing at Atlantic City. Likewise, Margarette Housley and her daughter, Kathleen, were at Atlantic City.

The rains rained, the winds blew, and the worried draftsmen paced the floor. Their suffering ended at 4 p.m. when Bertha called Earl and told how she was enjoying watching the huge waves!

On the Monday Donna struck the yard, Tom Larkins was scheduled to fly to Boston to witness a machinery performance test. We could look out the window and see the planes arriving sideways!

Three Gateways

If you are tempted to reveal
A tale someone to you has told
About another, make it pass,
Before you speak, three gates of gold.
Three narrow gates—first, "Is it true?"
Then, "Is it needful?" In your mind
Give truthful answer; and the next
Is last and narrowest, "Is it kind?"
And if, to reach your lips at last
It passes through these gateways
three,
Then you may tell the tale, nor fear
What the result of speech may be.

Every few minutes Tom called the airport hoping that his flight had been canceled. With a troubled look on his face, Tom finally left for the airport only to return to the office two hours later much happier. His story? "I arrived too late for the flight."

Tom was unfortunate enough to lose two weeks work last month because of an attack of pneumonia.

Ed Housley also had a sick spell and after a diagnosis by his doctor has been put on a strict diet. . . . Marcia Faluvegi suffered a sick spell but is now on the mend.

George Colesworthy was another unlucky enough to fall ill. George lost little time from work, but underwent minor surgery. He now carries a horrid looking scar and I urge you to prevail upon George to show it to you.

We grieved greatly upon learning of the passing of Jesse Burr on Saturday, Aug. 27. Mrs. Burr had been ill, seriously at times, over a long period. She had been in the hospital for two days when she suddenly passed away. We of the Drawing Room express our sympathy to you and your family, Bill, and share your sorrow.

It was very amusing to see Sue Longbine wearing an apron in the office recently. Sue failed to explain if she forgot to take it off after cooking Dave's breakfast.

In the happy events department this month, we rejoice with Grace and Hal Horn upon the birth of Darren Wayne. Darren arrived at Jefferson Medical Hospital at 7:43 a.m. Aug. 16. Hal's young son tipped the scales at 6 lbs., 5 ozs.

Once again our United Nations Scientific Department comes up with an odd ball. They now have a fellow named Ronald who is a connoisseur of Chinese food. Not aware of his particular tastes, I have read where the Chinese relish such things as bird's nest soup, stewed octopus and crunchy fried locusts.

Another Chinese delicacy is fried unborn ducks! When the eggs are two weeks old, they are broken open and the contents cooked!

If I should ever have the occasion to find myself in China, I definitely will not do as the Chinese.

We learn on good authority that Granville (Fatty) Hallman will retire at the end of September. This will be reported in a later issue.

Tom Winterbottom had a wedding anniversary on Saturday, Aug. 27. He told Sue he was taking Friday afternoon off — to get ready for the following day?

Charles Grauel also had a wedding anniversary — his 25th. Charles received a gift on the occasion. It was a Sun Ship pin made into a ring. Bea gave it to him and the inscription on the face read, "For 25 years of faithful service."

Bob Filliben has been buying furniture for his future home in Delaware. Many times we have told of Bob's capacity for food. Probably under-estimated. When Bob bought the refrigerator, he selected the largest one in the store, 14 cu. ft.

This can mean one of two things. Either he will eat a lot, or he will raise a large family. It could be both. He comes from a large family and he eats — well, he ate 7 large steaks at Sally's house one evening. At another sitting he consumed 11 hamburgers. It is costing Sally's parents a fortune to get her a husband, but Oct. 1 it will be all over. The young couple will say, "I do," on that date.

George Blysm, our Dutchman from Holland, would like to learn Chinese. Ronald Chung, our Chinaman, would like to speak Dutch! Soon we will be unable to understand either of them.

When Hurricane Donna was at its worst and the rain had teemed for hours, Chung was observed hurrying to a phone. He was calling his landlady to tell her to close the windows of his apartment!

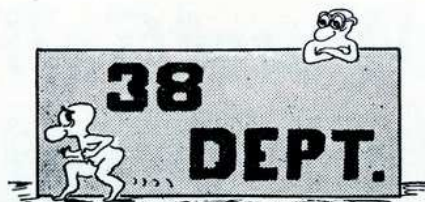
John Borsello walked to the parking lot to pick up his car when he discovered the fender skirts missing. Two chrome-plated skirts were deftly removed from his Ford when no one was looking.

Joe Chermol has neighbors in Wallingford who had a craving to play softball. In an effort to satisfy their desire, Joe organized a team of draftsmen to play against them. Joe talked Jack Herbert and Vic Pajan from the 2d floor into playing on his team. From the 3d floor he drafted Jack Sulger, Joe Ambrosino, Paul Sloan, Joe Carantonio, Sam Summa and Bob Walls. John Dougherty served as coach.

Our team would have had a chance to win if one Gabby (Pierre) Moretti had not showed up and demanded the right to play. Evidently Gabby had no knowledge of a softball uniform as he reported for duty in the following: Tee shirt, kakhi trousers supported by a 2"-wide belt with suspenders as a safety measure, high top shoes that were too large, and a black beret sat atop his head. Thus handicapped, Gabby could not stop the ball nor run to base, so Joe's team lost 9-1.

In the people-are-funny department this month, we find a young couple named Joe and Margie Wahowski. Joe and Margie owned an automobile of rather ancient vintage that was worn to a frazzle and ready for scrap. Early this summer old faithful finally stopped and Joe realized it was time to retire the vehicle. It was a sad day when he removed the tags and had it towed away.

He and his wife saved all summer and it was a happy day when they entered a show room early in September to purchase a gleaming white Chevrolet sedan. Likewise, they were ecstatic as they rode the bus that Friday evening enroute to accept delivery of their dream. Joe fingered the purchase order and Margie hugged the license plate under her arm.



By William Burns

"A chiel's among us takin' notes."

So wrote the Scottish poet, Robert Burns. Freely translated, (very freely) it means, "There's some guy around here writing things about us."

Of course, there has been a guy around for a long time, namely Bob Wilson, but now there's a new guy, me, Bill Burns. Now, this fellow comes with no credentials as a scribe. In fact, it is quite possible that the editor and Ann, his assistant, may have some difficulty deciphering his scrawl and his spelling may require much correcting. However, he will do his best to report things as he sees and hears them.

And this is where youse guys can help. He is depending on you, you rats, to snitch on each other and feed him all the di--er — all the news that's fit to print. So how about it, fellows? Get it to me before the 8th of each month. I'll gladly split my salary as a reporter with you for the service.

This month's column will be a short one as I have not had much time since taking on the job to do much news gathering.

We miss the sight of George Blair around the office. He is temporarily working in Mr. Zeien's department on the design of the new drydock. There is a new freshness in the air since he left taking his pipe and his stogies with him — but bless his little heart, we miss him.

Our Lillian spent a week at Chautauqua, N. Y. The way she has been going on since she came back, the place ought to be renamed Chautalk-wa.

If you are wondering about that benign look on Ralph Morgan's face, may we explain that he has just returned from a week at Ocean Grove, which is the place where all good Methodists go to have their spiritual batteries recharged.

Horace Bryson, we are sorry to report, is on the sick list. Latest reports indicate that he is doing well and is on his way to a full recovery. C'mon Horace, hurry back! We are having a heckuva time getting change for the coffee machine.

Jane and Bobby Scull are re-visiting Niagara Falls. This time I hope they'll see the falls.

Charlie Daggett, one of our elder statesmen, is visiting his mother somewhere in Illinois.



By Frank Wilson

October is a month with built-in fall-to-fall characteristics. Corn shocks and pumpkins and reddening apples. The smoke of many leaf fires lingering through its dusks. Painted trees and purple asters and the first frosts that faintly ice its dawns. All these are immutably October — no month's symbolisms are more distinct.

October also is a month when vacations become a memory and life suddenly turns serious. So one might think seriously of the problem that confronted Gil Widdowson (Safety) when



F. Wilson

one of his pet calves paused before the silo to ask: "Is my fodder in there?"

Happy Birthday greetings to the following for this month: Jeanne Hudak (Key-punch), Kay Schmidt (Payroll), Norm Fisher (Time Office), Jane Heavey (Insurance), Sally Suidowski (Vacations), Frank

Griffith (Time Office) and Tom Bishop (Production Planning).

Also congratulations to John Shallet (Dry Dock office) who celebrated his tenth wedding anniversary.

Nights are getting longer now as summer leaves us and daylight saving time comes to an end. Hallowe'en will be upon us with all its witches and goblins. And above all, new programs on TV. I hear this season's westerns will be more exciting — they're giving the villains faster horses.

Summer replacements who left last month were: Margaret Pescatore (2d shift Key-punch) and Krisdean Moore (Tab.).

A few people took advantage of the Labor Day weekend last month: Kas Coonan (Stores) and Jane Heavey (Ins.) spent their time in Stone Harbor, N. J.; Kay Schmidt (Payroll) at Wildwood, N. J.; Chris Skidas (Payroll) at her brother's home in Bethlehem, Pa.; Lillian Pennington (Stores) camping in the mountains upstate; George Turner (Cost) at his cottage in Hacks Point, Md., and Tom Bishop (Production Planning) enjoying his boat also at Hacks Point.

Some of those enjoying their vacations last month were: Peggy Jones (Mr. Atkinson's secretary), two weeks in Ocean City, N. J.; Doris Reynolds (M.C.), one week at

Then there's the story of the Scotsman who wanted to commit suicide. He watched until he saw the lady next door leave then went into her house, stuck his head in her oven and turned on her gas.

Wildwood, N. J.; Lillian Rosenberg (Cost), one week at Broadkill River, Del.; Al Boyd (Office Service Supervisor), one week at Wildwood, N. J.; Joe Wyatt (Invoice), two weeks motor trip to Myrtle Beach, N. C.; Joe Harris (Billing), one week motor trip to western Pennsylvania and New York; Rita and Sally Suidowski (Payroll), one week visiting the baseball Hall of Fame in Cooperstown, N. Y., and Asbury Park, N. J.; Pat Trosino (Moore-McCormack), one week visiting the New England states; Wes Salmons (2d shift Tab.) one week motor trip to Clemson, S. C., to enroll his son in Clemson University where he will study electrical engineering and W. Dean Moore (your editor) took a one week motor trip to Iowa.

Congratulations to Gertrude McGheenan (Stores) who received her 20-year service pin.

Good luck and happy motoring to Joe Harris (Billing) who purchased a new 1960 Oldsmobile.

The best of luck and God bless your new homes: Mena Harmer (Payroll) moved into her new home in Woodbrook, and Eleanor Abate (Mr. Hoot's office) moved into one in Milmont Park.

STORK CLUB NEWS: Maureen Pajan (formerly of Steno.) visited the office last month with her baby. The father is Vic Pajan of 38 Dept.

Jessie Carney (Steno.) and Betty Towson (Purch.) left service last month to join the ranks of mothers-to-be.

Elaine Osifat (formerly of Tab.) gave birth to her third baby, a girl, Aug. 22, 1960, at Riverside Hospital in Wilmington, Del. Baby weighed 8 lbs., 9 oz., and was named Elizabeth Louise. The proud father is Joe Osifat (Guards) and grandfather is Vic Littwin (Cost).

BOWLING NEWS: The Mixed League Bowling teams got off to a flying start this season with some pretty high scores and high averages. The line up is still the same, 12 teams with a few new bowlers here and there.

Some of the outstanding scores were: For the girls, high single went to Donna Osborn (Cornell), 200, and Dot Allebach (Duke), 172. High three, Donna with 531, and Nellie News (Yale), 467. High average, D. Osborn, 177, and Nellie News, 159.

For the men, high single went to Joe Kaminski (Notre Dame), 220, and Tex Gibson (Princeton), 211. High three, Joe Kaminski, 591, and Tex Gibson, 561. High average, J. Kaminski, 197, and Tex Gibson, 187.

We understand Marilyn Norton, daughter of Al Norton (Expediting) had a very good summer at the Wallingford Swim Club performing well in the diving competition. This is her first year in competition. She completed her Red Cross Junior Life Saving course as part of her summer's work.

That about sums it up for this month and to end on a warm note, there was the man who tried to burn Rome before Nero got around to it. He wanted to eliminate the Fiddlerman.

First Cowboy: "Mah name is Tex"

Second Cowboy: "You-all from Texas?"

First Cowboy: "Nope, Louisiana, but who wants to be called Louise?"

September-Best Weather, Worst Golf

Beautiful Saturday, Sept. 17, was pretty generally a bad day for Sun Ship golfers.

The last outing of the season before the John G. Pew, Sr. Golf Tournament found 36 divot-diggers toiling around Valley Forge's vast acreage. Most of them should of stood in bed. Imagine such regulars as Jack Herbert, Wills Brodhead and Joe Gillespie taking 90s—Tom Larkins, 99, though Tom was just getting into shape after having trouble with his leg. But take a look at Joe Sykes, a Moore-McCormack regular—ONE HUNDRED. When Joe added up his score he thought it was his temperature and started asking everyone to feel his head to see if he had a fever. Lyle Reeves had 102 and all we can do about that is observe a minute of silence in memory of the golfer he once was.

It really was rough. When you get 36 of our consistent golfers out on Valley Forge, which by now they feel they own, and only five of them make Class A, you know

Read All About It

We'll tell you all about the golf tournament next month. Right now the only thing we know is that 41 men are committed.

it was rough. Dominic Amoroso had low gross with 75, also low net with 72½. Pete Martin had next low net with 73. Jack Herbert captured low net in Class B by virtue(?) of a 15 handicap and Joe Gillespie got low gross though tied with three others by winning the last hole. Class B was the largest as usual, this time with 16.

Two newcomers to Sun Ship golf this year won Class C honors. Eugene Whaley (47 Dept., 2d Shift) won low gross with 102 and Jack Bartholf, who does all the beautiful lettering on the signs around the yard, was low net with 76. There were 15 in Class C.

Complete results follow.

Class	Out	In	Gross	Net
Class A				
Dominic Amoroso	39	36	75	72½
Peter Martin	37	41	78	73
Stanley Ulkowski	45	40	85	75
W. David Biddle	42	41	83	77
Bernard Nolan	44	43	87	77
Class B				
Jack Herbert	48	42	90	75
Joseph Gillespie	48	42	90	76
G. Wills Brodhead	44	46	90	77
James McSorley	46	45	91	77
Victor Pajan	48	48	96	77
Fred Heess	51	49	100	78
William Clerval	44	47	91	79
Harry Founds	45	49	94	79
Charles Drennan	44	46	90	80
John Viscuso	47	47	94	80
Ernest J. P. Wray	50	47	97	80
William MacIntyre	51	49	100	80½
Thomas Larkins	52	47	99	81
Paul Hermann	47	52	99	81½
Joseph Sykes	48	52	100	81½
Ray Burgess	48	52	100	81½
Class C				
Jack Bartholf	49	54	103	76
Eugene Whaley	50	52	102	79
Joseph Boyle	45	58	103	80
Joseph Begley	53	51	104	80

THIS PHOTO represents an odd situation in which a couple of our boys taking part in a golf tournament proved how good they were driving spikes and throwing objects at a point. Going from left to right we see Lyle Reeves, Victor Pajan, Jack Herbert, Ernest Wray,



Fred Heess and Joseph Sykes. Reeves, Heess and Sykes are Moore-McCormack men; Wray is Lloyd's of London; Pajan and Herbert are Engine Drawing habitues. Occasion was invitation tournament of Philadelphia Chapter of American Welding Society at Valley Forge golf club. Sykes and Charles Dooley, Sun Ship welding engineer, were hosts to pictured array. Results showed Herbert was first in spike-driving, Reeves was fourth, and Pajan had won horseshoe pitching prize. Jack drove a 30-penny spike into a log in four seconds and won a free dinner. Lyle won the hammer, spikes remaining and the log. Victor made first ringer and won the horseshoes.

This Should Help You Cast Ballot

While reading another publication of some sort, the editor came across this little squib which that publication had copied from another. Little squibs like this one should be published in as many different places as possible so he re-copies it without compunction and with the hope that you get the message:

If you want your father to take care of you, that's Paternalism.

If you want your mother to take care of you, that's Maternalism.

If you want Uncle Sam to take care of you, that's Socialism.

If you want a dictator to take care of you, that's Communism.

If you want to take care of yourself—that's Americanism.

A successful executive is one who can delegate all the responsibility, shift all the blame, and appropriate all the credit.

What more people are looking for is less to do, more time to do it in, and more pay for not getting it done.

Russell Staley	57	53	110	80½
Lyle Reeves	52	50	102	81
Frank Griffith	51	55	106	82
John Burke	53	62	115	82
Salvatore Pascal	49	57	106	83
Rgs. Kennedy	53	54	107	83
Frank Mosser	57	49	106	84
Joseph Wyatt	49	58	107	84
James Knox	62	55	117	84
Earl Watt	54	59	113	85
Louis Stewart	59	58	117	85

MORE ON 47 DEPT. . . .

now enrolled in Devon Prep School, conducted by the Piarist Fathers. The work load he is carrying would stagger a horse much less a young boy—he likes it—and he's making German students of my wife and I. The only trouble we have about him is the question of who he takes after. "Heavens to Betsy" it's plain to see he's the reincarnation of his father. Seriously though, I would rather write about the accomplishments of the children of men in our department than almost anything else. Let me know what's with the youngsters and we'll feature them in the column.

Capt. John Laskowski (sanitary engineer office) lost his wallet containing \$100.00 and important cards in the vicinity of 47 locker room. John offers \$25.00 reward for return of same. He was going to buy a new wrist watch with the money!

George (Hot Rod) Hoffner and Dave Edwards (burners) received some painful scratches while selecting kittens from a litter to take home. Seems as though the mother objected—probably was hoping to make a more suitable match for her offsprings.

Charles Keeley (burner) is taking a three-weeks vacation to rest up and revitalize himself for the months ahead. He did say he may do a little fishing—sorta pick the time and place at a leisurely pace.

Football season is in full swing so I will drop my pen and hurry to the stadium—hate to miss the kickoff!

"Mommy," asked the child, "why doesn't daddy have hair on his head?"

"Daddy thinks a great deal, dear."

"Why do you have so much hair on your head, mommy?"

"Shut up and eat your breakfast."

September Brings Bowling Along

Three weeks of bowling behind at this writing and things are beginning to take shape. By the time Christmas and knock-down night roll around (that's next week, in case you want to get ready for it), it probably will only be made more definite.

In the Mixed League for instance. Any-one expect to match DONNA OSBORN's first night 200 single? or DONNA OSBORN's 531 high three? or DONNA OSBORN's 234 high single with handicap? or DONNA OSBORN's 633 high three with handicap? Get's monotonous, doesn't it? It sure does help you to write DONNA OSBORN'S on a typewriter without making a mistake, though.

Somehow or other Nellie News slipped in ahead of Donna for high average—just to break the monotony, perhaps—with 154 to Donna's 151. Second place in the other ratings was widely distributed. Dorothy Allebach's 187 was second high single, Nellie News had 467 for second three, Joyce Hunt was runnerup for high single with handicap with 221 and Helen Daily was ditto for high three with . . . with 619.

Over on the men's side the same old names were showing up, but not all of them, so there is room for change over there. Joe Kaminski started right off with a 225 high single which, of course, will not last too long. A 600 high three probably won't stand the gaff either but R. (Tex) Gibson is up there for the time being. William Murtaugh (yes, I think the other one is in the family somewhere along the line) took over both handicap spots with 253 for high single and 658 for high three. Tex has a phenomenal 194 average.

Standing and records at match time Sept. 27 were:

	Won	Lost
1. Notre Dame	9	3
2. Yale	8½	3½
3. Duke	8	4
4. P. M. C.	7	5
5. Princeton	7	5
6. Lehigh	5	7
7. Cornell	5	7
8. Army	5	7
9. Navy	5	7
10. Penn	5	7
11. Temple	4	8
12. Harvard	3½	8½

Season Record — Girls

High single—D. Osborn (Cornell) . . .	200
High three—D. Osborn (Cornell) . . .	531
High single w/hcp.—D. Osborn (Cornell)	234
High three w/hcp.—D. Osborn (Cornell)	633
High Average—N. News (Yale)	154

MEN

High single—J. Kaminski (N. Dame) . .	225
High three—R. Gibson (Princeton) . .	600
High single w/hcp.—B. Murtaugh (P.M.C.)	253
High three w/hcp.—B. Murtaugh (P.M.C.)	658
High average—R. Gibson (Princeton) 194	

A woman fell overboard and a gigantic shark outdistanced all rescue boats to reach her. At the last instant it skidded to a stop and quickly swam away.

"It never touched her?"

"No, it was a man-eating shark."

Murphy-Fusco Lead A League

A new crop of pacesetters has come forward in A League. Ed Murphy's name used to pop up once in a while but not often at the top of any list. Now he's riding high on the three-game totals with a healthy 634. That can stand a lot of sniping before it will fall.

That same 634 plus his handicap puts Ed on top of the high-three-with-handicap list with 676. M. Fusco (Carpenters) is a newcomer to the record sheet, at least the top of it. He has a real solid high single of 243, though Frank Griffith, Jr., rolled right up to his heels with a 242. There is another name new to the record sheet—Junior, that is, not the other one!—but he had high three and high single the same day and is season runnerup for both high three with handicap and high single with handicap.

As for the teams, none seems definitely to have staked a claim on any level. Even the Timekeepers with one win out of 12 are not far below Electrical Drawing with two out of 12. There is a two-way tie for first place, three-way for third, sixth and ninth places. In fact the only lone occupants of any rungs in the 16-team league are the last five teams. Oh, well! It won't take long to fix that. Perhaps by this time already.

The situation was thusly when action began Sept. 30:

	Won	Lost
1. Riggers	9	3
2. Carpenters	9	3
3. Chippers	8	4
4. Hull Drawing	8	4
5. Transportation	8	4
6. Yard General	7	5
7. Shipways	7	5
8. 47 Fabs	7	5
9. Office	6	6
10. Welders	6	6
11. Hull General	6	6
12. Engine Drawing	5	7
13. Supers	4	8
14. Wetherill	3	9
15. Electrical Drawing	2	10
16. Timekeepers	1	11

SEASON RECORDS

High three—E. Murphy (Office)	634
High single—M. Fusco (Carpenters) . .	243
High three w/hcp.—E. Murphy (Office)	676
High single w/hcp.—M. Fusco (Carpenters)	267

It was their first child. The husband was at work when he received word that his wife had driven from their home to the hospital.

He dropped everything, but they were wheeling his wife back to her room when he arrived.

"Is everything all right?" he asked.

"I don't know," the new mother said anxiously. "Run out and check the car quick. I had to park in a 2-hour zone."

B League Still In Fluid State

This new X-ray team in B League is making things interesting for the rest of the boys. Tie for third isn't bad even if it is early in the season. Of course they also are tied for fifth and one night could see them way down the list. It could see them way up there, too, and it will be interesting to see which way they go.

Boiler Shop goes thundering along with 11 wins in 12 tries. Probably never heard of the Golden Rule. Of course there is such a thing as being too generous, probably, like Moore-McCormack—one win in 12 tries. If you must be one or the other, it's just human nature to choose the Boiler Shop way. Or you could be like Pipe Shop B and the Counters—win six and lose six. That way you don't offend anybody.

Russel Staley started off in his usual fashion—setting a high mark which will stand up all through the season. Then about next to the last match someone will climb right over him. Last year, remember, his high single (263) did that and then someone rolled 264. This time he rolled high three of 585. But that's not so high, is it? He'll have to do better than that if he expects to lead even up to the middle of the season.

The name of one, E. Whitelock, appears on the record sheet for the first time in the memory of mortal man—this mortal man anyway. Rolling for Welders B, he is for the moment king of the high single heap with 235. The story up to Sept. 28 was:

	Won	Lost
1. Boiler Shop	11	1
2. Welders "B"	9	3
3. Electric Shop	7	5
4. X-Ray Dept.	7	5
5. Monopol Drawing	7	5
6. Pipe Shop "B"	6	6
7. Counters	6	6
8. Pipe Shop "A"	4	8
9. Welders "A"	2	10
10. Moore McCormack	1	11

SEASON RECORDS

High three—R. Staley (Monopol Drawing)	585
High single—E. Whitelock (Welders B) 235	
High three w/hcp.—R. Kushto (X-Ray Dept.)	680
High single w/hcp.—H. Suter (Welders B)	272

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MORE ON 84 . . .

This was the first time he has been off for a number of years. We sure are glad he is back.

Noah Jones and Muddy Water O'Connor have been seen going out together. We hope Noah has not fallen for Muddy's line. . . . George Kelly would like to know why Harry Kaylen doesn't put the steel balls back in the jacks when he repairs them. Harry is off on vacation and planned to visit quite a few of their friends in order to cut down on the expenses. He hates to go into those bank accounts he is saving for his old age.

Everyone in our department is pleased to see that Lord Chesterfield Stewart is making out so well.

Well, my fellow workers, we all lost one of the finest gentlemen who ever worked in our yard when Frank Cox, foreman of 42 Dept., had that accident on #1 way. A lot of us who knew Frank personally could not quite believe it when we heard it. He will be missed by all for he had no enemies. He had the respect of all from the top to the bottom of those working in the yard. We of 84 Dept. along with all the other departments wish to extend our sympathy to Mrs. Cox and his family.

You have all read about the great work of three of our department men on 3d shift who saved those four young men in the river. We think this shows just what kind of men boss William Browne has working for him. They are always ready to do anything and when that cry came from out over the river that morning at 4:30 a.m. it did not take them very long to think what to do.

John Sauter first heard their cry and he at once came down from the crane he was working on and told Gil LeTourneau what had happened. Before he could finish, with disregard for their own safety, Gil and Bob Weaver were in that little steel boat and rowing out to where the cry was coming from. They did not wait for orders but knowing that every minute counted they were out to save those in the river.

The boat being so small they could only take two on but had the others hold on along with their boat. They started to row back to the yard but as the tide was going out very fast they could not make it. It was then Supt. Thomas Ickes and Capt. Curtis Herrick called the Franklin Rescue Squad and police and through their efforts they caught the boat as it went past the Ford plant and all were pulled into shore. These men were very fortunate their plight did not end in tragedy. Quite a few in Our Yard feel that a plaque with their names on should be put up someplace in our yard honoring these three men. We of 84 Dept. are proud of you.

Your reporter is taking a three weeks vacation next month to go to the national convention of the American Legion at Miami Beach, Fla., where he will be a delegate from this district. It is quite an honor to attend these meetings and take part in the affairs. As I have told you before, those who attend these conventions do it on their own after being selected at a district meeting or state convention. We are only too willing to give our time to help get things for those in our hospitals and those not able to work

MORE ON 59 2D . . .

and the Democrats trying to get one into the White House.

Buck (Shot Gun) Deppner explains why Wagon Train keeps moving on. They can't find a place to park it. . . . About the only thing we can count on today is an adding machine.

PAPPY'S DAFFIES

Family Man—Fellow who has replaced the currency in his wallet with snapshots.

Newlyweds—People who don't owe anything yet.

Middle Age—Time in life when you don't care where your wife goes so long as you don't have to go along.

Honesty—The fear of being caught.

Charlie (Legs) Filbert became a grandpop when his daughter Mrs. Parkin gave birth to a boy. The doctor had his hands full with Charlie—had to give him two shots and a bottle of tranquilizers to calm his nerves.

because of their services to our country.

If you as an outsider would just check your papers, you will see that we send more money over to these other countries in one month than we ever put out to help our service men. It is near time we started to think of our men and girls before putting everything out to some of those countries. It is great to help others but don't forget those at home. They did not ask to go to war.

I often wonder if those who write so much in our papers about what it is costing our country to keep our servicemen ever looked into the cost of keeping those men and boys who are in jail just sitting around doing nothing. They could be out working in our forests and cleaning up our streams so that when it rains and the waters get high they will be able to carry off the water and we will not have the floods we have been having each year. Surely this is something that would help keep the cost down in every state. We also pay out a lot of unnecessary money in welfare work. There are a lot of unmarried woman having children and getting aid from the welfare. It is things like this that make our taxes so high, not the keeping of our service men who in time of war were ready to give their lives if needed.

When you get this month's OUR YARD, you will have been asked to give some blood for our blood bank. I surely hope we went over the top. There are quite a few in our yard who give to other people outside of our yard along with what they give in here and nothing is said about it. There are also quite a few who don't give. All they need is something to hit them or their loved ones and they will be only too willing to give. So before it does hit you why not give now and everytime they come into our yard.

You will also be asked to give to the United Community Fund again and I ask that you do this 100% as you know your company puts in just what you do. This is to help those who can't help themselves. We do have some men in our yard whom this fund has helped. When they come around to your home to collect for this fund, show them your sign and tell them you gave at the yard. There will be nothing said as long as you have given someplace.

MORE ON INK SPOTS . . .

The Chevrolet looked like a Cadillac to them when the dealer showed them their new possession. Anxious to try this new luxury, Joe hurried through the formalities then turned to Margie for the license tag.

Gasping for breath, a stunned Margie suddenly realized she had left it on the bus!

It was funny to all but the two involved, as they waved down each Red Arrow bus that traveled down the Baltimore pike and searched for the tags. As the last light in the showroom was extinguished it was a dejected couple that stood on the sidewalk with tears in their eyes.

Saturday morning Joe made many calls to the lost and found department to no avail. Finally, five minutes before closing, Joe received an affirmative reply but it was too late to get it.

Their ecstasy having turned to gloom, they spent the weekend sitting in chairs glaring at each other.

By Monday the frost that pervaded their home had melted. Margie recovered the license plate and in the evening they once again boarded a bus for the show room.

One would never have known they had been irritated with one another had they observed Margie's proximity to the driver as they drove around showing their "Cadillac" to friends and relatives.

With this little story we close this gossip column, acknowledging the help received from Sue Longbine, Bob Filliben, Gabby Moretti and Tom Winterbottom.

MORE ON ROD & GUN . . .

dad who takes him fishing or shooting is a very lucky boy.

Glad to see three veterans of the rod and gun clan back at their jobs after being laid up this summer. George Ridgley of 59 Dept. sustained a serious injury playing softball. George says ball playing is for the young fellows not for him any more. . . . Sylvester Mitchell, another welder, was laid up with the miseries in the back—probably from carrying home big loads of pheasants and rabbits while hunting.

Was very pleasantly surprised as I came through the employment office one morning to see Mike Znachko sitting there waiting for the doctor to give him the okay to go back to his job in 74 Toolroom. Yes, Mike, you have to slow down. You know that you will always see more game or catch more fish when you hunt or troll slowly.

MORE ON 50 YEARS . . .

a long way off, a lot farther than it used to," he says.

John was born in Chester and married a Chester girl. They have no children but "there always has been at least one around the house." Right now it's a niece. While she is there John is putting her through West Chester State College.

Mr. and Mrs. McDonough are great travelers. They have been in 45 of the 50 states. When he's not traveling he follows sports pretty closely. Football is his first love, then baseball. Hockey was at the head of the class "until the amateurs took over in Philadelphia." Whatever it is John finds the world a pretty good place to be and it's probably better off because he is in it.

SHIPS

Every ship must have an anchor,
Be she battleship or tenker,
Besides she ought to have a rudder,
She's got to steer somehow or other.

Most ships have propellers too,
To make them go, but still I'ts true,
That some depend on sail and breeze,
To drive them o'er the seven seas.

Ships are built of wood or steel,
And each has stem and stern and keel,
All have bilges, masts and decks,
And many of them end as wrecks.

A "battleship" has heavy armor,
So projectiles cannot harm her,
On this, perhaps I've said enough,
For armor's "confidential stuff".

The molded lines of every ship,
Extend throughout from tip to tip,
With perpendiculars at the ends,
And knuckle lines at all the bends.

All have length and breadth and draft,
And frames and floors all fore and aft,
And all have metacentric height,
Which sometimes changes overnight.

They have CB, BM and I,
Which may be either low or high,
And many other curious features,
Of interest to us human creatures.

For instance, ships in heavy seas,
Should roll and pitch with grace and ease,
And here's where science comes in strong,
On this designers must be "long".

Among the odd things found on ships,
Are saddles, bridles, spurs and whips,
Stabilizers, martingales,
Barnacles and studdingsails.

Horses, stirrups, breeches, bays,
Runners, jumpers, bits and stays,
Crosstrees, Treenails, logs and blocks,
Billboards, limber cards and chocks.

Catheads, catapults and hogs,
Wholps and wildcats, hounds and dogs,
Flying jibs and walking beans,
Thimbles, needles, thread and seams

Also sheets and anchor beds,
Pillow blocks and gipseys heads,
Fife-rails, whistles, drums and bells,
Jews-harps, sounding tubes and swells.

Jiggers, hoppers, knees and shanks,
Partners, shuffle-board and planks,
Buttocks, bon jean curves and cheeks,
Breasthooks, bustles, heads and peaks.

Dumb-bells, dinkeys, boobies, and nuts,
Bobstays, bights and scuttle-butts,
Whiskers, bearding lines and shears,
Pirates, pikes and mutineers.

Well decks, berth decks, berths and squall,
Sick bays, doctors, shrouds and pawls,
Reels and rockers, slides and slips,
Tumblers, divers, falls and trips.

Oxter plates and bulwark rails,
Steering engines, horns and tails,
Chuck-plates, quarter-blocks and hooks,
Captains, stewards, mates and cooks.

Seafaring men without a doubt,
Will know what this is all about,
But just a few words on the side,
To those who on the shore abide.

All items named herein-before,
Yes, all of them and many more,
It can be quickly demonstrated,
Are found on ships as we have stated.

And more could easily be found,
If one but cared to look around,
But time forbids, and space as well,
And where 'twould end no one can tell.

Then why attempt so great a feat,
As making such a list complete?
'Twould string it out ad infinitum,
And take too long a time to write 'em.

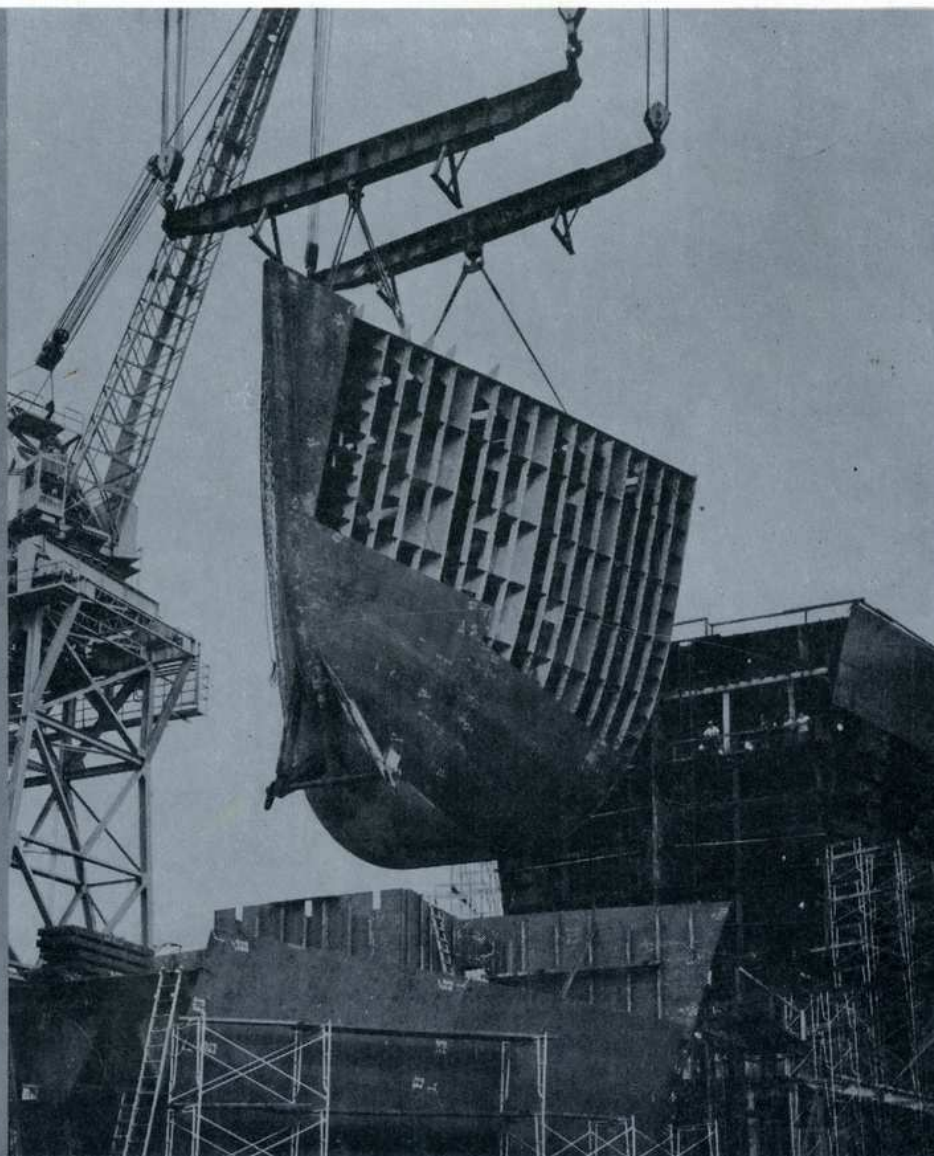
Those who yearn for more ship knowledge,
But can't afford to go to college,
May supplement this simple lecture,
From books on naval architecture.

A work by "Atwood" we suggest,
As, of i'ts kind, Perhaps the best,
There are some others, it is true,
But read your "Atwood" through and through.

N. S. Webster

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MR. SHIPOWNER You're looking at huge cranes moving the preassembled 160-ton bow on to Hull-610 during construction of the 50,000-DWT supertanker Pennsylvania Sun at our Chester plant on the Delaware River.

The building of this supertanker, which has cargo tank capacity of 417,000 barrels of oil, is a good example of ship design and construction skill which Sun Ship is furnishing to meet the increasing demands of the oil industry. The Pennsylvania Sun has joined the long list of oceangoing vessels we have completed since 1917.

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