

FEBRUARY 1943

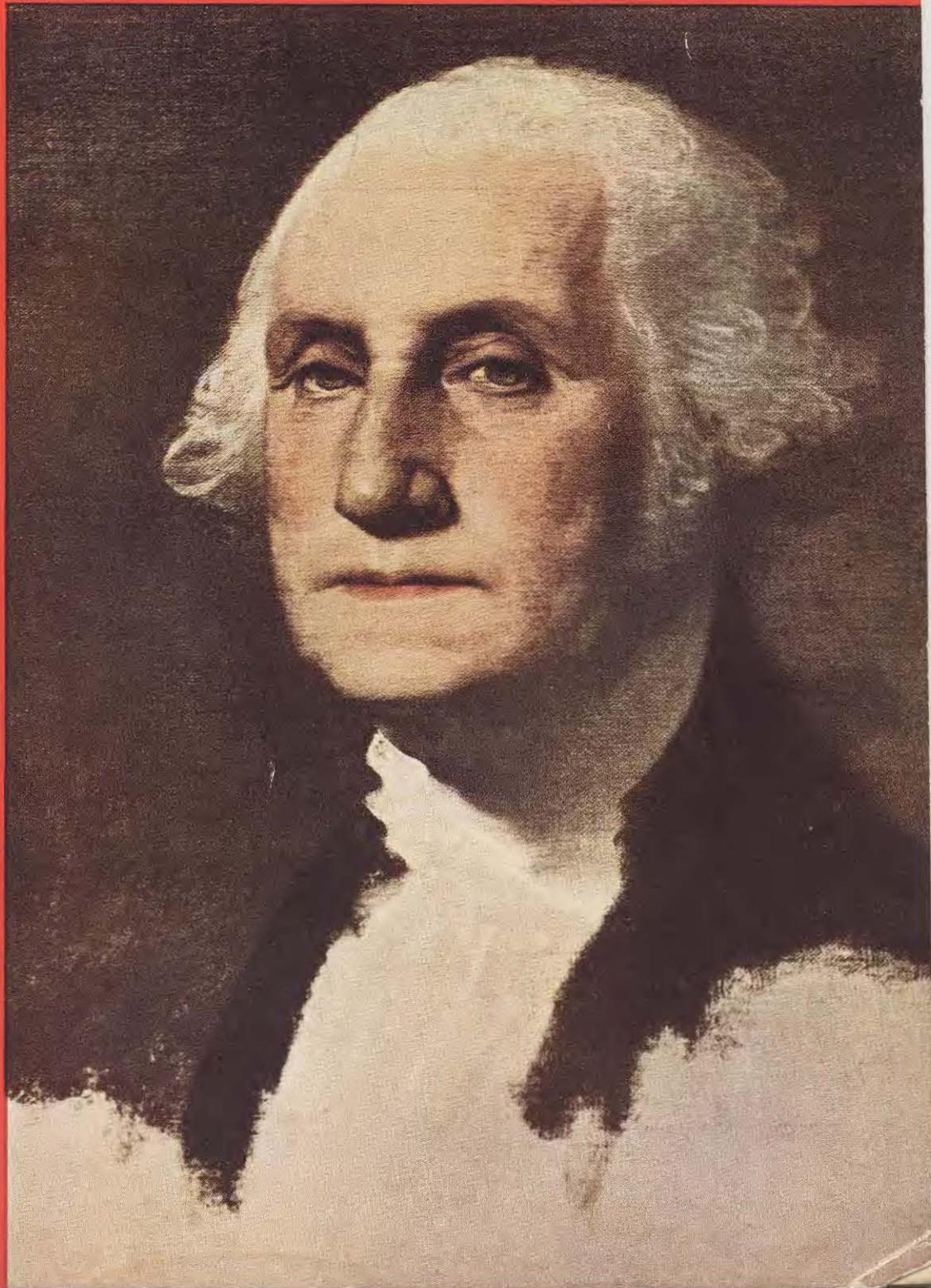
Our Yard

SUN SHIPBUILDING & DRY DOCK COMPANY · CHESTER, PA.

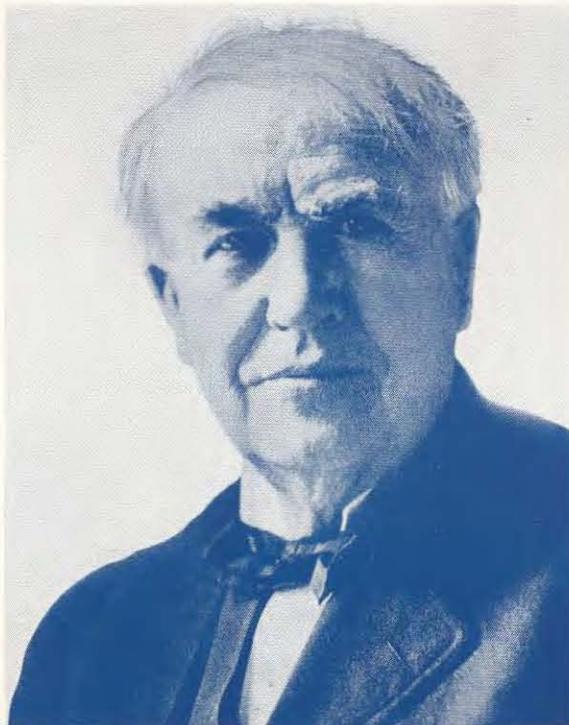


...for it is a
fixed principle
with me, that
whatever is
done should
be WELL DONE.

George Washington



You
Know
Tom!



He's the guy you run into everywhere, every day. Pick up a phone *and there's Tom*. Turn on a light *and there's Tom*. Bang on a typewriter *and there's Tom*. Unwrap your sandwich *and there's Tom*. Do any job in this shipyard *and there's Tom* — helping you to do it BETTER . . . FASTER.

Great guy, Thomas A. Edison. You never think of him as a man who died 12 years ago. It's not because of the many things he invented. Most of them no longer bear his name. (That's okay with Tom. He didn't care for credit lines). Tom's still very much alive because he started something that will never stop.

He started America tinkering — forever tinkering with little things. Forever dissatisfied, forever improving. And that's what makes America great!

There are lots of Toms . . . right here at Sun Ship. Lots of guys who are *always* alert to *little* ways of doing their job better, faster.

Lots of guys who know that the way to shorten this war and save American lives is to *work like Tom!*

How About YOU?

SUN SHIP AWARDED MARITIME M

The following telegram recently received by our President, Mr. John G. Pew, carries a message of vast interest to all Sun Ship workers:

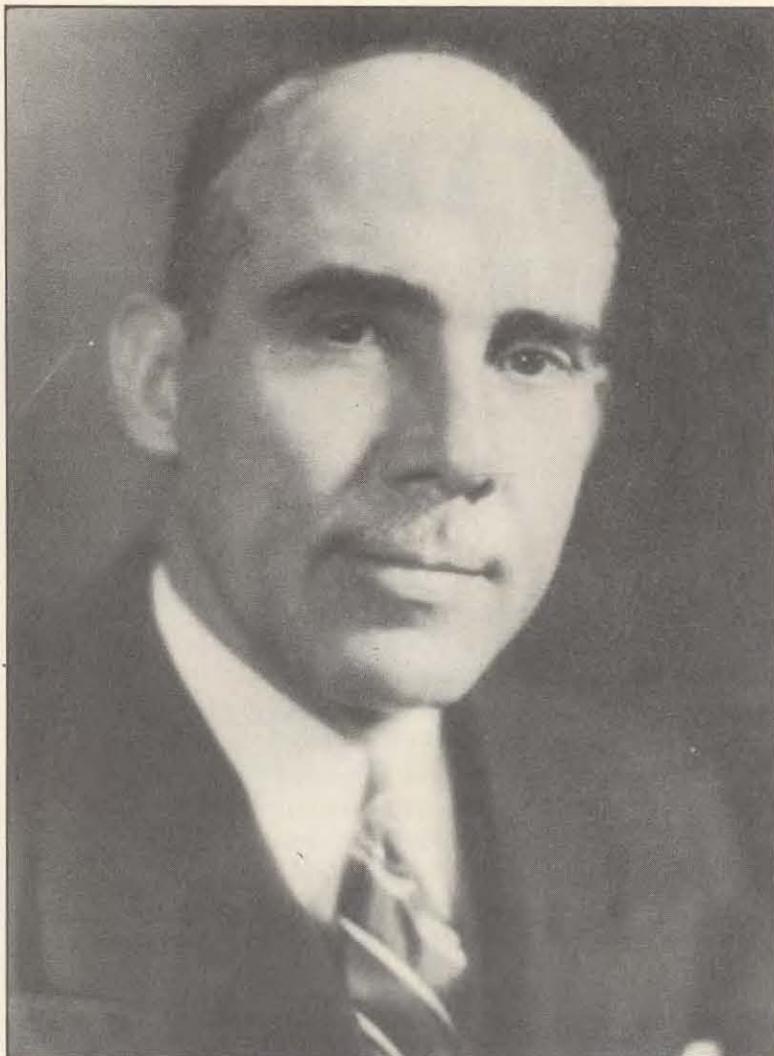
**John G. Pew, President,
Sun Shipbuilding & Dry Dock Co.**

As Chairman of the United States Maritime Commission Board of Awards, I take pleasure in advising you that the Board in recognition of your outstanding production achievement in tanker construction has awarded to your yard the Maritime "M" Pennant, the Victory Fleet Flag and Maritime Merit Badges for all your employees. A United States Maritime representative will personally present the award to your yard before March 20th. Please wire Mark O'Dea, Director of Public Relations, the number of bona fide employees as of February 10th and name and address of Company officials for arranging presentative ceremony.

**H. L. VICKERY, Commissioner,
U. S. Maritime Commission**

The Maritime M is equivalent to the Army-Navy E awards presented to industries achieving exceptional production records in war materials. It means that Sun Ship workers and management are doing a fine job producing ships to keep our armed forces and war industries supplied with materials vital to their success.

Every Sun Ship man and woman, over 30,000 of them, should get a real thrill from this recognition of their work. But the Maritime M is not only recognition of past achievement; it carries with it an expectation that past production will not only be maintained but even increased in the future. We've done a good job; we can do even better. Let's show the Maritime Commission that their confidence was well placed in awarding Sun Ship their highest honor!



Direction . . .

G. H. HELMBOLD
*Director,
Operations and Traffic
United States
Maritime Commission*

TO THE WORKERS OF THE SUN SHIPBUILDING & DRY DOCK COMPANY:

During the year 1942 American shipyards met the directive of the President of the United States and delivered into actual service 8,000,000 tons of new merchant tonnage. If given materials, this goal will be more than doubled during the coming twelve months. The workers of the Sun Shipbuilding and Dry Dock Company have made a substantial contribution to this essential part of our national war effort, and I have every reason to believe that their determination to follow through to ultimate victory will continue during the coming year.

This true American spirit has won for Sun Shipbuilders the coveted Maritime Commission "M" pennant, Commission flag and labor merit badges, symbols of your government's appreciation for a job well done. You are building the ships. The men of our merchant marine are sailing them to the many fighting fronts of our global war carrying oil, guns, tanks and planes so that a free and democratic world may be preserved.

G. H. Helmbold

... Supervision

EDWARD G. LAMBERSON

*General Superintendent,
Number 4 Yard,
Sun Shipbuilding
and Dry Dock Company*



OUR YARD salutes Edward G. Lamberson, General Superintendent of Number Four Yard.

“Eddie” was born in Damascus, Virginia on October 8, 1894 and came to Chester in August of 1916 where he worked as a machinist in the Eddystone Ammunition Plant until he enlisted in the 318th Machine Gun Company in World War No. 1.

After the Armistice he came with Sun Ship and has been here ever since. His mechanical skill on all types of machine and installation work and a natural ability to lead men was demonstrated early in his career with Sun Ship, and he has steadily advanced from one supervisory position to another. He has recently been taken from his responsibilities in charge of the Tube Mill and placed in his present important position.

Eddie Lamberson is consistently firm but absolutely fair, and we predict that the men of Number Four Yard, under his guidance, will make an enviable reputation for themselves.

TALE OF A CITY

"Tale of a City" has been issued by the Office of War Information to help us all understand the kind of people and the kind of war we are fighting. It is too long to reprint here complete, but because we feel it is of interest to Sun Ship workers we are publishing part of it below. The illustrations were made by a former officer of the Polish Army, an eyewitness of the early days of the occupation.

A city falls to the Nazis. Conquering troops goose-step through the streets, swastikas fly from public buildings. Bands play merry German waltzes in the park. "The grateful populace," reads the official lie from Berlin, "welcomed their German liberators with open arms!" Then silence, the silence of the tomb.

Behind that wall of silence the "New Order" begins its deadly work. Men become slaves, a slice of bread becomes a precious jewel. Into the city stream the executioners of the "New Order" — the economic advisors with their charts of strangulation, the Gestapo with their blueprints of death. Many of their moves are bloodless, many bloody, but each is a deliberate step toward the Nazi goal: the enslavement of the human race.

Warsaw's fate is the ultimate fate of Paris, Oslo, and Rotterdam, of Belgrade and Brussels, of every village, city and nation that falls to the Nazis. Poland has been the testing ground for the Nazi plans of world domination. Every nation occupied by the Nazis has been subject to an inexorable pattern: no matter how mild the occupation seemed at the start, conditions slowly and surely have approached those prevailing in Warsaw. On the day the Nazis seized Oslo, in Norway, posters announced that the occupation was merely "protective" and "temporary". In those days the Nazis said the Norwegians were blood-brothers of the same racial strain. Today the mask has been dropped. Blood runs in the streets of Oslo. The people are without adequate clothing or food, their every liberty has been destroyed, their property stolen. Only by degrees does Oslo differ from Warsaw.

The story of Warsaw is the story of Poland, Norway, and France, of Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia, Greece, of Holland, Belgium, Denmark and Luxembourg. It is a deadly warning to all men still blessed with freedom.

* * *

Warsaw resisted the heavy artillery guns and dive bombers of the Nazis for twenty-one days. On the twenty-second day — its water supply gone, its dead still lying in the streets — the city surrendered. There was food for three more days, munitions for one. Their spirit unbroken, men and women emerged from cellars and the ruins of bombed buildings, from behind barricades and antitank traps hastily erected in the streets. During the siege some fifty thousand persons had been killed, one hundred thousand wounded. Half the city's buildings had been either completely demolished or severely damaged.

Residents of Warsaw were given three days to clear the streets of rubble and bodies, and on October 1, 1939,

German troops marched into the city. As reward for their victory, General von Brauchitsch granted twenty-four hours of freedom in which to loot suburban houses. Told to loot, they looted. Otherwise, they maintained complete discipline. German Army trucks, loaded with loaves of bread, were stationed at several prominent intersections. Poles who stood in line to receive the bread noticed that each scene was being carefully recorded by newsreel cameras. "A more pleading expression," urged the cameramen. Disgusted, many Poles turned away. Pictures of this dole were later shown in German theatres, captioned: "German soldiers sharing food with their erstwhile enemies." In other parts of the city during the first three days 300,000 helpings of thin soup and black bread were passed out to the accompaniment of German bands playing waltzes.

Warsaw belongs to what is known as the Government General, presided over by Governor General Hans Frank, a Nazi for many years, who has said: "The Government General represents the best example of the system that will be introduced in the countries of New Europe controlled by Greater Germany." At the beginning of the occupation, the Germans spoke of the Government General as being merely under German influence, distinct from areas to the west of Warsaw, which were made part of Germany itself and where the policy of extermination has been even more ruthless than in Warsaw. Dropping all pretense after the fall of France, Frank declared: "Henceforth the Government General will not be looked upon as occupied territory, but as an integral part of the Greater German power space." Warsaw is really ruled by the Gestapo, a law unto itself. Fully equipped with



the tools of its trade—rifles, steel helmets, whips, machine guns, tanks, and antitank guns—the Gestapo set up shop in a former ministry on Szucha Avenue. The street itself was renamed Polizei (Police) Street. Once the Gestapo became settled in Warsaw, with some one thousand officers and five thousand troops, no man's life could be called his own. The invaders passed a series of legal decrees authorizing themselves to steal all Polish property. For weeks on end the covered trucks of the Gestapo rumbled out of Warsaw, headed for Germany and laden with furniture, rugs, jewels, furs, paintings, household equipment, all manner and description of Polish personal property, all seized without payment.

"In stilling the pangs of hunger," Reichsmarshal Goering has said, "the Germans come first." Poles in Warsaw are barely being kept alive, alive just enough, in some cases, to turn out goods for the German war machine. Bread is about the only thing the Poles can count upon eating; they have been permitted less than five slices a day. This winter there may be no bread for poles in Warsaw. Forty percent sawdust, the bread is dark and indigestible. Many families are subsisting on a thin potato soup, without meat and containing a few cabbage leaves and beets. Food cards theoretically entitle the Poles each week to slightly more than three ounces of meat (the equivalent in the United States, say, of one thin chop); each month to three and a half ounces of flour and sugar, four and a half ounces of marmalade and one egg. They rarely receive these. Meat, when sold, is malodorous and mostly bone. No provision is made on the food cards for butter, cheese, or green vegetables. Adults may not receive milk, an adult being anybody older than six months.

There is food enough in and around Warsaw, but it either goes to Germans on the spot, is shipped into the Reich, or sent to feed German troops on the war fronts. "We are today in a fortunate situation," Goering told the German people on October 4, 1942, "where the entire German Wehrmacht, no matter on what front it stands, is supplied solely from the conquered territories."

Hunger has made the people of Warsaw feel tired all the time. The slightest exertion — mental or physical — causes extreme fatigue. Children are malformed and ghostlike, suffering from anemia and softening of the bones. Adults lose weight; the functioning of their vital organs is impaired by malnutrition. Exhaustion, hunger, and cold have forced many people to stay permanently in bed. In 1941, 9,000 persons died of tuberculosis in the city, compared with less than 3,000 in 1938. In the first eight months of 1941, typhus took a toll of 5,592 persons, compared to 23 in 1938.

"I am not interested in heating the homes of these swine — the Poles," said the German Coal Commission in August 1941. "Let them die." Warsaw in winter has an average temperature of five below zero (F); it sometimes drops to twenty below. During the winter of 1940-41 Germans allowed the Poles one bucketful of coal every six or eight weeks. Coal this winter will be available only on the Black Market, where a half ton costs in the neighborhood of \$160.

Warsaw's working class is poverty-stricken. The cost of living has risen more than 1,100 percent, while wages (with the exception of those paid some unskilled laborers) have dropped below the minimums set by pre-war



contracts. Building-trades workers are unemployed, as there is no new construction in this city of ruins. White-collar earnings have been decreased; regardless of previous earnings, office workers can receive no more than \$15 weekly. The average stenographer earns \$7.50 weekly, the average waitress \$3. Inasmuch as one room and a kitchen rent for at least \$30 a month, residents of Warsaw are living six and eight to a room.

Thousands of Poles in Warsaw have been expelled from their homes on three days' notice, and been moved to other parts of the city. Today Germans completely occupy the best residential sections. Polish Jews were given three to six hours to pack and get into the Ghetto, taking along only such bedding and clothing as they could carry. Warsaw's housing problem is desperate, not only as a result of the property destruction but because a half million of those Poles driven from their homes in the Western part of the country have been sent into the overcrowded city, to await shipment into Germany as slave labor. To the Nazis, Polish manpower swims in a large and nameless lake, the private property of the Reich. Whenever they move Germans from bombed areas into stolen lands, or need men to make more weapons, or to work German farms (while the German farmer is off using the weapons), the planners of the Reich cast a large net into the nameless lake and pull out a few thousand or hundred thousand or million Poles. From all of Poland, nearly half a million prisoners of war are now bending their backs in Germany; another million Poles have been uprooted from their homes in the West and shipped like cattle to the East; another million have been sent to labor camps in occupied Russian territory; another million and a half have been dragged into the Reich as farm and industrial slaves.

Persecuting the Catholic Church, the Nazis have for-

bidden Poles to celebrate the festivals of the Assumption and the Immaculate Conception. Large numbers of prominent priests are in concentration camps, or have been tortured and put to death. Catholic organizations have been forced to close their doors and end their activities. In a typical church raid, the Nazis swooped down upon the Capuchin Cloister on Miodowa Street, confiscated the property, and arrested the monks. In villages on the outskirts of Warsaw, priests are held as hostages when peasants fail to meet the grain quota demanded by the Nazis. Both Lutheran colleges in Warsaw have been seized and converted into military hospitals. Polish Protestant publications are forbidden, as are religious rites in Polish in the Protestant churches. No church was left undamaged in Warsaw during the siege. Many have since managed to patch their roofs, but services are held today in churches with wrecked altars and shattered walls. Despite the Nazi tyranny — or, rather, because of it — Warsaw's churches are filled to bursting at every service.

There is no way of telling at this time exactly how many Poles have been murdered by the Nazis in Warsaw. At the beginning of the occupation, executions took place at 2 a. m. and 3:30 p. m. in the Sejm (lower House of the Polish Parliament) Gardens. More recently, the execution spot has been Palmiry, not far from Warsaw in the Kampinos Forest, where the shootings occur either at dawn or during the night, by the light of auto headlamps. Trenches — twenty yards long, two yards wide, two yards deep — are dug in advance by Jewish labor battalions, forced to perform this work. Twenty persons at a time are lined up along the trench edge and shot in the back of the head by firing squads. Isolated executions in Warsaw reveal the continuous pattern: on September 14, 1940, two Poles, sought by three German policemen, escaped from a house in Lwowska Street amidst gunplay. A large force of German police soon arrived, arrested all inhabitants living in the house in question, and a number of men from neighboring buildings. In all, 200 persons (180 men and 20 women) were taken to prison and later shot. The body of a sixteen-year-old boy who broke the 8 p. m. curfew was returned to his parents with a small card pinned to his suit. The card simply said: "8:15." Often the Germans torture their intended victims by delaying the execution — as in the case of 31 persons, during January 1940, who were led from their prison for two successive nights, told to dig graves, and then returned to prison. On the third night they were shot.

Poland resists. Guerrilla bands representing all classes of the Polish people have been operating since the occupation. Working singly and in groups, well-organized, receiving aid and shelter from their fellow-Poles, they have given the Nazis a bloody taste of their own medicine.

In factories making goods for the German war machine the work of sabotage never ceases. If a man is caught in a Warsaw building with a radio, all persons in that building are shot. Nevertheless, twenty-four hours a day somewhere in Poland men are listening to the shortwave voices of freedom from overseas. Taking notes, they swiftly pass the news to hidden spots where some 120 underground newspapers are prepared. These newspapers fall like snow about the baffled Nazis. They appear everywhere — folded so small they are passed on during handshakes, slipped under doors, shoved into

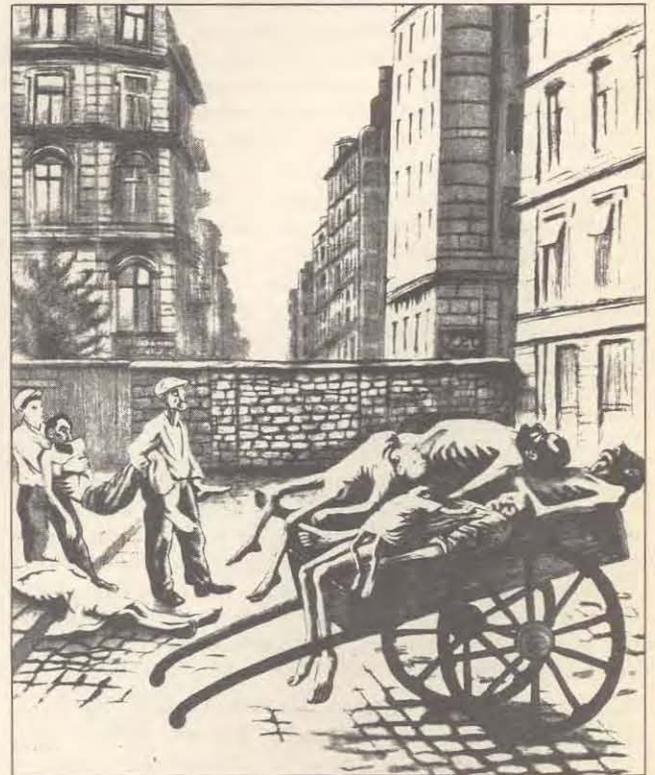
Nazi newspapers — and are read by hundreds of thousands. Underground newspapers keep their readers well informed with up-to-the-minute war news from all fronts, tell of mounting power of the United Nations, point out traitors and spies, and maintain faith in the fight for freedom.

Joined with the United Nations and his comrades from other occupied lands, the Polish soldier fights on. The Polish Army of 150,000 troops has armored, motorized, and parachute units in Scotland; it fights in the Near and Middle East and in North Africa. It has seen action in France, at Narvik and Tobruk. One thousand bomber and fighter pilots, of the 12,000-man Polish Air Force based in Great Britain, drop avenging bombs upon the land of the Nazis.

* * *

As in Warsaw, the Nazis have failed in the rest of Europe. Having nothing but contempt for humanity, they based their hopes of success upon a fundamental error: the belief that men will cower and surrender when they have been tortured and robbed, deprived of their birthright and treated like so many specks of dirt. Coldly plotting their conquests, the Nazis took into consideration everything except the limitless strength of the human spirit. And today in Warsaw and throughout Europe the Nazis are at war with the human spirit — the spirit of decent men crying out for release from tyranny and demanding for themselves and their children a world of justice and of hope.

On the day Warsaw suffered the heaviest bombing of the siege, more people were united in marriage than ever before in the city's history. This is the answer of Man to the Nazi blueprints of extermination. And Man will survive in freedom long after the Nazi madness has crumbled in the dust.



No. 4 Yard Men Complete Joinery Course

In August 1942 the first class was organized to train colored men as ship joiners. This class is sponsored by the Office of Vocational Education for War Production Workers and is held on the second floor of the Wahneta Mill at Upland, Penna., two evenings a week.

The course consists of learning the proper names and uses of the basic tools used by a joiner, blueprint reading and terminology, application and installation of material used by the ship joiner. For practical experience the men build a full size state room completely furnished as shown in the accompanying photograph.

This work is under the direct supervision of Walter R. Omlor who had taught in vocational schools of Pennsylvania for twelve years before coming to 65 department, having been last associated with the Chester Vocational High School. The work is further supervised by Mr. James L. McCann, Supt. for Hopeman Bros., Inc., New York contractors for joinery work in the Sun Shipyards. Mr. McCann and Mr. Omlor have just completed a book on Ship Joinery in cooperation with the State Department of Public Instruction, Harrisburg, Penna., which is being used in connection with the training program.

On Wednesday evening Feb. 10, 1943 the group had the



A model officer stateroom for a Sun Ship tanker, the joinery work for which is entirely the work of the training group shown in the picture below.

rare privilege of hearing Mr. William Krell, Superintendent of Williamson Trade School give a very interesting address on "What It Means to be a Good Mechanic." Certificates were given to the men who had completed approximately 150 hours of training, the amount required for the course.



The Joinery class listens to a talk by William H. Krell, Superintendent of the Williamson Trade School, on "What It Means to be a Good Mechanic." The following men have completed 150 hours of training: R. Washington (who received special mention for perfect attendance), E. Richardson, D. Moultrie, Z. Manning, W. Murray and I. Lewis.

4 SHIPS, 4 SPONSORS AND 4 MORE HEADACHES FOR THE AXIS



Miss Mary Gormely, 98 Dept., Secretary to the Employment Manager, got a real thrill when she fulfilled a lifelong ambition to christen a Sun tanker. Here she is, about to swing at the SS Conestoga.



Mrs. Marie Hogan had the honor of sponsoring the SS King's Mountain after her father, George Thornton (left), was chosen to represent 80 Dept. when that number was picked.



Mrs. Emma Fisher sponsored the SS Louisburg. Her husband, Harvey Fisher, is the senior member of 75 dept. whose number was picked from a hat by Miss Peggy Worrilow. (See page 23).



When 36 Dept. won the drawing, the honor of choosing a sponsor fell to Ed Stehl, who has more years of service to his credit than any other member of that department. He passed the honor on to his daughter, Mrs. Margaret Shipp, of Ridley Park, whose husband is an army doctor. The ship was the SS Vera Cruz.

The Story of a "Failure"

The first scene of this picture is laid in a cross-roads store in the middle west, where a young man of 22, a partner in the store, had learned for the first time that failure is easier to achieve than success. It was a bitter lesson, punctuated with a sheriff's sign on the door and the realization that he had lost every penny of seven years' savings. This tense scene carries with it all of early youth's poignant grief and disappointment.

The scene then shifts to the young man's second partnership. After two years of struggle to accumulate another stake, he tried again, determined not to repeat the mistakes which had forced his former partner into bankruptcy. He must succeed this time; he could not endure another period of hardship like the last.

But he failed again! His new partner drank up all the profits within two years. Not only did this young business man see his savings swept away the second time, but he faced an indebtedness which he knew would crush him. In desperation the partners agreed to terms of sale that proved disastrous. At the end of the year the purchaser failed to make his payment, sold the entire stock of merchandise, gathered up the receipts and took French leave. Then the partner died, forcing the young man to shoulder the debts of both.

It was a bitter experience, but he refused to go into bankruptcy and, after years of miserable penury, on his thirty-ninth birthday, he paid the last dollar of his obligations.

After this second mercantile failure a friend came to his rescue with the offer of a job as surveyor. He was forced to borrow in order to buy a set of instruments and a horse. But he never took the job. One of his creditors levied on the instruments and horse and took them for debt. Destiny seemed to have singled him out for failure.

Life then dealt him the most crushing blow of his career—a blow to the heart from which his spirit never recovered. His first and only enduring love suddenly died and, as he afterward said, his heart followed her to the grave.

It was too much. He went down, to the verge of insanity. "At this period of my life I never dared to carry a pocketknife," he wrote long afterward. Within a year he had broken so completely that he had to be removed to his parents' home 300 miles away and nursed back to mental health.

Ten years later the sun broke through the clouds for a brief hour. Believing that this "failure" might succeed in politics, some of his friends secured his election to Congress. But again he failed. After he had worried through two short sessions his constituents refused to return him to Washington.

Nine years later those who knew and respected this man of high principles determined again to help him. They forced a political situation which placed him in direct line for nomination to the United States Senate. Until one hour before the state nominating convention the entire electorate had conceded his victory. But at that last moment a split developed in the party lines and he was forced to step aside and yield the office to a friendly opponent. Again failure!

Two years later he made one more attempt to attain the senatorship, meeting the state's most popular candidate in a series of open-air debates on the questions of the hour. His opponent, a suave, experienced politician and gifted orator, gave no quarter to this misfit and failure.

Again he was overwhelmingly defeated. In his own estimation he was down and out of politics at the age of 50. He had been unable to achieve one single personal victory in 30 years of constant effort!

But the unseen forces of circumstance sometimes move to meet the great issue of a human life with certain if disheartening deliberation.

Two years after this last and disastrous defeat, destiny with one magnificent stroke compensated this man for his years of heartache, disappointment and failure.

HE WAS ELECTED PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

His name was Abraham Lincoln.

SUN SHIP MEN WITH UNCLE SAM



John Evan Price, formerly of 38 Dept., who left us for the Navy in August last year. After "hoot" training at Newport, R. I., he went to Machinist Mate Service School at Great Lakes Naval Training Center. After graduation in January he was sent to Treasure Island, San Francisco, Cal.



Pvt. Fred Elton, formerly a 59 Dept. welder, has been in the Army for nearly a year and is now overseas. He sends greetings to his friends at Sun.



Earl Felty, formerly of 59 Dept., and son of Harry Felty, 66 Dept., has been a year in the Army Air Corps. He is stationed at Randolph Field, Texas.



Pvt. W. N. Weitz, formerly of 74 and 8 Depts. and son of W. E. Weitz of 84 Dept., on a recent furlough from the U. S. Army.



Pvt. John A. Diamond, U. S. Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C., is an expert marksman, judging by those medals. 45 Dept. had better watch out when he returns.



Pvt. Harry S. Patterson, formerly of 47 Dept., is with Battery A, 313 C. A., somewhere in the tropics.



Pvt. Frank H. Maxton, lately of 59 Dept., 2nd shift welder, south yard, seems to like his new station with the Army Air Force at Scott Field, Ill.



Pvt. Frank Bertolet, known to his friends in 45 Dept. as "Heavy", may be addressed at Btry. C, 370 F. A., A. P. O. 99, Camp Van Dorn, Miss.



Charles Labor, formerly of 30c Dept., now at Parris Island, N. C.



Pvt. Emery Willis, Co. A., 10th Tr. Barracks, 4th Platoon, Camp Wheeler, Ga., sends regards to fellows in 34 pipe shop.



Sgt. Joe Johnson, formerly of 24 Dept., Dry Dock office, received training as machine gunner and bombardier at the Air Force technical school at Tyndall Field, Fla., and is now at an advanced training school in Mississippi.



Pvt. Grover C. Camp, Jr., an ex-Sun man of 34 Dept., is somewhere in New Guinea according to his brother Lee Camp of 60 Dept. His address is 709 C. A. (A. A.), Bat. A. W., A. P. O. 1149, c/o Postmaster, San Francisco, Calif.

SAY HELLO TO US BACK HOME



Seaman William Wallace says "Ahoy!" to mates in 30 Dept. boiler shop.



Corp. Jay A. Mancini, Army Engineer, has been in the South Pacific for 9 months, but is still safe according to recent reports from his wife. He worked at Sun first as packer then in the welding department.



Pvt. Michael V. Wolahan, formerly of 30 Dept., writes from Sq. 810, Barracks 228, Army Technical School, A.A.F.T.T.C., Sioux Falls, S. D., that he misses his friends at Sun and would like to receive "Our Yard".



Leonard A. Petcavage, Jr., Ass't Purser in the Merchant Marine, worked for a short time in 45 Dept. then in 91 Dept. as a cost clerk before signing on as a seaman. He sends greetings to his friends and hints that letters addressed to him c/o Merchant Seaman's Club, 107 W. 43rd St., New York City, would be welcomed.



Staff Sgt. Jack De Night, Co. B, 16th Bn., Fort McClellan, Ala., sent this photo home to his mother. He worked for two years at Sun Yard before entering the service in June, 1941.



Pvt. John A. Walsh, formerly of 30 Dept., sheet metal shop, is with the Marine Air Corps at Cherry Point, N. C.



Lt. Richard H. Mushlit, formerly of 36 Dept., enlisted in the Army Air Corps a year ago, received basic training in Alabama, pre-flight in Mississippi and advanced training in Florida. He's now spreading his wings for even more distant landings.



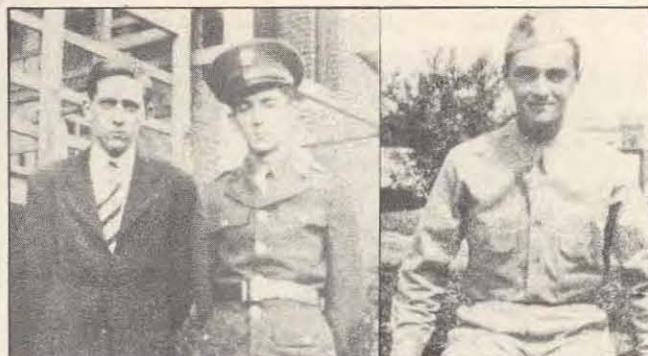
Pvt. John S. Rankin, formerly of 8 Dept., is now with the 8th Div., 56th F. A. Bn., Ft. Leonard Wood, Mo.



William G. Blank, Jr. left the electrical drafting office at Sun Yard in November for the Navy. He finished "boot training" and is now at Butler University in Indianapolis, in the signal school. His brother Arthur works in the Sheet Metal Shop.



Pfc. Lawrence G. Strosser of the Signal Corps, U. S. Marines, is now somewhere in the Pacific area. He'll be remembered by 59 Dept.



THREE ELLIS BOYS SERVE UNCLE SAM

Charles Ellis (left), of 46 dept. makes the third of his family to enter the service. He and Francis J. Ellis are in the Coast Artillery, while Harry L. Ellis, Jr. (right) is a 2nd Lt. in the Army Air Corps, as a navigator and radio man. Francis was formerly time-keeper in 91 dept., while Harry was in 80 dept. Best wishes from Sun Ship, boys!

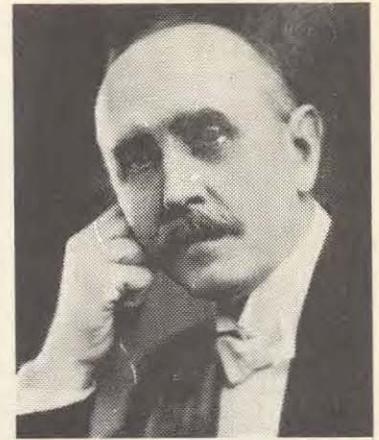
The Story of the First PRACTICAL Submarine

By

H. E. DANTZEBECKER

Naval Architect and M. E.

Inspector for U. S. Maritime Commission at Sun Ship



When a boy of 12 years of age, I read the story of 2000 Leagues Under the Sea, by Jules Verne. In 1890, the United States Navy Department made a contract with Holland to build a submarine of his design, 86' x 11', using a steam engine for power and a single propeller. When I saw this my interest was revived, and in 1890, I designed a submarine, 101' x 12', using for the first time, gasoline engines of 40 H.P. each, TWIN screws, stabilizing planes, for regulating depth, and HYDRAULIC steering, all of which are in use today; Diesel engines, instead of gasoline, being used for power.

My hydraulic steering device is the father of the TELE-MOTOR system, in use today for steering all large vessels. Twin screws were adopted, for I knew a single screw would turn the hull over due to the torque, as it did when the Holland boat was tried, and the heat of the boiler made the hull so hot the crew could not stay in it. This also proved true and the boat was scrapped — a failure.

In 1890 I went to Washington and showed my plans (which I still have) to William Powell and William A. Dobson of the Bureau of Construction and Repair of the United States Navy, and they were so impressed by the design they gave me their cards and asked me to go see Commodore Geo. W. Melville, then Engineer in Chief of the United States Navy. Mr. Melville looked over the plan, asked a few questions, and said, "That is the best I have seen, the most practical. I would like to appoint a Board to go over this with you." At 3 P. M. the next day I met Commander, afterwards Admiral Capps and two other men, and their actions were anything but courteous, the usual reception an "outsider" gets from SOME naval officers when presenting something new. I asked Commodore Melville to get an appropriation from Congress to build one of them, but he said he could not do that, I would have to go myself. That threw a wet blanket over the proposition and nothing was done. In 1897, seven years after I designed my boat, Simon Lake

built a "submarine", 36' x 9', in Baltimore, with two seven foot wheels forward so IT COULD RUN ON THE BOTTOM when submerged, a fantastic idea, and the Navy turned him down. The title of "Father of the modern submarine", given to Lake, does not belong to him, as my plan was the FIRST practical design ever made, and a study of the plans will prove it. Lake later went to Germany, got them interested, and they, not Lake, are responsible for the development of the submarine; as usual, our people turned it down. Lake now wants the Government to build submarines of 7500 tons capacity, to carry freight across the ocean; such a vessel would, in my opinion, be unmanageable. It would require a highly trained and specialized crew. He also says he can transport 2500 men in it, but the air would soon be so foul no one could live in it; I am skeptical of the whole scheme.

I have been a Naval Architect and Marine Engineer for over 50 years, and have designed a great many successful boats. One was the steam powered coaching launch for the University of Penna., the "Ben. Franklin" in 1894. Another was the steam yacht "IMPATIENT" 32' x 12' 6" for the late William M. Singerly.

* * *

In addition to the above I designed the FIRST electric elevated railroad, in 1893, to go on Ridge Ave., Philadelphia, but opposition of the street railway companies tied in with politics prevented its building, and the Frankford and Market St. elevated roads are practically built on my plans. New York City changed from steam to electricity in 1905.

In 1903, I designed the first practical Automobile Fire engine, for the Radnor Fire Co., at Wayne, Pa.

The foregoing facts will be verified by Mr. William A. Dobson, who is still living and is made public so that I can receive credit for what I have done in the engineering field.

Ship Meets Water

(Reprinted by courtesy of "This Week" magazine section of Evening Bulletin)

The 'Drink'

The lore of launchings is ancient and varied. Among old-time shipping men certain things are fundamental. The sponsor must be a woman, the christening must be in wine, it must not take place on a Friday (except Good Friday, which is good luck). Of the wine, old hands will say: "She'll have her drink or she'll have blood." (The propitiation of the fates used to take the form of human sacrifice.) The christening bottle of champagne is hung from a long ribbon leading aloft so that, if the lady swings and misses and the ship gets away from her, the bottle can be hauled up and smashed by someone on deck.

Cradle

To get his ship into the water the builder is faced with this problem: He has built a massive high-sided V-shape, and the point of that V is resting hard on the ground. During the building of the V it has been kept from toppling by props at either side. These have to be removed before the ship can be moved, and moreover the point of that V must be lifted off the ground (off the keel blocks really). To support the vessel on her swift ride down to the water a launching cradle is built. This is in effect a heavy steel "carriage," fitting the hull snugly and having a wide, flat-bottomed base extending out either side of the keel. The whole cradle is fastened temporarily to the ship.

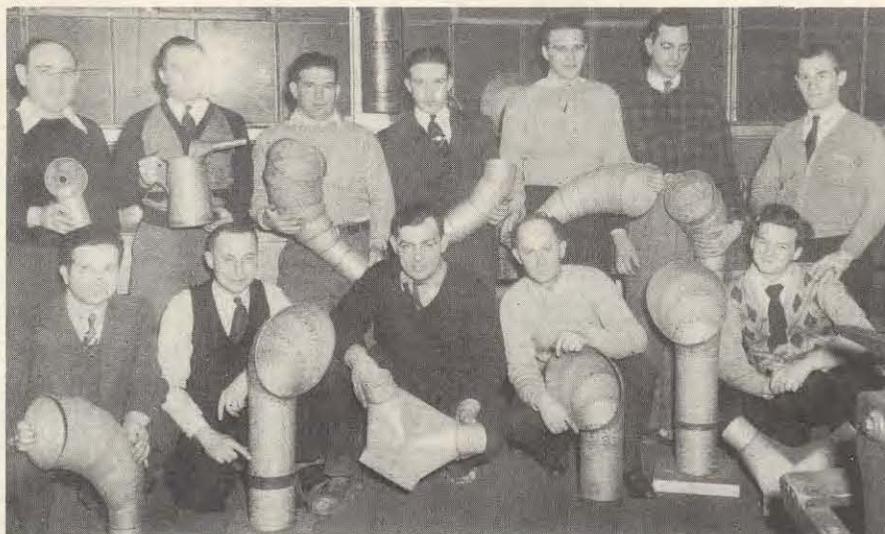
Greasing

Another of the final stages of a launching is greasing the ways, so that the thousands of tons of steel will coast smoothly into the water. Formerly, the slippery stuff was applied in layers — hard tallow, then a topping of soft soap. But now a launching grease is used especially compounded for the purpose. Forty-five tons or more are slathered on the ways for a battleship. Over-ripe bananas were once used for a merchant ship.

Letting Go

Ships are usually launched stern first. But ships have been launched sideways, upside down, and even in two or more sections, depending on the launching waters.

SHEET METAL WORKERS ADVANCE AFTER TAKING NIGHT COURSE



Mr. S. Pascale's class in sheet metal work poses for a picture with various shapes they have made.

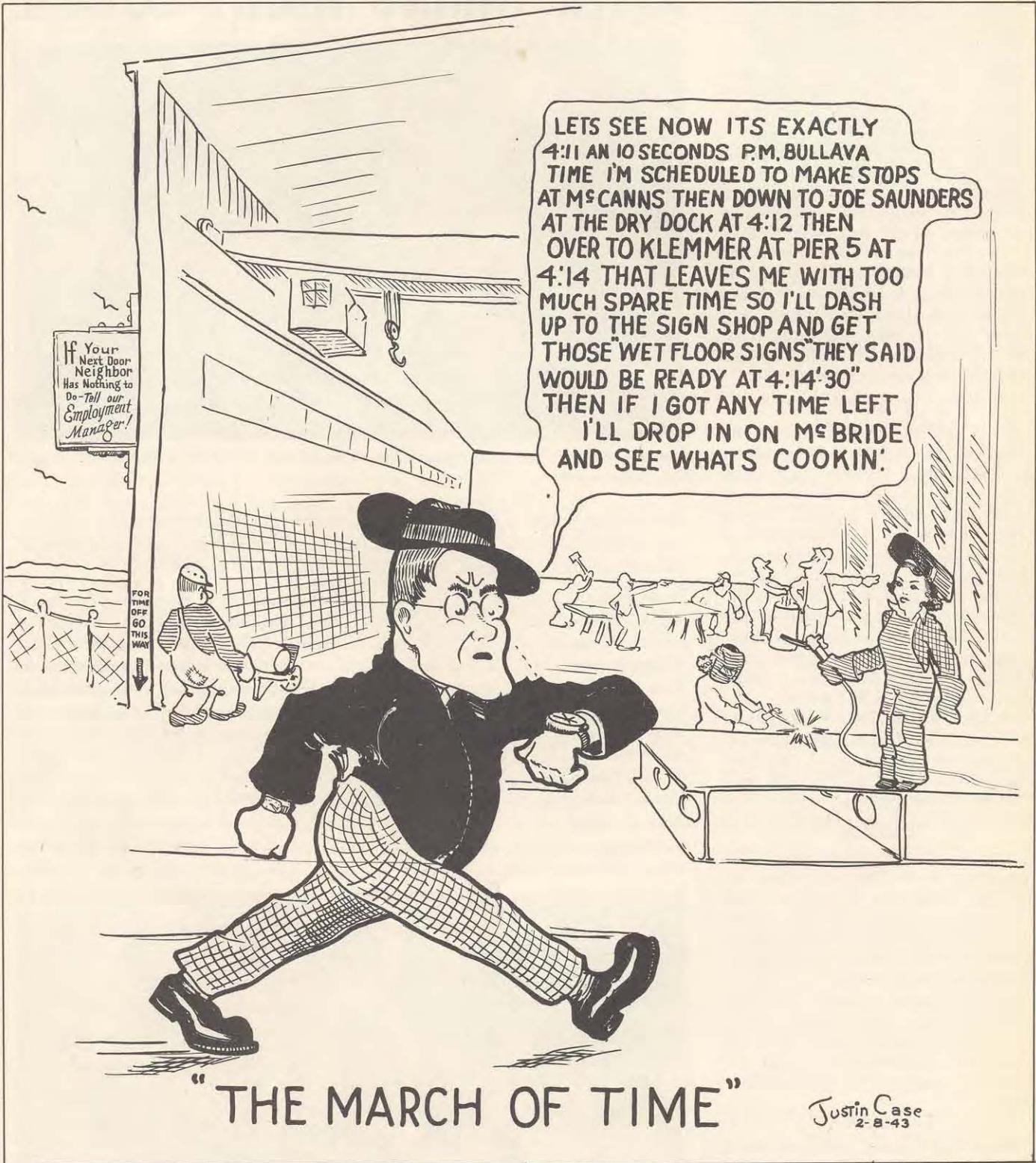
That it pays to take a Sun Ship training course is well demonstrated by the record of these men who have been studying sheet metal layout and shop work in an evening class conducted by S. Pascal. Here's their record.

Harry Metzger	from helper to first class sheet metal
Charles Baker.....	from 3rd class to first class sheet metal
Charles Pancoast.....	from 3rd class to first class sheet metal
Joseph Fetczech	from helper to 2nd class sheet metal
Tom Bell.....	from helper to 2nd class sheet metal
Samuel Malloy.....	from helper to 2nd class sheet metal
Max Goldin.....	from helper to 3rd class sheet metal
Alwin Rose.....	2nd class to first class sheet metal
Edward Grueninger.....	from helper to 2nd class sheet metal
Edward Cann.....	from 3rd class to first class sheet metal
Felix Pzegon.....	from coppersmith apprentice
Louis Jones.....	from coppersmith apprentice
Adam Hilbeck.....	from first class to leader



Fancy work by the sheet metal training class.

MEN OF STEEL



Editor's Note: — Each issue of "OUR YARD" will contain a cartoon of a well known yard employee, or person often seen in the yard. If the subject recognizes himself, he may call at the Office and receive the original cartoon as well as a year's subscription to "OUR YARD".

Pick-ups from the Yard

INK SPOTS FROM THE HULL DRAWING ROOM

The installation of the office ventilation system has received impetus with the arrival of the blower recently. The thundering staccato of the chipers on the concrete roof, making way for this unit, has driven many of the boys to ear muffs and cotton plugs.

Another member of this staff has joined the ranks of the Benedicts. Earl L. Ewing and Betty Kelly were married on January 16 in the church of St. Francis of Assissi, Astoria, Long Island City. The groom's brother served as best man and Don Gooden was an usher. We join in wishing the happy couple the best that life can afford as they chart their course on the matrimonial sea.

Everett Lord-Wood enlisted on January 9 in the Ski Troops of the U. S. Army. Everett was one of the ski instructors at Dartmouth while taking his engineering course there, and is an ardent enthusiast of the sport.

John Dall, resplendent in his new uniform, appeared at the office recently en route to the annual convention of the U. S. Power Squadron in New York.

We take pleasure in greeting Dorothy Boulden and John Stewart, new staff members.

Enthusiastic letters have been received from many of our boys in Uncle Sam's services and they seem to be doing all right. As a reminder—it's not too late to send them that card or letter you didn't get around to.

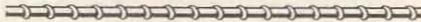
**They don't think
YOU CAN DO IT!**



100% War Bond Subscriber



This is Chas. Gabries of 59 dept. who has the distinction of being one of the few workers in this country who subscribe 100% of their pay in War Bonds every week. Nice going, Charlie.



59 DEPT. — WELDING

Davis (Au Reservoir) Turner is, without doubt, the hide-and-peek champ. He can be anywhere but where you want him to be.

Rare Oddity: Seeing Bill (Bundle up) Williams coming to work on a rainy day without his rubbers, muffler and umbrella.

Stogie and Jim Wood broke some sort of record on 5 way t'other day when Bill (Blow-em-up) Friel touched off that propane smell. In fact, all three were down off the staging before the blast occurred, or so it seemed.

Joe Mitchell vows that he will get in the Navy or bust. Must be the Waves that got him.

Lost: One medium dark brown left eyebrow. Reward if returned to Mr.

Shorty (Undersize) Raush, c/o 59 Dept.

What central yard welder is getting himself a gas house reputation with tales of travel and experience? Would it be Mike (Gas House) Lane?

Coming soon: Free rifle instruction to men in class I-A whose induction notice has been served on them. Watch for further notices.

Anyone interested in starting a welders' bowling team get in touch with 59-550, central yard.

FLASH!

STORK CELEBRATES VALENTINE'S DAY

P. Maggio of 59 Dept. and his wife Marie are the happy parents of a 6 lb. boy born Feb. 14. Some valentine, eh?

Bond Seller Sam Says:

Come on you welders, make your dept. 100%. Subscribe for at least 10%, and those who feel they would like to raise their present subscription, don't hesitate. See Charley in the Welding Dept. Office or contact your foreman.

* * * 47 SHOP

Can anyone give a reason for the expediting dept. classing him as the cold type? We understand that the Army is after a certain party in the expediting dept. What's the trouble, Sandy, can't you bulldoze them? Good luck anyway from all the boys.

Why is Harold Hostetler always postponing his wedding date? Could it be he is afraid, or what? When the day finally comes, we expeditors all will congratulate you, "Sucker".

Sandy is letting us know now there will be no party in Norwood at any time.

Why are the expeditors of 47 shop also known as the nature lovers? Could be!



VISITOR

Lt. Phil McGonigal, formerly of 91 dept., who recently returned to visit his friends at Sun Ship. His father is a member of 88 dept.

91 DEPT — COUNTERS

Pat. Concanon has been passing out cigars in honor of the baby girl who arrived at the Taylor Hospital on Jan. 31, 1942. Camille Ann is her name.

John Crist would like to see more additions to the families of the counters, as he is always short of cigars.

Joe Aller reduced from three stripes to no stripes.

Battling Mark Murtaugh seen running for the train to New York.

Has Fearless Freddie heard from his draft board lately?

Dannie Murtaugh has been signed up with the Counters' softball team, to play short field. We think they can beat the Phillies.

Some men who have been made leaders since our last article in "Our Yard" are Tom Gallagher, John Hock, Ches. Boughner and George Smedley. Here's wishing them success.

Sam Pollock has been known to take a short cut across Mary Lyon Golf Course in a blinding snow storm at 6:15 A. M., thereby missing his ride to work with Eddie Bell.

In the last edition of "Our Yard" there was a picture of the service board honoring the men from the counters' office who are in the armed

forces of our country, but the names of the men did not appear, so we'll name them now.

Air Corps: Jack Trainer. Bill Biscoe, Ben Welfley; Marines: John Winters, Lew Barber; Navy: Dan Leary, Jack Weigand, Bud Heiken, Joe Callahan, Paul Petillo, Ken Rodgers, Tom Roberts, Bill Kingston, Ed. Howell, Dave Clark, Jack Cookley; Coast Guard: Bob Micocci; Army: Wade Fulton, Joe Carr, Earl Rowan, Dave Woodward, Sam Booth, Joe Desmond, Bill Connelly, Artie Kerns, Gene Ginn, Arky Kraft, John Dougherty, Earl Young, Artie Schneeble, Mike Prendergrast, Jack Turner, Ken Mease, Dave Simmons, Joe Muldoon, Pennington, Tom Twoomey, Con. McCarthy, Ray Flanagan, Jim Haney, Frank Dercole, Bill Zaleski, Carl Ward, Vince O'Neill, Jack Heller, Joe Gibson, Harry Metzger, Bob Givens, Harry Doyle, Joe Connelly.

Jim Meiser, former leader of the third shift, has been made foreman, and Joe Cook, George Weigand and Frank Roberts have been made assistant foremen. Congratulations, and we know you will always have the interest of the counters at heart.

* * *

Keep Working, America!

*Men go down on land and sea—
Nations crumble but ever will be;
Children tremble—women weep and wail—
God is everywhere—truth will prevail!*

*Stick to your guns—your ships—my men!
Fight together—tho' it take a year or ten!
Lift heads high and smile mothers all—
Democracy will win—tyranny will fall!*

*Our children must always laugh and play—
Mothers and wives must be safe in every way!*

*Keep working, America! We will not fail!
God is everywhere—truth will prevail!*

ELSIE J. LONG, 91-860
(North Yard—Payroll—
Nite Shift)

WETHERILL SHOP NEWS

Keeping up its record of boys leaving for military service, the following left for induction into the armed forces of Uncle Sam:— H. Broomall, 8-436; H. Sussman, 8-802; R. Maier, 8-371; C. Poole, Jr., 8-367; J. McSweeney, 8-534; M. Doorey, 8-249; J. Miller, 8-341; J. Fowler, 8-217 and G. Hires, 8-571. All the employes at Wetherill wish these men God speed and an early return.

"Smoke gets in my Eyes" by Jack Test, up in his crane in No. 3 Shop. How that boy fogs when bonfires are started these cold mornings!

The sympathy of the boys in Wetherill goes to the family of H. Simon in the loss of his father.

Some of the boys in No. 3 Shop want to know why "Big Bill" got those store teeth, "China Clippers" he calls them. With the shortage of beef we'll all be on a soft diet soon.

In anticipation of the quality of meat to be had with the coming food rationing, Jimmy Halloran, electrician, and Al Baker, electric truck driver, second shift, are now also sporting new choppers.

Since the advent of women workers in the shipyard, the corner of 6th and Upland Sts. has become a place of interest at quitting time. Some of the boys in 2 and 3 shops sorely regret the necessity of keeping the doors closed on account of the cold weather.

All of the boys on the second shift are glad to have Ed. Ungate, Machinist Foreman, back on the job. Ed. was away a couple of months on account of a serious operation with its long period of convalescence. Welcome back and take it easy Ed.

*Let's give all we've got
To help Uncle Sam make the grade
To put Hitler back
At the wallpaper trade.*

ONE FOR THE BOOK

The following story was turned in by Jack Purdy and has been certified true and correct.

Jesse Ayala, 38 years old and father of an 18 year old son, has played basketball and indulged in other sports, but never claimed to be a track man. However, on a bet of \$10 with "Skin" Gordon, 60 dept., who followed him in a car with another Sun Ship man, Ayala left the yard at 4:30 p. m. Feb. 12 and ran without a stop to 17th and Columbia Ave., Phila., wearing a pair of Sun Ship safety shoes. The route was up Chester Pike to Darby, over Springfield Ave. to Spring Garden St., then out Green St. Running time: 2½ hrs. The next day Jesse was at work as usual.

After Jesse Ayala's famous run there has been some talk about organizing a cross-country team to represent Sun Ship. Anyone interested leave your name at the Safety office.

86 DEPT. — NORTH YARD

Many thanks to the thoughtful foremen and leaders who have cooperated in the "Leader's Pass to First-Aid".

Daisy, the First-aid mascot, has had her cast removed and is getting along famously these days.

Dispensary nicknames: How many can recognize themselves? Band-aid Bill, Pappy, Buzz-saw Pete, Gruesome, Peanut, Napoleon, Margaret, Shuffling Susie and Shirley Temple.

If No. 4 Yard Dispensary doesn't soon open we'll have to have expanding walls, and rubber is *so* scarce!

(Ed. Note: No. 4 Yard Dispensary is now open.)

It's all right for the boys to get warm in our back shed before 7:45 A. M., but it irritates the janitor when they remove towels and soap. Result: we get our dinners late.

Wanted: one Medical dictionary for one of the dispensary clerks.

Anne is still peeved at Hitler and keeps chasing the loafers out to build ships instead of loafing in the dispensary.

Miss Festee, our latest addition on third shift, is getting to be a first-rate first-aid. She is soon going to put up a sign, "Stretcher Cases Only".

It is rumored around that two of our nurses have been frequenting a beauty salon in Prospect Park for purely topographical reasons — is it so?

Sixty-four dollar question — What First Aid Man in our Dispensary, after living in this country for many years, still insists on his traditional "spot of tea" every morning?

Does anyone have a slightly used First Grade Spelling Book that they could lend one of our First Aid Men?

* * *

A Few Moron Jokes, Etc.

Did you hear about the moron who:

1. Took the street car home and his mother told him to take it back again.

2. Saluted the refrigerator because he thought it was General Electric.

3. Went to the drug store and ordered a coke without lemon and was told that he would have to take a coke without something else because they didn't have any lemon.

4. Cut off his arms so that he could wear a sleeveless sweater.

WANTED — WANTED — WANTED

FOR ATTEMPTED MURDER



CRIME — STEALING FROM LIFEBOATS

It is the duty of every true American to assist in the arrest and conviction of this man or men.

There has been and still are some people in the yard who stoop so low as to steal food, compasses and other equipment from lifeboats.

After these boats are packed and inspected they are not touched again until the ship leaves the yard, and the members of the crew themselves inspect them. It's too late then to replenish losses, since there just aren't any stores on the ocean.

The men and boys that sail these ships depend on us not only to "Keep them Sailing" but to keep them living. It's the job of all of us, and it's important.

The man that steals from lifeboats is endangering the life of every man that sails these ships, and it's murder as sure as if he knifed them in the back.

If you see anyone stealing from these boats notify the guard on the ship, call the guard office at the main gate, or turn in his number to your Foreman. It's your duty as an American. Remember, seamen are risking their all, out there on the Seven Seas. The least we can do is to help them when they need it most — when the torpedo strikes and it's "Man the Lifeboats".

Your reward for reporting lifeboat thieves will be the appreciation of every man who sails on Sun-built ships, and of those they leave behind.

DAUBS FROM THE PAINT SHOP

"THAT O'HENRY GUY AGAIN." — The man had a determined look in his eye as he walked into the dispensary. They weren't going to vaccinate him, because he had been vaccinated only last year and had a slip of paper signed by the officiating surgeon in addition to a handsome scar on his upper arm. He showed both to the nurse, who was busily making little germ free oases on the long line of arms that filed by. "You will have to show that slip to the Doctor," she said, as she dabbed daintily at his powerful biceps with alcohol and cotton. The man shuffled forward to explain to the doctor, a tired medico who had already stabbed 742

muscles that day, but here was one with a white slip of paper in its hand. He grasped the wrist and scratched the germ free zone with the vaccine in one swift motion that would have netted him a three dollar fee in private practice, and his victim shuffled slowly out the door, a two-time winner . . . This is a true story and the hero is none other than the south yard carpenter shop office staff, Mr. Pierce Embree, 66-513, who is willing (we hope) to bare his arm if not his soul to back up our story.

PROMETHEUS THE 2ND — On a foggy morning during the past month while hurrying by the south yard paint shop (everyone hurries past that shack) we were almost blinded by what we thought was the headlight of "OI 97". Imagine our amazement

when we discovered that it was Andy's new china choppers. David Bunting Andrews is the name, and the number is 69-151. Readers (if any) may check.

BACK IN THE FOLD — Tommy McCabe Jr. is back in the harness again following his recovery from an accident in which he broke a leg under a pile of falling panels about three months ago. Thos. McCabe Sr. (they are an old hardwood family), speaking of his son's return, said "Of course I'm glad to see my son back and besides it was kinda tough doing his work and mine at the same time."

MIGRATION — Professor Emeritus James Hennery McGinley has just announced the graduation of his hardwood class and their 100% induction into No. 4 Yard. McGinley started these boys from scratch and now they are known as the "Bon Ami" boys.

NEWSY NOSES — There has been a noticeable dearth of news of the publishable variety turned in to the column and many and loud are the squawks from the customers about this. Anyone with a "Nose for News" can, upon reading this article, consider himself a full fledged journalist and is hereby empowered to turn in all his notes to Mr. Francis Wallace, 69-113. Mr. Wallace, a sign shop leader, while not exactly a landmark, is a well-known figure (tall and angular) about the yard and will be only too glad to accept your "items" during lunch hour, any time on your off Sunday, and on Valentine's day.

"A THING OF BEAUTY ETC." — It was raining. A thunderous tattoo was beating on the tin roof of the paint shop. Inside, the "Shop Corps" was happily engaged in cleaning pots, filling prescriptions and stirring up stuff when in walked an Angel (woman). She was small, petite and lovely, and she had a smudge on her cheek which added to the general havoc. She stepped up to the counter and, using a twenty pound maul as one would ordinarily use a tack hammer, banged on the counter for service — the bell was out of order at the time. Mr. Ralph Bouchelle, counter man, looked up from his task of hunting moth eggs in five inch flats and realizing that this was a momentous occasion, made a sudden dash for the service counter, dropping his brushes and knocking over 3 hapless counter men in the course of his flight. All the young lady wanted to know was "How did one get to 8 way?"

Sun Ship Man Tells Experiences in Pacific

"We were plenty scared for awhile," said Henry Talbot Powell, radioman, third class, who has recently returned from the battle at Henderson Field in the Solomon Islands, "but we soon got over the sensation and calmed down, especially when we looked into the prison camp where hundreds of Japanese prisoners were held."

Talbot, who had worked in the Wetherill Plant for four years, left Sun Ship in April, 1941, to join the Navy. His father, George, is still working in 68 dept., and his brother George, Jr., is an apprentice in 36 dept. In addition, his sister, Mrs. B. Tull, has just started to work here as a timekeeper.

Henry sailed last April for Hawaii and other Pacific points on the U.S.S. Atlanta which was bombed when nearing Guadalcanal, forcing the crew to transfer to land and remain on the island for eight days.

"There it was at least one hundred degrees in the shade," he said, "and sizzling! Marines gave us tents as soon as we landed and helped us to become as comfortable as possible under the conditions. The conditions, incidentally, included lizards, mosquitoes, mice and rats, all crawling around everywhere, which wasn't very nice when you had to sleep on the ground.

"Natives were naturally black from such strong sunlight. Other characteristics included fuzzy hair that stood up all over their heads, dark



at the roots and blond near the outer edges, and decayed teeth. They wore many earrings and tatoos.

"One of the pleasant things about them was the fact that they spoke English, the result of the teachings of missionaries who have been there for some time.

"Having been chased from their homes in the hills of the island by the Japanese, they now live along the coast in the midland."

When asked about the characteristics of the Japs he saw, he stated that they looked just like their pictures — dark-skinned, short, muscular (some of them), sneaky, with short, dark hair and a definitely untrustworthy attitude. "Even their cigarettes are putrid," Powell said, "so strong you can't smoke them."

36 MACHINISTS

On the broad shoulders of Steve Latocha fell the entire cigar burden of 36 dept. for the past month. The occasion of Steve's celebration was the arrival of Matthew Latocha who was born Jan. 22 and tipped the scales at 9 lbs. Many thanks for the smokes, Steve, and here's all our best wishes to you and your family.

Some few months ago this column ventured the statement that Dan Cupid and Uncle Sam were staging a race as to who would get Bob Trumbull first. Well, according to the latest, it would seem that Dan Cupid is now away out front. Bob's engagement to Miss Grace S. Tranor of Brookhaven has just been announced. Here's all good wishes from all the gang.

Dame Rumor again: We have been hearing that the stork is hovering over the domain of Dick Herbster. How about it, Dick?

Uncle Sam has just given the old gang another jolt, old Jack Taylor's boy Bill having left us to join the Air Corps. All our best wishes for good luck go with him wherever he may go, and we all hope that the time will soon come when he will again be with us.

Ye columnist has just received a card from "Jimmie" Leongis, former bolt machine operator, and learns that Jimmie likes his new job out at Fort Sill, Okla., and in greeting the gang says, "Buy Bonds".

The services of Paul Sides, Jr. as a press agent are in great demand these days. If you wish to publicize yourself, we suggest that you retain Paul and watch the results.

We hear that second shift turret



**Charles Shropshire
5 Years' Service**

"Lefty", who has just been married, won a bond in the Slogan Contest last month, although because of an error someone else's name was listed. Writing slogans is his hobby, so it's no wonder he's in the money. A member of 36 dept., Lefty lives in Chester, but he once was quarterback on the Rockdale football team.

lathe operators are becoming air minded nowadays, one having been seen suspended a good 10 inches from the ground (against his will). It was quite a surprise to some of the boys, as they didn't realize that the shop housed trapeze artists.

Another empty spot has appeared here with the departure to No. 4 yard of Gene Urban. Gene learned his trade with us and was always very popular. We hope that Lady Luck will see fit to go along with him.

Buy more bonds now! Are you one of the fellows who is changing to bonds of a larger denomination because they are piling up? If not, wise up and get yourself signed up for more. If you can't do it now, you never will. Buy more bonds now!

You Mustn't Quit

*When things go wrong, as they sometimes will,
When the road you're trudging seems all uphill,
When the funds are low and the debts are high
And you want to smile, but you have to sigh,
When care is pressing you down a bit,
Rest! if you must — but never quit.*

*Life is queer, with its twists and turns,
And many a failure turns about
When he might have won had he stuck it out.
Stick to your task, though the pace be slow,
You may succeed with one more blow.*

*Success is failure turned inside out,
The silver tints of the clouds of doubt,
And you never can tell how close you are —
It may be near when it seems afar,
So stick to the fight when you're hardest hit —
It's when things seem worst, that You Mustn't Quit.*

—CLIFF DREW, 45 Dept. North Yard Berthing Dept.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

DEAR SIR:

Before enlisting, I was employed at the yard in 45 dept. I worked on the dry dock and on the third shift. I always enjoyed the day when I would come home in the morning and find OUR YARD magazine waiting for me.

As I knew quite a few fellows out there I was wondering if there was any possibility of forwarding the publication to me at Chanute Field. I will be here for quite a while yet, as I am going to school. Before coming to Illinois I had been stationed in Atlantic City, N. J., where I completed my basic training. Hoping that everything will be satisfactory,

I remain,

PVT. PAUL R. DOUCHERTY,
13 T.S.S. Barracks 593
Chanute Field, Ill.



Catherine Durning, of West Phila., and George Read, of Sharon Hill, who were married on Oct. 31 in St. Clements Rectory, West Phila. George has worked at Sun Ship for the past 5½ years in 36 shop.



Sun Ship Newlyweds
Victor Padamonsky, 36 dept., and his wife, the former Beatrice Lotz, who were married Dec. 24 (Christmas Eve to you).



John L. Aberdorf, 84 dept., North Yard, and his bride, the former Ida Taylor, photographed with the groom's father, John W. (left), who is in the same dept. but in the Central Yard.

ALLISON PLANT

1st Shift

We lost "Bobby" Lamont as our boss and we hated to see him go. A swell guy. Best of luck to you, Scotchman. We miss your grin.

"Goose" Grander has taken over and he now looks in the mirror every night. The girls are really going to make him gray. Aren't we, "Goose"? No kidding though, he's doing a swell job and we're for him 100%.

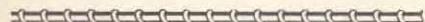
Now that Allison Plant has a second shift the fun has started. Is it competition you want, second shifters? O.K., we'll give it to you. We'll make you step to keep up.

Spring isn't here yet, but romance is in the air at Allison. How about it, "Corny"?

Edith Cornwall, 36-3723, has moved to the country. We haven't seen any hay seed sprouting yet, but someone said she is going to buy larger coveralls.

"Shorty" Wilson, 36-3725, certainly has made a hit with the carpenters. They presented her with a double sectioned box of nails all done up in blue bows. It's a shame to use those nails for packing boxes, "Shorty".

The Army is claiming Pat Margera, 36-285, and we lose a good-natured worker. The outside gang



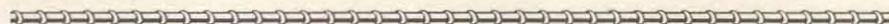
Thomas Miller
16 Years' Service

Tom has a record of service with Sun Ship that anyone should be proud of. His first 5 years were spent in the yard, and since then he has been working in the Dispensary, always doing a good job and trying to please everyone with whom he comes in contact. Except in time of death, Tom has never missed a day's work, and in all his 16 years here has been late only twice. He has set a fine example for everyone, especially these days when Uncle Sam needs every minute of everybody's time. Hearty congratulations, Tom!



FAREWELL PARTY

A group of 36 machine shop workers sends one of their pals, Joseph Loughran, into Uncle Sam's air forces with a little party held at Palumbo's. Seated in back, left to right: E. MacDonald, E. Foley, L. Palmer, A. MacClintock, J. Shaffer, G. Howells. Front row, left to right: J. Loughran, R. Holl, J. Goheen, W. Jump, M. Rupnick.



will miss you, Pat, with "Brad" taking over and cracking the whip.

Edna the welder, 59-9035, suggests we change Goose's name from "Goose" to "Duckie". Wonder why.

We have another addition to our day family at Allison — "Skytop" Pierce. Hope he doesn't use as much yellow chalk as "Doc".

The second shift has gained Jo Polar and Norm Boone from our gang, and we miss them both. We wish them good luck on the new trick.

* * *

ALLISON PLANT
2nd Shift

•

We welcome Geo. Anderson as leader of 2nd shift. The tube mill really lost where we have gained.

Let's give the girls credit. They are doing a swell job and cooperating 99%. Nice going, girls of Allison. Let's make it 100%.

The Allison 2nd shift is sure going to give competition to — guess who?

Annabelle, 36-3762, is sure doing a swell job. Congratulations, Ann.

When the tube mill sent Stella, 36-3771, down to Allison they lost, we gained. What a worker! Nice going, Stel.

What welder started the saying, "What's up, Doc?" Could it be 59-9076?

Jo, 36-3717, is now doing a good job in training other girls to inspect and repair shields. Our hats off to you, Jo.

Bill Fitzgerald, 36-2018, is now a full fledged drill press operator at last. Let's see you show 'em, Bill.

Charlie Mills is another gain. We call him "What a man" Charlie.

Look out, Pat, you'll get lost in a pile of tubes and we won't be able to find you. (What a worker.)

How about it, Jack. Do you think you'll ever get the girls broken in, or do we have to wash your eyes again?

They are all doing a good job at Allison on 2nd Shift. Keep it up, gang.

DEADLINE FOR

MARCH

ISSUE

MARCH 5

HOOTS FROM THE OWL SHIFT**No. 4 YARD SHOP GETS UNDER WAY**

It looks as if Beatty's men have added that certain something to the No. 4 Shop! Production is steadily picking up and more bad news for the Axis will continue to grow as men are added. Things are humming under the able supervision of Foreman John McGeehan, Assistant Barney Potter and leaders Joe Seconda, Sam Amato, Bill Clements, Jim Burke, John Skinner, Clarence Shell, Nick Mistrak, Jack Maslin, Ed Langer and Spencer Getty.

* * *

47 DEPARTMENT
North Yard

Our efficient and well-liked office clerk is marching to the altar with Sophie E. Nesterak of Coaldale in the very near future. Our best wishes go with both of them.

Barney "Cannon-ball" Potter and Joe Seconda have deserted us for the No. 4 yard. Best luck to both.

Charlie Gray now has a horse of which he is most proud, although just why we have been unable to learn. From all outside reports he is just a missing contribution from the Chester Glue Works. Charlie swears that his horse will pass anyone on the road, but his friends say that he can't carry his horse that far, and anyway, his neighbors want to use it for a clothes rack.

Congratulations are due hard-working and well-liked Bob Connors

on his new job as leader.

Two more of our boys have made good. "Chick" Moffitt and "Tiny" Fields are now leaders.

"Pheasant-Head" and "Spider-Legs" still enjoy their nightly lunch hour by arguing constantly and sometimes heatedly — but we all like fireworks, nevertheless.

* * *

55 DEPARTMENT

Congratulations are extended to E. Bixler and J. Ceci upon their promotion to leadership.

Jim "Buck" Russell has moved to the No. 4 yard shop. There has been no recent news of exciting hunting expeditions since "Buck" paid damages to an upstate farmer for mistaken identity (during the last deer season).

Speaking of bowling — in the rubber game with the counters the Chippers came home with flying colors, beating the counters some 100 pins.

"Small Cut" Joe seems to be tiring too much lately, even for his favorite game of bowling. Maybe he's conserving his energy for next fall's bear season.

Leader Girk has a new toy nowadays — a two-man telephone, and what a line he throws over it!

What became of "Pop" Jones' leader's button? If anyone finds it "Pop" will be glad to see it again — before the guards see him.

The whole department wishes "Silver Blade" Smith a lot of luck in his new job with Uncle Sam's armed forces. His departure leaves a big hole in the chippers' bowling team.

John Yuna has twice paid for a counter's ruler. Better take the counter's word next time, John!

The North Yard crew have had some unfortunate experiences with windows — try the door next time, boys!

* * *

59 DEPARTMENT

"Mike" Piontko, assistant foreman of No. 4 shop, Louis Toth and "Bill" Rose, his leaders, are getting things under way.

A certain north yard welder, trying to creep up on an innocent counter, suddenly found himself at the bottom of a man-hole. Welders, take notice!

"Newport" Hall is now leading in the North Yard.

91 DEPARTMENT

"Errol" Matkowski has rejoined the owls — having tired rather soon of day work.

"Whitey" Forrest has answered Uncle Sam's call.

"Al" Thomas is now leader in the South Yard.

Ted Silvey, who just emerged from a bout with the P.R.T., is now tangling with the bus line.

It is rumored, both pro and con, that Don Cross has had a matrimonial adventure — or at least a close call.

Bert Hand has transferred his affections to the first shift. He'll be missed by all of his old pals.

E. Chester Glass, president of the E.T.D.S., is looking around for a victim to lead to the altar since he recently discovered that McClasky wants more than war bonds for his deferments.

Fitz has been advised by the Alpha Boat Club that future meetings of the Thursday Afternoon Club must be approved by the Board of Governors. It is rumored that Fitz encountered some difficulty in keeping his membership card intact.

"Sunny Blue Boy" Ryan has been putting on quite a bit of weight lately. Some of these easy nights we have been hearing about, Ryan?

—————

THE FIGHTING YANK

They sailed away from the U. S. A.
 The land of the brave and free,
 To stem the tide of a madman's ride
 And his threat to liberty.

They're far away, where skies are gray,
 Fighting on land and sea
 To free the oppress'd from a vulture's nest
 And the bonds of slavery.

Their lives they give that others may live
 In a world free from greed;
 Each man and lad is fighting mad
 For every race and creed.

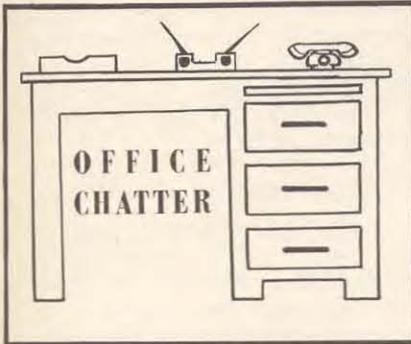
When peace once more unlocks its door
 To a war-torn civilization,
 Their job will be done and the war
 will be won
 With freedom for every nation.

— W. J. BYRNES, 47-4693

"Streamlined" Drawing for Sponsors



There are so many ships going down our ways nowadays that we've had to inaugurate mass drawings just to pick the sponsors. Above are four members of John Pew, Jr.'s office force, each picking a dept. number. Left to right: Betty Mushlit who drew 85 dept., Ethel Locke drawing 30 dept., Wm. Lowe (holding the hat), Mae Scott drawing 79 dept., and Peggy WorriLOW, 75 dept.



Virginia A. Edmundson, who works for Dan McMunigal, 91 Dept. and John E. Dougherty, 60 Dept. burner, were married in Aston Mills, Saturday, January 16, 1943. They are living in the Roberta Apartments at 26 East 7th St.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell M. Staley had a new addition to their family on January 15, 1943, a girl, Nancy Elizabeth, 7 lbs. 2 oz. at the Fitzgerald-Mercy Hospital, Darby. Russell is in 90 Dept. The office force received cigars and Russell received congratulations.

* * *

Things We would like to Know

•

Does Miss Briggs like petunias yet?

Do the girls in the stenographic dept. still think smoking cigars is

only for men?

Who does Betty Flanigan know, that she can get her picture in the magazine at the same time as her father?

* * *

BERTHING NOTES

"Pappy" Davis (it's a girl!) and Carl Keuscher (it's a boy!) are the newest stockholders in the 1943 edition of Stork, Inc. Sincerest congratulations, gent'men, and our very best wishes to the "Mommies" and the most excellent offsprings.

If the Guiding Light in Ed Haines' life doesn't soon take up residence in this locale, we fear Ed will have more and more relapses. After all, a man needs home cookin', darned socks, and stuff. (The guy who said, "For a change", better not let his wife hear him.)

From way down yonder under the palm trees of the South Yard, we've heard whispers that though Lou Krumboldt's nose is certainly not oversized, he has considerable difficulty confining it to matters concerning just Lou Krumboldt. (Nothing personal, Lou. Understand?)

After weeks and weeks of diligent practice, Jo-jo finally achieved the ultimate in all bowlers' lives. He

rolled 300!!!! And if any of you doubt it, he has the score sheet to prove it. First game 105, second 108, and third 87 — total 300.

We've heard, but we'll not vouch for the veracity of it, that Eddie "Yowzah" Humphries is going to buy a new gray hat. Fellow Congressmen, we have our doubts.

Bob Frantz's chest has been popping out since he saw someone in the yard shorter than he. We hate to break down anyone's wagon, but, the shorter one he saw was one of the new female boiler-maker's helpers. Tough luck, Robert.

Did all youse guys and gobs know we've a daily publication of considerable circulation within the confines of the Sun Yard? Well, we have such in the daily Berthing Sheets. With a guaranteed circulation of approximately one thousand copies daily, averaging three pages per copy, we feel we've a publishing combine worthy of note. But, the Berthing Sheet isn't the whole job. Miscellaneous publications for all our good friends nearly double our daily printed matter.

Pinkowitz, Olkaski, Berger, Frantz, Ramont, Coupe, the Petchels, Na-Krasins, Pappas, Caruso, Babst, Keuscher, Gross, and the rest of you Sons of Erin remember there's a war being fought, and be sure you report for work on St. Patrick's Day.

Helpful Suggestion

If Jim "Careless" Connors would trip the Light Fantastic on the ways with his eyes open, it would not be necessary to use so many aspirins and make those "oh, so unnecessary" trips to the dispensary.

CORRECTION

Because of an unfortunate error, the slogan contest winners as printed in *Our Yard* last month are incorrect. The slogan credited to A. Tarmin belongs to A. B. Williams, 65 dept.; K. Carter, 45 dept., should have been listed in place of Wm. J. Small; and C. Shropshire, 36 dept., in place of W. Bulkey. We hereby apologize to both groups of men.

Because February is a short month there was not time enough to pick winners and publish them in this issue. Next month, however, 10 slogans will be published instead of the usual five. So keep sending 'em in!

33 DEPARTMENT

On January 25th we found that Mr. and Mrs. Harvey R. Rittenhouse celebrated their 28th wedding anniversary, and on February 1st Harvey celebrated his 49 years young birthday. A number of his friends came along with a surprise party for each occasion. Congratulations for the young couple.

Mr. Frank Bonner recently has taken unto himself a wife, the former Miss Erma McCasalin, an attractive telegraph operator with Western Union. We wish the Bonners happiness!

The latest gain of the Marines is not in the Solomons but in the recent enlistment of the South Yard Expeditor, Jim Dougherty. His leaving narrows the race for the title of the best dressed man to two contestants — Wally "Gable" Hoffner and Papa Sullivan. Those wishing to place small bets on the outcome should contact Senator Walls.

From the Wetherill Plant comes news that John MacPhail is bowed down by the weight of his worries. But who would not be in his position? For John has a very lovely girl friend with light brown hair and oddly enough her name is Jean! And Jean has a flair for writing very inspiring letters. All of which was very well until that fateful day when Ed Souders wrangled Miss Jean's address. This was the beginning of a romantic correspondence between erstwhile Ed and the pretty gal with the song-title name. However, we are still sure that the winner will be the popular Scot, for when Mademoiselle Jean reads of Ed Souders' being awarded a pin for twenty-five years service, she will realize that Ed is older than 21.

Hearty congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Bill Feathers on the birth of Rose Marie. Bill boasts that the young Miss Feathers is a model for all babies. While not disagreeing with the good-natured Father, we want to mention that every new pop tells us the same thing.

We extend best wishes to the newly married Mr. and Mrs. Philip Fuss. Since joining the ranks of the domesticated males, the able expeditor of No. 4 Yard has been wearing a perpetual grin!

Appreciation for the fine arts is a faculty that is only acquired through constant effort, but the resulting

Here We Go Again!

Picking a sponsor for another Sun-built ship. Frank Hoot, Jr., Foreman of Production Control Dept., stands by as witness while Miss Helen Dodds, secretary to Mr. A. A. Norton, picks a number from a hat held by A. B. Cressy, safety inspector. What number was it? — shsh, military secret. (Besides, we don't know).

pleasure is well worth the time and energy spent. The latest scholar to realize the truth of this is Jim Davis, who now has a keen eye for picturesque art.

Information, Please

In an effort to discern the considered opinion of 33 Dept. workers, we invited the Inquiring Reporter to circulate among the efficient craftsmen of Sun Ship and ask a few questions. We take pleasure in reprinting a few of the many profound replies that he received.

Question — What is your reaction to our having members of the weaker sex for fellow workers?

Bill Lappin (Sometimes called the 33 Socrates): "It's all very confusing to me. For example, you call the Boiler Shop and expect to hear a husky bass voice. But what do you get—a high pitched feminine voice!! Then you are confused. How do you know whether you have the Boiler Shop or Nell's Beauty Shoppe?"

Leaving the Electrical Socrates in his usual perplexed state, our question man posed the same question to the most eligible bachelor at Sun, Joe Pruchnicki. After much thought Joe replied: "Personally I . . .". At that moment a comely blonde pranced by and Joe interrupted his comments to loudly whistle, and then continued, "Personally, I never notice them."

I. Puksar commented this: "My job is to pull the heavy degaussing cable, and until the advent of the femmes, I was a contented man. Now I worry!

My conscience bothers me, for I cannot help but feel that I am keeping some good woman out of a job."

J. Askins gave us this angle: "Well, I'll tell you that this creates a problem that I did not have in Kaintucky. You see, Mrs. Askins also works in the Yard. Now since she has started to wear slacks, we keep getting our clothes mixed."

Compliments of the Month

To Mr. Charles Hickey, the affable representative of the Submarine Signal Company. Through his capable and diplomatic handling of a very difficult job, Mr. Hickey has won the respect and friendship of the entire department. We look forward to many more years of pleasant association.

To Lenny Laubach for his cooperative spirit. Len incidentally is the smooth horn player in our Sun Band.

To Len Taylor, who has been voted the Personality Man of the Department. While it is not commonly known, the genial Colonel also models for ESQUIRE!

To E. Schneidman for doing a swell job as an expeditor. Keep up the good work, Earl.

To Jim DeTore for his all-around efficiency in maintaining the yard lighting system. Jim is the tall gent who can be seen almost anytime running through the Yard with a new fluorescent tube.

MUTUAL BENEFIT ASSOCIATION

The annual meeting of the SSMBA was held Jan. 12 in the main office dining room, and the following were elected to serve as Directors for the year 1943: John G. Pew, Wm. Craemer, Edw. Woolley, 30 dept.; Frank Burr, 90 dept.; Richard Frazier, 8 dept.; Preston Lilley, 91 dept.; L. D. Collison, 38 dept.; John Grant, 8 dept.; R. Unglaub, 47 dept.; John Albany, J. Patterson, 66 dept.; Robt. Howard, 45 dept.; A. Yeager, 47 dept.; V. Harvey, 59 dept.; C. Roberts, 42 dept.; John Mewha, 45 dept.; and R. Clendenning, 36 dept.

It was disclosed that during 1942 \$117,115.08 was deducted from employees' wages while \$168,354.19 was paid out to 4093 members in sick benefits during the year, showing that it is only through the generosity of the management in contributing financial aid in an amount equal to the deductions from employees that the Ass'n can be successfully operated.

This concern on the part of the management for the welfare of Sun Ship employees has been in evidence so long now that it has more or less been taken for granted, but it means so much to us all that it must be given more than passing comment. So we take this opportunity to publicly express our gratitude and thanks.

At its first meeting the new Board of Directors named the following officers for 1943: John G. Pew, President; Wm. Craemer, Treasurer; Edw. Woolley, First Vice Pres.; Richard Frazier, Second Vice Pres.; Preston Lilley, Secy.; Frank Burr, Ass't Treas.; R. Clendenning, Recording Secy.; Dr. C. E. Feddeman, Assn. Physician; E. Woolley, Preston Lilley, Frank Burr, Investigation Comm.

Your attention is again called to that part of the by-laws which requires a doctor's certificate before the expiration of 14 days. Also bear in mind that a doctor's certificate is not complete without your name, number and home address. Play safe — read over your by-laws again and help the directors to help you in the event of sickness or injury.

Up It Goes!



This picture was taken as the North Yard Sheet Metal Shop raised its flag. On the platform is Mr. George Carney, speaker on the occasion, while Tommy Leeson and members of the Sun Ship Band stand at the right.

STORERUMORS — 80 DEPT.

C. Artis, 80-708, has deserted the truck drivers for a long trip. The destination is Pearl Harbor where Artis is going to lend a hand in the rehabilitation program. Best of luck and hope to see you home soon.

Greenie didn't take his little jaunt to the Poconos. It seems the local air agreed with him just as well.

Clarence lost (?) an argument with the Southern Penna. Bus Co. He and the bus driver argued over a transfer from Edgmont Ave. to the Water Works. Clarence lost the argument and was put off at the above mentioned point, which happened to be his destination anyway.

Ralph Jones is stationed at Atlantic City. He was auditioned for the Army Air Corps band, and to top it off, his captain is none other than Glenn Miller.

What assistant foreman residing in a nearby borough stopped tossing tokens around and rode home from Convention Hall in Phila. via taxicab, tipping the driver \$1.40? Praise the Lord, prosperity is here again.

Since Wooten has taken up residence at 80S Tom Campbell lost his quoit pitching partner. However, Tom is a member of the 80 dept. bowling team entered in the N. Yard league. The team consists of Walt Emsley, Marshall Moody, George Hall and Rowles from the Wetherill Plant. Further notes on the standing will follow in the next issue.

Bud Lee is now a Sergeant and stationed somewhere in Arkansas. It seems his earlier training on the electric trucks has helped him considerably.

Ned O'Niel breezed in on a short visit sporting a Lieutenant's bar. Ned has just finished his officer's training course and is awaiting for an assignment.

In spite of the bad weather and the ban on pleasure driving, Tommy Leeson says the President's Birthday Ball was able to turn over 5000 dimes to the fund, or \$500 net to you. Nice work, boys, nice work.

Give Jimmy Weitz a map of Chester or get him a girl guide. Jim moved from Upland to Chester and couldn't find his house. He had to slip a kid 2 nickels to lead him home. Maybe we ought to equip him with a magnetic compass.

Have you met Flexitallic Jake, the man who knows his gaskets? Jake

(Continued on Next Page)

80 DEPT. — (Continued)

says he is telling the "hole" truth when he lays claim to being a (gas) ket expert.

We understand that a copy of "Our Yard" goes to the boys in the Services. We would like to hear from or have some news about Ted Helmuth, Phil Ryan, Lee Elmaker and Jim Malloy. We haven't heard from them since they left.

The reason for the sheet metal put on the stairway is "Shush, military secret", and are the boys burned up.

On the sick list are George Thornton and Paul Rhan. We hope the boys are O.K. and back slugging again by the time this issue is out.

Merchandising men take note! We have a crack merchandiser in the storeroom. This checker bought an overcoat at a sale and discovered it was just a bit too big for him. He sold it to another checker at the original purchase price, and the purchaser agreed it was a big bargain. The first party went back to the same sale and bought another coat which was even better value and the price was the same. Now the second party is burning up, and how! Connie Mack would be proud of the deal.

It's a shame the boys in the Receiving Room now have to eat dry lunches.

Tom Nacci looks like a professor in those new spectacles. Herb says, "It's making a spectacle out of spectacles". Ouch!

A certain typist's wife is in Florida for a few weeks and he sure looks sad. We hope the grin doesn't freeze on his face. But his conduct has been exemplary, darn it, and are the gossip mongers disappointed!

Kelley and Foley dug and dug, questioned and questioned, no news. Second shift.

On the honor roll for January are the following who have left service for the armed forces:

C. Tuppings, J. Small, C. Miller, C. Brooks, S. Gray and R. Rodgers, all second shift men.

A. Cropper, from the 3rd shift.

P. Bains, Ed Guthrie, R. Phillips, R. Jones and J. Phillips, day shift men.

Flash! Brewster came in dressed like a million and handed out cigars. A baby girl. Best of luck to the new arrival and the proud parents.

When a man coming in late says his bus broke down, he "ain't kidding". That light at Simpson Ave.,

FACTS about OUR YARD . . . C. A. WALKER



Eddystone, seems to be the jinx point. The Pike busses reach there and zowie, dead end. One Sunday afternoon Hamilton and Robinson along with fifty others had to walk up each hill because the bus couldn't make it loaded, and if you know Chester Pike, the boys are entitled to a rebate on fare.

Dave Phillips hasn't been the same since somebody stole Frank Walsh's art gallery off the wall in the North Yard shack. Cheer up, Dave, Frank has started another collection.

A number of the boys have increased their bond deduction over the 10%. The latest were O. Mosley of the second shift to 20% and B. McLaverty to 15%.

* * *

*Don't shrink from me in terror
Don't shrink from me in dread
I'm just a little cannibal
Trying to get ahead.*

66 DEPARTMENT

Captain Charlie Dolan wants to know where Alex is.

A famous saying — "I am a model husband," by Greiner.

We hear that C. Rogers of 14 way finally received an air hoist after eleven months of hardship.

Did Art Phillips get his straight jacket? We think so, as his nerves are quieter.

Did Oscar get his stairs built?

We notice that Wilson finally caught up with his desk work, for his desk top appears a little cleaner.

What will F. Talley do for shoes since they are rationed and all the gun boats are in action?

Paul Horner is really slipping in the back of our shop. With these shavings, you would think he was

(Continued on Next Page)

C. A. WALKER
DEPT. 36



Welcome to Sun Ship, Ladies!

We're making lots of history at the Yard these days, and here's a picture to prove it — the first group of women ever to work in the Yard. From left to right, standing: welders, A. Hall, 59-9015; E. Mixon, 59-9016; E. Sakers, 59-9011; D. Loveland, 59-9013; A. Bernardo, 59-9014; R. Gormley, 59-9010; E. Kaminski, 59-9012; R. Hadley, 59-9008. Bottom row, left to right: machinist helpers, M. Kelly, 36-3728; A. Lineaweaver, 36-3729; H. Kasprowicz, 36-3719; A. Sroka, 36-3720; M. Foley 36-3702.

66 DEPT. — (Continued)

ready to build a couple of stalls.

They are still trying to crowd G. Craig out of the shop.

We are wondering how J. Fry likes the change of his voice. Some day he will come back to natural.

F. Mosser is sure putting his red sweater through a terrific battle. She is going around the neck now.

We are waiting for the day when Bill Marine will take off his felt boots. We know it will be springtime then.

Bill Hart must have stayed in the house the other Saturday night, for he came in to work Sunday looking pretty pert.

What happened to Bill Swafford's big bear coat? We suppose it saw better days.

The latest news — J. Paterson is now drinking coffee, when he can get it.

Charlie Silcox has plenty of helpers now.

It looks like Snow Ball asked to work on the second and third shift. We wonder why?

How did Bill McCann manage to get down to the Central Yard the other day? We thought he was snowed in.

Bill Redding's battle cry when launching his boat is, "There are too many men working on the launching".

Ray Norton is surely growing a front on himself. He must be eating pretty good.

Baldy McGee must have got over all of his battles, as he comes in to work now with ne'er a scratch.

Eddie Preston is still going around with a smile on his face.

Those railroad ties will soon be worn out if J. Rooney doesn't soon stop walking them.

The other day it was heard that J. Rooney was Shiner's shadow.

What makes that man Dearth so jumpy?

It looks like Snow Ball got rid of Heffner as a stern tube twin.

We wonder how "Hop Along" R. Sutton is getting along up in No. 4 shipyard.

Jim Monteith took a couple of days off to finish his chicken coops. He can open up his front porch now.

Bill Hart was tickled pink the other day when he had an extra large sandwich in his lunch.

We wonder how Bonner and Werkheiser liked the ram the other morning. And by the way, Bonner is still on a soft diet.

J. Fry was kept busy for a while down in the south yard. It seems there is no rest for the wicked.

Penniwell is still working the second shift. A lot of fellows thought he quit.

When it comes to bowling, that

man Wilson is amazing. He bowled a perfect one hundred and twenty game. That's a tough game to beat.

The two-way tie for first place in the dept. bowling league isn't a tie any more as "Herbie" Trauffer's carpenters from No. 4 yard rolled a record third game to win the play-off from Paul Horner's shop outfit, 3 to 1.

If there is going to be a second-half tie it will have to be with some other team because the shop is very comfortably resting in last place along with the leaders' team, which seems to have a lifetime lease on that position in the league standings.

We won't mention Trauffer's two 200 games because they are becoming a habit, but Sikorsky got one and "Johnnie" Bonner ran wild with a 197. Even Wilson caught the spirit and rolled 45 pins over his average for a score that he ought to be ashamed of.

"Ches" Snell took high money for the evening with three scores that even amazed him.

"Cannon Ball" Charlie Fischer also bowled.

Frank Walls got at least one strike because we saw that one, but we won't vouch for any others.

It was a general thought in these parts that Mr. H. H. Saxton, Esq., former timekeeper for this department, was rather filthy with Uncle Sam's currency. Of course, the fact that he owned a Packard with six new tires aided somewhat in establishing this impression. Now comes the all crowning confirmation of the fact from Goodfellow Field, Texas. We quote Pfc. Don Jacobi in "flight time" as follows:

"Q. M. Spotlight !!! Beam on Pfc. Harold H. Saxton — born in the year of the 'Big Wind', 1898 !!! Combines the dignity of age, intelligence and years well spent to make the best 'Black Jacker' in the Q. M. day room. He studied the violin for eight years and was very efficient at 'Second Fiddle', even before being married to Helen Donigan (Irish I believe) on Dec. 13, 1942, culmination of a 'childhood' romance. He served a two-year hitch during the first world war, returning to civilization only to continue his education at traveling — H. H. became one of the 'Gold-Dust' boys when he went to work for Sun Shipbuilding & Dry Dock Co. So efficient was our boy that the shipbuilders and drydockers are still try-

(Continued on Next Page)



DON DeFORREST

66 DEPT. — (Continued)

ing to get him back to war production work. 'Tis said that 'Saxie' made so much money while with this ship-building company that he could use his gold toothpick in public and still be referred to as a gentleman."

That's our "Sax" !!!

"Iron Man Vic" Newborg just un-retired himself from his farm and returned to good old Sun Ship to earn enough to pay his 1942 income tax.

Geo. Allen has now joined that select class which is rapidly becoming less select, the leaders.

We have just submitted to the government our dept. theory of toughening up men. In case any of you fellows are unfamiliar with this item, the boys suggest you work on the heavy ram at 3:45 a.m. on launching day with the temperature at 5° below zero. (Phila. style zero.)

Tom Brown was all ready to put his horsehide coat in the moth balls, but Old Man Winter jumped on him again.

Every time we start to change the numbers on our service flag over the shop, another squad enters the service. Consequently, the flag still shows a 40 while the actual number of 66 dept. boys in uniform is close to one hundred.

The Department extends its deepest sympathy to George Jaggers on the loss of his wife.

Don DeForrest, Son of Sun Ship Man, Named to All-American Swimming Team

Dec. 8 was a red letter day for Fernon J. DeForrest, Sun Ship night shift sign painter, for on that day one of his sons, Don, was chosen one of the three members of the All-American long distance swimming team.

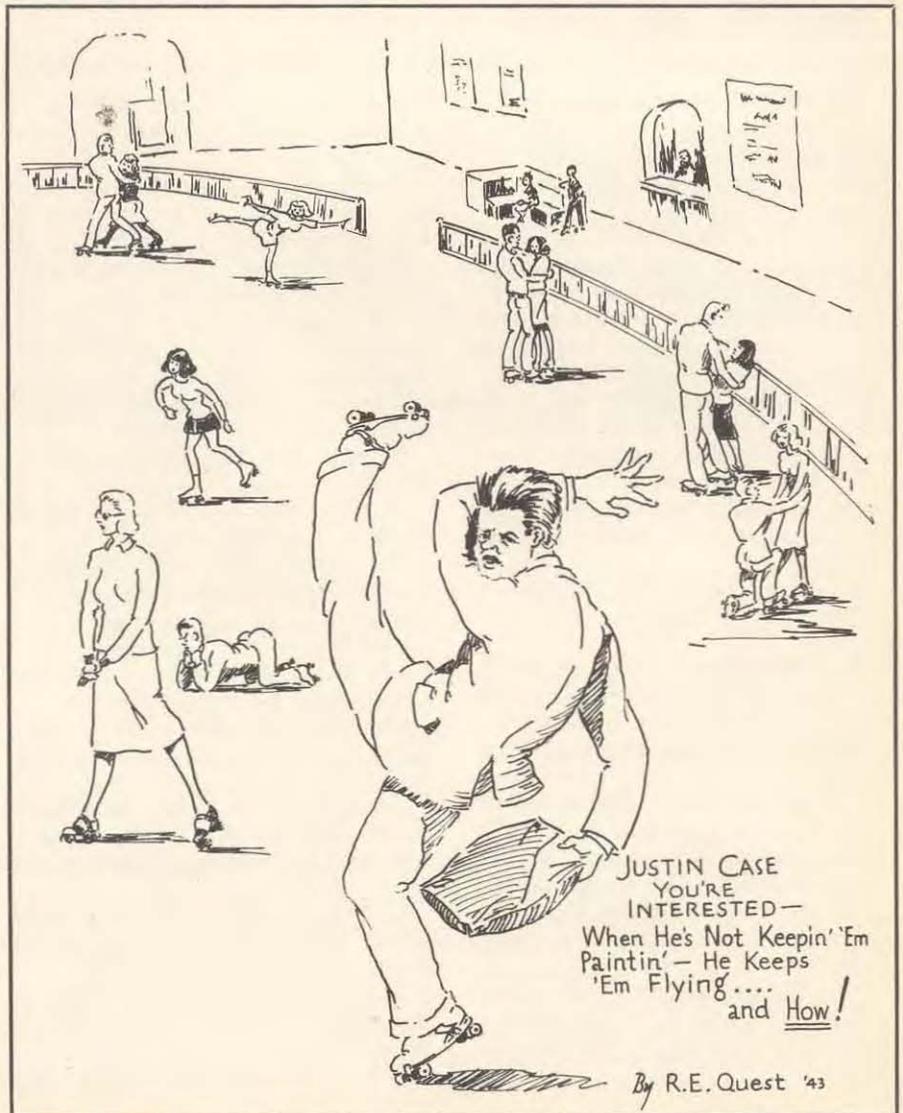
Of course, honors for the DeForrest children are no special novelty any more. Don's 13-year-old sister, Dolores, won the senior Middle Atlantic high diving championship last year and has won 30 medals for diving and swimming. His brother, Bruce, ten, has also won several medals, and last year was runner-up at a state diving meet. A younger sister, Thelma, nine, has three swimming ribbons.

Don was chosen by a committee

headed by Charles Roeser, past president of the Middle Atlantic Athletic Association. The honor is sanctioned by the A. A. U.

Roeser said he believed DeForrest was the youngest swimmer ever to win such an award. He is a member of the Chester Y. M. C. A. team, and has won more than 50 swimming medals and four trophies. Last summer he won the national junior A. A. U. championship at Clementon Lake and shattered the record for the three-mile distance by seven minutes.

In addition Don holds the 100-yard senior Middle Atlantic States title; the 440-yard senior title and the 880-yard junior national title. He is a graduate of Eddystone High School.



JUSTIN CASE
YOU'RE
INTERESTED—
When He's Not Keepin' 'Em
Paintin'— He Keeps
'Em Flying....
and How!

By R.E. Quest '43

LOST AND FOUND DEPARTMENT

Articles belonging to the men listed below have been found and turned in to the Lost and Found Dept., Central Yard Safety Office, and may be obtained by calling there for them. The men with a star after their names have already received the lost articles. The last man listed, A. Kasson, is an inspector at Baldwin, whose keys were found by a Sun Ship man on the seat of a railroad car.

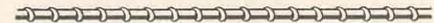
Wm. Foster	A. Hummel	F. Seifried
C. Hurst	R. Westergon	E. McKenna
J. Mahoney*	W. Green	Robt. Todd
Walter Whitehead	M. A. Lynch	J. H. Wood
Ellwood C. Keller	Kenneth James Outt	F. Wisniewski
Francis McCann	Kenneth D. Smith	R. Parker
Wm. Halpin	E. Robbins	H. Krone
J. Maida	A. Kammerer	Eileen Bunner
S. Arcediacono	Mike Melograno	Norman Musiel, Jr.
J. Caple	M. Sawka	Art Walter
W. Hancock*	Wm. Bergan	R. Stovall
J. Krashefski	Wm. Payton	L. Kelly
D. Barberes	Chas. Resnick	A. Kasson*
L. Robinson	Clif McLean	

DEADLINE FOR MARCH ISSUE MARCH 5



Called to Colors

James Lynne of the Mail Dept. was the recent guest of honor at a farewell party and dance given by the Office girls at the Chester Club. He is now in the service of Uncle Sam, and we all wish him luck.



55 DEPARTMENT

A baby girl weighing 6½ lbs. was born to Albert and Florence Fox at the Broad Street Hospital on January 19, 1943, at 11:38 p. m. Her name is Martha Elizabeth Fox. Her daddy is in 55 dept. and her grandfather, Albert Fox, is in 30 dept. She was born on her mother's 19th birthday.

Jack Strouse

Friends of Jack Strouse, who worked in 91 Dept. at Sun Ship, were saddened to hear of his death on February 15 in University Hospital, Philadelphia. Ever since he appeared in "The Golden Crook," Jack had been a black-face comedian and had played opposite most of the big-name stars in that field. On behalf of the Sun Ship family, *Our Yard* extends its sympathy to Jack's friends and relatives.

1942 - 1943 NEWS OF SUN SHIP'S BASKETBALL TEAM

Paul Chadick	Jerry Stepkee
Ed Boyle	Geo. Howat
Lee Logan	Steve Palma
Danny Murtaugh	Frank McShane
Bob Eiffe	Soap Seber

Don Robertshaw — Coach
Tom Howat — Asst. Coach
Jack Bentley — Mgr.

Our team went through last season in the Delri League, and played several outside teams without a defeat. This year we won 6 straight games, and then something happened, no one knows what, but Baldwin won 18 to 17. Westinghouse also lost only one game during the first half, so on Feb. 17th, 9:15 p. m., Sun Ship played Westinghouse to determine the first half champions. Result — Sun Ship 54, Westinghouse 30.

Sun Ship has by far the best team around these parts. Although over 31,000 people are employed here, if we have 10 Sun Ship rooters at a game to cheer these champions on, it is a large crowd. Why not get behind this winning team and come to the Chester High School gym to root for your champions!

94 DEPARTMENT Purchasing

Wedding bells rang again this month for another one of "Our Gang," when Audrey Lewis and Bill Price took their vows on January 8th. After a brief honeymoon in New York, they returned to settle down in their apartment at Ninth and Parker Streets. Audrey stayed with us until February 15th, then she left to start being a housewife in earnest.

A farewell dinner was given for her by all the girls at the Ingleneuk, which, knowing the girls, we would say would never be the same. Neither will the bus driver, from all accounts, who brought them back to Chester, as the girls were in one of their hilarious moods that night.

Another wedding took place in Glenolden when Dottie Simon, formerly of our department, married Al Moore. Dottie and Al have started a home of their own too, and every morning can be seen running at top-speed for the bus. It's our guess that clocks were not included among their wedding presents.

Mrs. Eli Gillon, the former Joan Rodgers, who left us sometime ago to go to Alabama to be married is back in the fold again. Her husband, Lt. Gillon, who had been stationed at Camp Rucker is now overseas and Joan is a working gal again. Can anyone tell her definitely when the war will be over?

Our boss, Mr. Scott, is back with us after a sick spell, looking hale and hearty again. The bad weather combined with a heavy case of grippe to keep him at home but the first decent day he was back on the job again.

No Reflection on Our Boys in the Service

Exasperated sergeant, addressing the new recruits at the end of an exhaustive hour of drill: "When I was a little boy I had a set of wooden soldiers. There was a poor little boy in the neighborhood and after listening to my teacher one day talk on the beauties of charity, I gave them to him. Then I wanted them back and cried, but my mother said: 'Don't cry, Bertie, some day you'll get your wooden soldiers back.' And, believe me, you lopsided, mutton headed, goofus brained set of certified rolling pins, that day has come."



**Harry Ellis
8 Years' Service**

A member of 45 dept., Harry is a real American who has a heavy stake in this war, having sent three sons into the service. Of course, he still has two daughters who live with him in Phila., but the WAACs or WAVES may get them, too. Congratulations, Harry.

SOLDIER'S PRAYER

*Now I lay me down to sleep;
I pray the Lord my gun to keep
Let no other soldier take
My socks or shoes before I wake.*

*Keep me safely in Thy sight;
Cause no fire drills in the night;
And at morning let me wake
Breathing scents of sirloin steak.*

*Spare me from all hikes and drills;
And when sick, don't feed me pills.
Should I hurt this head of mine,
Paint it not with iodine.*

*Take me back into the land
Where they walk without a band,
Where no pesky bugle blows
And where women wash the clothes.*

*In a cozy feather bed,
There I long to lay my head,
Far away from camping scenes
And the smell of half-baked beans.*

*Lord Thou knowest my every care,
Hearken then, to this, my prayer.
Hasten days of peace again,
Calm and draftless — Lord Amen!*



This drawing was made by William Devonshire (left), student at St. James High School. He is 15 years old and son of C. Devonshire, 95 dept., who has been with Sun Ship 14 years.



Joe Laverty, 2 yrs., son of J. Laverty, 36 Dept.

Junior Members of the Sun Ship Family



John F. Moran, Jr., 1 yr., son of John Moran, 36 Dept.



William, Jr., 18 mos., and Lois, 3 yrs., children of Wm. Mekenney, 34 Dept., South Yard.



Shiela Elizabeth Tinley, 4 1/2 yrs., daughter of Calvert R. Tinley, 59 dept.



Bernardo Romani, 4 yrs., son of Pat Romani, 36 Dept.



Evelyn A. Jaffe, 3 yrs., daughter of David Jaffe, 36 Dept.



Mae, 4 yrs., and Barbara Ann, 2 yrs., daughters of Alfred Washington, 60 Dept., and granddaughters of Thomas Miller, 67 Dept.



Joseph Rusek, 3rd, 16 mos., son of J. Rusek, Jr., 59 Dept., foreman, 2nd shift.



Ethel Mae Bythrow, 19 mos., daughter of E. Bythrow, 58 Dept.



Donald F., 12 yrs., Myerl A., 7 yrs., and Lawrence A. Curren, 5 yrs., sons of Herman F. Curren, 59 Dept., 3rd shift.



Betty Lou Weaver, 9 yrs., daughter of Anthony "Buck" Weaver, 33 Dept.



Ellanora Beck, 4 yrs., daughter of Lester Beck, 59 Dept., South Yard.



Elsie, 8 yrs., Buck, 2 yrs., and Butch, 7 yrs., children of Edwin L. Klock, 59 Dept., North Yard.



Barbara Lea Shahadi, 3 yrs., daughter of John G. Shahadi, 47 Dept.



Joan Fitzsimmons, 3 yrs., daughter of Joe Fitzsimmons, 91 Dept., N. Yard.



Ralph Harvey Brinton, Jr., 3 1/2 mos., grandson of George Greenfield, 33 Dept.



Ricardo, 2 yrs., Donald, 8 yrs., and Owen, 7 yrs., children of F. Campana, 80 Dept.



Former Sun Ship Man Makes Good With Uncle Sam

An interesting story of a Sun Shipper's rise from private to lieutenant is contained in this letter to Jack Purdy of 30-S Dept. from John Finigan, formerly of the same Dept.

Dear Jack,

Your letter came to me at Fort Bragg last July, and I held it until I had the opportunity of answering.

Since I left Sun Ship last March I have led an exciting and busy life. I've seen a lot of the Army and made many new friends.

From Camp Lee, Virginia, I was transferred to Fort Bragg in the middle of June. It seems my progress from there didn't miss any of the rough spots.

I was made a private first class, and was a corporal when last I wrote. Later I was a sergeant when I received an appointment to officers' training with the fighting quartermasters at Camp Lee.

This officers' training course was the toughest grind yet. It lasted three months with two months of academic and military studies and the final month of commando training in the field. We had forced marches with rifles and heavy packs until we were ready to drop, marches at night through swamps with water up to our armpits, bayonet, "judo", training with all the small weapons from automatics to machine guns. Sometimes we wondered whether we would live through it and didn't much care, but

we knew that the training had to be tough so we plugged on.

Finally we were commissioned. That was the big day. With band-playing and speech-making we received our appointments as officers in the Army of the United States from the President, our Commander-in-Chief.

The real test lies ahead. Where, I don't know. At present I am stationed in Boston awaiting a permanent assignment.

I often think of Sun Ship and realize more than ever how really important your jobs are to our winning the war.

I don't know when I shall see you again but good luck to you all.

(Lt.) John C. Finigan.

OUR YARD BILLBOARD

NOTICE

The National Planning Board 1943 Victory Book Campaign has requested the employees of the Sun Shipbuilding & Dry Dock Company to donate all the books they can spare, as they are urgently needed for all branches of the Armed Forces.

If the employees will bring books to the Safety Department Store in the Dispensary Building Central Yard, the Safety Store located in the North Yard at No. 21 Way, or to any Safety Office in the Yard, they will be collected and sent to the Government and we will receive credit from the National releases.

I would be pleased to see all of our employees do their part in this campaign.

John J. Peat
President

February 9, 1943

RIDE WANTED

H. R. DeGroat, 47-469, Rolling Green Park, State Road, Springfield, Del. Co. Notify Cressy, Safety Dept.

SKETCHING CLUB IS FORMING NOW

Anyone who wants to join leave name at *Our Yard* office.

5 RIDERS WANTED

Second shift worker in Boiler Shop has room for 5 riders living in vicinity of 7th and Girard Ave. or West Phila. around Dicks, Buist, Elmwood or Woodland Ave. Please call Market 2486. Ask for Druing.

IMPORTANT

Broken steel tape must *not* be tampered with. Bring all broken pieces to 84 Dept. *Do not* turn tape backwards or try to repair it yourself. No charge for this service.

SUN SHIP DANCE

COLUMBUS CENTER
ST PATRICK'S NIGHT
MARCH 17

Floor Show

Music by
Tommy Leeson

TICKETS 55c

WANTED

A 1- or 2-cylinder gasoline motor from 1/2 to 1 H. P. Notify G. Doyle, 33-1510.

FOR SALE

1939 CHEVROLET
2-door, Deluxe Model—
heater, 5 good tires, inspected. See Harry White, Inter-office phone 230.

DEADLINE FOR MARCH ISSUE March 5—no foolin'



