

*Our
Yard*



SUN SHIPBUILDING & DRY DOCK CO., CHESTER, PA., JAN., 1964

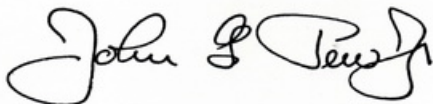
Memo from John G. Pew, Jr.

We Move Off Sidelines into the Game

And a happy, peaceful and prosperous 1964 to you all, too. That is in answer to the deluge of season's greetings which flowed into office and home again this year.

I haven't been able to give them the attention I have in the past because I have been busier than usual. Some of you may have read that I am in the process of putting my actions where my mouth has been politically. When people come to you and say, "Put up or shut up," you must put up if you don't intend to shut up. And I don't intend to shut up.

So you might say this is a hasty greeting because I have more than ever to attend to now. No less sincere, understand, but things I hope you consider important are claiming more of my attention and I know you wouldn't want them weakened by lack of application. I may have more to say on this score later.

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "John G. Pew, Jr." The signature is fluid and stylized, with the first and last names being more prominent than the middle initial.

Ship Repair Takes Another Bow

Socony Mobil Oil Company, Inc.

150 EAST 42ND STREET, NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

MARINE TRANSPORTATION
DEPARTMENT

CABLE ADDRESS: MOBILTRANS NEW YORK

December 31, 1963

Mr. Paul E. Atkinson, President
Sun Shipbuilding and Drydock Co.
Chester, Pennsylvania

Dear Paul:

I would like to extend to you my sincerest appreciation for the assistance extended to our Superintendent Engineer, Mr. R. G. Wooler, during the recent electrical failure of the S/S MOBIL FLAME at Paulsboro, New Jersey on December 25th.

Despite the fact that the breakdown occurred early on Christmas Day, Mr. Wooler was still able to obtain all the necessary labor from your yard in cooperation with your Mr. LaCrosse and commence the necessary repairs at once. Also, with the able cooperation of your Electrical Department, a normal seven day repair was completed in three and one-half days.

Very truly yours,

s/ R. G. James, Manager
Marine Transportation Dept.



MANY SCHOOL GROUPS VISITING OUR YARD are here just to see heavy industry at work. Others come with a much broader purpose. They come under auspices of ACES (Americans for Competitive Enterprise System) and have been briefed on operation of free enterprise in a democracy beforehand. They come here and are told about ways and means an industry takes to remain competitive and other things having to do with such an operation. Then they go through yard to see them at work. Such a group was this from Ridley Township High School last month. They were photographed at each end of 47 shop, one watching a crane lifting, other watching stern assembly.

Some Contracts Are Easier To Describe Than Others

Stick with this one. It's about a new contract but you'll have to read right down to the fine print before you catch on. So, like I say—stick with it.

We have no pictures on this one yet. So we'll have to tell you about it.

When we get pictures we'll still have to tell you about it unless a method has been found by that time to put motion pictures on paper. (The direction of motion is THE thing in this jiggermarabuz.)

After we have told you about it you will be as much at sea, no doubt, as the writer, but the Bible says, "Launch out into the deep." So let's go.

This is a Dynamic Escape Simulator. So right away we know it is to be an imitation of something. Simulate—that means to do the same as, which means to imitate, doesn't it? Dynamic—that means full of life, vigorous, magnetic (all this is being done without any help from Noah Webster).

Now if that was all there was to it, the solution would be simple. For instance—we are building a machine to imitate vigor, magnetism and pep (full of life). Right away you would say, "Well, he's pretty much of a dope if he doesn't understand that. It's simple. They're going to turn out personality by automation and this is the plus type."

But that Escape in there throws you off. You are now faced with a problem—is it that you are to escape being a dynamic, full of life and vigorous person? Or are you to be dynamic, full of life and vigorous in escaping imitation? We gave this much thought and that is one of the reasons we are going into such detail at the beginning of this contract description—to keep you from making the same mistake. In return for this gift of much thought we were given an engraved invitation to try out the comforts of a head shrinker's couch which we were able to refuse by agreeing to forget the whole thing. So don't give it a thought.

Having wound up at this impasse we decided to start all over again. This time we went to the Sales Department and talked to Richard Corkhill who is handling the contract. He spelled it out.

This is another step ahead in our space age activity. It will be a machine to simulate all possible motions to which a person in a "ship" out in space might be exposed. The apparatus is shaped like a horizontal ice cream cone. The wide end is out. The point is fastened to a pivot which whirls the cone in its horizontal position. While the cone is being thus whirled, the cone itself also is turning, but over-and-over. This means it is going over-and-over and round-and-round at the same time.

These circles are, of course, at right angles to each other. This leaves all the variations between horizontal and vertical to be covered. This is done by means of a thing which would correspond to the ball of ice cream on the end of the cone. It is held in place by trunions. You get the pic-

ture if you think of the ball as having pins directly opposite each other which fasten into the sides of the cone at its mouth permitting the ball to spin freely. This rotation would be at right angles to the rotation of the cone itself and because of the rotation of the cone would be changing its angle of rotation constantly. Think of a ring with a screw thread all around it. The spinning ball follows the path of the thread so no possible direction is missed. We are building just the cone.

Now that you have a clear picture of that you can understand what a jolly time a prospective passenger in space will have in a seat inside the ball. By the time he/she will have emerged from the ride, he will have been whirled in every possible direction—and, he probably will think, all at the same time.

The apparatus is to replace the human centrifuge with which most of us are familiar—a long arm with a sort of enclosed bath tub on the end. Its gyrations were much like those of this new equipment. It is being built at a cost of \$67,000 for the aerospace laboratory of the Franklin Institute for erection at the Wright-Patterson Air Force Base at Dayton.

Fabrication is going on in the boiler shop. The cone will be made of special strength steel and will be double wallled providing the same strength with lighter steel which means a saving of weight. The finished product will weigh about 23,000 pounds.

To give some idea of the speed with which this apparatus will rotate—the building within which it will spin will have a steel shield all around it to a height of quite a few feet in the space where it is installed, in case something should let go.

Vice Pres. Holzbaur Resigns

Resignation of Arthur A. Holzbaur as vice president in charge of operations was announced by President Paul E. Atkinson Dec. 27, 1963, effective immediately. Vice President Robert Galloway was assigned to the duties of the vacated office. Ship repair sales and industrial sales which had been part of Mr. Galloway's former responsibilities now report directly to Mr. Atkinson. Mr. Holzbaur's new assignment was not announced.

Mrs. Beatty Says 'Thank You'

A month or so ago William Beatty, retired foreman of 47 Dept., had a birthday. Just who spread the word in the yard is not known but he received more than 40 cards and letters at his home in Coral Gables, Fla.

Mrs. Beatty wrote to Ann Finnegan, a nurse in the dispensary, expressing their appreciation. "It was indeed a pleasant surprise for Mr. Beatty," she wrote, "and, believe me, it was a happy day knowing he hadn't been forgotten by his old friends."

OUR COVER

Au'voir!
Bon Voyage!
Smooth sailing!

Turn to Our Cover saying any one of these and you get the picture. The SS ATLANTIC HERITAGE has left us to begin the duties for which she was created. Already she has added a full load of about 345,000 barrels to the tanks at Fort Mifflin for The Atlantic Refining Co. and is due from Texas with another load about the 18th.

Her commanding officer is Capt. Heinrich C. Redeker, 56, who joined the com-



Capt. Heinrich C. Redeker

pany in 1931 as an able seaman and sailed as master for the first time in 1946. His most recent command was the SS ATLANTIC NAVIGATOR.

The chief engineer on the new vessel is William Sparks whose wife sponsored the vessel when it was launched with their



William Sparks

daughter as maid of honor. Sparks had gotten to be a familiar figure in the yard during the several months he was stationed here before the ship was delivered.

Safety Is Something You Work For

By John M. Tecton

WHAT ARE YOU DOING FOR SAFETY?

As I start to write this month's safety message, I am thinking of the story about the salesman who tried to sell a farmer a book on better farming methods. The farmer looked at him and said, "Why son, I don't need no book. I ain't farming half as good as I know how."



J. Tecton

And maybe that is the reason we just can't get the number of accidents down. Are all of us like the farmer and "not working half as safely as we know how?" I don't believe there

are any of you who are not acquainted with our safety rules and practices and I know all of you have enough good, common sense to apply them to yourself, but do you?

The farmer hit the nail right on the head when he said he wasn't doing as good as he knew how and that is the reason why these injuries occur. Someone is not working as safe as he knows how.

How can we find out why people do not work as safe as they know how? Surely, as I have said many times, no one wants to get hurt, no one wants to cause anyone to be injured but we can look back on case after case and find out it was because someone did something or someone didn't do something. So, what can we do about safety? Safety for you, for me, for everyone.

If each of us can get it into his head that practically all accidents can be prevented by the use of a little common sense—all the time, every time, everywhere—we can help a lot.

We must realize that it is up to each of us to avoid accidents by applying this good common sense to every part of his life, his job, his home, at play, in the car, everywhere. We must be at our best all the time because these accidents are waiting around the corner just ready to pounce when you relax. Remember, the safe way is the only way.

Some time ago I read a book called "Fail-Safe" which depicted a system to hold back the atomic bombers when all other means had failed. Fiction, of course, but not beyond the realm of possibility. Neither is the elimination of accidents

beyond possibility if each of us uses the "Fail-Safe" method and make that last minute check of the job, its location and everything connected with it to see that conditions are safe.

The National Safety Council states there are "seven deadly" beliefs, as they call them, which contribute to every accident. They are:

1. I'll get it when my number comes up.
2. It can't happen to me.
3. It's the law of averages.
4. Danger is the price of progress.
5. An accident is an act of God.
6. I'm tough. I don't bruise easily.
7. Safety is sissy stuff.

Add to this list your own pet peeves and beliefs and you can see what is going to happen. Some people just won't let the boss (or anyone else) tell them how to do

a job. They know better—bosses can't teach them anything. They know.

So, what are you doing about safety? Surely, safety isn't anything new to you but do you recognize how important it is to you and your family? If everyone of us will think every morning as we go to work about what we can do to perform our work safely we will be a long way along the road toward our goal.

Years ago there was a Frenchman, Dr. Emile Coue, who obtained tremendous publicity for his book which stressed the following—you must constantly say and believe, "Every day in every way I am getting better and better." Let's paraphrase this a little and say, "Every day in every way I am being safer and safer." For today is the important factor. You have all heard the old saying, "Here today, gone tomorrow." How true this is, but if we are here today let's make it a safe one. Alcoholics Anonymous teaches its members to do without an alcoholic drink "today." Let's teach ourselves to do without an accident today. It can work. It does.

How do you rate yourself on safety? Do you consider that you work safely all the time or do you feel you take unnecessary chances now and then. Do you let your mind wander away from the safety subject when you are at work? If you do these two things, better prepare yourself, your accident is waiting to happen.

The importance of being safety-minded at all times cannot be stressed too much. Your attitude toward safety and the manner in which you work can influence others to a great extent. Take that new man, for instance. If he sees you take a chance he will feel this is the proper way to work, that he is expected to take them too. Do it the right and safe way and see how quickly he catches on. Because the heart of safety is the individual, you yourself, Mr. Sun Ship worker, and your attitude toward safety are all important. No safety department in the world can help those who won't help themselves.

From the time our feet hit the floor in the morning until we lift them off the floor at night, we must think and practice safety and even in bed—don't light that smoke. At home we know we must not touch electric switches, radios or other appliances while we are in the tub or shower. We know we must open the garage doors before we warm up the car. We know we must stop at the red traffic lights. Then we come to work and say—let the Safety Dept. do it, that's what they're for.

SEE PAGE 24, COL. 1 . . .

We Looked Real Pretty

During the holiday season various offices in the yard were decorated beautifully. In his travels Harry Hladky saw many of them and put them in his little black box. You will find the pictures here and there throughout the magazine.



CENTRAL OFFICE was complete with gifts. Evelyn Jacoby is curious one with Kathleen Sanders (left) and Judith Waters looking from behind her and Cheryl Polfus at left.

Our Yard

A publication of the Sun Shipbuilding and Dry Dock Co., Chester, Pa.

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JANUARY 1964

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Arn Smedley, Secretary

REPORTERS: John Aull, Stanley Boyda, Carl Browne, Harry Burr, James S. Falcone, Thomas Flynn, Howard Foresman, Lewis Hazlett, Joseph Hinkle, Edward Housley, Charles Jenkins, Morris Kaimus, Joseph Kulp, Guy Kushto, Donald Logan, Albert J. McCann, John Rosati, Donald Smith, William Walsh, Frank Wilson and Robert Hahn, Outdoor Editor.

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



Hull Drawing Holds Christmas Party



HULL DRAWING ROOM SOCIAL CLUB annual dinner dance was quite an affair as these pictures indicate. Picture Snapper Hladky couldn't get them all in one so he split them down center. Anyone present should find him/her self on one of them. Too many to identify so pick out those you know and ask a member who are remainder. Details may be read in Bill Walsh's 38 Dept. column (even if that is Engine Drawing).



By Donald Smith

The whole nation and, in fact, most of the civilized world was profoundly shocked Nov. 22, 1963, by the senseless, heinous, cold-blooded assassination of President John Fitzgerald Kennedy. Struck down in the prime of life, Mr. Kennedy was the youngest President ever to serve in the United States. He had so much to live for and so much to give to a nation that needed so much. The nation is bowed down with sorrow for the President's wife, children and family. There is a personal grief that none of us can really share.

But always out of disaster comes something refined and recreated by the intensity of despair. I believe his death will hasten rather than delay many of the objectives he sought—particularly in the lessening of religious and racial prejudice. The great gathering of international dignitaries coming to his funeral from every corner of the globe is just one more indication that the world thought highly of the aims and ideals of our departed President. We bow in shame that his passing was at the hands of an assassin in our free country.

"The worst sorrows of life are not in its losses and misfortunes, but in its fears."

The spirit of this jubilant season again is slowly being stored away in our hearts for another eleven months or so. With the discarding of broken toys and empty candy boxes, the taking down of lights and Christmas trees, we start looking anxiously to the months ahead. Although 1963 leaves behind several months of tragedy and despair, January brings the dawn of a new year with the hope of peace, progress and prosperity for all.

Upon returning to day shift, I noticed the absence of several faces which should have been back at work. Evidently they got jobs showing more security.

Incidentally, to you fellows returning to work, let's not forget the safety measures stressed throughout the yard. Be a little considerate of your fellow employees. We're all on the same team so let's work together—safely. While on the subject of safety, we must compliment 60 Dept. for its wonderful record of 204 days without injury. Let's try for a year next time.

For those who didn't know, the record



D. Smith



ELECTRICAL DRAWING - Phyllis DiNauta was interested in greetings.

was severed by Charles (Ears) Childs (60-48). Ears had an unfortunate accident in early December while supervising a job in the South Yard. An I beam struck across his foot breaking three toes. We're all rooting for a quick recovery. Anyone wishing to send him a get well card can get his address from the department office.

Larry Natale (60-54) presented his wife with a complete new kitchen as a Christmas present. I can see Larry putting on the extra pounds already.

Jimmy Madden (60-285) declares he bought Mom a new kitchen sink for Christmas to make the task more pleasant. It's my idea he wore out the last one himself.

At this writing, Joe Gibbs (60-88) is on the injured list with a burned instep he received recently. I understand it's not too serious and he should recover rapidly.

The physical agility of Louis Hopper (59-346) makes it hard to believe he just recovered from an appendectomy. Lou underwent the operation during layoff and recovered without complications.

Walter Brysiak (59-163), Gordon Ricketts and Tex Robinson, 66 Dept., went on a bear hunting trip to the Poconos over the Thanksgiving holiday. As I understand it, they hit a few "bars," but the only game they returned with was two skunks and a possum.

Al Wagner bagged a fine spike deer on a hunting trip with some of the fellows recently. Now they're ribbing him that it was the camp pet. Regardless of how the other fellows feel, Al said the meat tasted good.

Free suggestion to amateur deer hunters: If it doesn't wear a vest, a necktie, a mustache or a hat, and doesn't smoke a pipe—it is probably a cow.

In many states a hunting license entitles you to one deer and no more. Just like a marriage license.

Did you know we have a hero in our midst? It seems, Stanley (last of the big time game hunters) Lynch (59-42) while

Pappy Stands Amended

It hardly pays to read a weather report these days without checking up to be sure it is accurate. That would be about the least likely candidate for a checkup possible.

If there was anything less likely to be checked up on, almost everyone would agree it would be the question Charles (Pappy) Jenkins asks in his 59-60 Dept. (2d Shift) column each month or so. Readers just take for granted the research Pappy does to insure correct answers. But even here we come up with a "just to keep him honest" situation.

The December issue of the column carried the answer to the question, "When was the U. S. Coast Guard formed?" It was "... by an act of Congress, Aug. 4, 1790—made up of 10 boats to protect the revenue and enforce the customs law."

In due time from one, Charles Garland, came this bit of information. Mr. Garland writes in part, "Without going into too many technicalities, the organization currently known as the Coast Guard was created by Congress Jan. 28, 1915."

"In 1790 the organization was known as The System of Cutters. Between 1790 and 1915 the titles included, The Revenue Marine and the U. S. Revenue Cutter Service. Organizations that have amalgamated with the Coast Guard include Lifesaving Service, Lighthouse Service, International Ice Patrol and the Bureau of Marine Inspection and Navigation."

It just goes to show there is more than one answer to almost any question.

on one of his safaris to the Poconos lost a hunter who had been lost in the woods for two days. Upon returning the hunter to his camp, which was 18 miles away, Stan was rewarded with a fine dinner and some spirits. Not the Christmas type.

A philosophical item being passed along to you this month: Don't resent growing old—a great many are denied the privilege.

All of you who are calorie conscious will be interested to know there is a new organization being formed to help you fight the Battle of the Bulge. It's known as Appetites Anonymous. When you get the urge to eat they will send someone over to drink with you.

And, finally, for a bit of philosophy: "How much better the world would be if we'd let opportunity do all the knocking."

The teacher had a terrible time getting a pair of overshoes on one of her pupils and she told him so.

"That's because these aren't mine," answered the young student.

The teacher strained and pulled until the overshoes were off again, then the boy finished:

"They're my brother's, but I wear them because I don't have any."

"I've got a job at last, Dad," the young actor reported. "I take the part of a man who has been married 20 years."

"Fine, son," said the father. "Maybe next time you'll get a speaking part."

47 Department 2nd Shift

By Howard (Shorty) Foresman

Well, now that Christmas is over we can have the fun of settling down to paying the bills. I hope all of you did well for Christmas and had a wonderful time.



H. Foresman

The holidays are over, but winter sure isn't. The salamanders are going full blast. I am happy I don't have to pay the oil bill. Charles Green (shipfitter) must have bought a lot of warm clothes—he seldom ever goes near a fire. Charles (Pappy) Jenkins (welder) says I am an idiot—and I will have to agree with him this time—I go

to Florida every summer when I should be going at this time of the year.

Happy birthday to Edith Copple, wife of Daniel (Reds) Copple. Edith's birthday is Jan. 21. Also happy birthday to Edward and James Eustace on Jan. 3. They are the sons of Eddie Eustace (shipfitter). Also happy birthday to Mrs. Eustace on Jan. 2.

I do quite a bit of reading in my spare time. I also read children's magazines and find many interesting things in them. For instance, here is a safety slogan that was in a child's magazine:

"Ten little fingers, ten little toes
We need all of them, Heaven knows.
So each little finger, each little toe,
Take good care of them. Don't let them go."

That was written for children but I think it would be a good one for all of us.

We can protect our fingers and toes by using gloves and safety shoes.

I heard a little story the other day about Thomas Byrd (burner). Tom, in his younger days, was going, so it goes, with a young lady who told him that she would like some chocolates for Valentine's Day. Tom promptly drove her to the chocolate factory and parked under the exhaust fan. True, she did not get the nourishment, but she got all the fragrance and none of the calories.

Here is something strictly for the ladies—a recipe for onion stuffing that is really good. This recipe is for a bird of 10 to 12 lbs.: 9 cups of bread crumbs, 1 cup of melted butter or oleo, 1 teaspoonful of salt, 1½ teaspoonfuls of sage, ¼ teaspoonful of pepper, 1 large chopped, fried onion. Combine all ingredients adding enough water to make the desired consistency. This is a recipe of a French chef which we tried for our Thanksgiving bird and found really good.

What 2d shift crane operator writes good jokes? Here are two of them:

1st man: "I had to shoot my dog."

2d man: "Was he mad?"

1st man: "Well, he wasn't too happy about it."

Here's the other one. Have you heard about the new underarm deodorant called Gone? Just a spray under each arm makes you invisible and leaves people wondering where the smell is coming from.

This fellow writes many jokes. Too many to print at one time. If you like them, perhaps we can get him to write more.

I hear that "Cigar" John (burner) no longer can be called Cigar John. He gave up smoking to buy a new car.

Best of luck to Dick Porter, our new shop steward. I am sure he will do his job wisely and well.

I am still very interested in getting together a rifle team. I find most of the fellows who are interested have high-powered rifles. What is needed now is a good



STOREHOUSE was only one with a creche.

place for target practice, also a good rifle range. Anyone having such a place or knowing of one, please contact me. I will appreciate it very much.

Now that the new year has arrived many of us will be making New Year resolutions. I myself will make none and will have none to break.

I hear that our friend, Blue Mundy (burner) has bought a peanut machine. Burner leader, Edward Scheer, will probably be his best customer. Ed sure does eat a lot of peanuts.

One last question before I sign off for this month. Do you know how to live on \$15.00 a week? I'll tell you next month.

The greatest masterpieces were once only pigments on a palette.



ANNUAL CHRISTMAS PARTY OF 85 and 93 Depts. was held at Latin Casino in New Jersey. They took time out during festivities to look at camera with this result. Far side of table beginning at right: Mr. and Mrs. Wilby Higgins, Mr. and Mrs. James Grasty, Mr. and Mrs. McKinley Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Alex Jones and guest. On near side from right: Mrs. Anna Butler and guest, Mrs. Margaret Jones, Ernest Fillery, three guests and Mr. and Mrs. James Hodge.



HARRY JONES, 76-36, 35 years



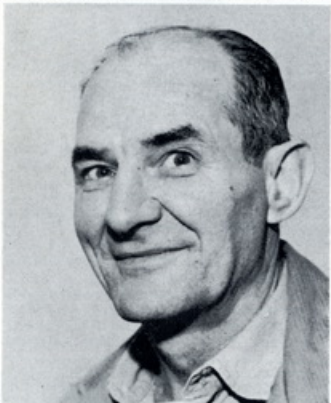
DAVID KARLSSON, 78-40, 35 years



JOSEPH KRUGER, 35-52, 30 years



JOHN PECK, 76-71, 30 years



JOHN ROMAN, 34-97, 30 years



HERBERT ROSENBERG, 76-37, 30 years



STEWART WOOLLEY, 96-8, 30 years



EDWARD HOFFMEISTER, 8-195, 25 yrs.



November Awards

45 YEARS

91-287 Frank Roberts

35 YEARS

78-40 David Karlsson

30 YEARS

45-20 Harvey Breeden

35-52 Joseph Kruger

76-71 John Peck

34-97 John Roman

76-37 Herbert Rosenberg

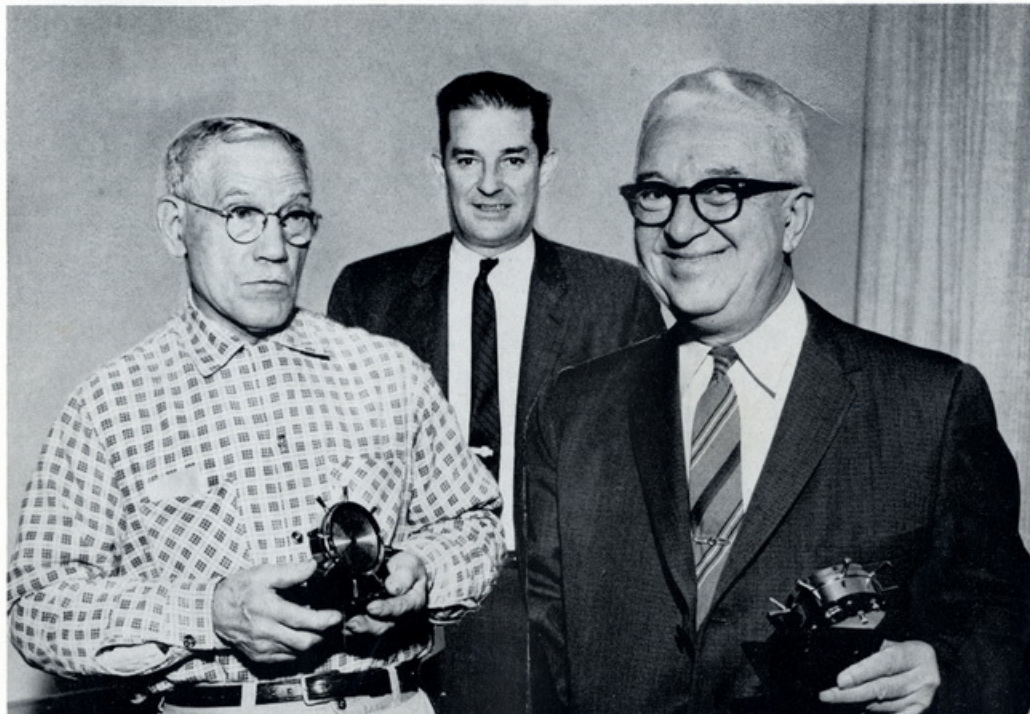
96-8 Stewart Woolley

25 YEARS

8-195 Edward Hoffmeister

SEE NEXT PAGE, COL. 2 . . .

Oldtimers Circle Continues to Grow



WE WELCOME WITH PLEASURE two more employees to ranks of 40-year Legion. Almost everyone knows Clifford Forney (90-6) (right), salary paymaster, and Czeslaw Orlowski (8-162) is a familiar figure in Wetherill where he has worked during his entire tenure.



HAROLD ROWLES, 8-207, 25 years

MORE ON SERVICE . . .

8-207 Harold Rowles

20 YEARS

59-79 Francis Coyle

59-185 Charles Dougherty

66-162 Joseph Fasano

46-209 Clifford Pulcher

15 YEARS

68-123 Lawrence Babicki

91-66 James Barnard

30-137 Robert Casey

59-103 Albert Robinson

8-276 James Robinson

34-949 Lawrence Thompson

10 YEARS

36-222 Stephen Bluzard, Jr.

30-287 Woolson Junkerman

76-110 Henry Maffei

38-95 Francis McNulty

59-899 John Roland

John: "Do men like talkative women or the other kind?"

Jim: "What other kind?"

The name of Clifford Forney to many employees is synonymous with new cars, food on the table, mortgage payments, restful vacations and the like.

In a manner of speaking, he is the man who makes them possible. The money for these things can be earned, the company can be ready and willing to give it out, but if the worker doesn't get it, it doesn't mean anything. Clifford is the man who sees that we get it. He is the salaried employees' paymaster.

He has been that for many years—but let us start at the beginning.

The gentleman was born in Elizabethville, Pa., on the Susquehanna River 30 or so miles above Harrisburg. When he was just about ready for high school his father took a position with a bank in Chester and the family moved here. Clifford was graduated from Chester High School in 1923. Oct. 22 of that year he began to work for Sun Ship. He started as a clerk in the Voucher Dept. under Harry White who retired nearly two years ago.

SEE PAGE 10, COL. 3 . . .



By Frank Wilson

Christmas is over now and it's time to relax. Forget the fragile state of your bank balance, and that incredible candy dish you got from Aunt Hilda. Ignore the winds whimpering around your chimney and the hungry hum of the oil burner. Build a fire

in the living room (it's better to do it in the fireplace as it won't burn the rug) and curl up with a good seed catalog. Nothing is prettier than a seed catalog in January. No weeds, no weary watering, no toil, no sweat. Just lovely expectations.

New Year's resolutions are in order for this month. So you might resolve

to pick your friends, to spare the hot rod and save the child. In any event, keep smiling. It will make your wife wonder what you've been up to.

January's birthstone is the garnet. Its flower is the carnation and the hardest thing about skating on ice is when you get right down to it.

Where most of us live, it will snow. It won't come down between 10 and two o'clock on a lazy Saturday, when a little exercise might do you good. Nor between 2 and 4 on Sunday afternoon. No, out of the starless wintry night it will sneak up on you on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday or Friday morning. It will cover walks that must be cleared before you leave for work. It will build a drifted ridge down your drive that must be moved before you can get the car out. Or, it starts at 3 p.m. and accumulates for you to struggle with after you have spent an extra hour getting home through a continuous snarl of traffic. Snow. Some like it and some don't.

By the time you receive this issue you should have received your W-2 form. This, in case you should forget, is for federal income tax purposes. A penny saved no longer is a penny earned. You've got to figure taxes in there somewhere.

Just look at your taxes and you'll stop calling them "cheap politicians." And the average taxpayer will be the first of America's natural resources to be exhausted.

BIRTHDAYS: When you receive this issue the following will have already celebrated their birthdays: Martha Campbell (Mr. Pavlik's secretary), 1-1; Agnes DeFelicce (Planning), 1-2; Harry Robinson (Purch.), 1-3; Stella Rustark (Acct. Pay.), 1-9; Andrea Conte (Payroll), 1-6; and Suzanne Albaugh (Steno.), 1-11.

The following have yet to celebrate: Mena Harmer (Payroll), 1-15; Ollie Kehler (Production), 1-15; and Peggy Jones (Mr. Atkinson's secretary), 1-30.

There are nine million other people in the world who observe their birthdays on the same day you do, according to the Population Reference Bureau. Seems that ought to call for a party, doesn't it?

WELCOME ABOARD: Welcome to Janet Jones and Annette Walls for Purchasing Dept.; Dorothy Plagg (matron); Andrea Conte in Payroll and Charles Derk (Invoice). Jim DiFelice of Invoice Dept. left service last month to go in business for himself. His place of business and a new adventure for him is a luncheonette located on Edgmont Ave. at 24th St. in Chester. We wish you the best of luck, Jim.

GIRL OF THE MONTH: Lillian Pennington's (Stores) daughter, Priscilla, was named girl of the month at a dinner on Dec. 10 in the Colony Hotel, Chester. She was chosen by the faculty of Sun Valley High School where she is a senior. See page 11 in OUR YARD for November for possible reason.

VACATIONS: Jerry Kallnovich (Invoice) spent a week upstate last month—hunting, I presume. "The only time a hunter tells the truth is when he calls another hunter a liar."

SICK LIST: Welcome back to Donald Clare (Personnel), Wanda Grier (Insurance), Alma Hurley (Electrical Drawing) and Barbara Mignogna (Vacations). And at this writing the following are still out: Kathryn Coonan (Stores), Daniel Becker (Sales) and William Elliott (Sales).

Sympathy is extended to Stella Rustark (Acct. Payable) whose father passed away and to Dr. F. W. Nymetz (Disp.) whose brother died.

WEDDING VOWS: Marilyn Forney (formerly of Purchasing Dept.), daughter of Clifford Forney (Sal. Paymaster), was married to Richard McNally of 221 W. 8th St., Chester, on Saturday, Nov. 16, 1963, in St. Michael's Roman Catholic Church. The bride, who was given in marriage by her father, wore a princess line gown of white satin with a petaled scoop neckline and long sleeves. The bell skirt had a full back bow and a chapel length train. Her fingertip veil was attached to a coronet of pearls and she carried a cascade bouquet of white fuji chrysanthemums and white pompons.

Miss Deborah Ann Murtaugh of Woodlawn was the maid of honor and Thomas Winfree of Millmont Park was best man.

A reception in the Media Inn followed the ceremony. After a week's honeymoon in St. Petersburg, Fla., the newlyweds now are living at 11 Chester Pike, Ridley Park.

There's a new invention just out for newbies. It's a sieve without holes for housewives who don't want to strain themselves.

And to end on a silly note, there was the man who put two carp in his fish pond and trained them to pass his wallet back and forth. This, of course, made him the first man to have a carp to carp wallet.

According to Oscar Wilde there are many things we would throw away, if we were not afraid that others might pick them up.

The elevator was extremely crowded. Suddenly a sweet young thing cried out, "Take your hands off me, you cad! No, not you! YOU!"

MORE ON 40 YEARS . . .

There were two transfers after that. In April, 1927, he moved to the Cost Dept., then in charge of Clayton B. Dimeler, and in April, 1935, to the staff of Treasurer William Craemer. He took the place of Miss Nell Dunleavy who retired. So for nearly 29 years he has been the salary list paymaster.

Clifford lived in Chester until he married in 1931 when he moved to Norwood. He has moved once since and now lives in Prospect Park. He is a member of the Prospect Hill Baptist Church. A daughter, Marilyn, worked here a short time a couple of years ago. She was married recently. A son is taking the liberal arts course at West Chester State College. Cliff's favorite sport is attending the various sports events in which the young man is a participant. In high school it was football, basketball and baseball. As a freshman in college he is starting out cautiously. He'll see how much time he can spare from his studies and that will determine the extent of his participation in sports—which is the way of a real smart operator.

Czeslaw J. Orlowski (call him Joe. That's his middle name.) was born in Poland. This was back just about the turn of the century when things were much more primitive there than they are now—especially outside the cities. They have all modern conveniences in cities like Warsaw, but outside there has not been much change. You may see an occasional tractor, but electricity has not gotten around as it has in the United States.

This added to family friends in the Land of Promise easily could make a lad yearn for a little higher standard of living. With Joe, to want something was to try to get it. Which is the explanation behind the increase by one of the population of the U.S. in general and Chester, Pa., in particular on a day in 1913. C. Joseph Orlowski had arrived.

He was not one to stand around while getting acquainted. At one and the same time he began to settle into his new surroundings and a new job—at the Baldwin Locomotive Works. He stayed there two years then moved to Wilmington to work in a machine shop. It was there he learned his trade.

Five years later, in which interval he had married a Wilmington girl, Joseph came back to Chester, and to Sun Ship for the first time. After a year he had a vacation coming to him. He took his wife and went back to Poland to visit. It was such a vacation as we in this day would like to have. Two years, American dollars were worth much more then than they are now.

In 1923 he returned to the United States, to Chester and to Sun Ship. He went back to the Wetherill plant as a machinist as he had been before and has remained ever since. Both his sons are machinists. One lives in Brookhaven and one in Wilmington. The latter owns several acres in the Chadds Ford area which gives Joe a wonderful outlet for his outdoor leanings from spring to fall. The rest of the time he keeps busy doing things around his house.

People wish to be settled; only as far as they are unsettled, is there any hope for them.



By Harry "Whitey" Burr

When you get this OUR YARD for January, 1964, the two holidays will be over and all the rushing around to get those presents will have passed. You'll say to yourself, "Brother, I better slow down or I won't be around for the next one." You talk of the crowds when shopping all during the year but never complain about it at this time of the year. I do hope that you all did have a wonderful Christmas and this new year will bring lots of work to our yard and may good health be with you in 1964.

SICK LIST: Well, again your reporter saw to it that our pals on this list got cards from their pals in our shop and from all reports they were glad to hear from us. Surely this is one way we can try to make them feel we are thinking of them. We hear Kenzie Pennington has just left Crozer Hospital for home. He must take very good care of himself for awhile before coming back to work. George (Senator) Morgan also has gone home to try to get back some of that weight he lost while in Delaware County Memorial Hospital so he will be in shape to take on anyone when he comes back. He feels he will have to straighten out some of his pals now that the election is over. James (Weasel) Lynch still is in the Delaware County Memorial and all of us hope he will be out in time for Christmas. It was around this time he had his last visit to the hospital. We know, pal, it is not too nice even if you do have pretty nurses.

We just received a note that our group will get yellow time cards for the month of January because we had a bad record for safety in our department. Our men must do all kinds of work and in some very bad places where the conditions are not just what they should be. As the old story goes, when you try to push men in their work something is going to give and it is because of this that these accidents happen. I feel sure no one wants to get hurt or be in the hospital as we all need every cent we get now and could use a lot more.

Harry (Speedy) Kaylen is having some trouble starting his car here of late. Now, Harry, you can't get your money's worth out of that cheap gas we hear you buy just to save something so you can stop at that corner place on your way home. We all know about this and we understand your pal, Jim Gallagher, put this idea into your head.



H. Burr

William Thomas also is having the same trouble but he just doesn't put gas in his car so how does he expect it to run. . . . Well, as we said before, we have a new man in our shop who can put our pal, Senator Morgan, in the corner for size. We got it right from the horse's mouth that Gilbert Welsh now is working on the side as Santa Claus over in New Jersey. What we would like to know is how do the kids get to sit on his lap?

Well, our gunners all were out looking for deer, but we wonder if the kind they were looking for was the four-legged kind. From all reports business sure was bad. Sam Mangeri said he just wasted one good week looking for them. John Sauter was so tired on one of these trips he sat down for a rest. When he awakened there were three young deer running around him. He jumped up and got his gun and was just ready to shoot when someone yelled, "Get off this farm before I shoot you and your pals!" John soon found out he was on private land and it did not take his group very long to get off. Someone saw them running and thought for sure they were cross country runners in action.

George Kelly found out the hard way last week about our hospitalization plan in the yard. He took his wife over to a medical center after she fell in front of their home and hurt her leg. The doctor instead of sending her to the hospital for X-rays sent her to his good friend who does this kind of work. Because she did not go to the hospital for the X-rays, Kelly had to pay for them all himself.

He tells us they won't catch him again like this as they will go to the hospital from now on. Well, pal, I told you we have a wonderful setup here in the yard but there are certain rules that you must go by if you wish to use it. Hope you have better luck next time.

As you all know, we have a new President and I feel sure everyone wishes him lots of luck and hopes he will be able to clear things up as right now the whole world is looking to him to lead them to happiness and freedom. Yes, the shock of President Kennedy being killed woke our people up and made them realize we must be prepared to have someone ready to take over. I had the pleasure of meeting our new President Johnson and can say he does think for himself. Yes, there will be a lot of changes in Washington but I feel sure it will be for the good of all of us.

I wonder how many saw the funeral of our late President Kennedy and saw that young son stand there and salute his dad. I tell you this picture is worth a million dollars. It shows the whole world that our kids today are on the right path. I can remember doing the same thing at Arlington Cemetery when my son was buried there more than 10 years ago. Yes, it makes you think when you see this little 2½-year-old son standing there paying his respects to his Daddy.

I don't care what church you go to or to what race you belong, it did show the world we are all together as one in paying our respects to one of our greatest presidents. It was my privilege and duty to forward to Mrs. Kennedy and her two children a telegram of sympathy from the

Old Guard, City of Philadelphia, of which I am executive officer.

Well, it is not very nice to talk about things like this but just a few weeks ago there was a very bad plane accident near Elkton, Md., in which 81 persons were killed. One of these was a very fine gentleman from our yard so it brought it a little closer to us. The whole yard offers sympathy to the family of Ernie Grieco.

You hear a lot of people say they would never ride in one of those planes for a million dollars. It has been my pleasure to travel quite a few thousand miles in planes and never once have I had the feeling that I would not get home safely. I have been up there when we could not eat our dinner because it was so rough and lightning was playing all around our plane.

You must have faith in the Man above and if you do, you won't worry when you are in trouble like this. As I've said before, you only get out of this life what you put into it. Whenever you help others you'll be helping yourself at the same time.

For my comrades in the Veteran's Hospitals it was my pleasure to get more than 1500 Christmas cards (all new) and put stamps on every envelope so that these boys and girls in our hospitals could send them to their loved ones or friends. If you don't think this is a big job, try it. Your mouth feels like a glue jar after putting on all those stamps.

I also have three boxes of very fine novels for them to read, and send money so these patients can get canteen books and buy whatever they wish. So you see, pals, I just don't sit around evenings doing nothing like a lot of you think I do because I'm over the hill. The old engine still has some steam but the pressure is not too high.

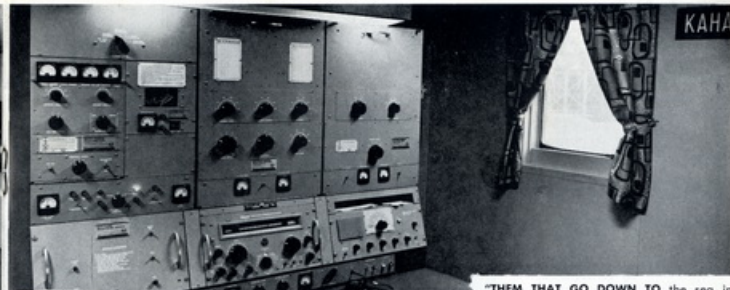
The shop group are sorry to hear Archie Meriano lost his mother a few weeks ago. We offer our sympathy to him and his family.

We understand our good pal, Lew Laird, who is now enjoying things at home, got a phone call the other evening asking if he wanted to come to work. Lew had the right answer as he said, "My dear friend, you have the wrong place. I don't work there anymore."

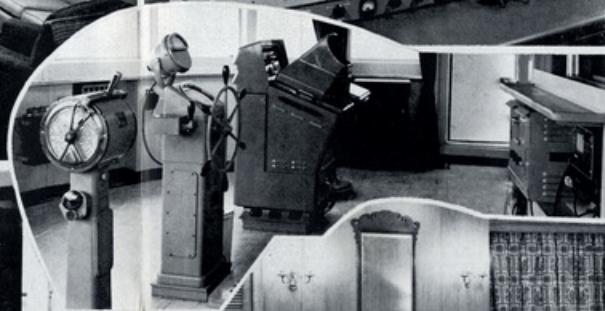
While rehearsing for the Hootenanny we found a few of the boys worked a little too hard the other week. Bud McKniff had a sore throat and could not see too well. Speedy Kaylen hurt himself working out his Hawaiian dance set and Jim Gallagher had one of his models get sick on him. But my friends don't worry too much. They all will be in shape for that New Year's party at Gallagher's house and please don't come empty-handed. If you wish to have something to wake up the group you will have to bring it yourself. Orders from Mrs. Gallagher's headquarters are that they don't supply anything but the glasses and if you break any of them you must pay for them before leaving.

"How can I get this message across to every married woman in town?" an advertising agent asked a publicity man.

"Simple," was the reply. "Just address letters to every married man in town and mark them all 'Personal!'"



"THEM THAT GO DOWN TO the sea in ships" have a much easier time of it now than of old if ATLANTIC HERITAGE is any criterion. In off-duty moments they can lounge in comfort (upper left). That's a TV set with door open. They rest in single cabins (lower left) though crewmen get along without private bath. Captain Re-deker holds forth in plush surroundings (below) when not in wheelhouse (center). They keep in touch with things with latest in radio communication (above).





Rod and Gun News



By Robert "Whitey" Hahn

The year 1963 will go down in history as a banner year for the conservation-minded sportsmen and citizens of Pennsylvania and the whole United States. Here

in Pennsylvania we, the members of the Pennsylvania Federation of Sportsmen's Clubs, are very happy with what was accomplished on Capitol Hill in Harrisburg during the last legislative session.

Every bill we sponsored or backed was acted upon favorably and many adverse bills affecting conservation were contained in their



R. Hahn

various committees until the session ended—thanks to the untiring efforts of our legislative committee headed by John F. Landadio of Jeanette, Pa., who also is a member of the House of Representatives from Westmoreland County.

Thousands of telegrams and letters from all over the state helped swing most of these bills to our side. Your scribe, as secretary of the Chester County Federation, was directed to write quite a few to our senators and representatives. As of December, 1963, about 20% of the sportsmen and sportswomen of this commonwealth are in the Federation.

It's this minority group who give of their time, money and efforts to better hunting, fishing and conservation in this state. I think the same would hold true for the rest of the country.

Here in Pennsylvania we're getting bigger and stronger. In 1962 Philadelphia County had only eight sportsman's clubs affiliated with the federation while in 1963 they had 16. At the state convention of the federation held in Williamsport Sept. 26, 27, 28, 50 of the 67 counties of the state were represented by their delegates most of whom paid their own expenses. There were more than 100 conservation-minded men and women in attendance at the business session on the 28th.

The heads of various state departments or their representatives were there and all were lavish in praise of what was accomplished at the last legislative session in Harrisburg and of the part the federation played in it. The executive director of the Game Commission, M. John Golden and Albert Day of the Fish Commission both praised the federation for the part they played in getting the raise in the hunting and fishing license fees.

The federation has been fighting for some years now for a strong strip mine law and achieved it in this last legislative



PROUD PAPA

acted by Henry Mager in honor of son, Bill's, prowess. Leo Myles, Jr., is at right. Two at left are unidentified. RUTHERFORD PICKETT and his trusty shotgun now have accounted for deer in four states.



session although it could be better. This is also true of the new boating law that was passed. One of the things we'll be fighting for at the next session will be a law to change the composition of detergents so they can be broken down at disposal plants.

Four billion pounds of detergents were sold in the U.S. last year and that adds up to a lot of cleanliness. But cleanliness at the expense of good health doesn't add up at all—especially when we can have better health along with cleanliness by manufacturing detergents that are not resistant to decomposition by natural processes.

The soap and detergent manufacturing concerns have consistently maintained that legislation is not necessary because there is supposed to be an industry wide agreement to convert to so-called "soft" detergents by the end of 1965 but we are still pushing for the legislation to make it compulsory.

This fight is being carried on in other states and in Washington, too. More counties and states should follow the lead of Dade County, Florida, where as of Jan. 1, 1965, eight nationally advertised and well known detergents will be banned because they contain a substance which is highly resistant to decomposition by bacteria and natural processes.

It has been largely through the efforts of the members of the Pennsylvania Federation of Sportsmen's Clubs that laws pertaining to hunting, fishing, boating and conservation in general have been changed, abolished and new ones introduced.

POT SHOTS & SHORT CASTS

Monday morning following the first week of the Pennsylvania deer season your scribe walked in from the parking lot with

fellow welder, Lou Komuves. He was carrying, of all things, an 11½ lb. striped bass he had caught the day before. He had it under his arm with its head sticking out front and tail awaving behind. Lou had made a deal with welder, Mike (Russian) Piontko—a large striped bass for some venison. I told Lou not to get his hopes up too high because if Mike's son, Richard, didn't get a deer there wouldn't be any venison waiting for him at the welding office. You see, gentle readers, it's the consensus among the deer-hunting clique of the Welding Dept. that Russian Mike couldn't hit a barn if he was inside with the doors closed. As it turned out, I was right. Lou let him have the fish anyway and Mike paraded out that night with it under his arm.

Regulator Henry (Whitey) Mager's son, Bill, did it again. You could call it beginner's luck but it also takes skill with the shooting irons when Lady Luck smiles on you. This the lad seems to have. Whitey and his party were in camp in Bradford County all week and had one buck to show for their efforts when welder Leo Miles arrived on Friday night bringing Bill with him. The next morning about eight o'clock this big buck committed suicide by running right towards Bill who dived him in his tracks. Whitey is having the head mounted for him as a Christmas present.

Deer hunting is a very uncertain business. In my camp some fellows missed as many as four deer while most of us didn't see a buck. A man who really loves the sport will stick with it as did welder Charles Nyce. Now Charlie has killed several deer in his day but the one he got this year was the first in 17 years and that's a long time between deer. We didn't

SEE PAGE 24, COL. 1 . . .

38

DEPT.

By William Walsh

Frank Cambria, 38-37, is a very proud father because of the fact that his daughter, Diana, received, what probably was one of the last letters written by our late president, John F. Kennedy. Diana, who is 11 years old, wrote to the President that

we are living in a cruel world but she was certain that he would change all that by his good works and effort. In his reply, Mr. Kennedy assured her he would do everything possible to keep America strong and safe. (More of this appears with Diana's picture elsewhere in the magazine.)



W. Walsh

Dwight Traub and his lovely wife,

Theresa, have just returned from their honeymoon in New York City. While there they attended the Helen Hayes Theatre where they saw "Mary, Mary." They also attended Rockefeller Center and viewed the Thanksgiving show with the world famous "Rockettes." Of course, they also visited the U.N., the Statue of Liberty, the Bronx Zoo, and get this, Dwight is breaking his wife in right. He took her to Yankee Stadium to see the Giants and the Cardinals play football in the National Football League.

The young newlyweds also enjoyed the annual Thanksgiving Day parade and Mrs. Traub was so impressed she spent the following day shopping at Macy's. All in all, the Traubs enjoyed their honeymoon and are now settling down to the regular routine of married life. Good luck to this couple.

The hunting season is here again as is evidenced by the many empty drawing boards in 38 Dept. Jim Croveto was the only one to get a deer. Jim's dad also brought down a nine-point buck and it looks as though venison steaks will be plentiful at the Croveto baliwick this winter.

Tom Harlan came back from his trip with one of the saddest of all tales. It seems he trailed a buck all over the mountainside for the better part of the day and just as he lined the deer on his sights he heard two shots crash out and a hunter's voice call out in great pride, "I got him." Tom promptly packed up and came home figuring the luck he was having could become worse as time slipped by.

Your writer did far better than most of the hunters having won a turkey in the annual Thanksgiving Day roll. Didn't have to fire a shot and the best part of my "turkey hunt" was that it was done indoors at the Chester Pike Bowlero.

History Gave This Importance

Kids are writing lots of letters these days. Most of them are directed to the top man: "Dear Santa..." But one of Frank Cambria's youngsters wrote a letter recently—before it was Christmas time. She sent it to the top man, too: "Dear Mr. Kennedy..."

This was Frank's oldest, Diana, 11. She has a brother, Anthony, 9, and a sister, Anna Marie, 3. They all live with Frank and his wife, Antoinette, in Philadelphia. Frank is a draftsman in 38 Dept.

Diana wrote the letter Oct. 16. She said she just thought she would like to do it, so she did.

"I think that you are an honored man and a good man for our country," she told the President. "Your work is very fine and is admired by all of us. The cruel world we are living in now was sure changed by your work."

She didn't limit her thoughts to Mr. Kennedy. "Give my love to Mrs. Kennedy and to John and Caroline," she wrote, and finished with what probably meant most to her correspondent—"I remember you in my prayers. God bless you and keep you well for the sake of our country."

The White House mail bags are numerous and full. Such a letter easily could be lost, pushed aside or just ignored and no one would have much to say. But such was not the case. Diana received an answer. On White House stationery and signed by the President's personal secretary,

"Dear Diana," was the real personal salutation. "The President has received your friendly letter and your kind words pleased him very much. He wants to assure you that he realizes his great responsibility and is determined to do his best in every possible way to keep America safe and strong."

The letter was dated November 20 so you know what happened. Diana got the letter November 22, the day the world was shocked by an assassin's bullet. This was an early lesson for Diana in the mysterious ways of God and she probably knows no more about them now than some of us who have lived years longer than she. But she knows the world continued to turn and did not come to an end; knowledge which will stand her in good stead in future trying times which are bound to come.

The Hull Drawing Room "Two-Bit" Club held its annual Christmas dinner dance at the new Media Inn Motel, Saturday night, Dec. 14, 1963. The affair was a success from every standpoint. The food (ham or chicken) was delicious and was served with baked potato and lima beans. A fresh fruit cup preceded the main course and ice cream roll and coffee completed this excellent meal. After dinner several door prizes were awarded one of which was won by the newly-wed, Dwight Traub of 38 Dept.

You will probably read details of the awards in Ed Housley's column. The affair was well attended, the total count reaching 130, with 22 of this total coming from my own 38 Dept. Congratulations to Charlie Grauel, Sue Longbine, Harry Benner and everyone else who served on the committee. The dance music rounded out a perfect evening and Tom Dunion and the group are to be commended for a fine performance.

Mr. and Mrs. John Lancaster were present from 38 Dept. while the Hull Dept. was well represented by Mr. and Mrs. Frank Pavlik, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Hosking and Mr. and Mrs. George Wilkie. Planning Dept. also was well represented by a sizable group including Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Hutchinson and Mr. and Mrs. William Watson. The Engine Social Club will have to go all out to surpass this year's Hull social event. It was a very well planned and well run affair.



DIANA AND HER LETTER from the White House.

How Safe Are You Driving On Ice?

How fast is it safe to drive a car on ice or snow?

The Keystone Automobile Club makes the following suggestions:

Speed on ice should not be greater than 25 miles per hour with reinforced tire chains, or 15 mph with special winter tires.

Speed on packed snow should be held to 35 miles an hour or below when using chains and 28 mph or less when using special tires.

Such speeds are a measure of stopping traction only. Plain common sense must determine such other factors as traffic conditions and visibility.

Reinforced tire chains still are a motorist's best friend on slippery surfaces, although special winter tires can be helpful in some situations. Such chains, with projecting teeth or cleats on every cross chain, increase forward traction while reducing side skids and braking distances.

Some special winter tires are helpful when snow or slush are soft and not too deep. The overall improvement, however, is not enough to warrant drivers being less cautious and careful when faced with snow or ice conditions on the highway.

INK SPOTS

FROM THE
HULL DRAWING ROOM

By Ed Housley

On Saturday, Dec. 14, the Hull Drawing Room held its annual Christmas dinner and dance—this year at the new Media Inn. I could not be there but Charlie Grauel tells me it was the best and biggest one yet. Besides the Hull Drawing people, the Planning Dept. and 22 members of the Engine Drawing Room were present.



E. Housley

Carol Campbell was hobbling around on crutches recently for a few days. It appears that she missed a step, or something, outside of her home, fell down and injured a knee and ankle. Fortunately, not too seriously. This mishap to Carol happened a week or two before the Christmas party so that could not have been the cause of it. Still, one wonders how such a little girl could be so clumsy.

We have on the Sun Ship parking lot two cars—the same make but different models—that can be unlocked and started with the same key. Paul Sloan borrowed Coke's car keys one day at noon to go to town. He went over to the lot, unlocked what he thought was the right car, started it up and took off. Then he suddenly realized that he was driving a car with a manual shift and Coke's car has an automatic shift. But you know Paul, he probably figured it was just one of those days.

Getting back to the lot he found the original parking space taken and so parked some distance away. It would be interesting to know the reaction of the owner of the car—who happens to be Su Longbine's sister-in-law—when she came out and found her car in a different spot from where she had left it.

Wayne Yohey is back with us again having completed his Army service. He also comes home to a new baby girl named Rosa Jean. Congratulations to Shirley and Wayne.

Carl Reynolds went deer hunting again and finally got one but not until the day after he shot it. Carl says he fired at one but it vanished in the brush and he figured he had missed again. However, the next day his brother went back to the same spot and stumbled over Carl's deer stone dead, only a few yards away. I guess Carl figures a deer today or a deer tomorrow—what's the difference?

Sue and her husband, Dave, also went hunting again this year. Dave got his deer, as usual, and Sue posed for her picture with it, also as usual. No doubt you all remember last year's picture of Sue holding a rifle beside the strung up trophy—the me-heap-big-hunter pose. Well, this time



DONNA—IF YOU ARE using Latin and say that, it, means gift. SAGE—that means wisdom. So together they mean gift of wisdom, huh? Well Donna's dad is Joe Sage (66 Dept. leader) and if you think Joe is—anything but a nice guy, you couldn't be wrong. Donna is 17 and a senior in Ridley Park High School.

66 Dept. Stage Builders Carpenters

The new year brings many new things so let's hope it'll bring us more work. Quite a few of our men were laid off before the holidays. Hope to see you back soon, fellows!

I hope you and yours enjoyed your holidays and made the most of them.

I haven't had any reports of anyone in our department bagging a deer this past season. However, Sam Pickett and Earl Bennett (76 Dept.) both got themselves spike bucks on the second day of the season. They were not hunting together and Sam was the only one in his party of ten who got one. Congratulations, fellows!

Please note the picture of Walter Shanko's rifle is not in sight but the pose is still there and the deer. Don't mind me, Sue, I'm just kidding.

The Ventilation Gang managed to do the unexpected again getting themselves marooned on the ship while it was still in dock. Bob Filliben and George Coles-



AT SIX MONTHS Walter Shanko's (66 Dept.) pride and joy shows she has a sense of humor. With a grin like Dale's how could it be otherwise?

ko's beautiful daughter in this issue. John Burke reports the only reason she's so cute is that she looks like her mother and not like Walt.

Jim Ryan (shop carpenter) spent a few days in the hospital before the holidays. It seems he had a little trouble with his nose but we're glad to report he's doing fine now.

I must apologize to August Ellenburg as in my last column I sorta goofed with his name—I thought it was Augustus. So to you, my friend, my humble apologies.

Also note the picture of Joe Sage's pride and joy in this issue. Beautiful girl, wouldn't you say?

David Schneider (stagebuilder) has been in the hospital with some back trouble. We hope to see him back in shape and at work soon.

Archie Trader (carpenter) has been out of work for quite a spell because of sickness. We haven't had any reports on how he's doing but we hope to see him back soon.

worthy were on the ship testing. Around 5 p.m. a frantic call came through on the ship to shore phone, "Somebody get us off here. They have taken the gangplank away and we are stuck." Eventually they were rescued.

Bobby claimed the only worry he had was that he might miss out on supper—there was nothing to eat on board—and he might have been driven by hunger to try chewing one of George's cigars. Anyone who ever has smelled one of those cigars will know how desperate Bob must have been.

I must not forget Harry Osman. Do you know why elephants paint their toenails red, Harry? So they can hide in cherry trees.

It is a glorious thing to be indifferent to suffering, but only to one's own suffering.



G. Kushto



By John Rosati

Now that the big holidays are over and all the hustling and busting has ceased, we hope that Santa treated everyone well and left no one disappointed. All over the



J. Rosati

universe said goodbye to 1963 and what an eventful year that was — especially in our country. Throughout the beginning of the year there were jitters between U.S.A. and Russia, then the situation in Cuba, the civil rights issue and last but not least the assassination of our president. 1963 will be remembered for generations to come. It would be a pleasant thought if we never have those types of events again.

We are well into 1964 now and from a layman's point of view it should be a prosperous one in some ways and interesting in others. We have just to wait and see what develops as we go along.

This month there are four birthdays of four prominent men. On the 17th, 1706, Benjamin Franklin; 9th, 1807, Robert E. Lee; 21st, 1824, Stonewall Jackson and on the 30th, 1882, Franklin Delano Roosevelt. On the 31st, 1958, the first U.S.A. satellite went in orbit.

Here is what we call a dream match. Boxing promoters who deplore the decline of the leather-pushing trade overlook many big money opportunities. A match between Floyd Patterson and Jimmy

Hoffa, who is reputed to be something of a fastiduous virtuoso, would be a cinch to draw a \$3 million gate.

Meet CHARLES HARMER, pictured in this column, who resides at 130 Ridge Rd., Brookhaven, Pa. He was hired at Sun Ship July 18, 1936, as a holder-on for riveters in 55 Dept. back in the days when we were building all riveted ships. After about one year in 55 Dept. work began to slow up for that particular craft so he was transferred to 47 Dept. plate shop to work on the big shears. Later on he was transferred again to 80 Dept. driving trucks where he has been ever since. Incidentally, all drivers are now in 76 Dept.

Charles has driven practically every piece of equipment the company has including the big tractor and trailer jobs. He is very popular throughout the yard—does his work well wherever placed or sent. His service of more than 25 years has been continuous with the exceptions of a six-weeks layoff in 1937 due to lack of work and 26 more days in the same year for an appendectomy.

While in 80 Dept. he worked his way up to be a dispatcher for all trucks holding that position more than 10 years. Having done a good job as a dispatcher he then was promoted to temporary leader off and on for a year and a half. Charles is a good all-around man in his craft and is a credit to his Dept.

His hobbies are woodworking and fixing up his home where needed. He manages to keep himself busy at all times. Now let's meet his wife, Mrs. Ann Harmer, and their three grandchildren. Donna Kirkpatrick is 12 years old and doing nicely at Our Lady of Charity School in Brookhaven. Then we have Bill Kirkpatrick who is 10 years old and attends the same school and is a member of the Cub Scouts. And the little fellow, Brian Harmer, who is four years old. Mr. and Mrs. Harmer are proud of their grandchildren and they make a very attractive group. Brian's mother is Mrs. Mena Harmer in Payroll. May they have many more years of happiness and prosperity.

Here is what we call turnabout is fair

play. The tired businessman was reading his paper one evening while his wife knitted. "Henry," she purred, "Why don't you read to me while I knit?" "I have a better idea," he suggested. "You knit to me while I read."

Your eyes can really take it, says Dr. Morris Kaplan, a Denver ophthalmologist. The best thing you can do to keep those eyes of yours healthy, normal and functioning at top efficiency is to use them. TV watching and frequent trips to the movies are good exercise because they make you shift focus often utilizing those lazy eye muscles. You don't "save" your eyes by resting them, Dr. Kaplan reports. In fact, it's the other way around—the more you use your eyes the stronger they'll become. They're like any other muscle of the body. Also, it's just an old wife's tale that your eyesight will become damaged by holding a book or other reading matter too close, by reading in a poor light or in bed. Such activity may cause some discomfort but it won't hurt your eyes, he claims.

A question was asked: "How many policemen are there in the United States?" What we could find out was, as of Dec. 31, 1960, there were 195,019 full time police department employees. This is about 1.9 policemen for every 1,000 persons.

A little old lady was riding in an airliner for the first time. At Phoenix, Ariz., the plane made a beautiful landing and immediately a red truck rushed alongside to refuel it. The next stop was Fort Worth and again a red truck came up. The same occurred at Nashville. A fellow passenger said to the old lady, "These planes certainly make wonderful time." She replied, "Yes, and that little red truck ain't doing so bad, either."

That's all folks! But we would like to give you something to think about for the new year. The dice of God are always loaded. The world looks like a multiplication table or a mathematical equation, which—turn it how you will—balances itself. Every secret is told, every crime is punished, every virtue is rewarded . . . in silence and certainty.



CHARLES HARMER and wife, Ann, are at left. Three above are their grandchildren, Donna and William Kirkpatrick and Brian Harmer (center).

33 Department

MAINTENANCE

By Albert (Mac) McCann

Let's start the New Year off by getting a column in every month. I have been a little lax the past few months but will endeavor to do better in the coming ones.



A. McCann

First off, Harry (Gregg) Ben-ners had a few words to say about 33M in last month's issue and I would like to thank him for sending it in.

Joe Holley and Richard (Bump) Bumford of 2d shift were among the many thousands who went deer hunting and, I might add, came back empty-handed — which probably made two deer very happy. Better luck next year, fellows. Maybe then your luck will be better and it won't be so dear. (What is deer meat, about \$35, a pound?)

Richard (Dick) Wilps of Bill Hunter's group is quite the real estate salesman. Any of you fellows looking for or trying to get rid of property, Dick Wilps is the man to see. How about unreal estate, Dick, like bridges? Did you ever have occasion to sell any of them? With your convincing manner I don't think you would have too much trouble.

Ralph (The Mogator) Jenzano took off Christmas week for a well-earned vacation. From what I hear he had a good time and really got into the spirit of the thing, what with Christmas and New Year's right behind and all his friends and family gathered around. That's what I call a vacation.

James (Bucky) Baynes has gone over to day shift from 3d, after many years of night work. After so much night work, Buck, do you find it difficult getting up in the morning? I'll bet it's nice at night though, sitting around the TV, playing with the kids and artfully dodging the jobs your wife has been begging you to get done.

Lionel (Whitey) Sellers has returned to day shift after a few years of night work. He is coordinating the various maintenance jobs on the ships and in the yard. If you want anything done fast, Whitey is the man to see. First you have to catch him, though. They tell me he has the fastest bike in the yard. Speaking of bikes, Whitey, what's this I hear about your bike



DEER, DEAR, HOW DOTH the Mighty Hunter? Dave must have done all right on both counts. Deer and dear both are his. That's Dave Longbine, well known to many in Hull Drawing because Dear is his wife, Sue, Ernest Hosking's secretary.

and a railroad track? It's pretty difficult maintaining one's dignity when you fall off a bicycle, is what I heard.

Harold (Baldy) Baldwin, who has been out sick for quite a spell now, would appreciate a visit now and then from some of his old friends here in the yard. Baldy has a lot of friends so he will be looking forward to lots of visits.

Have you heard how many elephants go to college? Not too many because very few of them finish high school.

Nelson Drake has moved into the leadership duties for 33M on the 3d shift. How do you like sleeping in the daytime and working nights by now, Nelson? It takes

a little getting used to but it has its advantages. You don't have to get up early in the morning, you're home in the evening with your family and you're in the little woman's hair all day.

Paul Schultz is known in some circles as a collector. Such as, coins, stamps, rocks and odd jobs. I'll bet collecting rocks is real interesting. Paul, I had a few in my head you could have looked at, but my young son, Albert, Jr., is collecting them, too, and he has already picked them over. Maybe you and my little boy can get together and go over the ones you have in your head—only kidding, of course. You don't have rocks in your head like me—only marbles.

Joe Thunder took a vacation the week before Christmas getting ready to have his family gathered around for the holidays. I would spell out your full name, Joe, but I can't find my sheet where I have it written down. Well, anyway, I hope you had a good vacation and your holiday was a real swinging affair. One other thing, Joe, now that Bucky Baynes no longer is on 3d shift with you, who is going to pay for those huge pies?

Study Rodomonte, our very capable leader on 2d shift, now is the proud possessor of a baby-blue Cadillac. Now that's what I call riding in style. According to Rudy, it will do everything but cook breakfast and he is not sure it can't do that. Well, it couldn't happen to nicer people than Rudy and his very lovely wife, Pat. Hey, Rudy, remember the big long Packard with the chauffeur you used to have?

It is noted with interest that Joe Bonaventure and his lovely wife have children of college age. Their son now is a student of Grove City College, according to my grapevine. My, how time does fly. It seems just like yesterday that your children were small and mine were even smaller when they played together in your backyard, Joe. Does it make you feel any older or are you just too busy to notice?

Russ Powell moved over to 2d shift for a week or so as a temporary leader to complete the wiring installation of the new offices in the North Yard. The new offices of the rocket jet, that is. Hope you enjoyed your short stay on 2d shift with us, Russ.

Big Jeff Jefferis of 3d shift fame lost the snap on his winter liner for his hard hat. Well, he was telling of this plight when I remembered that I had an extra liner and he could have the snap from it. He tried to put the snap on and it wouldn't work because, lo, and behold, there was the snap he thought was lost. What goes Jeff? I know you have all your buttons but I'm not too sure about your snaps.

That's about it for this issue. Enjoy the new year!

The veteran battleship was in port on exhibition to the public. On its deck was an inscribed bronze plaque.

"And here," said the guide solemnly, "is where our gallant captain fell."

"Well, no wonder," said a spry little old lady. "I nearly tripped over the darn thing myself."

In Memoriam

Sun Shipbuilding and Dry Dock Company extends its sympathy to the family and friends of the following employees who died during December, 1963:

OSCAR TOWNSEND, 76-32, 1010 Walnut St., Chester, Dec. 3.

THOMAS LOGUE, 30-51, 1443 No. 52d St., Phila., Dec. 3.

WILLIAM CARTER, 65-131, 411 Clifton Ave., Collingdale, Pa., Dec. 5.

ERNEST GRIECO, 47-70, 1144 Holland St., Crum Lynne, Pa., Dec. 8.

CLAYTON PRATTIS, 8-229, 1720 W. 7th St., Chester, Dec. 22.

PATRICK DALY, 36-10, 1506 Ridley Ave., Chester, Dec. 24.

CLASSIFIED

FOR SALE—Deep well pump equipped with ½ horse motor, 30 gallon tank, hose and spear complete. \$100.00. See Bunker, 74-309, #1 way Hose Shop.

Who from Their Labors Rest



DR. CHARLES EDWARD FEDDEMAN, 76, of 717 Kerlin St., Chester, died Nov. 23, 1963, after a long and illustrious career in medicine. He was born in Virginia. Dr. Feddeman joined Sun Ship in November, 1918, as company doctor and served in that capacity until January, 1962, when he retired after 43 years of continuous service. Fishing was his only interest outside of his humanitarian work. He is survived by his wife, Ethel Coe Feddeman; two sons, Charles E., Jr., and Dr. Fred A., and two daughters, Anne F. Mickey and Virginia F. Kerner.



JOSEPH REAGAL, 61, of 1122 Woodland Ave., Sharon Hill, Pa., died Nov. 28, 1963, after a brief illness. He was born and raised in the Philadelphia area. A pipefitter in 34 Dept., Mr. Reagal joined Sun Ship in January, 1960, and remained until Nov. 22 when he became ill. Before joining Sun Ship he worked for several large construction companies in Philadelphia. He was a member of the Plumbers Union—690 from 1941 until 1959. Boating and fishing were his favorite pastimes. Survivors include his wife, Anna Lee; one son, Joseph F. and three grandchildren.



SAMUEL J. RODGERS, 67, of 324 Lamokin St., Chester, died Nov. 11, 1963, after an illness of five months. A laborer in 81 Dept., he was a veteran of 39 years service with Sun Ship having joined 67 Dept. in January, 1924. After several lack-of-work periods, he was rehired in August, 1933 into 81 Dept. Mr. Rodgers was a member of Asbury A.M.E. Church. Baseball and football were his favorite sports. Survivors include his wife, Myrtle; three sons, Warren, Clifford and Cecil and six grandchildren.



JOHN M. PIERCE, 65, of 1410 E. 11th St., Eddystone, Pa., died Nov. 26, 1963. He was born in Eldon, Mo. An erector in 58 Dept., he was a veteran of 29 years service with Sun Ship having began his employment in 1919 as a holder-on in 55 Dept. During the following years (and with the exception of lack-of-work periods) he worked as a riveter in 55 Dept. and an erector in

45 Dept. until 1945 when he joined 58 Dept. where he remained until January, 1960, when he retired. Mr. Pierce was a Methodist. Hunting, fishing, and working on ships were his favorite pastimes. Survivors include his wife, Mae I. Pierce; three sisters, Mrs. Stella Mann, Lydia Waltz and Bessie Wohlgemuth, all of Missouri; three brothers, Harry, of Chester, and Sylvester and Perry, also of Missouri.

RICHARD CARTER, 76, of 968 Tighman St., Chester, died Nov. 4, 1963. He was born in Wedgfield, S. C. A janitor in 93 Dept., Mr. Carter was a veteran of 29 years service when he left Sun Ship in May, 1959. He was a member of Bethany Baptist Church where he was a trustee from 1944 until 1951. Survivors include his wife, Lineada; one daughter, Malvina C. Thomas; and four sons, Frank, James, Nathaniel and Richard, Jr.



I have believed the best of every man,
And find that to believe it is enough
To make a bad man show him at his best,
Or even a good man swing his lantern
higher. —Yeats

Knowledge is proud that he has learn'd
so much;
Wisdom is humble that he knows no
more.

—Cowper

If you don't say anything, you won't be
called on to repeat it. —Calvin Coolidge

Progress implies risk — you can't steal
second and keep your foot on first.

Modern child: One who, on hearing the
story of Cinderella for the first time, asks:
"When the pumpkin turns into a golden
coach, is that regarded as straight income
or capital gain?"

Snobbery is the pride of those who are
not sure of their position.



SECOND SHIFT

By Charles "Pappy" Jenkins

ANSWER to last month's question about the first self-contained explosive used against a ship. It occurred during the siege of Antwerp in 1585 when the Dutch used small boats filled with gun powder set off by a clock-work device to dispose of several hundred Spaniards.



C. Jenkins

TV is improving. You used to have time only to get a can of beer during the commercials. Now you can get out and shovel the snow off your sidewalk.

I claim there is only one way to stop a red hot argument. Drop one cold fact on it.

Just a thought: One small boy to another — "It may be unconstitutional but I always pray before a test." Which reminds me — if that law holds true in our schools, would it also hold true in a Sunday school class in our places of worship? Keep on praying according to your own belief and faith.

Next month's question: You have often heard the expression, "Don't take any wooden nickels!" Where and when were they issued in America?

Sluggo (Snowball) Powell claims hard work never killed a man. That doesn't seem like much of an argument in its favor but he doesn't want to be the first victim.

Now that a new year has started the best resolution I can think of is to put your best foot forward and keep the other one out of hot water. Another is discretion — the act of forgiving your enemies, especially those you can't whip.

Keep this in mind for the coming year: Discussion is an exchange of knowledge, argument is an exchange of ignorance. So it follows the best way to save face is to keep the lower half shut.

Nothing but nothing would put Alvin (Baby Face) Harris of the Lining Dept. more hilariously out of character than getting something done early. Seems the only thing he has done on time before is buy cars.

Remember this new year, remove the largest piece of wood a man can carry — a chip on his shoulder.

It's true — money still talks. But nowadays you need a hearing aid to understand what it says. . . . I know an interesting character who made a New Year's resolution to give up smoking and did just that. It seems he lit his last cigarette beside an open drum of gasoline.



By Thomas Flynn

With the Christmas rush over, I hope everybody had a nice holiday. Now to start a new year! By the time you get to read this article the New Year's Eve hangover should be gone. I hope so anyway. I know there were a lot of photos taken over the holidays so let's have some for this magazine. We will return them to you.

We were glad Joe Hubert got his week's vacation at Christmas so he could spend some time with his boy who was home from the Army.

We were glad to see Frank Gaffney get his picture in the Daily Times. Frank and four other fellows shot five deer. I didn't see any picture from the hunting trip that Frank and Oakie Twaddell took. What happened, Oakie? As many times as you put off that trip, I thought you would come back with some bear.

We have a couple of firemen working with us now — Sam Jillard of Collingdale

John Pastick comes up with this one — he claims one of his ancestors was the first bartender. Hey, John, when he poured the first shot was that the one heard around the world?

Sad Sam Cole paid a TV repairman \$10 for reactivating the power supply to the receiving mechanism only to find out the next day someone had forgotten to plug it in.

Jimmy (One Punch) Kerrigan (76 Tool Room) says his bosom pal, Coke Bell, has decided to give up his title as the Arcida play boy to someone younger. We are trying to figure out what \$27.50 means — surely a bottle of foreign cheer is not that much. What was it, Coke?

The past year has proven that not all the bad actors are on the FBI Wanted List — there are some on TV. . . . The difference between facts and figures is often a woman's girdle. . . . There must be something in reincarnation the way some fellows get up and go when the quitting whistle blows — gangway, slow pokes.

Lewis Frascino says they have developed a new dance step in Philadelphia called the "Cosa Nostra." It starts with hands up and then it's feet first.

Inflation hobos are demanding 25¢ minimum. "Brother, can you spare a dime," is passe. Unless their demands are met they intend picketing pockets around City Hall. Keep in mind this year that ridicule is



Thomas Flynn

and Carl Morgan of Brookhaven. That is really a thankless job, isn't it, fellows?

I wish Charlie Howley would get that job at the Wetherill Plant finished. I used to get a lot of news from Charlie for this article. I really miss his and Herb Artwell's arguments.

We hope Paul Brown had a nice trip to New York over the holidays. Paul is the proud owner of a new Corvair. That's the best car on the road. Right, Paul?

Mickey Michie took two weeks vacation over Christmas. The jewelry business must be pretty good. . . . George Mumford is our new leader in ship repair. How do you like all those charge numbers, George?

I don't think Jack Hausmann has been feeling very well — he has been behaving himself too well. Watch out when he cuts loose, though. . . . I am very sorry Warren McKenney's boys got on him about telling me about the pepsi colas. He really doesn't talk much, boys. Warren is pretty quiet around here.

I wish Al Davis would please turn the light out on the scooter in the morning and fill the gas tank. The battery was dead three times last month and I ran out of gas twice. That gas doesn't cost you anything, Al.

Our sick list still has Nick Schwarz on it. We hope Nick is feeling better. . . . Leo Wisely was out two weeks but is back with us now.

Condolences are extended to Harold Baker on the passing of his mother-in-law recently.

Bob Dunlap smokes so many cigarettes he blames other people for stealing them. I only know two people who would do that. Bob — Jack Hausmann and Bill Snow.

HAPPY NEW YEAR!

the first and last argument of fools. Don't be one!

Walt Momot claims fish are critters that seem to go on vacation the same time he does so he doesn't get to use his expensive fishing rod. Charlie Meyers said Walt got the rod from an expensive Oriental rug center.

The office gal says compact cars are a threat to romance. Seems it takes too long for them to run out of gas. . . . Marty (Fog Horn) Lopane claims Alvin (Baby Face) Harris is tighter than the skin on a car-bunkle since he retired to the quiet of his toy soldier battlefield and hasn't been heard from since.

Every vacation is a rehearsal to retirement — one more stepping stone to eternity. That's why it's so nice to be back on the job.

Tom Kelly claims it's a real stiff neck that has no turn when a pretty lass passes by in a short skirt. Watch your blood pressure, Tom.

For this new year let's one and all have this resolution — use friendship as a staff not as a crutch.

On the job application blank was the question: "Have you ever been arrested?" The applicant put "No."

The next question was "Why" — meant for those who had been arrested. Not realizing this, the applicant put down, "Never been caught."



By John Aull and Lewis Hazlett

1963 was a year of hope and a year of tragedy. As we start a new one let us all resolve to see the good in the other fellow (not his drawbacks), be a little kinder to others (less critical). A leading service club of America, The Optimists, has a basic guide for daily living known as the "Optimists Creed":



Hazlett

To think only of the best, to work only for the best, and expect only the best.

To be just as enthusiastic about the success of others as you are about your own. To forget the mistakes of the past and press on to the greater achievements of the future.

To wear a cheerful countenance at all times and give every living creature you meet a smile.

To give so much time to the improvement of yourself that you have no time to criticize others.

To be too large for worry, too noble for anger, too strong for fear and too happy to permit the presence of trouble.

Wouldn't the world be a wonderful place in which to live if we all practiced this guide? A copy of this creed is available (wallet size) for any who want one. Wetherill Plant reporters will be glad to supply them.

Now that the football season is over, all the experts have picked their "All-American Team"—all this is, but the Aull & Hazlett selections. So with fingers crossed we present the A&H All Wetherill, All Supervisory and White Collar Squad.

FB—William Smith—playing manager (The Irresistible Force)

Q—Jim McSorley—playing coach (best when the heat is on?)

HB—William Warwick—a flash under lights (The old pro)

Other H—John Burke—blocking back (covers the field)

RE—Bud Palmer—or the Lost Weekend (a streak in fast company)

RT—Bob Worrell—tackle anything (rookie of the year)

To be so strong that nothing can disturb your peace of mind.

To talk health, happiness and prosperity to every person you meet.

To make all your friends feel there is something in them.

To look at the sunny side of everything and make your optimism come true.



BRAINS OR AN EARLY START could explain Earl

Guyer, Jr.'s, June, 1964, graduation from Media

High at 16 (maybe he will have turned 17 by then). Gene, 14, will enter 10th grade in fall. Betty Ann is only nine and already is a fifth grader in Marcus Hook. Dad is Earl (33M-57).

RG—Tommy Parker—opens holes in the Navy defense (expert kicker)

C—George Robinson—line plunge (the force behind the center punch)

LG—Bill Kauffman—boxes the opposition (or most anything)

LT—Harry Flinck—electrifying performer (even the gas units)

LE—Nick Stewart—equipment custodian (what equipment?)

We have for obvious reasons failed to fill the backfield positions of Wayback, Drawback, Pullback, Talkback, Showback and Swayback nor have we bolstered holes in the line with other holes.

We wish to give special tribute, however, to two outstanding officials—linesmen Edna and Beverly, and say they tote the lines we enjoy seeing. The team colors are black and blue. The cheerleaders are Jim Rooks and Joe Begley. Harry Sinex, the sawbones; Joe Doran, timekeeper; Herb Taylor, chaplain; trouble shooter, Charlie

Grant; Jim Robinson, scout; armchair generals, Ed Marshall and Bill Gilmour, and Ben, the waterboy.

A razzle-dazzle offense that usually gains ground yet deceives no one. The team is unique in that on most every play the fullback is the first to handle the ball and using no deception at all passes to the quarterback who in turn laterals to any of the other nine.

From this point on the spectator as well as the opposition becomes bewildered as the ball goes from player to player and back to the fullback again to grind out the needed yardage.

A heartrending sight can be seen every morning between 7:30 and 8 as the entire maintenance crew cooperates to squeeze Hughie Ward gelatinously into his new 38" belt—a gift from his wife. It was a nice gesture or she still is living in the past. Which is it, Nellie?

Here is a day-by-day account of the installation of heating units.

Dec. 4 at 10:25 a.m. small groups of men huddled together for warmth and fervently turned their eyes heavenward. Skepticism could be seen on the faces of some, optimism on others, but on all a look of hope and on their blue chapped lips, a prayer. Murmurs of praise and thanksgiving could be heard as a glow appeared—then cheers as it brightened and spread. Forty-five seconds later the light grew dim and then was lost to sight leaving only soot and smoke and a dejected, frozen mass of humanity with only one hope to sustain them—an early spring.

Dec. 5—hope springs eternal in the human breast only to be dumped into the lap of despair. "In-fra-red" expert is soaking up rays in California. Arrival uncertain.

Dec. 6—expert arrived and immediately called top-level meeting. By a vote of 15 to 7 it was decided to increase production manpower from three to five men.

Dec. 7 and 8—a veil of secrecy shrouds these 48 hours. Icicles form on heating units.

Dec. 9—five percent of total operation

SEE PAGE 24 COL. 3



PEGGY JONES (left) and Betty Montgomery did a beautiful job in executive offices.



YOU START at bottom . . .



AND WORK Up . . .



AND WIND UP with this!



By James (Brutus) Falcone

With the Holidays over we can embark into 1964 with high hopes for smooth sailing!

There exists in our midst a hardy breed who long for the open sea — happily fishing for cod in the dead of winter like now for instance! Tom Harris, our king-sized driller, reports a successful outing off Brielle, N. J., recently. He landed the big one weighing in at 35 lbs. The choppy water and biting winds did not deter our stalwart fisherman. Hooray for him!



J. Falcone

Steve Kluka (shipfitter) also is an active enthusiast. Hooray for him, too.

All of us who know Nick DiGeorge (burner) are familiar with the story of his deep love and unwavering devotion for his aged mother, Maria, born Feb. 1, 1885, in the Province of Abruzzi, Italy, married Oct. 15, 1908, settled in America and raised a family. She died Oct. 30, 1963. Nick was fiercely proud of his mother and cared for her well in her declining years.

Jack Spanier (burner) and Bob Garren (shipfitter) during the small game hunting season bagged several birds, a chicken and a rooster. The farmer could not see the

humor of it all and insisted upon justice—the fines were a mere pittance, \$34.50 apiece. This passion for hunting can become expensive. Though this seems to be an unlikely story, my informant vows by all that's holy to its authenticity!

Russ Rothka (burner leader, 3d shift) spent 5½ days in Centre County—hunted like mad, got nothing. He returned to his old home town of Mt. Carmel, walked the nearby woods and brought down a spike buck weighing 123 lbs. He was naturally elated by this twist of fortune after so dismal a beginning.

Russ also reports the 47 Fabs bowling team is running strong for top position which is good news to his loyal legion of faithful followers numbering several thousand at least according to the last nose count. Our slogan could be "Fabs—fight for first!"

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Timberman gave an account of their experiences as foster parents to 15 children from infancy to school age at a Foster Parent's Meeting of the Children's Bureau of Delaware. Timberman works in 47 Dept. As of now he is deeply involved in the clad steel operation from beginning to end. Typically he is giving it 100% plus in effort.

Those of us who knew Ernie Grieco through daily contact were genuinely shocked at his untimely death in the crash of the Boeing 707 near Elkton, Md. He was my partner of long standing in the noontime pinochle game. He spoke well of my apple harvest (Red Delicious) thus he received one daily practically up to his last vacation. He was a nice guy, the kind you enjoy having around. We took for granted his presence—now he's gone—dammit, I miss him!

After a nice dinner at Princeton, N. J., we had several hours to while away so we decided to bowl several games at the Princeton Recreation Center. My score was less than 100 each game. I rashly promised to buy drinks for those who imbibe if only I could get a strike or spare. Borne of desperation my next ball was a beautiful strike. The cost was in excess of \$6.00. The

very next day I drove William Powers (layout boss) to work. He showed me a trophy won by his 12-year-old son, Gregory, for bowling a game of 217. Ain't that something! 12 years old, no less!

Last summer my wife wished for an outdoor area closer to the house. An existing double terrace required toting food and drink a short distance from the kitchen. Thus was born my project—build a porch off the kitchen that can be used as an outdoor eating area or a haven from the merciless summer sun! My son, James, Jr., and I, plus a bit of help from my brother, Frank, brought to fruition a rather nice looking job.

The material was mostly second hand (they were tearing down the Masonic Lodge in Wayne) and purchased for very little. Some new lumber was needed for posts and finishing. Stone work was by yours truly. Concrete was poured (I paid contractor price). The roofing and plaster work also was done by me. The total cost was ridiculously low for what value it adds to our mortgage-free home! Rest assured that as soon as the weather becomes favorable again I will cook up another project. The work is hard but there is compensation in displaying to my office bound neighbors the great skill that lies dormant in these fine Italian hands.

Walter Lisicki (shipfitter leader) informs me his son, Walter, Jr., completed the prescribed course of studies at the United States Naval Training Station, Bainbridge, Md., and was graduated as a Class A radio man. He is now on a tour of duty in the Mediterranean Sea. He has visited many historic sites—the Acropolis, the Parthenon, the forums and the amphitheatres of ancient Greece and Athens.

Perhaps he will be fortunate enough to visit Italy and tour the hills of Abruzzi where my ancestors settled after being driven from Rome by hordes of pagan invaders—the Gauls, Franks, Huns. This should lay to rest the assertion that people from Abruzzi are grape stompers (comparable to American hillbillies in intellect).

Blue Print, 47 Fabs Slip In A League

Blue Print and 47 Fabs were following a zig-zag course in the leadership of A League for awhile. The latter were first last month then Blue Print took over again about the middle of December. Then came the moment of truth, as it were. Welders A and Office knocked both off the roost.

Welders A moved into first with a half-point over Office which was a half-point over Blue Print. The figures put 47 Fabs in fourth but it "ain't necessarily so." 47 Fabs are one match behind because of a postponed encounter with the Riggers. If 47 were to win four points in catching up, they would be tie for first.

There has been a lot of pushing and pulling in the lower regions of the league. With the exception of Wetherill there has been very little going. Wetherill went from 14th to eighth place. There is only a difference of four points between ninth and 16th.

The lucky men on Turkey Night, Dec. 13, were Charles Hill (Shipways), John Kosmider (Wetherill), Donald Biniasz (Blue Print), and Alfred Pruitt (Office). Frank Dougherty (Riggers) won \$5 and Robert Katein (Wetherill) and William Jarrett (Office) split another \$5.

On the record side things have been happening. Richard Daubert (33 Live Wires) rolled a 253 to go one pin over Ed Clayton's high single. John Dougherty, Jr., and Dick Daubert tied for high single with handicap and John Pace (Riggers) hit 266 the same night, all three topping Gordon Ricketts' former high of 262. John Pace rolled 691 to take high three with handicap, 32 better than Holland Suter's old high. Alfred Pruitt also topped Holland with 670.

Beginning the first match in 1964, Jan. 3, this was the order of the teams:

	Won	Lost
1. Welders A	42	18
2. Office	41½	18½
3. Blue Print	41	19
*4. 47 Fabs	38	18
*5. 36 Shop	34	22
6. Shipways	31	29
7. Welders B	30	30
8. Wetherill	27	33
**9. Riggers	24	32
10. 33 Live Wires	25	35
11. Timekeepers	24	36
12. Eng. Drawing	24	36
13. Supers	23	37
14. Chippers	23	37
15. 66 Splinters	22½	37½
*16. Hull General	20	36

* and ** Postponed Match

Season Records

Hi Single—Richard Daubert (Live Wires)	253
Hi Three—Victor Pajan (Blue Print).....	652
Hi Single w/hcp.—John Dougherty, Jr. Richard Daubert	271
Hi Three w/hcp.—John Pace (Riggers) 691	

Weatherman: "In the forecast for this afternoon, put down rain."
Assistant: "Are you sure?"

Weatherman: "Certainly. I lost my umbrella, I plan to play golf and my wife is given a lawn party."

Boiler Shop Is B League Base

Boiler Shop is a steady influence in B League. They form a real solid base on which the others may build. They are a little more firmly settled in the cellar than at last writing. Then four points would have been the difference between last place and sixth. Now they would only get them a tie for 11th—next to last.

Things are boiling and bubbling above them, however. Burners went from 11th to seventh, Shipways from seventh to 10th, Pipe Shop C and Hull Drawing dropped a couple of rungs. Right up at the top, however, all is serene. Welders, X-ray and Electric Shop continue to be one-two-three except it cannot be said which is two and which is three. First definitely is the Welders. Piping Design from being one point behind Pipe Shop B has moved two points ahead.

Victor Pajan has tied George Ridgley for high single on the record sheet. High three and high three with handicap are unchanged. Michael Tomie topped Ridgley by eight pins to take over high single with handicap.

Vic Pajan's 244 won for him a turkey. Shy and retiring William Walsh (Piping Design), not wishing to appear greedy, won a turkey here. He won his Thanksgiving bird in the Mixed League. But Pajan won one in A League then and everyone else wishes he had so all the lucky ones rate is a big fat cheer for it. Adam Williams (Pipe Shop B) won the third bird.

It was rough for the money winners. Russell Staley (X-ray), Anthony Pelligrino (Electric Shop), and Frank Drummond (Berthing) wound up with 217 each and split the \$10 three ways.

Action resumes Jan. 8 when the teams will be in this order:

	Won	Lost
1. Welders (7)	37	23
2. X-ray (4)	35	25
3. Electric Shop (1)	35	25
4. Piping Design (8)	34½	25½
5. Pipe Shop "B" (9)	32½	27½
6. Hull Drawing (5)	31	29
7. Burners (10)	29	31
8. Berthing (11)	28	32
9. Pipe Shop "C" (12)	28	32
10. Shipways (2)	28	32
11. Pipe Shop "A" (6)	23	33
12. Boiler Shop (3)	19	41

Season Records

Hi Single—Victor Pajan (Hull Dwng.) George Ridgley (Burners)	244
Hi Three—Marshall Moody, Jr. (Hull Drawing)	623
Hi Single w/hcp.—Michael Tomie (Berthing)	265
Hi Three w/hcp.—John Russell (Piping Design)	655

When I feel like finding fault, I always begin with myself and then I never get any further.

Harvard, Cornell Tops in Mixed

Away back before the Mixed League stopped bowling (until after New Year's Day), Harvard could have given Virginia the answer to her famous "Is there a Santa Claus?" question. Harvard was in first place.

In fact Harvard still is in first place—shared with Cornell, understand, but they like that. It prevents that lonesome feeling easing in. Nothing will make a hook feel the gutter so quick as that lonesome feeling. They will stay in first place until Jan. 7 and, who knows, after that they may be alone on top because Cornell is the opposition that night. Of course, they could be—well, that's a horrid thought so let's not. That Harvard is the Cinderella team, though. Reminds you of the old Alger book, Bound to Rise.

Navy took a turn for the worse in December dropping nine out of 12 points and slipping to seventh place. Other than that there was very little maneuvering.

Frank Dougherty still maintains his strange hold on the records. In the one open spot Henry Mager rolled 237 to top Louis Kading's 233 for high single with handicap. The girls remained as was.

Helen Brownhill (Harvard) duplicated her pre-Thanksgiving feat of winning a turkey. Turkey Night was Dec. 17. Henry Mager's turkey also was a repeat. Lottie Flick (Slippery Rock) won the other one.

Resuming hostilities in 1964 this was the situation:

	Won	Lost
1. Harvard (5)	36	24
2. Cornell (1)	36	24
3. Duke (7)	33	27
4. Miami "U" (4)	32	28
5. P.M.C. (6)	32	28
*6. Army (8)	28	28
7. Navy (3)	28	32
*8. Lehigh (9)	26	30
9. Slippery Rock (2)	23½	36½
10. Temple (10)	21½	38½

*Postponed Match

Season Records

GIRLS

Hi Three—Dorothy Allebach (Duke) ..	515
Hi Single—Joyce Regetto (PMC)	195
Hi Three w/hcp.—D. Allebach	602
Hi Single w/hcp.—Eleanor Adam (Slippery Rock)	233

MEN

Hi Single—Frank Dougherty (Duke).....	223
Hi Three—F. Dougherty	616
Hi Single w/hcp.—Henry Mager (Army)	237
Hi Three w/hcp.—F. Dougherty	646

In London, England, a sign on a butcher shop window proclaims: "We make sausages for Her Majesty."

Across the street, another butcher shop has this sign: "God Save the Queen."

MORE ON ROD & GUN . . .

get any details as to size of the deer or its antlers.

Another one we didn't get much "info" about was the one Jim Duffy of the Safety Dept. got except for the fact that it weighed 185 pounds. This wasn't any guessimate—it actually tipped the beam at 185, Jim claims. And for Pennsylvania that's an awful lot of venison all wrapped up in one deer.

Chalk up another first for veteran deer hunter, Rutherford Pickett of 55 Dept. He got his first deer in Virginia using a shot gun with buckshot. He has now taken deer in four states—Pennsylvania, Wyoming, Colorado and Virginia.

Arthur Noel, male nurse on 2d shift, passed up a chance to take a small spike buck and came home without a deer. That brings his average down to about 500 which is still very high. Their hunting trip was saddened when one of their group passed away while helping to drag out a deer he had bagged.

Otto Loyko (59-341) and James Vincent (59-646) spent the first week of the season hunting with a group out of their camp in Lycoming County. Every year Jim spends most of his time at the same stand watching several good crossings and this is the first time he has come home empty-handed for several years if my memory serves me right. Otto downed a six-point buck with a freak set of antlers. It had two points on one side and four on the other—all perfectly formed.

Nature does some funny things sometimes. I've seen lots of deer with one more point on one side than the other but a deer with twice as many on one side as the other is unusual. During the week Jim counted a total of 128 deer parading past his stand and none with antlers. This is a good argument for antlerless seasons. The herd in that section must be way out of balance.

In closing, here's a few short casts for the fishermen. Fish warden Ray Bednarzik put 5000 walleye fingerlings in the Chester reservoir near Oxford and reported that a Downingtown Club had put 5000 rainbow fingerlings in the east branch of the Brandywine Creek near Glen Moore.

The Fish Commission has been quietly stocking the same creek below Lenape Park with muskellunge the last three years. Last August a 41-inch muskie was caught at Chadds Ford. The writer has talked with the warden several times about these muskies. I found out quite a few in the 18-inch class had been hooked and released so this year we think some bass fishermen are going to be surprised when they hook into some of these tackle busters. Only 2000 have been put in the stream from the forks just above Lenape down to Chadds Ford, but they should grow fast as there is plenty of food for them.

MORE ON SAFETY . . .

Let's face it. The shipyard has many more hazards than lots of other places but we must know we can work through these hazards by applying safety all day. The fellow who wouldn't dare drive on the Schuylkill Expressway will clamber out on one plank, hold on with one hand, "forget" his safety glasses, take off his



PURCHASING could have had a Santa, even, if they could have gotten Harry Simon to don a suit. Lottie Flick is showing him choice cards. Santa's helpers are peeking from behind partition.



By Morris Kalmus

Joe Mercandante finally achieved the distinction of "father" for the first time this past month. His wife, Franny, gave birth to a 7 lb., 11 oz., baby girl. Now Joe can add to his specialties of draftsman and student, those of bottle washer, diaper changer and laundrer, and baby sitter.

He will soon learn about dolls, stuffed animals, rattles, playpens and teething troubles.

Ten days later Joe's youthful mother gave birth to a baby girl. Joe now has a new baby sister and his child a new aunt. Our group congratulates Joe on becoming a father and a brother.

Mrs. Hurley sent us a card of thanks for the flowers our social club sent her for the Thanksgiving holiday. We were glad to welcome her back to work last month



M. Kalmus

hard hat and do many other silly things that just beckon that accident to visit him.

So, fellows and gals, too, let's face this new year of 1964 with a resolve to work and play safely and to keep safety in our mind at all times with the realization that it is all-important to the welfare of you and your family.

Think—what can I do for safety today?



HULL DRAWING had gay display with occasional additions like Ann Farber (left) and Sue Longbine.

after her recovery from injuries suffered in an automobile accident.

Marvin Goldsmith, who is a first lieutenant in the Air National Guard, had the distinction of piloting the plane that took Gov. William Scranton to Washington to be present at rites connected with the funeral of our martyred President Kennedy.

Our athletic group of draftsmen had wanted to vindicate the loss we received last month at the hands of 38 Dept. We challenged them to a game of touch football but no 38 men showed up in Chester Park Nov. 17—chickens!

Tony Lazzaro, our versatile sportsman, and Joe Mercandante, our newest father and brother, tried to brave the weather and the sea Nov. 30 for codfish. Our hunters of the deep were thwarted. There was no captain willing to take them out to sea for their watery game. Cheer up, boys! Better days are ahead.

Our group sends condolences to Pat Hastings and his wife, Joan, on the passing of her father.

Our tee-off artist's mind now can be at ease. South Philadelphia's Roosevelt Park golf course will remain intact according to the latest news item.

George Langill's wife was hospitalized. We are glad she is home now.

The tales of huntsmen of 38 Dept. will be heard in our department as soon as they return. We will leave it to Bill Walsh to chronicle.

MORE ON WETHERILL . . .

in working condition. We all knew they could do it. Just a gamble on who would get heat first—the gas company or old man summer.

Dec. 10—ten percent in operation.
Dec. 11—nine percent in operation.
Dec. 12—we go to press. Continued in next issue of OUR YARD.

We thought the Wetherill Engineering Dept. had supplemented its force but found out it's guessting the Rocket Dept. We hope it isn't like the man who came to dinner.

Those who are at war with others are not at peace with themselves.

This is the year that will be



... *better for your children*

if you set aside the toys
more often and talk.

... *better for your community*

if you stop standing on the
sidelines barking at public
officials and pitch in to
correct the things you don't
like.

... *better for your company*

if you care as much about the
quality of your work as you
care about the size of your
paycheck.

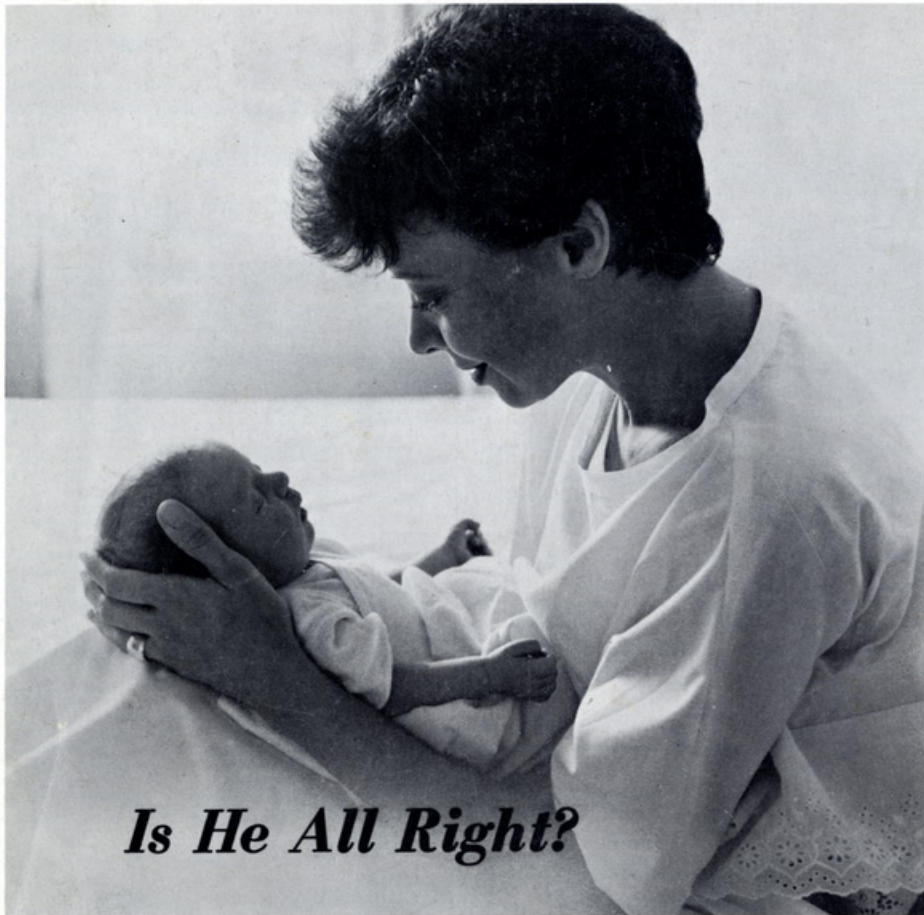
... *better for a faltering stranger*

if you lend a hand.

... *better for you* if you make it

a point to meet new friends,
visit new places, read books
on new subjects, broaden your
horizons.

... and *much* better for you if you
have done these things by December
31, when you can look back and say,
"This is the year that was."



Is He All Right?

Happily, this time, the answer is yes. But 250,000 times each year across this country, the answer is a heartbreaking, fearful no.

Why does something go wrong when these tiny bodies are being formed? Why is a seriously defective child born to one out of every ten American families?

Can more of these children be helped with present medical knowledge?

What more must we know to prevent this from happening to babies not yet born?

Answers to these questions are being sought in nationwide programs supported by your contributions to The National Foundation-March of Dimes—the largest single source of private support for birth defects research and care in history. These answers will help prevent birth defects, a problem which concerns every family everywhere.

The National Foundation—March of Dimes

Franklin D. Roosevelt, Founder

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