

THE SUN DIAL



Volume 1

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Number 1

Do a Man's Full Share

The all-important thought in men's minds at the present time is War; coupled with that in our work, it is ships. Our whole life is colored and measured by the progress of the war and shipbuilding, as our part in the crisis (for it undoubtedly is a crisis in the affairs of the nation) is the building of ships for the service of the government. In this great struggle, civilization and humanity against brutality and frightfulness, the work is split up into many parts.

To all men is not given the opportunity to go into the battlefield, but to all men is given, and that in a full measure, the opportunity to do his utmost to take up his rightful burden. Whether he should be a worker in the shipyard or a soldier on the battlefield or a sailor on the sea, it's one and the same, his utmost is demanded and nothing less will suffice, nothing less would be true American and nothing less would be doing a full man's share of the job.

How best are we to equip ourselves to take up individually our full share of the work? A healthy mind in a healthy body, with the proper enthusiasm, makes short work of difficulties, so let us pay close attention to our health. Take care of our bodies and with good health we will bring to our work a cheerful outlook, a growing enthusiasm and a feeling that we are contributing not only our bit but our best effort, and we can look abroad and feel that the victories that are gained and will be gained

are part of our efforts here; and if reverses should come, let us feel that we have only got to redouble our efforts until the eventual triumph of sound, loyal and sustained effort will win the day.

Let us go at our work, strike hard and often, so that the slacker may have no place with us, but let us all be good men and true, each seeking to push to the uttermost the progress of our work in the shipyard and accomplish our full effort.—R. H.

Cash Prize

The *New York World* has offered a prize of \$100 to the crew in the New York or Philadelphia ship-building zones that drives the most rivets in the hull of a ship during a nine-hour day.

The award will be made each week for a number of weeks. The offer applies only to the sixteen yards engaged in the building of steel ships in these districts.

Records must be made in driving rivets in a hull on the ways and not in work laid out in a yard or in a shop.

There are no restrictions as to the size of the rivets.

It is expected that the riveting crews entering this competition will make a number of new rivet-driving records.

Four Launched in Hour

OAKLAND, Cal., May 19.—The hulls of four big steel vessels slid from the ways in three shipyards within an hour last night, adding 36,000 tons to the cargo space of the Emergency Fleet Corporation.



THE SUN DIAL

A Record of Time and Events

PUBLISHED FOR THE
SHIPBUILDERS OF THE

SUN SHIPBUILDING COMPANY

WHICH IS AT

CHESTER, PA.

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CHESTER, PA., JUNE 1, 1918

Greetings to All!

As the late lamented Elbert Hubbard would probably have said, "This, then, is the SUN DIAL!"

It is the successor to the *Sun Log*, which was born in obscurity and never ventured forth beyond the confines of the storeroom.

The SUN DIAL is to cover every department in the yard, and is to be the mouthpiece of every man who wants to sport his little piece in its columns. It is our house organ, and every man is to feel that he is an integral part of the house. If you have a kick, or a good idea for the betterment of conditions or production, shoot it to us. The censorship is not strict, and we'll see that your brain child is given a hearing. The SUN DIAL is not intended as a literary production and makes no bid for fame as such. It is just a way to enable the five thousand or more men of this shipyard to get together for a talkiest between ourselves; to make every man feel he is responsible for his share in upholding the honor of the yard in the greatest game back of the front line trenches. If it helps to make you feel that you are a permanent fixture here and not a floater, and that you ought to give your maximum effort to produce ships right here in the Sun yard, then its aim is accomplished.

The SUN DIAL is yours! Make it a success! Let us hear from you.

The Record for Steel Laying Claimed by Hog Island

Another challenge already out to men who place 200 tons in day.

Following the feat of the men on shipway No. 12 in placing 200 tons of steel in less than eight hours, Hog Island Tuesday claimed the world's championship in laying steel on ship hulls.

The feat was accomplished Monday and was undertaken after No. 12 men had heard that another crew had placed 161 tons. Another crew declared it will beat No. 12's record.

Safety First

This particular subject furnishes fuel for your thought along many lines, but at this opportune moment it is the desire of the officials of the Company to impress upon its employes the necessity of complying with a few simple rules of the transportation companies, first among which is the railroad company.

The traveling public of this vicinity has increased to such proportions that the railroad and trolley companies are pressed to their utmost capacity to handle the travel, and the railroad company has made an appeal to the various industrial concerns of Chester to assist them to have discontinued the practice of taking unnecessary risks in boarding and alighting from trains:

"A great many of your employes board trains while in motion approaching West Philadelphia Station in the morning and in the evening a large number of them open the vestibule side and trap doors of cars before the train reaches the platform at West Philadelphia and alight from the train while in motion.

"In addition to this, upon arrival at Broad Street Station a large number of them alight from the train while in motion and in many instances from the wrong side of the train, that is, on the alley side, and no small number climb through the windows of the cars in their haste to reach the platform and street.

"A few days ago there was a fatal accident at West Philadelphia, due to a workman alighting from a train while in motion, and we desire to have this dangerous practice discontinued, and to this end write to ask whether you will issue such instructions as will restrain these men from alighting from the train while in motion and from opening vestibule and side doors before the train stops. There is a great possibility of accidents at Broad Street Station when men alight from the train other than the platform side, as the tracks at this point are continually being used for the movement of trains and it would be an easy matter for an accident to occur, due to men alighting from the wrong side of the train.

"If you can assist us in preserving order and having this practice discontinued, it will better safeguard your employes, and any action you may take along these lines will be greatly appreciated by us."

Men, this is a dangerous practice, and by taking these chances you do an injustice to yourselves, your families, the railroad companies and to the government, and especially to the government at this time of war when every man in the shipyards, the ammunition works, etc., counts so much for the country and the boys we are backing up over there in the trenches. Therefore, men, a word to the wise is sufficient.

An Eight Hour Log From the Storehouse

Mr. Ferris, our new storekeeper, has settled down to his all-day stride and has had rushed through a complete rearrangement of the storehouse equipment. The steel bins have been removed to the river side of the storehouse and massed into five sections, beginning at the door next to the Paint Shop, as follows:

- Section 1—Pipe fittings.
- Section 2—Bolts and nuts.
- Section 3—Hardware.
- Section 4—Miscellaneous.
- Section 5—Packing, waste, etc.

This rearrangement of the bins provides one general stores counter of five sections for material and greatly facilitates the delivery of same on orders. Thus another step is taken towards speeding up the shipbuilding program.

Records

There have been some remarkable records of production made in the shipyards this year, and there will be others made to beat them.

Are the Sun boys going to be satisfied without copping a few for themselves?

Here is what has been done; what are you going to do?

You can if you will. Records are made to be broken as soon as a better man or better crew comes along. Where will you find better men than in the Sun Shipbuilding yards?

Hog Island has the pile driving record. R. Beamer drove 82 piles in seven and one-half hours. They were 30 feet long and to inch centers, and took 350 blows each from a 6,000-pound steam hammer.

The Pusey & Jones yard claims the record for installing valves in a hull. In four hours a group of eight machine erectors (four machinists and four helpers) installed four big valves that ordinarily would have taken a day to put in place.

Thirty steel ships were completed and delivered during the month of April from the shipyards of the country. These represent a total of 162,805 dead-weight tons. This brings the total deliveries to 139 ships with a grand total deadweight of 980,471 tons.

Let us all do our best for a record for the Sun yards!

A Liberty Bond is far beyond

A lot of things I've met.

It helps to win the war we're in

And frees a man from debt.

"Why is a pancake like the sun?"

"Because," said the man from Sweden, "it rises out of der yeast and it sets behind der vest."

From the Bridge

We were thinking the other day—it's not often that we indulge in such heavy exercise, but occasionally we slip up.

This time we were thinking about old man Noah's shipyard, where they built the Ark.

And we just thought how far back it would have put the human race if Noah's workmen had lain down on the job.

The flood would have come and there wouldn't have been anything for Noah to have done but join the wets.

And after it was all over there would have been nothing here but mud. It would have been back to the treetops for civilization.

Now suppose every man in this shipyard and every other shipyard over here was to slow down and fail to deliver the goods?

The boys "over there" wouldn't have any more chance than a snowball in the Sahara Desert.

And by the time that old Bill Hohenzollern had the world flooded with "Made in Germany Kultur" there wouldn't be even any treetops for civilization to kick about in.

So it finally resolves itself to the fact that civilization itself has depended upon the shipbuilders on more than one occasion.

I thank you. —MACK.

Storeroom Requisitions

Are we downhearted? Just tell Jones something funny, and if you can beat his laugh we'll give you a free pass to France to scare the Huns.

Are we well fed? Take a slant at Cliff Williams and decide for yourself. And so long as we are well fed we will never get downhearted, even if Borell does shoot in the wrong kind of egg-slicers for a galley outfit.

That bright sun ray at the far end of the office is Gilpin with his hat off.

The noise you hear is Pennabecker trying to make Ford believe that his stock of bolts is low.

And if you see McFadden going from desk to desk he's not looking for some of Corrie's correspondence; he's just trying to answer three phones at one time.

We asked Mr. Haig (not the big chief) if he had anything to say for publication; but he first bit off a quarter's worth of plug and refused to answer, so we left him sorting out a barrel of McArdle & Cooney's nicknacks.

When it comes to indoor sports, Scott says that trying to get everything in the order basket written up on the receiving sheets takes the prize. If he can empty that basket by 5 P. M. he whistles "The End of a Perfect Day." Then he and McShane do a marathon for the \$10.

Dyson is custodian of the order file; if he can't find it for you, ask Fadden (this is not Mac) or look in the waste basket, or up on the roof, or somewhere else.

It's a great life in the storeroom, if you don't weaken.

Ship Capacity the Crux

Over one-third of the world's shipping capacity has been diverted directly or indirectly to military purposes, and of the remainder there has been an unceasing loss during the war. There is an abundance of food with which to feed the starving Allies and our soldiers; there is abundance of soldiers in our young men, but we must have the ships to carry them to the place where they will do the most good in bringing the war to an end.

There is an abundance of patriotism in our shipbuilders, and it will not be long before they supply ships to carry the men and the food; but every hour's delay means sacrifice and suffering to some one, therefore we are called on to speed up to the highest pitch of which we are capable.

Uncle Sam has never lost a war, and will not lose this one; but the quicker he wins it the less our boys at the front will have to suffer. Think of this when striving to make a record and you will receive an inspiration that will almost enable you to perform miracles.

Unless Uncle Sam gets the ships he must delay victory, and unless the Sun Shipyard workers do their level best they will not have done all they could have done to win not only records for themselves but victory for their flag—the best that ever swung to the breeze.

War Substitutes

- Economy for Waste.
- Coöperation for Criticism.
- Knowledge of Prices for Gossip about Profits.
- Cornmeal and Oatmeal for Wheat Flour.
- Fish for Beef and Bacon.
- Vegetable Oils for Animal Fats.
- The Garden Hoe for the Golf Stick.
- Performance for Argument.
- Service for Sneers.
- Patriotic Push for Peevish Puerilities.
- Perishable for Preservable Foods.
- Greater Production for a German Peace.
- The Beef You Do Not Eat for the Rifle You Can Not Carry.
- Conservation for Conversation.
- Common Sense for Common Gossip.
- Marketing for Telephoning.
- Production for Pessimism.

—Canadian Food Bulletin.

A Song

Sing a song of boats and builders,
Of a great work now in progress;
Of the ships already finished,
And the ones just only started.
It is great this work of building,
Small at start but great at finish;
Great the systems and their workings,
How each minute part is fitted,
And by hands both trained and skillful
Into one grand glorious vessel.

Buildings of the very finest
Are the foundations for construction
And equipment, all that's needed,
Hearts and hands in the great project
Eager for the work completed,
With no fear of competition,
For each boat will stand the test
Of comparing it with others
Built by older corporations
And the newer builders also.

Knowing the demand is great,
Nerve and sinew to the utmost,
Proud when it at last is finished,
Proud of the material, labor
And of having been a factor
In this great and fine production,
In this stupendous questing vessel;
With enthusiasm for the future,
Many others to be built,
Some perhaps a little greater.

And the firm who makes these vessels,
What the name and the location?
Is it one at all familiar?
Have we ever heard it mentioned?
This its site and this its name,
By the glimmering Delaware,
In the old historic Chester,
Name well known and reputation,
And still better to be known,
SUN SHIPBUILDING COMPANY.

Scot Gets Riveting Mark

LONDON, May 27.—The British riveting record has returned to the Clyde, according to a dispatch to the *Daily Mail* from Glasgow. William Smith, of Scotstown, on Saturday in the yards of John Brown & Co., at Clydebank, hammered in 6,783 rivets in nine hours. This beats all previous British records and is more than 900 better than the mark set by William Moses, at Borrow, last week.

Are you going to let him keep it?

Unsafe

The editor in charge of the Personal Inquiry column opened his seventieth letter with a groan.

"I have lost three husbands," a lady reader had written, confidentially, "and now have the offer of the fourth. Shall I accept him?"

The editor dipped his pen in the ink. This was the last straw.

"If you've lost three husbands," he wrote, "I should say you are much too careless to be trusted with a fourth." —*Tu-Bits*.

Jones says that at the finish an inch may measure the distance between success and failure; but next day the distance is measured in miles.

Offsets From the Mold Loft

Among the many rays of Sunshine that help to make this first SUN DIAL an actuality is this little glimmer from up in the Mold Loft—a ray "offset" by the clouds which are rapidly disappearing before the ever-winning, burning "hot stuff" of the Sun Company.

The Mold Loft is "getting along," even if we do say it ourselves. Of course, there are drawbacks in everything, but we are fortunate enough to have only a few of these. And when they do come along they are always very different. Take for instance Cutey Curran and Sir Ernest de Pusey (not of Pusey & Jones, however). How different—yet, oh, well, why go into details. Then, too, every day is different up in the loft—different work, different jobs, and every now and then a different face appears.

We can boast of one thing that no other department can lay claim to, it is a highly interesting and unique something known as a "Brezold." We have searched high and low to find out exactly what such a thing is; in despair we decide that it must be some relation to either a flying bridge or a main deck beam. It is seen so frequently with the latter we feel it must be some relation.

Bill Kay, "Johnny" Sulger (who requests that all the boys call him "Johnny"), Donald Gardner and Ralph Batchelder are a quartet whose new title is the "Flying Circus," so-called from the death-dealing airplane formation. Any of these will be glad to nail your shoes to the floor, throw you down the hatch—McCauley style—shellac your face or do anything they can do to help you along in your day's work. Speaking of Gardner, a rumor has it that he is going to start smoking his own tobacco as soon as he is of age.

Dick Curran's new "right-hand man" is the third Payne we've had this season. Let's hope for appendicitis if all pains are as welcome as these three. With this trio as a foundation we should have a good musical club, not only in the Loft, but a Sun Company club, for there are several more men who claim to be very good on mandolins, saxophones, drums, etc. Notice we say "Claim to be!" Besides these, V. Payne and Wootten really do sing well, so why not get started on some music? The only hindrance to one sooner was Wootten's hair-rip, now a thing of the past, but formerly a thing of jest.

Our last dinner was a great success, as we had the honor to have with us Mr. Haig, Mr. Graham and Mr. Saunders. Unfortunately Mr. Pew could not be present, but he has promised to come to our next, which, by the way, we hope will come off very soon. We

hope the Draftsmen will combine with us in making it a big success.

Headed by Mr. Payne and Mr. Duke, the Loft "kicked thru" one hundred per cent. perfect on the War Chest Drive. Can you do any better?

The "Sun" is setting on the "Dial" in the Loft—till next issue. So we close, wishing the DIAL and its staff best luck for its success.

EDITOR'S NOTE: The shadow referred to above was merely "Curnsey" looking for a lost temple that he holds in his hand.

Athletic Notes

Well, our baseball team now looks better. We played in hard luck on Saturday, May 25, and were defeated by New York Ship, 2 to 1.

Come on, you shipyard workers and get interested in our sports and help support our team by being present at our games on Saturday afternoons and holidays. Encourage our boys to win, so that the pennant will fly from our flagpole and not from one of the surrounding cities.

Out of 5,600 workers we only have about 1,600 members in the Athletic Association. That doesn't sound like the Sun Ship's spirit.

Any suggestions you men have in regard to athletics will be gladly received and given consideration by our welfare man, Mr. Mascen.

One thing that we can boast of is that our ball players are not only here to play ball, but to do their all in helping Uncle Sam to build ships and hasten the end of the war.

Men, let us get on the job and give the officials of the company some encouragement by taking more active interest in the athletic field which was provided for your comfort and mine.

Come on, Mac, get your tennis courts in shape so that we can play while we are able.

Let us hope that Manager McGraw lets Ogden, the big Swarthmore pitcher, stay here in the yard and do his bit for the United States.

Boys, how is this for a baseball nine? O'Neill, from Buffalo; Kelly, from Scranton; Ogden, from New York Giants; Keefe, from Bethlehem Steel League; Thompson, from Connie Mack's Athletics; Cavanaugh, from Brills' Delaware County League; Force, from Scranton; Agnew and Abern, from Media High School, and others too numerous to mention. Everybody on the jump next Thursday, help us win from Chester Ship.

"Brudren," said a darkey minister down on a plantation, "brudren, I's got a five-dollar sermon, an' a two-dollar sermon, an' a one-dollar sermon, an' I want dis here indelicate audience to take up a collection as to which one ob dem dey can afford to hear."

Trap Shooting

Our trap shooting is moving along in good shape and we expect to install the traps and begin practice this week. We will then be ready to meet the gun clubs from any shipyard or outside teams.

The following are the officers of the Gun Club:

Field Captain, Killen; Assistant Captain, Vickers; Secretary, G. R. Speir.

How is this for a good shot from the Gun Club, considering that they have only been organized for about three weeks?

Quoit Notes

The quoit tossers from the Storehouse seem to be in doubt as to just which pair are champions, but any team wanting to get in the running at all had better drop around to the storehouse some noon and try their luck with either one of the teams composed of the following tossers: Gilpin, Graham, Ford, Scott.

If Germany Should Win

"What are our duties?"

"We want our families protected from the Prussian. Let us have no illusions on this subject. The treatment which is good enough for Belgians and Poles, for the people of Northern France, Serbia and Roumania, will be good enough for us if this country is ever brought under German control.

"We want our country protected. It was the first democracy worthy of the name. Pray heaven it may not be the last. But if Germany wins this war, every democracy of the world will be at the mercy of autocratic government. Russia, the new-born, will be, if she is not already, destroyed. France, the great republic, the land of Lafayette, will go down, with all her beauty, her arts and her traditions; England, a democracy in fact, if not in name, from whom came our laws, our traditions, our love of liberty and of Anglo-Saxon civilization, England will be destroyed. And this land of ours, for which 'our fathers died,' will not escape. Isn't it worth fighting for? There can be no living for us in a world where a madman is at large, and, like Mr. Hyde, is trampling down the children in the streets. There can be no living for us in a world where the greatest military power has no conscience, no respect for its treaties, for international law—no law but force, no mercy for those who oppose it."—*The Furrow*.

"I hed a dickshonary once," said Uncle Zeke, "but after I found it didn't spell words th' way I did, I give it to th' depot agent. It holds his door open durin' the hot weather fine."