

THE

SUN DIAL



Volume 1

JULY 13, 1918

Number 4

An Unsinkable Ship

Everyone's thoughts these days are more or less about ships. Among the many and varied things essential to winning the war, there is, perhaps, no more clearly defined call than that for ships. The cry is for more ships; big ships and little ships; old ships and new ships; ships built of wood, iron, steel, and concrete. They are all needed for service of one character or another, and they will doubtless be supplied as demand calls for them.

The genius of man, however, has as yet failed to devise a ship to cross the ocean that can be termed unsinkable. All ocean-going ships will, sooner or later, due either to age or violent means, refuse to keep back the water—become sinkable—and will have to be abandoned by those who journey on them, if they would not perish with the ship. Steel armorplates, bulk-heads and air-tight compartments all have proven unreliable in floating qualities. If these ships are not sent plunging into the great unknown deep by storm or collision, or some other violent force, the inevitable corrode of the briny waters will at last render them unseaworthy.

And then, we have another class of ships, constructed not of wood, or iron, or steel, but of human intellect—it is that great fleet composed of workmanship, scholarship, courtship, and the like; these, and many other kindred ships are important factors in carrying to and fro the necessities and pleasures of our lives as we are propelled, some forward by our own initiative, and others backward by the waves of the other fellow's craft, over this great sea of time. They form important factors in our lives, true, but they, like the material ships, are but frail crafts; they endure but for a little while in any one person's life; they come and go as do the seasons of the year. Workmanship stays afloat longest, no doubt, for most of us, yet it too must give way under the weight of declining years.

But there is one great ship that never grows old; that never corrodes or wears away, nor sinks from the weight of old age; it leads, it pilots, it controls our business, our homes and our lives; it sails ever on and on, even into eternity. It is Friendship. On this ship have been and are being carried all the great and good things of this world. It masters every situation; it has saved from destruction people and nations.

What is a man or a nation without friends? What man has ever succeeded without friends?

Everybody wants to succeed—to grow. Everybody desires a bigger, richer, better life. We are keenly conscious every day that life is at best very incomplete—that something is lacking to give us its full worth. We chafe under the yoke of a narrow circle of activity and live in the hope that in some mysterious way—tomorrow or the next day—we shall be liberated into a world of greater freedom and contentment. Every true American today is working harder now than ever before to hasten the realization of that day. And so we are all reaching forward and trying to grow, but our success and our growth will ever be measured by the extent of our friendship. This is true in every vocation and in every day, but it is more especially true now, in our day, than every day before.

Friendship begets success, and it is up to you and to me to see to it that our business dealings beget us friends, if we want success.

There are many ways to make friends, but in business there is just one lasting way, and that is by honest, upright, fair and square dealings with the other fellow and yourself, always, under any and all circumstances. And in your dealings, and your work, learn to wear a smile; a smile will draw friends to you like the Springtime sun draws flowers from the earth, where a frown will drive them away. Everybody hates a grouch; everybody likes the fellow with a smile.



KAISER BILL--"ACH! VAT'S DER USE?"

A man on board a good big Friendship need have no fear of his ultimate success, and he may well forget his troubles, if any he may have, for, as the poet has said,

"His dreams shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away."

In these days of strenuous shipbuilding; these days of war; these days of unparalleled perplexities, let us give to our country and our fellows the best there is in us, and that, with a smile and a hearty good will. If we will do this, we will at the same time be laying the keel of an unsinkable ship—a Friendship—that shall weld the same peoples of this country into a democracy whose influence shall establish a lasting peace on earth. Develop Friendship—it pays.

A Pleasant Surprise

We were all pleasantly surprised last Monday morning to find that Mr. Schumacher had returned from his sojourn in the South, looking and feeling himself again. A hearty welcome awaited our secretary and treasurer and we feel sure that the unanimous reception accorded will be an inspiration for even greater accomplishments than those already achieved prior to Mr. Schumacher's forced leave of absence.

Has Fine Record

Among the notables of whom we hear very little and who is responsible for much of the labor success at this plant is Mr. D. C. McIntyre, a young man of invaluable merit and worthy of praise.

The person with the assured reputation who can deliver the goods is usually modest. His record speaks for him. He has climbed the heights of endurance, has tasted of the fruits of labor and covered the highway of success. "Dan" is a willing worker, capable and dependable.

While McIntyre is not working directly on the ships, he is capable of doing so, but he feels that with the experience which he has had he is doing a greater deed by placing the proper mechanics just where they belong to hasten the promotion of shipbuilding, which is of great importance in the present emergency, and Mr. McIntyre, as a part of this organization, is giving all that is in him to this great cause. Are you doing the same, Mr. Reader?

The Sun Shipbuilding Company is more than proud to have a young man of this calibre in its organization, and anyone following in his footsteps will profit by it.

BUY HARDWARE AT GALEY'S

WAR CHEST

*Payments now Due
at Booth in Yard*

*Monday and Thursday
12 to 2 P.M.*

*At Wetherill Plant
Wednesday
12 to 2 P.M.*

*Make Good Your
Pledges*



FACTS CONCERNING EMULSIFYING CUTTING OIL

The Oil will emulsify with practically any water without the addition of soda ash or other alkali.

It will not deteriorate with age.

When emulsified it is neutral in reaction and therefore will not corrode the metal parts of machinery or pieces being machined.

It leaves behind it when dry a protective film which to a great extent guards against rusting of the threaded or machined parts after completion.

It gives a rich, white, creamy lubricating fluid of a consistency best suited to keep high-speed tools in perfect condition.

We recommend mixtures of from five of water to one of oil to twenty of water to one of oil.

Careful experiments have shown that, with a substantial stream of this oil constantly flowing over the cutting tool, better results are obtained than with the small stream of pure lard oil or lard compound formerly used.

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Revised Offsets From the Mold Loft

Bullshéviki Blynn, the cub reporter, of the mold loft, spent the Fourth by the sea waves at Cape May.

We aren't chock-full of news or noise like Blynn, but we may say something before the lights go out.

Someone suggested that we write a history of our "cub," but why not save paper. However, we'll have to tell you something about him. He's six feet one high and about one foot six wide. He plays the drum, the saxophone, the clown and the village drunk all equally well.

We have discovered the model hard working man. Achenbach, the boy wonder, had twenty-seven blue prittis on his bench the other day. He states that blue is his favorite color, but "Dick" Curran remarked that he was only keeping the flies off the lunch. Boss Duke has fallen in love with Hearty's knife. It must be worth real money. The Boss keeps his eyes on it all the while.

"Horse" Layton is going to take a vacation. He has been wearing a collar on Sundays and he wets his hair and slicks it back like a barber. It sounds like wedding bells to us.

"Doc" Wooten has old man Weston beaten to a frazzle. He walked 800 miles last week. He likes to keep the air circulating.

The other day we saw "Doc" Marion, our forman "vet," walking around the loft wrapped from the waist up in newspapers. "Why the trimmings?" asked we. "Oh!" he said, stepping aside smilingly, "I'm wearing an old coat and don't want to soil the templates."

Henry Ford says we are glad to say that work was started up here this week on hulls 13 and 14.

We are all sorry to lose Billy Kay. Billy is a good scout and a good Scotchman. Good luck to you, Billy.

Owing to new pupils, Johnny Sulger is considering the feasibility of opening classrooms on the roof.

From the Dugout—Dept. 36

Did you ever notice that "Len" Caley (he's the "installation" man who wants pump foundations in as soon as the keel is laid) has a ministerial walk in his various journeys to and fro. Hands clasped behind his back and his head bowed deep in thought thinking of methods whereby he may do his little bit in half the time it takes the other fellow. Here's luck to you "Len."

There's Molliter and Burk-e.
Coyne and Mickle, too;
Hess and Plotts and Constable.
And Crewdson 'mongst the few.
And "Doc," he's there with bells on,
You know him, he's so thin.
These are all of Daniels' gang,
With his Scotch "son" thrown in.

Office Chatter

Miss Margaret Barrett has returned after a six weeks' furlough. She has gone to Mr. Hopeman's department and will very likely speed things up over there.

Jervis Burdick, of the Purchasing Department, is to be congratulated on the birth of a son. Jervis is not quite decided as to whether he shall be a Yale or a Penn man.

Miss Barborough and Miss Ford are knitting sweaters and have been knitting sweaters for a long time. By the time the last buttonhole is finished the style of the necks will be out of date.

Anyone looking for a horse in Chester will find them as scarce as Corrie's hair. We are waiting for someone to tell us the color of Albertson's hair, as we have not yet seen him without a hat.

Mercer has left the office to work in the yard. Mercer left before we had a chance to congratulate him on the birth of a daughter.

Frank Burr came down for lunch on July 4th and enjoyed it thoroughly.

If things continue as at present we will have as many married women as men in the office very soon.

Boyle's barber shop 'phoned to the office to have Mr. Paxson stop on his way home from work. He must have needed a shave when he passed in the morning.

We expected to have a fat man's race on July 4th, but Eddie Williams and Carmine didn't show up.

Robin Smith is back with us again Dafter giving the North Chester Realty Co. a start.

"Cap" Oas is always glad to give you credit for doing your bit, and for two bits he will sell you a Thrift Stamp.

The 1918 Ten Commandments

1. Never refuse to do a job because you consider it beneath you. All work or any work is honorable.
2. When the whistle blows, be on the job.
3. Do not do your work "good enough," do your best.
4. If you get "bawled out," keep quiet, and don't give cause for another "bawling."
5. Be on the job before the whistle.
6. Be attentive while receiving instructions.
7. Don't be afraid to make suggestions. A good "suggester" is generally considered a good man.
8. Save a few pennies as you go along by buying an occasional W. S. S.
9. Same as No. 8.
10. Same as No. 9.

Talking about money—there's "Mickle-Coin" in the Copper Shop.

GALEY'S FOR TOOLS



A Record of Time and Events

PUBLISHED FOR THE
SHIPBUILDERS OF THE

SUN SHIPBUILDING COMPANY

WHICH IS AT
CHESTER, PA.

Distributed free of charge to every employee of The Sun Shipbuilding Company, Sun Oil Company, and the Wetherill Plant.

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JAMES MERRITT.....Office
JAMES CUNNINGHAM.....Drawing Room

SUN OIL

HERBERT EVANS.....Main Office
PRICY V. KANE.....Main Office
LOUIS LOMAX.....Marcus Hook
H. E. MICHENER.....Marcus Hook

CHESTER, PA., JULY 13, 1918

Italians

Si aprira una scuola in lingua Americana che the Sun Shipbuilding Co. dana gratuita a tutti gli Italiani che lavorano per S. S. Co. nel locale T. Y. C. A. tra la settima strada ed Edgmont Ave. Sono vivamente pregati d'intervenire, onde venire a conoscenza della legge d'America, essere citati per fare rispettare; lors diritti ed anche per acquistare la carta cittadina. Per schiarimenti rivolgersi Mr. J. Leonard Mason, second oor, joiner shop alle 12.15 ogni giorno.

MIKE LOSHARDE

BUY HARDWARE AT GALEY'S



WILLIAM H. ROCAP

Mr. Rocap, Sports Editor, Philadelphia Public Ledger, and world-famed authority on boxing, honored us with his presence as referee at our opening fistic show. We appreciate the send-off he gave us and hope he will be able to visit us again in the near future. Thanks to Mr. Rocap our success is sure.

Boxing

Our boxing show on the Fourth certainly was a good one. In the wind-up Tim Logan bested Jack Wesley, but Wesley boxed a good bout and should be given credit, for he was boxing no novice in Big Tim Logan. The best bout of the day was between Fred Seagar, of the Sun, and "Kid" Howard, of the Chester Ship, in which both boys fought every minute of the three rounds, but Fred was on the long end at the finish.

Mel Harris, of the Sun, beat Young McLaughlin, of the Chester yard. "Jim Lee" Easby beat "Kid" White. Both are Sun boys.

All Out for the Big Show

Matchmakers Le Tourneau and McShane are working hard for the next boxing show, which will be a twilight one, the first boat starting at 7 p. m. on Thursday evening, July 18.

Johnny Casey, of the lumberrooms, is working hard for his coming bout with Mel Harris, and Harris says that he needs to work hard, for he is going to give Casey a rare treat.

"Tim" Logan (Dick Le Tourneau's champ), is working hard to get himself into first-class shape for his next man.

Dick says that he won't be satisfied until "Tim" cleans up the Delaware River shippyards.

Dixon Conley, of the Machine Shop, challenges any 150-pound boxer in the yard, so in the next show you will see him up against one of the best boys in our plant, that being "Jim Lee," of the Bolter-up.

The bout on the Fourth between Fred Seagar, of the Tool Room, and "Kid" Howard, of the Chester yard, certainly was a corker, but Fred hauled him a nice lacing and Howard is not satisfied, saying he was in poor condition. The matchmakers have them matched for the next show, and boys, don't miss this one for the far will fly.

From the Bridge

We are not strong for compulsory vaccination.

We do not believe a man should be compelled to submit to inoculation any more.

Than he should be made to have his tooth pulled against his will.

Nevertheless

There are exceptions and we believe that if

The Kaiser and the six loafers who call him dad

Had been given a shot of steel in the region of their hearts sometime prior to August, 1914, it would have been a mighty good thing for the world in general.

But since it was not done then we suggest that one of the terms of peace read that the said

William Hohenzollern and the aforementioned six bums be given a walk to a secluded spot and there have a dose of Remington's best shot pumped into them.

We believe it would prevent any future outbreak of the malady that is at present causing the world to suffer.

I thank you.

—MACK

Bolters-Up

What is the matter with Morrissey and Driscoll and their ball team that they were blowing about to the Bolter-ups? Come on now, Erectors, don't be quitters.

Why does McGarvey, No. 52 time-keeper, always hang around the main office? Harline says there must be something attractive up that way.

Le Tourneau, McShane and Jack Johnson, former of Tool Room, are always on the job when it comes to boxing. Jack is scouting the Delaware River trying to pull one over on Dick and Mack. He is trying to find someone to beat their champions, Willie Moody and "Tim" Logan.

Hush little Thrift Stamp
Don't you cry
You'll be a War Bond
By-and-by.

A STARTLING TRUTH

Although you may not always be able to earn money, yet you will need money as long as you live. This startling truth should convince everybody of the importance of having money in the bank. A portion of your income should be deposited with a view to increasing your bank account until it becomes a substantial fund.

EVERY COURTESY AND ATTENTION EXTENDED TO PATRONS GENERAL BANKING AND SAVINGS MEMBERS OF THE FEDERAL RESERVE SYSTEM

Cambridge Trust Company

Fifth and Market Streets, - - Chester, Pa.
Tenth and Market Streets, Marcus Hook, Pa.

Stop! Look and Think of the Inner Man!



Good Food is what he
wants and CASEY'S
NEW CAFETERIA is
the best place to get it



Home Cooking and
Wholesome Food at
Low Prices



Give Us a Trial



From "Over There"

MR. FRANK CROSS, SEC.

My DEAR SIR:—Your welcomed letter of April 3d received, but regret I could not answer same until this evening, due to, first, its late delivery, and second, my time being taken up completely by military duties. However, I know you will excuse me on this score.

As to other data pertaining to my camp and military life, can only say that we left the States early in the year, enjoying the trip across immensely, but nevertheless glad to put foot on dry land again.

Since our arrival "over here" we have seen much of the country and a number of pretty good size cities, but nothing whatever to compare to the good old U. S. A.

The country and the people seem to be far behind the times. As a matter of fact the only thing they are at all swift in over here are talking their language and taking our money. Ha! Ha!

Now for the want of your Honor Roll. I am only a buck private and belong to the Quartermaster's outfit of the mechanical repair shop. I am very pleased with the work, but nevertheless I wish I was back in the dear U. S. A. This is my address:

Pvt. P. Borowski

Mechanical Repair Shop 301

Q. M. C. N. A. A. P. O. 708 via New York City, A. E. F.

Just a few lines in reference to some of the country.

We are at the present time located in one of the oldest cities of this much historical land. The buildings are indeed very antique and the streets are nothing more than dirty crooked alleys. The people and the country are much behind the times, especially so in production and manufactures of locomotive transportation, a thing which is very hard for an American, or anyone in fact with any

business ingenuity to understand. I would, though, like to predict that after this war France will be very much Americanized. This will be due to the wonderful studies the good old U. S. A. have and are making. Well, I think I'll close for today and hoping to hear from you soon, I am,

P. BOROWSKI

P. S.—I would appreciate a word from any of the boys in your service and those that are in France, so I might correspond with them from time to time.

P. B.

Employment Notes

Mr. C. J. Drennen, our Employment Manager, visited Washington, D. C., at the request of Mr. L. C. Marshall, of the Emergency Fleet Corporation, Philadelphia, Pa., and while there he was in conference with Mr. John B. Densmore, Director of the United States Labor Department, in the interest of the labor situation throughout the country.

The United States Department of Labor have been endeavoring to supply labor to the various shipbuilding industries and they have been conducting an enrollment of "Shipyard Volunteers." Over 200,000 men have registered and they are continuing to secure additional members. We have been unsuccessful in securing first-class mechanics from this source in the past but we cannot tell what the future might bring forth. Mr. Drennen has refrained from soliciting for mechanics and has given the Department of Labor three weeks to supply our needs. Up to the present time we have not received one inquiry from the Department.

An executive such as we are fortunate enough to have at the head of our labor department is responsible for the highly skilled mechanics who are employed in this plant and he is in touch with first-class mechanics in all branches of the shipbuilding industry who cannot readily be found through any local office.

However, we intend to give the Department of Labor a fair show and if they fail to give results Mr. Drennen will be only too glad to return to his former method of securing mechanics.

By B. S.

We wish to call your attention to our new exemption office, which is a part of the Employment Department. Anyone who is doubtful as to the manner of filling out his "Questionnaire" kindly report to this office and secure any information which he desires.

Also, information in regard to the draft will be cheerfully given.

Scene: Railroad track, facing boiler shop. Mr. Wilkie going into boiler shop.
First Boothback—"There he goes."
Second Boothback—"Who?"
First Boothback—"Daniel—into the lion's den."

BUY HARDWARE AT GALEY'S

Wetherill Plant



Mr. CHARLES MORRIS,
Superintendent Wetherill Plant, with his ever
smiling face.

On the evening of June 26, 1918, Miss Helen Sprout was married to Mr. Albert Jeffries. The ceremony, which took place at the home of the groom was a very quiet affair, only the immediate families of the bride and groom attending. The bride was dressed exquisitely in white and some filmy stuff which enveloped her head and shoulders like an aureole. Following the ceremony a short reception and luncheon was held from which the happy couple departed on a short trip. Mrs. Jeffries will be at home to her numerous friends in her apartments at 9th and Edgemont after July 15th.

Miss Phoebe Simpson has caused her friends much anxiety ever since Monday last because of her tearful downcast eyes, and the deep sighs that she occasionally uttered; and no amount of coaxing would persuade her to give any reason for her strange behavior until, in a burst of confidence the other afternoon, she told her dearest friend, who of course promised to keep it all a deep, dark secret; that she had been down to Camp Meade bidding about sixty of her friends good-bye, and she walked so far to see them all that her feet became quite tender and she has been forced to wear shoes at least a half a size larger.

One would imagine that possum hunting would be about the least dangerous of all big game hunting, and so thought Christopher Redfern of Department 8, who pursues this delicacy of the wild with great earnestness. His performance as a hunter has been very remarkable in the past, he never has been known to come back from a trip empty-handed, but Chris met his Waterloo the other night while on his

regular weekly trip. He had started out with all that goes with a voyage into the wilds, and had soon discovered the trail of one of these terrible animals which he followed so hotly and so swiftly that the animal was forced to ascend a tree to catch its breath in order to put up a decent sort of a scrap. Chris saw it disappear in the foliage of a large oak, and uttering the "view hullo!" he seized a long pole that was handy and tried to poke the beast down. At the very first poke the pole, wielded by the great strength and enthusiasm of Chris, dislodged the raving, snarling, possum and it dropped right on Chris's head.

The scene that followed baffles description; Chris, the possum, the pole, and the "hoon" daug," which got caught while heading for home, were inextricably mixed together in a roaring, whining, howling, swearing mass, which made the welkin ring and frightened all the birds for miles around. In a few moments it was all over, the "hoon daug" freed himself first and departed for home "and stood not on the manner of his going."

Chris and the badly splintered pole quit the scene of battle about one second apart, and the doughy possum was left in sole possession of the field with, horrible to relate, most of Chris's auburn locks clasped tightly in its jaws and claws.

Chris passed us as if we had been standing still and long after he had disappeared from view his well-known, hearty voice floated back to us; telling the wide world just what he thought of possums and "hoon daugs" in such a strange tongue that our knees knocked together, and we sank on the grass in fits of laughter.

On the 4th of July, while most of us were busy dodging behind anything handy for fear that the freighter that bumped the Neponset might be loaded with dynamite or "T. N. T." the incomparable relay teams from our plant composed of Messrs. Taylor, H. P. Seigel, Whirlow, and F. G. Seigel, calmly romped around the track and captured first prize in the relay, but it wasn't quite as easy as it sounds because pitted against them were two of the longest-legged, speed boys in the entire yard, namely, Burdick and Scatfield, who can give pointers on running to a Russian greyhound. The only reason they were licked was—"shush"—"deep secret"—we fed Joe so much ice cream and lemon soda just before the race, that he was foundered before he started, and Burdick had to run slightly handicapped because of Joe's over indulgence.

Frank "Dick" Delahant, is the "Beau Brummel" of the office. A few minutes after the noon whistle you can see Dick gracefully gliding west toward "Hotel Bee" to get his 1000 beans. He is single this fox, but we heard him make the remark the other day that he was getting tired of beans and thought he would change his order to chickens.

Chas. Keare, assistant foreman in the foundry, returned to his work Monday, after spending a very pleasant time at Angelsea. He reports the fish were running good and he made some very good hauls.

Jerry Bail, timekeeper in the foundry, expects to spend his vacation in Cleveland, Ohio. He leaves Saturday for Washington, and after spending a few days at the capitol, will then continue his trip west. He is accompanied by F. L. Smith, who represents the Cole "8" Automobile Co. Mr. Bail will drive his new car home.

Frank Howard, our smiling paymaster, had the index finger of his right lunch-book badly crushed between the rollers of an electric clothes wringer at home. Since this accident happened Frank wants a five yard handicap at all banquets or free feeds.

SUN OIL NOTES

Another one for the Sun baseball team. Beat the Scott Paper Company in ten innings, score 4-3. The score speaks for itself. Next game Saturday, July 13th, with Geo and Joe, Chester. Hope to see a good crowd of rooters, as the boys deserve better support in this respect. Turn out, ye local Chesterites!

We are pleased to learn that Arthur B. Harris, now in France, has been promoted to Battalion Sergeant Major.

B. H. Brewster Koons, formerly of the Sales Department, has been appointed a Second Lieutenant in the Quartermaster's Corps, N. A. He has been assigned to the Oil Division.

Lieutenant F. C. Wheeler, of the Marine Corps (formerly of the Sales Department), has been cited for bravery in action in France and recommended by General Pershing for the Distinguished Service medal.

Mr. J. V. Carley, of the Utica, N. Y., office, is sojourning among us pending his call to service in the Naval Reserve.

It is noticeable that the "H" aggregation are beginning to realize that Company "E" are a necessary evil aboard ship. That little sewing machine and the "Soo-th bilers" help a little towards making the ship a success.

The wet dock shops are ready for July 22d on hull No. 8.

There's quite a little comfort in a kind word now and then.

So when anything that's done is good, Don't fail to praise your men.

There's sure enough of credit in this world for you and I.

Don't be hoggish, treat them decent, Make the hours go pleasantly.

Chester White Shoe Repair Company

Wants

your shoe repairing

Done in factory style
while you wait

Send us your shoes that
cost from \$5 to \$20 and
we will make them look
like new and give
old comfort

Mr. Shipworker:

The thoroughness,
accuracy and economy
with which the business
of our various depart-
ments is conducted
should appeal to you
forcefully

DELAWARE COUNTY TRUST COMPANY

CROZER BUILDING
CHESTER

The Kaiser's Message

- 1 The Kaiser called the devil up
On the telephone one day—
The girl at central listened to
All they had to say.
- 2 "Hello!" she heard the Kaiser's voice,
"Is old man Satan home?
Just tell him this is Kaiser Bill
That wants him on the phone."
- 3 The devil said, "Hello! Bill"
And Bill said, "How are you?
I'm running here a hell on earth
So tell me what to do."
- 4 "What can I do?" the devil said,
"My dear old Kaiser Bill;
If there's a thing that I can do
To help you I sure will."
- 5 The Kaiser said, "Now, listen,
And I will try to tell
The way that I am running
On earth a modern hell."
- 6 "I have saved for this for many years
And I have started out to kill;
That it will be a modern job
You leave to Kaiser Bill."
- 7 "My army went through Belgium
Shooting women and children down
We tore up all of her country
And blew up every town."
- 8 "My zeps dropped bombs on cities
Killing both old and young
And those the Zeppelins didn't get
Were taken out and hung."
- 9 I started out for Paris,
With the aid of poisonous gas
The Belgians, damn 'em, stopped us
And would not let us pass."
- 10 "My submarines are devils
Why, you should see them fight;
They go sneaking through the seas
And sink a ship at sight."
- 11 "I was running things to suit me
Till a year or so ago;
When a man named Woodrow Wilson
Write me to go more slow."
- 12 "I didn't listen to him
And he's coming after me
With a million Yankee soldiers
From their homes across the sea."
- 13 "Now that's why I called you, Satan,
For I want advice from you,
I know that you would tell me
The thing that I ought to do."
- 14 "My dear old Kaiser William,
There's not much for me to tell
For the Yanks will make it hotter
Than I can for you in hell."
- 15 "I have been a mean old devil,
But not half as mean as you,
And the minute I get you here
I will give my job to you."
- 16 "I'll be ready for your coming
And I'll keep the fires all bright,
And I'll have your room all ready
When the Yanks begin to fight."
- 17 "For the boys in the khaki will get you,
I have nothing more to tell,
Hang up the 'phone and get your hat,
And meet me here in hell."

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Will History Repeat Itself?

Looking back over the scenes of the past, we find first one nation and then another rising to great heights, only to drop back to lesser rank.

We find the children of Israel carried captive into the land of Egypt, the Egypt of those days a great nation, today but a vassal state. The Medes and the Persians, great for a time, but today almost unknown.

Rome, the great city of the past, in the days of her glory, the seat of power of a great nation, which arose only to fall and pass out with the others from the ranks of the great.

History will tell the same story, repeated time and again. We pass them by and move forward to later days, and note the rise of Napoleon Bonaparte, whose purpose it was to dominate the countries of Europe.

He, like other great rulers, gone before, failed in his efforts.

Various reasons may be assigned for the downfall of various nations. In the main, however, the cause lay in their failure to give due reverence to Him who rules the Universe.

Another proud monarch has conceived the idea of dictating to the people of this world. While other nations have tried to educate their peoples on the civil side, he has been

spending his years in creating a great war machine, to the end that at the opportune time he would be prepared to attain his desire.

However, as with those who have gone before, the Hun failed in his reckoning. Little Belgium alone, held him for sufficient time to enable the others to master their forces. We all know the events which have taken place, our own country being compelled to throw her weight in the balance.

"Will history repeat itself?" The Bible tells us that the unjust shall surely perish, that our Lord is on the side of the righteous.

The question is a large one and not to be decided in a few days or weeks, but right will surely prevail. And again we ask, "Will history repeat itself?"

Today on the battlefield of Europe, the Tri-Color of France, the Union Jack of Britain, and our own Star Spangled Banner are waving defiance in the face of the Hun. The resources of our Allies are at a low ebb, and victory depends in the greatest measure on the weight our nation will throw into the balance.

To do this properly the great need is ships, and more ships, and so it becomes necessary that each and every

employee of this great yard should do his or her full duty, to the end that there may be no weak links in the chain.

We will picture to you coming down the hillside a great man fully equipped for war, with a look of grim determination on his face, and will introduce him as our beloved Uncle Sam, representing the great force, our boys, moving to the coast.

He comes to the deep blue sea, shall he stop because you or I have failed in our duty? No, surely not; for he finds crossing the broad Atlantic a bridge of boats.

He starts his journey across, the Hun is on the other shore, watching he expected not that that trip would be made, that we were too cowardly to fight. He finds that the big man means business, and across the face of that representative of the Devil, there comes the most miserable look of defeat ever written on any man's countenance.

"Will history repeat itself?" The answer depends upon you and I and our co-workers in the other great yards. Shall it be said that the liberties for which our forefathers fought and died shall be lost?

My friends, see to it "That history shall repeat itself."—W. L. C.

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