

THE SUN DIAL

Volume 1

JULY 27, 1918

Number 5

THE SHIPBUILDER A FIGHTER

It seems a long way from the rivet furnace and the riveting hammer to the machine-gunner in his emplacement along the Western battlefield. It seems a long way from the draftsman in the big shell into the chamber of the shipyard to the man who shoves an unimportant work to run the crane which swings the big ship plate into position compared with the man who marches on the ship when it is finished, ready to fight for his country. It seems little enough to win a record riveting or to launch a ship in twenty-seven days, compared to holding Kennel Mountain against an overwhelming force or making a splendid attack such as that made by our Marines against a superior force of Germany.

Many a man who is in this war, just as truly as any soldier, will never see the battlefield or hear the sound of guns. Many a man will contribute essentially to some magnificent charge that will sweep the Germans nearer their ultimate ruin, who never will have the inspiration of a bugle call to action, or hear the summons to supreme sacrifice.

On the other hand, many a man who gives the best he has of skill, fidelity and hard work in a shipyard can look across the sea and say, "There are our soldiers fighting and winning. If I had not put my best into that ship, they never would have gotten across the sea; they would not have had guns; they would not have been fed and clothed; they would have had no Red Cross supplies; they never would have been able to have all the mighty resources of this country at their disposal."

The man who builds ships holds the key to this war. Three thousand miles of ocean seem an insuperable barrier to victory. It has been said, and is still being said, "It is an impossible task." The answer to the challenge of the ocean is the industrial army of shipbuilders. What you do, and do quickly and well, makes for victory. What you leave undone, or do badly, makes for defeat. A defective

plate, a badly-done riveting job, a careless joint, a lazy workman, make the difference between winning and losing.

But, says a shipyard man, "This is not my war; this is not in behalf of issues that touch me; there is nothing that involves the industrial worker. There are no Germans threatening my home. I would be much better off if the war had never taken place."

This speech sounds like the Kaiser. He has said, "Thank God, there is no fighting on German soil."

The answer to such a statement as that lies in many a ruined town in France and Belgium. Before the Hun came there were happy homes, industrious men, contented women and glad children, prosperous industry and a measure of prosperity. Today the town is ruined, the industries are wrecked, the men have been killed or deported, the women and girls have become the victims of the "Yellow Beast" and are worse than dead. The children never laugh, but pitifully show the stumps of their little arms. Why? The answer is because the Hun came.

But you say such a thing could not happen here. Why not? If no ships are built, there will be no navy to stand between us and the transporting of the German there are no ships, there can Army across the sea. If he no American Army to hold the Huns in check in France. If there are no ships, there can be no millions of cannon, no billions of rounds of ammunition, no tanks, no gas shells. Nothing can cross that sea unless you build and build, and America will be invaded as surely as the sun shines.

Then the time will come that the man who went on a strike, or loafed on his job, or listened to German propaganda, or who was a slacker in the quality of his work, or who thought that speed was of no importance, will say "If I had only worked; if I had only fought; if I had only gotten that transport out, or that destroyer, or that supply ship, or that mine sweeper, I would not see my country invaded, my home wrecked,



ROBERT HAIG, General Manager, Swan Shipbuilding Company, CAPT. W. J. DENNY, British Army, and GEORGE A. MILLER, National Service Section, Emergency Fleet Corporation.

Picture taken at bi-weekly rally.

my daughter ruined, my child maimed." Then, however, it will be too late.

The German Emperor's greatest asset is the Atlantic Ocean, because it stands between our resources and his army. His greatest propaganda is to keep you men at the shipyards from building ships. His greatest hope is that you will listen to his agitators speaking in the holy name of industry, but who are the traitorous emissaries of the most outrageous ruler the world has ever seen. These emissaries of the Kaiser are in every garb, and we will do well to recognize them under whatever garb they present themselves. When the German Emperor sees our American soldiers on the front, he knows his only hope is that the men who are building the ships to transport the supplies, and to convey the re-enforcements will fail. He realizes that no price is too great to pay, no amount of money too great to spend, that you may be corrupted and fail our army in its time of need, and being ignorant of your character and patriotism, he laughs to himself and says, "I can keep them from doing it. I will foment industrial unrest. I will make them dissatisfied; I will make them forget their brothers are fighting in the line.

What do you say about it? I say, "He did not know the men in the shipyards." The shipbuilding industry has given such an answer to him and his propaganda as the world has never heard. The sound of the riveters, the noise of the sawing of the great plates into plate, the splash of the hulls that are daily launched, are carrying a two-fold message to the other side of the sea.

The first message is to the Kaiser. "Don't worry, William," they say, "you are going to be beaten and be beaten by ships. The men who are building the ships will launch so many this year that the ocean

will look back to you because it is covered with them. They will be a bridge that will carry all we want to send. You cannot interrupt us; you cannot make us disloyal; you cannot make us forget our American soldiers, and as they are fighting you with cannon and machine gun and rifle and bayonet, we are fighting you with ships. Look out for us. We are more to be dreaded than they are."

The other message is to our own soldiers: Do not worry, we are grateful to you for fighting for the maintenance of our liberty; for our homes; for our wives and children. There will be food enough and guns enough and ammunition enough and airships enough to put Germany and both the Williams where they belong forever. For we are behind the ships and we pledge ourselves to you in the same sacred cause for which you are fighting. And if your answer to the Kaiser is force, force and still more force, our part of the answer will be ships, ships, more ships, the best built ships, the quickest built ships, until we have both won the war.

Dr. MAILAND ALEXANDER

Pittsburgh, Pa.

WETHERILL

NEWS

LOST IN

MAIL

BUY HARDWARE AT GALEY'S

OFFSETS FROM THE MOLD LOFT

On Wednesday, July 17th, the Mold Loft held its second dinner of the year in the Main Office Dining Room—an affair which was voted a great success by all those present. The guests—or speakers, or "Big Bosses"—were there in force, this time including Mr. Pew. The Orchestra rendered four or five selections with startling tone and harmony. An attractive program was arranged by Micky McDaniels, who hails from the Windy City. (Perhaps that is why he blows his saxophone so well.) After the dinner, our would-be pugilist, Carmody, was seen wandering the streets of Chester with a miniature bouquet in his hand, evidently looking for his old friend, Bullhead Bill. Dick Haig, when last seen that night, was still playing tunes on his Flivver; he must have tinkered all night on it, as he was in on *Juste* the next morning. However, a "get-together" affair like this dinner certainly helps everyone's working "morale" and makes us realize what a privilege it is to be working under our present "Bosses."

BLACKSMITH DEPARTMENT

Mr. Alphonso Hall, the genial Foreman of the Blacksmith and Anglemills Departments and Charlie Carroll and Dick Nildett, two of his best Smiths went to Virginia for a week's vacation. It was rumored that they were going on a hunting trip but not for wild game. They are great "chicken" fanciers and went down to look over some of the Virginia (female) poultry.

Mr. Garland, whose check number was 43-16 and who was our chief welder in the Blacksmith Shop, has been promoted to foreman of the burners and welders of the Yard. All the boys here wish him the best of success in his new position.

S. G. WALLS.

SUN OILS Have Proved Their Worth

QUALITY

SERVICE



RELIABILITY

EFFICIENCY

It is War Time

Give your engines a chance by supplying only the best oils obtainable

SUN COMPANY

1428 So. Penn Square

Philadelphia, Pa.

Housing Department

Beginning with this issue of the Sun Dial, a column of space will be devoted entirely to the interests of the Housing Department, which includes the North Chester Realty Company. Everyone at present can write for this department, but all copy must be turned in to Mr. Zimmerman for final approval.

The first patriotic meeting ever held at the "operation" took place last Thursday at noon. It was well attended and enthusiastically received. The Sun Ship band was present and favored the workers with many popular airs and patriotic songs. J. Leonard Mason, manager of the Service Department, was master of ceremonies. Signor Lanza, a prominent grand opera singer, sang two selections in his beautiful tenor voice. Private J. C. Taylor spoke to the men and told of his experiences with the Canadian Army in Flanders. He is an American lad and born in the "province of Massachusetts." The meetings will be held every two weeks.

Miss Anna Kilpatrick, one of our new additions, is enjoying conditions very much, and from all indications Dixon is just as much interested as is Miss Kilpatrick.

But leaving all jokes aside, Mr. Zimmerman is certainly some judge when it comes to picking out good telephone operators. Everyone is pleased, but Mr. Zimmerman seems to have a monopoly. Why not a trust?

Mr. Brooks, "chief locker of all Fords," should apply to Henry Ford for a chance to show some of his new patents. They are excellent. Ask some of the fellows that like to borrow "livers" when no one is around. Too bad about the Vim, though! Too late now.

Many of the houses under construction are now being roofed. It will only be a short time before the entire lot of dwellings will be finished and occupied. Much credit is due Colonel Brown, Messrs. Price, Johnson, Zimmerman, Segal, and all the rest of the employees—they have set a new building record.

Colonel Brown, who is noted for his aggressiveness, efficiency and executive ability, is still wandering around in his six cylinder Buick.

Miss Margarette Stewart, the congenial private secretary of Colonel Brown, although fond of the North Chester Realty Company, is really not interested in anything else in Chester, except—ask Miss Stewart.

Mr. Frank Roundtree, a good-looking young man, can be seen at any time, smiling at the ladies who come to him for relief in their worries of house hunting. Mr. Roundtree claims it a great game.

Joe Hinkson, Housing Department attorney, remarked how wonderful it was to see a stick of dynamite blasted up at the "operation," because every time a blast goes off a new house immediately rises.

OLD GLORY FLUNG TO THE BREEZE BY COLONEL J. H. BROWN

On a recent Saturday afternoon Old Glory was hoisted over the new office building of the North Chester Realty Company by Colonel J. H. Brown, manager of the Housing Department, Sun Shipbuilding Company.

The flag raising was witnessed by Mr. H. H. Kelso, Project Superintendent, Emergency Fleet Corporation; Mr. R. L. Zimmerman, Secretary and Treasurer of the North Chester Realty Company; Mr. C. R. Seigel, General Superintendent; Mr. John V. Russell, Assistant General Superintendent, and others.

Colonel Brown's speech upon the occasion was as follows:

"Now, we are officially open for business, Egad! as he pulled the rope which sent the Stars and Stripes floating on the air, and, to our minds, it is apropos and as worthy of mention as Pershing's "Lafayette, we are here."

LSANOWIN BODACY

Korzystajcie ze sposobnosci jaka sie na daza wam ze zmazy sleszenia sobie pracy to jest bycia w przyszlosci.

Ta w tem wiejsen pracy gdzie drinaj jestesci zatrudnieni, jest tak wielka Berla Bolakow a tak mato jest stychae o was, wole azery doe sie pomaac tutaj ze jestemy. Dalej koryztae ze sposobnosci, i podniecie swoj stan wyzej i dae przyktod innym. Mijonjony kumit ktory zostal wyhlani, w tem celu a zely organizowae volobnitka zatrudnionego tutaj w celach oswiatowych.

Owar skola ktona jest statwiona w taki sposob ze kazdy jeden majae czas moze sie nazerze bodewe okretu w bandno knotkim crasie i w ten sposob ulepszaj sobie prace i ulicy sobie w przyszlosci.

ALBERT BOYEN.

The Kaiser's New Dream

O Got, will you be mine partner?
You don't know who I am?
I am der German Kaiser,
Der Emperor, William.

You know I vipped der Belgians
Und mit bullets filled Russia full,
Und I'll vip France and Italy,
Und blow up Chooney Bull.

Now, for all the other nations
I don't give a d—
If you must be mine partner,
And vip that Uncle Sam.

I know I got der submarines,
All Europe knows dot well,
But dot Edison he's got a patent
Vot blows em all to h—.

Now Got, if you will do dis,
Den I will always loof,
Und I will be Emperor of the earth
Und you be Emperor above.

But Got, if you refuse me dis,
To morrow night at 'leven,
I'll call out all my Zepplins
Und declare var on heaven.

I wouldn't ask dis from you,
But it can be plainly seen
Dot ven Edison pushes der button
"Pooh"—to h— mit der submarines.

BUY HARDWARE AT GALEY'S

Mr. Cross and a number of department heads and clerks spent last Saturday afternoon re-arranging the company's offices. A realignment of the company's forces was necessary to take care of its growing interests and increased work. These changes have made possible more commodious quarters for nearly every department, and in addition a regular stenographic department has been created, which will be put in charge of a thoroughly competent and experienced lady. This will probably result in a model department, and one in which any of our stenographers will take pride in being an employee.

J. W. H.

WAR CHEST

Payments now Due
at Booth in Yard

Monday and Thursday
12 to 2 P.M.

Night Hour
Monday, 5.45 P.M.

At Wetherill Plant
Wednesday
12 to 2 P.M.
Night Hour
Tuesday, 5 P.M.

Make Good Your
Pledges

THE SUN DIAL

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 employe of The Sun Shipbuilding Company, Sun Oil Company, and the Wetherill Plant.

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MEMORIAL STAFF

MAIN PLANT

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MISS EMILINE BENT.....Time Cards
Wm. STEVENSON.....Joiners
BEUCE BLYNN.....Mold Loft
HOWARD GULPIN.....Storehouse
W. J. HALL.....Boys and Girls
FRED MYERS.....Machine Shop
JAMES F. KELLEY.....Chippers and Burners
E. T. McSHANE.....Bolters-Up
G. E. SPEAR.....Trackmen
LOUIS N. RUMBLA.....Sheet Metal
L. B. JUNE.....Shipfitters

WETHERILL PLANT

CHAS. KEENE.....Foundry
E. O. WALLE.....Paint Shop
JAMES MEUNTER.....Office
JAMES KINGSTON.....Drawing Room

SUN OIL

HERBERT EVANS.....Main Office
PERCY V. KANE.....Main Office
LEONIS LORAN.....Marcus Hook
H. E. MICHENER.....Marcus Hook

CHESTER, PA., JULY 27, 1918

HULL DEPARTMENT

"Ovee Hee"

Over here, over here,

There's work to be done over here;

For the boys who're fighting,

The world re-righting,

Tramping the "Han" out everywhere.

Over here, over here,

Do your all on the ships over here;

And may the "Sun Ship" shine in all her glory,

When Uncle Sam checks up

To find who's helped him over there.

WOOTEN, Dept. 40.



MR. HERVEY SCHUMACHER
Our general Secretary-Treasurer

"FROM THE BRIDGE"

We remember hearing

In our younger days a hymn and part of it read

"O! to be nothing, nothing."

That was sometime before the war The "work or fight" law was unknown.

We doubt very much if the Lord ever intended anyone to wish to be nothing and

We are darned sure that neither the Lord or Uncle Sam wants any

Ciphers sticking around just now

If you must sing then change the word nothing to something and

Get busy

I thank you. Max

If you suspect a man, don't employ him; if you employ him, don't suspect him.— Chinese Proverb.

Safety First

THESE DONT'S HELP BUILD SHIPS—

THEY AND PUT THEM INTO PRACTICE

DONT throw rivets carelessly.

DONT pass underling or crissloads.

DONT leave tools or material on staging.

DONT fail to keep all safety guards in place.

DONT violate the Sun's safety rules.

DONT fail to keep clear of lines and blocks.

DONT injure your fellow-worker in your carelessness.

DONT go onto a staging unless you are sure that it is safe.

DONT sit or lean on safety rails or braces; they sometimes break.

DONT throw anything from staging; you may hurt some one below.

DONT fail to wear goggles when required; you may lose your eyesight.

DONT carry spud bars, wrenches, drift pins, bolts or rivets in your pocket.

DONT jump from one staging to another; there is always a way around.

DONT fail to examine all hooks, slings, and other rigging before using them.

DONT use defective tools; your foreman will furnish you with proper ones.

DONT fail to report to your foreman when staging or rigging is in need of repair.

DONT fail to report to your foreman the name and number of a careless and reckless workman.

DONT fail to go to the First Aid with a small cut; they sometimes grow.

DONT fail to return for further treatment when you have been requested to do so.

WHEN MEN ARE CARELESS

Men do not like to be ridiculed. One way to make them see their carelessness is to hold it up in a humorous way to the ridicule of their fellow-workers. This was cleverly handled in the announcement of an accident in one large shop. It was put up to the men as follows:

"You would laugh at a man who would blow out a gas light before going to bed, but how about a man who oils or repairs a machine while it is running and loses two fingers as a result? And this very thing happened in our shops not long ago. It's easy to shut down a machine but fingers can never be replaced."

THE OPINION OF A VISITOR

The Sun Yard, at Chester, Pennsylvania, was one of the cleanest, if not the cleanest, that I ever visited. In fact, I would like to have some facts for comparative use along the lines of production.

PROFESSOR F. P. McKEASSE,
Supervisor of Emergency Fleet Training
Departments, Philadelphia, Pa.

GALEY'S FOR TOOLS

HULL DEPARTMENT

DEPARTMENT 66
ECHOES FROM THE CHIPPING AND
CAULKING MACHINE

I have just read with much interest the communication from Mr. Winston regarding the lack of interest on the part of foremen in the yard paper. Now I wish to say on behalf of the Chippers' and Caulkers' Department that we were asked to do the almost impossible in getting No. 7 ready for the Fourth of July launching. But we did our part and we are now ready to crow about it. I want to thank all the boys who were compelled to stay, often against their will, to help us build this boat in three weeks, as this was about all the time we had after the rush began.

Now, as for records, it is impossible for this department to create them, except for efficiency, and that is where we shine, covering up all the mistakes made by the other fellows. (Of course, we never make any ourselves.) Then sometimes we depend on Milt Pyle to cover up a few of them, but he stretches it at times and covers uncaulked work also.

We were very agreeably surprised and delighted at the entertainment in the Y. M. C. A. Monday evening. The singing was fine, and the numbers were all well received, but when Mr. Devonshire, who operates a mocking bird on the end of a hose for Pierce on Hull No. 5, began to sing, then we were astonished. That kid has some voice.

Billy Rhodes and Abbott are making a name for themselves breaking in new talent for the Caulking Department.

If anybody knows a man who covers as much ground as Tom Oliver does in a day, we would like to meet him. Tom keeps the packers on the jump.

Bert Adams is very much worried because he will not be able to shine much on the Shell No. 8, as it has been looked after well by Foreman Lynn, and is about 80% complete.

Needham, on the Mine Sweeper, was hard to beat. Always on the job and looking ahead. That's why they were always in such fine condition. Poor old Chester Ship and their sons.

And now, Huddle, get yourself together and clean up for Sam Burrows, who claims the clean-up record on the wet dock. Some kid, this guy, Sam!

HULL STRUCTURAL DRAFTING
DEPARTMENT

As four of our five ways are taken up with the Lackenbach freighters, it is thought probable that it might be of interest to know the amount of steel in each one of these ships.

Plates, 3531 tons; angles, 737 tons; channels, 639 tons; bars, 145 tons; making a total of 5032 tons.

Boys, a little tip. You all know how hard pressed for steel Uncle Sam is at the present time, and as he pays the bill, don't go and buy a Liberty Bond and put yourselves on the back, and then, through carelessness, spoil a plate worth from \$200 to \$500. Think it over.

HIGHEST WEEK YET
Record for Driving Rivets Week Ending June
22, 1918, Total Rivets, 196,470

It would greatly add to the production in the Riveting Department if the shipfitters, reamers and drillers, chippers and caulkers would keep their work advanced in order that the riveters would have no obstacle in their way to hold them back from driving rivets.

Mr. Neeson, riveter foreman, advocates that no riveting gang should drive less than 300 rivets per day. Boys, if this is not accomplished in other yards, why not make this yard set the pace? It is also equally important that every man in 55 Department be absolutely regular in attendance, as absence of one man out of a gang necessitates the working of a new man or greenhorn and greatly impairs the efficiency of the gang.

Don't forget your brothers in the trenches in France are giving all they have (24 hours a day), and if you are going to back them up in proper style, take an extra hitch in your gun and drive to beat the Kaiser.

DEPARTMENT 47

We have been asked to break into print in the SUN DIAL. Alright, here goes. You will not believe it but nevertheless it is a fact.

The area required to be sheared in punching a 1 1/2" hole in a flat plate keel for one of our oil-tankers is 4.19 square inches. The shear value of this steel is about 60,000 lbs. Take 60,000 and multiply by 4.19 and you will get 251,400. This is the load required to punch one hole. In one flat keel plate anti-ships there are 630 holes. Very good.—Take said 630 and multiply by 251,400. What is the answer? It is 158,868,000. You may ask what all these figures mean. They mean just this: The force required to punch a flat keel plate, if done on a large cluster punch and if it were expressed in pounds would equal more than 15 times the total weight of one of our oil tankers.

Of course you will not believe this, but you know, figures don't lie. D. A. M.

LAYER-OUT DEPARTMENT

All the boys feel at home now since our old boss, Mr. Bruce Macaulay, is back on the job again. With the assistance of Mr. Duke, foreman of Moord's Loft, and Mr. Geo. Knight, foreman of Punch Shop, we all feel confident that the tonnage will be increased.

Since we have moved into our new office and received our new desks, Mr. Paul Lilley, Chief Checker, will always be found when wanted, so the boys can get their supply of soapstone.

Department 45 can also boast of having the only real menagerie in the Yard, as we have Lions, Lambs, Rabbits, Goats and Hares. They seem to be the tamest bunch around only Lions was chasing Lamb around.

Mr. Arthur Mosser must have thought he was riding a bronco when he tried to jump over one of the toll gates on the Philadelphia Pike with his Tin Lizzie.

Mr. Geo. Rinco, otherwise known as 12 point 4, is still chasing up angle for the boys and we are afraid he will have to have a new

pair of shoes if he doesn't catch up with it and tie it down to the skids.

We also wish to extend our good wishes to our late boss, Mr. V. Payne, and hope to see Hull No. 10 slide off on time. Hurry up, old man—more pep!

We would like to suggest that a 4 ft. board walk be built around the Yard and Mr. Land be furnished with a pair of roller skates to save time.

"B" SHOP—THE SHOP WITH THE
"PUNCH!"

How about the boys at the punches? Do you ever stop to consider that they punch 2 and 3 holes for every rivet that is driven?

Our daily shop tonnage is increasing every day by leaps and bounds. Come on, boys, and make that 2526 look like 300 tons.

John Smyers has a shop record of 8640 holes punched in 10 hours. A. T. Backstrom punched 8044 holes in 10 hours. The above punchings were made one hole at a time. Average, one hole every 4 seconds.

TEAM WORK

It ain't the gun nor armament,
Nor funds that they can pay,
But the close co-operation
That makes them win the day.

It ain't the individuals,
Nor the army as a whole,
But the everlasting team-work
Of every bloomin' soul.

—Kipling.

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.

BUY HARDWARE AT GALEY'S

DEPARTMENT 36

He who laughs best laughs loudest. Illustrated at any time by McEless.

Yes, we got rid of our friend "Emmanuel." But she was an Al riddance, better than most people imagined she would be.

Our esteemed friend, Fred Myers is chaser for Department 36. Just ask him to trace anything for you and he'll promise to do it.

Another Bill was presented to Mr. Wilkie on the 8th of July. We extend our best wishes to him. We mean "Bill" Roberts the stevedore.

The country sure looks handsome,

The seashore shouts her call,

But there's no prolonged vacation

This year for us at all;

For we're out to build some steamships,

To help win this righteous fight;

To demonstrate to "Wilhelm."

"It's not always "Might is Right."

'Tis the spirit that controls us,

You know we just love peace.

But we'll willingly keep going,

Till that German beast cries, "Cease."

We'll prove when once we've started,

We can slag him on the wrist.

We'll show him there are ideals,

Beside the mailed fist.

So here's to the riveters who rivet,

The drillers who drill holes,

The cutlivers, chippers and the framers

Who fulfill their various roles.

And the other skilled mechanics,

Who when their work is done

Can claim what Kaiser Bill would like—

Their place right in the Sun.

THE SONG OF THE TOOL ROOM

When looking through the pages

Of the Sun Dial, you will read

Of the work the Sun is doing,

Of efficiency and speed;

Of records being broken

In the yard and on the ways;

Of the great work they are doing,

They speak in words of praise.

You read about the office force,

The stenographers so sweet;

Of old Mac and his baseball team;

Of Casey and his cats;

Of work that's being done each day

In departments here and there,

And how they're speeding up the work

On ships and everywhere.

But listen, have you ever heard,

As you read the pages o'er,

Of the work that's being done

In Hull Tool Room 74,

Where they keep the tools and air

machines

For the workmen in repair;

Where every man is doing his bit

To send ships over there.

Just drop in any time, you'll find

Ben Myers on the job.

In his day or night gang you won't find

A slacker or a sloth,

You'll always hear the music

Of machinery in the air.

They know one word—EFFICIENCY.

And that's the watchword there.

If the Kaiser could just only

In the tool room have a glance,

He'd know there is no use fighting,

That he does not have a chance;

For if he'd take but just one look

At Ben and his husky lot,

He'd say, "Mine Gott! vot iss der use?"

And surrender on the spot.

Passing E. Eddy, Hull Tool Room.

(Passed by the State Board of Tool Makers.)



WILLIAM FURMAN

General Foreman, Hull Department

Mr. Furman is very much loved by his co-workers. He is one of the most experienced shipmen in the East, having served many large corporations in an executive capacity.

COUNTERS NOTES

Sientsz, of the Counters' office, advises that he does not need to worry about breakfast food when he has with him "Force" and "Grape Nuts," and is also conserving with "Hoover" on the part of using "Margarine" instead of butter. H. KREWMEL

We again have our heavyweight wrestler Leo Constantine with us, after spending three days with his sweetheart in Cuddebackville. "Fats," as he is generally called by the counters, certainly looks good. No doubt he took on about twenty pounds. She must have fed him with country meals. He surprised us with a cake that she baked. Go to it, boys, in building ships, for if you run out of materials, come to the counters' office—we have "Woods" and "Irons."

THE NEED

God, give us men! A time like this demands Strong minds, great hearts, true faith and ready hands.

Men whom the rush cannot kill,
Men who possess energy and a will,
Men who can stand before the great U. S.
And say with pride, "I've stood the test."

Then you are a man, a ray of the Sun.
Giving hell to the Kaiser and all his Huns.

Mr. Pew has promised us seven more ways to lick Kaiser.

Keep all ways, and destroy the Hun.

If a certain ball player could see a ball like he does a dollar, he would be hitting 1000.

We have heard of thirty-second degree Masons, but Mr. J. Leonard is ninety.

RIGGING RATTLES

Boys, when this war is over, we'll have so many ships on the Delaware that the congestion will look like Sixth and Edgemoor on Saturday night.

Judging from all the Irishmen in the Rigging gang, Ireland must have had some navy!

The haunching of No. 7 on the fourth, clearly illustrates that the men in this yard are pronounced patriots. C. J. M.

OFFICE CHATTER

It seems a shame that Miss Allene Clark is so selfish with her male friends. She confiscates all the male population in the 1st ward, as well as the rest of the town, including the students, and does not give the rest of the girls a show. If she comes to work with a smile on, you can bet your life that she either received a letter from one of her friends in camp, or has an appointment for that evening or anticipates receiving a box of chocolates by basket mail from one of her admirers in the plant. Ven telling.

We of the "noise department" are all wondering why our friend Albertson wears his hat all day. We cannot decide on any special reason, although some say that on account of having to keep the electric lights lit all day that he is afraid of raising his "complexion."

Charlie Wornlaw and his gang of material ledgerettes have moved to new quarters on the second floor. Charlie is now resting his feet on Mr. Saundser's old desk.

Victor Ladon is doing his best to start something in this office, and if that shadow on his hip gets any darker he will have something started, all right.

Eddie Roberts always enjoys his ride to work in the mornings. Eddie always has company, and nice company, too.

Miss Armstrong has appeared in a new green creation, but it seems that said creation was created for someone else; maybe her little sister.

Miss Stearn looms up as the champion ice cream eater in the office. This young lady returned to work last Monday night, and after finishing several blocks of cream awaiting most of two quarts and a pint of Morrison's, she felt that she needed some refreshment and stopped in at Morrison's on her way home. She reported for work as usual at 8 o'clock Tuesday.

I think we are all awakening to the fact that we have a budding genius in our midst who handles poetry with quite as much ease as Monday he calls the young lady articles on Employment Department news. Our only fear is that some wide awake publisher will discover Miss Smith and proclaim her a coming authoress, in which event Mr. Dremmen will lose a very capable typist and the Sun Dial a valuable writer. (Give the Kaiser another shot.)

Mr. James Meboster spent a very pleasant evening with a young lady from Germantown. Indeed, it must have been very pleasant, since James ran short of funds and it proved necessary for him to borrow her pocketbook, and he forgot to return same. Monday he called the young lady up and said he would be up Wednesday to return the 22 cents. Monday being pay day, he was able to return the pocketbook with the previous amount and his compliments.

If Jimmie Downham should ever run out of chewing gum, the office force would be reduced to sad straits.

Miss "Ker" Jones is an excellent, estimable young lady of undoubted veracity, and the possessor of the finest pair of blue eyes in the Wertheim plant, but one finds it very disconcerting to be talking business to her and receive an answer like this: "Yes, but my bob-tailed kitten can eat more fish than any kitten in Chester."

Miss Catharine Beam, whose pleasant smile is such a fixed quantity in the office that strangers are directed to use it as a point from which to locate the Wertheim office, took a trip to New York to bid farewell to several friends in the Army that are scheduled to leave any time.

GALEY'S HARDWARE FOR HARD WEAR

THE NEW SUN SHIP BAND

The new Sun Ship Band has had an auspicious launching. The company has been very generous in the purchase of instruments, music and equipment. Mr. Mason, manager of the Service Department, has lent it guidance and enthusiastic support, and without his efforts results so far obtained would have been impossible.

The primary purpose of the band is to furnish entertainment and diversion for all the employees of the Sun Shipbuilding Company. We wish to have the goodwill and the support of every man in the yard.

Two necessary conditions will govern the selection of all music to be played by the band. First, it must be adapted to the capabilities of the band; secondly, it must please those for whose entertainment it is to be played.

Remember, we are not a professional band. Our playing, as yet, has its flaws and shortcomings. All we ask is your kind indulgence and the time necessary for logical development. Stick to the band, boys, root for it, and it will play its best for you.

J. H. Gault, Leader.

HOT CINDERS FROM THE SUN SHIP SPECIAL SMOKESTACK

Pat Moran, our first-class riveter, forgot to tip the porter last Saturday after his regular morning shoe shine.

Not to be outdone, Benny Kaufman, of the Bolters-up, forgot his monthly ticket along with Mike Rosenberg, of the Paint Shop.

Many new faces have been noticed on the "rooster" special, but all are welcome and gladly received into the family of the Sun Shipbuilding Company.

Harold Mason, of the Riveters, and Leo Houck, of the Bolters-up, can certainly turn some tune. Every morning they sing about

the night before and believe me the subject of the song speaks for itself.

Dick Le Tourneau, foreman of the Bolters-up, although living in Chester, found the special very handy last Monday morning. Dick had evidently been spending the week end elsewhere than in Chester. Glad to say that he enjoyed both the week-end vacation and also the early ride back Monday.

Corpus Christi, of the Machine Shop, had a new addition to the family last Wednesday. Build more ships, boys.

This column is a new addition to the Sun Dial and everyone is privileged to send in material for this particular space. Get in line, men, and make this the liveliest column in the paper. Material for the next issue goes to press next Saturday.

TRAINING CENTER

We now have a "live wire" in Mr. Wm. F. Wright, the new Director of Training. Since taking hold of this department Mr. Wright has certainly done some house-cleaning and put things on a business basis. You will find a patriotic lot of men under training, men that have given up their trades and professions to make themselves fit to become a link in the production end of the shipyard, one of the most essential things needed to help win the fight for democracy. Would you call these men patriots or slackers?

Let every department and foreman in the Sun Ship co-operate, and you will soon find it a department worth while.

The drilling instructors certainly appreciate the co-operation of Mr. Malcomson. Thank you, Bob. Next?

BUY HARDWARE AT GALEY'S

OUR FRENZIED PLAN OF BUILDING SHIPS AND HEATING THE KAISER

Bill Furman gets the Balls, you know

In envelopes large and neat.

He starts them out a rolling,

While on his daily beat.

If you catch them good and lively,

You're bound to come on top.

But if you miss too many,

You'll surely take a flop.

McKenzie is represented

As the man who fabricates

The barb-wire entanglements

Lying at our gates.

The Duke starts in the morning

To get Macaulay's goat,

By rushing out the templates

For Charlie Fortaw's boat.

They keep that up till nine a. m.

When usually it happens

There comes an urgent order

To find a plate for Hassiepen

At 12:20 Johnnie Shorter

In frenzy and despair

Is willing to bet a quarter

That he gets his healthy share.

Now Payne with regulating to

To keep his own work right,

Is just now speculating

On working day and night.

The boys that Toy with the next to launch

Are willing still to bet

That they will launch Hull #3 on Schedule

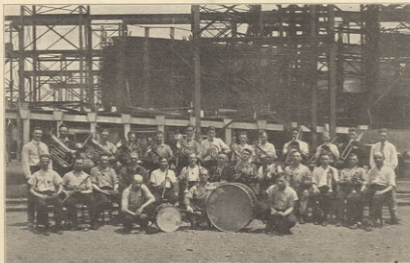
In order to keep their "Rep."

This frenzied plan of building ships

Has surely come to stay.

Until we lick the Kaiser,

Which is bound to come some day.



SNAPSHOT OF THE SUN SHIP BAND
Picture taken at a noon-day practice by our official photographer.



Through inadvertence, it was omitted to mention that the article entitled, "The Unsinkable Ship," which appeared on the front page of last issue was contributed by Mr. J. W. Hallman, of the Accounting Department. It was a very interesting article, particularly appropriate at this time, and we have heard some very favorable comments regarding it.

Well, the Sun base ball team admit defeat this time. Lost to Geo. and Joe, 6 to 2.

Murphy pitched a good game, but seemed over anxious at times. Return game coming. Murphy, so keep in trim and turn the tables.

Joe Scatchard was on the job again, although, owing to a somewhat crippled team, obliged to play third instead of his usual position at first.

Truitt is sure a good utility man. Old reliable John Gillespie was on the job as usual.

Did you notice Mack at second? Better stick to pitching, Mack.

H. E. Michener, erstwhile tennis player and landowner, invited some of his neighbors "on the farm" to a practice game of tennis. Michener is now wise to the fact that there are more than "farmers" on the farm. Still, he is not discouraged as to his ability as a tennis player.

Were you in on the ceremonies of the presentation of the "iron cross" at lunch the other day? Ask White what he did with it.

P. V. Kane, of the Sales Department, left Friday for Manchester, Vt., for a short vacation. Manchester is some golfing place, you know, and while there "Perce" hopes to make some records—in golfing, of course—and he is some golfer, too.

We hear the Wetherill Plant has challenged the Marcus Hook boys to a tennis series. Sounds interesting and, of course, we look for the Hook boys to come home with the bacon.

Quite a few of the girls have taken up swimming. Don't know whether it is in anticipation of a vacation at shore or possibly a visit to Chester, but anyway a swimming contest would be interesting.

Have you seen Al Steiner with his blue and yellow cap? Some class!

(Continued on page 12)

NEW IMPROVED TROLLEY SYSTEM ON CHESTER PIKE PROCESSING RAPIDLY

The double-track trolley system on Chester Pike will greatly facilitate transportation to and from the Sun Shipyard. Quick service will be furnished by the double-car express from Darby and Chester. These cars will stop at Sharon Hill, giving excellent connection for those coming from West Philadelphia and the section around Sixty-ninth Street.

BUY GALEY'S SCREENING

REQUIREMENTS FROM THE STOREHOUSE

If the Navy end of the Storehouse does not keep away from our husky truck-driver, Gasoline Gus Hewes, they will need a few new Seamans.

McFadden, our Receiver, was heard to remark the other day that he believed he was slowly going crazy. Too bad, Mack! What is it—Heat, Job, or War?

Ford and Gilpin have the reputation of being crack rifle shots when it comes to killing billbugs and snakes. Too bad they are both married and have dependents.

We have heard that Hafer is going to leave our presence for the uniform of Uncle Sam and we will certainly miss him, but advise him for the spirit shown.

The Storehouse has the best assortment of truck drivers of any industrial plant around. Take Hewes and Dad Thornton for instance, each can move a ton themselves, and when it comes to driving Filtravers, Metz and Fred Thornton cannot be beaten and Tompkins is a real man.

The boys of the Storehouse are contemplating a cruise in Commodore Tompkins' fast yacht, Eleanor. They expect to leave Saturday, July 27th, and be gone for a couple of days, so you may all look for them to return with a submarine in tow as there will be such able seamen as Jones, McFadden, Ford, Gilpin, Tompkins and any other of the boys who care to go.

Word has been received that Jack Hoffman has answered the call to the colors. We all know that he will make good and all the Storehouse boys join in wishing him good luck, bon voyage and a safe return.

Fadden has left us to learn the art of installing engines for Department 36. Paxson is now doing clerical work in the Contract Department, while Graham is instructing his younger brother in the mysteries of the great unknown.

Haug, one of our checkers has gone with McClood as a painter. Good luck, Haug!

Ford and Gilpin of quoit fame are willing to meet any men in the Yard in a series of games for the championship of the Yard.

McNane, our stenographer, has enlisted in the Signal branch of the Army and expects to leave us soon. Good luck to you, boy! You will certainly be missed.

Pahl, one of our new men, believes in working but five days a week. He seems to be missing from his haunts one day out of every six. What seems to be the trouble, boy? Late hours or delayed trains?

Harry Harp, one of the Counter men may be heard rendering tunes on his cornet most any time of the day.

Rosenberg and McCabe have all sorts of trouble with their hipsters, Rosenberg having good old Joe McLaughlin, working with him, (and who ever heard of a Jew and an Irishman getting along together?), while McCabe has a son of Poland, and troubles of his own.

Scott has given up playing quarts. Jones has taken his place as Ford's partner.

Dyce, or Little Woodard, as we all call him, is the sport of our Department. Watch for the change of neckties on him every day.

In closing, we wish to thank Mr. Ferris in trying to secure a new and modern Storehouse.

EXCELLENT DWELLING COMMUNITIES OPENED UP

In view of this new system, Drexel Hill, Lansdowne, Rywood, Alden, and Collingsdale are recommended as being desirable home sites for Sun Ship workers, also that district of Philadelphia adjacent to those lines leading into Darby at the end of Chester Pike.

This service will be extended from time to time as the need becomes apparent, it being the idea to secure the most efficient service possible for all employees of the Sun Shipbuilding Company.

"HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY"

This is an old and true axiom, the truth of which has once more been demonstrated in the Yard.

A theft was detected recently and the thief was immediately arrested and brought to justice. He is now held for court on \$500 bail.

In a large yard like this, some crooks may find their way but no stone will be left unturned to punish those guilty of thieving. All honest workers should co-operate in making the Sun Shipyard too hot for such low, mean scoundrels who would prey upon an honest man's property.

There is another point to realize; namely, that money is not the only thing that may be stolen. Every man agrees to work so much time for so much pay. Quitting before the whistle blows is stealing just as much as taking money, for time is worth money these days. Large groups of men often stand around at noon and late afternoon waiting for the whistle to blow. This time is being paid for and every honest man will work right up to quitting-time. Furthermore; it is pro-German and un-American to rob our sons and brothers of the time which should be given to "Speeding up the Ships."

In Germany the worker toils with a bayonet behind his back. Shall we take advantage of free American methods by doing less than our full day's work? No! Let us see no more of this quitting before the whistle!

Be honest in everything. That is the way to have a clear conscience; to be able to look every man fairly in the eye and be a true American worthy to live under the protection of the glorious emblem of freedom—the Red, the White, the Blue, our own Star-Spangled Banner.

Painters' and Paper-hangers' Supplies, Ladders, White Lead, Red Lead, Litharge, Ready Mixed Paints, Varnishes, Stains and Colors Ground in Oil

BICKLEY'S PAINT STORE

12 East Fourth Street

Chester, Pa.

CONFIDENTIAL QUESTIONNAIRE

The management desires, in order to further strengthen the manifest co-operation of its employees and to facilitate plans for their comfort and health, that the questions enumerated on the Questionnaire be answered fully. This information will be strictly confidential and used for statistical purposes only.

The employees can be of a great assistance to the different teams that are handling this confidential Questionnaire by answering all the questions asked, as near to the point as possible, in order that suggestions for the betterment of conditions in and about the Yard can be taken up with the proper authorities. It is not the intention of the Company to pry into the personal affairs of the employees but to hear the complaints and suggestions so that they can be adjusted and improved if possible.

If you are athletically or musically inclined be sure and say so under Question 22. We want to have the best Athletic Teams, Band and Orchestra on the Delaware.

If you are interested in joining the Night School Educational Classes of Elementary and Advanced Arithmetic and especially English, don't fail to answer Question 23.

The earnest co-operation of superintendents, foremen, assistant foremen and leaders, is asked to help the Questionnaire Teams in getting an interview with the men of their respective departments. Without their assistance the teams can do nothing. So please help. The following persons comprise the Confidential Questionnaire Teams: Daniel Barber, Captain; Harry C. Grossman, Frank Elzey, Wentworth Simmons, George Kottler, J. McCarroll.

THE SOUND OF THE CARPENTER'S HATCHET

The Ship Carpenters would like to call your attention to the manner in which this Sun Yard of ours is speeding up its production of ships and more ships. And many of you more curious fellows will ask why should the Carpenters call our attention to these numerous launchings. Just because they are the men who must prepare for the launchings. They are the lads that are called on about a week before a 10,000-ton vessel is launched, to build a cradle and see that the mighty monster of the deep takes to the water in pretty fashion. And when you figure out that they had to attend to the launching of four ships in May and then two more in July, you will realize that they have not been losing much time. And I will leave it to the men in the yard if, under the direction of Brother Plummer, they have not been pretty nice dips. It is the opinion of the carpenters that the little "Neponset" incident was the work of the Kaiser's agents along the Delaware and that said fiends were the cause of our very solid jolt.

Act Well Your Part

This world is a mighty stage;
We each have our work to do,
So do not be slow to engage.
In the part that's assigned to you,
Each one forms some kind of factor—
Some of us great, and some small;
Of whatever part we're the actor,
The play has need of us all.

This world is a mighty stage;
We are actors from the start,
And we each shall reap a wage.
As we have acted our part,
Then work in the living today,
The Great Master shall, greeting us,
That when we our journey have run,
say,—
"My servant, thy work is well done."



C. J. DRENNEN
Our Employment Manager

Snapped while sojourning at the seashore.

"The Real Reporter"

The life of a reporter is not all sunshine by any means. He very often finds news a scarce article. He is often called upon to draw on his imagination for a story. All reporters have their own peculiar ideas of what constitutes a piece of news and how to dish it up to the public.

The untrustworthy, untruthful reporter, for the lack of better judgment, always begins his articles, "We are well informed." When the reporter relies on a mere rumor he writes, "We learn from a perfectly reliable source." When he is uncertain he writes, "As is well known." If he has written all that can be written on a subject he adds, "We might continue this subject for columns." If he does not hear anything at all he writes, "It has come to our ears." If he does not know how an affair started he writes, "As all our readers are well aware." If nobody has said a word to him on a subject he writes, "We have just been assured."

The real reporter, however, never minces words. He takes a short cut, presents the facts—if he can—and if he can't he presents them anyhow. Only real reporters are on the staff of the Sun Dial. By B. S.

SPEED UP THE SHIPS, LADS!

By George A. Miller, Emergency Fleet Corporation

Speed up the ships, lads, speed up the ships,
This is no job for tongue or lips,
But a full day's work for a full-grown man.
We must play the game, boys; be a shipyard fan.
And some of these days, when your work is done,
Your old Uncle Sam will look straight at the Sun.
And he'll stroke his goatee,—with your ships afloat,
And he'll say, "Damn you, Kaiser, I've sure got your goat!"

AMERICA'S LANGUAGE

To be a real American and enjoy the benefits of American institutions one must at least speak English and understand the spoken language.

Hundreds of Sun employees, who are true Americans at heart, are greatly handicapped at work, on the street and everywhere they go, because their ability to speak and understand English is limited. The highest ambition of a foreign-born resident in the United States is to be a true American—an American in spirit, manner, and thought as well as in citizenship. But what chance has he to realize his ambition when he cannot communicate with any one but his fellow immigrants?

The Service Department is offering an opportunity for all such men to learn to speak, read, and write English.

Everyone, especially those who speak some language in addition to English, should help make these classes popular. Carry the message to the men you meet. It will mean for them a greater joy in living, more rapid advancement at work and an increased income. J. W. F.

BOLTERS-UP

Everyone is wondering where Dick Le Tourneau got his Boardwalk suit. Dick is showing the boys something.

Hartline certainly can handle boxers. He handled "Tim" Logan like an old-timer.

Jack Johnson, our ex-foreman of Tool Room, was on the job at the bouts, with his fresh fish caught at Bower's Beach, and trying to get Dick's goat.

McShane was right on the job with his champions—Willie Moody, Fred Seagar and Young Ketchell—and every time the boys connected you would see big Mack smile. Some stable, Mack. Who is the next one you are going to show us?

Hickory's for DRUGS



FREE
DELIVERY



BROAD AND UPLAND STS.
CHESTER, PA.

Sport News

GUN CLUB

The Sun Ship Gun Club held another practice shoot last Saturday, and it was well attended. Mr. Spear, the general secretary, was smiling all over himself at the large crowd of spectators. Several of the soldiers stationed at the yard took part in the shoot. There were 50 targets and the winners were as follows: Decker, 45; Capt. Jameson, 44; Spear, 42; McCay, 40; Kirby, 39; Moreland, 38; Garland, 38; Lea, 38; Hurd, 32; Thornton, 21; Parker, 21; Sydney, 13.

Those shooting 25 targets as follows: Killian, 20; Thomas, 6.

BOXING AND WRESTLING

Thursday, July 18th, the Sun A. A. held one of the greatest wrestling and boxing contests ever held on the Delaware River. In the double wind-up four of the country's best boys participated.

Leo Houck, of the Riveters, and Tim Logan, of the Bolters-up, fought a three-round draw in the first half, while Willie Moody, of the Sun, easily defeated Hughie O'Brien, of League Island Navy Yard, in a fast bout.

Credit should be given Matchmakers Le Tourneau and McShane for getting such good talent together for the benefit. In the other bouts, Fred Senger, of the Tool Room, shaded Eddie Walsh, of the Bolters-up. Walter Ketchell easily defeated young Franks, of the Y. M. H. A., of Wilmington, Del. Dixon Conley, of the Machine Shop, beat Mexican Jim Lee, of the Bolters-up, but Conley had weight on Lee and had to extend himself to the limit to win.

INTER-DEPARTMENT BASEBALL LEAGUE

Several departments have failed to organize a baseball team for the Inter-department League that was started early in the summer. This has caused the baseball spirit to fall low, and consequently little interest as yet has been shown.

Several games have been played with a good deal of success, and if more departments will organize we can easily have a six or eight-team league.

The office boys have organized a strong team and challenges any department, and furthermore they claim they cannot be beaten. The Bolters-up, Joiner Shop and Wetherill, have already organized strong teams, while C Shop and Paint Shop expect soon to be in line. Any of these departments should be able to put a strong team on the field that will be a credit to their department. Other departments are urged to organize at once—the Service Department will gladly help. Let every department try to show the office team that they cannot keep their hoast.

HARDWARE AT GALEY'S

THE SHIPFITTERS' CLASS

The Shipfitting Class is gradually growing larger each week, and the members extend a hearty invitation to all men in the yard who wish to join it.

This class meets every Tuesday and Thursday evening, from 6.15 to 7.15, and on Saturday from 12.30 to 1.30 p. m. We have a new schoolhouse, which is double the capacity of the old building. The old employment office was moved alongside of Way No. 1 and joined to the old rivet counters' house, thus effecting one large building. The room is capable of accommodating seventy men at the eleven large tables. It is well lighted and has been freshly painted. So far, our classes have been filled to capacity.

It was only a short time ago that this astute young men whose interest in their shipfitters' class consisted of a few enthusiasts lead them to sacrifice nearly every evening in the week for study. Their efforts have been finally rewarded by the present outcome of the school.

The boys have a very capable leader in Mr. E. G. Joseph, Cornell, 1916, and are always insured of efficient instruction both practical and theoretical. As an introduction to the course, weights, measures and a general conception of Lloyd's Rules are discussed. During the evening class the "Why" and "Wherefore" of a ship's structure are given greater consideration than the "How"—the latter being the main purpose of the practical day class.

It being absolutely essential that a good shipfitter easily read blueprints, special stress is being put on picking apart a print and then reassembling the structure, carrying each member through its various shop operations.

From time to time, the men will visit the different shops to see how the work in each supplements the other and how all material gradually works its way to the hull. The class is well organized by the members themselves, having a president, vice-president, secretary, treasurer and librarian. It has its own by-laws and a constitution.

Each member is asked to subscribe 50 cents, which will go towards purchasing books for the class, and every member will be given a chance to read these books for a week at a time. The company has shown its appreciation of our thirst for knowledge by obtaining a number of books for our own use, and we hope eventually to have a sufficient number of books in our library to go all around.

At a recent election of officers, the results were as follows: J. P. Finley, president; A. Concell, secretary; S. L. Grubbs, treasurer; J. Eachus, librarian.

The business meeting of the class association is held the first Tuesday in each month, and if any of you red men, black men, white men or yellow men wish to secure a few points on how a meeting should be conducted, we write you to drop in and see us. "Nuf sed."

A. CONCELL, Secretary.

A TID-BIT FOR ANY PART OF THE "DIAL"

I have in mind a "floral" piece,
To grace the Kaiser's tomb,
Of bleeding hearts and poisoned darts
To keep his soul in gloom.

These bleeding hearts and poisoned darts
Shall be "Red, White and Blue."
And they will spell, "He's gone to Hell,"
When Pershing's men get through.

TO DRIVE THE HUN AWAY

Three hundred days have passed away,
Three hundred days or more,
Since we beneath the stars and stripes
First heard the call to war,
Which found the nation steeped in peace,
From ocean, shore to shore.

Then Wilson made his world famous plea
For men and ships—
For men and ships galore,
To help to keep the human race
Free from the German power,
And save the freedom dearly bought
For those dear boys of ours.

Then we, the sons of men who fought
For freedom's sake before,
Join heart and hand with those who came
From all the distant shores,
Who hopes to make this land of ours
Their home for ever more.

In answer to the nation's needs
We freely gave our all;
Our noblest sons and daughters, too,
Responding to the call.
And hope, faith, trust, wealth, and labor
Comes from the homes of all.

Our men of wealth have speedily built
Along our waterways
Great yards for building all the ships
For which the Allies prayed,
To carry through the gifts they need
To see the Kaiser flayed.

Our men, of humble wale in life,
Their parts have nobly done,
By giving of their strength and time
By building for the Sun
The ships which we so sorely need
In driving off the Hun.

So men of wealth and work combine
Without the least delay,
The talents which you both can give
To drive the Hunns away
And kill their power for all time
That peace may reign on earth sublime.
W. F., 45 Department.

FOR GOODNESS' SAKE

Wear

INNIS'
Hats Shirts Underwear
Gloves and Overalls

HARRY G. INNIS

36 West Third Street

Chester, Pa.

WET DOCK

The repairs on the "Neponset" are well under way, and we consider ourselves fortunate in having a man with us that has had such wide experience in all repair work; and the freighter will be as good as new in a short time, with no "Made in Germany" on her keel either.

The "Widgeon" has had her dock trial, and will be ready for service shortly. From the way her engines churned the waters of the dock, she will certainly be a speed king.

Mr. Wilkie, of the Machinery Department, is doing wonders in his line of equipping, and much credit is due him as well as the trained men under him.

All departments concerned are showing good team work, and that is the only real way, for as our old friend said, "United we stand; divided we fall," and we must all try to realize this in this hour of national crisis more than ever before. So sit up and take notice, other departments of our great yard. Help us, and share with us the feeling that you are proud to work at the Sun in freedom's cause and your own.

DOCK GOSSIP

Since Hunter has taken up his abode at Glendolen, we hear he is hard pressed in his leisure hours "keeping up with Jones's." Guess he will be hitting up the boss for a raise soon! That sunny smile comes from nights up town, "Jazzin'" away the wee sma' hours. Hope that smile sticks with him—it helps a lot sometimes!

"Slim" Sizars came in the other morning looking mighty sheepish. Guess he attended the Church of the Good Shepherd the night before!

Among other current events, we have noted that Mr. Simmons has promoted his department (?) to foreman.

We are heartily supported on the proposition of buying Stevens a motor of some description for use in the yard only.

"Reds" Custer and "Slim" Dorsey say their troubles and will tell you any time you care to listen that "it's a tough old world," and then try to spring that old joke on you that you heard when Lincoln was assassinated. Nevertheless they mean well, and we will let 'em off once more!

Some months ago we heard a certain young man say he would like to take out one of the mine sweepers for a night, loaded with cheap girls, height lights, etc. It was different in the old days, but if he can find time now he had better hurry along with his program for they will be in Uncle Sam's care before long.

You can't see "Admiral" Porter for dust these days. Moral: He has a department all his own!

A REMINDER

We want all the old members of the Shipsters' Class to know that this class is still going strong. On Tuesday evening, July 16th, we had 72 men, but it was noticed that a number of the old men were not on hand.

The first Tuesday in August is going to be a big night at the class so don't miss it.

A. COSCINI, Secretary.

The Top

You cannot reach the top, except

By patient work and slow;

You have to take it step by step

As on your way you go.

The path is steep, and many a slip

Will send you whirling down,

But if you've got the "staying-grit,"

You'll surely win the crown.

The man who fills the envied place

Is the man who always works;

Who stays right in the heated-race,

And never quits nor shirks;

With eyes set on the top-most "round,"

With all his might and main,

He pushes on for higher ground

And grasps both wealth and fame.

Are you content with what you are?

Or, are your views set high?

Would you scale some brighter star,

In this "fortunal" sky?

Be your ambitions as they may!

Keep ever on—don't stop!

Complete your work from day to day,

And you will reach the top.

On top, they say, 'tis hard to stand,

But you need have no fear—

With good supply of grit and sand

You'll stay on top the sphere.

Come boys! don't let them say of us

That we're not in the game;

Let's work away, without much fuss,

And make ourselves a name.

J. W. Hallman.

The Prevention of Infected Wounds

Within the last six months the number of infected wounds treated at our hospital was reduced probably to 1 per cent. or even less.

It is hardly necessary for me to state that were it not for the excellent co-operation existing between most of our men and the hospital staff the number would be exceedingly larger.

In analyzing this small group of infected wounds we find that the majority of them are due to minor accidents such as splinters, nail wounds, small cuts, pin pricks, scratches, etc., and the individual as a rule neglects to seek medical aid until infection sets in and then he is rather astonished to learn that had he applied for treatment immediately after the accident infection would have never developed and he probably would have been discharged cured in two days, whereas once infection develops he may drag on for a month or two.

Then again we must consider the loss of time, amount of pain and suffering, danger of permanent disability, such as a stiff finger or hand and many other factors, all of which could easily be prevented by remembering one thing, namely: That every man meeting with an accident, irrespective of how small it may seem to him, should apply to the hospital for treatment immediately.

Don't try to be the patient and doctor too; remember that the man who is his own lawyer has a fool for a client, and the same rule applies to medicine as well as to law.

Remember that what may seem a very trivial matter may terminate in something very serious.

There is no excuse for any man to fail to apply for treatment. Our hospital is open all the time, every day in the week and all you have to do is walk in and tell us your troubles and we shall do the rest.

We must remember that we are at war now with one of the most efficient and best prepared nations in this universe and the only way we can lick the Kaiser—and we surely will—is to be more efficient than the enemy; hence boys, remember, in case of injury come in and get treated immediately, then go back on the ship and do your sacred duty.

ALBERT L. USSET, M.D.

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From "Over There"

My DEAR MR. CROSS:

Ever since I reached France I have been planning to write you a letter, but have just gotten to it. I have moved from one place to another since I have been over here, which has somewhat delayed my keeping up with my correspondence.

By my moving so frequently I have had a good opportunity to see a good part of the country, with which I have been quite favorably impressed. However, I have not seen anything that, to me, can compare with the United States. I have seen a number of real historic places of note, including some ancient architecture, such as some old noted chateaux, old cathedrals, and in one place I saw the remains of a structure that was constructed B. C. I have views of most of these places, but, of course, cannot send anything of that character through the mail but will be glad to show them to you when the war is over and I can return to the good old U. S. A.

Some of the customs of the peasants here are rather amusing, as well as are some of the customs in general. I have been both in cities and small towns, and have thus had a good opportunity to study the people and their customs. It is quite interesting to watch the women wash clothes in streams or canals. They

apparently do not know what washboards are, as they have a process (not at all modern) which eliminates them. It is not at all uncommon to go along the country towns and see cows, horses and chickens occupying the same houses that the people live in. In other words, their barns are part of their houses, which does not look at all sanitary. However, the people look healthy.

It is impossible for me to mention anything regarding the war situation. However, I doubt if I could add anything to what you see in the papers in the States, which no doubt show that things are quite lively and interesting over here at this time.

Do you know whether any more of the Sun Company fellows are over here now? I thought that Watson might be over here by this time.

I was not over here long in the War Risk Insurance work before an opportunity came along for something better and I took advantage of it. Consequently, I am now in the headquarters of the Third Army Corps and have recently been promoted to the rank of Battalion Sergeant Major.

My health has been fine since I have been over here, not having had an opportunity to take advantage of the free

medical treatment which the Army has.

I shall be glad to have you remember me to Mr. J. N. and Mr. J. Howard Pew and all the fellows and girls around the office, as well as "Mac" and the other fellows at the "Hook."

With very best wishes for your health and for the continued success of the Sun Company, I am,

Very sincerely,

ARTHUR B. HARRIS

Mr. Frank Cross,
Secretary and Treasurer
Sun Company
Finance Building,
Philadelphia, Pa., U. S. A.
O. K.

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Capt. C. E.

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