

OUR YARD

SUN SHIPBUILDING AND DRY DOCK COMPANY, CHESTER, PA.



JULY 1942



OPPORTUNITY

For the first time in history the average working man has a place to invest his funds where he knows they will be safe.

In other days when earning power was high, working men had to have a complete knowledge of finance in order to invest their excess moneys to gain a profit, and then would have to carefully examine the daily market quotations in order not to lose some of their money due to price changes.

These were matters that a busy machinist, mechanic, could not readily cope with during the course of his work, and if he would lay his money aside for a "rainy day" chances were that he could not sell his investment for the same amount of money he had paid for it.

Today, with wages higher than ever before in history, he is presented with an opportunity to invest his funds with a guaranteed return of interest, and a guarantee that he can always get back, in full, the amount which he has invested.

This guarantee is the strongest in the world — his own Government. War Bonds, which are being offered to every man, woman, and child in America, are the safest and surest form of savings for the working man that the world has yet known.

**YOU DON'T GIVE, DONATE, CONTRIBUTE,
WHEN YOU BUY WAR BONDS. YOU SAVE
FOR YOUR OWN FUTURE AND THE
WAR EFFORT**

Buy War Bonds!



Vol. I—No. 11

OUR YARD

FAMILY MAGAZINE

SUN SHIPBUILDING AND
DRY DOCK COMPANY

JULY, 1942

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The cover this month shows the American Flag as it was photographed over our shipyard.

JAMES W. COLLINS, *Editor*

Direction . . .



S. D. SCHELL
*Executive Director,
United States
Maritime Commission*

TO THE WORKERS OF SUN SHIPBUILDING AND DRY DOCK CO.:

You all know and fully appreciate the paramount need for ships and more ships—now. Time lost in deliveries of ships is time lost in delivering the knock-out blow to the enemy. The men over-seas cannot and will not be let down. We must produce and deliver plenty, ahead of time. Sun shipbuilders are truly soldiers of production. They have always done, and are still doing, a fine job.

Sam Schell

. . . Supervision

JOHN D. BAIR, JR.
*General Superintendent,
Second Shift,
Sun Shipbuilding
and Dry Dock Company*



John D. Bair, Jr. was born in Buyerstown, Penna., on April 22nd, 1901, and was educated at the New Holland High School and the Williamson Trade School. Jack came to Sun Ship in September of 1918 as a member of the laboring gang. From there he went to the liner shed, the plate shop, checking in the production Dept., and then to ship repair. For six years he was third shift Superintendent and then was appointed to his present position as Superintendent of the second shift where he has been for twelve years. Jack is probably the only superintendent in the plant who has literally grown up entirely as a product of the Sun Yard.

“OUR YARD” wishes continued success to a man who has consistently stuck to his assignment with great interest and enthusiasm.

Announcement From 45 Dept.

ON THE GASOLINE SITUATION

In recent issues of "OUR YARD" we have read, with much interest, of the achievements of various Departments throughout our organization. It is truly very gratifying to know that these departments are putting everything they have into our "all out" effort to exterminate the Axis rodents. The accomplishments of these departments are quite commendable and we use this opportunity to congratulate you all. Keep up the good work! HOWEVER, we of 45 Department (not to be outdone) have taken upon ourselves, wholeheartedly and unselfishly, the gigantic task of supplying all of you fellow employees of all departments with enough gasoline to last until Uncle Adolph, Cousin Hirohito and Little Nephew Mess (excuse me) Muss, squeal "enough".

What's that you said Joe? — that it's a good trick if you can do it?

Well brother I'm here with 1147 husky 'fitters to back me up and telling you we can do it — and not that, pal, but we *will* do it!!!

How? That's easy. Take a look at these status, sttist, stastes, stit, oh hell! — figures:

Number of men in 45 Dept.	1148
Number of minutes <i>wasted</i> by each man — per day	20
Number of hours lost — per day	383
Number of days in a week	6
Number of <i>hours lost</i> per week	2898
Number of weeks in a year	52
Number of <i>hours lost</i> — per year	150,696
Number of hours required by 45 Dept. to complete one ship	32,000
Number of ships "sunk" — not by Schickelgruber but by Joe, Pete, Tony, Max, and the rest of us in 45 Dept.	4 $\frac{3}{4}$
Cargo capacity per tanker	4,494,000 gal.
Cargo capacity of 4 $\frac{3}{4}$ tankers	21,346,500 gal.
Number of round trips — per year	18

Number of *additional* gallons per year 384,237,000 gal.

Number of gallons *each and every* employee of Sun Ship could have per year 17,465

Average *additional* number of miles all employees could drive with this gasoline per year 261,975

You say that's sure swell, but how about all the people in this area, who are not as fortunate as we to belong to the Sun Ship family? All right, Joe, maybe we can fix them up too—Now don't laugh—Give us a chance and maybe we can think of some way to help those fellow Americans, especially since they don't have any 45 Department of their own to look after them. Now let me see???? No—there's too many for that—??? No, that wouldn't work either. AH! I've got it! Now let's see: there are 60,000 people in Chester. Yep, I believe we have it (boy you can't stop this 45 gang).

Here's the plan: instead of posting this announcement on the bulletin board where all of you would take 17 minutes out to read it, we will put it in "OUR YARD" magazine and you can read it over your morning "crispy crunchies". That will mean that:

22,000 employees will save 17 minutes which is equal to 6233 hours. This amounts to about 1/5 of a tanker for 45 Dept., and 1/5 of a tanker will carry 898,000 gallons. That will supply each man, woman and child in Chester with 15 gallons which will be just enough to allow them to drive down and back to the Post Office every Friday to buy bonds (since they are not as fortunate as we who can buy them in the plant).

Now see, Joe. I told you we could do it. What? Oh, that's o.k. Joe, we're glad to do it for you. What's that? Oh, I'm sure some other department will figure *some way* to supply the tires.

SLOGAN CONTEST WINNERS

Below are listed the winning slogans and the men who turned them in for the July slogan contest. The judges were the 5 winners of last month's contest. Each of the men below received a \$25 war bond as a prize. Send 'em in, boys — a new contest starts each month.

Because of the illness of Vice President R. L. Burke, the Idea Contest was not judged this month, but we will publish the winners of the July contest in the next issue.

SLOGAN	WINNER
<i>"The faster tankers are completed, The sooner the Axis will be defeated"</i>	W. SMITH — 45-791
<i>"Button your lip, tighten your grip, It's up to you to make the Axis quit"</i>	NICK DEL PIZZO — 75-132
<i>"For Uncle Sam, our freedom land, Let's build more ships to beat Japan"</i>	PAUL ACKOUREY — 60-625
<i>"Let's build them, boys, and build them fast, And make the Axis a thing of the past"</i>	CONRAD HIRSCH — 59-2487
<i>"Let this be our creed: Produce Sun ships with super speed"</i>	BEN HEHR — 69-245

EMBLEM OF HONOR

Awarded to Mother with Four
Sons in Service



The Emblem of Honor Association will award free to any mother having four or more sons serving in the Army, Navy, Marine Corps and Coast Guard an Emblem of Honor bearing one star for each son in service of country.

The Emblem of Honor is a very attractive Electro-Gold plated pin composed of the eagle, the Chevron, the Scroll and the star. It is the Emblem that is being spontaneously adopted by the Homefolks to signify that there are loved ones serving our nation in our armed forces. Mothers, fathers, sisters, wives and sweethearts of service men are eligible to wear the Emblem of Honor.

The Emblem of Honor Association of New York desires to award one of these Emblems to every mother who has given four or more sons to service in the armed forces. Those who may qualify for the award or those who may be interested in the Emblem of Honor Association may address the Association, care Landseaire Service, 10 Murray Street, New York, but turn your letter in to the OUR YARD office in Safety Dept. first.

A YOUNG GIRL TEACHES EXPERTS How to Make Bombs Faster

A nineteen-year-old, brown-eyed girl wanted to do something for her country. She got a job in the Piccattiny Arsenal, setting bomb fuses so they would not explode until they hit some German or Jap munitions plant.

She was in a hurry. She wanted to win this war and win it soon. The machines she was working on seemed too slow, so she figured out a way to hurry the operation by hand.

An arsenal engineer happened to see her. They discussed the matter and now all the machines on this operation have been speeded up. This young girl showed us how to make bombs faster.

Now you and you and you have been working at your job for years. You know machines. Perhaps you have an idea that will speed up the work you do.

Talk it over with someone in authority in your plant or yard. It will help build more ships faster. And more ships faster is just what it takes to win this war and win it soon.

Let's all go at this shipbuilding job with our heads as well as our hands. It takes just a little thinking sometimes to save a lot of time. And time is the most important weapon we have for licking the Nazis and the Japs.

**HERE'S PART
OF THE SUN
SHIP FAMILY**





These pictures give a vivid demonstration that Sun Ship men will always turn out for special occasions, interesting speakers and gala events at the yard. YOU may be in one of these crowds. If you can find yourself, *Our Yard* magazine will give you free a year's subscription.

EVEN ONE IS TOO MANY

BY A DEFENSE WORKER

(Reprinted from the June 1942 issue of *Cosmopolitan Magazine* by permission.)

Last November I became a defense worker. I entered one of our largest and most vital factories, and after a brief period of training was assigned to a department where an important part of defense machinery is manufactured.

My baptism into the battle of production came at the change of shift. I was amazed at the freedom permitted the workers. Instead of being at their machines, they were running all over the department gathering in groups amid laughter and quantities of horseplay. This was the change from the night to the morning shift, and I thought it would discontinue as soon as the whistle blew for work. But in this I was mistaken. It went on only slightly abated during the entire shift.

The first day I was put on a cutting machine. As the instructor was apparently too busy to give me any directions, I either had to remain idle or bother the other employees with questions. This they liked, I found, and I couldn't help being pleased with their readiness to help. But I found that every time I asked a question, one that would have taken a minute or two to answer, the result was a "bull session" of twenty minutes to a half hour.

About an hour before quitting time, one of the other workers asked me how many pieces I had done. When I told him, he appeared horrified.

"Take it easy," he said. "Don't do any more the rest of the time. That's as much as I do in a full day, and I've been here seven months."

The next morning, I arrived on the job a few minutes before the day shift took over at seven o'clock. The man who operated my machine at night, Red, was still technically at work.

"G'mornin', chum, what's new?" asked Red cheerfully.

"Not much," I said. "How ya doin'?"

"Pretty good. Did seventy-two pieces tonight, but I managed to kill two hours settin' up the job. I've had this batch on the machine since five-thirty 'cuttin' wind.' You can mess around a couple of hours and still get out seventy pieces."

("Cutting wind" is the practice of running the machine so that it looks as if work were being put through, though actually no operation is being performed.)

A few minutes later I was at the machine, working at what seemed a natural speed, when one of the night-shift operators walked by on his way to the locker room.

"G'mornin', he said, "You're takin' things easy, ain't ya?"

"I'm not killing myself."

"That'sa stuff. There's no hurry. Don't turn out too much or it'll make it tough for us guys on the night shift."

I realized soon enough that this was what was known as

being "wised up" by the older workers. The "wising up" process, which means slowing down the whole machine-shop operation to the speed of the very slowest worker, was resolutely pursued as a steady educational campaign for all new workers. Any tendency to work at a normal speed, let alone an accelerated one, was completely discouraged. The fact that this country was at war made not the slightest difference. One was soon made to feel he would be a social pariah if he didn't attempt to carry on the technique of the "slow down," the subtle conspiracy to make the lowest common denominator the standard, a scheme to "take it easy."

I thought of my own background in regard to defense. Last summer I had tried to join the Navy. My brother Harry had been accepted, but because of a slight physical defect, I was turned down. President Roosevelt, however, in one of his speeches

convinced me of the importance of the Man Behind the Gun, and I thought that as a skilled defense worker, I could make a real contribution.

I got a job in a huge, up-to-date Eastern factory whose 4,000 workers made precision instruments of great importance to the Navy.

I went to work on November seventeenth. The first two weeks my enthusiasm reigned unabated. This was the study period. Most of the time was devoted to lectures, classroom work and sound movies, with occasional visits to the machine shops, so spotless that the men worked in white shirts.

I came home with notebooks filled with little figures and

A Foreword

BY DONALD M. NELSON

This article depicts a condition which I know is not universal in plants producing war material, and I hope it is not typical of many. Where we find a condition of this kind it is our duty to see that it is wiped out once and forever. In specific cases like this, when we find out about them, we have taken the steps necessary to remedy the situation.

The battle of production is as essential to winning this war as the battle at the front, and everyone must do his best.

May I earnestly urge that every worker constantly remember his individual responsibility in this problem of accelerated production. To each worker in our war industries let me say this:

"Prove to your buddies out there that there will be a never-ending stream of guns, ships, planes and munitions and that you are doing your bit to win the fight for freedom."

diagrams. I brushed up on math, and what I already knew was supplemented by additional "shop" math, formula, geometry, et cetera. We were encouraged to spend outside time in the library in research, and like the others, I was occasionally asked to take over part of a class period and lecture. Thus a spirit of camaraderie was developed between instructor and student.

When the day for practice, rather than theory, finally arrived and I was put out in the shop, it was a little like being ducked in a tub of ice water.

After the President's first war speech I thought that things would be different. There was a meeting at which the workers were addressed by employers, a high Navy official and the president of the union local. Workers were told of their great importance to the defense of the nation and exhorted to do their utmost.

I thought of my brother and hoped these speeches might make a change. I was not long in finding that such utterances were regarded as verbal "scraps of paper" — a sort of eyewash for the sake of public opinion.

One morning soon after, I was writing in the record book, a ledger which contains the amount of work done by each man on each shift. One of the workers came up to examine the book and check on the quantity of work done on his machine by the man on the night shift. "My God!" he cried. "Sixty-six pieces! What's the guy tryin' to do, kill the job?"

He thereupon erased the figure and put "51" in its place.

"He's doin' too much!" he exclaimed, "I'll add the extra fifteen pieces to my work and take it easy today."

As the days wore on — days precious to the defense of this country and of other countries dependent upon our "arsenal of democracy" — I saw other young men come out of the training period and be quickly conditioned to the "normal" pace. Most were glad enough to take the easiest way and simply follow the crowd. A few who were more ambitious or more patriotic were soon "wised up" by such conversations as the following:

SID (*of the night shift*): "Say I wanna talk with you. You're the guy that changes the cuttin' feed too fast. What's the idea? Keep 'em on slow feed. There's no hurry and it gives you a chance to sit down longer."

MYSELF: "But you're supposed to use a fast feed on aluminum, just as you use a slow feed on steel. Besides, what if the boss came around and looked into the feed gear box and found me using the slow feed on aluminum?"

SID: "Huh! Don't make me laugh! He ain't got no business pokin' his nose in the machines. We guys on the night

The name of the writer of this article is withheld for obvious reasons. This manuscript came to us unsolicited and Cosmopolitan presents it in the public interest, knowing that when leaders of labor and management and the public become aware that such conditions exist in even one defense plant, measures will be taken instantly to correct them.

shift never use anything but the slow speed on all work and no one ever says anything to us. If the boss came over to check the feed, you could say the fast feed made the machine chatter and dulled the cutter in a hurry."

I found to my chagrin that it was more trouble to work at a subnormal speed than a normal one. On the other hand, if I just kept myself busy, I found my rec-

ord of work so much more than the norm that constant explanations, constant accusations of trying to be a goody-goody and cutting the throats of the other workers were the result.

A few weeks ago, I was put in another department where I work on two machines during the shift. On the second day, as I went to work, the operator on the night session wanted to know how many pieces I had done the day before.

"Ninety-six on this machine and thirty on that one," I said.

"What the hell's the matter with you?" was the reply. "I won't work with you if you don't slow down. If you do that much work, they're gonna expect me to do it too. Take it easy, I'm tellin' ya." (The next day he had himself transferred to another machine.)

Several days ago when a similar unpleasantness occurred, I thought I had better explain myself to my co-workers.

"It's this way," I said. "I need the job and I'm glad to have it. I know if I weren't working here, I'd be in the Army or Navy. If I were in the Navy, I'd feel awful bad when I remembered what was going on in this defense factory. Right now I'm thinking of my brother in the Navy and I'm going to do my share to help him out."

This brought forth a loud sneer and accusations of "Flag waver!"

I neither know nor wish to argue whether what goes on in my defense factory is typical or only occasionally representative of other defense factories. I don't know just what are the reasons for this slow-down and phantom production — labor officials, politics, poor leadership, lack of fighting ideal, subversive influences, or general lethargy.

But I do know that it is happening, months after Pearl Harbor, in one large defense unit, on whose production depends a proportion of the success or failure of the United States Navy. And what can happen in one plant can happen in others. At my plant alone there are thousands of workers who are just marking time, "cutting wind," while the Army and Navy call for more bomb-sights, more planes, more machines of every kind. Our armed forces are helpless without production. We cannot allow anything to slow the Battle of Production.

SOMETHING OLD . . . SOMETHING NEW



BILL BEATTY AND HIS WRECKING CREW ON THE JOB IN 1937



(Left) — **S T E E L SHORTAGE** — S. D. Domigio, 59 Dept., proves to Uncle Sam that the steel shortage (i.e. razor blades) did not worry him any. He says he had a lot of fun while it lasted.



(Right) — J. Murray, 80 Dept. north yard safety store, with his **NEW** daughter, Patricia Anne who was born May 10 this year.



This is Bill Lewis, 74 Dept., as he was in 1925 with Sells Floto Circus. He now drives 74 express.



Pvt. L. E. Miller, formerly of 47 Dept. now with Co. 6 — 36th Division Regiment, Camp Blanding, Fla.



OLD Charlie McAteer, Sr., 34 Dept., at work in his **NEW** victory garden.

Questions and Answers



BLOOD DONATIONS TO THE AMERICAN RED CROSS FOR OUR ARMED FORCES

Note: — The American Red Cross is badly in need of blood donations for the benefit of wounded men in the armed forces. Men of Sun Ship have always done more than their share to help out such good causes as the Red Cross and we are sure they will respond to the appeal of this important organization. This blood plasma was used recently right near home in a serious trolley accident, as well as at Pearl Harbor and other points where our men are in action.

1. Why should anybody be asked to give his or her blood?

The Army and Navy must have a reserve supply of plasma to be used in connection with shock or hemorrhage. The Army and Navy have requested one million (1,000,000) donations of blood (Philadelphia's quota 117,000). Plasma is the clear liquid portion of the blood without the red corpuscles. Plasma is dried and may be kept for long periods of time, and used without typing.

2. Who may give these blood donations?

Men and women between the ages of approximately eighteen and sixty years. Young men and women under twenty-one years of age must have a release signed by their parent or guardian.

3. Why should I give my blood?

Our armed forces are doing their share. Civilians can help back up our men by giving a donation of their blood.

4. Why not use "whole blood"?

Whole blood can only be kept five to ten days after it is drawn from the donor. It is difficult to transport, must be refrigerated at all times, and must be of the same type as the blood of the patient.

5. Where are blood donations taken?

1424 Walnut St., Phila., Pa. If possible, call and make appointment.

We have two Mobile Units each staffed by a physician and trained nurses with facilities for taking blood from any group, comprised of 100 persons, at a prearranged time and date.

6. How much blood is taken at one time?

If donors are accepted, it is on the basis that they are capable of giving 500 c. c. of blood.

7. How long does it take?

It takes approximately fifteen minutes.

The donor is then requested to rest ten or fifteen minutes.

Following the taking of blood, donors may go about their usual business.

8. Is there any pain or discomfort in the blood taking?

A small amount of local anesthetic is used so that there is relatively little discomfort involved in inserting the needle.

9. What is done with the blood?

Within twenty-four hours, the blood is processed by one of our Philadelphia Firms.

10. Is any special preparation necessary?

A physician and trained nurses are in charge to insure proper methods and procedure. Donors are asked to omit fats—particularly butter, cream and cheese, for four hours before being bled. It is wise to take some nourishment in the form of orange juice, tea or coffee (without cream) and simple crackers shortly before giving donations.

11. Who supervises the taking up of blood?

Dr. Aims C. McGuinness, technical advisor, member of Blood Procurement Committee, National Research Council.

12. How can I arrange to give a blood donation?

Telephone Red Cross headquarters, Freemont 0100, and ask for Blood Donors' Service — donations of blood are taken upon appointment.

13. When can I give a second blood donation?

In about two months.

Each donor will receive notification indicating type of blood. Donors are presented with a small bronze emblem in recognition of this service. A silver emblem is presented after the third donation.

Dual Flag Raising at the U. S. Maritime Commission Office at Sun Ship

An Address by

W. H. YETMAN, Resident Plant Engineer



This is the second Flag Raising at which I have officiated as a representative of the United States Maritime Commission here at the Sun Yard. As I mentioned at my prior appearance at a Flag Raising here, I always get a dramatic, sentimental thrill when the Stars and Stripes are hauled to a mast-head anywhere and at any time. It is an

additional thrill today to see our own United States Maritime Commission Flag raised on the same halyards beneath the Stars and Stripes. Our National Emblem, The Star Spangled Banner, is of particular national significance to everyone at this time, a time which, like the time of the Flag's Birth, is a time to try men's souls.

Abraham Lincoln in a speech at Springfield, Illinois, in 1837, said "All the armies of Europe, Asia and Africa combined, with all the treasures of the earth (our own excepted) in their military chest, with a Bonaparte for a commander, could not by force take a drink from the Ohio or make a track on the Blue Ridge in a trial of a thousand years."

It is my thought, and I think the thought of all of us, that the statement and prophecy of the Great Lincoln is still of the very essence of truth itself, even today.

But, we must face facts as they are; we must not surrender ourselves to foolish optimism, nor either must we succumb like the isolationists to a timid and ignoble pessimism. Our nation is the one nation of all nations which holds in its hands the fate of the world for tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow.

Our Government, that is, our President, our Senate, and our Congress, to make good for all time the promise of the Great Emancipator, has summoned five million of our young men to the colors, flying on yonder flag pole, and they have appropriated over two hundred and twenty-five billions of dollars for the cause of Liberty. No little part of these dollars is being spent right here under the authorization of the United States Maritime Commission. You are helping to spend them to build vessels to serve our five million man combat unit and to help other struggling nations. Without your help, without your virtue, and without your hard work, our Army and our Navy will be sacrificed to no avail, and Lincoln will have been a false prophet. Please remember this always. My boy, your boys, your brothers, your friends are in those two services. Don't let them down! Help in every way, help with work — hard work, and help pay the tremendous national bill with the purchase of War Stamps and Bonds.

RE-DESIGN and RE-BUILD for VICTORY

By WILLIAM SMITH, Tool Engineer

In this war of men, machinery and nerves, ships and more ships is the supreme need of the Allies, in order that Democracy may be preserved. The production of ships with the necessary propulsion machinery and auxiliaries is dependent on many critical elements, one of the most important of which is the Machine Tool. It was with this thought in mind that Mr. Pew and Mr. Burke authorized the necessary appropriations and instructed the Tool Design Department to make a study of our older but essential Machine Tools.

As a problem such as this is studied, it becomes more and more apparent that one of two things has to be done; either rebuild, or redesign and rebuild.

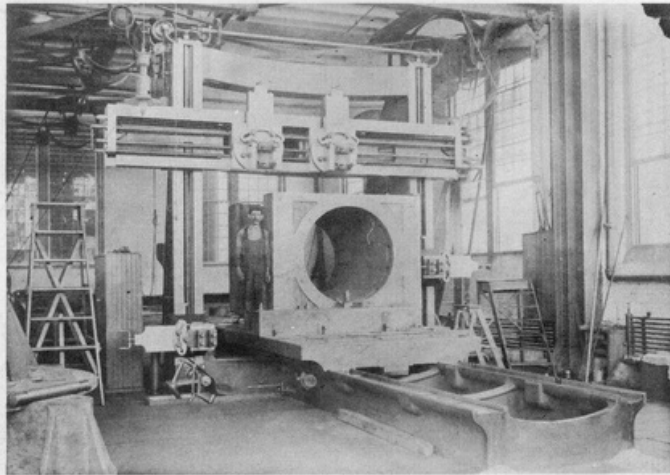
The first machine to be given consideration was the 120" Sellers Planer (which was installed in the Wetherill Plant in May 1901) because of the demand for more productive planer capacity. Rebuilding of this machine would have meant replacing broken or worn parts of duplicate design. After completion with considerable expenditure we would still have a machine the productive capacity of which would be as of 40 years ago, a machine which would be unable to take advantage of modern tooling and controls. The logical decision was to redesign and rebuild thus giving us a machine tool fully equipped to take advantage of the modern high speed cutting tools and electrical controls.

The first known planer was built by a French Clockmaker in the year 1751 and consisted of a beam of wood for a base, rack and pinion and a set of guides. The first American Planer was built in North Chelmsford, Mass., in the early 1830's, the cast iron ways of which were chipped and filed by hand. In spite of the improvements in other types of machine tools the planer still retains its place as the most accurate method of finishing flat surfaces on a large variety of work.

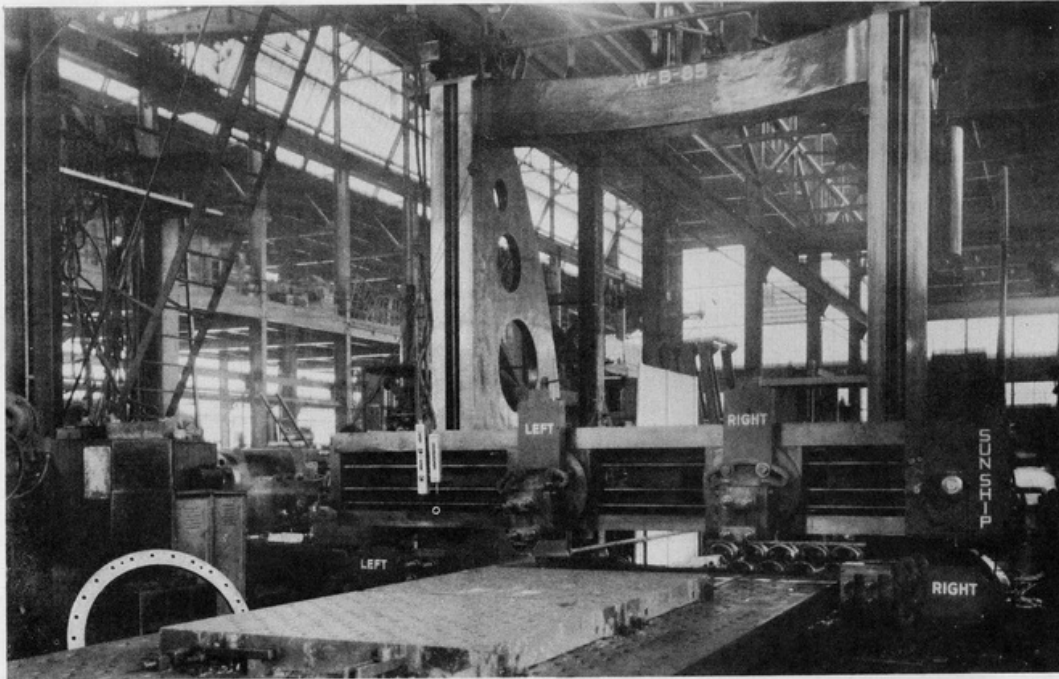
I feel sure that it was with a great deal of pride that the late Pete Esry travelled to the Wm. Sellers Plant in Philadelphia, Pa., to see erected the 120" Planer which he had been chosen to operate. On down through the years that "Old Pete" operated this planer he cared for it as though it were a human being, keeping it thoroughly cleaned and well lubricated. In the latter days he had to get down on his knees to move the belt shifter. Today the screeching of reversing belts and the clicking of feed escapement is gone as there is no belt shifter. Belts have been replaced by a 50 H.P. Reversing Motor, driving a gear reduction unit designed and built in our own shops. The old feed escapement mechanism has been replaced by a gear unit controlled by an electric feed measuring relay including rapid traverse. The table that once moved at 11 ft. per minute cutting speed now moves along at from 25 to 75 feet per minute at the will of the operator. The tool heads which had to be run back by hand now respond to the touch of a button. The old has been made new and the machine which a year ago ran only one shift per day is now running three shifts per day and taking its rightful place in the effort for victory.

The Albany Planer as we call it which was installed in No. 3 Shop at the Wetherill Plant has gone through the same course of development. This machine which a little over two years ago was planing granite in a quarry is running three shifts a day on gainful work.

The application of sound engineering principles and the selection of the best available materials combined with the fullest cooperation of



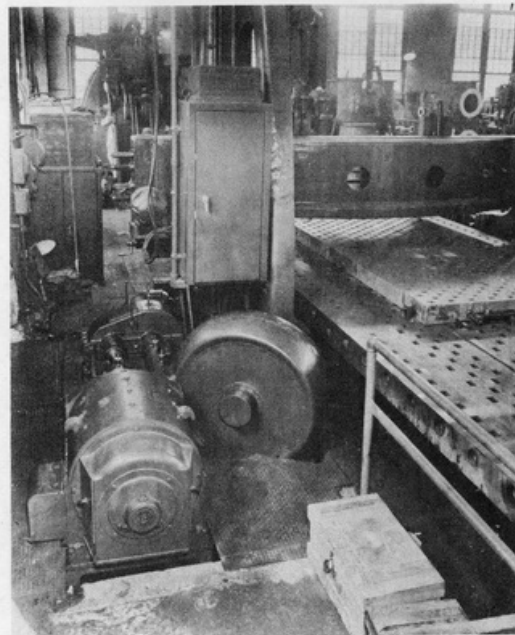
This picture shows the Sellers planer as it originally appeared



The planer as re-designed and re-built at Sun Ship

the operators has made the job a success. We must depend on them to use their knowledge and experience to get out of the machine that which has been put in it. An operator must educate himself to realize his individual responsibility not only for the work he is performing but also for the machine which he may be operating. He must keep his machine clean and well lubricated at all times. He should watch for wearing parts in order that he may prevent breakdown, because a machine out of service is working for the AXIS. He should work safely and should realize that safety is what you and I make it. In these critical days when defense and many other problems are of paramount importance, it is the desire to get more production per man without penalizing the man himself and the only way that this can be attained is through the cooperation of the operator and the re-designing and re-building of outmoded, but nevertheless essential, equipment.

We would like the men in our shops to know that we have appreciated their constructive criticism and suggestions. The encouragement and help received from Mr. Wilkinson has also been a great asset in this important work.



Another view of the planer since re-building

MEN OF STEEL



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

SUN SHIP BOYS IN THE ARMED SERVICE



Pvt. A. De Guique, Hdq. Co., 1st Bn., 50th Armed Infantry, A.P.O. No. 256, Camp Chaffee, Ark., sends letters to all the gang.



The navy was the winner when William McAllister left 45 Dept. at Sun Ship.



Pvt. George W. Wood, Co. C, 15th Eng. Bn., 9th Division A.P.O. No. 9, Ft. Bragg, N. C. George was formerly of 8 Dept., Wetherrill Plant.



William Jones, formerly of 36 Dept. We don't know where he is now but it looks good.



Stewart C. Moore, Hdq., 4th Squadron, Albuquerque, N. M. He was formerly of 47 Dept. and his father is in 36 Dept.



Pvt. Robert E. Smith, Hdq. Co., 366th Infantry, Ft. Devens, Mass.



Frank Rockwell, formerly one of Lew Hazlett's messengers, now at Kessler Field, Miss.



Douglas H. Robertson, formerly of 36 Dept., now with the Navy Yard in Philadelphia.



Pvt. Raymond Pennington, 501st Aircraft Warning Regiment, Signal Plotting Co., Drew Field, Tampa, Florida.



William Leonard, formerly of 47 Dept.



Louis Carletti Jr., formerly of Dept. 33, now stationed somewhere in Virginia.



Staff Sergeant Edward Lauchland Jr., 4th Armored Division, stationed at Pine Camp, N. Y. Before he left for the service Ed was an apprentice pipefitter at Sun.



*SS Calusa
Slides
Down
the
Ways*

One of the most colorful launchings held at the Sun yard in recent years took place as Sun's newest ship, the SS Calusa, slid down the ways into the north yard. The band played and the crowd cheered as Miss Helen Finegan had the honor of sponsoring this ship. She was chosen from the employees here at Sun in the following manner: The numbers of all departments in the yard were written on separate slips and placed in a hat. Linsey Hutchinson, 47 Dept., was chosen to pick one of these slips from the hat, and it turned out to be 39 Dept. which consists of all the secretaries and stenographers at Sun. Since Miss Finegan is the oldest in point of service in that department, it was decided that she should be the one to christen the boat. In the picture at right she is shown in the very act. In the center picture John G. Few holds the hat while Linsey Hutchinson draws out the "lucky" number and John G. Few, Jr. stands by to announce the winner. At the left the Calusa is shown decked out for the launching ceremonies.

27 SUN SHIP EMPLOYEES GET SERVICE EMBLEMS

The month of June marked another milestone in the career of twenty-seven Sun Ship men who have completed 10, 15, 20 and 25 years of service at Sun Ship. In recognition of their faithful service to the Company, our senior vice-president, Mr. Robert Haig, presented them with emblems on behalf of the management.

We know these men, some of whom are pictured below, will feel great satisfaction in their attainment, and the

Company, too, greatly appreciates the privilege of having this backbone of experienced, satisfied, loyal workmen who can be depended on year in and year out to give the best they've got in the interest of the organization with whose lot they have cast their own. We sincerely congratulate these men on their achievement and wish them continued pleasant years of association with Sun Ship.



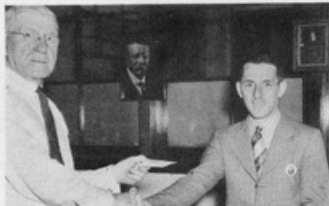
91-514 — Miss Mabel Emmott
25 Yrs.



47-40 — B. Abrams — 25 Yrs.



30-2075 — W. Gilmore
15 Yrs.



78-19 — George Wilkie
15 Yrs.

HONOR ROLL

Salary

- 42- 5 — E. J. Burton 25 Yrs.
- 45- 1 — D. Cadman 25 yrs.
- 75- 1 — J. Seaman 25 yrs.
- 91- 510 — D. McMunigal 25 yrs.
- 91- 514 — Miss Mabel Emmott
25 yrs.

Draftsmen

- 78- 19 — Geo. Wilkie 15 yrs.

Yard

- 47- 40 — B. Abrams 25 yrs.
- 1- 22 — C. Stinson 20 yrs.
- 33- 107 — A. Hines 20 yrs.
- 55- 12 — S. Sadaka 20 yrs.
- 74- 30 — W. Shamof 20 yrs.
- 4- 123 — J. Kelly 15 yrs.
- 8- 541 — J. Borrie 15 yrs.
- 30-2075 — W. Gilmore 15 yrs.
- 34- 96 — W. Powell 15 yrs.
- 8- 272 — F. Newsham 10 yrs.
- 34-2703 — H. McComsey 10 yrs.
- 34- 82 — J. Stuart 10 yrs.
- 36- 54 — S. Raisner 10 yrs.
- 47- 131 — W. Taplin 10 yrs.
- 47- 354 — W. Griffith 10 yrs.
- 47- 378 — B. Belk 10 yrs.
- 51- 316 — A. Petka 10 yrs.
- 51- 609 — W. Kiernicki 10 yrs.
- 59- 560 — A. Kowal 10 yrs.
- 59- 923 — P. Primaldi 10 yrs.
- 67- 869 — R. Holland 10 yrs.



45-1 — D. Cadman — 25 Yrs.



1-22 — C. Stinson — 20 Yrs.



55-12 — S. Sadaka — 20 Yrs.



67-869 — R. Holland — 10 Yrs.

Junior Members of the Sun Ship Family



Marcia Gertrude Abrams—daughter of David Abrams — 34 Dept.



Roger A. Harvey, 1 yr. — son of V. Harvey — 59 Dept.



Harriet Joan Markins, 8 mos. — daughter of Joseph Markins — 34 Dept.



Charles Burkhammer, 8 mos. — son of Frank Burkhammer — 59 Dept.



Frederick L. Doyle, 3rd, 5 mos. — son of Fred Doyle, 59 Dept. and grandson of Fred Doyle, 30 Dept.



Joan Fincannon, 2 yrs. — daughter of Oscar Fincannon — foreman of 47 Dept., 3rd shift.



Larry McElwee, 3 mos. — son of Neil McElwee — 59 Dept. and grandson of Cressy of Safety Dept.



Walter Francis Crist, 2 mos. — son of Walter Raymond Crist — 30 Dept.



Sylvino Di Domizio, Jr., 6 yrs. — son of Sylvino Di Domizio — 59 Dept.



Nancy Ann Stocker, 6 mos. — daughter of William Stocker — 8 Dept.



Margie Callahan, 8 mos. — daughter of W. E. Callahan, Jr — 59 Dept.



Katherine Moonan, 7 yrs. — daughter of Frank Moonan — 91 Dept.



Lawrence Goldsborough, Jr., 5 mos. — son of Lawrence Goldsborough — 67 Dept.



Joseph Di Domizio, 2 yrs. — his father is a member of 59 Dept.



Earlene Washington, 3 yrs. — daughter of Joseph Washington — 67 Dept.



Blanche Louise Hazlitt, 19 mos. — daughter of Lew Hazlitt of the office.



Queen Esther — daughter of Jerome Cohen, 67 Dept.



Beth Minnick — daughter of Sam Minnick — 36 Dept.



Judy Spencer, 13 mos. — daughter of Joseph Spencer — 60 Dept.



Joseph H. Smith, 4½ mos. — son of Henry Smith — 81 Dept.



Pat Jones, 12 yrs. — son of James Jones — 68 Dept. rigger.



James Fincannon, 9 yrs. — son of Oscar Fincannon — 47 Dept.



James Robinson, Jr., 5 yrs. — son of James Robinson — 67 Dept.



Betty Jane, 9 yrs. and Vince Bartholf, Jr., 5 yrs. — children of Vince Bartholf — 69 Dept.



Elaine Suloff — daughter of Fred Suloff, 59 Dept.



David Abrams — son of David Abrams, 34 Dept.



John, Jr., 8 mos. — son of John Smart — 74 Dept.



Juanita, 10 mos., and Nat-Lee, 2 yrs. — children of Abram Winters, Jr., — 36 Dept.



Audrey Goldsborough, 4 yrs. — her father is a leader in 67 Dept.



Thomas, Margaret and Peter Scallan — children of Jerry Scallan — 34 Dept.



George Hedgman, 8 yrs. — son of Edward Hedgman — 42 Dept.



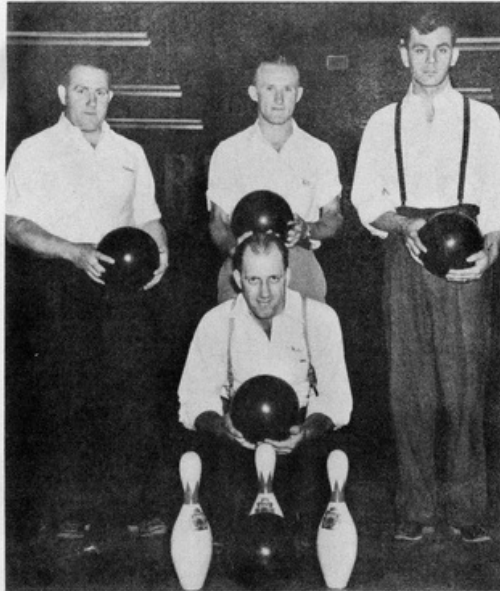
George, Jr., and Geraldine — children of George Remington, — 59 Dept.



Jerome Cohen, Jr., 5 yrs. — son of Jerome Cohen, 67 Dept.

SUN SHIP SPORTS

WINNERS "A" LEAGUE 2nd SHIFT BOWLING



Standing (left to right): C. Campbell, W. Henderson and R. Stein; kneeling, N. Shaeffer (capt.)

WINNERS "B" LEAGUE 2nd SHIFT BOWLING



Also Champions in the Play-offs with the 2nd Shift "A" League. Standing (left to right): J. Klobcar, M. Elliott, J. Law (capt.), G. Clifton; kneeling, B. Cole and J. Webbert.

SUN SHIP INTER-DEPT. SOFTBALL (GOLD) LEAGUE

Standings for Week Ending July 10, 1942

LEADING HITTERS

	AB.	H.	PCT.
1. W. Bateman — Berthing	7	6	.857
2. Jackson — Wetherill	13	8	.615
3. Davies — Berthing	9	5	.555
4. E. Ford — Berthing	9	5	.555
5. Scott — Tube Mill	9	5	.555
6. McKenna — Sheet Metal	7	4	.555
7. Dearmit — Electricians	6	3	.500
8. Kane — Counters	12	6	.500
9. E. Wojohowski — Welders	8	4	.500
10. Fabris — Coppershop	11	5	.454
11. Gimpalmi — Coppershop	11	5	.454
12. St. Germaine — Wetherill	11	5	.454
13. Caporale — Wetherill	9	4	.444
14. Moody — Office	7	3	.428
15. Owens — Sheet Metal	7	3	.428
16. C. Short — Office	5	2	.400
17. Wingate — Office	5	2	.400
18. Hoath — Electricians	5	2	.400
19. Pierce — Electricians	5	2	.400
20. Pendleton — Wetherill	10	4	.400

TEAM	WON	LOST
1. Counters	4	0
2. Welders	2	0
3. Berthing	3	1
4. Wetherill	3	1
5. Tube Mill	1	1
6. Coppershop	1	3
7. Office	0	2
8. Electricians	0	2
9. Sheet Metal	0	2
10. Machine Shop	0	2

SCORES THIS WEEK

MONDAY		THURSDAY	
Welders	9	Counters	5
Wetherill	5	Coppershop	1
TUESDAY		FRIDAY	
Tube Mill	14	Berthing	(Forfeit) 7
Sheet Metal	10	Machine Shop	0
WEDNESDAY			
Office — Electricians			Postponed

WETHERILL "B" LEAGUE 1941-1942



WETHERILL PLANT SOFTBALL SQUAD

Top row, l. to r. — Fassette, 8-390, Catcher; Rankin, 8-301, Outfielder; McKay, 91-108, Mgr.; Adams, 4-266, 1st Base; Hartner, 8-619, Pitcher. Middle row: Biddle, 8-344, Outfielder; Rhoades, 8-437, Outfielder; Curry, 8-365, Outfielder; Coyle, 8-568, Shortfield; Hilford, 8-304, 2nd Base; Robinson, 8-622, 3rd Base. Front row: Clifton, 8-305, Outfielder; Jones, 8-620, Shortstop; Robinson, Mascot; Baillie, 8-542, Catcher — absent.

Pick-ups from the Yard

BITS OF NEWS FROM 67 DEPARTMENT

Major Palm is leader of a fine group of fellows who come from Delaware, Virginia, New York, Ohio, Florida, Pennsylvania, South Carolina, Maine and Maryland, all of whom brag about their native state, but cannot come to an agreement as to which state flower is the most beautiful.

N. Gowens is a member of the international Writers' Club and possesses a press card which entitles him to all press privileges accorded to professional writers and journalists.

A farewell party was given recently for a shipyard pal of 67 Dept. who was booked to go with Uncle Sam. Those who attended the party extended hearty greetings and best wishes to the gentleman for a successful military career. Several days after this the same oldtimer received a notice of deferment, and did he jump for joy! He said that Uncle Sam prefers to have him stay here and help "keep 'em sailing".

Major Palm is majoring in shipfitting and is studying hard so as to fit himself solid in the groove when a transfer comes along. Good luck, boy.

A party one week and a semi-banquet the following was recently given by a group of 67 Dept. men at a private club in South Philadelphia. The boys entertained their wives and girl friends. All had a fine time and had the place jumpin', although some could only slow-drag and others only jitterbug.

Quite a number of the fellows in Palm's group have been transferred to No. 4 yard and some have become leaders.

"Jersey Breeze" is the nickname of a one-time lightweight who jumped from rope-man to pusher and is now a leader, and by this time weighs a ton. Not bad, Jersey Breeze, and you're making a good showing with your men.

"Pusher Joe," better known as "Little Joe", is trying hard to become a leader and he'd probably make a good one.

One of the gang's rope men has been wearing a red handkerchief around his neck for a long time. By now he should be able to decide whether he wants to be called Sun Ship's "Railroad Bill" or Sun Ship's "Jessie James." He's a good worker, a fine fellow and he likes to give advice to his friends even if they don't accept it.

Pick a conversation with Mr. W. Christy some noon hour (if you can find him) and you'll be surprised to know that he's quite a philosopher and gives out some fine logical theories with explanation.

Goldsmith does not lose time like one of his best pals, but the boys haven't been seeing him lately and are wondering if he's still holding everything in the palm of his hand.

Many wonder at the meaning and purpose of the "Double V" slogan and campaign introduced by the Pittsburgh Courier. The answer is brief: "Double V" for double victory — the battle cry of loyal colored Americans for victory over the enemies abroad and at home for victory over the enemies of America and the enemies of the colored race. The success of the idea will be the organizing of "Double V" clubs and one of 67's boys is doing a good job on the outside.

There's a guy in 67 Dept. whose nom-de-plume is 20th Century Jive, and fellows want more information. 20th Century Jive is the riff-name of a young fellow who composes strictly modern songs in which he distinguishes each song under a named type to exploit as something new and dif-

SUN-SPOTS "JOHN & JERRY" BY CHAS MILLER



ferent in the song writing field. He has written many numbers and the following is an example of a few of his titles and types:

"Stuff's A Heatin' 'Cause the Flame's a Blazin'!" — a "terrific-special" type. "Take the Jive to the Mohawk" is a "slam-jammer" type. "Let's Go Back!" is naturally the "Jive killer" type and "Open Your Heart for Love" is a type called "sweet riff."

They'll be published soon and yours truly, 20th Century Jive, hopes you'll enjoy them.

Where will I be when hard times come around? In the groove if I buy more and more war bonds every pay-day.

Harry Rothwell is now a marker in the south yard.

A party of shipyard pals celebrating Sunday evening, July 12 at the home of Alec Gavatt. They took the swing on down and took the jive to the Mohawk, which means the time of their lives with soda, women and song. The party was honored to have had the pleasure of entertaining 900 pounds of harmony — the Peters Sisters, stars of radio, stage and screen.

84 DEPARTMENT

*The third shift now comes to the fore
They've broken records by the score
Records that would put to shame
Anyone who knows the game
And yet they go on in a trance
They really must have "ants in their pants."*

*Now Joe, he does his level best
To bring them up to all the rest
We know he has an awful task
And why no luck, we needn't ask
They just go on and dream and dream
Without a ray of sunshine's gleam.*

*Now Paul, he makes an awful stab
While Wilson, with his "gift of gab"
Just stumbles on and trusts to luck
That he will make that extra buck
Our Frank, he pushes out the rods
Just keeps right on, and plods and plods.*

*The way Dick hammers out the pads
You'd think he read the Sunday ads
While Harry plugs our number seven
And when on stanchions, he's in Heaven
The "Colonel" now is doing better
He tries to be a real "go getter".*

*I've told you most about our "crop"
Some do real well — while others flop
But take them all in all — in kind
They're as good a bunch as one can find
While here and there you'll find a "ham"
They do their best for Uncle Sam.
And so, I'm winding up my tale
Hoping others will not fail
To catch the spirit of the times
And send along some other rhymes.*

—OBSERVER.



Fred H. Sayers
32 Years' Service

Fred is an oldtimer at Sun, having come to the Wetherill Plant in 1910—even before it was owned by Sun, and when the change was made he stayed on the job as apprentice machinist until he graduated. He was born in Chester and went to school here. He is married and has one daughter 12 years old, and lives in Garden City. He is now a repair man in the general tool room. His hobby is boating and he likes any sport.

47 DEPARTMENT

With the huge 10% War Bond Drive going on we'd like to take time out to say that Oscar Fincannon's squad at the 3rd shift have subscribed 100% — have you?

Jack Schniederman and Joe Muschella have lent us their poetic ability:

*There are tears of pride in Mother's eyes
tonight;*

*A soldier son of hers has gone away to fight,
There's a love-light gleaming proudly in
her eyes—*

*It's a light that will live always and never
die.*

*He's the bravest boy she's ever known,
She'll be waiting for him, open arms,
when he marches home.*

Joe Mooney has left the shop and is now serving the maritime ships in the sea.

John Schmidt visited Delaware Park right before the track closed. His horse wore a saddle with lights because by the time it came in it was dark.

Customer — "I asked you for a hot dog but you only gave me the roll."

Local Cafeteria — "That's right. The hot dog was bad so I threw it away for you."

STORERUMORS — 80 DEPT.

It is with the deepest regret that we note the passing away of John M. Hardcastle. All of us miss him keenly not only as an excellent coworker but as a friend whose calm assurance was a balm in these high pressure hours.

The Army has gained another good "80" man, Harry Ellis. We miss Harry's dry biting humor and poker face. When last heard from he was taking a few days vacation at the shore prior to leaving for camp.

That Saturday afternoon shindig at a nearby well known "restaurant" in honor of Pete Curley was a gracious but slightly premature gesture. Like the homing pigeon, Pete came back. But nobody regrets the party. Wow!

J. Purnell is now in the Service and a recent card was sent from Camp Meade by John. He likes it down there.

Jack Donahue wrote Johnny Maloy from Kessler Field, Mississippi, where he is in training for the Air Corps. He feels fine and likes the life.

No word from Ernie Brahm since he left for the Cavalry at Fort Riley. Maybe they confiscated Ernie's size 14A dogs for ferry service. Ernie is quite an accomplished horseman and should go far in that branch of the service.

Remember Art "Doghouse" Wheeler? Well Artie done did it and it is now Mr. and Mrs. Art Wheeler to you. Congratulations and best of luck Artie.

And further felicitations and best wishes to Leon Chandler who was married on July 7.

Buck Grimminger is a changed man these days. His vacation made a big difference in Buck. And best of all, he can eat steak now.

Welcome back to Searge Brewster. If anyone is interested he will be glad to show his operation without charge.

The old gang is now no more. Jim Pusey joined the boys at the Aberfoyle Storerroom and John Huey went

APOLOGY

In last month's issue under the heading "Four Flags Go Up in the North Yard" we stated that one of the flag raisings was that of 66 Dept. This was an error and should have read 65 Dept. Our sincere apologies to all concerned.

to the galvanize. That hat of Huey's is reminiscent of the ball players of the 90's. It must be an heirloom.

Bob Curry has become a fervent music lover. At the Maritime Flag raising in front of the main office, Bob stayed very close to the band in order not to miss a note.

Unsung, unheralded, the Flag Raising at 80 S. The boys sang our National Anthem and made impromptu speeches. The flag wasn't brand new and maybe the singing was slightly whiskey tenor, but the spirit was there and a darned good spirit at that. And that's all that counts in the long run.

Good luck to W. Trippley and L. Banks who have taken over as leaders in place of John Christopher and Wm. Adams. The latter men are now in No. 4 yard.

Our Own Comic Strip

- Major Hoople.....Dave Phillips
- Jake Hoople.....Al Yarnall
- Jiggs.....Bob Curry
- Popeye.....Tommy Leeson
- Moon Mullins.....Willard Lord
- Wimpy.....Worrell
- Skippy.....Earl Cloud
- Chief Wahoo.....J. Huey
- Happy Hooligan.....Kent Yarnall
- Lord Plushbottom, Tommy Singleton
- Dick Tracy.....Jimmy Ryan
- Harold Teen.....C. Hartman
- Dagwood.....George Bruner
- Flash Gordon.....Vance Holloway
- The Mountain Boys

Jack Hamilton, Geoff Hawley,
Francis Dolan

- Mutt & Jeff...Calloway and Willcutts
- Secret Agent X-9...Vince Bookmeyer
- Hairbreadth Harry...W. Franklin

AND WHEN THE FINAL CHECK-UP COMES 80 DEPT. WILL BE 100% IN BUYING BONDS. WE'RE BETTER THAN 90% NOW.

COPPER SHOP

News From the
First Line of Defense

HIYAH GANG:

Heading south for? Made highest marks of company in intelligence and mechanical aptitude tests. Going in Uncle Sam's air force for more action and a chance to get more Japs. Will get some for you. "Keep 'em floating and I'll keep 'em flying".

Your old friend.

BOB.

Elmer McGinley is now a proud papa of another baby boy. That makes two strong, healthy youngsters now. What a man! Congratulations Mr. and Mrs. McGinley.

Whittling Joe

*Here's a fellow you'd like to know,
A citizen named Whittling Joe.
Joe is whittling in a plant,
Whittling things the Axis can't,
Whittling with his sharp machines
Cargo ships and submarines,
Whittling bombers, whittling tanks,
Whittling shells in shiny ranks —
Shave a sliver off Benito,
Slice a slab off Hirohito,
And Joseph really whets his Whittler
Whistling as he whittles Hitler.
That's a job that Joe enjoys,
Whittling down the Axis boys.
Whittling Joe is never through;
He likes to whittle with dollars, too,
So every payday Joe is fond
Of whittling Hitler with a bond.
Multiplied by fifty million,
Whittling Joe is some civilian!*

—OGDEN NASH.

80 DEPARTMENT

Has anybody noticed the new tractor and trailer C. Harmer is driving? The outfit is the finest we've seen in a long time and sure is a far cry from the old horse and buggy days.

Paul Rhan, who has been out sick due to a leg operation, is now pretty well recovered. At this writing he is expected back most any day.



**Harry L. Simon
9 Years' Service**

Harry was born in Philadelphia but now resides in Glenolden. After graduation from Darby High School he worked for several years with the Pennsylvania Railroad. At Sun Ship he started in the diesel engine experimental division at the Wetherill Plant and later served as timekeeper in the dry dock office. In November 1937 he was appointed secretary to Vice-President Burk. His favorite hobby is photography and he is a member of the Photographic Forum of Chester. Harry is married and has two daughters, one of whom is employed in the Purchasing Dept.

ELECTRIC LIGHTS

Dan McKinney, ace expediter for 33 Department, has been handing out cigars with that self-satisfied expression that results from becoming the father of a 7½ pound girl. Nice start, Danny!

Cupid seems to have used the electricians as targets this month—Wally Dykes, Clement McCabe, and Robert Strockbine all taking the step! Each one reports the same thing: "Married life — it's wonderful!" (If you listen closely you can hear a chorus of feminine voices shouting, "take notice, you unattached males.")

Now that we're all subscribing 10% for War Bonds, here's a higher mark to shoot for. Jules Hoffsteen, 33-1001, has pledged \$30.00 per week for Bonds! And J. Pruchnicki, 33-923, is buying a \$50.00 Bond per week!!

The three "expert" fishermen of the department, Oscar Holt, Gerald Evans, and George Thomas are still hearing about their last fishing trip at the bay. Before leaving they promised Harry Broomall that they would bring him a sea food "treat". They did — but it was a drum fish. Broomall thanked them for the "prize", put a clothes pin over his nose, and carried the fish home.

When the prize fish was caught, the captain swore that the line was caught on a rock and told him to cut loose. Holt insisted that it was a fish and urged Evans, who held the line, to reel it in. Were they surprised when the catch turned out to be a 35 pounder!

The Number Four Yard Trainees are still setting the pace at the Yard School — every week they have to be driven from the class room, so anxious are they to learn. Instructor Jones will verify this believe it or not story.

Jack Wolfenden has moved into his new office in the Electric Shop. All that he needs now is a blonde secretary. (Strange as it seems, Mrs. W. insists that all applicants for the position be interviewed by her!) P. S. — Jack, watch out for open doors in blackouts!!!

Just watch the softball team from 33 Department from now on. The whole team has started to eat Wheaties for breakfast... "Slug" Jenkins spent a week's vacation at Minorsville. Without him the boys at Four Yard

were as lonesome as a sailor at sea. What a personality you must have, Mr. J.!

Thanks to the efforts of Leader Charlie Harrington, the shop is proudly displaying a shield with the names of 33 Department men in the service. Over one hundred Sun Ship Electrical Workers are now working for Uncle Sam.



Mabel O. Emmott
25 Years' Service — 91 Dept.

We asked Miss Emmott to write her own caption for this picture and here it is:

"I was born in Chester and educated in the Chester public schools. I like my work at Sun Ship very much and hope that I can continue it for some time to come.

"The employees of my department very kindly gave me a cake, symbolic of my 25 years of service, 2 beautiful bouquets of flowers and a very handsome wrist watch from all the girls. I am very grateful for their kindness. Mr. Dimeler made the beautiful presentation speech."

88 DEPARTMENT

Bill Matthews, guard in north yard, received his notification for a medical examination for the army last week. Bill is a strapping fellow and I bet you he could do a lot of damage to the Japanese. Good luck to a swell guy and a good guard.

Burns on Johnson's shift will enter the army about the middle of July. Best of luck to you and hope you come back with your chest full of medals.

Captains are riding the station wagon now since they have to make the rounds at night to 8th and Hinkson, Wetherill Plant and Headley's Warehouse.

We understand a certain guard is going into the bootblack business — All Guards Welcome. Good luck, Bill.

91 DEPT. COUNTERS— OWL SHIFT

James McGauley, who recently returned from a whole day's vacation at the shore, is now greatly concerned about his other day's vacation.

The illegal law firm of *Don-Earl-Bill, Inc.* reports a sudden increase in clients, due to the pressure of local draft boards.

Hi-Ho-Silver "saw the point" last week when he failed to steer his Packard out of the way of an oncoming streetcar. See what I mean? Thanks.

Bill Campbell is the proud father of a fine new son — Stephen.

Bill Hladky has about surrendered his Victory Garden to the weeds and Japanese beetles. Curses on Hirohito!

R. Osman has moved to larger quarters in *Prospect Park* — (in more than name alone!)

Several recently-added Owl Shift timekeepers are now enjoying the bright lights over the Carpenters' Shop.

Leader J. Meiser is making nightly visits to South Chester.

LET'S BE 100% 10%



Michael Bazis
12 Years' Service

Mike (Butch) comes from Philadelphia, where he attended Central High. He was formerly a hatmaker with John B. Stetson Company there before coming to Sun to learn the trade of coppersmith. He has been on the owl shift for 6 years and likes it because he can sleep all day and feel like a banker. Mike has 2 daughters and one son who live with him in Prospect Park. His hobby—sleeping; his favorite sport—football.



**A LITTLE OF THAT ENTHUSIASM, APPLIED DURING
WORKING HOURS, WOULD BUILD A LOT OF SHIPS**

— Courtesy Navy Yard Beacon

I Was Launched

I am the Calusa, fashioned of steel by the hard work of men — now a creature of the sea.

Last July 10th I was a hull with a number; a vast nameless steel monster sprawling precariously on slippery ways. Hull number 245 they called me; hull No. 245 when the great steel slab of my keel was buried deep in the belly of the ways; Hull No. 245 through the time my iron ribs reached upward, while the steel plates swung into position to give shape to my body; Hull No. 245 until July the 10th.

Then they decked me out in bunting, built a platform at my bow, made a brief speech while I towered great and ungainly in the ways no longer large enough to hold me, waiting. At 12.10 P. M. gracious Miss Helen Finnegan dashed champagne against my arching bow; baptized in foam, I began to move — the first swift journey to the sea away from the life of Hull No. 245 and into the life of the Calusa.

I moved swiftly down the ways, crushing water out beneath me, and settled into the river with an imperceptible tremor while men risked their lives upon my deck in a flurry of twisting, whipping cables. In a few seconds I was floating free, behind me the wreckage of my birth in the foam of my swift passage.

I, Calusa, am Hull No. 245 no more but shortly will be on my way to do my duties.

To carry the fame of the Sun Ship workers to all corners of the world.

DAUBS FROM THE PAINT SHOP

FORWARD MARCH — The 10% club caught on quickly in the Paint Shop with 100% subscription in almost nothing flat. Boss McGinley's hardwood gang came in first with the sign shop 2nd and the remainder of the shop followed in short order. "Uncle Sam, what next?"

PAINTERS' PICNIC — Lovers of woodticks, ants, flies, mosquitoes and other beauties of nature will delight in learning that the traditional Paint Shop outing this year is on July 26 (one of those off Sundays). The tax will be two bucks. The place — Flounders' Feltonville Farm. The highlights, fishing, swimming, ball, quoits (att. Sam Nardi), refreshments and stuff. The crowd, at least half the painters. Note — The committee Gus Kzwitzekitz requests the boys to leave their overalls and manhelps at home but fiddles will be welcomed.

CUPID'S CAPERS — Heyford Thompson, perennial bachelor and sign shop lothario marched down the aisle again to the strains of Lohengrin. The net seems to be tightening as his "gal", the beautiful Miss Ethel Seitz, caught the bridal bouquet.

GAS SAVER — "Big Dick" found much relaxation in cycling to the Phila. Airport on his off Sunday and watching the arrival and departure of the (censored) planes. Dick sez it's great sport and he is going out next Sunday if possible, but Sunday after that for sure.

BOWLING DEBACLE — The powerful Central Yard Paint Shop team even though deprived of the services of the noted kegler, C. Taylor, recently set back the North Yard painters with a 4 to 0 shutout. R. (Bob) Sorensen, kingpin of the North Yarders, witnessed his team's tragic downfall. Mr. Sorensen's only alibi was "I sent boys when the job called for men. One of the better benched bowlers was heard mumbling to himself during the latter stages of the fiasco, "Alas, alas, they lost the battle but I saved two and a half and face."

STORK CLUB — Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Shuey. Thomas need worry no more about his old age as a little Shuey has appeared on the scene, a seven pound two ounce and a boy to wit.

91 DEPT. — COUNTERS

Joe Crook and Harry Hornberger are kept busy shaking hands with new men coming into the department and bidding the boys goodbye as they leave for service with the armed forces. 91-Counters have more men in the service of Uncle Sam than any other dept. (in proportion to size) in the yard.

Our contribution to Uncle Sam for the month of June is as follows: Arty Kearns, Joe Dougherty, S. Mease. They take our sincere best wishes with them.

Arky (What a Man) Kraft is still around. Now he says — quote — "As soon as my teeth are fixed and I get a haircut I'm going to enlist in the Marines", unquote.

Now that Delaware Park has closed we notice a big decrease in the sick list and fewer funerals for close relatives.

A certain counter counts rivets by the thousand but when down town he can't get past five-hundred and twenty.

This column for last month caused quite a commotion and some of the boys feel slighted because they didn't make it. Don't worry, boys, you'll all make it in the near future.

Jimmy Turk, who in the early season was a "hitless wonder," is now smacking the old apple, and "Pop" Smedley's ball club has started going places.

Harry Doyle almost made the army. What a commando they missed when they flagged him!

We are proud to announce 100% for 91-Counters on our Defense Bond Drive.

* * *

This little poem (so called!) doesn't half express my feelings on the subject.

*Tankers mean oil,
And oil means power:—
On sands that boil
And seas that tower.*

*While minutes are wasted
Blood colors some soil.
Men's strength is tested
For want of oil.*

*All soldiers that serve
Cry "God! Make haste!"
Have you the nerve
A second to waste?*

*Tankers mean oil!
Let's make it a flood!
WE offer toil —
THEY offer blood.*

— VERNON G. CARPENTER,
59 Dept.



Ed H. Smith
24 Years' Service

"Pop" was born in Lancaster County and attended a country school there. He came to work at Sun Ship as a riveter, having learned his trade working for another company for 19 years. Four years later he became a leader in 74 dept. "Pop" says he has seen lots of improvements since his early days at Sun Ship, when there were only 5 shipways. He is now a leader, outside tool room. "Pop" is a widower and lives in Ridley Park with his daughter, and has two sons. His hobbies are pro ice hockey and pro football.

WETHERILL PLANT

During the past month R. Smith, 8-693; B. Pennington, 8-176; G. Post, 8-180; F. Taylor, 8-586, and A. Weber, 8-699, have joined the armed forces of Uncle Sam.

The Wetherill Service Flag has been replaced after being away for the adding of 15 additional service stars. It now has a total of 45.

Sam Graham, one of the old timers, has returned to work after being absent on account of a broken hip.

WHO paid the admission to see WHO with his nose on the grindstone straightening out time the other Saturday and Sunday?

Bobby McCoy finished out his time and is now a full fledged machinist. Cigars were passed out as usual by Bobby. Thanks, and congratulations

Louie Feusht, Foreman No. 1 Shop, has a 3 or 4 year old son who already is showing some of his father's brilliance. The other night at the table Junior had a cat on the chair with him. Louie told him he would have to take it away as it would make his hands dirty. Mrs. Feusht then said, "Someone wanted to give him a KIT-TEN and I said no and we had quite

a scene." The youngster turned to Louie and said, "That spells CAT, don't it?"

The Wildcats, the Wetherill 2nd Shift softball team, is making an enviable record among the Sun Ship teams and issues a challenge to any team in the entire yard. A special challenge is made to the Wetherill day shift team for a game to be played any time, date or place.

A number of Wetherill employees are proud possessors of fine gardens. Dick Frazier, Night Supt., and Jean Foquet, Tool Room Foreman, are among the leaders with gardens of beautiful flowers and vegetables.

The employees of the Wetherill plant extend their deepest sympathy to the families of Frank Sinex and Harry Sharpless in the loss of their wives.

Eddie Hoffmeister, 2nd shift rigger, is still an ardent and active Boy Scout leader. These weekends, Eddie can be found camping with his boys in the vicinity of Springfield.

* * *

36 MACHINISTS

Congrats to Frank McLean (36 Dept.) and Mrs. McLean on the arrival June 25th of Frank Ira Jr. weighing 9 lb. 4 oz.

Seen that big broad grin that Angelo Latini has been wearing? On June 8th Mrs. Latini presented him with an 8½ lb. bouncing baby boy, Anthony. Best wishes from the gang.

Bob Williams (36 Dept.) recently took time out to slide back to "ol' Kaintuck" and lo — when he returned he brought a bride. We all wish them lots of luck and hope all their troubles will be little ones.

Porky rides again. George (Porky) Read (36 Dept.), sometimes called "barrel," is baek in the saddle again and will continue to get back again and again. He says no horse can play him out, but we notice he stays in green pastures — pretty soft.

Among the sick we have our old friends Fred Oott, Tom Fullen and Carl Erricson. Here's hoping that these boys come along and are all back by the time this item goes to press.

Our old friend Ed Gulong has embarked on the sea of matrimony, having had the knot tied July 18. Congratulations Ed and good wishes from the gang.



C. Laney
7 Years' Service

"Chas" hails from Kentucky, where he was born and raised. He has spent most of his working years driving a bulldozer and tractor in connection with road construction work in that state, but he also worked as a miner for a short time. His job at Sun is the first one he has ever had up this way. "Chas" is married and the proud father of 3 daughters. He likes to spend his spare time around home, but his favorite sport is baseball.

We are sorry to announce the death on Sunday, July 12, of William Morgan, crane operator at Sun for 7 years.

We wonder why our friend, Paul, the basketball coach for 36 Dept., wasn't seen at that big party at the Eddystone Fire House about which he talked so long. It has been suggested that Mrs. Sides might be able to give us the answer.

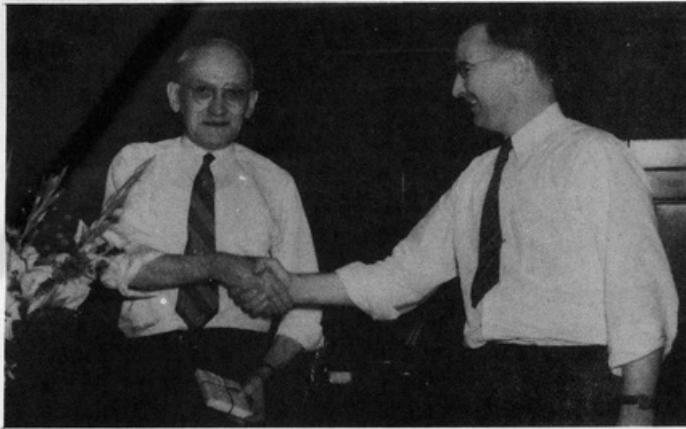
The Worry Wrecker

*When your worries get you down,
And your forehead wears a frown,
Don't break down and start in cryin'
Bring your woes to old "Doc" Ryan.*

*He will diagnose your case
And bring a smile to your face.
Chasing grief, he keeps on tryin'—
The whole world's friend—old "Doc"
Ryan.*

*He won't charge you any fees,
All he does is aim to please.
But, if you're sick, and near dyin'
KEEP AWAY from old "Doc" Ryan.*

—Henry Wordsless Shortguy.



In recognition of twenty-five years of service to the Company, Mr. Daniel J. McMunigal (left) of the Cost Department received, in addition to his new service pin, a pen and pencil set and a wallet from his fellow employees. A vase of flowers was sent to Mrs. D. J. McMunigal.

79 DEPARTMENT NOTES

The department is justifiably proud of being one of the three departments to have entirely blacked out its ray from the Rising S(k)UN(ks) poster, as of July 1. But one fellow still wants to know why it isn't just as easy to deduct 11% as it is 10%.

Even though his feet are quite small, filling Bill Payne's shoes around the drydock while he was on vacation was a mighty big job. Bill hustled himself off to the great unknown to get a bit of much deserved relaxation; but all his associates missed the fragrant aroma of his cigars with the something new added (rubber-bands).

We don't think we're revealing any vital military secrets by recording here the story of the excitement at Atlantic City one day during the week of June 5th when a Civilian Defense Watcher reported a U. S. Navy blimp grounded on the beach. The alarm proved false, however, when it was discovered that no blimp was down after all. It was just Frank Ryan sunning himself on the sands.

Twenty-some thousand fellow workers will be casting "green eyes" toward "Carbonated" Hipple while he spends his vacation with "one foot in Maine". Ed says with everybody else "Remembering Pearl Harbor," he'd

rather be a little bit old fashioned and "Remember Maine".

A rising young 79er was quite worried about whether or not he had to have his application for a supplemental gas ration book "notified" by a Notary Public.

Do you suppose Miss Helen Dodds and Mrs. Edith Marshall could rent their services to the farmers when they are badly in need of rain? They ended a drought of long years in Mr. Norton's Office (through the installation of the office's first water-cooler).

* * *

34 DEPARTMENT

Richard Coleman has finished his apprenticeship. The boys wish him lots of luck in his trade of copper-smith.

* * *

Letter to the Editor

DEAR SIR:

I have always read "OUR YARD" with keen interest, particularly about the different departments throughout the yard, but we of 95 Dept. would like to know why our department has been slighted.

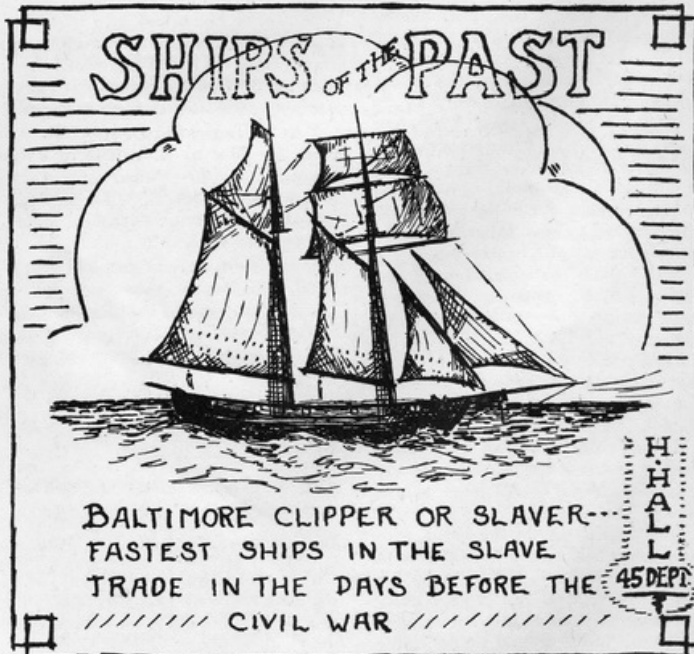
We have the smallest number of men of any department in the yard, and the BEST.

Hoping you will recognize this department in "OUR YARD's next issue,

C. MITCHELL, 95-32.

EDITOR'S NOTE

We thank Mr. Mitchell for his note and are sorry his department has not been represented in the magazine, but the reason is that no one in that department has turned in any news so far. We are very anxious to get news from all departments and will publish anything that 95 Dept. turns in.



QUIET PLEASE

NIGHT SHIFT SHIPWORKER SLEEPING

WINDOW STICKERS FOR NIGHT SHIFT WORKERS

These stickers will be furnished for both 2nd and 3rd shift Sun Ship workers for placing in their windows at home. They may be obtained from the *Our Yard* office in the Safety Dept. at the days and hours listed below. **YOU MUST** bring your time card with you to get a sticker.

CENTRAL AND SOUTH YARDS

Tuesday, July 28 8:00 A. M.

Thursday, July 30 1:00 A. M.

NORTH YARD (Safety Office)

Wednesday, July 29 8:00 A. M.

Friday, July 31 1:00 A. M.

66 DEPARTMENT

Pennington may look like a blimp, but he felt awful small when that fly ball fell 30 feet behind him.

After a bad start in which the count-ers scored 12 runs in the first, we set-tled down and limited them to 13 ad-ditional runs in the next six innings.

Bonner walked the first six heavy hitters to face him so he could get at that weak No. 7 hitter, who promptly hit a home run.

It could have been worse though, Shiner might have been pitching.

Fry's three errors at first base helped a lot too.

We got eight hits and catcher Mc-Shane had half of them.

Wilson hit a triple but ran out of steam rounding second and that is as far as he got.

Jack Witt arrived in the sixth but admitted that even HE couldn't win the game then.

The guy that told "Lumber Yard Bill" that there is a war on should break the news to Larry "What A Man" Aigeldinger.

Next to Charlie Silcox, "Tony" Delmore, that rough and rugged guy from the fair borough of Narberth, is the Shop lightweight. "I can handle him," sez Charlie.

"Reg" Tyson, former Lower Mer-ion High fullback of about 1923 vint-age, is now staging for Baker. Bill Hart was a pretty fair athlete from

the same school — until he began to put on weight.

In our opinion, "Baldy" McGhee's stories about his "Pappy" top Bob Burns' tales of "Grandpaw Snazzy".

Bud Hefner returned from his vaca-tion and was very much surprised to find the shop was still in business in spite of his absence.

The Marines Are Heard From Again

Your editor has received a letter from Pvt. Joseph Orlando, formerly of Depts. 79, 45, and 74. Since it no doubt will be of interest to many members of these depts. and others in the yard, we are reprinting it here.

May 26, 1942

Dear Sir:

This is to let you know that I miss the old days at Sun Ship. Even though I like this strenuous, rugged life we live here, I would like to know what is going on at "work". I can't help smiling when I remember how some men (in-cluding myself) griped about a 7-day week or a job more difficult than the average. You see, here we work 7 days, too, only there are no complaints and no one stays out over the weekend either. I must close now as taps will soon be sounding. I leave you with the confident knowledge that we will be both successful in our respective jobs.

Yours truly,
PVT. JOSEPH ORLANDO,
U. S. Marine Corps.

[The man who wastes today la-menting yesterday will waste to-morrow lamenting today.]



C. Bratton
3 Years' Service

Charlie was born in Berlin, Maryland, and attended school in Wilmington, where he later learned his trade in the Pusey & Jones Shipyard. He has been working on boats for the last 25 years except for 18 months during the first World War when he was in the U. S. Army, stationed on ammunition trains "over there". Charlie is married and has one daughter. His hobby is fishing and his favorite sport foot-ball. He has been on the night shift here for 3 years and really likes it.

Louis Spath

For the past two decades "Uncle Lou", as he was known by the gang, served faithfully as foreman of the Paint Department. His many friends will greatly miss him.

A Pledge For An American

I am a citizen of the oldest Republic in existence. I am proud of it.

I take pride in being a free citizen in a free society, but I know that the priceless blessing of liberty is not a heritage, but is won afresh or lost by each generation.

I therefore pledge myself to all those Americans who have gone before me and to all those who will come after me to do my part and to pass on this freedom.

I will listen to no idle rumors. I will repeat no destructive gossip.

I will support loyally and in friendship all the united nations who are joined with us in this righteous compact to defeat the Axis powers.

I know my country must win this war, and I will conduct myself as if I alone bore the responsibility for the victory of Democracy. In the words of a soldier of other days, "I will work, I will save, I will sacrifice, I will endure, I will fight cheerfully and do my utmost as if the issue of the whole struggle depended on me alone."

I dedicate myself to this cause, I swear that to win it I will make any sacrifice, however great, and perform any task, however humble.

So help me God!

— Thanks to J. Murphy, 36 Dept.

HI, SUN SHIP!

*I'm a stranger in your midst
So thought I'd pen this rhyme
Saying friends, hello—hello—
And hope you're feeling fine.*

*The Sun Ship boys are really Tops,
Real friends, real pals, I'll tell,
Who seem to have one only thought—
To build Sun Ships so swell.*

*Tankers and cargoes that sail the seas
To every port both near and far,
When needed they are always there,
Found standing far above Par.*

*I say "Here's to the boys of Sun Ship Yard,
I'm proud that of you I am one,
Side by side in my meager way
In this battle that must be won."*

—BILL MORCOM, 30 Dept.

I Learned About Safety From Them

I have taken my jobs where I found them,
I've roamed and I've bummed in my time;
I've had good luck in getting my partners,
And four of the lot were prime.
One was a first class moulder,
And one a gold miner from Nome;
And one was a grand old machinist;
The last a young laddie from home.

Now, I weren't much for this Safety,
But taking it all along,
It's got me a-guessing, has Safety,
And surely it cannot be wrong.
There's times when you'll think it's just
foolish,
There'll be times when you're sure it's all
wrong;

But the lessons I've learned from the crippled and burned
Make me think that it's good for the strong.

Now, I was a young cub in those days
A-learning my trade on the floor,
French Johnny was working beside me
When the crane broke as never before
That big flask came down with a wallop,
Poor Johnny was under the rim;
Why, it happened so quick it near made me sick—
But I learned about Safety from him.

Then I quit the trade for the Yukon,
Went a-diggin' for gold in the ice;
I met there a husky young miner
Who sure was in need of advice.
He was brawny, and lucky, and boastful
This reckless young heathen named Tim.
Well, he's there to this day, but deep buried
in clay—
And I learned about Safety from him.

Then I shifted from there down to Portland,
And I got me a job building ships;
They put me to help a machinist
Who wasn't afraid of hot chips,
Till straight in the eye he got one,
Red hot from the tool to his glim;
So now he is shy that useful right eye—
And I learned about Safety from him.

Then I came home to the Old State,
Thinking I'd learned a good rule,
Until this young lad on the drill press
Told me I was a damn fool.
But the sleeves he'd forgotten to button
Wound up on the spindle so slim,
Broke his arm with a snap like a dynamite cap—
And I learned about Safety from him.

So I've taken my jobs where I found them,
But now that I'm roaming no more,
I've brought home to you this message
It's yours—clear down to the core—
That Safety you've figured for others
Comes home to you now, can't you see?
Be advised by my lot, take this tip while
it's hot,
And learn about Safety from me.

* * *

*Overlook a man's weaknesses,
forget his mistakes, speak to him
of his good traits.*

Mr. and Mrs.

American Way

By Arthur Folwell & Ellison Hoover



OUR YARD BILLBOARD

DIRECT BUS SERVICE

PHILADELPHIA TO SUN SHIP

EFFECTIVE 7-13-42

LEAVING PHILADELPHIA DAILY

6:30 a. m. — 3:15 p. m. — 10:45 p. m.

FROM:

Route A — 15th & Filbert Street, out 17th Street to Walnut, to 61st Street to Baltimore Avenue to Sun Ship (via Yeadon & Darby).

Route B — 52nd & Lancaster Avenue, out 52nd to Baltimore Avenue to Sun Ship (via Yeadon & Darby).

Route C — 57th & Lansdowne Avenue, out 57th Street to Baltimore Avenue to Sun Ship (via Yeadon & Darby).

Route D — 63rd & Lancaster Avenue, out 63rd Street to Cobbs Creek Boulevard, to 61st Street, to Baltimore Avenue, to Sun Ship (via Yeadon & Darby).

RETURN FROM SUN SHIP

8:15 a. m — 4:45 p. m. — 1:15 a. m.

1-WAY FARE — 25c

These buses will only pick up Sun Ship workers within city limits. You must show your Sun Ship button to secure a ride.

NOTICE

In order to get a "B" or "C" gas rationing booklet you must have 3 other riders to bring to and from work, but they do not have to ride all the way with you. If you do not carry 3 other riders your application will have to show that you have no other means of transportation. Any man in the yard can come in to see me at the employment office, from 8:00 A. M. to 6:00 P. M. concerning these applications.

I also want to call your attention to the fact that the inspection period for your car is on now and brake lining is getting scarce, so if your brakes need re-lining, be sure to have it done right away.

I am here to help you all week to meet government regulations.

W. H. NEAT, Jr.

ROOM FOR RENT

in private home. For information see Dick Jones, No. 51-237 or 121 Walsh Road, Gladstone Manor, Lansdowne, Pa. Private bath and garage if desired.

FOR SALE

1/2 of twin house. Lot 30 x 128. 6 rooms and bath. Hot water heat. I fare to shipyard. Very good condition. Call at Safety Office.

RIDERS WANTED FIRST SHIFT

Vicinity Broad and Diamond. Route—down Broad and over Tincum Ave. See J. Boyle, front of 74 Tool Room, 47-1698. See No. 47-3107, Vince.

From South Phila., vicinity 20th and Morris Sts. See Joe, 47-1458, grating gang or Bill, 661556, carpenter shop, or call Ful. 3923 after 5:30.

RIDERS — 2nd SHIFT LANSDOWNE

Vicinity Marshall Rd. and Shadeland Ave. Via Balt. Pike, Clifton, Springfield, Swarthmore. See Jack, Drydock Tool Room.

WANTED

Either a 22 or 32 calibre muzzle loading rifle. Will trade 12 ga. double hammer for it. — 33-241.

8-291—C. D. Schock
55-21—Norman Shook
Please call at Safety Department.

SECOND SHIFT RIDERS WANTED

Vicinity of West Girard Ave. or vicinity of Dicks Ave in West Phila. Please call Market 2486. Ask for Irving, 998 N. 7th St.

FOR SALE

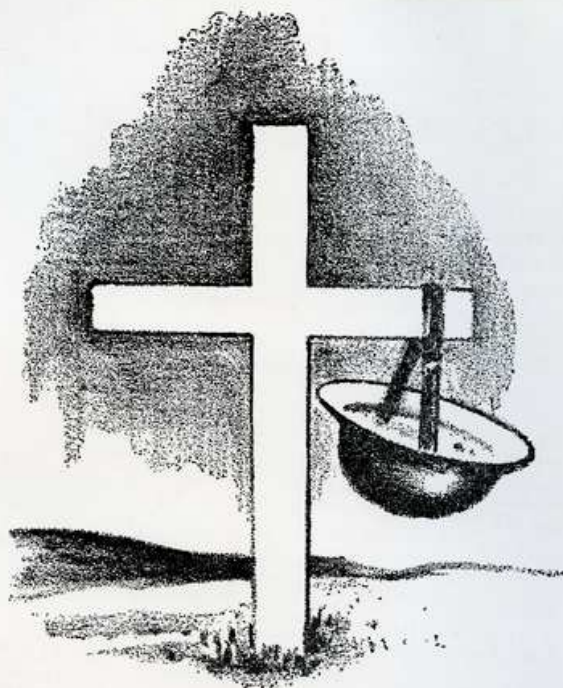
1936 4-door Plymouth Sedan. Excellent condition, fully equipped. Ideal for riders. Good Rubber, radio, Arvin heater, new seat covers, fog lights. Will sacrifice — \$150.00. Inquire at Safety Store, Central Yard.

WANTED

5 riders from West Philly, vicinity of 62nd and Chestnut Sts. Day shift. 6223 Chestnut St. Sherwood 9042. Vic Pad-amonsky, .36 Machine Shpo.

FOR SALE

Ford, 1936 4-door sedan, recondition motor, fair shape, will sacrifice \$100. Call Iden. Division.



HE WAS A GOOD GUY WHEN HE HAD IT

JOE WAS ACES . . . one of the finest that ever came down the pike. A big-hearted lug who never heard of the word *quit*. And regular as the day is long, Joe never made the front pages. The only people who knew the score were the Japs and they never got back to report after they met Joe. When they picked up his rifle there were 26 neat little notches cut in the comb. His pals said that there would have been more if he hadn't lost his knife the second day in the fox hole.

No question about it, Joe was sumpin' when he had it. He spread the lead around with a free and easy hand and a lot of Japs wished he hadn't been so generous. Trouble was . . . he never had quite enough of it . . . Joe could have used a couple of rifles and a basketful of grenades, easy . . .

There are a lot of good guys named Joe in this man's war. It's our job to see that they get everything they need and want. They are the babies who are going to stop the Japs and the Nazis wherever they meet them.

. . . DON'T LET JOE DOWN

