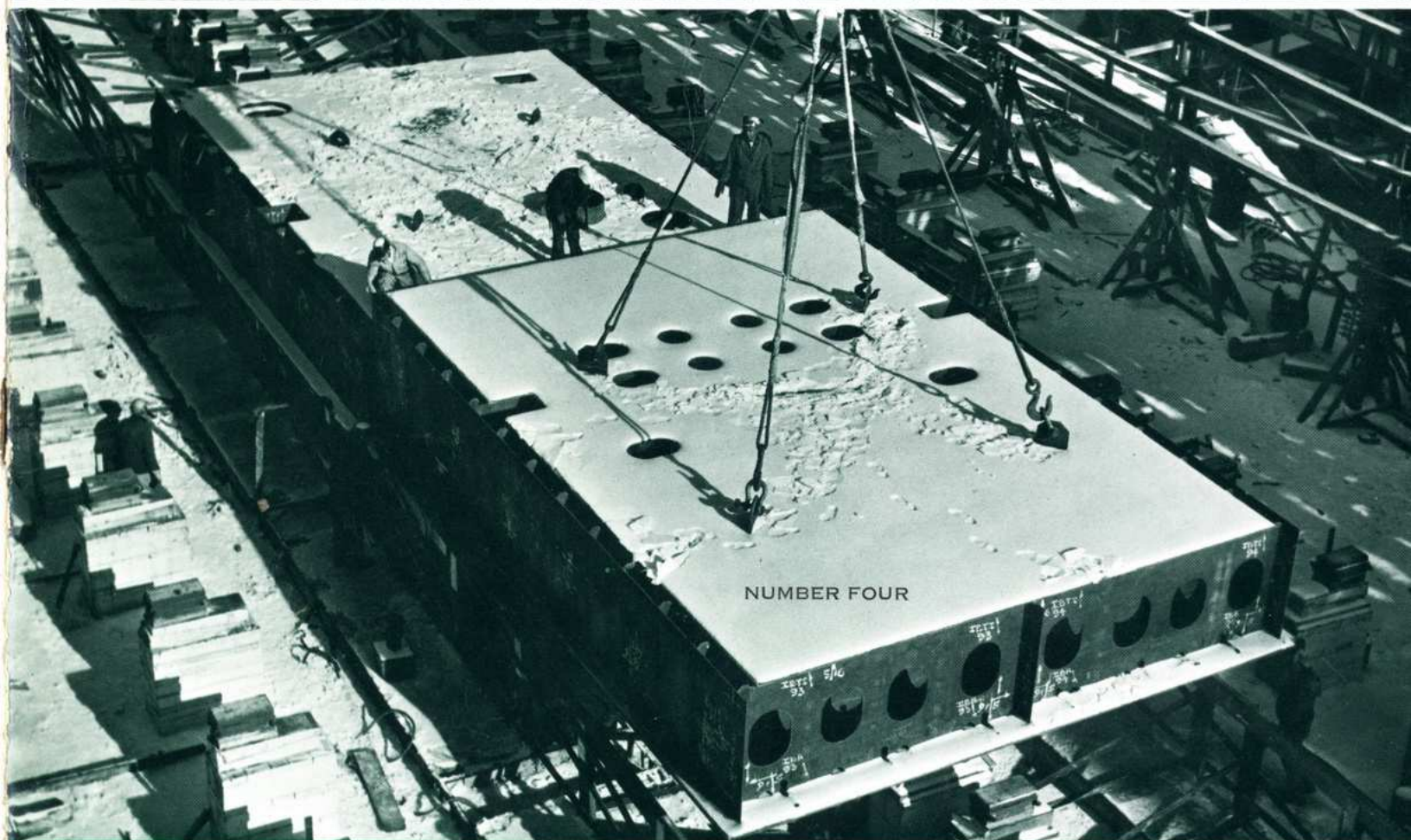
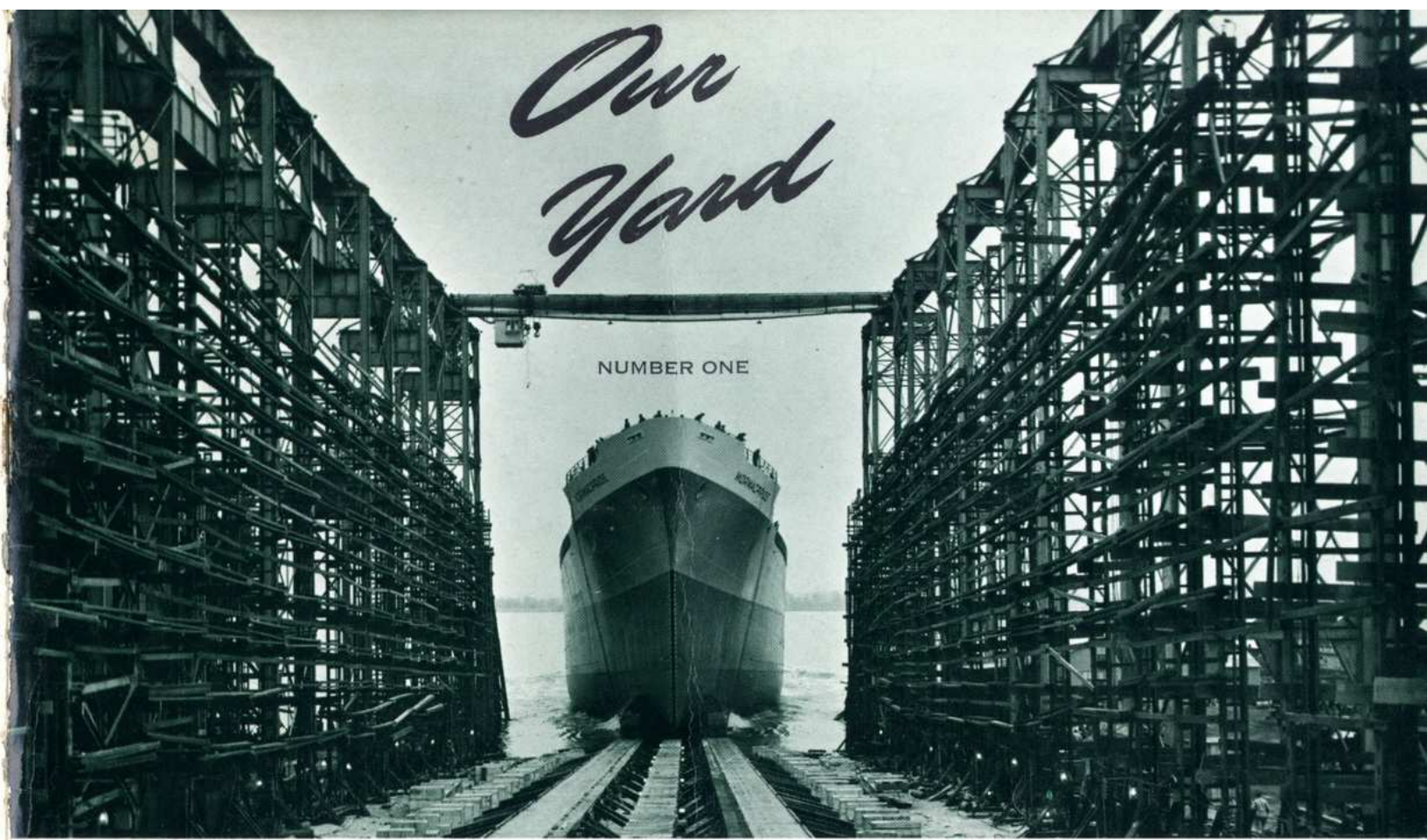


Our Yard



SUN SHIPBUILDING & DRY DOCK CO., CHESTER, PA., MAR. 1960

Memo from John G. Pew, Jr.

Where Your Money Goes Is Important, Too!

It is important for us to insist that government stick to the job of governing and leave the job of running American industry to business enterprises. (That's not politics; that's just common sense.)

Also, we all must work for prudent use of our tax monies and not look to government for the services and products business can produce better. (Keep that August issue of OUR YARD handy. Every now and then read about the 700 sizeable corporations and 19,000 small businesses the Federal Government operates which lose about \$10 billion a year which is made up out of taxes!)

In a false assumption that government can give back to us something we never gave it in the first place, there always is danger that we will become more and more like

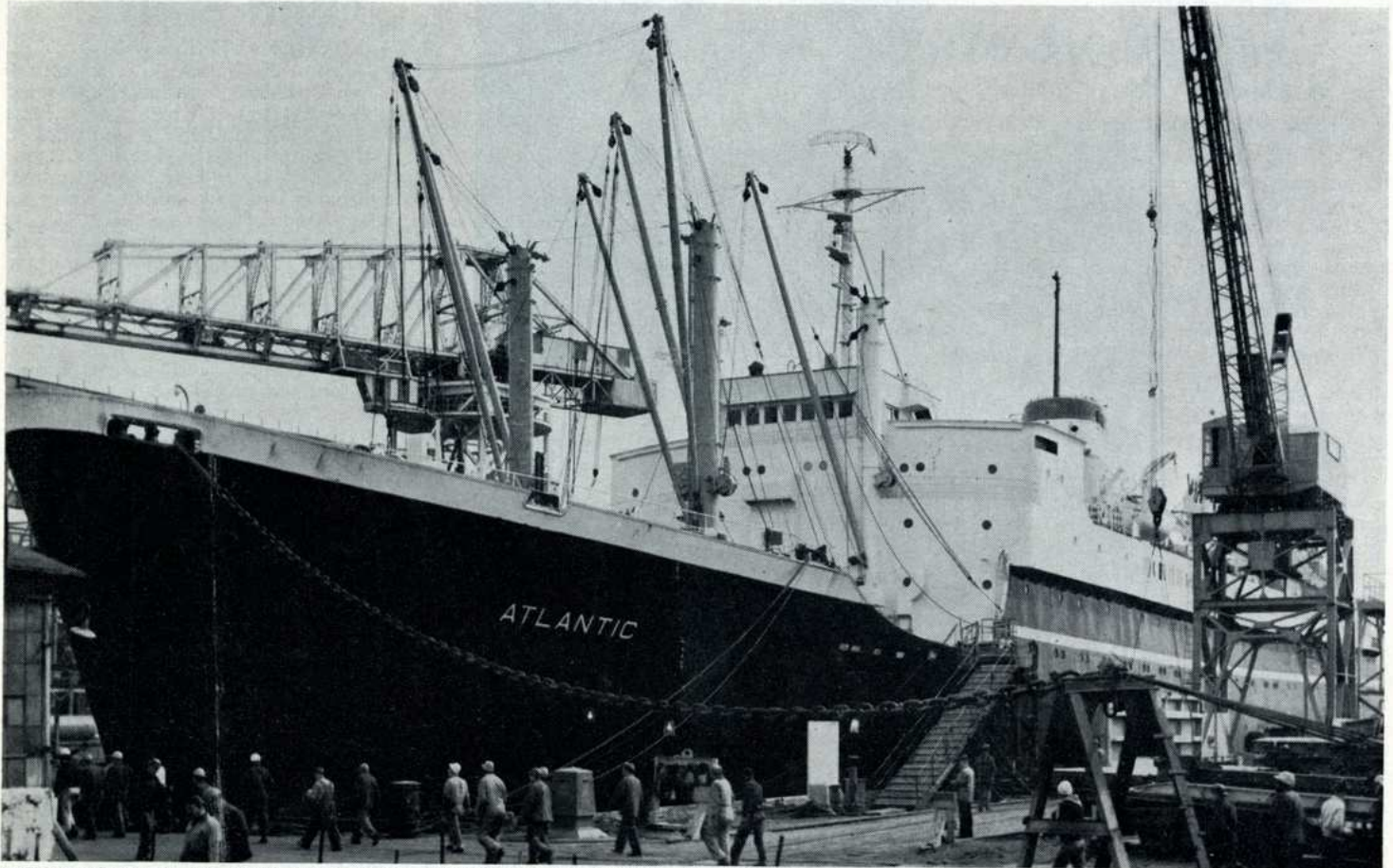
An old man there was in a hearse
Who said, "This isn't so worse,
The ride is immense,
Likewise the expense,
But it doesn't come out of my purse."

Everyone wants the necessary services and benefits of sound government. But we should all take a keen interest not only in how our own tax money is spent, but also be aware of the tremendous support given to government services by taxes paid by business.

Looking toward the day when more that you earn will be your own,

John G. Pew, Jr.

Old Friend Comes Back With New Lines



WET BASIN BY #2 PIER HAS BEEN FILLED BY ATLANTIC, the SS Atlantic as well as the ocean. Sun Ship-built Badger Mariner was launched July 1, 1953, for the U. S. Maritime Administration as a cargo ship. American Banner Lines operated vessel for MA as cargo ship first and then it was converted into passenger ship. Now it has been bought by American Export Lines and will be operated as a tourist vessel. She was brought into Our Yard for numerous alterations principal of which are a swimming pool and solarium. Work is to be finished in 50 days. Passage on her first cruise already is being sold by American Export for May.

Sheet Metal Shop

By Adam Heibeck

March, the month of surprises and the start of spring.

Some fellows already are getting out the fishing gear and checking it over for the trout season next month.

February is come and gone with observance of the birthdays of two great presidents and one inventor, George Washington, Abraham Lincoln and Thomas Edison. To them we all owe a great deal. I have wondered often how Washington and Lincoln were they alive today would handle some of our modern day

questions and what they would say about the size of our country.

We welcome back to the shop some faces we have not seen for some time: Howard Fulmer, Dennis Manning, James Ostan, Donald Mann, Ralph Lott, Harry McArdle, Charles Fritz and Ed Morris. Also some new men whose names I will learn in time. We hope your stay will be a pleasant one.

If you are planning a garden and need tomato and pepper plants, see Carl Rash, the Smyrna bantam.

We are all glad to know Jim Purdy is recovering from his illness.

Louis Kline finally moved into his new home. He says it's so quiet and peaceful

there in the country you can hear the field mice burp after a good meal.

Some fellows in the yard take the sheet-metal shop rather lightly, but take a look once in a while as you pass the shop going to yours. Those odd and varied shapes of sheetiron objects you see there are the work of the men in the shop and we're right proud of it as you would be if you knew how it was done.

Big question in the shop just now is what Ben Bunel does with a pocket full of clothespins.

Happy is the soul who has something to look backward to with pride, and forward to with hope.

OUR YARD — Sun Shipbuilding & Drydock Co., Chester, Pa. — Vol. XIX, No. 7

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W. Dean Moore, *Editor*

Ann Smedley, *Secretary*
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All unsigned articles are by (or with the collusion of) the editor



GOSSIP AFTER RETIREMENT

By Clarence "Deacon" Duke

When Irish eyes are smiling
Sure it's like a morn in spring.
In the lilt of Irish laughter
You can hear the angels sing.
When Irish hearts are happy
All the world seems bright and gay,
And when Irish eyes are smiling
Sure they steal my heart away.
Sure and what better way to start the
month of March than with a good auld
Irish song like that?

However, we have no Irish this month
so we'll take them as they come. The
first is Charles Worrilow, Jr., Wellscrest
Rd., RFD 3, Media, Pa.

Mr. Worrilow, formerly of 91 Dept.,
writes:

"It will not take up too much space to
give you an idea of how I spend my time.
I was 80 in October so my activities have
been considerably curtailed. Reading occu-
pies the largest portion of my waking
hours together with my favorite TV shows
and news broadcasts. Of course during
baseball season I miss very few games
that are televised or that are on the
radio. I still am a loyal Phillies fan.

"I no longer am able to work around
my property as I always enjoyed doing
so much, but I still get real pleasure
from my many evergreen trees and
perennial bushes and plants that don't
require so much attention. I have many
azaleas and daffodils and enjoy walking
out to look at them. I also enjoy short
auto trips through this section of the
country but I am pretty content to stay
right at home.

"I am not so sure of my years of serv-
ice at the Yard nor the date of my retire-
ment so I will leave that to the Yard
records. Thank you for your interest."

Upon investigation I find that Mr. Wor-
rilow retired March 1, 1947, after 29
years of service. Thank you, Mr. Worri-
low, and your daughter, Margaret, for
your nice letter. We oldtimers still re-
member the flowers.

Next we have Herbert Holgate, 240 W.
Ridley Ave., Norwood, Pa., formerly of
86 Dept. Says Mr. Holgate:

"I was retired about a year ago, April
29, 1959, after 23 years service at Sun
Shipyards. Most of
this service was in
the dispensary. I
took a great deal
of interest in it and
my associates in
that work.

"Since retiring I
have not been able
to do very much.
Only recently I
came back from a
trip to the hospital
and now I am in
better shape. Most
of my interest now
is in my home,
keeping up with
small repairs and adding a few extras
such as radiator covers which improve



Herbert Holgate



Nobody loves a fat man!

EVEN IF IT'S SANTA, huh, Laura? She
may have to take all that stuff from
him at Christmastime, but she doesn't
have to like him. At least that's how
Laura McCann looks. Albert doesn't
seem so unfavorably impressed.
They're more than two months older
now and that might make a differ-
ence. Daddy Albert J. McCann is
33-58.

the property. Then I help my wife, and
outdoors there is my yard and garden.
I have the tools to do most of the needed
things.

"I am especially interested in photog-
raphy and have a good outfit in my
basement to do the kind of work I like.
This gives me a lot of pleasure and
satisfaction.

"I recall a number of the men and
women in the Yard in my time and wish
to say hello to all of them."

Thank you, Mr. Holgate, and your wife,
for our interesting get-together visit and
it's also nice to discover we have an
oldtimer for a near neighbor.

We have an Interboro Oldtimer's Club
which meets at the Masonic Temple on
Lincoln Ave., Prospect Park, every month
on the third Tuesday at 2 p.m. We are
building up a nice group of ex-Sun Ship
men like Lewis Reese, 34 Dept.; Harry
Brocmall, 33 Dept.; Hugh Ward, 36
Dept.; Granville Landing, 90 Dept., and
yours truly who was a 47 Dept. man. At
our February meeting Frank Pavlik,
naval architect at the Yard, gave us a
nice talk on present-day shipbuilding
methods. We would be glad to see more
of our oldtimers at future meetings.

Mr. Duke also talked with Howard
Boyer early in February. This portion of
his column was deleted following Mr.
Boyer's death Feb. 17.

MARY: "What color dress are you go-
ing to wear to the party tomorrow night?"

ALICE: "Each lady is supposed to
wear something to match her husband's
hair. So I guess I'll wear my grey dress.
What are you going to wear?"

MARY: "Oh, dear I guess I'd better
not go at all."

47 Department 2nd Shift

By Robert Willoughby

Our sick list this month is down to two
men, John "Mickey" McLaughlin is out
of the hospital but his legs are a little
weak yet to hold him up for eight hours.
Our other sick co-worker is still Oscar
Pincannon and we would like to extend
our sympathy on the passing away of
his wife. Back from the sick list is
George Green feeling better and wearing
more clothes to ward off the pneumonia
bug.

Ed Mokshefsky and Bill Scully were
absent for some time with attacks of
the virus. We would like to wish Mr. &
Mrs. John Koshetar all the happiness
with the arrival of their 8 lb., 10½ oz.,
baby girl. This was going on while John
was being transferred to the seniority
shift. Also transferred to the day shift
were Peter McKeon in the fitting gang
and Charles Urian to the monopole room
of the Mold Loft.

The force in the shop was cut down
quite a bit for lack of work. We lost 12
men to 60 Dept., 2 men to 30 Dept., 1 man
to 34 Dept., and 5 men were laid off
which we hope is not for long. We hope
to get these men back soon and hope
the quality of their work does not suffer
while they are in the other Depts.

We welcome three burners to our shift,
George (Hotrod) Hoffner, Allen Reeves,
and Albert (Money bags) Gallo. Joe
Hinkle hopes Albert will stay out of his
hair because he does not have that much
to lose. His sons are thinning it quick
enough. John Zeigler is sporting a brand
new black Olds., to and from work, he
says its like riding on a cloud.

Bob Donald, artist of 47 Dept., has a
picture in this article that we think is
real good, but he would like to have a
few suggestions on some future drawings.



WILLIAM EPPS (seated) is retiring from
Newport News Shipbuilding and Dry
Dock Co. after 25 years. Joseph Epps
(second right), his son, has been there
15 years. Alfred (right), another son,
has been in Our Yard three years (47-
240). Other sons are William, Jr., and
Clyde, not shipbuilders. Sixth, of
course (last but not least), is Mother.



Rod and Gun News



By Robert "Whitey" Hahn

When March rolls around another trout season isn't far away. The traditional opening date always was April 15, so when the Fish and Game Commission decided on a Saturday opening date instead of the 15th there was much shaking of heads and dire predictions all around.

The most dire of all predictions is that the streams will be so crowded no one will be able to fish and the trout will be scared to death.

We think the commission hopes to bolster license sales by this change as it is a known fact all over the country that Pennsylvania fishing license sales have been dropping off the past three years. Opening on Saturday should bring out a lot more anglers but where they will find room along the streams that have always been too crowded on opening day for the past 15 or 20 years in this southeastern corner of the state, only time will tell.

When the commission asked why anglers stopped buying licenses they got a flood of letters and the biggest complaint was stream pollution. Now when the average person thinks of pollution, he thinks of untreated wastes such as sewage from cities, towns or mills and the like. But the worst culprit so far as trout and other fresh water fish are concerned is mine acid.

When water and air come in contact with iron and other minerals in the abandoned mines and on the mine dumps, a form of sulphuric acid results. The slightest trace of acid in a stream will kill fish life and right now there are about 3,000 miles of acid-polluted streams in Pennsylvania listed as trout waters.

Many of these streams are shown as such on the county and bi-county maps that the commission is having printed. Some are of one county while others take in two. They sell for 35 and 50 cents and are worth the price as they show all the streams, roads, access areas, national and state forests and Pennsylvania game lands. Last year they had maps of about 25 counties ready. This year they added about 20 more so there still are about 22 counties for which there are no maps yet.

By the time they get out the last batch of maps the first ones will be obsolete because the Department of Forests and Waters and the Game Commission are adding to their holdings all the time. The Fish Commission is adding more and more access areas that won't show on some of the older maps. I look for some friction over the use of these access areas by non-fishing boatmen because these areas are obtained and maintained with money from that last hike in the cost of fishing licenses. It looks like another law coming up.

The lawmakers of Pennsylvania finally



COD BY THE ton! Walter Popiel (center) of 45 Dept., and John Jackson (right) of 84M Dept., went fishing for a couple of hours off Barnegat Light with three friends. Catch included more than 100 cod averaging 20 pounds, at least 100 Whiting. Walt says he caught 35 cod.

woke up to the fact that something had to be done about the pleasure boat situation in this state or the Coast Guard would take over and the fees for licenses would go into Uncle Sam's till instead of the state treasury. They were seriously considering turning the whole thing over to the Fish Commission when the strictly-for-pleasure boatowners put up a kick about being governed by the commission. They wanted to be governed by boat men.

The main reason the Fish Commission wanted the job was because of these access areas. As to that law mentioned above, it will have to be to the effect that anyone using the access areas' facilities will have to be the owner of a Pennsylvania fishing license. It is the only fair thing to do. Woe be unto the governing fathers in Harrisburg if they bungle this one. Instead of fishing license sales dropping off about 3,000 a year, they will drop off by the hundred thousands and here's a non-boat owning fisherman who will have bought his last fishing license in Pennsylvania.

Some of the salt water Izaak Waltons from Sun Ship don't hang up their tackle when summer wanes, according to the tales that have been coming to this scribe's ears. Cod fishing is no sissy's sport. I've been fighting the urge to go every winter for the past 30 years. Maybe it isn't as rough now with insulated boots, jackets, pants and last but not least—insulated underwear. Anyhow quite a few from the yard have been out with varying degrees of success.

Walt Popiel (Berthing) and John Jackson (84 Maintenance) seem to be the cod fishing kings. Accompanied by three fishing buddies, they took out more than a ton of cod and whiting off Barnegat Light in just about two hours of fishing. They pulled in quite a few doubles. Walt claims he caught 35 cod himself. Of course, we didn't hear the other fellows stories.

Henry (Ducky) Ruh (47 shop) is another one of those hardy fishermen who go out after cod. He seems to be a lone-wolf type of fisherman as he never mentions any others when talking about his exploits with rod and reel. On one trip in January he caught more than 30 cod and gave most of them away before he started for home. Don't you know, Ducky boy, that charity begins at home. The next time you have a 15- or 20-pound cod to give away, give me a call on the 'Don Ameche' reverse the charges. P.S. It doesn't even have to be cleaned.

We're almost afraid to give you this next cod fishing story. It seems Ervin Filbert of 59 Dept. only got one while his party took only three. It was very cold and rough. Filbert's fish must have been a lunker as he cut it up and several families had a meal or two off it. The part we're afraid of is the fact that Mrs. Filbert might read this column and want to know how come some other guys can catch 30 or more. Who knows, maybe the next time the cod will be on the other hook.

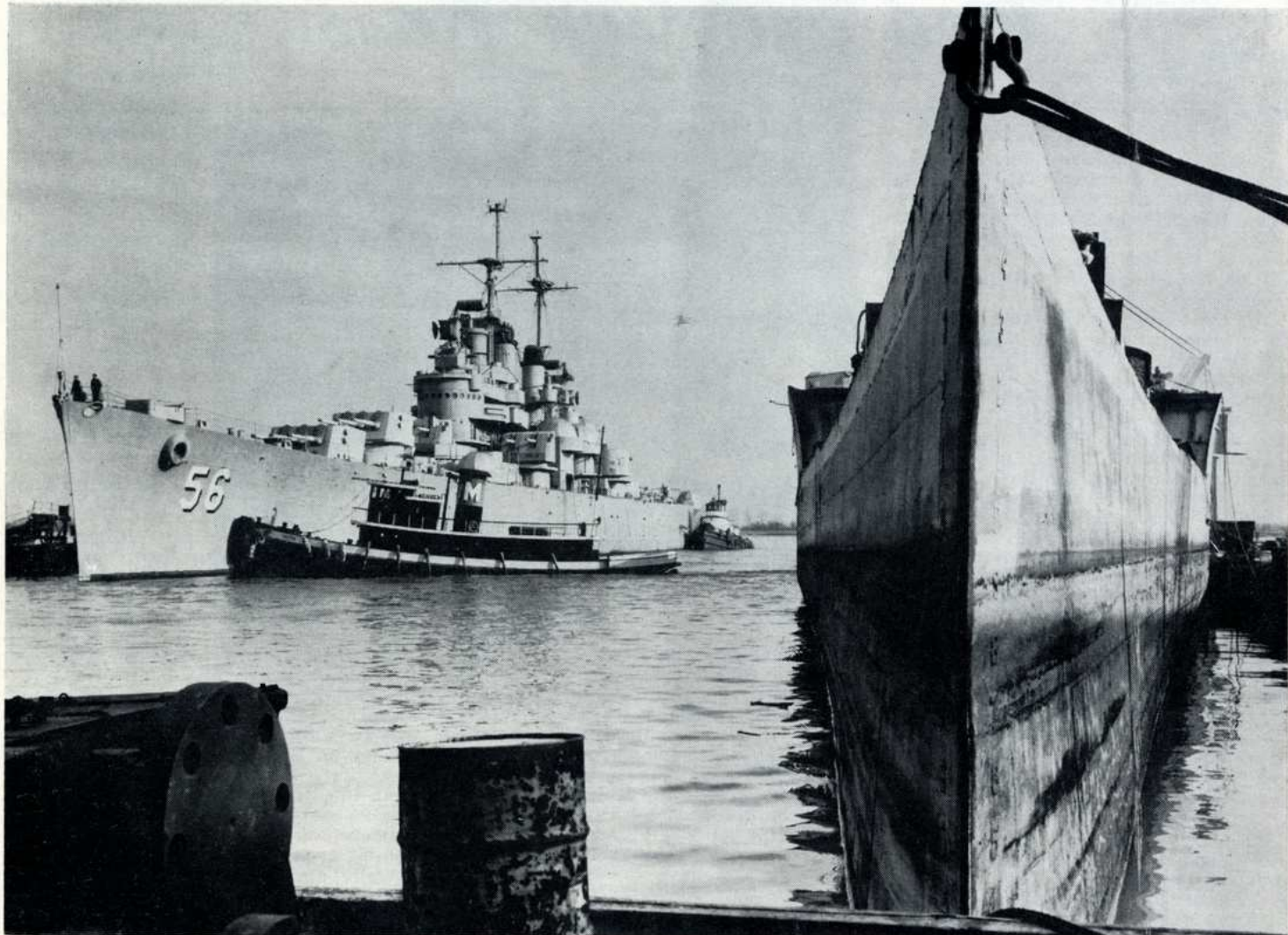
Ever since they moved John Martin over into 34 Maintenance, he and Oakie Twaddell have been practically inseparable. In fact, Oakie even invited John out to his home for the small game season to teach him something about the art of hunting and shooting. Between them the shot so many pheasant and rabbits that Oakie had to buy another freezer.

Oakie has been worried since the close of the season as he has been seeing only hen pheasant around his home and they have all been giving him very reproachful looks. He's in the market for a couple of cock birds for restocking purposes. I think pheasant and rabbits aren't the only things these two have been shooting.

There's a possibility of a five-week small game season this November. It all depends on the weather in March, April

SEE PAGE 4, COLUMN 1

Another Cruiser Goes To Burners



ANYONE WANT TO BUY A ROW BOAT?—A little on heavy side for that type of propulsion but evidently all she's good for because she is headed for scrap heap. Columbia is/was light cruiser of Cleveland class built at New York Ship in 1942. She is 608 feet long and 63' 9" in beam. Her four engine rooms developed 100,000 horsepower. On right, heavy cruiser Minneapolis appears but a shadow of her former self and rapidly is getting to point where remains will have to be put on dry dock to pick bones clean.

MORE ON ROD & GUN . . .

and May. There is plenty of breeding stock left after last year's hunting season. This is true on account of the weather being so bad on all four Saturdays of the small game season. The hunters didn't turn out and the game stayed in heavy cover or holes. Pheasant were more plentiful last fall before the opening day than I can ever remember. And since the close of the season it is no trick at all to take a drive or a walk around the country and see lots of small game except quail. Why we have open season on quail I don't know as I haven't seen any in the last three years.

The opening dates for next fall are: Archery deer season, Oct. 1; small game, Oct. 29; bears, Nov. 28; buck deer, Dec. 5. These are only tentative dates and won't be official until the game commis-

sion meets in June.

Your chances of starting a grass or forest fire are the greatest in the next three months so be very careful as one of these fires during this period could destroy a lot of young wildlife. Having been a volunteer fireman since 1932 I've seen many nests of pheasant and rabbits that were destroyed by grass and woods fires.

The 5th annual Pennsylvania Recreation and Sportsman's Show will be held in the farm show buildings at Harrisburg March 28 to April 2. It's really worth seeing.

It's not much trouble. One can drag the road and get there from Chester or Philly in about three hours via the Turnpike. I promise you that you won't be disappointed if you are any kind of an outdoorsman or woman.

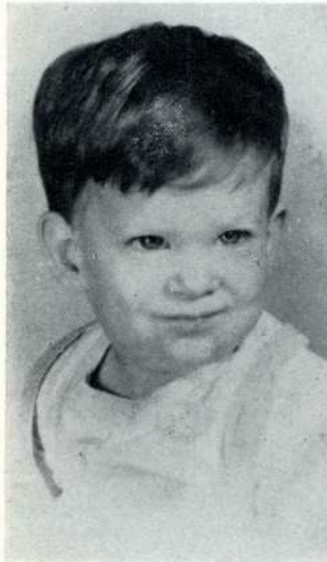
Latch String Out At Wesley Harden's

Ann Smedley, executive director of this estimable publication, has received a letter from Wesley R. Harden who retired to Florida 10 years ago. He expresses his appreciation at receiving OUR YARD regularly and the pleasure he gets from seeing many of his former associates pictured there from time to time.

He was a member of 33 Dept. while here and became chief engineer of the Sorrento Hotel in Miami when he left. He invites any of his friends who get to Miami to stop and see him at the hotel or at his home—a new address—12000 N.E. 16th Ave., Miami.



LITTLE POCKET VENUS rising from a washbowl sea (don't remember where we read that, but it sure fits) is Blinda Wonderly at two months. She is daughter of Shirley and Jack Wonderly of Overlook Heights. Others from left are Clayton Lee, 8 mos.; Jacqueline Mae, 5, and Barbara Ann, 8, children of Bernice and Jack Ridington of same place. Latter worked here six years before 1953 as expeditor. All are grandchildren of Leroy Stewart (84-113), better known as Lord Chesterfield.



GRANDFATHER Sal Pascal, 31 Dept. foreman, is real proud of Robert Truitt (left), son of his daughter, Theresa, and Allen Truitt, of Garden City and 31 Dept. **ANOTHER** apple of his grandfather's eye is Richard Joseph Ambrosino (right) 6 months old. Grandpop is Joseph Ambrosino (Hull Drawing). Parents are Estella and Richard Ambrosino.



SOME YEARS AGO before he joined Marines in 1943, Walter C. Cuddy worked in 36 Dept. His father, Samuel, was then in 36 Dept. and still is. Walter lives in Pitman, N. J., and married Loraine McKenna, whose father, Fred, was a timekeeper here for years. These are their children: (top) Fred, 10, (left) and Jack, 12; (bottom) Sharon, 4, and Gary, 7.



IT SEEMS BEN

Abrams went to sleep on the banks of the Delaware one night in 1917. When he woke up he found a shipyard had been built around him so he stayed put. At least Ben, popular layout man in 47 Shop, has been here 43 years. His daughter is Ida (Mrs. Thomas) Brown, mother of Geraldine Ann (left), 13, and grandmother of Roxanna Schreffler, 5 (right). Having a great-granddaughter means you've been around a long time. We hope Ben is enjoying it more as years roll on.



OUR JUNIORS



By James "Brutus" Falcone

Mrs. Martha Chattin, wife of Pete Chattin (Shipfitter) gave birth to a 7-lb. boy Jan. 17 in Misericordia Hospital. They named him Dennis Allen. She was selected as Mother of the Week at the hospital and received a beautiful bouquet of flowers and a year's supply of Carnation milk formula—which will come in mighty handy as the Chattin family is sizeable.

Charles Rhodes (Shipfitter leader) brought back memories of my childhood while recounting how he makes homemade sausage, cured ham, bacon, pig's feet and other such delicacies. Each year he purchases a corn-fed pig weighing about 200 pounds and butchers it himself.

My folks did the same during the depression. I still can see the bamboo poles hung with Italian sausage and the many other foodstuffs that helped keep his bambinos from suffering the pangs of hunger.

Every winter Steve Kluka (shipfitter) takes at least three fishing trips down around Cape May, N.J. There he fearlessly battles the elements asea in search of cod. The way he describes these trips it sounds like fun—then I visualize how cold and wintry the ocean is at this time of year and can hardly fight back the cold shivers. This kind of fighting is real he-man stuff, Steve. That's one way to separate the men from the boys.

Our Hot and Cold Dept. bowling team (the team or the dept.?) apparently is still a season away from tearing up the opposition with any consistency. In the meantime we can expect Capt. Faverio, Walter Rowles, Russell Rothka, Louis Robinson, John Kijewski and Page (Spark Plug) Groton to give their opponents some hard times when they are on the beam.

'Tis rumored that Joseph Jones of Stanley Passick's gang is shopping around for a new auto. Do we see a brand new Imperial in his future?

John Laskowski (sanitary engineer) was the proud recipient of a small purse gathered by his cronies in and around the office along with happy birthday wishes. John was deeply moved and it was with great difficulty that he regained his composure long enough to express his deep and profound appreciation.

Walter Gatchell (loftsman) was overheard saying his wife would welcome a new clothes dryer. Her plea fell on deaf ears. About the same time Walt noticed the quality of his lunch began to fall off. At one time his lunch always was full of goodies plus many extras. Now—peanut butter and jelly and sandwiches with one slice of lunch meat have made their appearance. The polished apples and other fruit plus the daily cookie ration have practically disappeared. It's a safe

Our Yard Machinist 1/c Is a High-Flying Artist

A pilot with a commercial license, an artist of no mean ability—and working as a machinist in a ship yard.

That sounds a little far-fetched, doesn't it. Nevertheless, it is true. Proof of one is on the next page. Proof of another is

bet that a new dryer would produce the good lunch, huh, Walter?

Now is a good time to remind all flower lovers that the Philadelphia Flower Show will beautify the Commercial Museum from March 7 to 12. That's beside Convention Hall, 34th St. below Spruce St.

My first exposure to the flower show came while I was working for a Main Line florist who had his own greenhouses and retail shop. Due to the pressure of his business, he often entrusted me with the stocking of exhibits for various garden clubs on the eve of the show's opening. About the third day the blooms are the most magnificent. The first couple of days the flower buds are tight (pretty but not showy). The last few days the blooms are too full and past the peak of perfection. Whatever day you attend, you can be sure of an eye-filling display of color, shrubbery, woodland settings and merchandise marts where the commercial houses advertise and solicit your patronage.

It is regrettable that we had to suffer a number of layoffs in the department. But shipyard workers can face reality. We are happy that some of the men have been placed in other departments. To the others, good luck until the company's workload will require your services once again.

Pete Polinsky (machinist) is very proud of his daughter, Marie. She made the dean's list for the first semester at Rider College where she is majoring in business education and journalism.

Certainly one of the highlights of the farewell party for Jack Sulger on his retirement was the piano rendition of "In the Garden of Tomorrow" by our own Al Bowers (burner). Al also has a very nice singing voice so if you need high class entertainment Mr. Bowers just has to be your man!

William Ford (burner), another of our department veterans, and I were discussing the aforementioned Mr. Bowers and his musical gifts when the thought struck me that a man with "Fordie's" flare for the dramatic twist of a phrase must also be gifted. He certainly is colorful with a lot of vitality.

At the time of this writing, "Ducky" Ruh (shipfitter) has shaved his Castro beard clean. By the time you read this, perhaps he will be hairy again.

Al Giomboni (apprentice), having worked in monopol, template loft and 47 Shop, now is doing time on the shipways (45 Dept.). He can't help but benefit from the varied experience he is receiving. Al is a fine boy. Too bad he hails from Ridley Township and not from Radnor

SEE PAGE 24, COLUMN 3

the fact that Bob Donald reports every day as a machinist in C Shop and is 47-87 on the company's books. Proof of the third will come soon enough when Bob leaves ship building to become an airline pilot.

Bob's artistry became apparent while he still was in his early years in school. He did not finish his schooling at Lansdowne High but what time he was there he was outstanding in art. (He finished his high school work while a GI and received what the Department of Public Instruction calls an equivalent diploma).

He pulled out of school to go into the service and spent a year and a half in Korea. There he got acquainted with helicopters. He was not in the Air Force but there was an Air Force unit on his station and he got friendly with the personnel. He made several flights—who knows? perhaps he even handled an egg-beater on occasion unofficially.

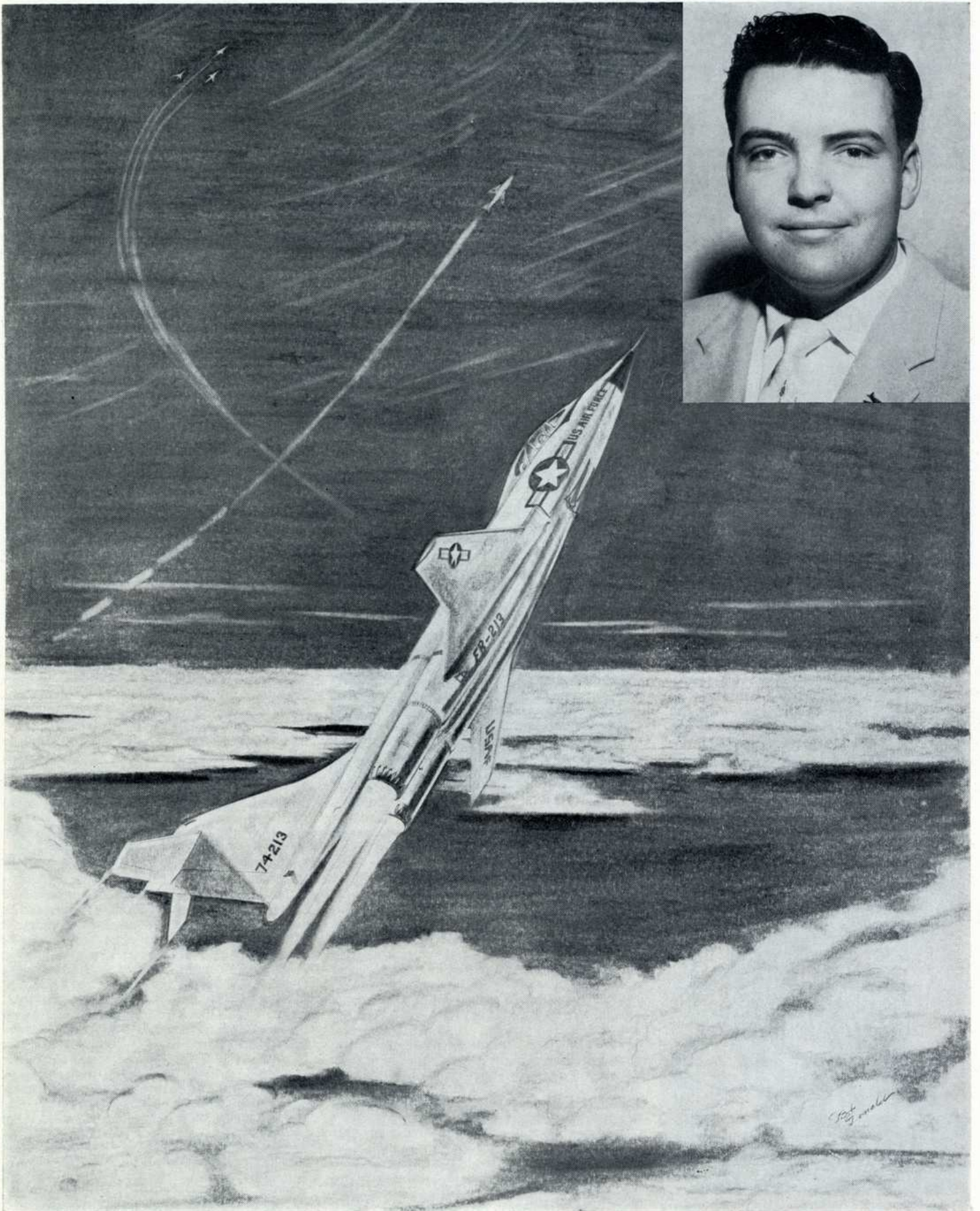
Whatever it was, it infected the young man with the yen to learn to fly. When he got out of the service he used his GI Bill to go to a flying school in Pittsburgh. There he got his private license in short order and in a little longer order, his commercial pilot's license. There he had to stop for the time because his GI Bill ran out and these upper strata in flying come high financially. So he returned to these parts and came into Our Yard while he plotted the next leg of his course.

He found a small flying field across the river in New Jersey which had what he decided was an excellent school. Despite the size of the field it had all the equipment and accreditation necessary to teach instrument flying which was his last hurdle on the path to becoming an airline pilot. Bob had, along the way, taken unto himself a wife and they had a new girl baby. Mix in \$25 an hour for flying instruction and you have a young man who needs a steady job with the right hours at good pay.

Bob found that a spot as a first class machinist on the second shift was just the thing. It gave him the time and—if he didn't put the hours too close together—the money for his flying instruction with enough left to support the family. They didn't come second, of course, that's just the way they happened to fall into that sentence structure.

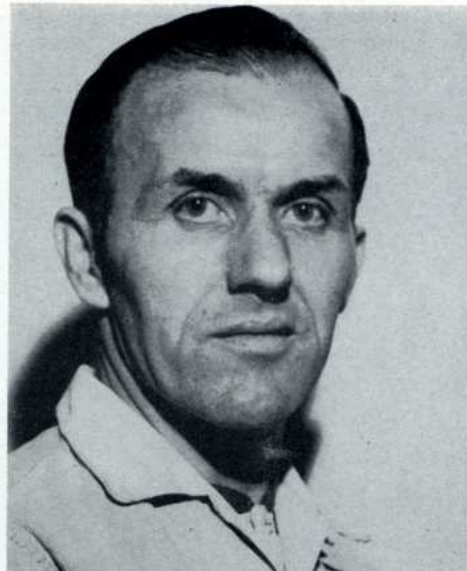
So that's the way it worked out. Bob came to work at Our Yard and went to the airfield in New Jersey to learn instrument flying. Now he has passed his written tests and is preparing to take his flight test. He still has some hours of instruction to get in—less than 20—which will take some months (remember that \$25 per each bit?).

But come fall, Bob probably will be hearing our "happy landings" as he leaves for the bright blue yonder—probably Allegheny Airlines, he thinks. In the meantime, he'll while away any idle moments he may have by getting out his drawing board. We may even see some of the results in OUR YARD.

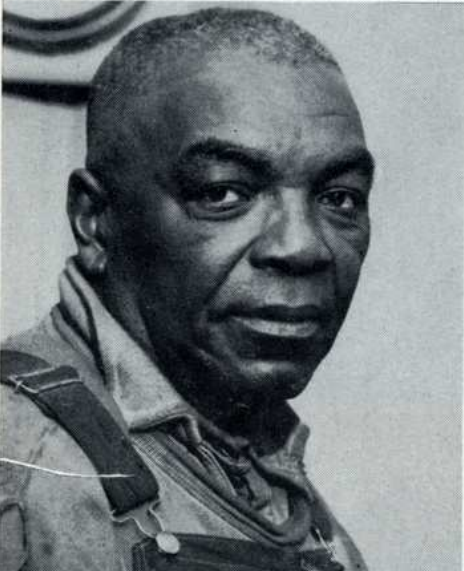




CLIFTON N. MASSEY, 47-68, 30 years



MARSHALL MOODY, 80-185, 30 years



FELIO PEARSON, 67-63, 30 years



ANTHONY URBAN, 36-17, 30 years



STANLEY ULKOWSKI, 60-82, 25 years

January Awards



40 YEARS

- 90-19Helen Schmidt
- 55-1Carl Lohrke

30 YEARS

- 47-68Clifton Massey
- 80-185Marshall Moody
- 36-17Anthony Urban
- 67-63Felio Pearson
- 36-85Robert Cohee

25 YEARS

- 60-82Stanley Ulkowski

20 YEARS

- 45-435Raymond Ehrentraut
- 33-174Walter Singles
- 19-23L. Frazier Stewart
- 34-189Matthew Michie
- 88-38A. Curtis Herrick
- 74-74Stanley Dychala
- 65-146Fred T. Mosser
- 66-66Frederick Howard
- 69-211Raymond Wahl
- 88-21Walter Dilworth
- 67-601William Jones, Jr.
- 95-28Thomas Keeley
- 32-14Carl J. Bender

15 YEARS

- 59-344Frank Szalkowski
- 66-158Raymond Marcelline
- 45-436James Scholes
- 59-830Robert Hahn, Jr.
- 30-298Clarence Carter
- 81-94William Beasley
- 36-400William Stewart
- 47-109William Cook
- 67-81William Buller

10 YEARS

- 33-150Gilbert Nagle
- 59-174John Jaworski
- 59-1781Stephen Eachus
- 36-273Francis Smith
- 47-88Edward Eustace

Lohrke, Miss Schmidt Now Seniors

Helen Schmidt, the lady of hidden talents, started the Roaring Twenties by coming to work at Sun Ship.

She didn't have to. There were a number of other things she could have done. She could have been a public school teacher of a variety of subjects. She could have been a home economist for some industrial firm—in fact she was at American Viscose for a short time—or a dietician, for instance. She is a Drexel alumna.

But she chose to come to Our Yard and she must have liked it. She's been here 40 years. She started in Hull Drawing as a clerk in January, 1920. Nearly two years later she moved to the Order (97) Dept. and a year after that to Accounts Payable where she continues to this day.

You would never learn much about Helen from Helen. She is too busy going her quiet, efficient way to talk about herself. She fills her days with her work

here and her hobbies outside—like sewing, which she does beautifully.

Soon after he got out of school Carl Lohrke came to Our Yard. His record is one of following the straight and narrow on the upgrade. He learned chipping and caulking when he came, has never been anything else and now is foreman of the department.

It was 77 Dept. when he started in January, 1919. The next month the department number changed to 56 but the work remained the same. He lost the last six months of 1924 for lack of work. When he returned in 1925 the department number was 55. Still the job was the same. Lack of work lost him another six months, the last of 1934. When he returned in 1935 he was made a leader. A year later he became assistant foreman and just short of two years later he was made foreman. Intimate details of Carl's career are lacking because at this writing he is ill. We wish for him a speedy recovery



FLEDGLING MEMBERS OF CHARMED CIRCLE of 40-year people in Our Yard are Helen Schmidt and Carl Lohrke. President Richard L. Burke noted the occasion with words of appreciation for their service and presentation of their 40-year pins.

BOILER SHOP

By Tommy Adams

March—a month of contrasts. St. Patrick's day and the first day of spring are festive occasions. The beginning of Lent is a solemn day of observance. To most of us, approach of that sad day known as the income tax deadline, leaves a bitter taste that can't help but flavor the other events in this month. Gruesome, isn't it?

On the pleasanter side is "Paddy's Day." Not as boisterously celebrated now as it was in the not too distant past, it is still an occasion for parties and parades by the sons and daughters of Erin. It is indeed a wonderful thing to see, on that day, how many of us claim (at least in our hearts) a relationship to the "Ould Sod" by wearing a bit of green. Actually, with the exception of Christmas and Easter, this has become one of the most widely celebrated days in the world for a very good reason. There were once two Irishmen—and now the world is full of them.

In our shop, Jack Tracy is a representative "son of Erin." A slight twist to the sound and a way of phrasing words coupled with a ready humor make it unmistakable. He has too, the "gift of gab" of a politician that he prefers to use for "needling." One of his favorite "ribs" is to let you pick your side of any subject and he will, with a perfectly straight face and seeming sincerity, argue

the other side of the story until enough other people get into the discussion. Then he slips back to the side lines and enjoys the fun.

Our apologies to "Little Moe" Schlagel for misspelling his name in last month's column. We'll try not to let it happen again.

"Whitey" Smith, our bowling expert, recently acquired a new bowling outfit consisting of a ball, bag, shoes, and a bowler's glove. Apparently, the idea was that if he had better equipment, he'd have a better score. On the first night he used these, his score did improve considerably, but he just can't win for losing. The next time out, he wrecked one of the automatic pin setters which never happened with the old gear. Please, Whitey, wait until the machines are clear of the alley.

Somebody suggested that "The Coca Cola Kid" would be a good title for G. Fitzsimons. Maybe he owns stock in the company and is trying, by example, to boost sales. Could "cokes" be the reason for his deep voice?

One of our second shift contributors tells us that he was really touched by the concern for the health of his fellow workmen that has been shown by Frank Hagenberger. We don't know whether the boys looked undernourished or just lacking pep but we are convinced that those vitamin pills that Frank gave out must have done some good.

George Howarth's extra poundage isn't just winter clothing. Could it be due to

those vitamins mentioned above? They weren't supposed to add extra weight.

"Parkey" Crist's attempt to raise a "beatnik" heard had a very short life. Must have been an ultimatum from home that caused it to disappear.

Caesar Raspa says the big disadvantage of working second shift is that he can't use the excuse of "waiting for more daylight" to put off work around the house until the weekend.

By this time many of our gang, who are temporarily with other departments, have been shifted over to day work. Their eyes have become accustomed to daylight again but some are still having trouble getting up on time in the morning. No names mentioned by request.

Those income tax stories keep cropping up about this time and we might as well end up this column with another one. Our driver says that, considering the gas mileage he gets on his car, he's going to list the gas station operator as a dependent.

Two cockroaches were lurching in a dirty old sewer and excitedly discussing the spotlessly clean new restaurant in the neighborhood.

"I hear," said one, "that the refrigerators shine like polished silver, that the shelves are clean as a whistle and the floors sparkle like diamonds. It's so clean . . ."

"Please," said the other cockroach in disgust, nibbling on a mouldy roll. "Not while I'm eating."



By Robert Wilson

With March here, many of us start to think of the summer which—we hope—is just around the corner.

Summer to many means vacations and vacations require extra money. So it is with Jack Carroll and Harry DeArros who once again have ventured into what they hope will be a money making scheme. Our two enterprising young men hope to stack away a few "grand" in the furniture and reupholstering business. They are also in the antique racket, that is to say, "if the article of furniture isn't



"Jack, don't you think it would be easier to buy a new chair?"

antique when delivered to them, it sure will be when they return it."

If my memory serves me right, I seem to recall Harry and a former member of this department were mixed up in a car wash racket a couple of years back. It was rumored at that time, although never proven, that Harry and his former partner used to splash mud on the department members cars out in the parking lot, then try to sell the car owners on the idea of letting Harry's Car Wash agency do a wash and polish job at \$\$\$ per hour.

Remembering the car wash angle that Harry had a few years back, department members are rather leary of having Jack and Harry visit them in their homes. It seems they are afraid the two may be so eager to drum up business for themselves, they may just happen to "spill a drink on their hosts new living room chair, rest their feet on the coffee table or maybe even go so far as having their cigarets burning on the dining room table, without the aid of an ash try." It's not that anyone has actually had any of these things happen to their furnishings, but no one wants to be the first. When they were questioned on this, Jack and Harry replied "Well, it's just an idea to stimulate business."

On behalf of this department, I would like to extend our very best wishes to

33 Department

MAINTENANCE

By Gregg Benners

Well, away we go into March with St. Patrick taking a bow and Lent making us suddenly realize Easter and spring are just around the corner.

Addison (Ground Hog) Hines read the February OUR YARD and remarked he has been here 35 years and that was the first time he ever got a writeup in it. Incidentally, Addison took a walk out the front door on Ground Hog Day then went back into the shop for six more weeks. Question, Addison, How did you see your shadow without your glasses?

Sure sign of spring—Charlie McCune and Dick Daubert already have put in for their 1960 vacation time—next Christmas. Speaking of Dick Daubert, he's fast becoming a fine bowler without the help of William (Red) Wolfe, William Higgins, of Bill Martin's gang, says to get

Dick Stewart, also to Tom Harlan on their recent marriages. There go a couple more who wouldn't heed the warning about 1960 being a leap year.

As we write we have several of the department members on the sick list. Ralph Morgan and Dudley Preston both are doing well and it is hoped they will be back with us long before this gets into print.

"Mac" McCoy who at present is confined to Chester Hospital for an abdominal operation, is concerned because no one ever brings his "Old Granddad" up to visit him. It seems "Old Granddad" and some of the hospital staff don't get along too well. Matter of fact they would be most happy to have the hospital posted as "Off Limits" to "Old Granddad." We understand you will be drydocked for several weeks yet, Mac, but we are looking forward to your return as soon as you are able.

This about wraps it up for March, once again we will have conflicting dates. Coverage of the E.D.R. Social Club annual dinner and dance, which will be held Feb. 20, will not appear until the April issue, but that's the way it goes.

Many of the department members are wondering why Morris Potts never bothered to design a fire extinguishing system for around his desk when he has worked for so many years designing them for ship board use??



What, no CO₂, Morris?

all your fishing tackle ready as he is getting his boat in sea-going shape, and this includes Joe Downey. (Curious editor: What part of the boat is Joe Downey?)

Howard (Hoot) Gibson moves from one triumph to another. First he got Eddie Alwine to take second shift so he wouldn't have to. Eddie had his fill of it and had it all wrapped up to toss into Hoot's lap again. Eddie is back on day shift—but Hoot is right there with him. But don't ask for Jim MacShane. He has joined the ranks of those that eat breakfast at noon. Hoot must be one of those guys who could sell refrigerators to Eskimos.

Hoot and Jim were taking down some cables on #3 Way. They thought they were working for the telephone company and cut down the telephone cables. In a short time the telephone men came a-running and things soon were in working order.

Edward Kennedy, our expeditious expeditor, signed up to take a memory course then couldn't remember where the classes were to be held. Ed says he wishes he lived in Chester so he could show the members of the 33 Dept. Pinochle League how to play. Ed and Mrs. Kennedy celebrated their 10th wedding anniversary Feb. 10. A belated "Many happy returns," Ed, and, just between you and me, how did you remember it?

C. Richard Beaumont has joined our boy, Joe Furman, on 617 Temporary Lights. We know Dick will give the best of service.

Dick Stebner and Moon Mullen are racing to see who can be the biggest butterball. They are getting rounder by the day.

The mail produced a note suggesting I ask Edward Shisler, Marine gang shop, and Chet Knight why they couldn't hit the quail they went hunting for in Maryland. Was it because the quail wouldn't stay still or because the hunters were too full of Maryland hospitality?

Ed Alwine said he moved to Delaware while he was on second shift. He is glad to be back in Bill Wall's gang helping with the fine work they are doing in construction.

Anyone know anything more about Albert Hamilton's horse show? A number of us with some pretty good nags were waiting for an invitation, then no message from Garcia.

Our sick list includes Earle Guyer, Larry Bruggeman, and Johnny Palser. We wish them a quick recovery and return to us. Incidentally, elsewhere in this issue you will find a letter from Mrs. Bruggeman which should increase business for the blood bank next time.

The word is that Mrs. George Raymond is slightly peeved at this writer. Read my column last month and you will see why. What we writers have to bear because of our dedication to telling the truth!

Word has been received of the passing of Howard Gibson's mother. The whole department joins me in extending sincere sympathy.

Here's something it might be well to keep in mind: Temper is a very valuable possession. Don't lose it.

MARCH 1960

OFFICE CHATTER

By Frank Wilson

This month's flower is the Jonquil. The birthstone is the aquamarine, and it's most irritated character was the college boy who complained that a large impatient man had pulled him out of a phone booth while he was talking to his girl. "Worse than that," the boy added, "he pulled my girl out, too."

St. Patrick's Day (It's a great day for the Irish), St. David's Day (a day for you Welshmen), and spring all arrive this month. So all in all it's been a very short and mild winter.

Kathryn Coonan (Stores) and Jane Heavey (Ins.) expect to go over to New York City and see the St. Patrick's Day Parade and do the town.

Birthday greetings are in order this month for Gertrude McGeehan of Stores Acct. and Ann Earnshaw (Personnel).

Like reporter Bob Wilson of 38 Dept., your reporter has been ribbed from time to time for mentioning little incidents about everybody else, but never about myself. So to start things off right I'll tell this one about myself that really started a chain of events.

It began while driving home one rainy night. While I was driving up Potter St., a car came out of a stop street. I could see him, but because of the wet streets I could not stop in time. Fortunately no one was hurt and the damage to the other car was only slight. Mine, however, was a little more. \$420.00 to be exact. After about three weeks everything was all repaired and in good running order.

That was the first accident. The second was Betty Towson (Purch.). She and her husband and baby were driving down Ninth St. when another car went through a red light at Potter St. and struck her car. The damage was not too much but bad enough to shake them up.

The third accident was Chuck Carroll (Mail Room). He outdid both of us. While driving south on Edgmont Ave., near 12th St. at 2:35 a.m., his brakes failed. He lost control of his car, and it swerved over the curb and smashed into large windows of A&P Tea Co. store. The car careened off the windows, crossed to the opposite side of the street and struck a small foreign car and then knocked over a pole. Chuck was taken to Chester Hospital by the Franklin Rescue Squad and admitted after he was found to have sustained a possible cerebral concussion. His car was a total wreck.

There is my story and two others that all happened within two weeks. Every story has three sides—yours, mine and the facts.

When a motorist comes to a stop sign and comes to a stop, you can figure he's probably driving ahead of a cop.

The welcome mat is out this month to newcomers: Anna Miller (Distrib.), James DeTulleo (Mail Room), John Anton (Mail Room), and Mary Lou Jackson (Mr. Galloway's new secretary).

Donald (Legs) Logan (ex-Mail Room)



SETTING WAS ALMOST as beautiful as bride in this photo of Frances Settembrino to William Fazio. Ceremony was performed at St. Callistus Church in Philadelphia. Bridal dinner was at Walnut Park Plaza and reception at David McDonald Hall on Ridge pike. Honeymoon was in California, now settled in new home in Norris Hills. Frances is daughter of Mr. (47-2d Shift) and Mrs. Dominic Settembrino.

has started his apprenticeship in 45 Dept. and James Miller (Mail) has left our yard to join the A.C. Radio Supply Company of Chester.

Marlyn Collevichio (Payroll), Kay Dugan (Payroll) and Kay Kefallis (Mr. Galloway's secretary) all have left service to join the famed Stork Club. The best of luck girls in your new role.

Bruce Downing (Front Desk) also will leave this month to take a position in Central Intelligence in Washington, D.C. (Intelligence? Bruce? How can that be!)

Good luck to Ethel James (Payroll) with her new 1960 Dodge Dart. She drove it to Florida on her vacation and stayed two weeks. Ed Murphy (Tab.) had one week's vacation in Florida but he went by plane.

Congratulations to Fannie Kenvin (Production Planning) who announced her engagement in January. No date has been set for the wedding. It wasn't too many weeks later that Fannie had a little accident in the office. She caught her hand in one of the paper machines that she operates. One finger was cut but no bones were broken.

Good luck and may God bless your new home, Peg Miller (Emp.). Peg just purchased a new home in Bridgewater Farms. Her old home is to be razed for the new expressway through Chester.

A testimonial dinner was given Jan. 28, 1960, at the Alpine Inn in Springfield, Pa., for John Sulger who recently retired. About 100 guests were in attendance. He was presented with a 17" portable TV set as a gift from his fellow workers and friends.

Here's more on the Gil Widdowson Story that I wrote about last month. One day last month one of Gil's prize bulls broke down the fence and got in with the young heifers. Needless to say, the next day when Gil found out about it, he was quite perturbed, maybe a little

angry. However, the bull felt differently. He looked quite satisfied and the cows all had that contented look on their faces. Need I say more. The daily milk delivery to the Safety Dept. has temporarily been halted. And now the bull is king of the barnyard.

I wonder if Gil heard about the cow that married the bull. Somebody gave her a bum steer.

Lena Smith (formerly of Invoice Dept.) passed away Jan. 18, 1960. She was 71 years old.

Fred (Ducky) News (Time Office) suffered another stroke and passed away Feb. 8, 1960. Our sympathy goes to his family.

Sympathy is also extended to Jean Hudak (Key punch) whose mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Miller, passed away on Jan. 22, 1960. Mrs. Miller was the sister of Kathryn Coonan (Stores).

Bowling: We are sure having some good girl bowlers this year in the Mixed League. Last month Jessie Carney (P.M.C.) rolled 178 and Donna Osborn (Cornell) rolled 185. Both girls received trophies from the bowling alley. And this was the first time a bowler rolled all three games of the same score in the Mixed League. H. Peters (Temple) 138-138-138.

Going from facts to figures, as the Burlesque Queen said as the cops were dragging her off to the patrol wagon, that about wraps it up for this month.

It was a rough crossing on the English Channel and the spray flew over the decks. The captain called down to the crew below: "Is there a mackintosh down there big enough to keep two young ladies warm?"

"No," came a reply, "but there's a MacPherson willing to try."

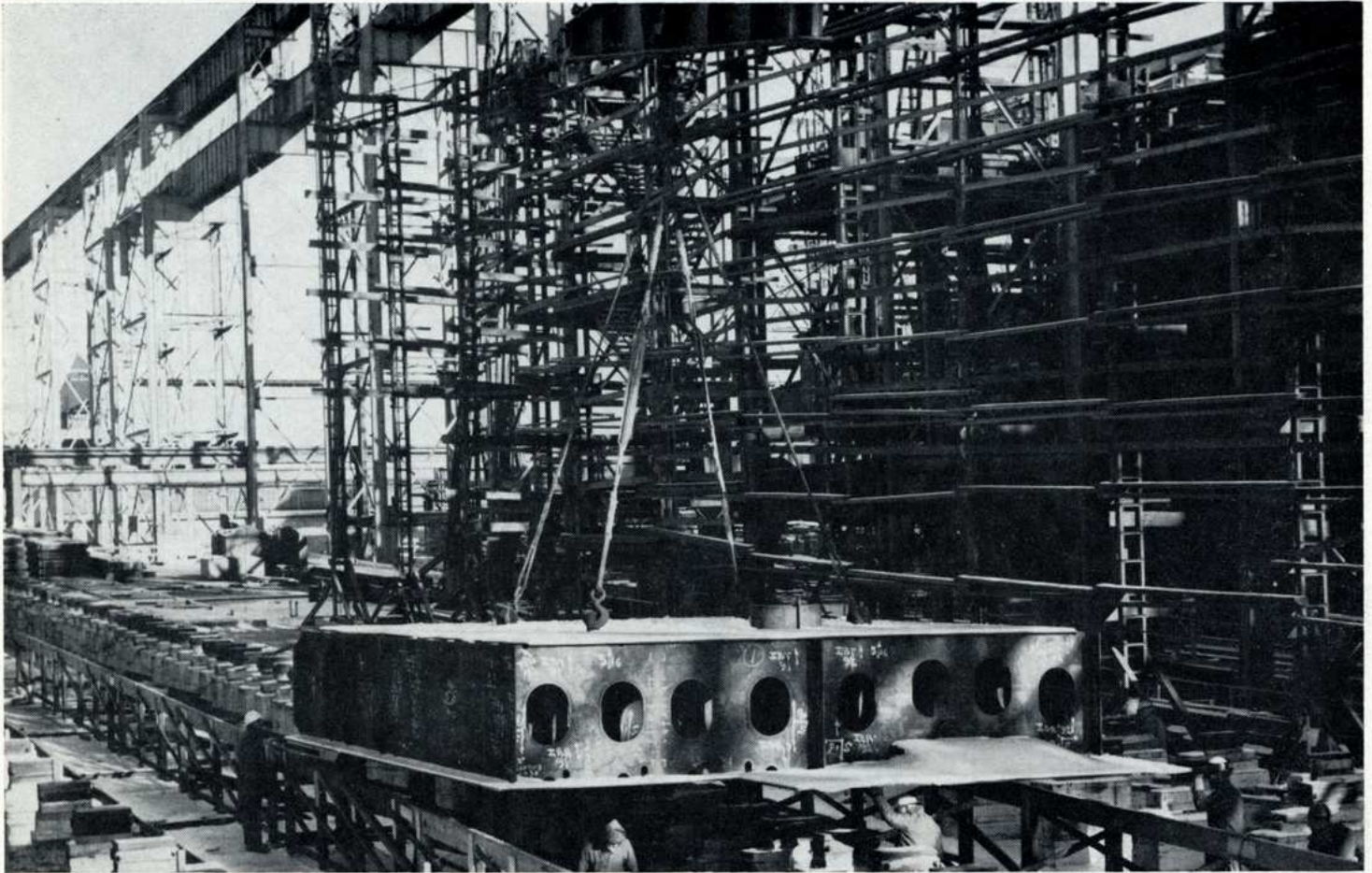


AIM!



FIRE!

Mormacpride Goes Off; 620 Keel Goes Down



FIRST OF FIVE MOORE McCORMACK CARGO LINERS reached water-borne stage Feb. 1 about 4:10 p.m. when it slid smoothly off #1 Shipway looking more like some graceful yacht than a freighter. Star of launching ceremony was Mrs. Robert C. Lee, wife of Admiral Lee, chairman of the board of the shipping firm. At launching dinner afterwards her husband remarked she once had missed first swing at a battleship which may account for look of concentration on point of contact as she stands with Adm. Lee and John G. Pew, Jr., Sun Ship vice president (top, facing page). There was no doubt about her accuracy this time as she named vessel MORMACPRIDE. Even Mr. Pew, manning halyard, felt effects. Result may be seen on OUR COVER with accompanying picture of action which took place on same shipway few days later. First section of keel of Hull #620 is placed (above) and cover photo shows second section going down with a scenic assist by Dame Nature.

It was cold on Feb. 1 and the wind was whipping up the river.

The first item merely made things a little uncomfortable, but the latter caused a minor change in plans for launching of the SS Mormacpride. The wind was so strong that the tide crest came ahead of time. This caused the beautiful cargo liner to be sent down the ways at 4:10 instead of 4:45 p.m.

As a result one or two V(ery) I(mportant P(ersons) had to call on their recollections of previous launchings for a picture of what went on, but that was the extent of the damage. Mrs. Robert C. Lee, wife of the chairman of the Board of Moore-McCormack Lines, Inc., did a very satisfactory job as sponsor.

The Mormacpride is the first of five cargo liners being built by Our Yard for Moore-McCormack. It is, also, the first freighter to be launched in a \$430 million program which will accomplish replacement of every one of the company's ves-

sels of this type.

The new ships look much more like beautiful oversize yachts than freighters. They will carry 12 passengers in deluxe accommodations which include a swimming pool and lounge. They will cruise at 19 knots and can carry both dry and liquid cargo and have 40,000 cubic feet of refrigerated cargo space.

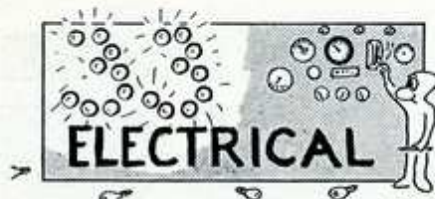
Besides many executives of the shipping line the ceremony drew to the yard for the first time Clarence G. Morse, chairman of the Federal Maritime Board and maritime administrator of the U. S. Department of Commerce.

At a dinner following the launching, Mr. Morse congratulated the builders and the owners on the new ship. He called the country's shipbuilding skills "a bulwark of the defense of our way of life." He warned that unless they continued to advance we were "in danger of becoming unable to meet the challenges of the cold war."

A report of the National Academy of Sciences, he said, gives Soviet accomplishments in advanced ship welding and weld inspection as equal to those of the combined free western world. According to the report the U. S. merchant fleet would be deficient in quality if called upon to meet even a limited emergency. Weaknesses listed were inadequate speed, relatively low cargo handling rates, restricted loading and unloading facilities and obsolescence.

Admiral Lee spoke briefly but included this pungent comment. In referring to the continued increase in cost of operations he said, "We have priced ourselves out of the foreign market and will price ourselves out of the shipping market." He requested that responsible labor leaders take note.

The sponsor, William T. Moore, president of Moore-McCormack; Robert G. Dunlop, president of Sun Oil, and our own President Burke also spoke.



By Carl Browne

The month of March is here, also my first try at writing a column for OUR YARD. I hope I will be able to do half as good as John Hefflefinger did.

We welcome back some of our men that had been laid off, also some new men. They are Sam Mita, Mike Fasano, Daniel Carlin, Jack Rethorst, Howard Spicer, Stanford Smith, Joseph Wrzesniewski, Francis Page, Harry D'Amico, Henry Larkin, Thomas McGoldrick, John Kirkpatrick, Lee Van Norman, George Dick, Robert Welchel, Walter Keiss, Walter Foster, Victor Del Rossi, William Grasso, Jack Shander, Reynold Augustine, Frank Kossek and Paul Seiverd. We wish all of them the best of luck during the time they are with us.

We hear by the grapevine that our friend, Richard Woelagle, with the help of Joe's yard of very much used and damaged cars, finally has gotten his car back in circulation. From now on, you fellows living in Chester and nearby towns, watch yourself when crossing intersections.

Andrew Cassidy was off for a couple of weeks with a bad back. Thanks to



CLOTHES PROP, length of string and a bent pin is whole kit for catching fish at his summer home in Tolchester, Md., says Ed Shisler (33 Dept.) and offers this photo as evidence. Why buy expensive tackle, says Ed. He uses raw peanuts from Virginia for bait.

Mrs. Andy he is back with us again and looks to be in the best of health.

Incidentally, our boy, Norris Collins is in the TV tube business. Look him up if you need any tubes. They are half price if you buy them as is.

Joseph Squitiere, we are told, has made a recreation room in his basement. To help pay for it he is charging admission. Once inside you can have all the potato chips you want.

Richard Settine was in the market for a diamond ring and we hear the ring has been purchased and delivered to the lucky girl. Yes, we know who. It will come out in due time.

Vincent Orio would like to meet up with some one who has a pocket-size alarm clock that will go off weekdays at 10 a.m. He hates to sleep too long.

Bill Drake, our expeditor, sure gets around. We hear he was seen in Ephrata and Reading at the legion homes. Rumor has it that he had his Sunday dinner in Ephrata—roast beef—and he really en-



ANOTHER FISHERMAN at Ed's place in summer is this little beauty. Then in winter when Ed tells his fish stories, she swears they are true as a good daughter should. Betty is a senior at Penncrest High School.

joyed it. Now he is being tagged "Roast Beef" Bill. Mrs. Drake was along on the expedition. He is looking for an Indian guide to show him the way from Village Green to Wilmington. Vince Orio says he would be glad to show him but Vince can't get out of Chester himself.

Ed Shisler has closed his summer home at Tolchester Beach, Md., for the season and is living in his town house outside Chester . . . Louis Summa, our Christmas tree salesman, still is brushing the pine needles out of his hair . . . Francis Reilly and Gilbert Nagle are now on our leaders list. Good luck to both of them.

Abe Wolodersky, our hammer and chisel man, was invited out to Sunday dinner but could not accept the invitation because he cannot find his way out of Philadelphia on Sundays. The only way he gets out during the week, we understand, is by following other cars and hoping they are going in his direction.

Capt. Lee Van Norman is back with us again. The captain runs a fishing boat out of Cape May, N.J., during the summer. Last summer the fishing was not so good, he says. The ocean was roiled and the fish got mud in their eyes and could not see the bait. Cheer up, Cap-



DRESS! WHERE ARE YOU GOING with the girl? But it's a beautiful dress, No?, in which Deborah Ann McKniff poses for an early portrait. Look at that lace work! (Watch some hair-splitting female write in to say that's not lace. We'll pay no attention, so don't bother.) Deborah is three months old and has a double affinity for Our Yard. Daddy is William (84 Dept.) and Granddaddy is Alex (same dept.).

tain, there will be one change this summer at least. If the fish can't see it will be oil in their eyes, not mud, if that's any help.

Tom McGoldrick must have some money stashed away. He just came back to work with new trousers, new shoes, a clean shirt and a hair cut. They say he is the best dressed man on the boat now.

Walter Keiss says he has sold his ambulance to a friend. What will Walt do the next time he is sick? . . . Freddie, the barber, who now is Second Shift, tried to corner Vince Orio to give him a much needed trimming but Vince got away from him. Try D'Amico, Freddie, he sure could use one . . . Vince and Ralph Settine have patched up their differences and are going together again. Must have been a lovers' quarrel . . . Abe Wolodersky went home at noon one day to go to a doctor. He said his nose was running so fast he couldn't keep up.

"I live in one of the most beautiful homes in Hollywood," the patient explained to a psychiatrist on his first visit. "I have a chauffeured Cadillac, two swimming pools, a helicopter to take me to the beach club, belong to three exclusive golf clubs and my credit cards bill averages more than \$1,000 a month."

"Under those conditions," commented the psychiatrist, "What kind of problem could you possibly have?"

"Well, Doc," said his patient, "my main problem is that I only make \$50 a week."

59 — 60

Department

By Clyde Landis

Walter Davis had the pleasure of visiting Florida on his vacation but slept with one eye open underneath those coconut trees.

Hats off to Arthur Mozier, Roosevelt Glass, Phil News and every one of the Sun Ship Family who helped when the lives of the family of one of our welders were disrupted by pain and grief. We know their burden was eased by our heartfelt reaction.

Welcome back to arc-air employee Roy Bailey who was injured in a car accident. Drive with extra care to and from work.

There's quite some competition in the interesting hobby of old coin collecting by Robert (Rabbit) Hahn, Jr., Lester Jamison and James Yacono right now. Yacono has the jump on the other two as he still has the first nickel he ever earned.

Prize money was distributed recently and congratulations go to Motorcycle Jo De LaCour for helping to uphold the tradition of the Mummer's Parade. I, for one, know the effort needed to participate.

The year 1959 saw the trend of the Beatniks. We were well represented by Big Mike Plontka and Walter Kraft in the Beard Dept.

The Delaware and Maryland state line splits Harry Dongel's farm in half. Since Maryland-fed cattle bring a better price than Delaware-fed cattle, Harry has been busy chasing his stock down to the Maryland side to graze.

Proud grandpa Joe Trakin will probably be opening a maternity store now that the grandchildren are arriving two at a time.

Secret! Elmer Palo will probably lose some sleep when he finds out one of his 59 Dept. leaders is taking Rhumba and Cha Cha Cha lessons in Philadelphia on Thursday nights. Burning up all that good energy.

Hope to see Leonard (Cisco Kid) Cardile back on the job soon. A lot of the fellows are inquiring about him.

In the bowling league Steve Stevens of 59 Dept. rolled a high single of 225. According to the standings right now we could use a couple more like this fellow. If Laymen (Fireball) Bentley took just two more of those long strides of his he could just about kick the pins over.

Safety Feature: Do not smoke in bed for the ashes that hit the floor may be your own.

A man went to an ear, nose and throat specialist and said: "Doctor, I am very worried. I am becoming increasingly deaf. I can't even hear myself cough."

After a lengthy examination, the doctor wrote out a prescription which he handed to the patient: "Get this made up and take it regularly after meals."

The patient was puzzled. He looked blankly at the doctor and said, "Will this do my hearing any good?"

The doctor replied: "Not a darn bit, but it will make you cough louder."



OUR NEW 59 DEPT. reporter, Clyde Landis, toted his camera over to bowling alleys one night when the boys were in action and took some shots of 59 Dept. bowlers. At top are the Welders in A League: (l. to r.) Arthur Sherrer, Joseph Kaminski, Walter Kaminski, Capt. Steve Stevens, Layman Bentley. Middle shot is Chippers in A League: W. David Biddle, John Thompson, Noah Jones, Capt. Leo McCabe, Joseph Blythe. Bottom is Welders B team in B League: Nicholas Verruno, Capt. Thomas Suter, Herbert June, Pep Allen, Edward Whitlock.

Classified

FOR SALE—Photographic light meter, Norwood director. Call TR 6-8674 after 6 p.m.

FOR SALE—16 ft. cabin cruiser. 35 h.p. motor with electric starter and generator. Remote control. Completely equipped with all necessary accessories. Ready to go. Call or see George Dougherty, 74 Dept., or 2002 Kent Rd., Folcroft, Pa. Phone LU 3-4915.

FOR SALE—Craftsman electric saw and joiner comb. 8" saw blade and 4" precision joiner; ¾ h.p. Black & Decker motor. Sac. \$95.00. Bevan, LO 6-2440.

See that fellow with one glass eye?
He said goggles were for the other guy.



By Harry "Clovehitch" Sanborn

By the time this gets to press our cold winter time should be nearly over and spring just around the corner. Or at least we can be optimistic about it. My parents told me that on the day I was born there were two feet of snow and it was still coming down. That was on March 2. Let's hope those days are a thing of the past.

Quite a few men have been off sick during the last month. The changing, variable weather has a lot to do with it. One doesn't know how to dress from day to day. Maybe a good snow would stamp out those disease germs.

Lost for awhile last month were two boilers for 617. After a little search, they were finally found in the boiler shop, not at #8 way.

There are two favorite expressions heard around our department quite a lot. "Here, I'll show you." and "You have been down there too long! Tell me what you are doing." I wonder who the guilty persons are?

The yard looks more prosperous at the time of writing than for a long while. There are more men coming back to work and more ships coming in for repair. Let's hope it keeps up for a long time.

To all you night owls. Read that article in the Readers Digest for February. It is titled "Do You Get Enough Sleep?" It is very interesting and has a lot of truth in it. If more people minded it there probably wouldn't be so many "heart cases" and the quality of your work could be improved.

SENSE AND NONSENSE

A woman, says a news item, is a person who can hurry thru a drug store aisle 15 inches wide without brushing against the piled up tinware and then drive home and knock off one of the doors of a 12-foot garage.

"Man wants but little here below,
And you can bet,
Till living prices lower go,
That's what he'll get."

Don't believe that a woman believes all that a man believes she believes.

You cannot meet a man unless you stand on his level, a level you may need to climb to.

Confidence is like a china plate; if broken it may be mended, but it invariably shows where the crack was.

God could not be everywhere; therefore he made mothers.

First Wife: "My, what a gorgeous mink coat. Your husband must have changed jobs."

Second Wife: "No, I changed husbands."

The world is thousands of years old and three simple problems remain yet to be solved: Blondes, Brunettes and Redheads.

Sulger Given Send-off at Alpine Inn



HAVE FUN, OLD BUDDY! President Richard L. Burke (left) and Arthur Holzbaur, hull superintendent (right), join with Frank L. Hoot, Jr., outfitting superintendent, in wishing John B. (Jack) Sulger a long and happy retirement. Other friends cluster in background to bid Jack "bon voyage." Jack didn't wait long to begin enjoying himself. He and his wife headed for Florida almost at once. His retirement reduced considerably one of the family situations in Our Yard. Son Jack and daughter Anna May each have more than 20 years here.

"For it's always fair weather," the old song says, "when good fellows get together" especially when they do it to give another good fellow a rousing sendoff into an anticipated retirement.

So the weather must have been especially fair the night of Jan. 28 when a large group of men from the yard gathered in the Alpine Inn to honor John B. (Jack) Sulger who retired Jan. 1 after 41 years and seven months service. The officers of the company were present and most of the departments were represented, an evidence of the esteem in which Jack was held here.

Joe McBride was toastmaster and Layman (Fireball) Bentley invoked a bless-

ing after which the assemblage turned to for a fine meal.

President Richard L. Burke and Vice President Paul E. Atkinson were introduced after the meal and spoke briefly. Then the superintendents with whom Jack worked were heard. There were Arthur Holzbaur, Frank Hoot, Jr., and Charles Zeien. Others who spoke were Arthur Millay, succeeding Jack as foreman of the Monopol Loft; George Trosley, foreman of 47 Dept. of which Monopol is a branch; John Temple, Jack's assistant, and Phil News.

One of the last speakers was Clarence (Deacon) Duke, who writes the Gossip After Retirement column for OUR YARD. Clarence hired Jack originally to be his

assistant in the old Mold Loft of which Clarence was foreman all the years he worked here. Clarence revealed the inner workings and deep, dark secrets of Jack's entire life as a loftsmen, much to the interest and frequently the delight of his hearers.

Harry McCoy, 36 Dept. foreman and life-long friend of the guest of honor, wound things up by presenting him with a portable television set, a Canadian dollar and a Chamberlain umbrella. Jack managed a few words in response, but not many.

Aaron Powers was in charge of arrangements for the affair and Al Bowers (47 Shop) entertained at the piano.



IN DAYS OF OLD—they made them tough—ships as well as men. Harry Osman last summer came upon wreck of the Laura A. Barnes, 4-masted schooner (?) wrecked near Cape Hatteras in 1921. Immense keel and framing are seen left. At right, 30-inch thickness of hull can be seen. Inner shell is 12x12 beams of solid oak. Framing between inner and outer shell is of same material. Outer shell is 6x12.



INK SPOTS

FROM THE
HULL DRAWING ROOM

By Harry Osman

Deeply absorbed in our work for the past several months the men of the Hull Drawing Room have been busy completing drawings of the Moore-McCormack ships.

In addition, some of us have been much involved with the problems of the American Export freighters. Having something in common with tankers, the ships have their engine and boiler rooms located aft. The National Steel Co. will build these ships on the West Coast.

These two jobs have kept things quiet in the drawing room for awhile. There are a few, however, who make the headlines without any effort on their part. For example, there is Steve Slatowski.

Steve at one time worked on the blue print machine and had the nerve to adopt the title of "Blue Prince." Recently Steve signed up for classes at night school. He would now like us to call him the "Student Prince."

It was Steve who started the story around the office that he and Sam Summa were trying out for the job as soloist in John Borsello's band. Many times each day Steve would burst forth in song under the guise of rehearsing.

His opportunity came one night when he travelled down to the club where John beats out the rhythm. John stepped up to the mike, announced that Steve Stakowski—the famous singer—was in their midst and might be induced to sing.

As John was whipping up the applause, he turned in time to see Steve dashing out the back door! With the competition eliminated, it looks like Sam Summa will get the job.

We welcome Mary L. Jackson to our floor. Mary, a former native of Oklahoma, will replace Kay Kefalis as secretary to Mr. Galloway.

We also welcome Nils Salvesen back to our Scientific Department. Nils has completed his studies at Michigan and is now a full-fledged naval architect. Nils worked with us last summer during vacation.

Condolences are offered to Frank Rae-

zer and family on the passing of Frank's father. Mr. Raezer lived in Lima most of his life. He was 73 and had been ill for about a month.

Congratulations to Joe Carantonio who completed his apprenticeship Jan. 25. Joe is now a first class draftsman. Joe and Rose Marie just purchased a new ranch-type house out in Broomall. Bill Wilson, Hal Horn, Gabby Moretti and Ralph April helped the Carantonios move from Yeadon to their new home. Their pay was in the form of "hoagies" and several cases of beverage.

Another new home owner is Bob Filliben. Anticipating marriage next October, Bob believes in being prepared. As the house will not be vacant till then, Steve Slatowski has offered to live in it and act as watchman to prevent vandalism.

Steve knows of a boy who once poured gasoline on the street then threw a match in it. A barrier had been erected in front of the burning gasoline with a detour sign directing traffic. With Steve living there, he could prevent the possibility of a car being detoured through Bob's picture window.

Bob has announced that the Filliben Christmas tree has now been taken down. As he was storing away the strings of lights and Christmas balls, Bob decided he might as well put away the window screens, too. The storm sash will be put up later.

Alex Jones, our genial janitor, spent a week at home with the flu. Alex, you were missed. On his return Alex busied himself cleaning windows. The additional light was welcome.

Tom Larkins spotted a station wagon that appealed to him, and a little fast talking to Marge soon convinced her that they should buy it. A real long job, it has a seat facing astern and almost needs a back seat driver to get it around corners.

George Blysmo recently arrived from Grand Rapids to work in our Scientific Dept. George, a native of Holland but now a full-fledged American, moved to Grand Rapids about 10 years ago. He attended the University of Michigan and graduated as a naval architect. George, his wife and two children have moved bag and baggage and now are permanent residents in Swarthmore. Welcome aboard, George!

Many wives cause misery to befall

their husbands unintentionally. For example, Martha Mascardo is expecting. Alfredo can frequently be seen biting his fingernails and it takes little imagination to decide he is waiting for a phone call from Martha.

That call came just recently. His shirt catching on his board tearing the buttons off, never deterred him. No time even to pick the buttons off the floor. He had to hurry to the phone. This is it. She needed him.

As he grabbed the receiver at Wilkie's desk, he failed to notice that he had tipped over an ink bottle. His thoughts were on one subject only—reaching the hospital soon enough.

While the ink ran across the desk and trickled through the papers in the drawers below, he gasped into the phone, "I'll leave right away. I can be there in 15 minutes. Are you all right? I'll hurry. Did you call the doctor?"

Each of Alfredo's statements or queries was interrupted with a, "But . . ." on the other end of the line. He never heard them.

Finally Martha screamed at him, "I just want to tell you that if you call to find out how I am, I won't answer. I feel like eating a soup sandwich and am going down to the store to get one."

Congratulations to Joe and Rose Ambrosino on being grandparents for the second time. Lynn presented her husband, Jody, with Joseph Paul III on Jan. 23. Former P.M.C. football star, Jody is teaching and coaching at Mount Pleasant High School.

News tips were greatly appreciated this month, with thanks to Bob Filliben, Paul Sloan, Ralph April and Muhammed Husain.

And Now It's Bridge!

The Philadelphia Industrial Bridge League is expanding its membership and has invited Sun Ship to enter a team. This will require enough players to provide 12 people at each match. Matches are played the first and third Thursdays. The season begins Sept. 15. It is duplicate bridge.

Anyone interested in playing in this league as a member of a Sun Ship team call 471 and leave your name.



By Eddie Wertz

Mrs. William Emsley, "Mom" to the boys, got out of a "sick bed" to attend Wetherill's Ice Follies Night. She had been ill a month. The flowers she is holding were presented to her at the show by Dick Dwyer, one of the headliners.

William Kaufman, looking less worried and fatter, reports the Admiral (Mrs. Kaufman) is back from her flying trip to Houston, Tex., to see her sister, then to Dallas to see her nephew, then back to Captain Kaufman. She reports a wonderful trip but will be happy to return to her first love—giving orders to the captain while sailing the Atlantic aboard the *Pride II* and out-fishing everyone aboard.

It seems Jinnie Duffy, 8 P's perky little Irishman, bought a large box of candy for his valentine then sat down and ate it himself. He claims he did not want her to get plump.

Dame Rumor has it Harman Palmer of the tool room is trying to get Fred Ziegler to have a two-for-the-price-of-one wedding. Palmer must have found the right store but will not admit it.

DOINGS ON THE SECOND SHIFT

Butch, the Cowardly Cat, on his nocturnal wanderings again has come up with much information about more Second Shift men. He takes them in the order of seniority.

First is Al Robinson, 1st class machinist, who served his apprenticeship at Wetherill and is looking forward to four weeks vacation this year. He lives with his wife and daughter in Eddystone. With his father and brother, both day shift men, there is a total of nearly 100 years in Wetherill. Broken Axle, as he is sometimes called, stands about 5' 8" with elevator heels, parts his hair on the side (four on one, three on the other) and goes around singing, "O, Danny Boy, what's the matter with the Pirates?"

Ted Blake (Chester Theodore, to be formal), another overworked crane operator, transferred from the yard nearly 25 years ago and expects four weeks vacation in 1960. One of his beefs is what happened to his time spent in the yard which, according to him, should have given him his four weeks two years ago. He and his wife and daughter live in Upland. Their son is on his own and is the father of the only grandchild Ted has to brag about. He is an inveterate hunter. The only thing Ted and his rigger agree on is that they do all the work in the plant and carry the day shift. Personally, I think the day shift men do something, but all in all, Ted is as good a crane operator as comes, a point on which rigger J. Aull grudgingly agrees.

My very life has been threatened if I so much as name John Mullaney in my



FLOWERS TO THE LIVING—When Wetherill Social Club had its big soiree at Ice Follies awhile back, Mrs. William (Mom) Emsley, wife of Bill (8-109), was presented with beautiful bouquet by a star of the show.

report. It seems John has an aversion to seeing his name in print. However, the press cannot be intimidated. Speed, as he is known, carries on his shoulders about 23 years service. A native of Chester for more year than I will reveal, he makes his home with his mother and sister. When Speed works, he really works, and when he plays—woweeee!

Frank Renfroe—and not of the Mounted—checked in at Wetherill about 1942 and for a few years threw his weight around (all 300 pounds of it) as shop steward. Frank agrees there are two sides to every argument: The wrong side and his side. From my lookout on the balcony I have been able to observe Frank in action. While the action seems to be dormant, I have been amazed at the amount of work he accomplishes. Evidently, he is a first class mechanic who knows what he is doing and does it with the least effort or lost time. He hails from the deep south and has reached the place where he can claim only one dependent. A bevy of grandchildren keep him active.

John Aull, according to John Burke, is the grumpiest rigger in the plant and that's a broad statement. He's been around since the spring of 1940, a tall drink of water who never will die. He'll just dry up and blow away. He advocates emancipation of the second shift, less drill presses, fewer floor hands and the rights of riggers. And "that's Aull." Lives in Rutledge with his wife and daughter. His son is married and John has two grandchildren to make things interesting. Feels the place is going to the dogs if things run too smoothly and keeps a supply of sand on hand at all times.

Sigmund Kobus. That name Kobus certainly rings a bell with the oldtimers. Sigie's father was one of the first Wetherill plant machinists. A brother, Tipper, formerly of the second shift, retired a few years back and now spends the hours between 7:45 a.m. and 4:30 p.m. on the day shift. Sigmund is a first in plant history, which few will remember. He was the first to serve his apprentice-

36 Department

By Gavin Rennie

As the old farmer would say, spring is just around the corner. The best proof is he had gotten all the seed catalogs for the year.

All in the shop are sorry that Ignatius Kitto has not returned to work by this time. From what we hear, his ambition just got up and got, and left poor Kitto home in bed.

People are funny. They spend money they don't have to buy things they don't need to impress people they don't like.

Webster Sherman has joined the Early Risers Club. He set his clock an hour early so he could get to the yard before Perry (Darby) Welsh.

Walter (Farmer) Biebas says it isn't fair. Everybody celebrates Lincoln's and Washington's birthdays but nobody wished him a happy 66th anniversary last month . . . Francis Smith says never consider yourself hopeless. Even the worst of us can always serve as an excellent horrible example.

Frank Wood says middle age is the time when you begin to wonder if you still want to do the things you've always wanted to do . . . When all is said and done, more is said than done.

shop on the second shift. He finished in 1941 and went out in the world to gain experience—whether with machines or life, we don't know. Recently he returned to the scenes of his indoctrination and while he does not pack seniority, we still look on him as an oldtimer. Sigie lives in Chester with his wife and mother-in-law—of whom he speaks very highly. He is 6' 2" and when you look up at him his head resembles the moon coming over the mountain.

John Hamalak, floor hand extraordinary, lives in Chester with his wife and two children. We haven't been able to learn much about Johnny in the nine years he has been with us. He seems to shuttle from one shift to another. Much of his time was spent in 3 Shop in the erectin of the Linde air machines. We'll try to investigate Johnny further.

Clayton Prattis—The Man—lives with his wife and seven children in Chester. He's a happy guy regardless of the situation. Life is as you make it and take it and he certainly seems to enjoy just being alive. If more of us would be full of the joy of living what a better world it would be. He is the most famous gun-bearer in all of Chester.

We were very pleased and everybody was calm the other night when into the murky interior of the plant came High Pockets (no disrespect intended). Big Bill hit Hamalak on the head with a babbitt hammer which made Hamalak drop the pinch bar on Renfroe's foot. Renfroe's yell of anguish awakened Blake who thought the yell was a signal and lowered the job on Marshall's hand. Marshall's shout sent the job and Aull up into space. Aull dropped a shackle on Robinson's shoulder. While staggering in the direction of North St., Al fell into

SEE PAGE 19, COLUMN 1

Who from Their Labors Rest



WILLARD H. BAKER, 77, of 541 E. 15th St., Chester, died Dec. 29, 1959, after a long illness. He was born in New Bloomfield, Perry County, Pa. Before coming to Sun Ship he was a motorman for the Chester Traction Co. In 1917 he joined Sun and worked as a stage carpenter until 1921. In 1932 he was rehired as a guard and worked as a member of the guard force until February, 1950, when he became ill. Hunting and fishing were his favorite sports. He is survived by his wife, Edith M. Baker.



LAWRENCE COX, 85, of 212 Arlington Ave., Milmont Park, Pa., died Dec. 28, 1959. He was a life long resident of this area having been born in Kennett Square. A blacksmith, Mr. Cox started with Sun Ship in March, 1920. With the exception of several lack of work periods, he continued his employment until July, 1956, when he retired at 81. He was a veteran of 34 years service. Mr. Cox was a very quiet man and was quite satisfied with just his pipe and a newspaper. Survivors include his wife, Margaret Cox, and a son, Francis T. Cox, foreman of the blacksmith shop.



WILLIAM GOSLIN, 61, of 216 Seneca St., Lester, Pa., died Dec. 20, 1959, after a prolonged illness. He joined Sun's guard force in April 1941, and for the next 17 years was a familiar figure around the yard and the main office gate. Illness forced his retirement in January, 1958. He was a veteran of World War I. Survivors include his wife, Florence Goslin; seven children; 10 grandchildren and one sister.

In Memoriam

Sun Shipbuilding and Dry Dock Company extends its sympathy to families and friends of these employees who died during January and February.

LENA SMITH, 91-1751, 508 E. 19th St., Chester, Jan. 18, 1960.

OTTO TRAUB, 30-364, 1122 Spruce St., Chester, Jan. 23, 1960.

JOSEPH ZETTLE, 66-45, 1343 Bullens Lane, Woodlyn, Pa. Jan. 25, 1960.

EDWARD T. FERRY, 81-15, 22 Loughead Ave., Linwood, Pa. Jan. 30, 1960.

FRED NEWS, 91-25, 409 Lafayette Ave., Prospect Park, Pa. Feb. 8, 1960.

HOWARD BOYER, 47-5, 1426 Penna. Ave., Prospect Park, Pa. Feb. 17, 1960.

JAMES COVINGTON, 59-232, 330 Townsend St., Wilmington, Del. Feb. 19, 1960.

PATRICK McHALE, 47-53, 200 N. Lemon St., Media, Pa. Feb. 19, 1960.

CLIFTON WARD, 76-70, 219 Victoria Ave., Woodcrest, Wilmington, Del. Feb. 22, 1960.

MORE ON WETHERILL . . .

the Sellar's pit where Clayton jabbed a chip fork into his side. Little Bill had to bite his superior on the knee to get his attention—and then couldn't make himself heard. Through sign language they settled on using the telephone. A very successful evening, said the rigger. We should have more of them. That's Aull.

Scuba Divers! Is Your Air Pure?

By John M. Tecton, Chemist

One just naturally thinks of a Scuba (self-contained underwater breathing apparatus) diver being exposed to the hazards of the water and the depths of the sea only, to the creatures of the deep such as sharks and barracuda and possible entanglement with some wreckage.

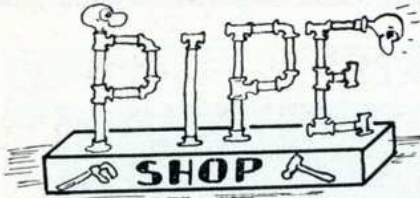
But, there is a hazard that even a lot of the Scuba divers themselves have not thought of. What of the air that you are breathing from those tanks? Is it pure or do you only think it is? Recently a safety inspector found an air compressor being operated where the air intake was located in a parking garage in a basement. Wow! Bad enough to breath that in the basement let alone under water.

Investigations have found that in many cases there is a certification of "clean air" tested by passing a sample of the air thru a piece of white cloth. If no stain resulted, the air was "clean."

Checks of local practices have shown that Scuba divers use any convenient source of air. Some use service station air which may be highly contaminated. Some use their own compressors which are often overloaded and overheated, this resulting also in air contamination. Others buy "refills" at marinas. Many marinas use filtering systems but in general they have been found lacking in filter replacement schedules and guilty of poor practices with regard to bottle filling.

One marina proudly showed a certification from a commercial testing laboratory certifying that there was less than 0.001% (10 parts per million) carbon monoxide in the compressed air sample. A check of the analytical method used by that lab showed the method could not possibly show less than 0.01% (100 parts per million) because of lack of sensitivity. (The CO content of Scuba air should not exceed 10 parts per million.)

Scuba divers are extremely active physically and exposure to potential contaminants such as carbon monoxide, carbon dioxide, oil vapors and mixed exhaust gases can be extremely dangerous. Little thought is given by the average diver to the purity of the air that he breathes. Many suppliers also are not cognizant of the precautions needed. Very often "certified air" is advertised but the Environmental Research Laboratory of the University of Washington has been unable to find, after much research, any official certifications on which such a statement may be based.



By Charles "Toots" Thornton

It is beginning to look like old times again. A lot of our former co-workers are returning to the shop.

There will be a lot to report in the next issue about Jack Fite's wedding. It will be something!

We are happy to report the Pipe Shop A bowling team won the first half in the B league. They were pretty hot. . . . Leo Sawaski is back in there grinding after a siege of illness. . . . Mr. and Mrs. Del Mahoney each celebrated a birthday February 4. Quite a coincidence. Happy returns to both of you, Pappy.

William DeLoaf, pride and joy of the pipe shop welders, can't wait till spring training gets here so he can take Windy Bill's loose change.

Joe Kulp invested in a collie pup the other day. It is supposed to be for his little daughter but we wonder.

The pipe shop has its Eddie Fisher but we can't find a Liz Taylor or a Debbie Reynolds for him. Any suggestions? . . . Gregg Lavery celebrated his birthday Feb. 10. He's nearly due for Social Security.

Before long we'll probably see both Joe Kulp and Bud Esrey walking their muts. It will be interesting to see what they (the muts) turn out to be.

CORNY CORNER

Mrs. McTavish looked out the window as the family was going in to dinner and wailed:

"Och, Jon, here comes company and I bet they haven't eaten yet!"

"Quick," ordered the Scotsman, "everybody out on the porch with tooth-picks!"

Logical conclusion: Tommy—"Mom, is it true that we come from dust and will return to dust?"

Mom—"Yes, dear, that's what the Bible says. Why?"

Tommy—"Well, I just looked under my bed and there's a lot of people coming or going under there."

At the side of the road a woman looked helplessly at a flat tire. A passerby stopped to help her. After the tire was changed the woman said, "Now let the jack down easy. My husband is sleeping in the back seat."

DAFFYNITIONS

Graveyard: Where a man should go to find a wife who can cook and sew and who doesn't smoke or drink.

Caddie: Just one of those little things that count. Or a small boy employed to lose balls for others and find them for himself.

Mimic: What a child does that makes him turn out like his father in spite of all efforts to the contrary.

Cocktail party: Where you meet old friends you never saw before.



THIS GOES BACK a few years to when North Yard was going full blast. This was 36 Maintenance installation crew between 1941 and 1945. George Arnheim (left) is only one still with us. Others are (l. to r.) Gene White (now with small outfit in Camden whose initials are New York Ship), William Evans, foreman (deceased); Samuel Reisner (now with Latex in Dover, Del.), and Samuel Custer, retired and whose picture this is.



2D SHIFT

By Charles "Pappy" Jenkins

George (Pork Pie) Howarth of the smoke stack gang, really takes his golf seriously. He was seen recently practicing putting in his stocking feet on a pool table. George claims he would do much better if he only could talk Whitey Petchel out of his golf clubs "for free, of course."

Tank Shiffer Dell Morgan's doctor told him not to worry about his wife's slight deafness as it was only a sign of age. Up to now, Dell hasn't had the nerve to tell her so.

Jack (Bean Pole) Connors says if seeing is believing, why won't the income tax people believe what they see on his tax form.

Back in the year 1885, the average American's share of federal taxes was

\$1.98. Today it costs a lot more than that to get someone to help fill out your income tax form.

Walter Momot complains fishing tackle is getting so expensive and elaborate it is hard to tell which end of the pole has the sucker.

Charles (High Pockets) Filbert says you never realize what brilliant conversationalists your children are until you get the telephone bill.

Drive safely and avoid the mourning after. One arm around the girl and one around the wheel is too few for either operation. When driving near schools open your eyes and save the pupils.

PAPPY'S DAFFIES

Hobby: The work you do for nothing to forget the kind you get paid for.

Pedestrian: Husband who did not believe his wife when she said they needed two cars.

Heredity—You believe in it when your child has all As on his report card.

Arthritis—Twinges in the hinges.

Maternity Ward—The only place in the world where you cannot evade the issue.

Egotist — Person always letting off esteem.

Juke box—Payola victrola.

These Are Beatnik Beards Viking Style



THIS YOU WILL HAVE TO TAKE ON FAITH unless you are or understand Norwegian. While tanker Troll was in Our Yard having plastic surgery done on her nose which was put out of joint in collision with baby flattop Anzio, these men were familiar sights. We'll give you names, you pronounce them. Left is Martin Westersjo and right is Arne Hove who says he hasn't come close to a barber in a year. Both are able seamen. Center is Aage Moen, chief electrician. Aage also is a better than average artist. Walls of his quarters were used as "canvases" for paintings which brightened the place.



By Harry "Whitey" Burr

First I must say we all are glad to see William Church, Howard Cleland and James Gallagher back at work after being off because of sickness. This weather sure is hard on us young fellows.

Your reporter had a birthday last month and he has hit the top. Now the gang is wondering "when the h - - are you leaving, Whitey?" Senator Morgan, George Moyer and Joe Newman saw to it that there was a nice birthday cake for him at lunch time, but they sure had a hard time getting him up to the locker room for the party. Yours truly was thinking they were trying to put one over on him. I can say that after cutting this very fine cake that Joe made himself and seeing that all present had a piece, there was just a very small piece left for me. I wish to thank them all for the nice card and cake and for remembering me on this important date in my life. Yes, boys, I am getting old.

Jim (Weasel) Lynch almost got killed in the rush at Gaylord's store in Wilmington the other day when they had a one-hour sale. Maybe he will learn to stay away from places where the ladies are on the move.

Sam Mangeri is having a hard time filling all the orders for those talking parakeets (just dyed sparrows) which he has been telling us he has for sale. The latest just came in—Sam was given a pair of ski boots and now he looks like a man from the moon walking around the yard.

George Moyer has received the o.k. from the boss (Mrs.) to get that new MG, but before he can ride in it he must have safety belts put in. He will only be able to take it out when the weather is good. She said she is not going to keep cleaning it every day for him. Also, George says, the roof may get wet and that will do it no good. Pal, we all are waiting to see Senator Morgan in this with you with all those fine sports clothes you have now.

Everyday we get more news on this Moyer person. Now we hear one of his brothers is an undertaker and one is a police commissioner. What chance would any of us have getting through the Norristown area? They say George lets them know when we are coming then spits the take 50-50.

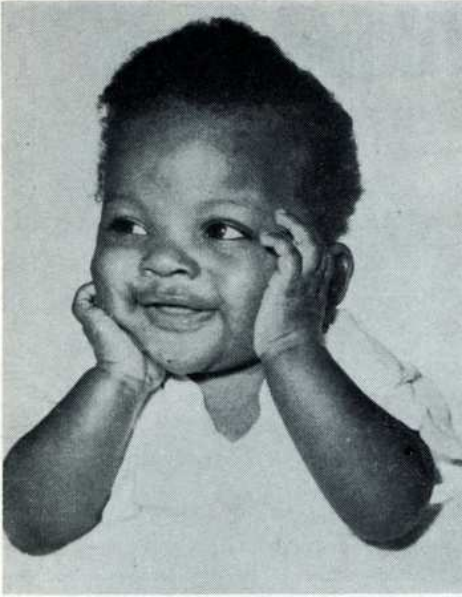
Lew Laird sure does like cigars. He even has 35-centers to smoke in the shop . . . Senator Morgan now is eating rabbit food so he will lose weight. We can see now why the cats follow him around the yard . . . Jim McCullough doesn't look so good going around in pants with one leg. Wonder what happened to the other? If one story we hear about it is true,

maybe Jim's next pair better be made of asbestos.

Floyd Hopkins, our great water man, has just bought a new 28-foot cabin cruiser, so get in line for those trips down the river. He does tell us no fire water will be allowed on this boat and he won't be responsible for anyone falling into the water either. So, pals, get your insurance before leaving the shore.

Harry Kaylen now is thinking of opening a butcher shop. He is very good at cutting up since taking that trip to Hawaii . . . Fats Scheer would like to know how Senator Morgan got that job in his town which pays \$800 a year when he isn't a good Republican. Your reporter used his influence with his good friend Ike in Washington to get it for him. I hope this may bring him to see the light and lead him back to the Grand Old Party . . . Ike Hamilton just found out his car won't run without gas.

Well, your reporter was honored in New York Jan. 29 at the Commodore Hotel for his 40 years of work for the veterans. Page Groton and his wife were over as my guests and he reports they never saw anything finer and had a wonderful time going to bed about 5:30 a.m. My good friends, this is one of my hobbies and I can say that I don't regret one minute of the time or money I put out to help those who could not help themselves. I have always said if we veterans would
SEE PAGE 22, COLUMN 1



The World is his oyster!

FOOTLOOSE AND FANCY FREE, at least he will be footloose when he gets to where he can use them. Kevin McNair at seven months. He is a grandson of Elisha Pugh (59-776).

MORE ON 84 . . .

only try to help our pals who can't do for themselves how much better it would be for all of us. Maybe just a little spare time with one of your buddies will make life a lot better for him and his family. Not all of them live on the sunny side of the street.

Here is a name I would like someone to interpret for me—**CHARGOGGAGOGG-M A N C H A U G A G O G G A G U M -GAMAUGG**. My fellow workers, this is truly a great name and it is one of the fine lakes in the southern part of Vermont near the town of Whittingham. We think we have big names around here, but what do you say about that?

(Mr. Burr is referring to Lake Chargoggagoggmananchaugogg-chabunagungamogg, the Indian name for Webster Lake located in Webster, Mass., about 20 miles south of Worcester. It is a beautiful lake in and on which your editor spent many happy hours as a boy. Actually it is three lakes joined, which gives rise to the name which actually is three words joined. The story goes that Indian tribes lived at each end of the lake and depended on its fish for much of their food. Fishing parties from each tribe meeting in the center of the lake began to fight about fishing rights when the fish got scarce. A powwow was held. The result was the name which, translated, means: You fish in your end, I fish in my end, nobody fish in the middle. —Ye Ed.)

Success is getting what you want. Happiness is wanting what you get.

Ed Wynn says a parking place is where you leave your car to have dents put in the fenders.

Secrets are things we give to others to keep for us.

Advice to teenagers: Don't let your parents down. They brought you up.

Going To Do It Yourself This Spring? — In Wood?

By Frank Mosser
Foreman, 66 Department

"Wood is a friend of mine. The best friend on earth of a man is the tree. When we use the tree respectfully and economically, we have one of the great resources of the earth.

"Use wood as a beautiful material friendly to man—the supreme material for his dwelling purposes. If a man is going to live, he should live with wood."

—Frank Lloyd Wright

If you know how to order lumber, you may save as much as 50 per cent of your wood costs on the next "do-it-yourself" or home improvement project.

There are about 100 different species of wood used commercially for lumber in this country; and within each species, there are varying price grades. The trick of getting the most from your purchase of lumber lies in ordering the most economical grade which will do exactly the job you require.

All wood falls into two basic classifications—softwood and hardwood. Softwoods come from the evergreens (or cone-bearing trees), while the hardwoods are cut from the "Deciduous" trees most of which have broad leaves which are shed each year. The terms, "softwood" and "hardwood," however, cannot be accepted on face-value because you will run across "hardwoods" which are relatively soft and "softwoods" which are hard.

"Select" lumber pieces are subgraded "A," "B," "C," and "D." Even Select-D will have only a few minor flaws which can easily be covered with paints and other finishes.

Because of its obvious higher cost, "Select" grades should be used only in places where you want the lumber's fine texture to be seen and admired. The tendency of the novice to ask his dealer for the "best," regardless of his needs, is usually a dollar-waster. In many cases, the lower and cheaper grades will perform the same job for him as the higher-priced pieces, depending again on where and how they will be used.

"Select" grades or finish lumber are given the protection of inside storage. Other lumber in the yard is commonly called "yard" or lumber of the "Common" or general-utility grades. "Common" lumber is graded one through five according to defects, such as knots, splits, warp, and the like, and is usually surfaced or roughly planed and marked S2S (surfaced 2 sides), etc.

If you are planning to install shelving in a storeroom, closet, or garage, there would be little point in ordering any of the higher-priced "Select" grades when a No. 1 or No. 2 "Common" grade (surfaced 2 or more sides) can serve as well.

Another way you can save money is to buy lower grade lumber and use only the clear portions between defects if the size of the clear portions meets your needs. You can also find many lower-grade pieces which have been graded

down because of defects on one side only while the other side may be good. Such lumber, of course, is satisfactory when only one side can be seen in your finished project.

Many home craftsmen bring added costs upon themselves by planning their project without taking into consideration that lumber is cut and "dressed" in standard widths and lengths.

In general, the amount of wood planed off in the "dressing" process varies with the thickness and width of the board or piece of dimension. The final true thickness of one-inch lumber is actually 25/32 of an inch; the "12-inch board" you order will measure only 11½ inches wide.

Awareness of the true dimensions of "dressed" lumber should help you plan your projects more economically. If you need a shelf exactly 12 inches wide, you can't get it by ordering a 12-inch board. You will have to buy a 14-inch board and cut it down. However, an 11½-inch board might have served as well if you had laid out the project with advance knowledge of the standard-sized boards available at your dealer.

Also, if you can easily handle at home a piece of lumber two or more times longer than the actual length you need, and can use other pieces of similar short length, it's usually cheaper to buy the long items and cut it yourself to the lengths you require. However, many lumber dealers have "shorts" on hand which are hard to sell and often have these on sale. There may be enough variety there to satisfy your needs as well as your pocketbook.

You can make a good beginning with your next project, if you visit your dealer while the project is still in the planning stage. He can usually guide you to the right grade and standard dimensioned lumber to do exactly what you have in mind at the most economical price.

LETTERS

Dear Mr. Widdowson:

My family joins with me in expressing our most sincere and heartfelt thanks to the Sun Ship blood donors whose generosity made blood available when it was urgently needed. Thank you again.

Mrs. Karl A. L. Pippart

Feb. 11, 1960

Dear Sirs:

For the blood you supplied for Lawrence Bruggeman, I wish to express my appreciation. At a time like that it is nice to know there is an organization like yours. **LITTLE ONE EVER THOUGHT WHEN HE WAS GIVING BLOOD THAT HE HIMSELF WOULD BE ASKING FOR IT.** So thank you very much. I hope he doesn't need any more. If so, I am sure we can count on you.

Sincerely,

M. Margaret Bruggeman

Shuffling Continues Among A League Teams

The Sleeping Behemoth has stirred himself.

Electrical Drawing as of the start of action Feb. 26, was in firm possession of 14th place in "A" League. (They arrived there from 16th by way of 11th, but we're not mentioning that out loud.) They are only four games out of 10th place. (They also are only two games out of 16th, but why look on the dark side.)

Other shufflements have been going on, too. Pipe shop now is 12th from having been first. Riggers, Shipways and Supers, from seventh, eighth and ninth places respectively, now occupy third, second and fourth respectively, but they don't seem to be showing much respect—especially for the opposition. Actually Shipways and Riggers are tied for first with the Carpenters.

The Carpenters seem to enjoy the thin air at the top of the heap and would like to settle down. They have got to stop losing four at a time, however, or they might as well not unpack. They'll be moving soon, at that rate.

Nobody is bothering the front runners in the record department. The same ones are out there. On Feb. 19 Richard (Tex) Gibson (Yard General) had high three with 616 and John Singley (Safety) had high single with 223, but they didn't even ruffle the hair of the leaders.

Up to Feb. 26 the standings looked like this:

	Won	Lost
1. Carpenters	14	6
2. Shipways	14	6
3. Riggers	14	6
4. Supers	13	7
5. Engine Drawing	12	8
6. Safety	12	8
7. Wetherill	12	8
8. Office	12	8
9. Yard General	10	10
10. Hull Drawing	9	11
11. 47 Fabs	9	11
12. Pipe Shop	7	13
13. Chippers	7	13
14. Electrical Drawing	6	14
15. Timekeepers	5	15
16. Welders	4	16

Season Records

High Three—Victor Pajan, Hull Drawing, 669.

High Single—Russell Staley, Office, 261.

High Three W/Hcp.—Victor Pajan, 702.

High Single W/Hcp.—F. Mosser, Shipways, 278.

GOLFERS, AWAKE!

Golfers! Don't forget to get those clubs out of the rose petals and swing a little. We don't want any sacred-lilac things happening when some of you take your first swings at Valley Forge May 7. We ought to have 50 golfers out if it is a good day—and we specialize in good days for our golf outings.

Second Shift bowling was lost in the mails. Will do better next month.

Another Meteor In B League

That "B" League could very well be substituted for the U. S. missile program—probably with far more satisfactory results.

It is just full of meteors or comets which appear suddenly and then must go into orbit because usually not much is heard of them again. There have been several, the most recent mentioned here being Francis Van Horn. That was in the last issue and, having had his day in the sun, new ones appear for this month.

First to pop up is one, Nick Verruno (Welders B) who mows 'em down to the tune of 248 (that's not a hymnbook number) for high single for the night. (All this happened Feb. 24). Nick's 248 with a 39 handicap gave him 287 for high single with handicap for the night and the season. Get the comet effect? Here is a 146 average bowler who suddenly pops out of the limbo with a 248. He was just nine pins away from the high single for the season and only three away from high three with handicap.

Sharing the starlight for the night with Nick was Joe Kaminski (Pipe Shop B) whose 618 triple gave him high three for the night and the season. That's not quite such a shock because Joe is supposed to roll 172 every time he steps up. James Wood continues his "permanent" possession of high single for the season with 257.

The two welders teams continue to pace each other for first place. The Mail Boys slipped a little. But the whole complexion may change tomorrow night (March 2) which is knockdown night. As was expected Pipe Shop A took the first half.

	Won	Lost
1. Welders A	12	4
2. Welders B	12	4
3. Mail Dept.	10	6
4. Counters	9½	6½
5. Electrical Shop	9	7
6. Boiler Shop	6	10
7. Moore-McCormack	6	10
8. Pipe Shop B	6	10
9. Monopol Drawing	5	11
10. Pipe Shop A	4½	11½

Season Records

High single—James Wood (Pipe Shop B), 257

High three—Joseph Kaminski (Pipe Shop B), 618

High single W/Hcp.—Nick Verruno (Welders B), 287

High three W/Hcp.—Francis Van Horn (Electrical Shop), 697

Softball Y'All

As for softball, President James S. (Brutus) Falcone at this writing has threatened to call a meeting of team representatives any time now. There should be something definite by next issue.

Rest of 'em Could Have Stayed Home

It would appear that the time has come to change the name of the Mixed League to the A-B League. That's Allebach-Bullock (A comes before B, of course). Talk about a monopoly!

Last Tuesday (Feb. 23) after the splinters, bakelite chips and feelings of frustration (especially Harvard and Princeton) had settled, it looked like Dot Allebach and Morris Bullock had taken over the league like the Volkswagen took the U. S.

Dot had high single (203), high three (518), High single with handicap (233), high three with handicap (608), and her single and three were high for the season. Throw in for good measure high average (144). She didn't do all the work of moving Duke up to sixth place but she helped a lot.

Now this Bullock person—how it happened his average didn't get into the spirit of things and head for the skies can only be accounted for by the fact it was too low up until then. He took everything else. High single (254) and high three (630) also good for the season. High single with handicap (274) and high three with handicap (690) also good for the season. Princeton lost four but they can't blame their anchor man.

Joe Ambrosino (Yale) was the leaven in the lump with his high average of 180.

It was knockdown night and every team moved in the standing except Navy which stayed sunk. Right on the bottom. Going into action March 1, this is the way things stacked up:

	Won	Lost
1. P.M.C.	19	9
2. Notre Dame	18	10
3. Temple	17	11
4. Cornell	17	11
5. Princeton	14	14
6. Duke	14	14
7. Harvard	13	15
8. Penn	13	15
9. Yale	12	16
10. Army	12	16
11. Lehigh	11	17
12. Navy	8	20

SEASON RECORDS — GIRLS

High single—Dorothy Allebach (Duke) and Dorothy Nuttall (Navy), 203

High three—Dorothy Allebach, 518

High single W/Hcp.—Dot Nuttall (Navy), 253.

High three W/Hcp.—Deborah Murtaugh (Temple), 610

High average—Dorothy Allebach, 144

SEASON STANDINGS — MEN

High single—Morris Bullock (Princeton), 254

High three—Morris Bullock, 630

High single W/Hcp.—Morris Bullock, 274

High three W/Hcp.—Morris Bullock, 690

High average—Joseph Ambrosino, 180

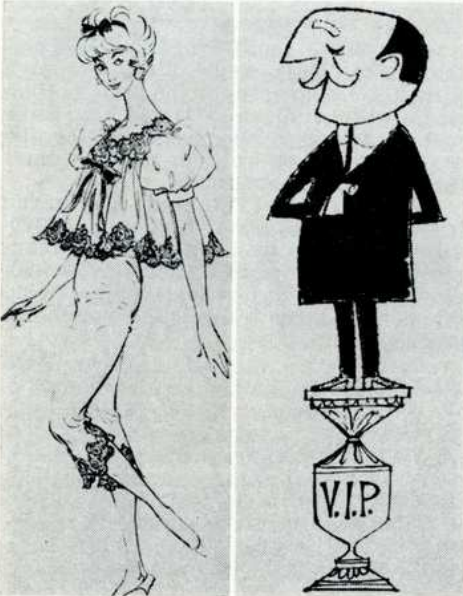
Words of Wisdom From One Woman To Another

(The editor, being a man, knows there is great need at all times for the sort of information this article disseminates. He assumes the gratitude of the ladies so they need NOT yield to that immediate impulse to send him a word of thanks. A note or two has been inserted along the way solely for the sake of clarity.)

"Whose findeth a wife findeth a good thing," declares the Book of Proverbs (18:22). High praise indeed, especially when you consider the source, King Solomon, who reputedly had a thousand wives.

Though your husband may not have as many blessings (1,000?) to count as Solomon, you can make him feel like a king. Here are ten pointers from Ruth Hirshberg, fashion director of Kayser Lingerie, which should guide you along that royal road:

1. Avoid too much togetherness. Bowling just isn't up your alley (Miss Hirshberg cannot be expected to be familiar with such individual situations as Sun Ship's Mixed League) and your husband



is a devoted kegler? He doesn't share your taste for concerts? (Can't find rock 'n roll everywhere!) Respect, don't deplore, the different interests which give each of you individuality and lend spice to a marriage. Does he read the paper (Morning Telegraph) instead of chatting at breakfast? Let him. (It may pay off!) Even a brief trial of "conversation breakfasts" may convince you that Man in the morning is a grumbly fellow indeed. But an absence of pin curls (but not the hair) and the addition of a brand new peignoir (negligee with a "come hither" influence) may divert his eye from the headlines.

2. Be selfish-creatively. Sacrificing all to your family is really the worst form of selfishness. Insist that your children help you regularly with the housework (can't improve on that suggestion); you'll

feel less frazzled and you'll be doing them a favor by building their skills and initiative. Never feel guilty about spending a MODERATE (the capitals are the editor's) amount of time and money on beautifying yourself. Set aside one hour of the day which is yours alone, read, nap or do anything else that refreshes you.

3. Be a homemaker—not just a housewife. Both you and your home will be more gracious if you learn the fine arts of running it. For instance: flower arranging, herb and wine cookery (also painting, paperhanging and similar useful arts). Borrow time for these pleasant extras by streamlining routine chores: use those household hints you find in the papers. Cleanliness may be next to godliness, but don't roast the poor devil if he drops ashes or newspapers on the rug.

4. Deleted by the editor. Miss Hirshberg may be married, but she definitely is not a mother. (It was something about not calling him Father or Dad—or some such. Strikes him that's one of the nicest things about being married.)

5. Be worth your weight in gold—with silence. Avoid lengthy or frequent repetition of any comment which is "only for his own good." Nag? Of course you wouldn't dream of it.

6. Look Feminine. Cropped hair may be easy to take care of, tweeds (jeans) undeniably smart (?—the jeans, that is) and comfortable, but most men associate femininity with longish, softly waved hair and silky materials. New fabrics like Kayonara, a nylon tissue tricot with a silken touch—are oh! so feminine. (No payola for that plug either!)

7. Be feminine. The right clothing and fabrics can help you look the part, but don't forget to act it to the hilt. In public, steer the conversation to subjects on which hubby is an expert. (i.e.: poker, spot welding, Old Grandad over Old Overholt—nother free plug—and other such cultural topics). Train the children to think he's boss (but not by saying "Just wait till your father hears about this!") Defer to him as often as possible on little issues—you'll be more likely to get your way on really important matters! (Editor's note: Isn't she the dreamer, though!)

8. Be prepared for emergencies. Extra cans of beef stew on the shelf and a cake in the freezer will save your aplomb, help you act like a peach when supper burns or That Man brings unexpected guests to dinner. Learn how to do simple home repair jobs, if you don't already know how. (This is a wife?) Another definite must for any homemaker: the basics of first aid. Even if you never use most of this knowledge, mere possession of it will add greatly to your serenity—a most attractive wifely quality (And if you should lose your temper, you'll be able to make him comfortable until the doctor comes.) And you'll avoid that prime husband-harasser, the frantic, "What do I do now?"; phone call to his

A is for Aspirin, All-American reliever.
B is for Bufferin, to use for cold or fever.
C is for Castor Oil, as any child can tell.
D is for Dristan, it stops sneezes so well.
E is for Epsom Salts, potent crystals white.

F is for Father John's, taken morn or night.

G is for Geritol, is tired blood your trouble?

H was for Hadacol, it faded like a bubble.

I is for iodine, paint your bruise or sprain.

J is for juniper tar, let's try this one again.

K is for kelp, a tonic from the sea.

L is for Listerine, kills germs where e'er they be.

M is for mustard plaster, stick one on your chest.

N is for Nature's Remedy, does its job the best.

O is for olive oil, rub, cook or lubricate.

P is for Peruna, panacea of a past date.

Q is for quinine, quarantine and quick recovery.

R is for RUB-MY-TISM, a doctor's discovery.

S is for Serutan, backward it is Natures.

T is for toothache gum, golly, don't you hate yours?

U is for Unguentine, fast relief for burns.

V is for Vaseline, to many a use it turns.

W is for wintergreen, pat it on your back.

X is for X-ray, costs a lot of jack.

Y is for yucca root, for many human ills.

Z is for Zarumin, pills within pills.

This is our medical alphabet. How glibly can America get?

By M. M. Migrain Michie (34-189)

office (Aft on #8 Way, for instance.) Incidentally, never tell him what a rotten day you've had unless there's something he can do about it. (He'll be able to top your story, anyway!)

9. Don't ask him "Do you love me?" Many men, inarticulate about expressing their feelings, are only annoyed or embarrassed by this favorite feminine question. Your mate may prefer to show his affection instead of talking about it—and if you've followed the other eight rules, he probably will! (This requireth no explanation.)

10. Think often about your courtship days. Remember the way you used to hang on his every word (ouch! my neck), the compliments you paid (payola that far back?) him? It worked once—try it again!

MORE ON 47 . . .

High. I keep telling him he's not mean enough. When Radnor gets hold of Ridley in the University of Pennsylvania Palestra in the District One elimination, he will learn a lesson in manners as taught by the "Red Raiders" from Wayne.

Smith (rushing breathlessly into the office of an estate agent): "Jones is drowning in the river. Can I rent his house?"

Agent: "Sorry, but I've just rented it to the fellow who shoved him in."

Editor's Last Word . . .

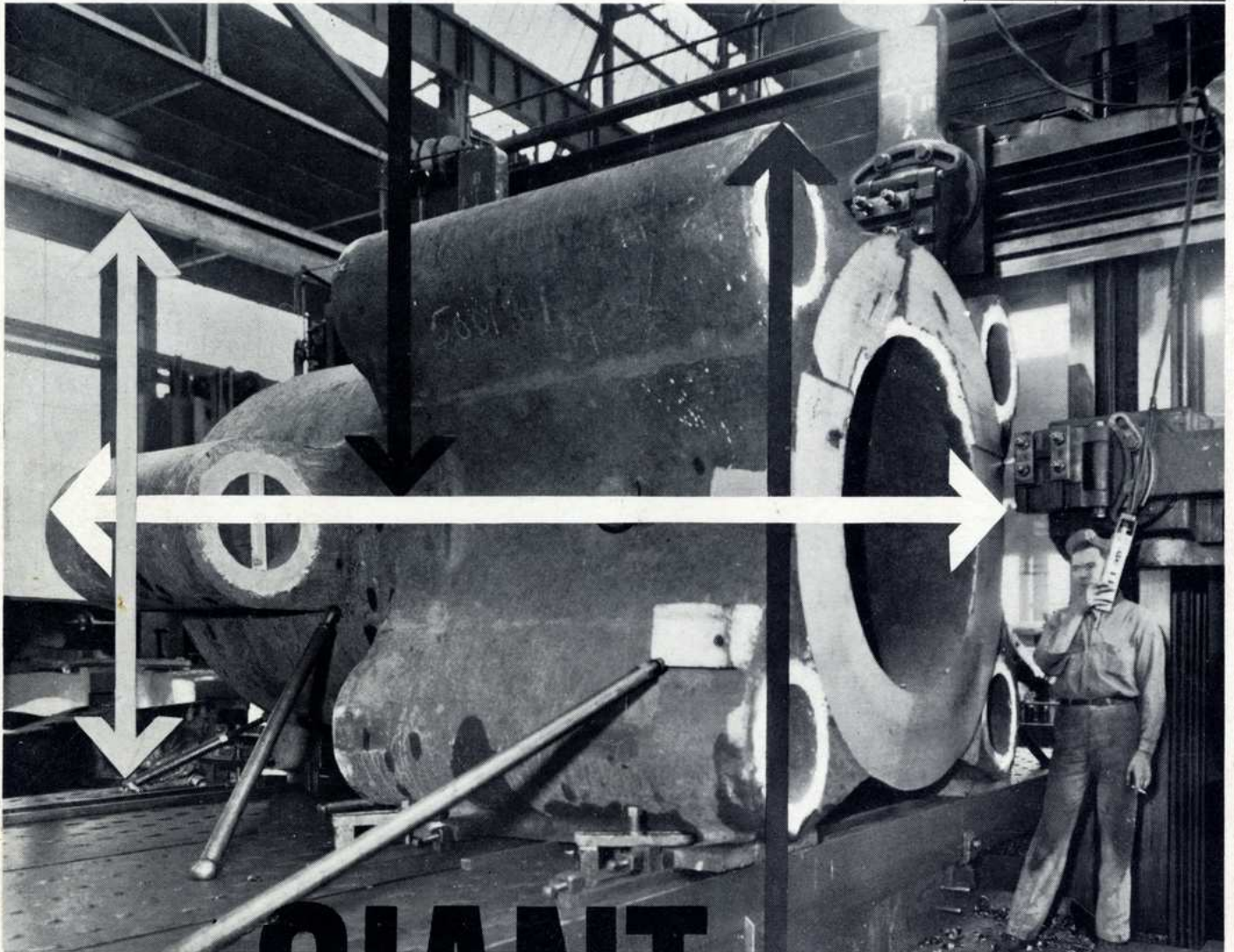
You are old when you do more and more for the last time, less and less for the first time.

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