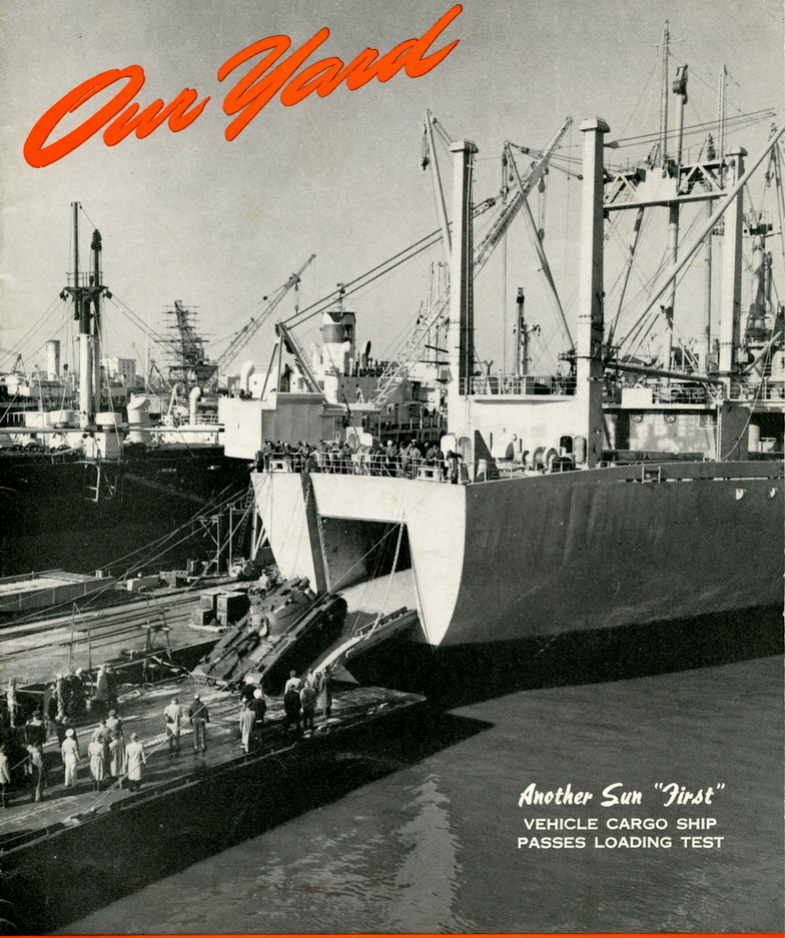
Our Yard



Another Sun "First"

VEHICLE CARGO SHIP
PASSES LOADING TEST

SUN SHIPBUILDING & DRY DOCK CO. CHESTER, PA. *February 1958*

Memo from John G. Pew, Jr.

Prayer of the Safety Engineer

Oh, Lord, we who have dedicated our lives to the prevention of human suffering, ask Thy blessing on each individual employee in our respective units.

Prepare each mind to accept the rules of safety, to recognize the hazards of his employment, to heed the advice of older and more experienced prudent workers, to closely follow the instructions furnished by supervision and safety personnel, and to follow the teachings of safety rather than the dare of an adventurous thought.

Prepare his heart to consider the safety of his fellowman in all his actions.

Prepare his ego to accept the restrictions of safety, and to wear the protective equipment selected for his welfare without the thought that to do so would make him conspicuous.

Prepare his eyes to see with wisdom, and to recognize the hazards of his occupation.

Prepare his ears to hear the facts of safety, and to absorb these facts without the distortion so often presented by fellow workers.

Prepare his fingers and hands to have the necessary dexterity to carry on his employment and handle the tools of industry safely.

Prepare his five natural senses to accept the sixth and most important — COMMON SENSE. Safety in all its precepts depends upon its application.

And finally, Lord, enable us as Safety Engineers, to more effectively administer the safety programs which have been placed in our hands.

AMEN

This prayer appeared in the **Ground Safety Bulletin** of Headquarters, First Air Force, Mitchel Air Force Base, New York.

SUN RAISES 5,550 HULLS ON DRY DOCK-FOR OLD CUSTOMER

When the Danish dry cargo vessel **ELISABETH NEILSEN** was raised on December 16, 1957 it was the 5,550th hull raised in Sun Ship's thirty-seven years of dry dock work. She landed on #2 dock which was purchased in 1924, four years after #1 was built.

The Elisabeth is one of a fleet of ships of the M. Neilsen and Son Company of Copenhagen, Denmark. She underwent overnight cleaning and painting with minor repairs to her stern frame.

323' long, 45' breadth with 19'1" draft, the vessel has a triple expansion steam engine. She was built small in 1949, like her sisters to maneuver shallow river ports throughout the world. Elisabeth charters in the North and South Atlantic with occasional runs to the Orient. These ships are sometimes out from home port for periods as long as three years.

INFLATION MEANS DEVALUATION

Unfortunately, inflation has reduced the purchasing power of the (corporate) profit dollar; hence, much of the reinvested earnings have been used to replace worn-out facilities rather than to expand them.

Here is one striking illustration of this fact: The Thompson Products Company of Cleveland made a study of the cost of replacing a lathe purchased in 1942. The original lathe cost $12,000. Under the tax laws, it was depreciated over a 14 year period, so that in 1956 the company had $12,000 set aside to purchase a new lathe. In addition, it also realized $1,000 when the old lathe was sold. This gave them a total of $13,000. However, the lathe which cost $12,000 in 1942 was selling for $35,000 in 1956!

Meanwhile, technological improvements in lathes had been made. Thompson Products found it (competitively) necessary to buy an improved lathe at a cost of $67,000. Therefore, the company found itself with only $13,000 to buy a $67,000 piece of equipment. Where did it obtain the extra money?

The additional $54,000 was secured from reinvested earnings. In order to accumulate this amount after paying taxes, the company first had to make a profit of $112,000. To secure the funds merely to replace this piece of equipment, the Thompson Products Company was required to sell $1,250,000 of its products.–from Human Events.

Editor's Note: The same devaluation works to lower the purchasing power of personal dollars. We see it in the rise of price of eggs, suits, autos, etc., over a ten or twenty year period.

So long as we permit government to spend more than revenue (deficit spending) and add to the currency supply artificially (with bonds) most wage earners can look to getting more dollars which will buy less through higher prices. Fixed income people are really squeezed–which unfortunately includes most old folks.

And as long as our government debts and obligations keep mounting–and so much is paid out merely in interest–the greater the burden for our children to cope with. Depression (a severe readjustment) is another result. Involvement in war (to hide bad political policy) is a third prospect.

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Part II of a continuing trip through

AMERICA'S WEST

By HARRY OSMAN

YELLOWSTONE

At the park entrance we were welcomed by a park ranger and upon the payment of $3 for a 15 day permit, were given maps, instructions, information concerning accommodations and one sheet of paper on which was printed in big, black letters: DO NOT FEED THE BEARS. This did not concern us as we didn't know what they liked to eat and probably would not have had it anyway.

Hunting is not permitted in the park and to restrain overzealous gunners, firearms are sealed at the entrances. Fishermen are not treated as badly, being permitted to catch 10 lbs. plus one of the speckled beauties every day, without a license.

The central portion of the park is a broad, elevated, volcanic plateau between 7,000 and 8,500 feet above sea level. After leaving the entrance, we first encountered Yellowstone Lake. With a 100 mile shoreline it is the

Eating banana

largest body of water in North America at so great an altitude. With snow-capped mountain peaks for a background, we stopped at the lake long enough to take pictures then continued on to "Fishing Bridge," where fishermen were lined up shoulder to shoulder. I did not see any fish caught while I was there, but I did see quite a few very large speckled and rainbow trout proudly displayed by the sportsmen. The more accessible waters in the park are fished so steadily that the trout become wary, so it is better to fish in the streams in the depths of the mountains.

At Fishing Bridge our thoughtful park service provides accommodations starting with luxury hotels for the elite, then lodges, furnished and unfurnished tourist cabins, tents with a floor, tents without a floor, campsites or even a piece of ground on which to put a sleeping bag. Fifteen improved campsites having water, sanitary facilities and cooking grates are scattered around the park.

Fishing Bridge crosses the Yellowstone River which is drainage for the lake. When Dick was pulled back after climbing the guard rail, he came back and sheepishly reported that "the water is 100 feet deep and the water is so swift that anybody who falls in is never recovered." Truly the water under the bridge is clear and swift, evidenced by the small boats tugging at their anchors downstream. Not wishing to have any accidents, we turned north along the river till we came to the mud volcano.

Somewhat terrifying, this hole in the side of the hill emits terrific lion roars and growls as though coming from the bowels of the earth. Black boiling mud and steam could be seen in its mouth, and if it had not been the reassurance of the paved walk, we would have feared for our safety. A sulphurous odor permeated the atmosphere and when I asked Dick what he thought of "Old Growler" he replied, as he retreated holding his nose, "it stinks."

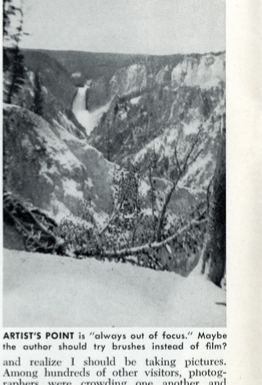
Continuing on our way north we intermittently came upon other mud volcanos. Though lacking the sound effects of "Old Growler," they were spectacular in other ways. Much to Dick and Pat's delight, these mud puddles were in various colors and minus the rank odor of "Old Growler." One of the mud volcanos I photographed, had three separate puddles, each a different pastel shade; of gray, blue and yellow. It seemed almost unbelievable that they could be so close together without the colors intermingling. I tried to elicit from Pat how many mud pies could be made from this big pool and she answered, "To make good pies, it is too loose."

Continuing north we came to Yellowstone Falls, the reason for the swiftness of the water under the bridge. Here at the head of the Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone, are located two distinct falls; the upper falls with a drop of 109 feet and the lower falls with a drop of 308 feet. Together they are almost twice the height of Niagara Falls. The park service has provided access to the most advantageous spots to view both of the falls and have kept in mind the camera fans.

The best places to view both falls and canyon, are from Artists' Point and Inspiration Point. Here again the park service has gone to great lengths to make visitors happy. Inspiration Point pushes out almost into the center of the Canyon, and one seems to look almost vertically down upon the foaming river. The canyon is marvelously colored, the

YELLOWSTONE LAKE surrounded by snow peaks.

dominant color being yellow, athough on closer inspection other colors are prevalent. Once again we were viewing a calendar picture. Ernest had cautioned me not to fail to stop at both of the points, but at that time I did not think the scenes would be so breathtaking. It took some time to regain my senses



ARTIST'S POINT is "always out of focus." Maybe the author should try brushes instead of film?

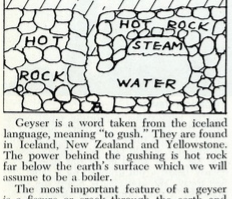
and realize I should be taking pictures. Among hundreds of other visitors, photographers were crowding one another and pushing into a spot that another had just left. I imagine every one of them thought they were getting the best pictures. I took mine from the "best spots." One I took standing on top of the guard rail, a little higher that way, and the other I took below the rim of the canyon. I slid farther down than intended, but a tree stopped me; that picture did not turn out so sharp.

Continuing on our way we went through Dunraven Pass, altitude 8,859 ft. viewing Mt. Washburn at 10,317 feet in the distance, and arriving at Tower Falls where the river makes another drop of 132 feet. Of the three falls, I am inclined to think Tower the prettiest, having a stand of pine trees surrounding it. It is not as spectacular as the upper and lower falls, not being as wide. However, it is fed by additional creeks and has a larger volume of water cascading downward. One of the best pictures I took on the trip was the Tower Falls. The water turned out with a blue cast, a reflection from that ever present blue sky.

We left the park by the north entrance, emerging at Gardiner, Montana, where we were to stay at Jim's Log Cabins. The three A's book said Jim had heated cabins but Jim probably did not realize Easterners are not as hardy as Westerners; the cabin was not heated. Even though it was the middle of July, the temperature was way down and so were the winter clothes we brought along—way down on the bottom of the luggage.

I managed to get the oil burner heater lit

but it was difficult because I practically had to stand on my head to do it and was shivering so much I could not keep a match lit. We finally went to bed to get warm. The next morning our cabin was warm, so we were finally able to stand washing off the previous day's grime. After breakfast we reentered the park to see the geysers.



Geyser is a word taken from the iceland language, meaning "to gush." They are found in Iceland, New Zealand and Yellowstone. The power behind the gushing is hot rock far below the earth's surface which we will assume to be a boiler.

The most important feature of a geyser is a fissure or crack through the earth and rock forming a tube which we shall call the boiler's plumbing. The eruption of a geyser is caused by the pressure of steam resulting from water running down through the plumbing to the boiler.

On the west and south sides of Yellowstone can be found many variations of this system. If the plumbing is short and wide, the termination is a pool, such as Morning Glory Pool. If the plumbing is narrow, it terminates in a water geyser shooting high in the air, the height being determined by the size of the plumbing and volume of water. If the volume of water is low, it ends as a mud volcano. If we have both plenty of plumbing and water to our boiler, it erupts on the surface as a hot spring such as "Mammoth Hot Springs."

All of the formations in the park have been given names and at Mammoth Hot Springs, we stood before the "Devil's Thumb," a rock formation in the shape of a cone, thrusting higher in the air than a telephone pole. All of the water seeping through the earth carries minerals of a different nature. The Devil's Thumb at one time was a geyser with a high mineral content, building up higher and higher and at the same time, stopping up the plumbing. Water no longer seeps from the top so the mineral formation has turned to hard rock.

In the background lies "Jupiter's Terrace" a large hot spring looking like a high bank of snow with water running down its sides. Jupiter's Terrace also has a high mineral content and in addition has an alga capable of living in hot water. We climbed to the top of the terrace to find a hard encrustation which looked like salt. Water seeped through the crust in many places and often carried different minerals. Iron, for example, stained the white blanket a reddish brown in many places. This formation has killed all vegetation in its path and even though I knew it was not, I gained the impression that the water was acid, and hesitated about getting my shoes wet in it.

Leaving Mammoth Hot Springs, which incidentally, is the Yellowstone Park headquarters, we went through Golden Gate, a pass through the mountains which demanded more picture taking. Here, the rock formations have many colors, no one being more prominent than another, and again, pine trees framed the picture. Looking in the opposite direction, the road which we would shortly traverse, could be seen hanging on the side of the mountain like a bridge, the engineers being unable to carve it out of the side.

Shortly we came to the meadows and a sign told us to watch for elk. Sure enough, it was not long before we saw a number of them standing in this lush growth of grass, a favorite of elk. A number of the cows had heifers (or whatever you call an elk's baby) with them. They do not move as fast as an antelope, so I was able to get some good pictures. Yellowstone Park has a herd of 15,000 elk as well as 1,200 buffalo, running loose within its boundaries.

Our first encounter with a geyser which spouts high in the air was at the Norris Geyser Basin. We first visited the museum perched high on a hill overlooking the basin, where the park rangers (who are always willing to supply information) explained what caused geysers and told us we would see all of the varieties in the basin below.

Some of the geysers in this basin are unpredictable, spouting up in one spot for years until their plumbing stops up, then after a rest period, breaking out at another spot. The entire basin has that same salt like encrustation and signs cautioned us to stay on the walks. This basin is noteworthy for its black growler steam vent which belches forth steam that reaches a temperature of 284 degrees, the hottest in the park.

Pools are also to be seen but most of them are so hot that steam prevents good photography. During the bitter winter months when the temperature often drops to −40° or −50°, elk and buffalo crowd around this nature's radiator. As there is no guard rail, they often get too close and plunge to a scalding death.

Passing Gibson Falls, where the Gibson River drops 84 feet into a canyon, we arrived at the lower geyser basin and saw the fountain Paint Pot. This is a mud geyser, very large in diameter, and of a delicate pink color. Nearby is Firehole Lake and Firehole River, a stream of water which actually looks as though it were on fire!

Looking bottomless, the blue colored Morning Glory and green colored Emerald Pools, are the most famous in Yellowstone. They are fine examples of the short wide plumbing system.

Old Faithful geyser was next in line for us to see and I was fresh out of film! I was sure when I had left home that I had plenty, but the things I had seen demanded plenty of pictures. Old Faithful was due to spout in 10 minutes so I ran into the Inn for film, then hurried back for the show, inserting the film in the camera as I ran. Old Faithful performed on time shooting 1,000,-000 gallons of water 160 feet in the air in four minutes. During its performance I took four pictures. I later found out that in my excitement I had taken all four pictures out of focus!

I remember my teacher telling me "It is a line at the top of the mountain," but as we went through Craig Pass at 8,262 feet I saw no line. Just a little sign saying, "Continental Divide." Leaving all the beauty of Yellowstone behind us we crossed the Continental Divide twice again as we headed for

MAMMOTH HOT SPRINGS in Yellowstone Park is also site of hotel facilities and park services headquarters.

THE GRAND TETONS

CLOSED
GONE ELK HUNTING
BACK FRIDAY

Signs, such as the above, gracing the doors of business houses during the fall of the year are common in Jackson Hole country. Each fall a herd of elk estimated at 16 to 20,000, drift down from the high summer range of Yellowstone–Teton National Forest area—to winter in the lower Jackson Hole Valley.

In 1912 Congress established the National Elk Refuge in Jackson Hole. In the following years the herds have grown to such an extent that the area is over-populated and the fish and wild life service is forced to feed hay to the elk in winter months. Licensed hunting is encouraged and during the hunting season natives greet one another with "Got your elk yet?" The killing of one elk per licensed hunter has become a provisioning, far more than a sporting occasion, the hunter selecting a dry cow or a spike bull for his kill.

Evidence of the plentifulness of elk was brought to our attention when we entered a park in the town of Jackson, walking through a very high arch made by interlocking elk antlers. Autumn is the most

dramatic season in the Jackson Hole country, but we were visiting in July.

Having left Gardiner, Montana that morning and slowly making our way through Yellowstone, we passed the Grand Tetons on our way south to Jackson. The highest of these majestic snow-capped peaks rises to a height of 13,766 feet above sea level. Titanic internal forces some 60 million years ago thrust up a block an average of 7,000 feet, then the atmospheric forces of nature chiseled this high ground until mountain forms emerged. As I gazed at this awe-inspiring sight, I could not help but think how small we humans are, and how little we accomplish in the years we are granted on this earth.

Grand Teton, Mount Owen and Mount Teewinot are called the cathedral group because of their lofty turrets and pinnacles. Stately spruce and fir trees are assembled on the lower slopes like worshippers, and as my eyes feasted on this scene I felt I stood on Holy ground. Wyoming Episcopalians must have realized there were many people like me when they built the Little Chapel of the Transfiguration. For inspiration its altar window faces the mountains. Many people, regardless of faith, stop here to worship their God.

Congress in 1950 extended the boundaries of Grand Teton National Park to include some privately owned land and it now consists of over 310,000 acres. About one sixth of the new acreage was formerly owned by John D. Rockefeller, Jr., and was presented by him, to the American people. In 1955, Mr. Rockefeller also spent $6,000,000 building the Jackson Lake Lodge.

The lodge not being in existence when we visited the Tetons, we pressed on to Jackson to spend the night. It was now more apparent that we were truly in the West. Being Saturday, many cow punchers were in town to live it up a bit. Standing in front of the gambling houses we could see many silver dollars changing hands. The houses dispensing liquid glee were also doing a good business, and to keep order on the scene a sheriff patrolled the business district. With a six shooter at his side and a star badge on his vest, he was clothed in the garb so familiar to television viewers. On seeing the sheriff, Pat and Dick's speech became more western than ever; but expecting a gang of outlaws to shoot up the town at any moment they stayed a little closer to their parents. Dick decided cowboy boots were necessary for his bowed legs, so walked into into a store as though he had lived in the west all his life and selected a fancy pair of yellow boots. He lost a little of his composure, however, when a little boy (about half as old as Dick) told him not to buy them—that the color would not hold up.

After a pleasant evening viewing the typical western town of Jackson, walking back to the motel we were stopped by a slightly inebriated gentleman who was rolling an automobile tire with one hand and carrying a bottle in the other. He informed Pat and Dick when he inquired if we had seen an automobile that was looking for its wheel. After a good nights sleep we arose early and headed for

SALT LAKE CITY

Driving through the mountain ranges, we passed many campers, some of whom were fishermen after the many species of trout which abound in the cold mountain streams. Marion's mouth watered when we passed a fisherman carrying a huge coffee pot, black as coal from many heatings over a wood fire.

I never believed purple mountains existed until we approached Bear Lake. Traveling south along its western shore, across the lake from us there arose high in the sky, truly purple mountains devoid of any growth. As they basked in the sun the mountains cast their reflection across the lake, but amazing to us, was the many different colors of the water. We could see yellow, green, purple and two shades of blue. I took a number of photographs hoping the many colors would develop, and was mighty grateful when they did. the lake, about 20 miles long and 6 miles wide, was the most fascinating body of water I have ever seen. It held our attention so much that I missed a turn in the road and drove ten miles out of our way. We did not mind it so much though because we could enjoy the lake again for ten more miles.

Leaving the lake we drove over a mountain and shortly we saw a number of cars parked along the road. We stopped and upon approaching the center of attraction found a large mountain stream emerging from the side of a hill. The sign said "Hicks Spring" named after its discoverer, and it was hard for us to believe so much water could come up from a spring. Everybody was filling their thermos jugs with the clear, cold water, so we followed suit.

We arrived in Salt Lake City on Sunday afternoon and headed for the Mormon Temple. As we entered Temple Square we saw a number of people entering the tabernacle and if we wanted to miss anything we followed them. After being seated the doors were closed and locked and we discovered we had arrived in Salt Lake City just in time to hear my favorite musical instrument, the organ. Reputed to be one of the finest in the world, it is one of the largest organs I have ever seen.

When the organist appeared, he spent almost five minutes setting the stops which numbered 158 in addition to 27 couplers. These controlled the 11,000 pipes of which many of the original ones were built from a tall straight mountain pine tree found 300 miles south of the city. I marveled at his ability in playing a number of classical compositions, then a favorite Mormon hymn.

After the recital we were given a demonstration of the acoustical properties of the building which seats 8,000 people. 250 feet long by 150 feet wide and 80 feet high, the tabernacle has peculiarities similar to our Hall 601, the decks being supported by pillars. This building is virtually a great domed roof supported by 44 pillars around its circumference. Construction was started in 1863 and no steel being available at the time, wood roof trusses 10 feet wide were assembled and held together with wood pegs and leather thongs. The spaces between the buttresses are occupied for the most

MORMON TEMPLE

part by large doors permitting rapid egress from the building. A gallery forming a giant U around three sides of the auditorium theoretically should cut down on the acoustics, but as we stood under this balcony we clearly heard a pin dropped on a table 200 feet away. We also clearly heard the swish made by a man brushing the sleeve of his coat while standing at the same spot. It would be unwise for a worshipper in this church to whisper an unfavorable comment about the sermon!

Temple Square is a ten acre block in Salt Lake City, the point from which all streets are numbered. In addition to the tabernacle it contains the Mormon Temple.

THE MORMONS

Born in Palmyra, New York, Joseph Smith had a vision concerning gold plates. After digging them from the side of a hill, he translated the writings thereon and then founded the Church of the Latter Day Saints. His converts immediately found opposition to their beliefs and it was this persecution that prompted the church to move successively from New York to Ohio, from Ohio to Missouri, from Missouri to Illinois and finally to the Rocky Mountains. Although Mormonism is not my religion, I admire them for the sacrifices they made to worship as they saw fit. Brigham Young became leader of the group after the climax to the persecution was reached in Illinois. There 24,000 followers were driven from Nauvoo and Joseph Smith and his brother were killed. It was Brigham Young who led the group west and upon arriving at this barren valley, stopped and said, "This is the place." Arriving in July 1847, Young walked to a spot between two forks of a small mountain stream and putting his cane to the ground declared, "Here we will build a temple to our God."

Construction of the temple was commenced in 1853. A granite quarry was opened some 20 miles to the south. The only means of transporation was by oxcart, and in the early days of construction three or four oxen required three to four days to make a round trip transporting one block of stone! A railroad later supplanted the ox team. In 1893, 40 years after construction started, the temple was completed. As I gazed at this magnificent structure it was hard to comprehend the perseverance necessary to make the foundations sixteen feet wide, the basement walls nine and upper walls six feet thick.

The temple measures 186 feet in length by 118 feet wide by 210 feet in height and

only believers in the faith are permitted to enter it.

The assembly hall, a place of public worship to which visitors are welcome, is also located in Temple Square. Like similar meeting places of the Latter Day Saints, no collections are taken during the services. The church is maintained financially through the observance of tithing, each member being expected to contribute one tenth of his annual income to support the Lord's work.

The museum houses many Mormon relics and offers visual proof of the sufferings they endured to establish their church and also during their migration west. It brought to mind passages describing the 40 years of wandering the Israelites endured in their trek from Egypt.

Throughout the history of the Church the needs of those members in distress have always been a concern of the Mormon leaders. Accordingly, a welfare program was set up operating under the Christian principle that every man is his brother's keeper. Extensive tracts of land are cultivated, mines and factories are operated, canneries are maintained, and warehouses and grain elevators are stocked. With very few exceptions the work connected with these projects is donated. Those who need assistance work with the assurance that their needs will be met, and those who do not require help contribute of their time and labor.

The purpose of founding the Mormon Church was set forth by Joseph Smith at the beginning of the movement, and I believe it would fit any of the Christian religions in this country which likes to be known as a Christian nation. *"It is the bringing of men and women to a knowledge of the eternal truth that Jesus is the Christ, the Redeemer and Saviour of the world, and that only through belief in Him, and faith which manifests itself in good works, can men and nations enjoy peace."*

Temple Square has several monuments of general interest, perhaps the most unusual of which is the sea gull monument. It consists of two bronze birds in flight mounted atop a granite shaft.

During the winter and early spring, following the arrival of the Mormons in Salt Lake valley, the vanguard group planted five thousand acres of grain to insure food not only for themselves, but also for the large companies of colonists who were expected to follow. With irrigation the grain flourished, and prospects looked bright for an excellent crop. Then one day in the spring, news was relayed from the outlying fields that great hords of crickets were devouring the grain. Frantically, the people tried burning insects. They tried drowning them. They used every resource at their command, but still the crickets came leaving behind a desert where there had been hope for a people's bread.

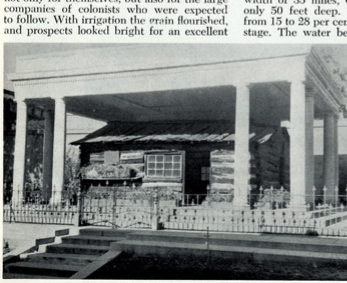
To these colonists in an isolated outpost, with no means of communication other than slow ox teams, with their own strength exhausted, there was but one power to which they could turn. They lifted their voices in prayer. Then they heard the cries of sea gulls flying in from the west. The gulls settled on the fields and commenced devouring the crickets—disgorging only to continue eating. Through the intervention of the gulls, a substantial portion of the crop was saved and the pioneers were enabled to survive the following rigorous winter.

Seeing the sea gull monument reminded me that Pat and Dick wanted to swim in Salt Lake so we left Temple Square for the Lake. Upon arrival we found not only gulls but pelicans. As we stood on the salty beach we wondered what sort of fish abounded in this salty water to maintain the fish eating birds. We came to the conclusion that this is the source of salt mackerel. (Will Mike Znachko kindly verify this?)

With the exception of the Dead Sea, Great Salt Lake is the saltiest body of water on earth. Centuries ago a great body of fresh water, Lake Bonneville, covered an area ten times the size of Great Salt Lake. It was 1000 feet deep where Great Salt Lake now lies, and 900 feet deep at the site of Salt Lake City. By a change in climate or by volcanic diversion of the contributing streams, the lake fell below its lowest natural outlet and subsequently dried up, leaving an enormous deposit of salt and other minerals. Most of the salt, about 6,000,000 tons, is held in solution in the water.

The Great Salt Lake Desert is the bed of the extinct Lake Bonneville and is composed of fine salt which was washed into the lake when the water stood 1000 feet deep. When the waters evaporated, a deposit of salt was left on the level surface of the old lake bottom. The highway across the salt flat was the one we would shortly traverse.

Having an average length of 75 miles and width of 35 miles, Great Salt Lake is now only 50 feet deep. The salinity content varies from 15 to 28 per cent according to the water stage. The water being dense and shallow, Pat and Dick had a little trouble with their swimming, and had to wade quite a distance from the shore before getting their knees wet. Upon trying to swim, they found their bodies riding high in the water which surprised them somewhat by taxing their efforts. With no success, they tried diving. After a few mouths full of salty water, they gave up in disgust and came back to shore. The sun quickly dried their bodies, and I have never seen such a sorry sight as those two poor kids, standing there covered from head to foot with white streaks of salt. No bathhouses being available, Marion did her best at washing off the salt and then we were on our way to an experience I shall never forget.



Alleged to be EARLIEST MORMON CABIN.

Knowing the children wanted to swim in the lake, I phoned from Salt Lake City to Wendover, 100 miles to the west, for motel reservations. As we started across the salt flats it grew dark, and upon putting the lights on the car I noticed that they were not so bright. The further we drove the dimmer the lights, and then I realized the car battery was going dead with about 75 or 80 miles yet to go! The heat from the flats grew intense, the radiator grew hotter and Marion grew more terrified. I must admit that thoughts of being stranded in the middle of the salt flats left her husband, not much less terrified than she. Fortunately the children fell asleep and did not know the predicament we were in. With 50 miles yet to go, the lights went out entirely and Marion readied a flashlight in case we met a passing car. It may amaze you to think we could drive so far with no lights, but we were on the salt flats with salt showing like snow on both sides of the dark road. Occasionally I could see lights far ahead and raced faster in fear that the motor would stop before reaching our goal. After what seemed like an eternity, we pulled into Wendover. I quickly dumped the luggage in front of the motel then drove the overheated car to a nearby garage.

As I rested my head on the pillow that night, I was thankful for getting there safely. Also thankful that the car did not explode, and Pat and Dick were thankful for the shower relieving them of the salt on their bodies.

Wendover (pop. 300) the site of the Wendover Bombing Range, has a very good restaurant, so while our car was being repaired we stopped in for breakfast. Bonneville Salt Flats being just a few miles to the east, Wendover is also headquarters for the speed drivers. Huge colored photographs of the drivers and their cars adorn the walls of the restaurant, with each one's record and autograph. Dick was enthralled with the speedy looking cars, so much so, that even today his favorite hobby is drawing racy looking cars.

We drove to the Bonneville Salt Flats and a sign at the side of the road told us the world's land speed record of 403 miles per hour was established here in 1947 by John Cobb of England. The sign also said, "Entrance not permitted." I was glad as I had had enough salt, so we turned west again and our thoughts were of what we would see at

YOSEMITE

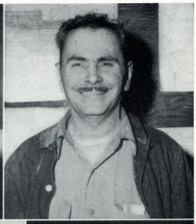
(To be continued in a future issue)

AMERICAN ESSENCE

Freedom is not good if you make it an end in itself and divorce it from Divine Purpose. "You shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." That is positive. Not freedom FROM something, but freedom TO something. Not absence of restraint, but presence of possibility. Not just the power to do as we want, but the power to do what God wants. There is a vast difference between Christian liberty and the cheap substitutes that our secularism has made of it.

J. Wallace Hamilton












Supt. Arthur Holzbaur congratulated seven men on attaining a quarter-century or more service at Sun Ship. A thirty-five year pin for **LEON P. LAYTON**, 47-2827; 30 years for **EDWARD LARSON**, 59-30, and **FRANCIS APRIL**, 55-143; and second row, 25 years for **ELMER PALO**, 59-143, **WILLIAM CORTER**, 59-65, **EDWIN M. HUMPHREYS**, 45-74, and **EDWARD SCHEER**, 47-66.

Third row: **JOHN LEE**, 68-12 and **FRANK CARR**, 68-250 received 35 year awards from Supt. Frank Hoot. **RAYMOND W. GATCHEL**, 45-38 arrived at the quarter-century mark.

Left: Supt. Raymond J. Flanigan shakes hands with a 30 year man, **WILLIAM HADLEY**, 33-59.

RAYMOND M. SMITH, 33-26, was congratulated by Supt. Charles Zeien when Ray reached his 40th year at Sun.

RAYMOND M. SMITH

One of Sun's "temporary" wiremen—hired Nov. 5, 1917—has just completed forty years of continuous service. He worked short time in slack periods, but was never layed off.

Raymond M. Smith, in a steady, good health at 71, was born in Wilmington, Del., in 1886 and moved to Ridley Park seven years later. To local schooling he added a year at Philadelphia's Manual Training High.

In 1903 he rose from office boy to bookkeeper and paymaster at Stanford (University's) Vina Ranch in California. In addition to being the world's largest vineyard (4,000 acres of grapes) at the time, the ranch had more in grain, 1,000 acres in fruit trees, and livestock of 20,000 sheep, 6,000 cattle, 1,000 hogs, etc. The whole ranch was 60,000 acres and the University had 40,000 more near Durham, Calif.

Ray left to improve himself, joining Puget Sound Electrical and Traction Co., Seattle, Wash., in 1911. He was doing auditing and electrical maintenance, and studying to be an electrician for four years. He did two years bookkeeping with the gold mining concern, Pittsburgh Deloris Mining Co., in Nevada before returning to Ridley Park, Pa.

In little more than a year at Sun, he became electrician, first class, and the same year, 1919, married Gladys Culver of Seaford, Del. They raised two sons, Enokls who is with Canada Dry in Chicago and Kenneth, a chemist at Du Pont's Willow Run, Delaware plant. A seventh grandchild is coming.

Ray built their Ridley home with little help, in 1924 using all his spare time and one month's leave of absence.

During World War II Ray was Asst. Foreman. He's earned 33 (Electrical) Depts. #1, on the seniority list, and the respect and affection of fellow employees. We wish him a continuous, GOOD LUCK.

Third shift Supt. THOMAS ICKES (center), 79-B, was congratulated by president, R. L. Burke, and vice president, Paul Atkinson (left) on his 40th year.

THOMAS H. ICKES

From 1917 to 1957 is a long time and many changes can occur in two score years. "Tommy" Ickes has been employed by Sun Ship for just that many years and has seen the shipyard grow from a small construction yard to the largest privately owned shipyard in the world, and then return to peacetime size.

Tom was born in Milton, Pa., and after graduation from schools there, entered the service of the U.S. Navy. In 1917 he was discharged honorably with a quartermaster rating. He immediately entered the employ of Sun and, as Tom says, "I'm still here." Tom often speaks of the many changes that have occurred here. As Night Superintendent of the 3rd shift for over 27 years he has supervised the performance of many critical jobs. During World War II, the 3rd shift was manned by more employees than the entire yard has now.

In 1916 Tom was married to Kathryn Coupe of Milton, Pa. They have resided at 824 Glen Terrace for many years and have two sons, Robert of Media, Pa., and Thomas H., Jr., who lives at St. Petersburg, Florida—a short trip for Tom to get out of this wintry weather now and then.

Tom's greatest hobby is his summer home at Hacks Point, Md., on the Bohemia, where he can usually be found on his off-duty time. Has a fishing boat right at his door. Tom is greatly interested in his boats and now has one of the new plastic hulls which is his pride and joy.

We all offer our heartiest congratulations to Tom upon this splendid service record.

—John Techton

SAMUEL RODGERS, 81-91, received his 25 year pin from Supt. Charles Zeien.

December '57 Awards

40 YEARS

33-26 ..... Raymond M. Smith

35 YEARS

47-2857 ..... Leon P. Layton
68-12 ..... John Lee
68-250 ..... Frank Carr

SEE DEC. AWARDS PAGE 8

SERVICE AND LOYALTY

MRS. MARY PERRY, 97-14, completed 35 years and received congratulations from Supt. Robert Galloway.

GOOD LUCK IN YOUR RETIREMENT

LAWRENCE D. COLLISON

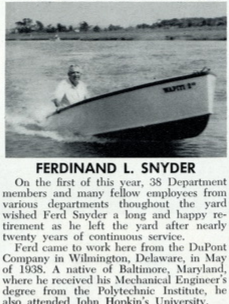
Mr. Lawrence Collison served his apprenticeship at Cramp's Shipyard, went from Cramp's to Newport News Shipyard and then on Jan. 29, 1917, started in our drawing room—which at that time was over the old Delaware County National Bank at 3rd and Market Sts., Chester, Pa. It was only months after he had married Anna.

Working under the supervision of Mr. R. L. Burke, now our president, Mr. Collison earned the title of Chief Draftsman; later to become Chief Structural Engineer. Prized as a companion by his many friends, he was affectionately called "Collie."

The Collisons had one daughter, Dorothy. Son-in-law, Albert Schlosser, is vice president and office manager for J. J. Henry, a design engineering firm.

Mr. Collison took an active part in Sun Ship's Mutual Benefit Association for quite a few years. At the time of his retirement he was second only to Mr. Burke in years of service in the shipyard proper.

Many of his hobbies—which will keep him going in his retirement in Springfield—are working in his garden, bowling, chess, playing the accordion and avid reading of everything. We wish him the best of luck in his retirement.—*C. J. Gravel*



FERDINAND L. SNYDER

On the first of this year, 38 Department members and many fellow employees from various departments thoughout the yard wished Ferd Snyder a long and happy retirement as he left the yard after nearly twenty years of continuous service.

Ferd came to work here from the DuPont Company in Wilmington, Delaware, in May of 1938. A native of Baltimore, Maryland, where he received his Mechanical Engineer's degree from the Polytechnic Institute, he also attended John Hopkin's University.

Married and a grandfather, he resides at 601 Parrish Road, Swarthmore, Pennsylvania, in a home he designed and had built in 1952. His son, Bob, followed his Dad into the engineering field, and is presently with the Continental Can Company in Wilmington, Delaware.

A man with many interests, sailing, fishing and golf are his main hobbies.

Constantly on the move during the second World War, he traveled to such places as Panama, Hawaii and Alaska for Sun Ship, and was a frequent visitor in California.

Ferd may have retired from industry, but he will be remembered for many years to come as the author of some very unique textbooks on power plant engineering. He also compiled a very interesting study of the flow of liquids through pipes, and was responsible for much of this information being recorded and plotted on charts used in laboratory experiments, theoretical investigations and actual operating conditions. Some of these articles and charts were published as early as 1935 in the January issue of "Heating Piping and Air Conditioning," and are still very much in use today in "Tube-Turn" catalogs throughout the world.

To Ferd Snyder and his good wife we here at Sun Ship, and I am sure from many others throughout the industrial world, wish you a long and happy retirement!

—Bob Wilson

DAVID C. MOOREHEAD

One of Sun Ship's old timers, well known in the marine industry and highly respected for his knowledge of ship (engine) repair, retired because of ill health, effective January 1, 1958. David C. Moorehead, a capable, dry-humored, popular figure, machine apprenticed at Newport News Shipbuilding's school; worked as a shipfitter, and in their dry docks and machine shops before going to sea for companies in engine rooms of both tankers and freighters. Ashore again, he worked for the old Baltimore Dry Dock Co.

Dave came to Sun on January 8, 1923. He married Madeline (who hailed from southwest Virginia) on Christmas of the same year. Interested in baseball, fishing, flower and vegetable gardening, they live in Garden City, Chester. Vacations are often in their native Carolina and Virginia.

Dave has been a valuable asset to Sun. As General Foreman of Ship Repair, which rating he had earned about six years after starting here, he trained men to become marine machinists, many of whom went to new ship construction from ship repair. His crew and superiors all testify, "He knows this business." He was a source of knowledge and encouragement to his men; one revealing: "He was like a father to us."

DEC. AWARDS

FROM PAGE 7

30 YEARS

33-59 ..... William Hadley
55-143 ..... Francis April
45-52 ..... Moses Levinson
59-30 ..... Edward Larson

25 YEARS

45-38 ..... Raymond W. Catchel
47-66 ..... Edward Scheer
59-65 ..... William Corter
59-143 ..... Elmer Palo
81-91 ..... Samuel Rodgers

SALARY ROLL

40 YEARS

79-8 ..... Thomas Ickes

35 YEARS

97-14 ..... Mrs. Mary Perry

HOURLY ROLL

20 YEARS

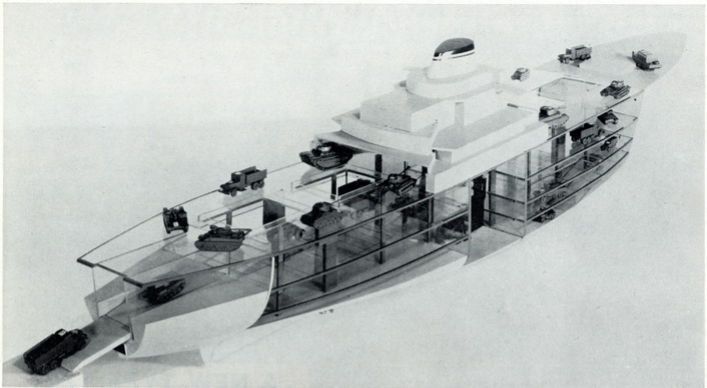
33-258 ..... Howard H. Fithian
69-97 ..... John C. Whitehead
36-609 ..... George P. Anderson
59-511 ..... Henry C. Kloepfer
51-212 ..... Peter Schneider
36-665 ..... Thomas Toohey
47-248 ..... Meredith Long
75-16 ..... Joseph E. McBride
59-835 ..... Nathan L. White
76-86 ..... Coleman Dawson

15 YEARS

60-376 ..... Frank Zappone
47-1486 ..... Robert McGinty
47-600 ..... Samuel Bellsky
66-169 ..... Tamis Andrulis
34-186 ..... Daniel P. Langton

10 YEARS

59-1258 ..... Austin S. Smith
47-120 ..... James A. Dickerson
58-504 ..... Henry Mager
46-90 ..... Peter B. Bocchino
68-92 ..... James A. Jackson
59-263 ..... Elmer C. Coryell
47-180 ..... Thomas A. Fisher
33-70 ..... Jacob C. Spiker



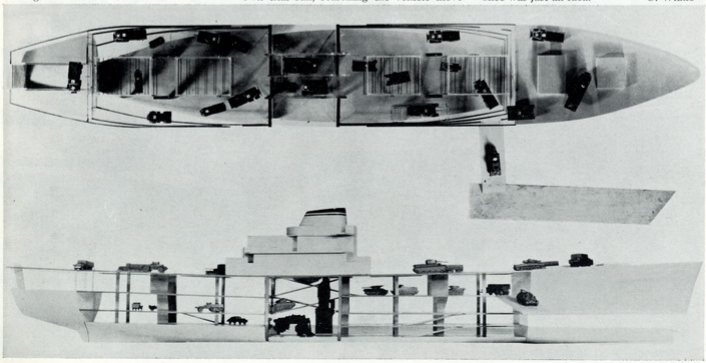
These pictures of a plexiglass and wood model of the U.S.N.S. "Comet," clearly illustrate the primary features of the roll-on roll-off ship as designed for the Military Sea Transportation Service—especially adapted for carrying wheeled and tracked vehicles with paramount consideration for their rapid loading and discharge, under their own power.

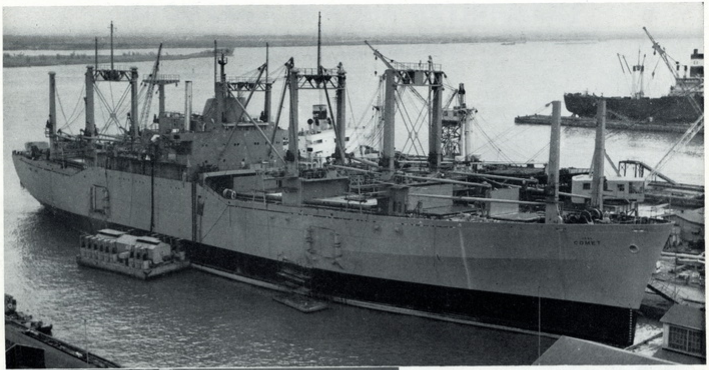
These pictures are representative of two of the many possible means provided for loading vehicles.

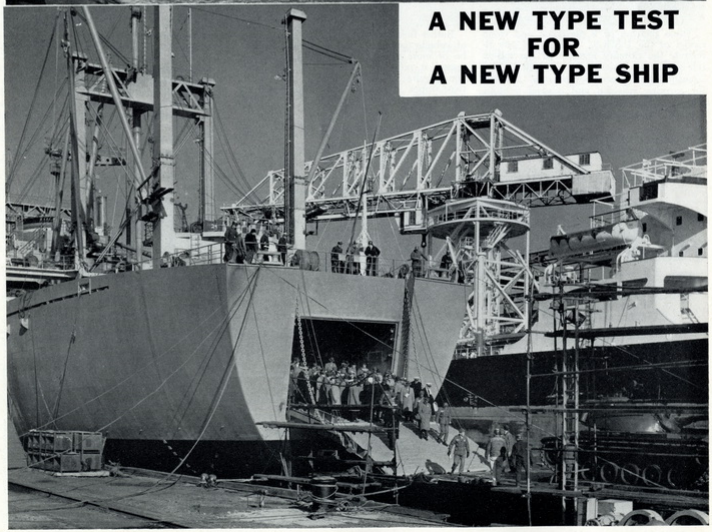
Rather than attempt a detailed description of vehicle movement, we feel that it would be of more interest to you if you tried to reason it out for yourself. The only clue you require is to bear in mind that those two upper ramps, which apparently go thru the Engine Room, are hinged, and can be used as a ramp to take you up to the Weather Deck or as a bridge to take you straight thru on the second deck, forward and aft between the holds.

Now, if you have been successful on your own trial run, reasoning the vehicle movement, you may have solved one of the problems or phases of shipbuilding the designers must solve before the actual construction of the vessel is attempted. This type of thinking, when combined with good ideas and sound reasoning often becomes a reality, just as in this particular case where a vessel *has* been built and *you* have built her.

The following illustrated report will attempt to cover the results of this phase that once was just an idea. —G. Wilkie







A NEW TYPE TEST FOR A NEW TYPE SHIP

An Idea Roll-on/Roll-off In Operation

By George Wilkie, Chief Draftsman—Hull Division

VEHICLE CARGO TEST

A report to the employees of Sun Shipbuilding and Dry Dock Company

SUBJECT: Vehicle Demonstration Test (loading and unloading) aboard the United States Naval Ship "Comet"; Observation of

DATE: 3 January 1958; 1000/1500 hours

PLACE: Wet Basin No. 1, Sun Shipbuilding and Dry Dock Co., Chester, Pa.

AUTHORIZATION: MARAD directive to Sun, QM229/L4-2/S8/42:830.1 (BSJ), dated 24 Dec. 1957, Army vehicle demonstration.

PRESENT:

U. S. Maritime Administration (Washington)
Six (6) observers headed by Mr. L. C. Hoffman; Regional Director.

U. S. Maritime Administration (Chester)
Four (4) observers headed by Mr. J. C. Czudak; Acting Chief, Field Construction Office.

Sun Shipbuilding and Dry Dock Company
Observation team headed by Mr. R. L. Burke, President.

U. S. Navy
Seven (7) observers headed by E. S. Fleming, Captain.

U. S. Army
Twenty-one (21) observers headed by Colonels R. Hodges, D. Crawford and W. A. McAleer.

Military Sea Transportation Service (MSTS)
Twenty-two (22) observers headed by J. M. Wills, Vice Admiral, and D. T. Ellers, Rear Admiral.

USNS Comet
Captain H. A. Chemnitz and Chief Mate E. M. Nowik.

Others

MacGregor-Comarain, Inc. (two)	
Washington Aluminum Co. (three)	
G. C. Sharp, Inc. (two)	
Northern Metals Co. (Brig. Gen. J. Glore)	
States Marine Corp.	(Ship Operators)
Lykes Brothers	" "
American President Lines	" "
American Export Lines	" "
Alaska Steamship Co.	" "
United States Lines	" "
Marine Transportation Lines	" "
Senate Committee (one)	
Marine Engineering/Log (two)	
P. C. S. Log	
PFEL (Washington)	

Vehicles Participating

Quantity	Type	Weight at Demonstration (pounds)
2	2½ ton 6x6 trucks	10,350
4	¾ ton 4x4 cargo trucks	6,000
1 *1	40 foot Semi-trailer, C-2	12,790
1	5 ton 4x2 tractor	10,120
1	5 ton 6x6 truck (Wrecker)	22,664
1	Bulldozer D-8	38,000
1	Mark 47 tank	96,000
1	Mark 16 Carriage, motor, multiple guns	21,640
1	Mark 42 Carriage, motor, twin 40 mm	43,000

*1 ("Ringer"—slipped in by the U. S. Army — more about this later.)

Prior to the demonstration, all of the listed vehicles (except the Mark 42 tank and one jeep) were driven under their own power from Fort Dix, New Jersey, to Northern Metals Co. pier in North Philadelphia, loaded on a barge and transported by water to Sun Ship. The smaller tank and escorting jeep made the entire trip via highways and streets. The barge was maneuvered into position abaft the stern of the Comet and secured, awaiting the start of demonstration.

PURPOSE

The purpose of this demonstration was to confirm or deny, part and/or all of the previous thinking, planning and development that had been devoted to this project. Observations would include: vehicle approach to the vessel; what special preparations would be required in way of pier facilities to accommodate ship's ramps; what about clearances, declivities, speed, parking methods, traffic tie-ups; ship behavior during loading and/or unloading; and what is the possibility of injury to personnel, damage to vehicles or ship.

A major item of observation would be the maneuvering of the heaviest vehicle ('The Baron) over the closed flush type hatch covers within the vessel. Remembering that hatch covers are movable and are not a fixed or primary portion of the ship's structure, imagine how great the lateral thrust must be thru the sections of hatch covers when one of the caterpillar type tracks on the tank is held still while the other track is in motion for maneuvering. These and many more similar items would be the subject of this demonstration.

It is understandable that every observer present was here with a definite purpose, and each man had an individual or multiple concern. For purposes of the record, there were those of Sun Ship's personnel, who had no doubt whatsoever regarding the final outcome. (Of course, it's easy to say that now, after standing there with your fingers crossed.)

Just to give you an idea of what you sometimes have to sweat out, a very unfavorable test loomed before the demonstration even got underway. We pencil-pushers recommended that the stern ramp (see cover picture) be operated *only* in position extending from level to fifteen (15) degrees below horizontal. Our recommendations being based on consideration for crankcase and overhead clearances of certain vehicles, stallfilling of vehicles, declivity (if the ramp gets too steep it's like a ski slope), etc. etc. The slope could be controlled by means of ballasting the mother ship and/or landing craft.

So, what happens? When the ramp was lowered down to the barge to receive the first vehicle the slope was just about twenty-two (22) degrees! (Someone must have said, "Let's try it—just for fun.")

The first vehicle scheduled to enter the vessel was "The Baron," a tank weighing in at the time at about 96,000 pounds. (Fighting weight is close to 100,000 lbs.). The order was given to "enter," with both the tank commander (you can see him standing in the port of the turret), and the driver (you can't see him) taking a second

VEHICLE CARGO TEST A SUCCESS

After the ramp was lowered to a barge, military vehicles of all types were driven aboard. Going into Comet's stern, above, was a BULLDOZER which tilted sharply upward (because the ramp was directly low—ship was light), an army WRECKER, two ¾ TON 4x4 cargo TRUCKS and a 40' SEMI-TRAILER, at right, with inches to spare.

look at the traffic director just to see if he really meant it. Both took a deep breath and gave her the gun. When that tank started the motors never labored, hesitated or gave hints of any kind to indicate that she wasn't right at home. It was a genuine thrill to see that particular tank go thru her maneuvers on the vessel. After the tank entered, she traveled the full length of the vehicle hold and maneuvered into a predetermined parking position (traveling over decks, hatches, and bridge ramp). The Navy observers stated we had just witnessed a "first." This was the first time in history a tank of that size entered and parked on a vessel under her own power, doing so without the aid of a single accessory device.

Next to board the vessel was the 26,000 pound bulldozer. What a huge, cumbersome monster that thing was. You may think you have seen a bulldozer working on excavation work, or moving dirt or just pushing debris around. You can take our word on it, this thing was designed to remove and relocate islands in their entirety. Outside of having all steel cleats on its tracks which "munch" up our painted surfaces, the bulldozer went thru its parking chores in a well behaved manner. Likewise the wrecker (another unscheduled vehicle).

A C-2 semi-trailer was the "zinger." (First off, who in the world can justify a statement that a trailer forty feet long is just a "semi" trailer?) This one trailer was not contemplated in the original design. We have, in our files, gathered quite a few designs of various types of trailers, but we had never come across one as tall as the one in this test. Then (just for good measure) the tractor (towing truck) had two driving axles powering eight rear wheels. You will know the usual commercial tractor truck has only one rear driving axle. This double axle business caused us a little anxiety at first because the fifth wheel connection (the pan and pin which connects the tractor to the trailer) is located centrally between the two rear axles. A critical moment of the trailer-truck boarding operation occurs at the bottom of the ramp where the driving axles are on an incline and the trailer is still in a horizontal position, then a worse condition occurs at the upper crown (or knuckle) at the top of the ramp. If these two axles were rigidly connected or, in other words, if they behaved like a set of trucks on a railroad car, the front set of driving wheels would take off into space while the rear driving wheels would still be on the incline. Considering the wheels under the trailer are still more than half way down the ramp and on an incline, you can well imagine what could happen to the fifth wheel connection at that instant when the two driving axles drop into a level plane. The fifth wheel should go "boing."

As it all worked out, the tractor-trailer went up and over the ramp, thru the complete vehicle hold and backed into its parked position as smoothly as the Buick. The driving wheels we were concerned about had been designed with a floating action, and went over the top hump as gracefully as a caterpillar. If you examine the picture, we would like to call your attention to two items. The clearance between the top of the trailer and the opening in the ship is no more inches. Secondly, if you think we were the only ones concerned about this particular operation, how come all that brass is standing there in rigid attention? That was no ... ing ceremony. (Of course, we knew it would clear all the time.)

After the above, the remaining vehicles went aboard the stern ramp in a routine matter.

There are two portable side ramps furnished with the vessel. They are made of aluminum alloy to provide a lighter weight and hence ease in handling with the ship's rigging gear. It is interesting to note that these ramps are made of the highest tensile aluminum available. Each of the two ramps weighs approximately 1½ tons, about one half the weight of a steel ramp. Ramps were designed for a 120,000 pound "live load." The heaviest vehicles were driven off the vessel via the aluminum ramp, turned around and returned on board as part of the demonstration. In one of the pictures you will note one of the project engineers who developed the design of these ramps best

After loading sixteen (see cover) the M41 TANK emerged from the port ramp, forward. Then it boarded again, following a M41 TANK, M48A TANK, the 2½ TON TRUCKS, tractor (which had been secured on the main deck during the sea trial trip), and M47 CARRIAGE half-track.

over at left, observing the deflection in ramp. He reported there was a slight transverse vibration attributed to ramps being attached to the vessel by means of a portable connection and stated there was no appreciable deflection in the ramp while subjected to the live load.

Vehicles were driven to their respective locations (which included all levels) designed for vehicle cargo. The vehicle lashing devices were successfully demonstrated utilizing adjustable chains and cables secured in clover-leaf pots in the deck. There are 2,800 lashing devices and 3,000 pots furnished in way of the deck areas for the securing of vehicles.

You are probably already aware of the fact that this vessel will accommodate approximately seven hundred (700) military vehicles which can be loaded under their own power. The Comet can carry more vehicles in one trip than are required to completely equip a full military division.

The whole procedure for the operation is a planned, complicated "mess." Briefly, here are just a few of the controlling ground rules.

The procedure by which the total time required for loading and discharging vehicles can be reduced to a minimum is dependent upon two equally important considerations:

1) The grouping and orderly alignment of vehicles ashore prior to entering vessel.
2) The routing of vehicles from entrances to ultimate destinations aboard (see models on an earlier page).

The specific classes of vehicles to be transported and the respective number of each class determine the particular spaces where they can be parked on the vessel and they are lined up on the pier accordingly.

Vehicles will be driven into the vessel thru as many entrances as the piers or other facilities permit, and all parking hold areas in the vessel will have an assigned number.

Before arrival at the pier each military vehicle will receive some conspicuous form of identification such as a large colored windshield sticker having a number indicating the assigned space. At night colored lights may be used. (Tourists will not be permitted to drive their autos up the ramps without the proper sticker.) In addition to the above, the stickers will also have a code indicating the route number to follow after entering the vessel.

There will be twelve Vehicle Directors stationed on board the vessel who will control all traffic movement. Traffic routes and turning radii are all clearly identified on overhead structure of the vessel, by means of luminous stripping on mounting plates. The reason for the overhead marking in lieu of markings on the decks is relatively simple but interesting: It is established that in a great many areas of the world in which these military vehicles will park prior to boarding vessels, the soil has a characteristic that when mixed with water will form a mixture known as "GLOOP" which, in turn, adheres to the treads or tires and would really "louse" up any markings on the steel decks.

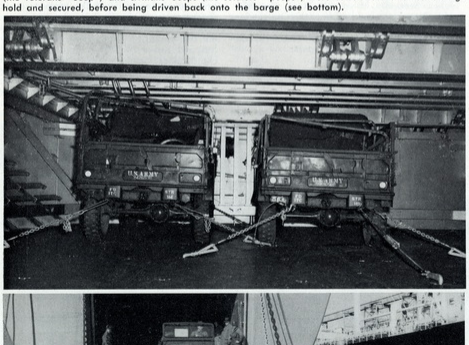
Each Vehicle Director is equipped with a telephone in a "sound proof" booth for purposes of communication within the vessel and may be equipped with a "walkie talkie" for pier contacts.

An example of the time involved as determined by an actual parking study: In one instance, space 4 on the first platform deck, was theoretically loaded with 33 2½ ton 6x6 trucks parked head-on in the parking space, in twenty-five minutes. Vehicles were backed out of the space in twenty-six and one half minutes; making a total of fifty-one and one half minutes.

In a second test the same vehicles were

SEE COMET OPERATION PAGE 22

Inside the new ship, during the vehicle cargo test, Supt. Frank Hoot hitched a ride as ¾ ton trucks—(the veterans' "Jeep") and civilians' Jeeps (the soldiers' "peeps") were driven to the lowest storage hold and secured, before being driven back onto the barge (see bottom).



By Whitey Burr

Roy Blake tells us that "Ducky" Blair is having trouble with his new Ford. He has had it back ten times and still no heat. Maybe you have to make a payment to get this!

Mert has just received his car from the repair shop and we are all waiting to hear when the next wreck is coming off. . . . Page Groton and Warren Nangle, along with their charming wives, were visitors to a very fine military ball at the Bellevue Stratford Hotel last week as guests of Capt. Harry Burr. From all reports they had a swell time. (It is reported Mrs. Groton drove home.) . . . Senator Morgan sure is having his trouble with those Democrats down Texas way. They just won't let him into that state to get his share of OIL, and now he is trying to sell his stock to your writer thinking that maybe he can get some good Republicans to go along with the Democrats' to pay off.

We understand Pete Sweigart does not like overtime work, but why does he leave three phone numbers where he can be reached? . . . It is reported that those ball players from the Safety Dept. are having a hard time explaining to the children just what happened to their game. Curley tells us he sure is glad he was not in on this deal.

Oscar, of the Safety Dept., is now selling rubbers at cut rates. Anyone interested see him. . . . "Hop" Hopkins, one of our leaders, is in the hospital for a check up. We all hope he comes out OK and will be back soon. . . . Sugar of 42 Dept. sure is having a rushing business here of late. We hear that he may have to take on a helper. He also tells us that was his "twin brother" who was in the book last month.

"Muddy Water" O'Connor and Gallagher are at it and if things get worse we are going to arrange to put this battle on outside and charge admission. I feel if Muddy gets in touch with Mrs. G. he won't have to worry about Mr. G. "Skin" Campbell has his car but no insurance, so if anyone can help this poor man, contact him in 84 Dept. . . . The famous big game hunter, Sam Mangino, came back from his hunting trip with the wildest stories we ever heard. We are all wondering if he takes it in the arm or from the bottle. . . . The word is around that Brownie had the knot tied while he was off on vacation, and now we are waiting for that invitation to come out for a house warming. . . . O'Rangers, of the First Aid, has reported that his son will not be allowed down to the yard again—for after riding with a certain group last summer he just can't get him to go the right way.

Your writer has just become Commander of one of the oldest veteran groups in Penna., the Veteran Corps. 1st. Reg. Inf. N.G.P. This is in addition to the other activities he has in other veteran affairs.

Well, the holidays are over and we are all back working. It will take us all, working together, if we hope to lick the slack period which we are going into now. Don't forget that your company is trying to get work, but we must cooperate with them and put out the best we have. This way our yard will be able to get the work at the right time.

We find out that Mike Znachko is back at his old hunting ground and very happy. We wish you lots of luck Mike, and may you continue to move up. . . . Buffington of Crane Repair tells us he is sure having trouble with that chain gang of his. . . . Sheriff Rankin is on the sick list. We hope he is soon well. . . . "Fats" Scheer invited the boys over for Christmas but when they arrived all the lights were out. It is the same old story boys, bring your own eats, and you will be welcome.

FRANCIS MIAZGA, son of Walter Miazga of 55 Dept., will graduate this year from St. James.

76ers

By Sheriff Rankin

It is with profound sorrow we announce that the untimely passing of Esten Strickland has saddened our department and all others contacted in his work. We who enjoyed his ready smile and cheery greetings extend our heartfelt sympathy to all those he loved and held dear in their hour of sorrow.

This is Sheriff "Andy" Rankin pinch-hitting this column for Eddie "Direct Current" Lynch who we hope is only on a "temporary retirement." When last seen the "big hug" was dieting. Says he's, "going from 220 to 440 A.C. lbs."

When Murt Neiman was transferred from South Yard Alloy Shop to Central Fab., no one could understand his sudden request of "Where's the water cooler?" The only switch we thought he ever made was to Calvert. Anyway he found "water," and this sudden "reverse-switch" was too much for his pipes. He was off for the next three days with tummy pains.

Wonder who will be FIRST, Joe Ireland, erector boss, or Capt. Ferrell, rigger boss, to devise some way of having #1 way cranes play leap frog with "Ducky" Blair in the aft, jumping Jake "The Rebel" Hinton sunbathing in the middle, while Morris Bullock completes a double barrel rook with his forward, to take up the aft position? Remember where there's a will there's a way.

Some day Joe Fuse and Bill "Poomtang" Minchella will know their chances of filling an inside straight are about 2 sputnicks to nothing.

Everyone is theorizing how "Turnip Top" Umberger's new pipe became incased in the leather jacket. From here it looks like the old adage, "Which came first the chicken or the egg?"

A tourist spotted an Indian sending up smoke signals in the desert with a fire extinguisher strapped to his side.

"What's the idea of the fire extinguisher?" asked the tourist.

The redskin explained, "If me mispellum word, me erasum."

INK SPOTS
FROM THE HULL DRAWING ROOM

By C. J. Grauel

Having completed forty-one years service with the company, Lawrence D. Collison, Chief Structural Engineer, went into retirement on December 31 of last year. In the picture, adjacent to our column, along with Mr. Collison, are a few of his colleagues who worked with him the better part of his time here at Sun. It is the wish of everyone that his retirement will be a long and happy one.

Replacing Mr. Collison as Chief Structural Engineer is Ernest Hosking, who has been connected with this department for some 38 years.

Announcing their engagement at Christmas time were Robert Scull and Miss Jane Grabey of the Order Department. . . . Robert Walls and his wife couldn't have asked for a better Christmas present than their new baby girl, who makes it three girls. Carolyn Louis was born December 17 of last year and weighed in at 7 lbs., 8 ozs. at the Fitzgerald Mercy Hospital.

Launchings are not always held on shipways as several members of this department will agree.

As of this writing in the Mixed Bowling League, the Duke Team with Sue Longbine, Frank Pavlik and George Wilkie from this department, are in first place with an 8-0 lead.

Adjacent to our column you will see Alfredo L. Mascardo and his wife, after they were married on November 28, at the St. Madeline Church, Ridley Park, Pa.

The Alfredo Mescardos

"Collie" gets a warm send-off from some of his friends.

After a long illness, John H. Booth, Jr. came back to work last month. Good to see you back, John! . . . John Petchel's daughter, Deloris, was hospitalized with a broken leg due to being hit by a car on her way home from school. She is now at home with her leg in a cast.

By L. "Fireball" Bentley

The magic touch of winter has been quite evident during the past two months. Even though this "touch" presents an as yet unsolved problem of harassed drivers who become embroiled in those never-ending out in the country provided one can get there.

The moisture supplied during this time of year is a boon to all of us, especially those who labor on the farms and in the fields to raise and grow those products so essential to the welfare of our Republic. We may complain about the snow, sleet, ice, and slush finally back to its natural state. But it is water that builds up the water table, which will be so vitally needed for the hot, dry months in the offing. So with this thought in mind, we leave you for this month. Happy sledding to all of you.

We would like to mention here the names of those who have recently retired from the employ of the Yard after years of long and faithful service. We will miss them all. Each had his own special characteristics which contributed much to their respective departments.

To each of them we wish many happy years full of peace, of health and contentment. That is the end result of having performed a job well, and knowing it.

They are: Dave Moorhead, Larry Collison, Ferd Snyder and Charles Kelly, and photographer Art Knott.

Deepest sympathies are extended to the relatives of Thomas "Chappie" Van Doren of 67 Dept., who, after a prolonged illness passed away. He was a familiar figure in the Yard as he traveled to and fro between #1 Shipway, the Carpenter Shop and the Paint Shop.

Smiling Eddie Larson of 59 Dept. recently received his 30 year Service Pin.

It was indeed a shock to be informed of the sudden death of E. A. "Sticky" Strickland at the age of thirty-five. His happy-go-lucky smile and the attitude with which he faced every day with its complexities, will not be soon forgotten by anyone who knew him. To those he leaves behind, we offer our sincere condolences.

Many thanks to C. "Pappy" Jenkins for the news and activities of the second shift.

We extend heartiest congratulations to Mr. Ernest D. Hosking in his new job as Chief Structural Engineer.

Heartfelt sympathies are extended to "Bud" Follett of 36 Dept., and his family on the sudden passing of his beloved wife. When Friday nights rolled around she was usually in attendance at the Penn Rec Bowling Alleys. We will all miss her.

Arrogance often covers a minimum of intelligence!

This is no bull—it is the story about one. Let's call it, "How Old That Bull Is."

We can hear "Spec" Goudy chuckling to himself. Now stop it "Spec," so we can relate this tale to all

The following took place a few months ago way down on Harry Dougel's ranch, south of Wilmington, Delaware. For all those who don't know, Harry's ranch is in two states, Delaware and Maryland.

Now on this ranch there was a bull, quite a wild one we hear. Right then and there one could imagine what was going to take place. But you are all wrong. Just listen.

Being a neophyte at the art of lassoing animals and then tying off the rope, Harry and the bull were in for quite a time and tussle. After a number of misses, El

Harry finally succeeded in lassoing the bull who became all the more ferocious when the rope went around his neck.

On with the story, we mean chase. Around and around, and up and down went the bull, with El Harry not too far behind. How long this went on has not been ascertained up to this moment. Anyway, when both were nearing the breaking point, it happened. The rope became entangled around a tree, and became taut in an instant, breaking the neck of the bull. The vet was called, and after everything was cleaned up, the bull finally ended up in the locker.

Now that you have heard this tale, don't you think this was rather a unique way of doing away with an animal? Well, go ahead "Spec," you been holding back long enough. As for "How Old That Bull Is," the bull isn't worried, so why should we!

Al Schwartz claims there is only one good thing you can say about a bore—they never talk about other people.

Remember, "Triumph" is just a little "umph" added to try!

Sam Parncutt, "Mr. Counter" of 91 Dept. was recently seen at the Safety Store at noon time, buying second hand overshoes at 60¢ per pair. From what we hear they will soon be calling him "Bargain Counter Sam!" Wow!

And then there is the story about the cannibal who went to see a psychiatrist because he was all fed up with people.

Howard "Reds" Graham reports that a sign on the Florida border says, "Help Keep Florida Green"—meaning bring some money. Here lately the weatherman has helped to keep it white; and look at the price of oranges.

Here is a narrative of the past and the presents. It concerns one Jack "Gabby" Gibbs, who, when Thanksgiving Day last year rolled around gave his wife 500 feet of clothesline. Not the cheap kind, it was the best. During the time between Thanksgiving and Christmas, the wheels started to grind. This is what developed.

On Christmas morn' Mrs. Gibbs was presented with two beautiful gift wrapped boxes. Upon opening them she found 15 dozen clothespins. Of course, thought "Gabby," what good was the clothesline without the pins to hang the wash upon it.

Larry Natale thought "Gabby" was kidding and asked him if there was a twenty dollar bill in the bottom of the box. "Gabby" answered very firmly in the negative. Now that the odds have been established at 1-100, there are no takers that he won't give his wife clothes props for her coming birthday present.

Speaking of odds, "Race Track Pete" says that the track is where people look for the right odds to get even.

Achievements are like trousers. They become threadbare if you rest too long on them!

Tony Mistecka has some round trip tickets to the moon. Although many know he lives in the area of the "Hogtown Moon," it wasn't this particular moon the tickets were for. (prep).

Frank "Army" Armstrong states he knows an agent so crooked, that, if his name was George Washington he would double cross the Delaware. . . . Walt Momot describes a "confidential cocktail" as a drink a waiter serves before spilling everything. . . . Heard that Jack "Cheyenne" Singley was having trouble with the pencil when Safety rolled the Supers a few weeks ago.

Some people get fat by the simple exercise of jumping to conclusions. . . . Did you know that baby sitting is now called a hush-hush business? . . . Al Boyd of Safety is now on the second shift with Oscar DiSilvestro back on the day shift. . . . Henry says there is nothing more distant than a distant relative with money. . . . Flattery is the art of telling another person exactly what he thinks of himself. . . . When a woman is dieting it's best not to agree with her.

Be always merry as you can, for no one delights in a sorrowful man!

Norm Paxson had added a new wrinkle to the protection of the automobile radiator in freezing weather—buy the anti-freeze and keep it in the car trunk. Sort of reminds us of how Jimmy Madden used to keep his overshoes under the front seat of his car all the time. My, my!

Many a man rises to the occasion, but only a few know when to sit down. . . . Living well is the best revenge we can take on our enemies.

So until next month, so long and good luck.

MRS. JOHN G. PEW, SR.
Aug. 20, 1872 - Jan. 8, 1958

There should be no doubt in our minds as to the above dates and what they stand for. The first date for the beginning of a life; the latter for the end of that life.

We find it quite difficult to phrase the words properly in a tribute to a woman, who, was first of all a mother and homemaker; a leader in civic and church work; and lastly a faithful helpmate to her husband.

The written and the spoken word, do not, and cannot do full justice here. They can only act as a solace or a balm to those she leaves behind, to those she loved the most dearly and her friends. So let it be.

Let her children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren be her monuments, and let each monument be a living memorial for her. For them as long as they may live, she lives in them, and they in her.

The men and supervision of 59 and 60 Depts. extend their deepest sympathies to all of them.

ABOUT THE MISSILES RACE
Congressional Record of April 25, 1956

"I suggest that we set up a special joint Congressional Committee, with full subpoena powers, to investigate the guided missile program, and to keep a vigilant eye on its progress. If the committee finds that the program is not on an all out basis, then it must go into the further question of why it is not on an all out basis. If we are falling behind the Soviet Union in the development of a weapon that may permit communism to conquer us, then we must find out who is responsible and what has motivated those who are responsible."

—Senator Joseph R. McCarthy, dec.

✦

Stand fast therefore in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free, and be not entangled again with the yoke of bondage. Galatians 5:1

By John F. Hefflefinger

Well, one of our first and worst winter months has passed, and from remarks heard here and there no one is sorry. Two more to go and then we hope to start the outdoor season. We know this will suit the anglers in our midst as well as our gardeners.

We sincerely hope that by this time Mac Taylor, one of our old timers, is able to resume his duties after a long spell of illness due to the results of an operation. We are quite sure the affair has been very painful. Best of luck, Mac.

We are also pleased to see Dick Daubert and McCann back at work after an absence due to a flare of the 440 volt lines. . . . We have been requested to find out what kind of pills C.D.B. is taking these days. . . . During the snowstorm of January 7, Whitey Peet was seen taking the train home. He says he sure wasn't going to push Browne home that time. Once was enough!

Yours truly must have been watching Riley too much. Sure enough, he did the same trick of failing to put the carbon in right side up on the time sheets. Bets were down that this would not appear in the column, so any takers—here it is. We can pull a boo boo as well as he can.

Van Horn says he is all square with the Delaware State Police now after a night or two overtime. Of course, you just know Brownie asked him how he thought they got their roads repaired. . . . R. Peet celebrated his birthday on January 2. But we can vouch for the fact that he didn't get the Christmas present of the new pea coat promised him. In fact he literally had it taken off his back. But from the sidelines it looked like C.D.B. put in a few anxious moments wondering where the paint came from.

H. H. Boyer, retired 33 Crane operator, called at the yard to see some of his buddies on December 28. Harry formerly ran the second shift in the Boiler Shop. Glad to see you fella. . . . Congratulations to Mr. and and Mrs. Robert Elder on the arrival of a baby son on December 31. The lad weighed in at 8 lbs., 2 oz., and has been named Robert B., Jr. Bob works in the I.C. Gang on the new ships.

Our sympathies to Charles McCune on the passing of his mother on December 29, 1957. . . . Our department sends its sympathies to our Vice President, Mr. John G. Pew, Jr., on the passing of his mother on January 8.

Andy Cassidy is the proud possessor of a new tape recorder. The only hitch, says Andy, is there were no instructions with it. . . . The boys report that Van Horn finally succeeded in running all the other leaders off of 601 and is now in sole charge. This was prophesied six months ago by Peet.

Dick and Cassidy finally joined the Navy, while Walt Singles is pinch-hitting for Yours Truly who is on vacation.

Everyone appreciated the fine action of management in permitting members of our families to visit the Comet on January 18.

With this will close till next month. So long.

By Sam Flood

February—the month of red hearts with arrows thru them, Washington's and Lincoln's birthdays, Social Club Banquet, the 14th (when you better not forget the girl friend) bad weather, and the month that we are always glad to see the last of.

Bill is back from his vacation, but we can't say he looks so rested. Can you imagine a fellow taking two weeks off from a nice, restful, warm, clean job and then do plumbing at home? . . . Glad to see Mrs. Hurley's smiling face back in her office. She had a couple of pretty tough sick spells, but she is on the job again and says she feels pretty fair. She also says she is going to take care of herself from now on and stay on the job.

You know it is getting close to the time when we elect new officers for the Social Club. Let us get serious about it this year. I remember last year we had a lot of wisecracks at election time about everything being cut and dried, no competition, only one candidate per job, same old crowd every year, etc.

Well, here is your chance to do something about it. Who would you like to elect to what office? Pick one or more you think would do a good job—someone you know who likes this kind of work and you would like to put in office. Let's give it some thought this year, have a lot of candidates and do a lot of campaigning.

Our boy Paul (Baby) had a birthday January 4th. He is now a man, at least in years. Yes sir, they had his board all fixed up with cup cakes, candles and a Happy Birthday sign. (He didn't like the sign, or was it just the "Baby" on it?)

Charlie Dooley went to his doctor for a final check-up after his sick spell last month.

"Well, old man," says Doc, "I don't seem to find a thing wrong with you, but I do recommend you taking it easy for awhile. How about giving up half of your love life?"

After a long pause and deep thought, Charlie looked up and replied, "Doc, which half do you recommend I give up, thinking about it or talking about it?"

Did you hear the remark that Joe Blossic made the other day? "My wife says she always wanted a man, 'gruff as a bear and gentle as a lamb' and that was why she hooked me." We hear the funniest jokes in the Electrical Department!

It used to be, "I had to go to my grandmother's funeral yesterday," when you took a day off from the office, but now it's, "It took me a half hour to get the car in the garage last night." (Submitted by Jos. Aitken.)

We wish to extend our sympathy to our friend McCoy of 38 Dept. You know Mac was pretty well shaken up the night of the snowstorm last month. To be tripped on the ice like that and then have a lot of weight come down on you, can be pretty dangerous. We are glad there were no broken bones and that he is feeling much better. Fun is fun, but some people carry it a little bit too far. Don't you think so, Doc?

Everything is going to work out alright Ernie—not a thing to worry about. Have to make a few changes, but those cables will all go in the ship without any trouble. *Quote of the Month: Win new friends, but keep the old. The first are silver, but the latter gold. "Fifth Wheel."*

To be protected against competition is to be protected in idleness, in mental dullness; to be saved the necessity of being as active and as intelligent as other people. —John Stuart Mill

A PRAYER FOR BUSY PEOPLE

"Slow me down, Lord. Ease the pounding of my heart by the quieting of my mind. Steady my hurried pace with the vision of the eternal reach of time. Give me, amidst the confusion of my day the calmness of the everlasting hills.

Break the tensions of my nerves and muscles with the soothing music of the singing streams that live in my memory. Help me to know the magical, restoring power of sleep.

Teach me the art of taking minute vacations, of slowing down to look at a flower, to chat with a friend, to pat a dog, to read a few lines from a good book. Remind me each day of the fable of the hare and the tortoise that I may know the race is not always to the swift; that there is more to life than increasing its speed.

Let me look upward into the branches of the towering oak and know that it grew great and strong because it grew slowly and well. Slow me down Lord, and inspire me to send my roots deep into the soil of life's enduring values that I may grow toward the stars of my greater destiny."

Submitted by Norm Kefford

DID YOU KNOW?

By Sam

- We have seen a lot of Poinsettia plants the past month or so. Did you know they came from Mexico, way back in 1830, by a man named Joel Roberts Poinsett, who was our first Minister to Mexico?
- Did you know that it is estimated that the great Salt Lake contains 400 million tons of salt?
- Did you know that smuggling and black marketing are the main industries of Andorra, between France and Spain?
- Did you know rhubarb is a kind of celery gone bloodshot?
- Did you know that telephones in use throughout the world now number over 100 million? This is a growth of 6.5 million since 1955 and over 50 million in the past 10 years. Of the 100 million, more than half are in the U.S.
- Did you know a wife saves her husband a lot of money on an annual basis? A wife brings her husband a tax saving of $172, if he is in the $4000 bracket. In the $6000 class, it is $252, and when the husband earns $50,000, the annual savings is almost $7000.

A SPECIAL SHIP FOR SPECIAL PRODUCTS

A new chapter in American flag shipping history was made recently with the completion of the maiden voyage of the S. S. Angelo Petri, largest wine tanker in the world.

Designed to eliminate the overland delivery from California vineyards to the Eastern markets, the ship became the first vessel to transport wine by sea between United States ports by delivering more than 2,000,000 gallons of wine.

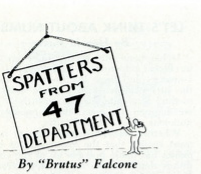
The vessel will load its cargos at Stockton, California, and transport them to Port Newark, N. J., and Houston, Texas, and will carry on the return trips such cargos as sugar in bulk and beverage alcohol. This marks a radical departure in the care, treatment and transportation of wine products.

The edible products are carried in 26 stainless steel-lined tanks ranging in capacity from 31,000 to 211,000 gallons each. Four thousand feet of stainless steel piping is installed to carry the products without risk of contamination. Each tank is separated by a cofferdam and also has double bottoms to prevent contamination with sea water.

It is interesting to note that while the cargo carrying portion of the vessel was newly constructed for the purpose, the stern section is that of the former S. S. Sucketts Harbor, a tank vessel which served as a power plant for the city of Anchorage, Alaska, while that city was completing its hydroelectric installation for municipal service. Following this usage, the stern section was towed to Seattle and offered for sale. There it was purchased by the United Vintners Lines of San Francisco and today has become the machinery section of the S. S. Angelo Petri. In appearance the vessel is very similar to any T-2 tank vessel. The work was performed by the Bethlehem Steel Co.—John M. Techton.

Note: Volunteers to assist in the inspection of the vessel, should it ever arrive in this shipyard, will NOT *be required.*

To believe in God must mean to live in such a manner that life cannot be lived if God does not exist. —Jacques Maritain



By "Brutus" Falcone

Next thing we know it will soon be Spring again. Did I hear somebody say—"The sooner the better?"

"Reds" MacDonald, shipfitter helper in "Whitey" Lisicki's gang, is a proud papa now. His wife gave birth to a girl on Christmas Day. We hope the MacDonalds are always as happy as "Reds" was when announcing the blessed event.

"Ducky" Ruh (shipfitter)—this young fellow generally looks like he just returned from the North Woods, or internment in some desolate concentration camp. But after a shave and a haircut, he looks mighty cleancut—almost handsome. Seems he prefers that 5 o'clock shadow look.

"Nick" DiMarino (helper)—this fellow is so huge that we couldn't resist nicknaming him "monster." His tremendous strength has helped a lot where we needed that extra push and weren't within reach of crane service. This is not recommended procedure, but where muscle power is the only answer it's nice to have the answer.

"Hot Rod" Hoffner (burner)—bought his wife a beautiful clock radio for Christmas. To keep it a secret he hid it in the cellar. Came Christmas morning when packages were being excitedly opened, they counted three clock radios, all exactly alike. Now didn't they have an odd time?

"Pete" Berkheimer (burner leader) has come up with a novel method of combatting inflation and stretching a dollar—he buys only double yolk eggs. When fried and cut in half, each egg serves two—one half for himself and one for the Missus.

"G.I." George Layman, burner, presented his fiancee with a beautiful diamond engagement ring on Christmas Eve. Some of us suspect that come springtime, G.I. will march happily down the aisle.

"Russ" Rotika apparently will be one of the operators of the new Monopole Burning machines. When he sits in the operator's chair, he looks like he knows what it's all about. Maybe he's just acting—that looks like a mighty intricate piece of machinery.

Our home in Strafford was the scene of a gala New Year's Eve party. Fortunately our home is large enough to handle a party crowd easily. The dining room was set aside for a midnight buffet supper and the dispensing of liquid refreshments; and the living room for those who wanted to engage in serious conversation or idle chit chat. The newly renovated 15 by 20' kitchen was converted into a dance floor with a record player providing the most up-to-date and danceable music. The first couple to leave, exited at 3:00 A.M. Good food and drink with the proper combination of guests, mixing easily, added up to a real nice end of the year celebration. Without the hard work of my wife, who was confronted with the problem of planning for 25 guests—and succeeded with flying colors—I wouldn't have my reputation as a genial host. She does 95% of the work and only receives half the credit.

H. TURNER, of 66 Dept., shown with the magnificent buck which was shot near the Old Homestead in Susquehanna Co.

"Slim" Amato, Stanley Hockman's all around man, was recently engaged in a bout with that old devil "flu." . . . Jack Wonderly and John Ferguson, neither of whom are teenagers anymore, were caught arguing over who is the younger of the two. Horace Bullock tells us Jack has been around a long, long time. I pass!

"Vince" DiLorenzo (expeditor) is using tranquilizer pills—said he had to, we nag him so much for material he started growling around his own home.

Attention "Oscar" (fork lift driver)—who the devil is that person who sits with you under the bridge at 5th and Morton Ave. singing, "Oh Show Me The Way To Go Home?"

"Hot Rod" Hoffner is acquiring a farm in Stoneville. After spring planting all burners will be extended invitations to an Open House party. . . . When the new office equipment was being arranged, nobody seemed to know where things should be placed. Into the breach stepped "Joe" Dougherty and with a few deft waves of his hand restored order where only seconds before anarchy and chaos ran rampant. Joe is a veteran shop office man so it was not surprising to see him assume the role of a take charge guy."

Speaking of office men, "Bill" Cooper formerly of #47 is now in Sweden. His address is:

Bill Cooper
Park Ave. Hotel
Gothenburg, Sweden

"Whitey" Lisicki, shipfitter leader, recently moved into his newly bought home in Ashton Twp. We all wish "Whitey," his wife and five children the greatest happiness; and may good fortune always seek them out. We who worked with "Whitey" know how long he has looked forward to buying his own home, and we're happy because the Lisickis are happy!

Harold Maas (burner), part time policeman in Woodbury Twp.—good natured guy that he is—invited me to drive thru so he could "pinch" me. If Woodbury was the Wild West, I'd go there at high noon with my guns strapped on, walk right down the center of Main St. and—just as sure as I'm telling you this—I'd quiet that "hombre" once and for all. Harold aren't you lucky we're living in the "tame" East?

"Curly" Peoples (burner) recently took his dad to Florida to live with his daughter (father's). Accompanying him was "Curly's" own boy and the flight was a new experience for both. . . . John Komarnicki, able shipfitter in Stanley Passick's gang, is the proud father of a baby girl born last November 21, 1957. They've named her Kathy. The Komarnicki's have two other children (boys) six and fourteen years old.

Stanley Hockman (Asst. Foreman) shot a deer during the past season. Some of Stanley's friends in the department swear he bought that deer. Stanley in retort, using a million words or less, and I quote, said: "I SHOT THAT DEER." The needlers cannot ruffle Stanley's well preened feathers and that's for sure!

Since the modernization of Mold Loft methods, Frank Ives (leader) has become a Beau Brummel. From head to toe he has become Ivy League personified. Frank figures he has to keep up with the times. The fellows tell me he sure looks pretty. . . .

The only time I envy those who live in Chester is when we have those blasted snowstorms. Getting home becomes a problem that generally works out all right, but not without delays and tie-ups. But I guess we'll live thru it.

Boy, with me, writing is just like talking, so if I don't put this pen down, I'll never stop and that would .....

FOR SALE:

FOR SALE—Complete dark room outfit. Phone 503 and ask for Tom, or 522 and ask for Ed.

"KNOW YOUR CHEMICALS"
TOLUOL

Common name: Toluol — Chemical formula: $CH_3C_6H_5$

Toluol is a colorless flammable liquid that smells somewhat like benzene.

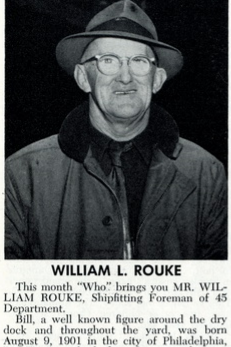
It is produced during the refining process of petroleum and is, today, one of the most important products of that industry.

It is used as a blending agent in aviation gasolines, as a solvent in many industries, in the production of many organic products in the preparation of medicines, dyes, explosives and is used very extensively in the plastic industry.

It is very flammable with a low flash point and is toxic (that is) the fumes of toluol can be harmful if breathed in higher concentrations and for longer periods than permitted by the safety codes. Where necessary to use it, ventilation must be adequate and all possible contact with the liquid avoided.

John M. Techton

WHO'S WHO ON DRY DOCK



WILLIAM L. ROUKE

This month "Who" brings you MR. WILLIAM ROUKE, Shipfitting Foreman of 45 Department.

Bill, a well known figure around the dry dock and throughout the yard, was born August 9, 1901 in the city of Philadelphia, Pa. He scarcely had a chance to become acquainted with Philadelphia and its surroundings, when a few weeks later his family decided to move to Wilmington, Delaware.

In March of 1917, after sixteen years in Wilmington, Bill along with his family decided to settle here in Chester. They were one of the first to settle on the 1000 block of Elsinore St., which area Bill states, was nothing more than dirt roads and plenty of wide open spaces.

On seeking employment, his first desire was Sun Ship. He was successful in his attempt and got his first job as a linerman in 45 Dept. on September 17, 1917. Bill liked his job so well that before long he worked himself up to shipfitter. One of the old timers who helped build the first tanker produced by Sun Ship, Bill has come all the way with the company since those days. He was recently awarded his 40 year service pin, which he richly deserves with an emphasis on loyalty.

A family man, he has three sons, Richard, James and Bill, Jr., two of whom are married; and five grandchildren, all girls! His older sons, Richard and Bill, Jr., served their apprenticeships here—Richard at drawing and Bill, Jr. in the Mold Loft. James, the youngest, is still attending high school.

In conclusion, Bill was asked if he had any particular interest and his reply was "The only interest I have right now is good, old-fashioned, hard work."

—Mike Arcus, Jr.

I know of no more encouraging fact than the unquestionable ability of man to elevate his life by a conscious endeavor. It is something to be able to paint a particular picture or to carve a statue, and so make a few objects beautiful; but it is far more glorious to carve and paint the very atmosphere and medium through which we look, which morally we can do. *Henry David Thoreau*

By Harold Baker

We hear that Joe Boris has moved to a new home over in Milmont Park. He likes it fine there. However, he finds it very difficult to locate his own house every evening when he goes home. One of our fellows suggested that Joe should get some bright paint and paint a big letter X on his front door.

We send our congratulations to Tom and Lois Flynn, who have received another new baby daughter. Lois had been having a pretty rough time of it during the past few months, and we are happy to report that she is doing pretty well now.

Joe Hubert posted a notice on the bulletin board down in the dry dock shanty. He said his house was closed to Christmas visitors as of January 2, 1958. John Hausmann said this excluded him since he didn't know there was going to be a deadline for visitors in the Hubert household until it was too late.

Every morning there is a small group of men who gather together in the Maintenance Shop before starting time. Tom Flynn tells me these fellows belong to a club which has the interesting name of Alcoholics Unanimous!

Every day is ladies day on the Media bus when Sam Mason is riding to work. Rumor has it that Sam very obligingly pays the ladies fares when they ride with him! . . . We are sorry to report that Richard Sipps, Oakie Twaddell and Jack Martin have all been involved in recent automobile accidents. The only fortunate thing about these various accidents was that there were no injuries to anyone involved.

Steve Kowalewski says it looks odd that Bill Reese was nominated shop treasurer, and the same day he took off early to make settlement on his new home. When are you going to have the big housewarming party, Bill?

In one of our neighboring plants one of the workmen lost his shoes in the company locker room. The man sat down and wrote a notice which he posted on the locker room bulletin board:

NOTICE!! TO WHOM IT MIGHT CONCERN. SOMEONE STOLE MY WORK SHOES AND THEY BETTER RETURN THEM RIGHT AWAY, 'CAUSE I NEED THEM REAL BAD. BESIDES THEY ARE ASKING FOR TROUBLE SINCE I GOT A REAL BAD CASE OF ATHLETIC FOOT!

SIGNED.....

The chap signed his name in large letters. A short time later the janitor found the shoes in a waste basket.

This seems to be an amusing tale to most of us. However, it was not very funny when the same thing happened in our gang. Frank Gaffney didn't find it at all amusing when someone took his work shoes, and all of us feel pretty sad to think that there is someone in our midst who is dishonest.

Perfect conformity to the will of God is the sole sovereign and complete liberty.
—Jean Henri Merle D'Aubigne

LET'S THINK ABOUT NUMBERS

By Harold Baker

It has been said that if there are living, intelligent creatures on other planets in the Universe, and these beings are advanced in the arts of science; we could establish a method of communication with them should we happen to meet these creatures, by judicious use of mathematics.

Whether we like mathematics or not, we must realize that the knowledge of mathematics has made possible all of the common things that we take for granted every day. Now with the present need for more scientists in our country we must all take more interest in mathematics. Mathematics is the language of science.

Think about this problem:

A man gave Tom eight silver dollars and a pair of good scales. He told Tom that one of the coins was counterfeit and it weighed a little heavier than the rest of the coins. He also told Tom that if he could locate the bad coin by weighing the coins in two weighings he could keep the seven good dollars. Did Tom get the seven dollars? If so, how did he arrange the coins so he could locate the bad one in two weighings? Answer on page 23.

IN APPRECIATION

To all the friends who helped me
In my siege of sorrow—
I will be the same, my friends,
When it comes to you tomorrow.

When "one of Chester's most outstanding teachers" died recently, her husband, Edward T. Ferry, formerly a Sun supervisor in 81 Dept., wrote the above to his friends.

Mrs. Violet R. Ferry, 71, had started with two years in a rural Boothwyn school, and completed eighteen years at Dewey-Mann School, Chester, before retiring in 1943. She christened Sun hull #409, the tankship Whitehorse, on March 31, 1944.

Ed Ferry has a son, Rennie Street; daughter, Mrs. Leroy Blake; two grandchildren and two great-grandchildren.

VIOLET BELBER, the daughter of "Tex" Emery of 69 Dept., is a member of the U. S. Army.

By Bob Wilson

With February here it is time once again to remind the department members of the E.D.R. Social Club's annual dinner and dance. The past two have been very well attended, and I think it is due to this large attendance that a good time was had by all.

I know there are very good reasons why some of the membership find it difficult to attend, but if it is at all possible try and make it this year.

While on the subject of the Social Club, let us not forget that the election of officers and representatives will take place the early part of next month. Members interested enough to accept nomination for the various positions, should realize, that if they are elected they have the responsibility of that particular job. If you are doing the nominating, be sure the person you are nominating will do it.

Well it looks like Vic Pajan didn't take our advice about the submarines after all. It seems that Vic is to go in to the Military Police after his basic training. When he returns after his six months active duty, he will be the one responsible that the rest of the reservists in the office are on their best behavior on drill nights.

We finally heard from Frank McNulty. He returned to this department around the end of December (too late to make the January issue of Ocn Yanp), Frank was only back in our company a few days when he too got the nod from Uncle Sam. He is to report early this month, and after basic training will take additional training and instruction in an artillery unit before returning to civilian life and the Delaware National Guard.

Frank is rather concerned about this artillery business as most cannon have been outdated by missile launchers. He is worried that he will get with a unit equipped with conventional weapons and won't get a chance to learn about rockets. When asked about his interest in these missiles, Frank told us he would like to learn as much as he can about them as he had an idea he could open up a restaurant on one of the satellites and do a *roaring* business. I'll bet he would make a good cook too—his food would be "out of this world."

To both Vic and Frank we wish the best of luck in their military careers, and we all hope to hear from them in the near future.

Once again I would like to remind everyone to be very careful in the parking lot. There have been several cases of dented fenders in the past weeks, and it was only by chance that someone's legs were not caught between bumper and fender. Wet weather also is with us again, and the cars racing to get out of the gate around five o'clock are causing a lot of unnecessary dirty water and mud to be splashed about. PLEASE DRIVE WITH MORE CONSIDERATION FOR YOUR FELLOW EMPLOYEES.

BITS AND PIECES FROM HERE AND THERE—Ed Herman sporting a new car. . . . Harry D. talking about his coming wedding. . . . Charlie Daggett worrying about his water pipes freezing during the cold weather. . . . Ed Wahowski looking forward to the coming fishing season. . . . When we get a snowfall, we still hear the argument of chains versus snow tires. . . . Stanley wearing dark glasses around the office. Hope your eye is better by the time this gets into print.

That's about all for now. Will see you all at the Social Club dinner dance.

HARRY HAD A LITTLE CAR

Harry had a little car
Its paint was bright and new,
And every place that Harry went
His new car went, too.

In it he went to work one day
It was raining pretty hard,
He pulled into the parking lot
And splash went his new car.

All day it rained, it never stopped,
Came down like cats and hounds,
The hour came at the end of the day
For Harry to be homeward bound.

Out to the parking lot he went
A brave and trusting soul,
To find his nice new car
In the middle of a water hole!

Harry was mad
The air was blue
Splash went the rain—
Splash, splash, went Harry too.

"Our Harry"

By Joe McBride

Our sympathies are extended to the families of Esten Strickland and Mrs. John G. Pew, Sr., both of whom were dearly loved by a host of friends.

We are sorry to hear that our good friend and co-worker, Elliott "Sug" Jenkins, was severely injured in an automobile accident. At this writing he is confined to Taylor Hospital, and we wish him a speedy recovery.

"Charles Atlas" Hall has returned to work after his demonstration of great strength and agility. Ed Sullivan had worse on his "shew" many times. . . . Foreman Jack Seamen is still on the sick list. He is allowed to have visitors at his home, 7 W. Chelton Rd., Parkside.

We will certainly miss "Art" Knott, the roving cameraman. "Art" was always willing to oblige with his excellent photographs.

The question bothering us now is, what has happened to Crane Operator Lane Hodnett, that his hair has suddenly turned red? He says he does not scare easy!

LETTERS

TO OUR FRIENDS,

A heartwarming number of you have spoken and mailed expressions of sympathy regarding Mother's passing. We are most grateful, and I am trying to answer every one.

Each of us in the family, thanks you for your kindness and concern.

John G. Pew, Jr.

January 13, 1958

To all Sun Ship employees:

We wish to extend our sincere appreciation for the beautiful flowers and many other expressions of kindness and sympathy extended to our family by the employees of the yard and main office, during the recent great loss we have sustained by the passing of a devoted husband and father, Esten A. Strickland.

Mrs. Esten A. Strickland,
Richard, Doris, Dolores and Bill

December 30, 1957

Mr. Gil Widdowson
Safety Department
Sun Shipbuilding & Dry Dock Co.,
Chester, Pa.

Dear Mr. Widdowson:

I appreciate deeply the response and cooperation which I received when I called for blood for my son.

Thanks again to the Sun Ship Blood Bank.

Respectfully yours,
C. A. Rucker and family

We wish to thank the many departments in the yard for their expressions of sympathy on the recent death of our beloved wife and mother.

Bud Follett and family.

COMET OPERATION FROM PAGE 14

parked in the same space except this time they were backed into their parking space. By this method, the loading time consumed was thirty-one minutes. However, the vehicles were all successfully discharged in seven minutes, making a total of thirty-eight minutes, a net gain of thirteen and half minutes.

It is estimated the entire vessel could be loaded by this method in approximately four hours. As for unloading, if the vessel is at her landing with the motors of all vehicles warmed up, the ports are in their open position, and the orders are "GO."—well, you be the timing judge!

From the above indications you can greatly appreciate the potential of this vessel and what a contribution she will make to "our side" in time of war. There should be good savings in peace time transportation too!

At the completion of our vehicle test, a demonstration of cargo hatch cover hydraulic actuation was performed. All the 'tween deck hatch covers in Hold No. 3A were cycled in their open and closed positions. The six covers of any one particular hatch can be opened or closed by one man in a little less than two minutes. Following that, watertight vertical sub-division doors, hinged internal ramps and the cargo side port doors, all hydraulically actuated, were opened and closed to the satisfaction of the observers.

It was, and is, a thrill to see hydraulic actuation, realizing that tons of steel can be moved at will by one man operating one control lever. A great part of this fascination stems from the realization that before this one man can perform his duties, we think of the hundreds upon hundreds of manhours devoted—by so many other men—who have previously completed the calculations, the research, lever action studies, designing and detailing of units, the fabrication and finally the installation and testing. Thirty-six component units of this type have been installed on this vessel.

At the conclusion of all demonstrations you could notice a general atmosphere of geniality among the observers, and soon the word was being passed around that the consensus was a *"good show"* (by the Army) and a *"well done"* (by the Navy).

These words, in our vernacular, mean: "Congratulations to every man and woman of Sun Ship—for the obvious teamwork that accomplished the successful building, tests, sea trials and delivery of the vessel to her future." May she and the men who sail her have good weather, green water and God's speed.

FLASH!

The new roll on/roll off vessel was commissioned January 24, 1958. Sun turned the ship over to Joseph Czudak of the Maritime Administration, who in turn released her to Capt. Ray E. Malpass, who represented the Military Sea Transportation Service, Atlantic Area. Capt. Harry Chemnitz, (born in Brooklyn 1898) who first went to sea in 1914 and served the Army Transport Service in W.W. II, is the "Skipper."

The "Comet" was put to work a few days after commissioning. Headed for St.. Nazaire, France, she was loaded at the Northern Metal Company's Philadelphia pier with approximately 400 vehicles, including: 185 2½ ton trucks; 39 truck tractors; 16 personnel carriers; and 138 jeeps.

MRS. EVA WEITZEL PEW

Quietly, befitting her gracious spirit, on the evening of January 8, Mrs. Eva Weitzel Pew, widow of our former beloved President, John G. Pew, Sr., and mother of our Vice President, John G. Pew, Jr., was called Home to be with the Lord she loved and served so faithfully. She was 85.

Mrs. Pew was born in Pittsburgh, August 20, 1872, and resided in this area for nearly fifty years. Her life was one of dedication and service to others, based upon the unchanging Word of God, she applied its principles to her own life and to the training of those who came under her care.

She was an influential figure in the Young Women's Christian Association, a member of the New Century Club, on the Board of the Presbyterian Home for the Aged, and a member of the Women's Committee of the Bryn Mawr Presbyterian Church.

Her dedication to her family, its interests, and her quiet dedication to God, have left an indelible mark on the citizens of the County.

A fine speaker, her contribution in the various councils was outstanding, and unnumbered young people were helped in the wise planning of their lives by her public and private revelations. Any words we may write would be inadequate to describe the beauty of Mrs. Pew's life. Simply stated however: her actions were eloquent testimony of her shining faith.

We do say, that to her family she has bequeathed some very priceless gifts— given without stint from her earliest years—the gift of prayer, of a sure knowledge of God, of faith and the concern for the needs of others. Also, and most precious in these moments of loss, beautiful memories which will remain undimmed and unfading in the heart.

Requiem Aeternam Dona Eis, Domine, Et Lux Perpetua Luceat Eis. (Grant her Eternal Rest, O Lord, and let a perpetual light shine upon her.)

To the members of the bereaved family, we extend our Humble and Most Sincere Condolences.

—Mike Znachko

THREE SERVICE STARS

By Mrs. H. I. Wandell

Three stars I hold before me,
Three Service Stars of Blue;
A sailor boy, a young marine,
And now a soldier too.
They mean three loving sons to me,
They were really not mine;
God only lent them to me
For a certain length of time.
But our home was very happy,
For each loved each, you see,
Till I lent them to our country
As God lent them to me.
Now He has them in His keeping,
And He loves them just as dear
As I could ever love them,
Were I to have them here.
And when the whole world honors
The God who's kind and true,
I'll take my sons, and give them back
Three Service Stars of Blue.

MATTHEW DOYLE, 67, of 18 W. Chelton Road, Parkside, Pa., died on December 11, 1957. Born in Bonhill, Scotland, he came to the U. S. in 1921 and began serving Sun Ship. With the exceptions of several yard lay-offs, he served as a machinist till ill health forced his retirement in 1955.

A member of the Masonic Lodge A.F. and A.M. since 1918, and Secretary to Clan Ross O.S.C., photography and golf were his favorite pastimes. He is survived by his wife, Janet Doyle.

CHARLES W. STINSON, 72, of 333 Kerlin Street, Chester, Pa., died on October 31, 1957. Coming to Sun Ship in 1920 as a patternmaker, he rounded out thirty-one and a half years of service before his retirement in December of 1953. (There had been several lack of work lay-off periods during this time). A member of Moconanaca Tribe, OIKM, for fifty years, and active with local bands as a coronet player, he was a member of Musicians Local 484. Mr. Stinson had been a member of Sun Ship's band while it was organized.

He was interested in fishing and also had a hobby shop in his basement where he did all kinds of wood working. He is survived by his wife, Eva, and five children.

The creature itself also shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God. —Romans 8:21

° ° °

When freedom is cut from the root of faith, it goes soft and selfish. It ceases to be a cause, a philosophy, and a faith (as it was for our forefathers) and becomes an indulgence (as it is for most of us).

—*Samuel Shoemaker*

° ° °

Government is not reason, it is not eloquence— It is force! like fire, it is a dangerous servant and a fearful master. —George Washington

In Memoriam

Sun Shipbuilding and Dry Dock Company extends sympathy to the families of the following employees who died during the months of December and January.

WALTER BARTOS, 60-59, of 56 Canal Street, Patterson, N. J., who died on December 17, 1957.

THOMAS VAN DOREN, 67-251, of 319 So. Matlack Street, West Chester, Pa., who died on December 21, 1957.

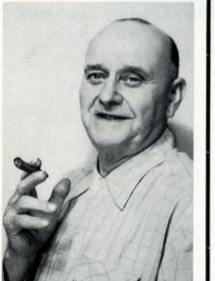
GEORGE POKAPICH, 47-40, of 45 E. 22nd Street, Chester, Pa., who died on December 23, 1957.

FRANK THOMPSON, 88-34, of the Good Shepherd Apts., Rosemont, Pa., who died on December 29, 1957.

ESTEN STRICKLAND, 76-58, of 27 Ridge Road, Green Ridge, Pa., who died on January 8, 1958.

EGBERT HORTON, 59-109, of Baltimore Pike, Box 91, Chadds Ford, Pa., who died on January 10, 1958.

GEORGE D. SUTHERLAND, 58-150, of 610 Fulton Street, Chester, Pa., who died on January 20, 1958.



WALTER A. FELTS, SR., 76, of 20 E. 18th Street, Chester, Pa., died on November 19, 1957 after a long illness. Born in South Hampton County in Virginia, Mr. Felts came to work at Sun Ship in 1926 as a machinist. In July of 1953 he became a locomotive engineer—a position he held until his retirement in 1954. His work was his chief interest, participating in very few outside activities. Survivors include his son, Walter A. Felts, Jr., and a niece Mrs. Vivian Felts.

A NATION OF SLAVES?

Taxes have grown so rapidly in recent years that now they are the largest single item in the cost of living. Americans will pay for government this year, more than they will spend on food, clothing, medical care and religious activities combined.

—General Douglas MacArthur

GEORGE H. ANDERSON, SR.

The Maritime Administration staff and co-workers at Sun Ship were saddened by the sudden death of Mr. George H. Anderson, Sr., on December 13, 1957.

Born in Philadelphia on January 30, 1890, Mr. Anderson began his shipbuilding career as Joiner Apprentice at New York Shipbuilding Corporation in 1907, continuing there in various capacities until 1929. He then entered the construction business, building and remodeling homes and apartments until 1941. In 1942 Mr. Anderson began work as a Joiner Inspector with the Maritime Commission and continued as such, in various Field Construction offices until his death.

Mr. Anderson's wide knowledge of all phases of ship construction and his broad and tolerant attitude earned him the respect and affection of all who worked with him. He was loyal, dependable, and a big person in every way. He was a Mason and loved fishing.

He will be greatly missed. —J. C.

By Eddie Wertz

Events of past and present to bring us up-to-date: Herb Taylor and Harman Palmer returned from their scholastic trip to Detroit, with their pictures and diplomas, a bit wiser and colder.

The office party at Christmas was a very nice affair thanks to Mrs. Rumbold and Mrs. Herman. As usual Charles Grant went after those large periwinkles, while Bill Emsley talked the boss out of his last cigar. Frank Thompson was present, flying back from California in time. (Gorman said his arms were very tired after the trip.) We missed the Mayor of Frog Pond, Mr. A. M. Brown, who was busy swatting mosquitoes in Jersey. . . . Wolf received a new padded saddle for Christmas while Sinex received a book "Improve Your Mind—or How Not to Forget in One Easy Reading." . . . Your reporter received his book "Money Making The Easy Way," but did not need it since he cashed both ends of his Christmas check—only one to get $40.00 bucks for Christmas.

"Pepi" became a new daddy the week of December 16, just in time to really be Santa Claus. . . . June was married January 25. Bride's name was not May, but Miss Carol Fulkersin of Upland. We wish the happy couple the very best in life. . . . Note to Aunt Lill and Uncle John: You will soon get a new niece. . . . Denston said, "I'm working for a good cause, cause I need the money." How true, since giving her that big diamond for Christmas. How soon will you join the league of married men? Hope you have a swell wedding, puffed rice and all.

George Laird returned from his Florida vacation stating they were using anti-freeze for suntan oil. Gorman reports Jimmy Logue said he never tried that new drink advertised in the railroad stations "Traveler Aid" the whole time he was in Florida.

Mr. and Mrs. John Hamilton spent their holiday season visiting their daughter in Florida. Jack thought it looked funny to see the girls in shorts at Christmas time, but he kept on looking when the wife wasn't around. . . . Bill Doran went out, bought a wreath and Christmas tree, took it down the cellar and trimmed it for the dog. Said Wolf was not going to get ahead of him with his dog.

Herby Hughes latest sideline is pumping out cellars at ten bucks per hour—to Jackson and Hegley $15.00 special price

All were glad to see Dick Friedrich's return from his hospital vacation, and at this writing we are also awaiting the return of Karl Lutz and James Ashton whom we are glad to report are doing well.

Emmie on the 8th of January was telling everyone he was a "man today." Takes more that twenty one years Emmie! . . . Those old narrow roads where two cars could hardly pass are being made into nice wide highways —where six and eight cars can collide at once. . . . Joe Woods, our up and coming apprentice boy, showed up in his flaming red hat. We wonder if he going "deer" hunting or just hiding that new haircut?

Will have news next issue on contests for darts and ping pong games held at noon hour.

FUN CLUB NEWS: Have some delinquent boys. Those with a gold star are: Hughie Ward, Harry Finck, "Available" Zeigler. Hope to have a few more next issue.

ANSWER: Tom arranged the coins in three groups, 3, 3, and 2. He first weighed the two weighs of 3s: if they balanced he had coin was in the remaining two. Then he would weigh the remaining two and locate the bad, heavier coin.

On the other hand if one of the group of threes was heavier than the other one, it must contain the bad coin. So in the second weighing he would weigh two of the coins from the heavy three. If they balanced the odd coin is the bad one; if they don't balance the heavier one is the bad one.

67 GLEANERS

By Al Bagby

New Year's resolutions are like egg shells —easily broken. I only made one and that was to try and make my column a wee bit better than it was in 1957. It's not too big a promise, so I guess I will succeed.

First of all I want to send to the bereaved family of Thomas (Chappie) Van Doren, the department's, yard's, and my own sympathies at this time. As all of you know, Chappie was a well known figure around the yard for more than thirty-five years. He was also a familiar figure in the Order of the Elks of West Chester, Pa., and until recent years you could always depend upon him being in the parades that were held throughout the state. Chappie passed away at his home on December 14, 1957.

As I was reading the article of Young John's, I thought it was welcome news to know that for the next several years we will have work for all at the yard. I also think that it would be **nice if reports like his would or could be made quarterly.** A man feels more confident and more secure in knowing what lies ahead in his line of work.

"See America" has always been a wise saying and I know that if you read the story by Harry Osman you will agree. The only thing he neglected to tell us was where we could get the money for such a trip. However, he may come up with that later on.

How many of you saw the picture of Jerry Meekins? I don't know whether he was having it taken for services rendered or whether he thought he was in a dentist's chair. Only kidding, Jerry, keep on smiling! . . . Quite a nice picture of Paul Atkinson. Next time you see him ask him if he enjoyed his coffee on the Comet. Also note the nice picture of Walter H. Barrett and his bride. I know that all of you will go along with me as I wish them much success in their new venture. You also know that he is the son of Walt Barrett, a familiar figure around the yard for quite a period.

Was also reading the item called "A Century of Progress" dating back to 1854. M. Williams, our Asst. Foreman, could go a little further back than that and let us in on some of the highlights of those days. How about it Mart? . . . I haven't been lucky enough to see the "Kid's" new Olds, but maybe I will some day. I may even get a ride in it, who knows? . . . Bubbles tells me that the only trouble with his car is the gas tank. He just can't keep it full. Don't worry, Bubbles, they are trying now to find a new fuel for cars.

"Big Boy Buick," the right hand of Henry Jones, is looking quite large these cold days due to the number of sweatshirts he wears. Nice guy and very easy to get along with. Would be nice if he would get a button to replace that piece of welding wire, or better yet a new coat.

It's a long way off yet, but I am wondering if Big Britt is still going to string along with the Phillies, or is he going to make a change? I know for sure that Big Crews is going along with the Yanks.

The New Year with us, I think that it would be nice if everyone of us would look at life from the sunny side. Just be like the rich Texan oil man who went to the dentist and said that he wanted his teeth examined. Upon being told that they were one hundred percent perfect, he remarked, "Well, drill a few holes anyway, I feel lucky."

You must admit that we all have a share of wealth and happiness somewhere in this world. You have to go get it, because others are so busy trying to get theirs, they are unable to bring it to you.

Time now for a little joke: A little boy went to his mother and said, "Mother may I go out in the backyard and play with Granddad?" His mother replied, "Yes, but don't you ever get tired of digging him up?" (Dig that one!)

At this writing I have before me a letter or an invitation, you may say, to take relatives and friends aboard the USNS Comet. I will, if nothing happens, be there with a few of both. After all it's quite interesting to watch the construction of a ship from the keel to the final coat of paint. Seeing the end product, it's quite interesting to know that each of us had a small part in the building of such a ship, and that soon it will ply the seven seas. No one person could perform such an operation! It takes the minds, will power and energies of all crafts and departments, working side by side to create a ship, styled, geared and rugged enough to be called a "Queen of the Seas."

Well, that's all for now, more next month and in the meantime what about some pictures?

The fancy-dress dance was over and the local gossips were comparing notes.

"Mrs. Smithington-Smyth looks upset, don't you think?" said one, gloatingly.

"Yes, my dear. She came as an Hawaiian beauty, with grass skirts and all—and they awarded her first prize in the humorous section as "The Old Thatched Cottage."

36 Dept. machinists with a touch of Christmas.

WHAT— WHEN— AND WHERE?

What is this place called yonder?
Yonder's where we'll sometime be.
Spare the time and thought to ponder
What is meant—Eternity.

What is at the end of living
When is said the last Amen;
Should there be some slight misgiving
That perhaps we'll live again?

When the bell tolls, gently calling
Time to say our last farewell,
Should the future seem appalling?
Perhaps 'tis better none can tell.

When at last there comes the ending
Time to climb those Golden Stairs,
There shall be so much depending
On the solace from our prayers.

Where's the haven if there's any
We shall meet those gone before?
We shall share in blessings many
And live on forevermore.

Where is the place to which we'll go
For rest and peace sublime?
The answer is, we'll never know
'Til called by Father Time.

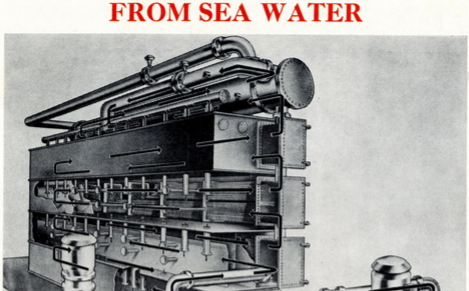
A. J. Brown

Social and political questions concern men's consciences. National and international questions of a political nature touch upon ethics and thwart man from attainment of his supernatural end in paradise. It absolutely may not be said that such questions do not come under the authority and care of the church. —*Pope Pius XII*

The prospective buyer for a new home commented to the builder: "These walls certainly don't look very sturdy."

"Of course not," said the builder. "We haven't put on the wallpaper yet."

ONE OF SUN'S SUPPLIERS MAKE DRINKING WATER FROM SEA WATER



Many areas of the world have little or no streams or lakes to provide fresh water for human consumption, yet have sea water or brackish water in abundance. Westinghouse has been working for 10 years on developments to make it economically feasible to convert these waters into water fit for daily home use and for industry.

This two-stage unit is a one-twelfth scale working model of a four-stage, flash type evaporator plant, which will make 630,000 gallons per day of fresh water from the Persian Gulf in the oil rich Shiekdom of Kuwait.

In the four-stage unit, Persian Gulf water (more salty than normal sea water) is pumped through the botom condenser where it extracts the heat from condensing vapor of the final evaporator stage. Brine from the final evaporator stage is pumped through the three condensers of the upper stages, then through a heater on top where steam from the exhaust of a steam turbine heats the brine to 200°F. The brine then flows into the top evaporator stage where a portion flashes into pure water vapor, which is condensed in the associated condenser. The remaining brine flows into the second, third, and fourth stages where the process is repeated. The distilled water from the four condensers is fresh water and is pumped into storage tanks for distribution to the water mains of this rapidly growing Arab community.

This test model makes possible a continuing series of improvements. Larger size units, have already made it easy for many peoples on islands and arid wastes, to have life-giving fresh water. Industrial development of such areas will also be stimulated by research projects of this type.

The accompanying artist's drawing shows the arrangement and relative size of one of the four 4-stage units now being shipped and erected near the northwestern tip of the Persian Gulf, where Westinghouse has in operation 18 older type, horizontal submerged tube, triple-effect evaporators, each of 120,000 gallons per day capacity. The new units of the vertical type, although over five times the capacity, occupy less space. They are also more efficient and much less expensive to install and operate.

PROFITS? WHO?

• In 1947 corporate profits *before taxes* were $29.5 billion. In 1956 they totaled $43 billion—an increase of $13.5 billion. This increase, however, was only 9.2 per cent of the total increase in the national income.

In 1947 corporation profits *after taxes* were $18.2 billion. In 1956 this figure had risen to $21 billion, an increase of only $2.8 billion. The increase in profits after taxes accounts for only 1.9 per cent of the $146.4 billion increase in the national income. On this basis, net profits are not high enough—Reuther to the contrary notwithstanding.

• What share of the national income did employees receive? The Department of Commerce shows that in 1947 employees received $128.8 billion, including employer payments for Social Security contributions and other benefit programs. By 1956 these payments had grown to $241.4 billion, an increase of $112.6 billion.

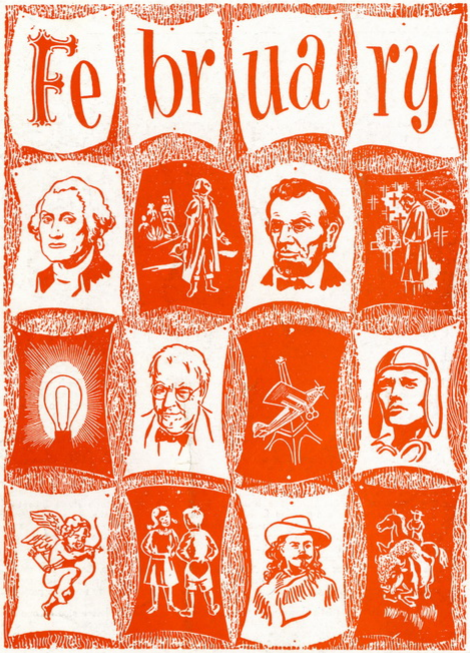
In short, these increased labor costs absorbed 76.9 per cent of the entire increase in national income during the decade.

An examination of distribution of the increase in the national income through this decade shows that for every additional dollar of corporate profits after taxes, employees receive an additional $40.

• Furthermore, labor's share of the total national income rose from 65.3 per cent in 1947 to 70.3 per cent in 1956. On the other hand, corporate profits after taxes dropped from 9.2 per cent of the national income in 1947 to only 6.1 per cent in 1956.—Senator John Marshall Butler in Human Events.

FEBRUARY THE SHORTEST, BUT . . .

IT GAVE US NOTABLE MEN



February produced, in addition to Washington and Lincoln, other famed Americans.

The inventer THOMAS ALVA EDISON was born February 11, 1847. He is noted especially for his invention of the incandescent electric lamp, the phonograph, and the motion picture camera. However, he took out more than 1,000 patents on his various inventions, which ranged from electric pens to a special incandescent lamp globe.

CHRISTOPHER LATHAM SHOLES was born February 14, 1819. He has been called "the father of the typewriter" because he was the first inventor to follow the idea of such a writing machine through to commercial success.

HORACE GREELEY, founder of the New York Tribune, was born February 3, 1811. To him is credited the advice: "Young man, go West!"

CHARLES A. LINDBERGH, the first man to make a solo flight across the Atlantic, was born February 4, 1902. In his plane, "Spirit of St. Louis," he hopped off from Mineola, L. I., on May 20, 1927, and landed in Paris the next day.

WILLIAM FREDERICK CODY ("Buffalo Bill"), frontiersman and scout, was born February 26, 1846.