

*Our  
Yard*



SUN SHIPBUILDING & DRY DOCK CO., CHESTER, PA., FEB. 1961

*Memo from* John G. Pew, Jr.

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## **Beware of Ballots — Not Bullets!**

As most everyone knows, or should know by this time, I am very much in favor of keeping our country safe from communism. Because of this I read a great deal on the subject and listen to anyone I think can add to my knowledge of the situation.

Some time ago I read a collection of speeches by my friend Ben Moreell, a retired admiral who is now chairman of the board of the Jones & Laughlin Steel Co. In one he spoke of how he had to change his thinking about communism. "I had believed that communism would come by violence," he said. "Now I discovered that the goal was to be achieved not by bullets, but by ballots; not by illegal, but by legal means; not by a few evil persons, but by a vote of the majority. . . . We could imprison every card carrying member of the Communist Party in America and these communistic measures would continue on their merry way. . . . It appears that in our struggle against communism, we Americans may well be choosing the wrong battlefield at the wrong time and against the wrong enemy. It may be that while we are fighting communist armies thousands of miles away, communism itself is marching steadily forward under the stimulus of easy triumphs here at home."

A couple of Saturdays ago I was invited to attend a seminar in Fourth Dimensional Warfare (1st is land, 2d is sea, 3d is air, 4th is the mind or psychological warfare) titled "Operation Understanding," subtitled "The Big Red Squeeze." There were a number of speakers but the one who impressed me most was the chief of the research section of the Domestic Intelligence Division of the F.B.I., Inspector William R. Sullivan. His talk could have been a continuation of Ben Moreell's.

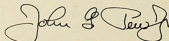
He said the communist program in the United States is to capture the balance of power by a program of peaceful coexistence. Along this line they will exploit the national desire for peace and will seek to discredit us abroad. They will push for recognition of Red China and restoration of the sugar quota to Cuba. They will promote a Federal Youth Act which will provide free education through college and guarantee jobs (this means regimentation of course). Their pet slogan is "Scholarships, not battleships."

The frightening thing about all this is that the "they" through it does not refer to some invading army threatening us with annihilation in a painful and awful way. "They" are United States citizens, some even might be friends and/or neighbors of yours and mine who would no more think of physically harming a hair of our heads than we would of theirs. Even worse, they probably would declare themselves as opposed to communism as we are. But if you mention these points of the communist program to them with no reference to communism, you'll find them in favor of many of them—Federal aid to education, disarmament past the point of safety, re-establishment of diplomatic relations with Cuba regardless of Castro. Some even favor admitting Red China to the U.N.

It makes it very important that we think through all these matters to see just what is behind them. It would be pitiful if we were to wake up some morning and find the balance of power actually had gone over to communism because of something we did at the polls because we didn't know the whole truth about it. But that's where it will happen, if it does!

The ballot was devised to keep us free. Let's not use it to bring about our enslavement. Let our motto be, "Let the people be informed."

*Yours for ballots with the force of bullets — for the right.*



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Frank Wilson ..... *Office*  
Robert Hahn ..... *Outdoors Editor*  
Boiler Shop 30

### Second Shift

Stanley Boyd ..... *Pipe Shop 34*  
Charles Jenkins ..... *Burner and Welders 59-60*  
Robert Willoughby ..... *Fabricators 47*

All unsigned articles are by (or with the collusion of) the editor

## OUR COVER Pictures Best in Ship Repair

After a few kinks were ironed out, our new steel dry dock functioned as any well-behaved floating dry dock should. About 10 a.m. Saturday, Jan. 28, the American Export Lines' passenger liner ATLANTIC was moved into the dock, the pumps were started and before long the cruise ship was high and dry. The dock was sunk 45 feet to permit the ATLANTIC's keel to clear the keel blocks.

It was just in time, too. The vessel is due to sail from New York on a cruise about the middle of this month. Any postponement of this date caused by the ship not being finished would mean a large penalty which Sun Ship would have to pay. Had the docking of the vessel not been successful that Saturday, we would have been forced to send the vessel to another yard to have the work done. So we are thankful on at least two counts—we know the dock works and we were able to lift the ATLANTIC and do the work on her ourselves.

In the picture on OUR COVER the dock looks long. Imagine what it will look like when it is complete. The ATLANTIC was raised on only four sections. That means 225 feet of the dock proper still have to be added with 50-foot detachable outriggers to be attached at each end of the finished structure. That will give you some idea of how big the whole dock will be. No wonder it will be able to lift almost any merchant ship afloat. When finished next month it will be the largest such dock in the United States. There are probably a half dozen docks any larger and these are all in Europe.

When finished our dock will be able to lift 38,000 tons. The ATLANTIC as she sits on this portion of the dock weighs 16,000 tons. Picture something more than twice as big as this ship on the finished dock and you have a large picture. We look for our ship repair business to increase considerably now that we can take in anything that sails the Delaware. Also this puts us right up with the frontrunners in the business anywhere.

All the work on the dock was done right here. Our engineers planned it, our draftsmen drew the plans. The sections were fabricated in our shops and erected on our shipway. The only parts which came from outside were operational equipment such as pumps, winches and cranes.





By Harry "Whitey" Burr

Well, the news is out why our master mechanic Sam Mangeri, has been so nervous here of late. His wife presented him with a wonderful little girl weighing 3½ lbs. on Jan. 11. Now he is out giving cigars to all the boys in the shop. He told your reporter they now have five very fine children. Since Joe Newman also has five who will have a basketball team and have a game between South Phila. and Eddystone? Sam reports they are all doing fine.

Robert Weaver, of the 3d shift, was putting on a great dance last Friday when the boys went out to cash their checks. John Sauter tells us he will try to get him in a show. He said he doesn't know where Bob gets all his pep.

Harvey (Skin) Campbell has shown our boys that he, too, can enjoy himself and still go to church. We are glad to know, Skin, that you saw the light for it surely will do no one harm if he goes to church. If more of us did go and tried to live a life that our good Lord did, we'd be better people for it. Just because you go to church doesn't mean you can't enjoy some of the fine pleasures of life. I wish you lots of luck and may great things come your way for you and your little children.

Archie Meriano found out very quickly he was living out in the country when that snow came along. He tells us they still have lots of it up around Lawrence Park section. They have fixed up their game room and from all reports he will have those card sharks up for a little meeting.

Joe Konduk tells us he has a hard time getting in for day work since he has been on night work so long his eyes hurt in the daylight. Well, Frank Ellis took care of that and put him back on night work.

George Kelly has his wife home from the hospital and he tells us she is getting along very well.

James (Weasel) Lynch of the Wilmington gang is having trouble with his car. It just won't shift gears at times when it is needed. We could suggest that you see Pele (Mr. Auto himself) Swigart or our Sam Mangeri. Surely they will be able to fix it somehow.

Hop (Admiral) Hopkins and his wife have been very busy weekends at the West End Boat Club where they are members. He also reports that he will be getting ready for the boat season soon.

Business sure did pick up for Frank

Pepe and James (Weasel) Lynch in their washing machine repair business since my story in OUR YARD last month.

Dick Stewart, Jim Gallagher, Lew Laird, Frank Pepe, Ben Kravitz and George Moyer gave us the good old laugh when they came back from their vacation. They were all home during that snow-storm around Christmas time thinking of us here in the yard suffering from the cold while they were nice and warm.

Kennie Pennington, our tractor man, received a very nice horn for his tractor but it only stayed on one day. Someone stole it the first night. Some people have to be pretty low to do a thing like this. It does show that we have all kinds of people working with us.

Well, it will be income tax time soon and I hope you all will take care of yours as soon as possible for maybe you may have something coming back to you. First, I would like to say to those we hear talking so much about our taxes and what good they get from them that anyone who doesn't wish to pay same should pack up and go over to Russia—those, uh, you would find out how wonderful things are here. Yes, we sometimes wonder just where all this money does go but when you travel around this great country of ours and see wonderful things that our Government is doing and how they help our states, etc., you feel just a little better. Don't forget. Quite a few of us are always asking why we don't have this or that and why the Government doesn't do this or that. Well, all these great things you see being done are what you asked for. No, we can't have everything we wish for but we do get a lot of them and just remember that without your taxes this could not be done.

Bill Forster was in the yard just before Christmas and it was good to see him. He is retiring to a long vacation where he can just rest and enjoy himself. We all wish him the best of luck and a long and healthy life for he sure earned this vacation. Maybe, pal, I will be joining you soon for I am getting up there and am not as good as I used to be. I must take a little better care of myself. It's funny how when you get old you think of your past and wonder just what the future holds for you. You often say to yourself, if I could only do it over again how I would take care of myself and be ready for those later years. You young folks in the yard should get some outside insurance that will take care of you when you get old. I can tell you this. Your money is your best friend. When you are broke no one knows you.

Well, James (Brutus) Falcone has returned from Palm Beach with his wife and son. They had a fine vacation but Brutus did not look too happy when I asked him about meeting President Kennedy and how he made out in regards to that job he was to get for Mrs. Falcone. He just said there were so many people behind him he did not dare try to speak to him but hopes later on to make contact in Washington.

Brutus, if you had asked me I feel sure I could have helped you out. I had the pleasure of meeting him through some of my good southern friends and on Jan. 18, I will be flying down to Atlanta, for quite

## GOSSIP AFTER RETIREMENT

By Clarence "Deacon" Duke

This corn-founded weather has sort of kept our Clarence (Deacon) Duke from the swift completion of his appointed rounds as purveyor of news about our retired family. We hope things will break soon so we can have Page 2 appear in its accustomed format in the March issue, but we certainly don't want Deac to venture out while the footing is treacherous.

Incidentally and inadvertently we slipped up on a most important item last month. That was the issue in which we wanted to wish from one and all to our lovable senior citizen a most healthy and happy 83d year. He was 82 years young Dec. 28, 1960. Happy birthday, Clarence!

an affair the 19th when they honor Gen. Robert E. Lee, their great hero, at a dinner. On Friday I will fly back to Washington, with 42 wonderful gentlemen and the Governor of Georgia to see President John Kennedy go into office. So you see, pal, I do get around and have friends everywhere. I would like to say now it would be a wonderful thing if we up north here could see some of that fine southern hospitality.

I guess you all think I have forgotten my pal, George (Senator) Morgan, but I have not. We hear he had a fine Christmas but because of the snow had to use the bus. Now we find out why no one person sat in the same seat with him on the bus—"little" George took up so much of the seat there was none left for anyone else so they just had to stand. The men have been watching the Senator at lunch time as he gets over in a corner and talks with himself. It is just a memory test he is giving himself. He hopes that Kennedy will call on him for my pal, Deac, just forgot all about George.

Arthur (Muddy Water) O'Connor has moved again and this time to the third floor. Anyone having a quick opening parachute kindly get in touch with Muddy for we feel he will be needing it one of these nights. We hear he is quite a fire-place builder—how these men do change.

I wish to thank all my good friends for the Christmas cards I received. I got more than 450 this year and they were from around the world—friendship sure is a great thing.

Well, Jan. 19 will be another birthday for your old reporter—I am really getting up that ladder of life. Quite a few of you have asked me about my brother, Frank, who was paymaster. He was in the hospital for a checkup but is home and feels pretty good.

Two mice were launched in a Cape Canaveral missile.

"I'm scared," said the first mouse as they whizzed along. "This space travel is dangerous."

"Yeah," said the second, "but it beats cancer research."



# Rod and Gun News



It would hardly be cricket to want to keep a fellow in bed because of the kind of a job he does, but compare this column of Robert Hahn's written while he lay flat on his back in Chester County hospital with some of those he has written while under full steam. He always does a good job but after this one perhaps we should start something like a Fund for the Early Retirement of Robert (Whitey) Hahn so He Can Spend All His Time Writing.

Whitey went to the hospital Jan. 2 after suffering a heart attack in his home. He still is there but is doing well. There is no word as to when he can expect to go home and even less about coming back to work. We of the staff of OUR YARD and, we are sure, his many friends in the yard wish him a speedy return to health and God-given patience while he is traveling the road. — Ye Ed.

By Robert "Whitey" Hahn

IT CAN'T HAPPEN TO YOU? It couldn't happen to me either, but it did! Heart trouble is like a lot of other serious ailments or diseases—it only strikes someone else, not us. The tragedy of fire or serious auto accident has never happened to me, either, but I've had a lot of close calls and some were avoided by sheer luck, others by quick thinking and acting or by being prepared.

Some time back when my ticker started giving me trouble I got prepared by going to my doctor. He laid it right on the line, told me what the trouble was, what I could and couldn't do, prescribed medication that would correct the condition in time.

But in spite of thinking, acting and preparing, it happened to me and here I am.

Most of us think misfortune and/or good fortune happens only to someone else. How often some one will say, "I wish it was Friday or I wish it was 4:30 etc." When I was a kid and made wishes like that, my mother would say, "Stop wishing your life away." If we wish hard enough and long enough sometimes our wishes come true. Lots of mornings when the alarm would go off at 6 a.m. I would moan and groan and wish I could stay in bed about a week. Well, I've been in bed for three weeks so far with at least one more to go—so my wish came true.

Did you ever wish you could have breakfast in bed? Well, three meals a day in bed for three weeks should satisfy that one. It



SHELDON MASON heads for wilderness when he goes deer hunting. He went to Port Matilda region, straight out from State College, in Centre County, to bag this likely looking specimen just before Christmas. Sheldon is in 59 Dept.

hasn't been so bad though. In fact, there are a lot of things about this place that remind me of the shipyard. Lots of noise and confusion, but things seem to get done. Like the shipyard, we have lots of bosses here, too, only these are prettier. I get lots of laughs here, too.

I'm in a private room. If this is a private room, then Grand Central Station is a tomb. Privacy and modesty are just two words in the dictionary. Why I've even lost my ability to blush!

There's an old saying that everything that goes up must come down—the rocket age has knocked that one out. But here they still believe that everything that goes in must come out. They're always sticking needles, thermometers or other things in you. It's a good thing they pull them out again or the fellows would be calling me porcupine instead of Rabbit.

They'll make their theory work by fair means or foul even if they have to resort to a medieval torture device called an enemy. One of the nurses claims I spell it wrong, but I said, "You spell it your way, I'll spell it mine."

All in all it hasn't been so bad. They assure me that one of these days I'm going to be able to walk back in that yard and go to work, but when I hear some familiar voice yell, "Hey Rabbit, you old so and so, where have you been hiding? I haven't

seen you for a couple of days." Then I'll know I'm back.

At the end of the first day of deer hunting last December in Pennsylvania there were 12 fatalities according to the newspapers—if my memory serves me right—and heart attacks were the cause of most of them. Now when hunters die it's news no matter how it happens—by auto accident, falls, heart attacks, bullets or other reasons but it's still bad publicity for hunting and other shooting sports.

Your scribe did very little small game hunting and no deer hunting last fall figuring that maybe skipping this one would insure my being around for a lot of future hunting seasons. Then there are others who contend that there is no nicer way to go out of this world than while doing something we like to do. But if it's hunting, don't do it because it's bad publicity.

The secretary of the Pennsylvania Dept. of Forests and Waters, Dr. Maurice Goddard, recently was awarded the Distinguished Service Award of the American Forestry Association at its 85th annual meeting in Mississippi. Dr. Goddard's program to build a park within 25 miles of every citizen in Pennsylvania was mentioned during the presentation. The general public feels that foresters are only interested in forests as a source of lumber and other forest products.

Your reporter has had the pleasure of meeting and talking to Dr. Goddard and he's a very sincere man with a sense of humor. He stresses multiple use of the state's forests and waters. His program calls for the forests to be used for recreation, to supply wood products, habitat for all kinds of game and wildlife and to maintain a constant supply of water for the streams of the state thereby assuring a steady flow of water for the various uses we need to put it to. His program calls for multiple use of the waters of the state also and recreation is near the top of the list of these uses.

Some skeptics claim he can't build a state forest park within 25 miles of Second and Market Sts. in Philadelphia, or the foot of Merton Ave. in Chester because of the way Delaware, Chester and Montgomery counties are being developed and built up. But what they don't know about is the vast flood control program for the Brandywine Valley or the dam near Pughstown on the French Creek. This dam (on the French Creek) with its public park area will serve two purposes—as a reservoir and for recreation such as boating, swimming and fishing. Present plans for the Brandywine Valley call for 13 dams.

During last, dry spells the Brandywine has been referred to as an open sewer but during wet seasons or a flash

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R. Hahn



By Charles "Toots" Thornton

Leo Oaita has returned to work after a sojourn in Rome, Italy, visiting some of his relatives and friends and meeting the Pope. Someone remarked that after that trip he is a full-fledged "Dago."  
George Kerrigan has moved away from the Hanley Horse Company and has taken a residence in Parkside. Don't step too high, George. We wish you a lot of luck in your new home.

Emil (Pirpo) Ovesanyi and Bill (Windy) Lomquist spent an enjoyable New Year's Eve at the Good Will Fire Company. Of course, the eats and drinks had to be free for Windy. Pirp is a free spender.



C. Thornton

Carl (Pork Chop) Morgan looks like he added a little extra weight over the holidays attending banquets and overstuffing at home. He would have a tough job getting through an insectbottm now.

Herb Artwell received a few new bats for Christmas. Let's hope they don't have holes in them like those had last season. Let's get that average above 200, Herb.

Joe Heflon is a pipe "fighter" by day and a blow-hard at night with his little beatnik orchestra.

Tom Cavanaugh, the mayor of Upper Darby, doesn't seem in the best of spirits since election. Maybe he has lost his pull.

It looks like William Coker is going to get over another season without breaking any bones on his ice skates unless it turns colder again. When you get as old as Coker, your bones are brittle. Let's leave the skating for the kids.

Bob E. Armstrong is all smiles these days. His wife presented him with a baby boy—we didn't see any cigars.

John (Donald Duck) Millin failed to buy his wife that new car for Christmas. We don't know about the new golf clubs till spring. Hope none of the new ones, if he has them, gets wrapped around a tree.

## Quips from the 2nd Shift

By Stanley Boyda

Stan Jackson was recently presented with a fine gold pin which marks him as a 2-gallon blood owner. Nice going, Stan! Elmer Donoway came back to work looking fit as a fiddle and we hope he feels better considering the repair work done on him.

Tom Quirk said he nearly fell out of his chair when he was watching the Muns-

# 33 Department MAINTENANCE

By Albert (Mac) McCann

It was very sad indeed to learn of the passing of Frank Lucas, leader in 33 Marine Shop. Our deepest sympathy goes to his family at this very trying time. He will be sadly missed by those here in the yard with whom he worked.

A little on the lighter side. I hear tell of a 2d shift bulb snatcher who bought some eggs from one of the 84 Dept. farmers from Jersey. When his wife was preparing some of these eggs it turned out two or three of them already had been hard boiled. Now comes the obvious question. Somebody maybe play the joke, so? I have an advanced theory about this. Maybe the egg man has a new gimmick—instant eggs—and he is using Paul Schultz (alias bulb snatcher) as a testing ground. How about it Paul, any comment on this?



A. McCann

mer's Parade on TV. He claims he saw Joe Ondeck marching with the Perko Sizing Band and playing an electric guitar. (Tom, what do you use in your coffee?)

An old buddy of Walt Seitzer's returned to work in the Pipe Shop last month after consulting with some struggling young plumbers on the outside. Walt brightened up considerably when Don Bendell returned. Don has a habit of saying it's always a pleasure to do business with Mr. Seitzer and he missed him while he was away.



S. Boyda

Paul Dute has skating parties (ice skating, that is) every weekend at his retreat in New Jersey. Every ice skater invited if you can follow directions on the sketch he draws for you. You wanna bet?

Lewis "Deacon" Gales is taking harmonica lessons and is going to try for an audition on Ted Mack's Amateur Show the next time he takes his vacation.

We have some newcomers in the shop including John Burnzel, Nick Clanc, Bruce Austin and Don Hasson. Maybe we'll hear something from the boys next month.

Nelson Drake is leading the activities on the new drydock, supervising all the wiring on the cranes that go on top of the dock. I know that Nelson and his boys will do a good job.

At this writing we find one of the 2d shift electricians, Earl Guyer, in the hospital (Chester) and I hope when he reads this edition of OUR YARD he will be well on his way to recovery. We miss his friendly ways and his pictures.

Speaking of the new drydock, that sure is a marvellous piece of engineering and it took shape so rapidly. Just think of all those nice, big, fat juicy repair jobs we will be in a position to work on now that we have this beautiful new dock. It can truly be said of Sun Ship that they have the forward look. For evidence just look in any direction and you will see new things and improved old things.

There was an interesting writeup in the Daily Times about the aircraft carrier "Bellevue Wood" now in the yard for scrapping. There was a picture of one of our drydock electricians, Albert "Ham" Hamilton, who served on the carrier during the war. Bring back other nostalgic memories, Ham?

I see some old familiar faces back in the yard. Gardner Klees has returned to us after a stint in the Army and Joe Fitzgerald, a student, has been loaned to us from Drexel Institute for another six months stay. Welcome back, boys, it's good to see you again.

Bill (Marian's) wife, Margaret, had a short trip to the hospital but is now back home and is recuperating very nicely. Here's hoping she recovers real soon.

I note with interest that Addison Himes has a new assistant at the temporary light repair bench. A few words to this new assistant—watch Addison—he likes to give orders around that particular part of 33M Shop. You will gradually get to like it, though, for they are such a congenial group. They may poke a little fun at you at first, but that, too, will pass.

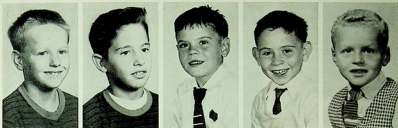
Dick (Reds) Steiner, able clerk for 33M (I should say Man Friday), has picked up another chore to add to his already full schedule—his of telephone operator. To give credit where it is due, Dick does a masterful job of keeping all the reports, checking all the time, keeping all overtime lists straight, filing work orders and a million other jobs. My hat is off to you, Dick. Many are the times you have helped me out when I was in a pinch.

Well, so long for now, see you next month. Happy Groundhog Day! Lovely Valentine's Day! Also don't forget Lincoln and Washington.

You wouldn't believe this unless we told you, but on May 10, 1872, Victoria Claflin Woodhull became the first woman candidate for president to be nominated in New York. Cousin Shamus, who believes in clubs for women (if everything else fails), thought this one over and then remarked, "They say there are several ways to handle women. It seems a shame no one knows what they are."

Salior: "Your eyes fascinate me. They're beautiful. I can see dew in them."

Girl: "Take it easy, salior. That's not do . . . it's don't!"



**THESE UNALIKE LOOKERS** are brothers or cousins and all look about same age. They are grandsons of David McCracken of 31 Dept. Pair to left are William (left) and David Greene. Next couple are Douglas (left) and George Lockett. Lone wolf on right is James Burnside.

**THERE** was no particular reason for it, but this page seems to run heavy toward boys' side. Two real solid samples are Michael, 7 months, and Francis, 20 months. Young huskies are sons of Mr. and Mrs. Francis Pine. He is in 31 Dept.



**THAT GLEEFUL**, kneeful being held so proudly by David Allen, is Douglas Scott, now about five weeks old but two weeks old in this picture. David Allen is nearly four. Unconcerned gentleman at right is Robert Bruce, 14 months. They are sons of James Knox, Jr., of 38 Dept.



**ANOTHER** prospective addition to school population from a 47 Dept. family is Virginia Ann. At 17 months she has not fully made up her mind just what branch of world of knowledge she will honor with her attention. She's pretty sure she will start in first grade and that's about as far as she has gone at present: speaking. Jerome (Bud) Lacey (shipfitter) is her dad.

←—  
**CHARLES** (Chuck to his friends) Whitfield is 13 years old. He must have something on the ball because he will be moving into junior high school in September. Even if he has a birthday before that, he'll still be about a year ahead. He is a son of Herbert Whitfield, 47 Dept. shipfitter.





By Clyde Landis

Our sympathy goes out to James Yacono, 59-505, and family whose mother died recently.

The men of 59 and 60 Depts. wish Robert (Whitely) Hahn, Jr., 59-830, a speedy recovery from his recent illness. Since he writes the Rod and Gun column for our magazine I usually keep him posted on some of the life of our feathered friends. Three days after our heavy snowstorm on December 5, I told him I had seen the first robin and that it must be a sure sign of spring. He commented that it was probably just the last one leaving for the South so I settled for that.

Walter Davis, 59-286, enjoyed four weeks of that Florida sunshine visiting Miami and St. Petersburg while we were up here wrestling with our lire chains. He picked up a virus perm coming through Georgia but had it frozen out of his system by the time he reached Pennsylvania.

We have a third generation starting here at Sun Ship. Grover Linaweaver, who worked as a guard for 17 years, has his son Grover Linaweaver, Jr., 59-181, working in our welding Dept. His son, Grover Linaweaver, 2d, 18 years old, just started in the Electrical Dept. Can anyone come up with a 4th generation? If so, let me know!

We welcome back Roosevelt Glas, 60-86, who returned to work after a check-up at the hospital. If you do not have a hospitalization plan as yet, with all the benefits that are in there for you, talk to Mr. Glas and he will tell you how nice it is to have one when you need it as he did.

Hats off to Phil News for that timely collection at Christmas for those who were off work due to sickness or injury. Some of our men in 59 and 60 Depts. want me to thank all of you for your heartfelt donations which they received especially at a time when it was really appreciated.

We want to thank Arthur Mosier for that extra effort when the company and the union got together and put up a real good battle to keep the contract for those four ships here in the yard. We know we will all benefit by the effort of all who were involved.

In sports the 59 Welders are in 2d place in the bowling league as of this writing. Herbert June, 59-772, won a nice big

## Worth Looking Up To



THIS EYES-UP POSITION was necessary for these men to get the whole picture at launching of MORMACLAKE. They're little men, as you can see, members of Cub Pack 519, for whose presence Arthur Hinde (59-496) was responsible. A good time was had by all—even accompanying den mothers.

### Classified

**THIS BOAT MUST BE SOLD:— 1959 —**  
23-foot Trojan hardtop with 170-horse interceptor. Sleeps two, with head and equipment. \$3,000, was \$4,900. See 76-51 in the Pipe Shop.

turkey with a 250 game. A couple more like this will find us in 1st place.

James Vincent, 59-646, took the honors for deer hunting by bagging a nice four-point buck.

William Matarese's (59-72) wife, Mary, certainly appreciates the new lawn mower he gave her for Christmas as it has a power motor in it.

Joe De La Cour and I upheld the Mumpers Day tradition. He came in first in his division and I came in third in the comic division. Besides winning a nice cash award, we both had a lot of fun.

P.S. I sometimes think it is better to be 79 years young than 49 years old.

## LETTERS

Jan. 17, 1963

Dear Mr. Widdowson:

The kindness of the people at Sun Ship in supplying blood for my wife during her recent illness is deeply appreciated. It gives one a warm feeling to know that those friends were so generous, even though I am no longer associated with the company.

My family and I wish to express our most sincere thanks for the Blood Bank and to those who contributed for their helpfulness in our need. I am happy to report that my wife is out of the hospital and is showing improvement.

Sincerely,  
John Thrin  
(Formerly 38 Dept.)

"Sir, may I have the afternoon off to go shopping with my wife?"

"Certainly not."

"Thank you, sir."



## 75 Department

By John Rosati

Attention everyone: A most important item is on the agenda as of Jan. 1, 1961—income tax time. This reporter will endeavor to point out some vital facts about filling out your returns. It may save you some extra dollars which everyone can use.

FIRST, you should keep in mind that your tax status may have changed during 1960. SECOND, decide which tax form to use. THIRD, gather all of your necessary tax information and have it ready for filing. By doing this you will save time and perhaps money. The American taxpayer is finding that his deductions (contributions, interests, taxes, medical and dental expenses, etc.) are more than 10% of his income and that he is able to save tax money by itemizing all of his deductions.

For more complete information there is a booklet written for the employee distributed through the courtesy of the Sun Oil Company entitled Income Tax Guide for 1961. I have seen some copies around the yard. If you can get a copy, it is the most up-to-date booklet yet. Happy savings to you and yours.



J. Rosati

Joseph McBride, foreman of 75 Dept., is having his problems trying to locate room for stacking steel. It is not the quantity, it is the size. We are receiving sections of steel that measure better than 100 feet long. The plate yard is not big enough to store that size steel. Joe, you might try the south yard for size.

**POR BOWLING FANS:** Leader Ruscocow of Brockton, Mass., has not missed a league bowling match in 16 years.

Tommy Turner of Franklin, Ind., bowls regularly at the age of 90 years. So if you bowlers have a bad score, don't blame it on age, just think of Tommy.

**ODD BUT TRUE:** Reversing each of these figures increases it by exactly 11 times the sum of its digits:  
162, 243, 324, 405, 567, 648, 729.

What word of five letters contains four personal pronouns in succession? USHER, u, she, he, her.

An Indian walked into the bank one day and asked for a loan of \$500.00 for 90 days. The banker said, "We must have something for security. How many horses have you?"

"One thousand head."

The bank then loaned the money to the Indian. Before the note was due the IN-

SEE PAGE 18 COL 3



By Harry "Clovehitch" Sanborn

Sure glad to see so many new faces in our department. Most of them are young men and that sure is what we need. Too much overtime is not good for your health, both eating and sleeping. There has been plenty of it the last few months. The overtime combined with the frigid weather has put quite a few men on the sick list. At this writing all but one are back to work.

The new drydocks are coming along fine. By the time this goes to press they will have the crane or cranes installed on top of the dock. Standing in the middle and looking aft it seems like a long distance. Just imagine when two more pontoons are added on. It's just what we need to bring more repair work into the yard. Keep these rolling, boys.



H. Sanborn

COBET 41 regulations by the company and the union for such a quick settlement of our union contract—the fastest I've ever seen. Cooperation is a good working together as a team.

can accomplish much in a short time. Leads of thanks also for fighting together for those four new ship contracts. The more work, the happier the men.

Did you hear the story about the little boy saying the Lord's prayer: "Our Father, Who art in heaven, How did You know my name?"

The holiday season is over now until Decoration Day, four months away. After the Christmas and New Year vacations so close together, it's going to seem an awful long time until May 31. At least we know that by that time this frigid weather will be over and we will be enjoying ourselves with some beautiful warm days. That kind of weather can't come too soon to suit me and a lot more I know.

Not much news about the men in our department. They don't have much to say nor pictures either. I never did find out about that heaving line yet—that is, who is the guilty party?

I'll close with this one: The little boy's mother insisted he go to church on Sunday. To make sure he did, she always asked him what the preacher's topic was. Everything went along fine for a few weeks then he came home and told his mother the preacher's topic was, "Don't be scared, you will get your quilt." Scandalized, his mother spanked him and sent him upstairs. Later she called the pastor and asked him what his topic was for the Sunday sermon. The pastor said, "Fear not, for I will send you a comforter."

## 30 Department

By Philip Flanigan

"Poos wait in where angels fear to tread." That's what I thought when I agreed to take this job of reporting for OUR YARD, but I appreciate the staff giving me a chance.

It's wonderful to see human fellowship when it's working—the many friends and admirers of James Knox who attended the dinner in his honor showed that there still are people who believe in and respect their fellow man.

It was a gay time. It was one time everyone wanted to talk shipyard. There were snickers and belly laughs, serious thinking, memosets and even a few tears.

The man in whose honor the party was given is a man of honor, and only a man such as Mr. Knox will rightly deserve the same. God speed, Jim, may you enjoy your rest. You will be sorely missed by your fellow workers.

Did Ya Ever Hear:

Harry (The Harasser) Smith?

John (Soot Blower) Toth say it's better to have halitosis than no breath at all! (I'll buy that.)

Bill (3d shift) Dewees on an outside job make his report on the particular ship's boilers?

Abe (Rover Boy) Chazin tell the one about the four- and five-foot carp that he and someone else harpored in the Delaware in shallow, muddy water on a dark night with no moon?

Did Ya Ever See:

Joe (Fireball) Egan manufacturing B.T.U.s?

Eddy (Wheel Job) Pavlock throw that 35 lb. maul and laugh because he's actually enjoying it?

The captain and the chief engineer argued for years as to which of their jobs was most important. Finally they decided to trade jobs for a day and the engineer took his place on the bridge while the captain went to the engine room. After a time, the oil-soaked captain went on deck and called to the bridge, "You'd better come down here, Chief. I can't seem to make her go."

"Wouldn't do you any good if you could," answered the chief, "she's ashore."

JUST A REMINDER:

Abe Lincoln's father, Tom Lincoln, almost changed the fate of our nation. It seems young Tom Lincoln, while playing with a boyhood friend, was ambushed by an Indian and carried down the path. Lincoln's young friend ran in his house, summoned his father and shotgun. Two or three shots fired in the air persuaded the Indian to drop young Tom and flee.

Now stop and think—if the Indian kept going and took Tom Lincoln with him, I wonder what state this nation would be in now? I had a hunch.

Well, I guess I've said enough in this issue. Now that you've seen it, help me out from now on. If you can't find me, see that guy Flanigan who works on the second shift.



JOHN PRICE, 67-50, 35 years



BENJAMIN CROOK, 59-61, 30 years



ALBERT DAVIS, 34-580, 30 years



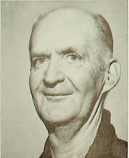
WILLIAM DORAN, 8-602, 30 years



ANTHONY KORSAK, 51-42, 30 years



SAMUEL OPROUSECK, 59-20, 30 years



JAMES DUFFY, 8-239, 25 years



CHARLES LUKENS, 74-42, 25 years



JAMES MAITLAND, 8-243, 25 years

# Veterans Circle Increases Steadily



**ADD TO LIST OF 40-YEAR MEN** these two hearties both of whom look good for 40 more. Frank Ives (47 Manopol) made an overnight trip from school to Our Yard. J. Wesley Jones, Sr. (right), is another one-shop man. He started as a coppersmith and stayed right with the trade though not always with Sun Ship. President Richard L. Burke ties things together as usual with his warm commendation for service of these veteran employees.

Frank Ives says his wedding to Our Yard strictly was a shotgun affair. He came home from high school one afternoon in March of 1920 and his father said to him, "You start in at the shipyard tomorrow." And that, in the vernacular, was that.

When he got to the yard the next morning he was put in the mold loft as an apprentice at 35 cents an hour. A few years later he became a journeyman at a much higher rate of pay. In 1923 he was laid off with everyone else. He came back nine months later (this accounts for the fact that he did not get his 40-year pin in March, 1960.) In 1941 he was sent by the company to Alabama for nine months then came back to the yard. This brings us to February, 1961.

"When you go into a department and stay there 40 years there isn't much variety to talk about," said Frank. There isn't

much difference between the old mold loft and manopol where he now works except you've got to be more precise with this 100:1 scale he said.

He celebrated the depths of the depression by getting married. "We had been preparing for it for some time," he said, "so we made out all right in spite of the times." They had been married several years before their only child was born. Now she is a student at Devoel Institute of Technology where she is studying business administration.

Frank likes to bowl and go fishing but most of his spare time is put in on his house and grounds in Media. He does all the work about the house himself even to putting on a new roof, and a lot 100x300 feet, thick with shrubs and trees, can keep a man busy. So Frank, just about has it made—a job he likes and a home he loves

into which goes the benefit of his labor. Smooth sailing, Frank.

J. WESLEY JONES, SR., learned his trade as a coppersmith in Our Yard then went out into the world to give others the benefit of his art before returning here to get really down to business.

He foreshadowed his wandering far enough back to get in 40 years in our copper shop and be vigorous enough after it to serve another 40 if he chose. In his years outside he worked at Cramp, the Philadelphia Navy Yard and Pusey-Jones shipyards. He is another one of the type that learned a trade and stuck to it. He has served all his time in 35 Dept.

Mr. Jones is very active after working hours, too. Back a few years when we were fighting wars, declared and undeclared, anyone who had anything to do with the

SEE PAGE 10 COL. 1

# To Tell The Truth . . .



My name is John Ryan!!!



My name is John Ryan!!!



My name is John Ryan!!!

**WILL THE REAL JOHN RYAN PLEASE STAND UP!** John Ryan has played several roles in the past couple of issues of OUR YARD. Once he appeared as Albert Bowers, a 47 Dept. man. That time Bowers appeared as Carl Davis and Davis appeared as Norman Wood. Wood was shown as William Shelton. All this was, of course, to make sure you, dear reader, were adequately confused. The next month Bowers and Davis were revealed in their true identities, but, so that things would not clear up too quickly, Ryan was slipped in again. This time he was Norman Wood. The thought was to keep up this little game of Blind Man's Buff for awhile but when John Ryan tried to collect three paychecks after last month's magazine came out, it was decided enough was enough. So the real John Ryan appears today at left. Norman Wood is in center and William Shelton is at right.

#### MORE ON SERVICE

Red Cross in this area knew Wesley Jones. He served in blood recruitment and for seven years helped to make things easier for the men in the Valley Forge Army, Philadelphia Naval and Coatesville Veterans hospitals. He transported food and supplies, entertainers and hostesses to these various institutions.

The name, J. Wesley, probably will be

around for some time. Mr. (senior) and his wife have one son, J. Wesley, Jr., who also has one son, J. Wesley, III. J. Wesley, Jr., also has a daughter, Barri Melissa. The Joneses attend Madison Street Methodist Church in Chester where Mr. Jones was born and raised.

JOHN C. GILLESPIE had had a half dozen jobs before he stopped in Our Yard one morning for work and stayed 40 years.

He was a local boy out to make a buck. When he could make more somewhere else than where he was, that's where he went. That's how he came to work for Sun Ship. As a lad he used to make 50 cents a week working after school and \$5 a week summers. Most of the time he was a teamster.

After he got out of school he worked at a couple of places including Baldwin's.

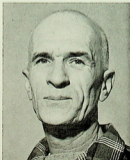
SEE PAGE 24, COL. 1 . . .



EDWARD PENOT, 91-273, 25 years



HARRY REED, 81-6, 25 years



JOSEPH RUSEK, 59-610, 25 years



By James S. "Brutus" Falcone

How many men can match the enviable record of Valentine V. Violon (office lad-  
dard) who has lost only two days the past  
10 years or so. And the cause was just-  
ified—very severe snowstorm. Almost nothing  
deters him from reporting for his  
daily task! A fine record indeed!

John Costigan, Jr., proudly announced  
that his wife, Peggy, gave birth to a 10  
lb. 4 oz. daughter. They've named her  
Janet Pauline. Congratulations to our  
rapidly rising young shipfitter and his  
wife, Peggy.

Charles Sokolowski, veteran marine rig-  
ger, failed to score



J. Falcone

in—"togetherness, ain't it wonderful."

Vince DiLorenzo (expeditor) has suc-  
ceeded Danny Paverio (burner) as shop  
steward of 47 Dept. It's a thankless job  
requiring much intestinal fortitude. You  
can gain many friends and make interest-  
ing contacts—some men will proclaim you  
a messiah, others will plan to nail you  
to the cross. You will be pleasantly sur-  
prised to find our company genuinely in-  
terested in promoting harmonious rela-  
tions throughout its operations—while  
striving to improve their competitive po-  
sition. How well they succeed is perhaps  
more important to all of us than the  
many gains made through labor-management  
negotiations which are substantial at  
Sun Ship. Yet if the team (that includes  
everyone of us) does not perform to the  
utmost of its ability everybody loses. Vacations,  
paid holidays, wage increases, sick  
benefits, advancements, etc., mean little  
or nothing if the company (perish the  
thought) should find itself wallowing in  
red ink!

We here can establish in cooperation  
with a progressive management our own  
future job security. It requires hard work.  
Let's not kid ourselves, every successful  
venture was fashioned from brains, sweat  
and capital. We must roll up our sleeves,



**IMAGINE** a leader working! Maybe  
it's because Bill Harvey is a temporary  
leader and doesn't want to lose knock.  
But one thing is sure—he didn't know  
this picture was being taken. Bill is in  
31 Dept., 2d shift.

backle down and start a tremendous surge  
to the top in shipbuilding and allied fields.  
It's not a one- or two-man job. They  
need us—we need them. I started out mak-  
ing a few remarks to Vince DiLorenzo, our  
new shop steward, and end up preaching—  
surely some of my fellow workers will  
put me under the hammer for my thoughts—  
but that's the way I feel. And being under  
the hammer is not a new experience for  
this thick skinned, hard nosed  
"Italian."

The 3d annual Acting Award will be  
awarded soon. John Sarnocinski (shipfit-  
ter leader) who won so handily the two  
previous years, is in danger of losing this  
coveted award. Coming along real fast  
are such shop luminaries as Henry Tun-  
berman, Walter Gatchell and John Per-  
guson. It is not too late for a dark horse  
to emerge as the committee has many  
names under consideration!

Edward (Fats) Scheer and his wife,  
Agnie, spent the month of December in  
Miami. A highlight of the trip was the  
christening of his third grandson. Grand-  
pop Fats is very proud of his grandchildren  
and uses his vacation yearly to be with  
his family. (A picture is in order.)

A banquet is being held Feb. 4 for Wil-  
liam Forster (foreman, shop burners) who  
has retired for health reasons. We all wish  
Bill good luck. We hope to carry some  
news and pictures of the banquet in our  
next issue.

Forster Epright (Pawick's gang) played  
the role of Santa Claus at a Christmas  
party for orphans. With his wife, Louise,  
he also distributed toys and gifts to many  
local children who would have had a barren  
holiday season. Much of what was  
given was paid for out of pocket. It is a

## Sheet Metal Shop

By Adam Heibek

With the holidays over we will have to  
settle down as it will be a long time until  
the next one. Sure hope everyone had a  
pleasant one.

A warm welcome to Pete Klein back  
from a long illness.

Some of the men are talking about  
spring and camping trips.

Your reporter will try and make a few  
predictions for the year. Clarence Schoel  
will visit more parks and camp out more  
than last year. He wants to try out the  
compact kit he received for Christmas.

... Bill Owens will be collecting some new  
stamps ... Antrim Brown will try to learn  
to live in a compact way. ... Lou Klins  
will cut down on his bean raising. ... Ivan  
Crews will take a trip to Seattle, Wash.

... Walter Marsh a few trips to Pitts-  
burgh. ... Dave McCracken will try to  
spend more weekends in his new place  
down the bay. ... Carl Rash again will be  
short of formato plants. He may go in for  
oyster beds in his ... Jim Purdy a few  
fishing trips down Virginia way.

Thanks to the retired men who sent  
Christmas cards. Glad to hear from you  
all.

Haven't heard much about that Comet  
King Lanceo got just before the holidays.  
Here's hoping "Whitey" Hahn is feeling  
very much better.

pleasure to acknowledge fine work per-  
formed by men in our midst.

Welcome back after a months illness to  
John Leskovic. He's happy at work  
keeping our office presentable for the  
steady flow of traffic.

Pete McKeon (helper) wants it known  
far and wide that his two sons now have  
a baby sister. His wife, Rose, gave birth  
to a 7 lb. 6 oz. daughter at Fitzgerald  
Mercy Hospital, Durb. They've named  
her Ann. Dad's a pretty name. Con-  
gratulations are in order.

Marion (Bob) Davis (marine rigger)  
wants to express his sincere appreciation to  
the union, company and individuals  
for their kindness while he was convales-  
cing from an operation in December—  
not to mention the Mutual Benefit Asso-  
ciation which he praised highly.

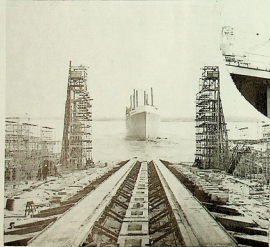
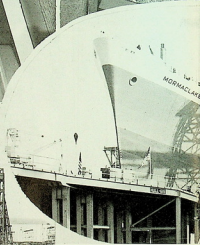
Tommy Rogers (marine engineer) "be-  
longs to us!" is really up to his neck iron-  
ing out all the kinks on the bridge job  
being built in 47 Dept. This guy is loaded  
with know how. I deliberately brush  
against him hoping some will rub off.

Tom Harris (driller) sees happy days  
ahead—there will be a lot of piece work  
drilling on the bridge job. Big and capable  
as Tom is he's bound to register \$\$\$.

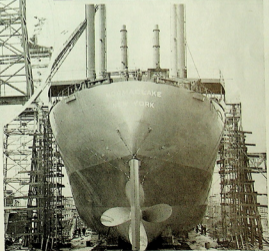
For those not yet aware of it the Mu-  
tual Benefit weekly payments have been  
increased to \$56.00 which is a forward  
step taken by the board of directors of  
the association.

William Kraus (burner), his wife and  
son spent the holidays in Florida with two  
weeks of sunshine.

Ernie Grieco (outside loftman) drove to



**A BRIGHT SUN** and a nice snap in the air on the ship. That was Jan. 5, 1961, when SS Mormack Lake, Delaware to begin her career as a freighter for the McCormack Lines, Inc. Mrs. Winthrop O. C. McCormack, Company, Inc., made a perfect job of her job as placed in exactly correct spot by Vice President. Result of her swing was magnificent (up photograph surrounded by family and friends). L. Burke is at left then (in order) Mr. McCormack, son and daughter. Messrs. Cook are brothers at Springhaven Club. Symmetry of photos at left and right. **MORMACLAKE** in 1961.



—a staunch day for launching a staunch ORMACLAKE dipped her keel into the wet passenger-cargo ship for Moore-McCook, wife of president of Seas Shipping honoring vessel possibly because she was President John G. Pew, Jr. (upper left), per right). Afterwards happy sponsor's friends (upper center), President Richard and Mrs. Randolph Cook (this Mrs. Cook Mr. and Mrs. Winthrop Cook and their others. Traditional launching dinner followed new vessel is evident in bow and stern is third of her type to be launched in 11

# More to Skin Diving than Jumping In



INTO the drink . . .

(This is the second and last part of story on skin diving written by Leo Miles, Jr., one of at least five men in Our Yard who go in for the sport.)

By Leo F. Miles

I've always wondered about each wreck I've been on. To see it resting in the sand rolled over on its side like a fallen monster unable to rise again, its side shell plates are ruptured at the seams from the force that put it here. We swim along its deck where cargo hatches have been sprung, on to the dock house. The port holes are grimy with slime and for the most part you don't even bother to try to look in. How many are choked here? I, for one, don't care to know and besides it's too dark inside to see anything and our air supply wouldn't allow time to venture inside. We content ourselves with the outside of the ship for there's much to be seen.

Great schools of better fish swim by and they seem to sparkle in the filtered sunlight. Now and then we see an eel snaking its way along the ruins. It's an eerie sight!

Our exploration takes us off the side of the ship down to the sandy bottom, 13 fathoms from the surface.

Here the visibility is broadened somewhat by the light reflecting on the white sand. Star fish by the millions in all sizes are everywhere. Now and then the sand stirs and away swims a skate or

ray. To step on one of these hidden creatures can be painful and fatal since they have the power to render a diver unconscious with their sting. We must be careful not to touch the bottom until we have first probed with our trusty spear.

Fish and more fish are everywhere along the wreck they have made their home. Sea robins, bass and kinds of fish we can't even name swim out to inspect the intruders. They are fun to watch and some venture in very close. It doesn't pay to molest them as unnecessary slaughter would only prove dangerous to yourself. You can't hear a fish but they do make a noise when wounded that attracts our unwanted friends. Besides they aren't big enough for a prize. Only the large unusual ones are taken and, once speared, it's best to surface and be rid of them. Carrying a bloody fish around isn't too healthy.

Checking our time shows we haven't too much air left and we must soon surface. Your buddy signals all is well and you do likewise giving the old three ring sign. Now we're ready for our supper. We look around and it doesn't take too long to spot a nice 8-10 lb. flounder or bass. A squeeze of the trigger sends your spear on its way to the target. It finds its mark with a slapping sound and the prey tugs at your line. Some, in their death struggle, have the power to pull you along a few feet and you soon find yourself concentrating on your kill too



OUT to dry.

long. You look to your left and your right pounds and your temples throb—your buddy isn't there. In the excitement you get turned about and you look to the right skeptical now of the fish on your spear. You can relax, however, because old buddy is right there keeping a watchful eye. Now it's his turn.

After bagging your game, so to speak, you get your first clue or warning. You breath in and at first nothing—your air is low. It's a signal to get while the getting is good. At 13 fathoms down it's no place for man to be without that breathing stuff. Another pull of your lungs and the air once again starts. You are now on reserve. If you start now you can get to the top without any difficulty, but you must not panic. You keep in your head 25 feet a minute is all I'm allowed or else the bonds. You again signal your buddy. This time to surface, and away you go. Side by side blowing bubbles and watching to see which ones are the slowest. These are the ones you follow up. Stay with the slow bubbles and you're just about right in your ascent. It takes a long time to get up and there are times at 30 and 40 feet you don't even know which way is up. You can be going up or down or even standing still. You are weightless and believe me when I say it scares you at times. It's like flying at night without a compass. The only road map you have is your bubbles. Watching

SEE NEXT PAGE . . .



them shows you where up is. Without them—shame on you!

At last your head breaks surface and the sky looks so good as you swim to the boat. On the surface you find the weightlessness has left and the air cylinder and lead weights you carry seem so wet to pull you down again—only this time you'll have no air left. You roll over on your side to allow the tank to buoy itself and your 'little ole' snorkel tube lets you breathe with ease all the way. The first sign of trouble and you know you must drop everything—spear, fish, weight belt and even tanks, but this isn't necessary today for you're not too far away from the boat and the watchful eye of your safety man onboard.

Once back on the boat your time check shows you were nearly 20 minutes in the water. It didn't seem that long first but now your bones feel it. You realize at last how tired you are and an hour of rest feels great before donning your second tank. This time there will be no time for play. You have just 15 minutes of allotted time left. That's enough to get another shot or two of practice on the fish. Your buddy gives the okay and over you go again for another wonderful and intriguing trip to 13 fathoms down.

The story you have just read is a typical dive made off Atlantic City by the members of the Delco Diving Club. There is no real sensationalism as shark fighting, being caught in a sunken wreck with air running out, or even giant octopuses. Most of these things only happen on TV and in fiction stories. Yes, there are times when even the best diver finds himself in trouble and even a few are lost. These are the stories that are dramatized in newspaper articles and reflect a dangerous light on diving. For the most part, there are seven million scuba divers in the U.S.A. alone, so you see diving can be as safe as driving an auto on the turnpike. More auto accidents occur than diving accidents in proportion to the number involved. I don't mean to say that there is no danger at all to diving for that would be misleading and an untruth on my part. However, the experience of the seven million divers in this country alone have led to the development of better equipment and safety precautions in this field. Just as the mistakes of others throughout history have helped us to better living today so, too, have the mistakes and experiences of divers in the past decade helped divers today. Even in our own club, in which Sun Ship is represented by at least four divers besides myself, our own experiences have laid the ground work for rules that simply must not be broken. Aside from your own life, the lives of others depend on your own safety practices. For instance:

No person entering our organization is permitted to dive with the club without first undergoing a course of instruction on diving itself, and practical experience under the supervision of a trained, qualified diver. This instruction covers the many dangers that arise and how to cope with and avoid them. These dangers are not always sea creatures. They are far

## Texas Sun Outdoes Sister

Anyone wondering how the Texas Sun stacks up against her older sister? Texas Sun's time from bar to bar on her first trip to Ingleside (that's Texas of course) was four days, 12 hours, 24 minutes. Three hours better than the Pennsylvania Sun. The trip was uneventful, according to the report.

worse in themselves than confronting a shark or a sting ray. These are, and I'll touch on them only slightly, the bends, air embolism, spontaneous pneumothorax, nitrogen narcosis and self assurance though not overconfidence. An overconfident diver may tend to take unnecessary risk endangering all who are diving with him.

The bends, or more properly caisson disease, is the most common diving danger. Although nearly all of us have heard of it we may not really know what it is or how it is caused.

When a diver exceeds his time limit at any depth greater than 30 feet, his body absorbs the gases breathed under pressure and tissues become saturated. He then must surface in stages, stopping long enough for his circulatory system to eliminate these gases (nitrogen, oxygen, etc.). If this isn't done and the diver surfaces without stopping, these gases expand in the tissues and system causing extreme pain and even death.

Another way to acquire the bends when the time limit has not been exceeded is to rise too fast. The same condition occurs in both cases as it must be remembered not to stay too long down there and rise no faster than 25 feet per minute.

Air embolism is the next thing to be avoided. Briefly it is caused by over-expanding the lungs thus rupturing air sacs and blood vessels. The cause—holding ones' breath while rising from a greater depth to a lesser depth. It must be remembered in breath normally while rising and exhale if such an ascent is made in an emergency.

Spontaneous pneumothorax occurs when air is forced into the chest cavity due to over-expansion of the lungs the same as in air embolism only in this case an air pocket is formed in the chest cavity and upon rising this air expands outside the lungs forcing the lungs to collapse. It also will force the collapsed lung and heart toward the sound side of the chest. In this case a surgeon must reduce the air by inserting a needle in the chest to let out the air.

The last of these items is nitrogen narcosis. Another name for this is rapture of the deep. It occurs usually below 120 feet when the nitrogen in the air under this pressure acts on the body as a drug would act. The diver gets drunk so to speak and loses control of his senses.

As I have said, these are only brief outlines of all these dangers to be

avoided. So you can see, sharks aren't the major danger in the deep.

In my article I have mentioned a few items of equipment such as suit, snorkel and breathing apparatus. If you have read this you may be interested in all the equipment a diver uses and on which he must be trained to use. I would say no one piece of equipment is less important than another as they all have some specific purpose in maintaining safety. The necessary equipment can be listed as follows:

- A—Mask—to see
- B—Snorkel tube—for surface breathing
- C—Fins—for propulsion
- D—Wet Suit, consisting of hood, jacket mitts or gloves, pants and boots—Purpose, protection from cold and bodily contact that can cause cuts.
- E—Self inflating life jacket—for floating when overcome with fatigue or any other reason when a life jacket would be needed.
- F—Whistle—to signal for aid
- G—Knife—purpose obvious
- H—Tank of compressed air—hold air supply
- I—Regulator—feed air supply
- J—Weight belt—to equalize buoyancy
- K—Depth gauge } Tells how deep you are and how long you were there, also how long you have left.
- L—Watch } you use you can add a spear gun, underwater compass and camera, should you like.

The proper use of all this equipment and the studying of the diving diseases along with first aid is all taught in clubs and organizations throughout the country making it convenient and accessible to all interested. So there is really no need today for people to be taking unnecessary chances with their life. If you feel you want to dive, don't take chances no matter what salesman at shops who handle equipment will tell you. Get proper, competent instructions. It's your life and you only get one. To take chances under the surface is like playing Russian Roulette—you only get one mistake. Good luck and happy diving!

The other skin divers in Sun Ship are: John Chadwick, 25-12; Richard McGehee, 35-136; Jerry Owsinsky, 34-282; and Patrick McCrainer, 39-345.

Having finished his sermon on brotherly love, the preacher asked his congregation: "Is there one person among us here whose heart is wholly pure? Who holds no animosity whatever against his neighbors?" At the back of the church the oldest man in the parish got up to his feet.

"Is it true that you hold no ill-will, no malice, no hard feelings against your neighbors?" asked the preacher. "How has this come to pass?"

"Well, reverend, the so-and-no's have all died."

When the man answered his telephone one evening, a woman asked him if he had his television set on. He replied that he did, and the caller asked if anyone else was in the room. "Yes," he replied, "my wife is." The Surveyor then asked, "What are you listening to?" "My wife," he answered.

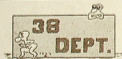
# Step Right Up!



**SUCCESSING JIMMY KNOX** as foreman of 36 Dept. is Joseph Waltz (36-153) who joined Sun Ship in December, 1938. He served his apprenticeship and advanced rapidly to machinist first class. He was made a temporary leader several times and was put on salary permanently in June, 1958.



**THIS PHOTO IS SLIGHTLY** overdue but Elmer Palo (55-1) is not the easiest man to find. He became foreman of 55 Dept. when Carl Lohrke retired about eight months ago. Elmer came here in 1929 as a helper in 36 Dept. About 18 months later he left the yard and went to sea. Three years later he came back as an electric welder in 59 Dept. Except for about six months, he has been here steadily since. He was a temporary leader several times and twice was made an assistant foreman. He became an assistant foreman permanently in May, 1951.



By William Burns

Cold enough for you? OK! OK! Don't get sore. Just trying to make conversation and fill up some space in the column. And, boy, am I in need for something to fill that space. Here it is the deadline and me with a sheet of paper in front of me as white as the driven snow. If only someone would go out and knock over a bank or something. Now there would be a nice juicy item. But no, everyone in 38 struts around flashing his good conduct medal. Zshree!

Would like to know if Jack Russell's wife buys his sweaters for him and if so, is she afraid of him being hit by a truck or something. Bright red, bright yellow. Wow-ee!

Well, we can always fall back on the baby department. We had three blessed events in December.

To John and Rita DeRaso a son, Michael, Dec. 18, at Presbyterian Hospital, Philadelphia. Weight 7 lb., 13 oz. Odd (Ed) and Ragnhild Olsen-Nauen welcomed their first born, a daughter, Inger, Dec. 20, at the Delaware County Memorial Hospital. Weight 8 lb., 5 oz. James and Janice Knox received a belated Christmas gift on Dec. 28. A son, Douglas Scott, arrived at Chester Hospital, all 8 lb., 8½ oz. of him. He is the number three son. All are doing nicely. Congratulations to all.



W. Burns

The captaincy of 38 Dept. bowling team

has changed hands—or is it heads? The new captain is Jack Culley and he succeeds Ed Wahowski. Good luck, Jack. It's a tough job, for the captain can't win games single-handed. He needs the support of all the members of the team. So come on, boys, show up at the alleys and support your new captain.

Several men from 38 Dept. attended the fraternal dinner for Jimmy Knox at the Pettt Arms Jan. 7. This affair will be reported elsewhere in the magazine, but we of the Engine Drawing Room want to wish Jimmy lots of luck, much improvement in health and a long and happy retirement.

Sorry to learn that Claude Allen is making a visit to the hospital. We sincerely hope the visit will be a short one and wish him a speedy recovery.

I had hoped to have a report (with pictures) from some of our gunners, but things have been very silent so we must assume that no one bagged anything.

With all the babies who have arrived in the last few months, may we count on some pictures for the magazine?

# Jimmy Knox Gets Rousing Send-off



**FOR HE'S A JOLLY GOOD FELLOW**—and from the looks Superintendent William Smith has just succeeded in getting point across. "Fellow," of course, is James (Jimmy) Knox (2d from left) and occasion is dinner following his retirement Dec. 31 after 38 years' service. Mr. Smith's cautious words (one Scotsman talking about another and they're most careful about free advertising) evidently struck a responsive chord in a third Scot, one at lower right, David Myleura, our chief engineer. Others enjoying it are Vice President Paul E. Atkinson (left) and background William Burns (right), 38 Dept. draftsman, artist who did artwork on inside of back cover, OUR YARD writer and master of ceremonies, and William (Alabama) Beard who, with Abraham Dixon (they're both in 36 Dept.), was largely responsible for evening's festivities.

When you hear people say they hate to see a good man leave, usually they are referring to that man's good as a worker in whatever profession he may be. His place is going to be hard to fill, they infer, and it is going to cause someone some inconvenience to find a replacement. Then, too, the excellence of any workman thus improving the product reflects to the credit of anyone connected with the firm.

When it was said for a period a few weeks ago in connection with the departure of James (Jimmy) Knox, for many years foreman of 36 Department, such was not the case. The same words were used—"I hate to see a good man go"—and no one will deny that Jimmy Knox was outstanding in his job, nevertheless, there were few who used those words who were referring to his work. They meant, consciously

James Knox entered the employ of the Sun Shipbuilding and Dry Dock Co. Sept. 6, 1922. He joined 36 Dept. and remained there until he retired, 38 years and four months later. He was made a leader in December, 1925, and assistant foreman Feb. 28, 1927. He became a quartermaster in June, 1929, and assistant foreman again three years later, June, 1932. Four months later he started another short turn as a leader and in July, 1933, he was made assistant foreman which he remained until he became foreman April 1, 1938.

or not, that Jimmy Knox was a good man and they hated to see him go.

This was borne out convincingly at the dinner in his honor at the Petit Atrium Jan. 7. About 270 men from his department, the entire yard and men doing business in the yard gathered to bid Jimmy a rousing farewell to work. Man after man moved to the microphone and addressed the crowded room. Not a single one of them made more than a passing reference to the guest of honor as an excellent workman. Without exception, to all he was first a good man.

Their words unwrapped his concern for his fellowmen—any of them, not just those in the department. It was said there was not a job of sufficient importance to command the Knox attention if he knew there was a man who needed help at that particular moment. They used such words as

SEE PAGE 20 COL. 1



By Carl D. Browne

Our boy, Charlie Honechen (Molly Goldberg) is complaining of hearing a buzz in his ear all the time and wants to know what causes it. We found out it is a welding bee looking for a hive to go in.

We want to thank all of you fellows who bought Christmas trees from Bill Drake at the shopping center in Village Green before the holidays. That's what you can call killing two birds with one stone — two weeks' vacation and in the Christmas tree business.

We are sorry to learn that Vince Oris mistook the bottle of Mr. Clean for maple syrup and put it on his hot cakes at breakfast time. He had to stay in bed during the Christmas weekend. Well, we hope he will start the new year with a clean slate.

We of 33 Dept. are sorry to hear of the passing of one of our friends in the Marine Gang, Nostick Yagliniski, who died Dec. 30. We extend our sincere sympathies to his family.

George (Buck) Meebok and his wife spent the New Year holidays visiting friends in Delaware. We hear that his partner in crime, William Lewis, was to help make up the party but could not go on account of trying to beat a truck across an intersection on the parkway.

Our friend, Bob (Gumshots) Cantwell, took part of his vacation Christmas week and went to Las Vegas, Chester, Pa. Yes, we all received a post card from him postmarked Las Vegas, but Bob did not get his feet out of Chester. Francis Riley got five silver dollars from a Chester bank and the rest of the gang received two ash trays. I guess Gilbert Nagle thinks he is slick handing over to Bob the things he brought from Las Vegas. I am sorry, Bob.

We hear that William (Two Gun) McDonald gives orders to the fellows he is working with that if they give out any information to the fellow behind this column, their life is not worth a plugged nickel. Thanks for the information, Charlie. Also glad to know that you zoid all of your balloons to the kids on Market Street in Chester.

A number of fellows in 33 Dept. attended the banquet honoring James Knox at the Peix Arms on the Baltimore Pike. Mr. Knox retired from the shipyard the first of the year. A fine dinner was served and everyone fully enjoyed themselves.

We were shocked by the death of our



## SECOND SHIFT By Charles "Poppy" Jenkins

Buck (Shotgun) Depperer claims they may say no two snowflakes are alike, but it's not so because all the snowflakes he had to shovel looked the same to him.

When did the motto: In God We Trust, first appear on U. S. coins?

Women have their permanent waves so it's quite understandable that John Wyatt (46 Dept.), Roy Cahoon (43 Dept.) and Charles Matoni (58E) wish they could have permanent hair.

Did you know the Chinese word for taxes is Li-kin pronounced "Lickin". So when you make out your income tax don't make it on a swindle sheet because the guy with the white whiskers doesn't like that a bit.



C. Jenkins

of holding your high horse while you dismount?"

Answer to the bell question. The Tear Kolokoti, cast in 1733 in Moscow, it weighs 193 tons and is 22 feet 8 inches in diameter and stands 20 feet high.

What happened to the carryall bag full of ham sandwiches, Tommy Newton, day shift burner, and Albert (Ham) Schober, second shift sluffitter, took along to a pro game in Philadelphia? They figured to get back their ticket price and a neat profit until a local vendor pointed them out to the law—net loss, \$18.50.

John Pastiek, regulator leader, was bragging about a new clothes dryer he bought for his wife. After a little gum shoe work, Alvin (Babyface) Harris reported it was 60 feet of new nylon rope.

Did you know that magnetic compasses are of no use above Hudson Bay and below

by, Frank Lucas, last month. We extend our sympathy to his family.

Roy (Speed) Irvine has a case of gout in his left leg. Someone told him to put a piece of copper wire around his ankle, a piece of galvanized iron around his wrist, a piece of tin around his right ankle and a piece of lead around his waist. After he got the above installed, he looked like a walking junkyard. We know one thing—it sure cut down his speed.

the Straits of Magellan close to the magnetic poles?

President Kennedy claims he will forego golf whereas Tom Kelly remarked "the proof will be in the putting."

Jack Godo claims solitary confinement was dreamed up by a warden who did not believe in putting all his eggs in one basket.

Who was the guy who had the cock stolen out of his lunch?

A lot of workers can be divided into three groups: those who make things happen, those who watch and those who wonder what happened.

Walter (Tear) Oprouseck claims he knows a lot of women who can't cook or keep house but has yet to find one who doesn't know how to use a charge account.

Eddie Cubler (34 Dept.) is trying to cross breed some of his pigeons with parrots so they can deliver verbal messages. Remember—a mob is humanity going the wrong way.

Jack (Bean Pole) Connors claims that on his vacation he ate so many TV dinners he broke out into a test pattern.

Don't take a chance in your work aboard the ship. It's riskier than asking an undertaker for a sample of his work. Larry Biddie, day shift welder, claims the only thing a gal asks from the garden of love is at least one "caral."

### MORE ON 75 DEPT.

Edie appeared in the bank with money protruding from every pocket.

The banker said, "You'd better deposit your money here for safe keeping."

The Indian looked at the banker and asked, "How many horses you got?"

While in mourning for his maw, Zeke wore a mourning band on his left leg instead of his arm because she was only his stepmother.

### WORDS OF WISDOM —

Let thy maid servant be faithful, strong and homey.

Three may keep a secret if two of them are dead.

Trust thyself and another shall not betray thee.

### MORE ON 47 DEPT.

Texas went to New Orleans (where he spent considerable time and effort trying to find out if this city is all it's touted to be). He climaxed his vacation with a week's stay in Palm Beach. Our slave and blue bachelor enjoyed this vacation almost as much as his memorable trip to Puerto Rico last year.

This year, we Falcons, Anna, Jimmy Jr., and I, spent two weeks in Florida this Christmas holidays included. There were 13 inches of snow when we left. More snow shortly after we came back. Between snows we swam in the Atlantic, sunbathed, admired the palm and cocconut trees, picked oranges and grapefruit right off the tree, enjoyed the flowers in bloom outside, bet a few dollars on jai-alai, visited Miami, etc. If Sun Ship needs a representative in Florida during November, December, January, February and March, I can be had!

# Who from Their Labors Rest



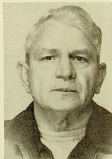
**FRANK J. LUCAS, 42, of 8 Masons Circle, Wilmington, Del., died Jan. 11, after a brief illness. He was a 350 long resident of Wilmington. In February, 1945, he began his employment with Sun Ship and with the exception of several lack of work periods, he remained until November, 1950, when he became ill. A leader in 23 Dept., he had 24 years service with the company. Frank's favorite sport was baseball and he enjoyed studying marine electric. Survivors include his wife, Jean M.; one stepdaughter, Miss Barbara Thomas.**



**ALEXANDER KRINSKI, 68, of 2577 W. 26 St., Chester, died Jan. 3. Born in Poland, he settled in the States in 1912. In 1929 he began his employment with Sun Ship. With the exception of several lack of work periods, he remained until November, 1950, when he retired due to ill health. A shipper and caskey, he was a veteran of 2 1/2 years service. He was a member of the American Legion and Polish American Citizens Club. There were no survivors.**



**WILLIAM R. ORWIG, 60, of Upland, Pa., died Dec. 5. He was born in New Freedom, Pa. Mr. Orwig started work as a machinist apprentice when he was about 16 years old. In January, 1919, he began his employment with Sun Ship and for the next 25 1/2 years was steadily employed as a first class machinist. Ill health forced his retirement in July, 1944. Mr. Orwig never married and lived in Chester approximately 42 years. Fishing and baseball were his favorite sports. His only survivor is a brother, Preston G., of St. Louis, Mo.**



**NOSTICK YAGLINISKI, 53, of 1341 Chestnut St., Chester, died December 26, after six months illness. He was born in Poland and settled in the States in 1902. In January, 1951, he began his employment with Sun Ship where he remained until he became ill in June, 1950. A first-class electrician, he had a total of 8 years service with the company. Survivors include his wife, Stella; one son, Alfred; his mother, Juliana Yagliniski; four brothers and one sister.**



**JAMES E. WEST, 51, of 125 Pomeroy Ave., Duxbury, Pa., died very suddenly Nov. 11. He was born in Snow Hill, Md. In January, 1928 he began his employment with Sun Ship and with the exception of several lack of work periods he remained until Nov. 10—the day before his untimely death. A bachelor, he had 14 1/2 years service. His favorite sports were fishing and boxing. Survivors include his wife, Daisy, a daughter, Jacqueline; three sons, James E. Jr., Joseph S. and David.**



**DOUGLASS A. CADMAN, 78, of Paxton Hollow Rd., Media, Pa., died Dec. 21. He was born in Wilmington, Del. and had been a shipbuilder all his life. Before joining Sun Ship in February, 1918, he had been employed at Bethlehem Steel (Pore River plant) and Vancouver Shipyard in Vancouver, Wash. A foreman of the shipfitters, Mr. Cadman had 25 years continuous service when he retired in December, 1951. Bonding was one of his favorite pastimes. During his productive years his job was his life, although he took his retirement in stride adjusting quickly and happily to his new lease. His only survivor is his daughter, Mrs. Sydney Southby, with whom he made his home in the later years.**

## MORE ON KNOX . . .

"integrity," "sincerity," "honesty," "sympathy"—not exactly the terms one would use to describe the way a man does his job, though they could be.

There was no "principal" speaker. Mr. Pew spoke. Mr. Atkinson spoke. So did Barney Wheelley of the Philadelphia Asbestos Co. Some of Jimmy's best brethren also were heard from—Supt. William

Smith and Chief Engineer David Mylrea. No one spoke long and each was as "principal" as any other. The tenor of their words was the same—here goes from us a good man who also was a good workman.

It was a good time when Jimmy, regardless of the fact he is a shy man, probably will remember with pleasure as long as he lives. There was good singing—singing as you can get only from male voices. William Burns, of 38 Dept., did a professional job as master of ceremonies and many of the men were pleased to hear for the first time Bill's excellent singing voice. As Scotch as the guest of honor, he sang a number of Scottish favorites which seemed to please Dave Mylrea even more than they did their target.

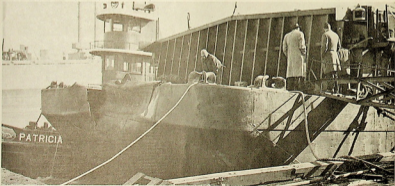
Jimmy was presented with a plaque and a check with which to buy something he knew he wanted rather than to have to accept something someone else thought he might like.

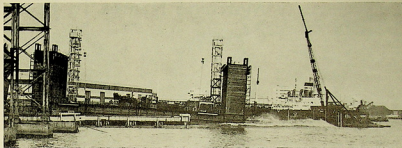
The gathering broke up before it was late. But it was late by the time those who wanted to had gotten close enough to say a parting word to Jimmy. He was in a most enviable spot right there. All this to remember and no rush to get home. He wouldn't have to get up until he was rested. Plenty of time to plan the things he had been putting off for just this time. And the friends he had made through all the years—they were still around. He knew where to find them and they knew where he could be found. Real nice setup. He must be enjoying it then and ever since.

Some of his friends represented other organizations. Among them were Lloyd's Bureau of Shipping, American Bureau of Shipping, the Maritime Commission, Moore-McCormack Lines, Inc., the Sun Oil Co., the General Electric Co., the American Engineering Co., and previously mentioned Philadelphia Asbestos Co.



**IRRESISTIBLE FORCE** (above) met **IMMOVABLE OBJECT** (below) with result as shown. Norwegian tanker Sandefjord and barge owned by C. J. Willis Co. were in collision in Delaware and had not far to go for repairs. Barge is coastwise, deckhouse, cargo barge, one of largest on eastern seaboard.





**QUITE A BOW WAVE IS KICKED UP** by #6 section of our new drydock as it "hits the drink" coming off #8 shipway. This section was welded to sections 3, 4 and 5 in short order and these sections alone were able to lift the American Export Lines passenger liner Atlantic clear of water. In the meantime, back on #8 shipway sections 1 and 2 of dock are taking shape. Whole structure is expected to be in service by middle of March.

## Setting Up a Vacation Trip?

By John M. Techtow

Tucked away in the little coastal town of Mystic, Connecticut, there is an old-time village to which you would enjoy a visit. After reading of the place and seeing a few magazine pictures, we decided to visit Mystic and see for ourselves just what we would find there.

Here in this old New England atmosphere they have created Mystic Seaport, a replica of an old seacoast village such as existed back in the days when the sailing vessels were the "Queen of the Seas" and the quest for whales was an important phase of the seagoing world.

We had a smooth journey up the splendid Connecticut turnpike (we got lost in New York, however). We passed the submarine base at New London and the Electric Boat Corp. plant at Groton, where more submarines have been built than in any other shipyard in the country. We left the pike and drove a short distance through typical New England countryside to the town of Mystic.

Mystic Seaport offers abundant material for a person interested in maritime history. To those of us who have roamed the Delaware river and bay and the Chesapeake bay and its rivers, it is a rich and rewarding experience to visit this historical development where some of the old sailing ships may be visited and where we marvel at the small to us size of them. The major exhibit buildings of this town are not imposing buildings of brick and stone showing the wealth and splendor of the time past but rather the buildings of a small coastal town where the sailing vessel was its main industry and livelihood.

Here you will find the old time shipyard, the sail-loft, rigging shop, cordage shop and the hand-worked machines by which

the yards were assembled into the masts and rigging necessary to rig and mace the vessels of those days. The vessels on exhibit each present a different phase of the sailing vessel days. The exhibit of old time small craft, rowboats, dugouts, canoes, cutamarns, dinghies, and the like are many and go back to the most primitive kind of small water craft. On a more modern vein is the sailboat which Franklin D. Roosevelt used at his Campobello retreat and the America Cup defender, COLUMBERIA, with its tall mast soaring high above all else in the exhibit town.

The Charles W. Morgan, an oldtime whaling vessel, is there and you can see the almost primitive manner in which the sailors lived on such vessels. The hand-driven harpoons, the try-pots in which the blubber of the whale was reduced to oil and the huge casks in which the oil was stored are part of the equipment. No wonder they said of those days that they "had wooden ships and iron men."

The Australia is a typical coastal schooner. The Parsons represents the old shell fishing industry, and the Bowdoin was the utmost in polar exploration in its day. The Joseph Conrad typifies the seafaring merchant marine vessels.

The museum buildings are many and varied and you may spend long hours in them if you wish. There are literally hundreds of the colorful figureheads which adorned the bows of many an old sailing vessel in its journeys around the world. There are many paintings and prints, all worthy of your inspection.

The curios are varied and many. There is Item after Item made of whalebone and all by hand. There is an old model steam engine which runs at the touch of a button, an old Navy steamer used to transport the crew back and forth to shore for leave. But you can't help but to remember

as you go through the town, that all of this gave way when steam and steel were introduced into the industry.

Strolling around the walks of the town we find many interesting exhibits and buildings of the type and nature that such an old town would have had. They all tell the story of the maritime industry of that day. The old clock shop, the old Spicuter tavern, the general store where you may buy articles such as were sold in them many years ago, the Seaport book and gift shop where you may buy books that tell of the old shipping days pictured here. There is a counting house, such as was the center of the town's shipping activity and financial transactions and the buying and selling of the cargoes brought into the country; small schoolhouse, a chapel where you will hear soft relaxing music such as "The Lord's Prayer," an old firehouse with its hand drawn cart and many others too numerous to mention.

Getting on a modern note, there is a one-man Japanese submarine at the entrance of interest to all because it was the type in which "suicide" attacks were made at Pearl Harbor during the infamous attack there. The operator died when the explosive charge was detonated.

The Galley is a restaurant where one can procure fine food. There is also a snack bar where quickies may be obtained.

As you complete your tour, the time of which is entirely up to you, you cannot help but feel that you may come back here again. There must be plenty you missed as surely this is a real part of Historical America, the kind of place where we should take our children to teach them the love of America that our forefathers had and practiced for keeps. For anyone who loves the old America and feels that we should know of it, here is a good experience.

MORE ON ROD & GUN . . . storms in the upper reaches of either of her two branches she'll go on a rampage carrying thousands of tons of some of the finest top soil in the world down to the Delaware River. Normally the Brandywine is like a gentle old lady as she meanders along through wide, fertile, picturesque valleys steeped with history and tradition. The Brandywine Valley Association with the help of the Pennsylvania Dept. of Forests and Waters aims to keep her that way and in so doing everyone will benefit.

There are more than 30 states in the U. S. larger than Pennsylvania in land area, but there are more hunting licenses, both resident and non-resident, sold in this state than any other. Every year the number has been increasing until now it's just about 1,500,000, but the fishing license sales have dropped over 100,000 in the last four years.

Last month we wrote very favorably about the new fish commission, now I hear through the grapevine that they are toying with the idea of raising the price of fishing licenses.

That would sure put this reporter out on a limb.

What a hovel is going to go up from the already disgruntled fishermen of this state when this news gets around. I predict—if the price goes up—the number of sales will go down again. If sales go down the amount of Dingell Johnson money from Washington will drop, too. Dingell Johnson money comes from federal excise taxes on fishing tackle and is allotted to the states in proportion to the number of licenses that are sold in each state.

In lots of states the game and fish commissions are combined, but in this state they are two separate agencies. The game commission has prospered. It owns about 1,000,000 acres of land from which it collects revenue in the form of royalties from gas, oil and other minerals and the sale of wood products. It has a larger, better trained and better equipped force than the fish commission.

There is also a large surplus of funds in the state treasury earmarked for game commission use only. This fund is so large that on several occasions different members of the state Legislature have tried unsuccessfully to have it put in the general fund. What a shame it would be if they got their mis-managing hands on it. Three-quarters of the fishermen in the state don't know there's a new regime in the fish commission and a new rise in license fees would do more harm than good at this time—especially this soon after the last raise a couple years back. They made all kinds of promises about what good they would do with the extra revenue.

The average fisherman couldn't tell you what they did with it or what they were supposed to do with it. A rise in license fees next year, because it couldn't go through for this year any more, would only defeat its own purpose. License sales would slump and consequently Dingell Johnson funds would fall off too.

During February is about your last chance to step those rabbits from eating up your garden next summer. Get in touch with your local game protector. He

# Matching Names To Faces

A Switch From Last Month



HORACE HARRIS, 59-100, 25 years



EDWARD LALLY, 59-87, 25 years



By Frank Wilson

Having already shivered through too much winter, one tends to greet February with a lot of size distrust. What it offers, you've had and you didn't like it much—especially that 14 inches of snow we had before Christmas. Of course we can't kick about that too much either, haven't we been singing that song, "I'm Dreaming of a White Christmas," for a long time?

A lot of people had a Christmas they won't forget and a New Year's Eve they can't remember.

Three more important days are Groundhog day on the 2d—to let us know if spring is near or far—Doughnut or Pancake Day on the 14th and the beginning of Lent on Ash Wednesday, the 15th.

By now everyone should have their W-2 form and their income tax form made out. Or if you prefer to wait until April 15th, you have two extra days this year because the 15th falls on a Saturday.

If you live within your income, you'll live without worry—and without a lot of other ives, too.

George Ives (Employment) missed the big snowstorm by spending his three weeks vacation in California. He also happened to be there for the Tournament of Roses Parade.

Now that we have a new president in the White House and he has to start might be able to box trap them and take them out to open country.

Did you break all your New Year's resolutions yet?

Here's a new one: I resolve to teach a boy or girl how to shoot a gun or catch a fish this year. You might enjoy it.

struggling with our national economy, he might be reminded that an economist is a man who knows more about money than people who have some.

As the year's shortest month, February easily could have an inferiority complex—a feeling that its main task is to keep January from bumping into March. It avoids this embarrassment by making "Born in February" an important trademark. A few of

its most notable birthdays: Lincoln on the 12th, Wanda Perry (Mrs) on the 17th, Washington on the 22d, and Horace Greeley who said "Go West, Young Man" but stayed East himself to make a fortune. Sympathy is extended to Grace Hite (Personnel) and Chick Forward (Purchasing) on the death of their mothers and to Donna Osborn (Cost) whose father also passed away in December.

Good luck and welcome to Lynda J. Macklein who started in Material Control last month.

Peg Miller (Employment) is a grand-mother again. A girl was born to her daughter, Jean Mettling (formerly of Tab.) Dec. 8, 1960. Jean and her husband are living in San Jose, Costa Rica.

BOWLING NEWS: Winners of the Christmas turkeys in the Mixed League were: Gertrude McCoehan (Navy) 170 + 50 and Harry Benner (Penn) 233 + 12. The week before Christmas the bowling alley gave a bottle of whiskey to the holder of a lucky ticket drawn from a hat. Ed Humphrey (Army) won that. The winner of the first half will be announced next month.



F. Wilson



# Bowling Off To Big Second Half

## Monopol Unaware Of Season Break

Monopol Drawing started the second half in B league right where they left off in the first half—in first place. Indubitably too. Also uncontestably. Four for, none against. Hard to be any more convincing than that.

Four teams tied for second and four for sixth. Welders A were the victims of Monopol's prowess which put them solidly in last. Season recordholders continued unchanged. Beginning action Jan. 25 this was the standing:

	Won	Lost
1. Monopol Drawing	4	0
2. Boiler Shop	3	1
3. Pipe Shop "B"	3	1
4. Pipe Shop "A"	3	1
5. Caunters	3	1
6. Welders "B"	1	3
7. Moore McCormack	1	3
8. Electric Shop	1	3
9. X-ray Dept.	1	3
10. Welders "A"	0	4

### SEASON RECORDS

High Single—E. June (Welders B)	252
High Three—R. Gibson (Monopol)	633
High single w/hcp.—H. Sater (Welders B)	272
High Three w/hcp.—J. Sykes (Moorme)	688



By Eddie Wertz

Hughie Ward reports the Harmond Palmer Trading Post is now open in High Meadows and Bud Palmer wants to trade the tail section of a 3-lb. cod for the hind quarter of a 275-lb. deer. The fellows are waiting for the house warming date, Bud!

John Hoopes sent a Christmas card wishing to be remembered to all the boys and raising us about the snow. He can afford to be in sunny Long Beach, Cal. We all return a Happy New Year to you, John!

Way back on Dec. 31, 1960, Miss Maria Oht arrived weighing in at 8 lb., 2 oz. and 2 1/2" high. Daddy Peter Oht passed the

## 4 Four-Way Ties In A League

Inasmuch as E, H and S come before Y, Yard General should be listed fourth in the A league standings at this writing. Regardless of the alphabet, Yard General is tied for first place with Hull Drawing and two others. The named finished in a tie for second in the first half so their current position is not too unbelievable. The two unnamed are the ones! Engine Drawing was 14th out of 16 and Shipways was 16th.

Perhaps this position for the latter is slightly unrealistic. There may be those who will say, "Just wait. They'll settle back." But at least it's nice to have "settle-in" room" below you. Maybe the settling will be a long slow process which won't begin to show much in 16 or 17 matches.

Hull General won the first half and started off the second in a four-way tie for fifth place. There is also a four-way tie for ninth and 13th. Steve Stevens replaced Russell Staley for high single for the season with 255. Other records remain. The weather did the league out of its matches Jan. 20 so these standings go back to Jan. 17:

	Won	Lost
1. Yard General	4	0
2. Engine Drawing	4	0
3. Shipways	4	0
4. Hull Drawing	4	0
5. Carpenters	3	1
6. Wetherill	3	1
7. Electrical Drawing	3	1
8. Hull General	3	1
9. Riggers	1	3
10. Welders	1	3
11. Chippers	1	3
12. Transportation	1	3
13. Supers	0	4
14. Office	0	4
15. 47 Pats	0	4
16. Timekeepers	0	4
High Single—S. Stevens (Welders)	255	
High Three—E. Murphy (Office)	634	
High Single w/hcp.—E. Touring (Timekeepers)	268	
High Three w/hcp.—C. Desmond (Yard Gen.)	709	

cigars with a big smile in 1961. Grandpop Silcox and Daddy Oht both work at Wetherill. Pictures of the young lady will come later.

It is told that Frank Thompson mailed his Christmas cards four cents collect—for which John McCormick will vouch for.

Sorry to hear Mrs. Karl Lutz fell on the Joe and broke her wrist, but she did get a dish washer out of the accident although Karl claims the detergent are hard on his hands. Mrs. Copper did the same thing. We are sorry to say, but Clarence would not allow her to fall until after the insurance rates went up. Best of luck to you girls!

## Army M. O. Like Last Season

Well, Army almost did it—dropped dead like we said was the only way they could be beat out of the first half flag in the Mixed league. They lost five out of the last eight.

The explanation of how they did and still won is, of course, that their only possible competition, Yale and Duke, were (Yale) almost as dead and (Duke) dead. Yale won five of the last eight and Duke won two. So Army made it by three whole points.

They carried this "drop dead" act over into the start of the second half, too. They dropped their first match by 0 to 4. P.M.C. conquerors of Army and fourth place finishers the first half, therefore started the second half at about their first half pace. They are tied for first with two others.

This could be, of course, a patup job. If you follow Sun Ship bowling closely, you will remember that Army won the first half in the Mixed league last year and then took a dive right to the bottom—finished the second half next to last and won the relief for the season championship with no sweat. Looks like a repeat.

Donna Osborn continues to make things difficult for the girls who would like to get on the record sheet. She upped her average to 152 and took back high single from Joyce Regetto with 206. Maybe you girls ought to start a D. (for downwith) Osborn vendetta—or are you all just happy to see her doing so well?

What with the weather and all, there has been only one night of bowling in the second half. Here's what happened:

	Won	Lost
1. Navy	4	0
2. Princeton	4	0
3. P.M.C.	4	0
4. Penn	3	1
5. Yale	3	1
6. Duke	3	1
7. Notre Dame	1	3
8. Harvard	1	3
9. Cornell	1	3
10. Army	0	4
11. Lehigh	0	4
12. Temple	0	4

### Season Record — Girls

High single—D. Osborn (Cornell)	206
High Three—J. Regetto (PMC)	546
High single w/hcp.—D. Osborn (Cornell)	234
High three w/hcp.—D. Osborn (Cornell)	633
High Average—D. Osborn	152

**MEN**

High Single—M. Moody, Jr. (Temple)	251
High Three—S. Stevens (N. Dame)	614
High Single w/hcp.—S. Yankovich (Penn)	267
High three w/hcp.—B. Murlough	658
High Average—R. Gibson	180



E. Wertz

## December Awards



## 40 YEARS

47-2809	Frank Ives
35-51	John Jones

## 35 YEARS

47-50	John Price
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## 30 YEARS

51-42	Anthony Korsak
34-580	Albert Davis
8-602	William Doran
59-20	Barnet Oprousek

## 25 YEARS

42-270	George Lewis
91-273	Edward Penot
74-42	Charles Lukens
81-6	Harry Reed
8-239	James Drury
8-243	James Malland
1-57	William Kaufman
30-334	Clarence Worrell

## 20 YEARS

33-437	Joseph Squitieri
34-85	William Lonquist, Jr.
96-129	Benjamin Morris
47-2876	William Mallman
97-13	Jeanne Walters

## 15 YEARS

59-1694	Fred Soume
67-519	James Myers
59-310	Louis Andrews
55-62	Raymond Zawaski
59-1100	William Whitaker
47-601	Joseph Adams
59-126	George Prokapsa

## 10 YEARS

59-488	Maurice Rankin
59-621	Louis Leach
68-487	James Sullivan
47-570	Francis Weaver
59-543	Ellis Adams
45-400	Clyde Cox
31-66	Charles Fritz
59-181	Grover C. Lineweaver, Jr.
33-1184	Rudolph Rodenomite
47-693	Robert Brown
66-63	Archibald Barber
66-156	Raymond Toll

## MORE ON SERVICE

Then he got a job with a man in West Chester who had the Sharpless Separator franchise in the area—making and selling them. The man's contract allowed him to build so many machines a year and his men worked on a piece work arrangement.

John started at an hourly rate until he got the kind of things then went on piece work. Everything was lively until the boss came to him one day and told him he'd have to slow down because the other men were complaining. They only had so many machines to build in a year and they had it paced so they never lacked for work.

## SUN SHIP MUTUAL BENEFIT ASSOCIATION

Statement of Receipts and Disbursements  
for the months of October - November and December - 1960

Cash on Hand September 30, 1960			\$24,950.18
<b>Receipts:</b>			
Dues from Members			
October	\$ 8,309.90		
November	8,969.90		
December	11,159.50	\$39,039.30	
<b>Company Payment</b>			
October	\$ 6,364.20		
November	6,467.05		
December	7,971.05	\$20,742.30	
<b>Cash Dividends from Investments:</b>			
The American Tobacco Co.	\$ 180.00		
Ohio Edison Co.	220.00		
Bethlehem Steel Corp.	175.00		
Duquesne Light Co.	52.50		
American Telephone & Telegraph Co.	341.55		
The Pillsbury Co.	106.00		
American Smelting & Refining Co.	175.00		
Interest U.S. Treasury Notes	682.75		
United States Steel Corp.	350.00		
The Delaware County National Bank	695.00	\$ 2,892.80	\$ 52,674.40
			\$ 77,833.58
<b>Disbursements:</b>			
<b>Sick Benefits</b>			
October	\$ 9,726.75		
November	9,620.25		
December	13,158.76	\$32,715.76	
<b>Compensation Cases</b>			
October	\$ 187.43		
November	156.77		
December	384.27	\$ 728.47	
<b>Miscellaneous Expenses</b>			
October	\$ 50.15		
November	23.18		
December	74.87	\$ 148.20	
<b>Purchase October 7, 1960</b>			
100 Shs. Consolidated Edison Co.	\$10,249.30		
<b>Purchase November 28, 1960</b>			
85 Shs. American Telephone & Telegraph Co.	\$ 8,215.87		
<b>Purchase December 28, 1960</b>			
200 Shs. Phila. Electric Co.	\$10,163.78	\$28,628.85	\$ 62,221.27
<b>Cash on Hand December 30, 1960</b>			
			\$ 15,412.31
<b>Securities as of September 30, 1960</b>			
<b>Purchase of</b>			
100 Shs. Consolidated Edison Co.	\$10,249.30		
85 Shs. American Telephone & Telegraph Co.	8,215.87		
200 Shs. Phila. Electric Co.	10,163.78	\$ 28,628.85	
<b>Securities as of December 30, 1960</b>			
			\$225,818.96

John was working so fast they would run out of work before December.

John didn't have to quit, just slow down to the pace the other men were going. Who was going to make up the difference in his pay check? Well, that was something John would have to worry about himself. So at the end of the next week John was without a job. He wasn't bothered particularly except that his wife was expecting their first child.

The next Monday he didn't feel too well so it was Tuesday before he got around to coming to Sun Ship. That was Oct. 10, 1928. He has been here ever since.

He started and stayed in the Wetherill plant and has never had a layoff.

After their first child three others followed, two of each. Now the Gillespies have 12 grandchildren and a great grandson. John is an avid boxing fan and likes baseball. He used to do a lot of fishing, too, but not any more. Beyond that he just likes to take things easy—resting after his strenuous youth.

When you hear a guy poke fun at a woman for shopping all day and not buying anything, you can bet he's a bachelor.





# PREJUDICE!

## What's That?

Well, son... prejudice is an infection of an attitude that tears away at the hearts and minds of men who want respect for themselves but are not willing to give it to others. They have the idea that because of the color of their skin, religion or national origin... they have more rights than others do. Many people who are prejudiced won't admit it. They say they believe in Brotherhood, but don't act that way in dealing with people. For you I pray... that you will learn about Brotherhood first, so that the infections of prejudice will not be able to claim you. I pray that you may grow up in a world free of petty hatreds, discrimination, bigotry and prejudice. That your world will be one of love and understanding among all people everywhere.



**BROTHERHOOD WEEK**  
FEBRUARY 19-26

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