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## Twass the day before Xmas.

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1-21-87  
It was the day before Xmas.

It was the day before Xmas,  
And all thru the yards,  
Not a creature was stirring,  
Not even the quarts,  
The chippers were silent,  
The welders asleep,

The fitters were talking of problems so deep  
The electricians were pulling their cables so strong  
The machinists were putting their valves in row  
The bosses were standing around in a bunch  
Wondering if it was too early to lunch.

The pipe fitters were wandering around like fools  
Wondering where they left their tools,  
The painters were standing around in the con,  
Until in came their leader you should see how they ran

The guys in the tool rooms were happy & gay  
Cause nobody came in for a tool all day  
The staging building stood on the boat with a chain  
Trying to spit on the carpenters saw

The erectors were huddled around in a group  
Yallerin' for their leaders to put on the soup  
The crane men above finally got the drift  
And no one could get them to get one more lift  
The balters were the only gang in the groove  
But even their bosses couldn't get them to move.

The burner was busy,  
His torch all aflame,  
For a Christmas tree stand,  
He was making a frame,  
The guys in the plate shop were filled with good cheer  
Anxious to get home for a bottle of beer,  
If you think the office was busy, you're wrong,  
All the work they did you could buy for a song,  
Even the big shots were heard to remark  
Of the plans that they had to fulfill after dark  
The sweepers and cleaners sat near their brush  
Till the 4 o'clock whistle put them in a rush  
The nurses were working with all their might  
The fix up the boys for Saturday night,  
From the gist of this poem, I suppose you <sup>say</sup>  
That the guys in the shipyard loaf all day,  
But before an opinion is formed in your mind,  
Look at our record & then you will find,  
That for 364 days of the year,  
The shipyard is busy till the day before Xmas is here.

From  
Mrs Simon Strauss