SHIP NEWS

HOG ISLAND LEADS IN RIVETING RACE

Drives 959,915 Rivets in Six Days and Wins First Place in Contest

Hog Island riveters, after six days of herculean efforts, went into the lead in the riveting contests on between that yard, the Submarine and Merchants' yards.

Driving 959,915 rivets in that time the Hog Islanders struck a journeymen gang average of 25.5 rivets per hour, which proved more than the competing yards could match.

The Submarine Company journeymen gangs made an average of twenty-four rivets an hour, while the Merchants' yard fell in the tail-end position with 21.3 rivets during the same period, which was the week ended November 2.

During October the Hog Island gangs report a total drive of 2,856,445 rivets, enough to complete six Class A boats. The riveters say they are just striking their stride and do not purpose ever being headed off in the dash for top-notch honors.

Then, in addition, there is a race among the gangs in Hog Island for premier honors. Those in Yard No. 5 snatched the laurels from Yard No. 4 in the six-day drive.

The October honors for riveting were captured by Yards 9 and 10, with efficiency records based on thirty-seven rivets per gang hour. Paul Hivard, general foreman riveter of the two yards, predicts that his men will reassume the lead in a short time.

ESCAPES FOUR U-BOAT ATTACKS

Former Shipworker in Small Craft Thirty-Six Hours

Alexander B. Lucas quit the Pusey & Jones shipyard at Gloucester to sail the broad seas in Uncle Sam's merchant marine, and soon learned the real meaning of the German submarines.

The first ship Lucas started on was disembowelled by a torpedo, and the former shipworker spent thirty-six hours in a small boat bobbing up and down over a rough sea.

Since that time he has made three other trips to France, and each vessel on which he was sailing was attacked by a U-boat. But Lucas is back again, hale and hearty, telling many tales to his old "buddies" in the shipyard.

Despite the danger involved during the wartime voyages across the Atlantic Lucas was anxious to go again. Then the war had to stop and spoil the fun.

"It's going to be tame sport from now on," he commented.

The elevated cost of existence prompted four Harlan workers to form a combine to possess jointly a "flock" of bacon. Then Solomon should have been called in to apportion the shares. Mike Slagofski, Tom Parry, Andy Sennicot and "Kit" Jack, members of the enterprise, are not satisfied. There is some murmuring to the effect that they will take a chance with the "meat pirates" next time.

Now that frost is with us it is well to follow the example of Jim Marshman, of the Harlan yard. He cleared away his "mlipbrush" before the icicles come hangin' aroun'. Jim doesn't believe in conservation.

H'em! The stork again! The proud "papa" is Mr. Winna, of the Pusey & Jones cost department. It's a girl.

Tryouts for the girl's basketball team at Hog Island which started last Wednesday, show there are a number of "fair sex" dribblers candidates for the yard team. Practice is held in the "gym" every evening at 6 o'clock.

After due consideration, C. M. Zane, of the stock record department, Pusey & Jones Co., decided that it was just as cheap to run around in double harness as to spend warfare and buy boxes of candy. Others have though the same thing, time again. However, the boys wished him good luck when they learned that Charles—that's his first name—had led the lady of his choice to the altar.

Classes in blue print reading have been started at the Pennsylvania yard of the Pusey & Jones Company, under the direction of the educational and training section, industrial relations division, United States Shipping Board Emergency Fleet Corporation.

"Al" Dewey, of the Pusey & Jones lumber yard returned yesterday from a gunning trip. Al is reticent concerning the results of his trip.

NATIONAL MUSEUM OFFICE HEADQUARTERS

War Exigencies Has Caused the Government to Requisition Building

In its desperate search for office quarters in Washington, the Government has taken over markets, private homes, stables, even the National Museum, and turned them into conventional business establishments by installing shiny office furniture and a retinue of clerks and messenger boys, writes Niksah. Of all these improvised offices the National Museum is undoubtedly the most interesting.

Valuable collections of the hundred and one articles that make up a regulation museum are boarded up or draped artistically in sheets, but traces of the museum's past can still be seen in almost every room of the building.

Even the unromantic click of a dozen typewriters cannot dispel the thrill of working in the room with a few of the choicest of prehistoric monsters or of having a miniature airplane suspended just above one's desk to serve as a diversion. For a long time the girls in one room spent their spare time admiring the gorgeous brocade reception dresses of Mrs. Buchanan and other ladies of White House history. Now Mrs. Buchanan's best frock is hidden from the admiring gaze beneath an impenetrable layer of board, to the great sorrow of the young ladies of the vicinity.

One long hallway, once a sportsman's paradise of trophies of the chase, is now identified with the past only by a scant dozen animal heads which adorn one side of the wall. Fortunately it is for the proud rhinoceros, deer, or antelope that he is hung well above the reach of a man, for otherwise he would surely be reduced to the status of the domestic hatrack by the irreverent Government clerk.

For some time after the Government invasion, the museum still opened the exhibits of its upper halls to the public as usual. Now, however, this territory, too, is needed, and the National Museum has joined the list of Washington's buildings "Not Open to the Public."—Savannah Morning News.

Sure Way to Stop It

"I am tired of being a goat."

"Then why don't you stop butting in?"—Oregon Daily Journal.

Conundrum

"What is the difference between an elephant and a microbe?" 'One carries a trunk and the other the grip."—Boys' Life.

Shocking

Robson—Do you think fishes can hear? Dobson—I should hope not. Listen to old Smith—he's smashed his rod!—Pearson's Weekly.

Honor Roll for City and Its Vicinity Today

KILLED IN ACTION

LIEUTENANT ALBERT C. WUNDERLICH, 32 N. Maple ave., Lansdowne. (Previously reported unofficially.)
CORPORAL THOMAS MURPHY, 3922 Mt. Vernon st.

Privates

CHARLES O'LEARY, 439 Pennsdale st.
ELWOOD L. CONNELLY, 25 W. Seymour st.

DIED OF DISEASE

CORPORAL ARTHUR J. WARREN, 2530 Cedar st.
CORPORAL C. H. DUFFY, 722 Spruce.
CORPORAL R. J. FERGUSON, 1340 N. Sixth st. (Previously reported unofficially.)
CORPORAL EDWARD F. MAHER, 520 Page street.
CORPORAL FREDERICK MILLER, 1503 N. Fourth st.

Privates

JOHN A. COSTELLO, 816 Mascher st. (Previously reported unofficially.)
ANTHONY DOLJO, 6400 Vanilla st. (Incorrect address, there being no Vanilla st. in Philadelphia.)
NICHOLAS M. LARKIN, 1693 Margaret st.
JOHN B. WILKINSON, 530 Brinton st.

WOUNDED SEVERELY

Private

BERNARD A. BOSTON, 2915 Fiore st.
JOSEPH DESANTO, 1832 Carlisle st.
CLARENCE EASTWICK, 404 S. Sixteenth st.
MARIO GUIFFRIDA, 2121 W. Cambria.
FRANKLIN B. SCHAUFFLER, 215 W. Stiles st.

WOUNDED, DEGREE UNDETERMINED

LIEUTENANT EDWARD L. WILLIAMS, 8090 Fairview ave., Haverford. (Unofficially reported.)
SERGEANT HERMAN FARBER, 4118 Parkside ave. (Officially reported missing.)
CORPORAL R. T. EDSALL, 2010 Shunk st. (Unofficially reported.)

Privates

EARL CLARK, 850 Main st., Darby.
THOMAS CANNON, 7018 Lyons ave.
JOSEPH J. SHANDA, 2306 S. Hemberger st. (Officially reported missing.)
JOHN OLSON, 1340 S. Second st. (Officially reported missing.)
JOHN S. COSTA, 703 S. Fifty-eighth st. (Officially reported missing, but has been unofficially reported wounded.)
RAYMOND M. CUMMINGS, 1933 Ritner st. (Officially reported missing.)
JOSEPH ZINN, 2820 N. Twenty-seventh st. (Officially reported missing.)
FRANK H. BUCK, 2164 N. Fifth st. (Officially reported missing.)
WILLIAM ROUNDTREE, 4733 Cedar ave. (Unofficially reported.)
MYERS STONE, 4612 Fairmount ave. (Unofficially reported.)

MISSING

CORPORAL ELMER McDONALD, 5317 Malcolm st.
CORPORAL CASTOS P. RADES, 1027 Locust st.
CORPORAL RONALD H. McGAUGHEY, 2105 E. Susquehanna ave.

Privates

JAMES T. JENNINGS, 1928 S. Bonsall st.
ANDREW BOYD, 5023 Kershaw st.
WINTER D. BUTLER, 3405 Walnut st.
PHILIP BONOFIRO, 940 S. Eighth st.
MICHAEL F. DUFFY, 2553 N. Jessup st.
JAMES N. GALLAGHER, 3458 Merion ave.
WILLIAM GUMAS, 927 Spring Garden st.
MICHAEL J. JOYCE, 2956 N. Mascher.
LEO J. LIPSCHUTZ, 757 S. Front st.
HERBERT S. LISTER, 6314 Woodland ave.
FRANCIS M. McGAUGHAN, 2139 S. Sixteenth st.
THOMAS A. MORAN, 2811 Memphis st.
GEORGE E. DAVIS, 714 N. Fifteenth st.
CHARLES F. BROWNSTEIN, 2741 North st. (Incorrect address.)
BENJAMIN ESWICH, Second st. (No house address given.)
ALBERT E. DICK, 2671 Emerald st.
JOSEPH FALACCI, 932 Annin st.
CLIFFORD PICKERING, 2036 E. Madison st.
BORESLAV UMINSKI, 2547 Salmon st.
SANTO FATTINNAZI, 2059 W. Lehigh ave.

JOSEPH BALATZ, 922 League st.
ROBERT J. ZEIGLER, 2020 N. Marvine st.
BERNADERO SPINNALLI, 1206 Federal st.
HARRY C. MENDELL, 2325 E. Huntingdon st.
L. J. GILMORE, 324 W. Indiana ave.
GIUSEPPE BELLEZZA, 923 League st.
GEORGE F. BEST, 5332 Girard ave.
EDWARD M. CAMPBELL, 5348 Vocum.
ANTONIO DI PLACIDO, 731 Clymer st.
SARKIS DAVIDIAN, 2933 Mascher st.

NEARBY POINTS

LIEUTENANT WALTER IRELAND, Sewell, N. J. (Wounded and a prisoner.)
PRIVATE MICHAEL GIORSKI, Chester, Pa. (Wounded.)
PRIVATE JOHN E. HORN, Lancaster. (Died of disease.)

Soldier Gets Notice He Has Been Killed

Continued from Page One

the doorbell personally, received the official letter supplementing the telegram that told of his death.

Private Stone is twenty-two years old and a graduate of the West Philadelphia High School, class of 1916. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Solomon Stone. A brother, Samuel Stone, is in the navy and is now in French waters. Though the physicians believe he will eventually recover completely, they have told him that he will not have the full use of his arm for at least a year.

Sketches of the Heroes

Rescued From Shell Hole by Yankee General

Sergeant Herman A. Farber, reported as missing in today's official casualty list, is actually at a convalescent camp shell shock. He was lying in a shell hole, he wrote to his mother, Mrs. Anna Farber, of 4118 Parkside avenue, sick and dazed when an American general happened by. The general had him lifted from the hole, given a stimulant and sent to the rear, he added. Young Farber is twenty years old and a member of Company M, 109th Infantry, having enlisted in March of 1917, two weeks before this country declared war on Germany.

He is a graduate of the Southern High School and a talented violinist, having been a member of the regimental orchestra while training at Camp Hancock. "I got my share of Fritzies before they got me," he said in his last letter home. He was rapidly recovering at the time that letter was written, the middle of October, and was probably back with his regiment before the armistice was signed.

recrecrecrecececec