

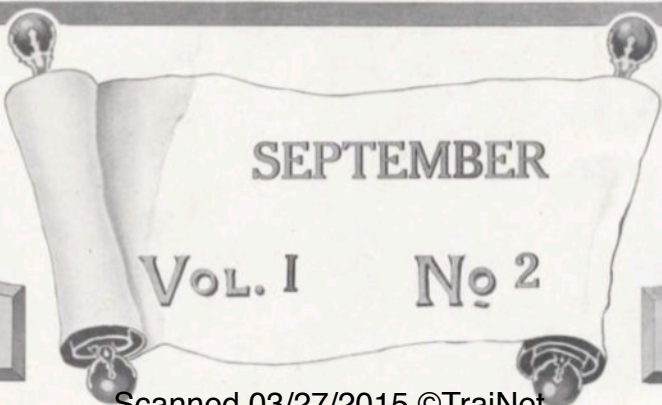
TrajNet



The WHITIN Spindle



Whitinsville From the Air



SEPTEMBER

VOL. I

No 2

APR 2013

OUR FOREMEN—THREE YEARS AGO



The Outing at Rocky Point, August 12, 1916

By request

The WHITIN Spindle

VOLUME 1

WHITINSVILLE, MASS., SEPTEMBER, 1919

NUMBER 2

Foremen Gambol at Crescent Park

As many of our hungry-eyed foremen and starving office men as possible took a trip down the river to Crescent Park, Saturday, August 23, to enjoy a shore dinner the like of which has never been prepared before. The trip was made by auto, and all along the road one could see some of the party ahead and behind. To make things lively right at the outset, there were punctures and blow-outs on the way. "Ike" Hanney refused to ride with the crew that "Billy" Norton had doled out to him, preferring a Packard machine. But he had the pleasure of seeing those whom he turned down ride past him on the way. Steve Durell conceived a clever idea for saving gasoline, so he told his Maine friends in the car behind him to fasten their bumper to his rear guard and have one car pull both loads. This did not prove practical; and Steve was forced to a nearby curbing, where the disconnection followed.

Various routes were taken, but far-sighted Jim Ferry wisely provided himself with a blueprint of the shortest road. Somehow or other he got twisted, and after crossing the Red Bridge for the third time realized that something was wrong. He stopped the car, pulled out his blueprint, looked at it several times and tore it to pieces. Then he came hustling along to arrive just in the nick of time. Although Stuart Brown arrived first, his side-kick, Charlie Burlin, was the last to enter the dining hall. He would have been looking for it yet, if Jim Ferry, with blue-print No. 2 in hand, had not been sent on a search for him. However, Charlie lost no time in catching up with the best performers



at the table. The wharf seemed to attract most of the men as they awaited the signal to go over the top. It was a poor move for the chefs, for Harris and Parks took deep, appetizing breaths and the salt air invigorated the few remaining members who may have had need for a tonic to stimulate a lagging hunger.

Somehow, quite instinctively, the party found itself seated at the tables in the big dining salon. Al. Fletcher swayed the baton over the hall as he announced his choice of the "Star-Spangled Banner" for the opening number of the concert he had provided for the eaters. Soup was allowed to cool while all stood and showed their patriotism. After one verse Fletcher sat down and ate half his gumbo before he gave the signal to attack, keeping Pat Duggan in suspense; but when Pat saw the two Marshalls, Dave and Jimmie, going to it, he followed suit. It was not strange to see those who came down in Packards eating faster than any one else. They passed everybody

on the road and everybody at the dinner. The newly formed Engineers Club sat at one table, the honored guests of the feast.

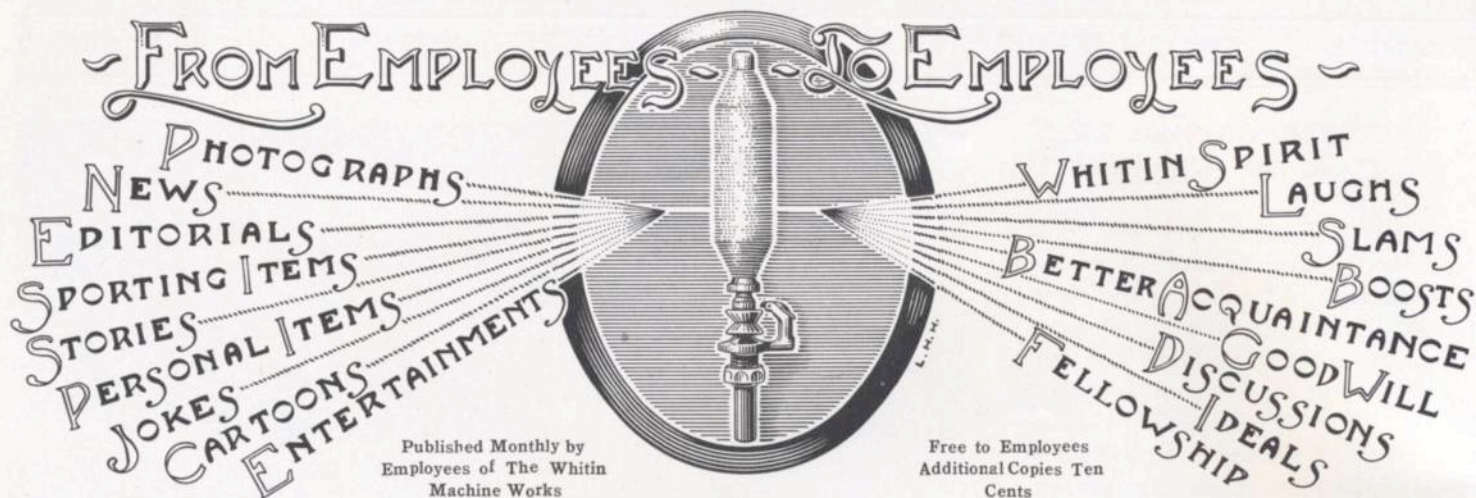
The boys, forgetful of what was coming, called for seconds and thirds on soup. Friends on all sides were admonishing with a tip—"Leave room for the clams"—without avail. Foster tuned up with a pitch pipe that sounded like a Tin Lizzie coming up Linwood Avenue, and we were invited to join the choir in singing "It's a Long, Long Trail"; and truly it looked like it as the clam necks went down.

Messrs. Dale and Birchall, at this time, relieved the intense onslaught and the steadily tightening belts with that famous song, "It's Better to Eat It Than Let It Spoil." DOLLIVER's throat was getting parched by the hot pace he had been going, and his voice could be heard, squeaking like a Studebaker transmission, his favorite ditty, "How Dry I've Been Since July First." He impersonated Mayor Fitzgerald in his encore with "Sweet Adeline."

Most of the boys were so fed up at this time that they could not

(Continued on page 10)





EDITORS
 Martin F. Carpenter William D. Morrison
 PHOTOGRAPHERS
 Robert Metcalf Homer Bruillette
 CARTOONISTS
 James H. Jones Adelbert Ramsey

Editorial

We would like to draw the attention of everybody to the remarkable showing made by the men in Mr. Sweet's department in length of service. The average period of all men employed is over 12 years of continuous service. This seems to us to be a record that will stand comparison with any other in this shop. We would welcome the news from other shops, if they can show an equal record.

With a showing like this in view, one cannot help but think of the labor unrest of the day and wonder if some of those discontented groups are not drifting into that class known as "floaters." An article such as the following seems to stand the test when analyzed with Sweet's record.

Reflecting over the labor unrest that takes so prominent a place in the news items of the day—those news items from which we are compelled to obtain our vision of the world in its struggle to readjust itself after the crisis—we cannot but wonder why labor takes the present means toward an end.

We are all well acquainted with that class of labor called "floaters." They work to-day, to-morrow they become restless, the day after they pass on to the next job. We see them come to the shop every day.

They tell us that they worked here 15 years ago. Ask them what they did, and nine chances out of ten they aren't fit, physically or otherwise, for the same position. What does this all mean? Isn't it an example of the rolling stone in human form?

Our fathers of the past generation worked night and day to place this nation on the same footing with other lands. They created possibilities which we enjoy to-day; possibilities they gave their lives to bring about. How did they do it? By walk-outs, strikes, demands for impossibilities which threaten the very life blood of a nation? We cannot tell what they would have done, were they organized as labor is in this period; but by plugging consistently onward, by each man sticking to his task and producing his capacity, they placed us where we are; a nation, economically and politically, that we can be proud of; a nation that exists to create the best possible opportunities for all. To such a country we owe much.

It is folly to radically change the very means that have builded us as a nation on so firm a foundation. The past points to maximum production by the farmer, the mechanic, the professional man. In no country have men had equal chances to rise to that mode of living spoken of to-day as a "standard of living." But what we have, has been gained by WORK, the best man taking the step upward.

Labor to-day should look to the past, trust in its Government where it has representation, and not drift into the class of "floaters,"

For then, as a nation, we would stagnate and cease to progress. The happy smile is seldom seen in the eye of the "floater." Happiness comes to him who works.

Distribution

We would like to take the opportunity here to thank the following men who made easy the task of distributing the copies to the men in the shop:

Charles Brennan	Reuben Watton
John Steele	Wm. Finney
Samuel McKee	Thomas Crawford
Hugh Madigian	Allan McCrea
Allen Wilcox	Sefrienes Hooyenja
James Orrell	Chas. Stone
Chas. Mateer	Patrick Connors
John Horan	Edward Birchall
Albert Halvosa	Francis Spratt
Clarence Livingstone	Wm. H. Smith
Harry Hall	Arthur St. Andre
A. Seagraves	A. Bryant
W. F. Hewes	Peter Roy
Jos. Quintal	John Hickey

Notices

The first edition of the "Whitin Spindle" arrived at three o'clock Friday, August 15, 3,200 copies strong. Extra copies were ordered for those who might desire to purchase some for their friends who do not work in the shop. These extra copies may be secured at the Employment Department hereafter, on the day following the day of issue.

Sir Walter Scott used to say that though his friends were poor mathematicians they were good book-keepers, and Charlie Stuart has a similar complaint. A copy of the American Machinist's Handbook has been missing for some time. Doubtless the possessor will appreciate this notice and return the book to its owner.

Our Long Service Series



James Ward

James Ward, on the bolster job, holds the second best record of time employed in the Whitin Machine Works. He started to work back in October, 1860, and will complete his fifty-ninth year of employment this fall.

Mr. Ward is by no means a "has been." He works today on piece work; and if anyone would like to inquire about the extra bonus he made last month, the Production Department would be glad to show them a few figures worthy of comment. In other words, he can produce more today than the average young man, which is a good recommendation for this Shop and its effect on a man after fifty-nine years of steady work.

"Those were the days before Forest Street was built," said Mr. Ward, speaking of the early sixties, "and before Frank Cross came to town, too. Let me see, there were two buildings below where the Blue Eagle is now, and one house, known as the Arcade House, about where the foot of Maple Street is. All of what is now the New Village was woods, and most of the space where the Shop buildings now are was water and a few dwelling houses."

To Her Taste

She—I like a man of few words and many actions.

He—You want my brother; he has St. Vitus dance.—*Tiger.*

Going to Japan

By the time this article comes off the press, Eddie Whittaker will have made definite sailing plans for the Japanese Islands and the industrial centers of China. Eddie has been back with us several months after two years absence from the U. S. and the Whitin Machine Works; but, although we hate to have to part company, we are going to keep in constant touch with him by wire and mail.

Mr. Whittaker joined the Whitin Machine Works forces about ten years ago, coming from the Boston Duck Company, where he served as an expert spinner. His first job here was under Elwin Rooney, who is responsible for inducing Eddie to give up spinning. For eight years Eddie worked in the experimental room, and those who know him best have much to say about his ambition, his overtime work on correspondence courses and studies, and his aptness at his daily task.

When the Japanese and Chinese trade began to look prosperous, Mr. Whittaker was chosen to represent the Shop in this field. One doesn't have to look far to discover the results of Eddie's work. Even the Employment Department, crowded as it is for space, has had to be held up on its plans for a new office, due to the need of floor space to facilitate the shipment of Chinese goods. There are very few in the Shop who have not worked daily in the past few months on the Chinese order which goes to the new mill at Tsingtao.

Last year Eddie received full credit for setting up all the machinery in the Toyoda Spinning & Weaving Company, at Nagoya, Japan. This was accomplished with Japanese mechanics and a few English fitters. But in Eddie's estimation one of the important features of his accomplishments over there was the meeting with a foreign missionary, who converted him away from paths of bachelorhood. Mrs. Whittaker hails from Michigan (whether from down on the farm we do not know), but, at any rate, after a liberal education she sailed from America under the American Foreign Missionary

Board for the Orient. As a business woman Mrs. Whittaker has already proven her ability here; and it is expected that she will not only be an asset to her husband's business, but will also find time to carry on in the missionary field.

Our congratulations go out to this couple, and from promises exacted from them, the "Spindle" will look forward to articles concerning industries and working conditions in the Far East.

Between Jobs

Dave Smith, until recently of the Foundry, has left our employ after 26 years of faithful service. Here's wishing Dave good luck in his new field.

Frank Bates and Bill Deane spent the month of August at Prince Edward Island. It is great fishing there, and it is suggested that "S. J.," of the Pattern Loft, had better get in touch with them to add to his string of A-1 stories.

For the first time in many years the big motor on Sweet's job broke down, giving the boys a half holiday. Harry Haselden doctored the big power wheel.

Whisperings Among the Fair Sex

Miss Hazel Graves is spending her vacation visiting relatives in Dedham.

Miss Annie Buma is enjoying a month's vacation at Bethlehem, N. H.

Mr. and Mrs. John Minshull returned last week from Martha's Vineyard, where they spent their vacation.

Mrs. Minshull, who was formerly Maria Skillen, claims the distinction of being the only girl who has worked nine consecutive years on the roll and brush job. She entered the employ of the Whitin Machine Works August 22, 1910.

Miss Alice Walker, who recently left us, is to be married on September 10 to William McKee. After their honeymoon trip they will live on Brook Street.

Miss Jennie Scott has a pet diversion. It is canoeing, and she says its "Bliss."

The Elevator Gives More Trouble

Ah say, Sambo, dis yer Whitain Masheen Shop am de greatest place ah evah see. Dey has a elevatah dat dey say am as easy as youh A B. C's. Dat may all be so foh de white gentl'm'n, but not foh no niggah.

Ah press a button and de light in de glass sign come on an' dis sign say dat de elevatah am a comin. Pret' soon it come all right an' de doh slides open. Ah politely steps back to let de passengers out an dat doh done close again with me a standin' in de hallway where all the people in de Main Office could perceive mah consternashun. One ob de young ladies tol' me to press dat button again and when de doh came open ah got in jus' as fas' as ah could. An den dat doh closed an' ah was locked in.

Ah sure was nervous, Sambo, case dat contraption done stay where she was stuck at. They was sum buttons on de wall neah de doh. Ah looked at dem wonderin' which one to touch. Ah was skeered dat elevatah would go so fas' I couldn't stop it, an' ah sure didn't want to lose mah life; but if ah didn't do somepin ah might have to stay dar like a monkey in a cage at Bronx Pahk. At las' ah touched a button kinder slow an' de lights went out. Mah conscience, ah didn't want to die in de dahk an' I pushed it back pretty quick, let me tell you.

De odder buttons say B, 1, 2, and 3, so ah tried B an ah started to go down. Ah went kinder slow, so ah was not so very skeered. Den ah thinks I understans dat elevatah; dey must be three speeds an' ah would try de fust, but when dat cage stopped an' de doh opened ah was just whar ah stahted at. Den ah pushed 2 an' ah went up to de nex flo' an ah punch de 3 an' ah still kep' agoin' so ah know now dat de numbers am de flo's an' not de speeds.

Dat suah am som' elevatah, but I'd like to see de niggah in de basement what mak' de thing go wen any one punch de buttons.

Blueberrying Dangerous Game

Charles Stuart and Percy Houghton have lately been studying the lay of the land around these parts. "Topography is a great study," says Charlie, "and very useful."

After thinking this over, a little bee buzzed the news that the old sport of blueberrying has its hazards. Mrs. Houghton and Mrs. Stuart were on the verge of organizing a reconnaissance party when the H. C. L. reducers reappeared apparently unharmed after straying for several weary hours.

On being interviewed the next day, Charlie stated that blueberries were better for the stomach than for the back. We are not from Missouri, Charlie, in this case.

Lost, Strayed or Stolen

Jim Boyd may have a dog, and he may not, but we are willing to wager that, if he did, the dog would never desert him.

Real healthy clams haven't a bark or any legs, which is a misfortune. Jim thinks some "Burbank" on sea food ought to look into it. Now if Jim's clams had only spoken gently to him, or had run up and scratched loose a couple of threads in his pant legs, they never would have continued on that trip towards Worcester on the Blackstone Valley Division. Who knows but the conductor turned them over to the police for not having a ticket beyond Whitins?



We are still diving for more vacation items and pictures.

Movies of Shop Make Great Hit

As a movie manager and director all hats come off to Jack Maginnis of No. 1 Office. Those who were fortunate enough to be in the limelight had the wish of "Bobbie Burns fulfilled when he wrote those famous lines on seeing one's self as others see us.

John McQuilken said, while viewing the action, "If I could only drop the mail off as I sit here and watch the jobs go by, it would be my idea of a fine day's work."

The whole get-up of the film was well planned and carried out. There were no dull moments and plenty of action. Comments were heard inquiring why more jobs and more individuals were not included, which is a good sign that the audience wanted more and was well pleased.

Manager McGinnis announces that the film will be shown as an advertising medium in foreign countries as well as among the mills in the Northern and Southern textile centers. A copy of the film and a machine will be on hand in the Main Office.

"Engineers Club Loses its Charter"

An enthusiastic contributor sprang this, and we pass it on.

About the first of August there appeared written in bold, black letters high upon the walls of the second floor corridor, Administration Building, this sign, "The Engineers Club."

Inquiries failed to reveal the author of the legend, but apparently the road men and others, in living up to their high-flown titles won a moving-picture idols, had organized at some secret meeting, for mutual support and uplift. For a time the club appeared to flourish; but as the novelty wore off, dues were unpaid, interest lagged, and the inevitable happened—the club lost its charter and the sign came down.

The club now is but a mournful memory of blighted hopes.

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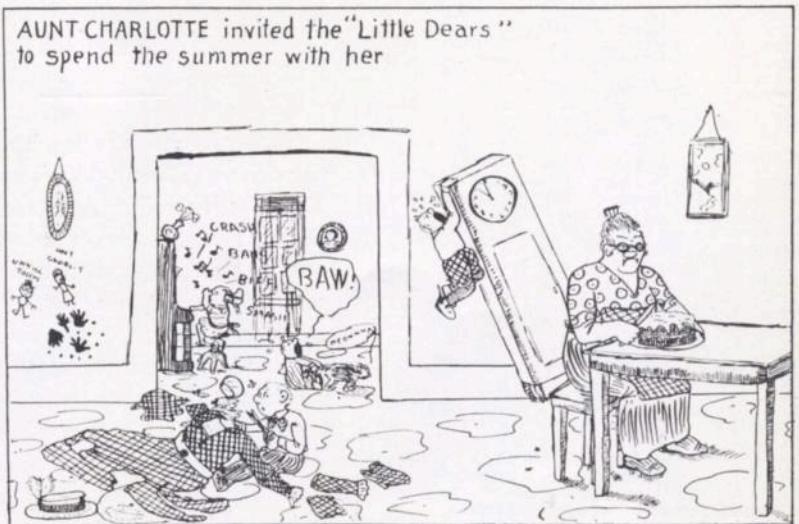
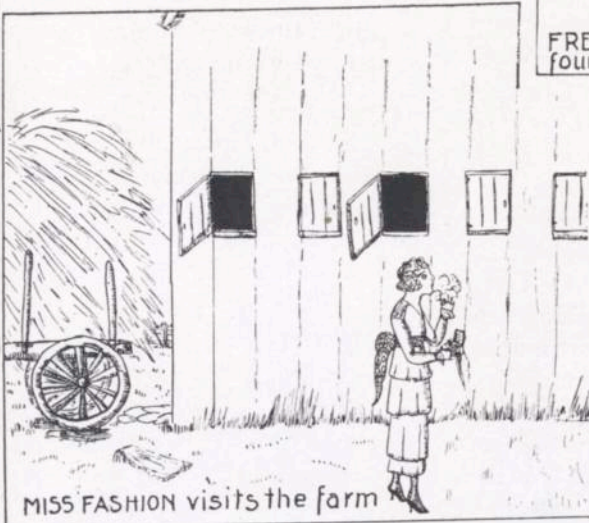
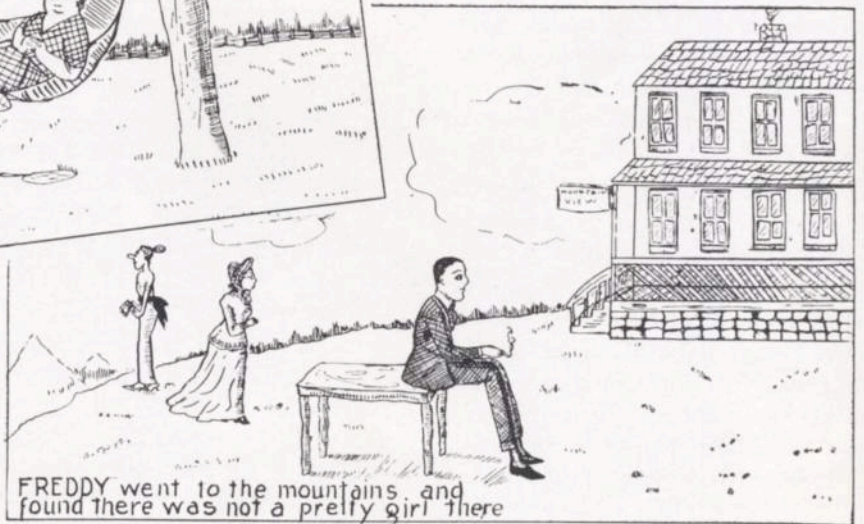
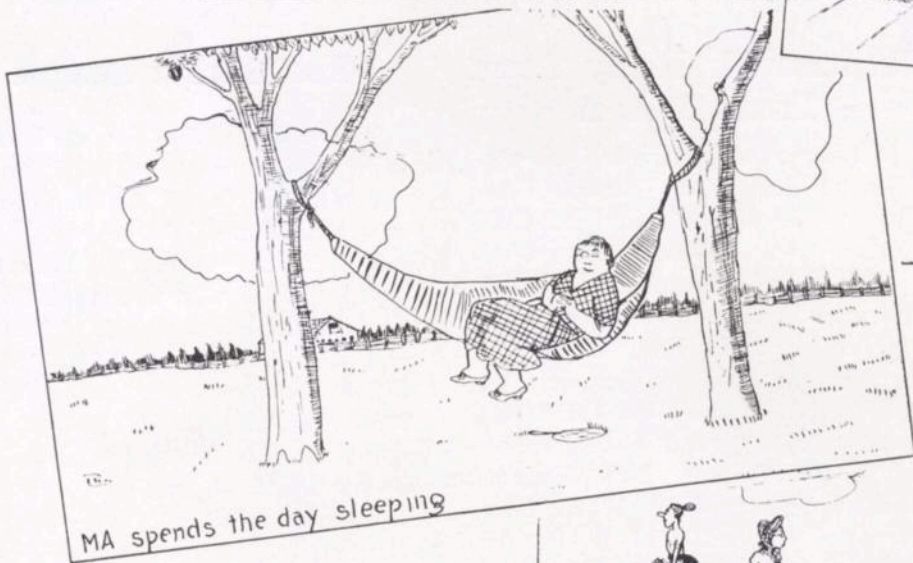
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Swinging Like a Gate



The baseball season is still with us as we go to press, with a tight finish in the Sunset League to be played off; and the Red Sox, All Stars, and Whitin Specials are still going strong.

Dave Clarke and Manager Bazner are anxious to stage a three-game match as soon as the champs are crowned in the big league.

Catcher McCarthy was the peppy boy that put the apparent leaders

Scores to Sept. 1

Ziras	9	Moguls	6
Murads	7	Meccas	3
Omars	6	Fatimas	2
Moguls	10	Meccas	7
Ziras	11	Fatimas	8
Omars	4	Murads	3
Moguls	4	Omars	2
Fatimas	12	Meccas	4
Ziras	5	Murads	1
Fatimas	7	Moguls	1
Moguls	7	Murads	1
Ziras	7	Omars	2
Omars	10	Meccas	9
Fatimas	9	Murads	2
Ziras	7	Meccas	5
Moguls	1	Ziras	0
Murads	13	Meccas	4
Omars	6	Fatimas	2
Fatimas	11	Meccas	4
Moguls	9	Ziras	6
Ziras	13	Murads	4
Omars	10	Murads	3
Fatimas	8	Meccas	4
Omars	6	Meccas	5
Murads	8	Fatimas	6
Moguls	7	Fatimas	3
Omars	6	Ziras	4
Murads	5	Moguls	3
Ziras	6	Moguls	3
Murads	9	Meccas	1
Fatimas	10	Omars	0
Moguls	13	Meccas	3
Murads	9	Omars	7
Fatimas	8	Ziras	2
Moguls	6	Omars	1
Murads	3	Ziras	2
Fatimas	13	Meccas	5
Moguls	3	Fatimas	2
Moguls	6	Murads	2
Fatimas	3	Murads	2
Omars	3	Moguls	0
Omars	9	Meccas (forfeit)	0

	Moguls	Omars	Fatimas	Ziras	Murads	Meccas	Total
Moguls won from	-	2	2	1	2	3	10
Omars " "	1	-	2	1	2	3	9
Fatimas " "	1	1	-	2	2	3	9
Ziras " "	2	1	1	-	2	1	7
Murads " "	1	1	1	1	-	3	7
Meccas " "	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Games lost	5	5	6	5	8	13	-

of the league in the doubtful class. The hardest game to lose this season, according to most fans, was the uphill fight staged by the Fatimas against the Moguls. The tying score lost at home plate actually put the Fatimas out of the running.

Tip O'Neil played a star game at second for the Fatimas and ran the bases with the best of them. His fielding around first base during the hot fight between the Fatimas and Moguls was "all class."

Bill Feen pulled out of a hole by handling a hot liner for a double play. It stopped what looked like a championship play for the Moguls.

George Hanna and staff were at the battle. Some one suggested that it would have been the time to have purchased George's bus for a song after that last inning.

Jimmie Murray handled himself in big-league style in left field.

Manager Bazner was conspicuous by his silence, while Hanna's smile spoke more than chatter.

Warning is issued to all pitchers when they have two strikes on Frank Leonard to keep the ball out of the groove.

That was a great crowd which turned out to see "Some Sundays" and his aggregation make Rockdale hustle. We can't figure out why the Whitins team had the short end of the score at the close of the game.

Dave Clarke poled out four of the seven hits given by the Rockdale slabman.

BATTING AVERAGES

Player	Team	ab.	r.	h.	P. C.
J. Leonard	Z	17	4	11	.649
Renault	F	5	2	3	.600
Donovan	O	25	8	12	.480
Brooks	O	11	2	5	.452
D. Clarke	F	61	17	27	.443
D. Duhamel	Mg	30	3	13	.433
Ashworth	O	43	19	18	.419
H. Duhamel	Mg	56	12	21	.375
F. Leonard	Mg	16	3	6	.375
Johnston	Mc	11	3	4	.364
Jones	Z	47	14	17	.362
Boutillier	F	17	6	6	.352
Day	Mu	40	4	14	.350
McCarthy	O	20	4	7	.350
Melia	Mg	32	6	11	.344
Herbert	Mg	35	8	12	.343
Dufries	F	33	8	11	.333
Veau	Z	21	10	7	.333
Corron	Mc	18	4	6	.333
Hartley	Mc	15	5	5	.333
White	Mu	12	0	4	.333
Tancrell	Mg	6	1	2	.333
Farley	O	3	1	1	.333
Bouchard	Mu	3	1	1	.333
Carpenter	Mc	3	1	1	.333
O'Brien	Mc	3	0	1	.333
Keeler	Mc	48	10	15	.315
Barnes	Mu	48	11	15	.315
Driscoll	Mc	32	5	10	.315
Walsh	O	16	3	5	.315
Malmgren	Z	13	2	4	.307
Morrow	Mu	13	3	4	.307
St. Andre	Mg	30	9	9	.300
Finney	Mu	10	2	3	.300
Anderson	F	38	5	11	.290
O'Neil	F	52	16	15	.289
Kearnan	Mc	14	6	4	.285
E. Brennan	Mg	42	11	12	.285
F. McGuire	Mg	35	5	10	.285
Benner	Mu	25	8	7	.280
Steele	F	40	4	11	.275
H. Crawford	Mc	11	0	3	.273
Blair	O	15	2	4	.267
C. Brennan	F	19	4	5	.263
Burns	Z	19	7	5	.263
Adams	Mc	19	4	5	.263
T. Martin	Z	23	5	6	.261
C. McGuire	F	50	10	13	.260
Frieswyck	Mc	50	8	13	.260
Farrell	Mu	40	12	10	.250
Hughes	F	36	12	9	.250
W. Murray	Z	28	4	7	.250
Bazner	Mg	24	7	6	.250
Laplante	Mg	4	1	1	.250
Duggan	Mg	4	1	1	.250
Lash	F	4	0	1	.250
Riley	Mu	4	0	1	.250
Fowler	Z	25	8	6	.240
J. Murray	Mg	42	7	10	.238
McGowan	O	34	5	8	.235
Simmons	Mg	33	7	7	.233
Smith	Mu	43	5	10	.232
Morrison	Mu	13	3	3	.231
W. Crawford	Mc	35	4	8	.228
Orrell	Mu	31	7	7	.226
Connors	O	40	7	9	.225
Kane	F	46	12	10	.217
Peck	O	10	2	2	.200
Rollins	F	10	1	2	.200
D. C. Clarke	Z	41	5	8	.195
O. Martin	O	43	8	8	.186
Denoncourt	Z	27	8	5	.185
Shugrue	Z	28	5	5	.179
S. White	Z	28	5	5	.179
Magill	Mc	6	2	1	.167
Jos. Burns	Z	20	3	3	.150
Marshall	Mu	34	8	5	.147
Hamilton	Mg	7	1	1	.143
Hanson	Mu	10	2	1	.100
Bradford	Mc	10	1	1	.100
Wilcox	Mc	2	0	0	.000
B. Hall	Mc	2	0	0	.000
Jackman	Mc	2	0	0	.000
Guertin	Mu	2	0	0	.000
Kelliher	Mc	2	0	0	.000
Mulligan	Mu	2	0	0	.000
Batchelor	O	3	0	0	.000
Brown	Mc	3	0	0	.000
Kooistra	Mu	3	0	0	.000
Burke	O	3	0	0	.000
Plante	Mu	4	0	0	.000
McGoey	Z	5	0	0	.000
Carrick	Mg	5	1	0	.000
Dalton	Mc	6	0	0	.000
Fournier	Mu	6	0	0	.000
Benoit	O	8	0	0	.000
Lasell	Mc	9	0	0	.000
Feen	O	16	0	0	.000



"Mac"

"Butch"

Jack Leonard

Frank

McGinnis

Foremen Gambol at Crescent Park

(Continued from page 3)

have sung if they wanted to, but Fletcher called out seventy-one. It was not a song, but the official score of seven lobsters to one accomplished by no less a personage than our rotund master of ceremonies—Harley Keeler. The count of seven is vouched for by four reliable foremen.

Birchall, the only one with a bass voice, at this stage sang "Old Black Joe." His ability to throw his voice into his shoe tops without upsetting the clams was indeed a credit. "Red" Morrison gave a cabaret impersonation and kept the diners worried all the way through for fear that his jokes would hit them. Ed. Driscoll played a valuable rôle by holding Wilmot and Billy Kearnan at the door for a full half hour. These freight handlers, you know, possess wonderful ability for packing away lobsters and clams. We thank you, Ed.

The men kept together long enough to give the official photographer a chance to cop a bunch of smiles. Bob Metcalf engaged a few peaches to pass just as he got ready to snap the boys, and hence these signs of good nature that you see. Those who did not behold the beauties as they passed smiled to themselves as they thought of that wonderful feed.

The Shooting Gallery, the diving girls, the girls selling chances for teddy bears, blankets, pillows, and the like, the Roller Coaster, Venetian Waters, and the Chinese Horrors were very attractive to the party. Neil Currie, however, hied himself to an automobile, there to sleep until time to return home.

Hewes and Wood played the raffle games hard and fast, but they were S. O. L. until the young lady sympathetically presented each of them with a half pound of tea.

The Shoot the Chutes were the real attraction. John Regan, Jim Ferry, and Levi Rasco got into a boat, and, of course, it stuck half way up the incline. Cries of "Take Johnnie out" and "They ate too many clams" could be heard from all sides. Four husky attendants

put their shoulders to the boat, and eventually the heavyweights reached the top. "Bob" snapped them, as you see, just as they hit the water. It was left to Allen, however, to put the Chutes out of business.

Bullock may some day be presented with the honored wreath of apple blossoms for tripping a fox-trot so adeptly. Percy Houghton won a handsome five-cent cane. Richardson brought back a box of chocolates for his trophy case, and George Gill tucked a yellow sofa pillow under his arm. There were, in fact, a lot of fond wives made happy over the winnings.

Toward the end of the adventurous afternoon the homeward trip was started. It was full of pep, in fact so much so that Officer of the Law Pat Carmody stopped Ferguson and his happy crew to congratulate the driver for getting so much speed out of his Buick, even if he was on the main thoroughfare of Uxbridge. Jack Welch was so anxious to keep up at the front that he reached Woonsocket before he noticed that his emergency brake was on. Be careful, men! a certain police station on the way displays the sign, "Welcome Home to the Boys." No one knows who arrived first, but seven young office buds came into town just as the bells rang 12. That was the closing feature of a grand, good time, and the committee that engineered the details to make the event a success deserve great credit. Profuse praises were given, and but one complaint was heard: another item should have been added to the menu—a package of Carter's Little Liver Pills.



The Little Things in Life

One of the underlying principles of good relations to one's fellow men is the use of common politeness or courtesy.

Mr. Norton cannot help but feel that he has made a staunch friend in one of the recent applicants for a job at the Employment Department, who upon finding it inconvenient to assume the offered position writes as follows:

Mr. W. T. Norton,
Dear Sir:-

I Beg To Inform You, that Under the Distressing Situation To Procure Rooms & Board in Your Town, I am Compelled to give up the Job that I was with good intentions to assume June 16th, 1919. Your Gentmanly and Diplomatic Principal as an Executive in your line is fully Appreciated by the Writer.

Truly yours,
IVAN ORFULITCH.

Fire Menace at Blue Eagle

The fire menace created by careless occupants of the Blue Eagle Inn is a subject all of us should frown upon. We should make it personally our duty to watch out for all offenders. The cigarette carelessly tossed aside, out the window or into the waste-paper basket, is one way of burning somebody alive who has a right to live, even if the offender hasn't.

In the last three or four months there have been three fires of a serious nature. If they had not been detected at once, or if they had been caused after others had retired for the night, we should not have cared to witness the result.

The first of the series of the three fires burned off a part of the roof on the front porch, due to a cigarette tossed out of the window. The second fire burned up some clothes and the woodwork around the bureau in room 63, due to a carelessly scratched match; and, as a wind-up recently, somebody discovered late in the evening that a waste-paper basket was burning merrily in the hall of the front section.

Steve Durrell had his audience with him when he told the people at the following meal what he thought of the offender.

Spindle Department

To go into the ancient history of the Spindle Department is much like going into the attic on a rainy day to delve among the relics of one's ancestors.

In 1868 we find H. F. Woodmancy in charge. Most of the equipment for spindle making at this time was brought from the old Holyoke shops. Two grinding machines did all the work of spindle grinding, one being operated by Thomas Lunt, the other by James Curran, who now lives on Main Street. Tommy was a little, short Englishman who had learned the trade across the water and who was prone to think the English way was the only good one. He worked for the present foreman up to the time

building standing where the bolt job is now located.

Spindles made at this time were known as the common taper top and were a double rail spindle, as were all spindles for twisting, spinning, and spooling. A few years later the Sawyer spindle superseded to a large extent the heavy common, but yet remained a double rail spindle. A good increase in speed was gained without excessive increase in horsepower.

Henry Woodmancy, the first foreman of the spindle job, came from Scituate, R. I. He learned the spindle trade from Mr. Wescott, the founder of the spindle business at Spindleville, a suburb of Hopedale. Mr. Woodmancy was a man who talked but very little; in fact, his

and is now put on nearly all spinning bolster cases.

The Spindle Department became a job of forty men, with grinders and machines in proportion. It occupied a space from where the time clock is now to a point a little better than half way to its present limit. Beyond this was the bolt job, with John Snelling in charge. At the corner of the bolt job was a door where one could step out into the connection going to the Carpenter Shop and then across into the Cast Iron Room. Opposite the corner of the shop where the speeder spin job is, was another door; here one crossed the same connection into the Blacksmith Shop.

Where the first two or three spindle grinders are now, there was a squaring up and centering machine.



of his death. Jim Curran was a very rugged man, built like a prize fighter, and a returned soldier just back from the Civil War. Jim was inclined in his younger days to get in a state of unusual joyfulness. At one time he brought his prize bulldog into the shop to show the boys. Later on, Jim had to appear before the "Old Man" (as Gustavus E. Taft was called by the boys), who talked to him like a father.

The Spindle Department in 1868 employed from nine to twelve men and turned out about 5,000 spindles per month. At this time there stood at the right of the bridge crossing the river to the Carpenter Shop a small stone building on the ground floor of which the foundry work was done, and in the attic of which the lumber was dried by the use of long stovepipes connected to the stove below. The blacksmith shop was a wooden

usual expression when asked a question was, "Eh, guess so!" It was said of him that at one time, when on a hunting trip in the Maine woods with C. V. Dudley, Eugene Johnson, and some other friends he shot a moose and tried to give a yell, but his voice failed him and he could not utter a sound.

Mr. Woodmancy was the father of a number of inventions and valuable improvements. About 1880 he conceived the idea of the gravity spindle, and in December of 1883 they became the most important spindle made at the Whitin Shops, remaining at the present time practically the same in principle. As a proof that this spindle was a good one, we now find running in some mills, spindles made within a few years of this time. A few years later the Woodmancy doffer guard came out, which was another valuable feature

This was operated by James Johnston, the father of William Johnston who is foreman of the drawing frame job. All studs, shafts, etc., were squared up and centered here for the shop. Going on from the time clock and a little to the rear, was a roll punch and drilling machine used for work on spinning rolls. Near where the rear row of the grinders now stands, there were three or four large engine lathes for turning very heavy work such as pulleys and shafting.

When the gravity spindle became perfected, Mr. Woodmancy and Mr. Gustavus Taft went abroad, where business arrangements were made in regard to it. Soon after Mr. Woodmancy's return, he had a very severe illness. This affected his health during the 10 years which were left to him. In the fall of 1888, B. R. Sweet was put in charge of the spindle

department, under Mr. Woodmancy's direction. From this time to the time of his death, in 1895, Mr. Woodmancy did not take an active part in the detail or routine of the work, his interests being more taken up with improvements he was contemplating.

Mr. Sweet was given complete charge in 1899; and a little later the job was increased, taking over the space occupied by the bolt job and considerable space in the rear. The job has now a force of eighty-five to ninety men, and with the twenty-five spindle grinders as many spindles per week are being turned out as were made in three months in 1868. Moreover, hundreds of varieties are now made, adapting the Whitin gravity spindle to every condition and form used from Japan to California, from Canada to Mexico; and it is expected that South America will be the next field.



B. R. Sweet

LENGTH OF SERVICE OF MEN ON SPINDLE JOB

YEARS		YEARS	
G. E. Barnes	42	Lucian Rollins	12
W. H. Searles	38	R. D. Creamer	12
David Lemoine	37	Jos. Boulay	12
Wm. Norberry	35	Axel Carlson	12
B. R. Sweet	31	A. G. Clark	12
W. A. Austin	30	W. A. Creamer	12
Ludwig Roy	28	A. Hall	12
Michael Kennedy	29	A. Tariscincz	12
Patrick Murphy	27	Benj. Hall	11
Geo. Boutilier	27	Martin Maguire	11
T. J. Fitzpatrick	26	L. D. Donovan	9
Jos. McKinnon	25	E. R. Abbott	9
Arthur Randals	25	W. J. Allen	8
J. A. Johnston	21	Chas. Williams	8
A. Laflour	21	J. W. Crabtree	7
J. D. Boyce	21	Wm. Dudley	7
G. A. Creamer	21	David Longmuir	7
E. Whitney	21	R. M. Burns	7
Martin Gahan	20	W. O. Bosworth	5
Honori Houde	20	Arthur Fowler	4
C. E. Johnson	20	William Fowler	4
Dexter Wood	20	John E. Hey	4
Ulric Roy	19	Napoleon Lavoie	3
M. Van Der Akker	18	Chas. Brennan	3
R. M. Ferguson	15	John McDonald	3
Chas. Wright	15½	Jerome Sheldon	3
A. Gamelin	14	Peter Berkowicz	3

YEARS		MONTHS	
M. P. Tougas	3	Hess Youngsma	10
G. J. Gadbois	2½	Wm. Johnson	10
Arad Angell	2	Geo. England	9
Henry Arvisair	1¾	Thos. Lee	8
Geo. Barrie	1¾	John Heerd	8
P. W. Riley	1½	Willfred Olson	6
G. W. Roy	1½	Eugene Gauthier	5
G. L. Rice	1½	Lawrence Thomson	3
Geo. Peck	1½	Leon Tebo	1½
E. B. Farley	1	Leroy Allard	1½
Jasper Travaille	1		

It is the intention of the editors to have this series continue until every department has been photographed, its history related, and its work described. Each one has its own accomplishments and traditions which are interesting to our readers.

PROCESS OF SPINDLE MAKING

After the Blacksmith Shop completes the forging, the spindles go through the following processes before inspection is reached:

- Rough pointing
- Rough straightening
- Blocking bearings
- Finishing pointing from bearings on wheel
- Finishing pointing
- Finishing taps
- Hardening steps
- First pointing on wheel
- Blocking steps
- Polishing butts
- Straightening butts
- Driving deflectors
- Making whorls on automatics
- Reaming and pressing on whorls
- Turning necks
- Smooth turning whorls
- Polishing tops and whorls
- Rounding over
- Finish pointing on wheel
- Finish grinding steps
- Polishing steps
- Finish straightening
- Testing and looking over last time
- Counting and trucking to freight house.



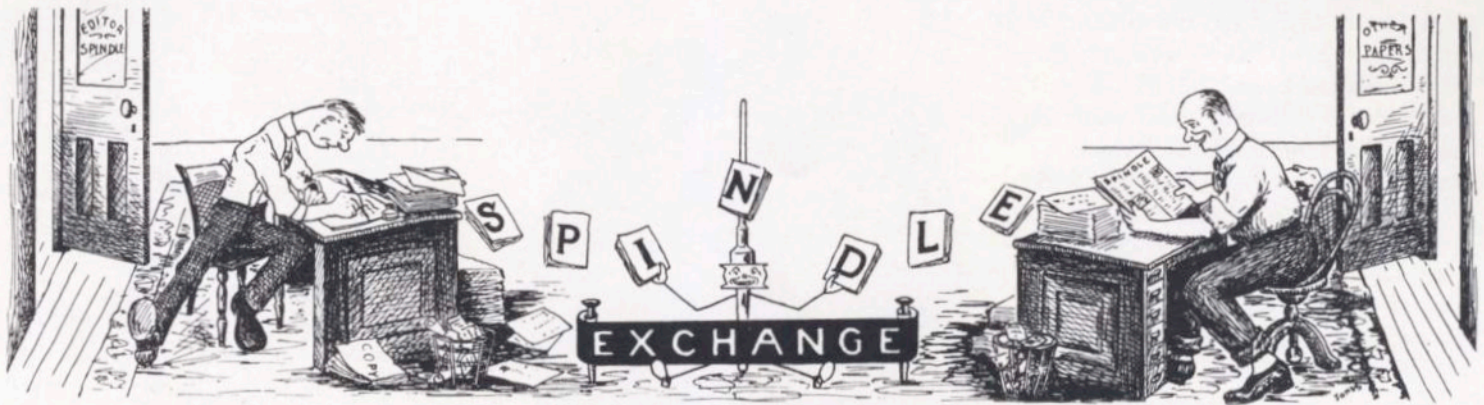
Here he is, right on the job, and ready for whatever comes his way. This snapshot captured John in a very characteristic attitude. It is this glance that keeps the boys on the run or back from the base lines. John is very good natured but does not let any one get the better of him.



Henry Woodmancy

Time and a Half

R. L. Metcalf, Albin Nelson, Amos Whipple, E. S. Alden, and families have been spending the last two weeks at Wo-He-La-Camp. The outdoor life seems to agree with them, for their stay has already been extended beyond original plans.



Advertisements

(From any old paper)

Lost—Stout cane at Vendome Hotel, by old man, with solid ivory head.

Wanted—Cook, able to wash and iron, man and wife only.

Lost—One overshoe. Will buy or sell.

Wanted—Second-hand piano and performer. Both must be upright.

Wanted—Clothes manglers who will not injure garments.

Lost—Purse containing \$2 by widow woman, with red leather lining and gold initials on back.

Easy

Smart Alec, at the butcher's—
"Can you give me a yard of pork?"

The smarter butcher—"Certainly, here are three pig's feet."

Force of Habit

Sergeant—" 'Ey there! Where are you going?"

The absent-minded beggar (who had climbed out of the trench):
" 'Oly Jiminy! When that bloomin' shell whistled over'ead Hi thot it was twelve o'clock."

Feminine Charitableness

Edith—"Jack told me I was so interesting and so beautiful."

Marie—"And yet you will trust yourself for life with a man who begins deceiving you so early."

Mother—"Joe, why do you suppose that old hen persists in laying in the coal bin?"

Joe—"Why, mother, I think she has seen the sign, 'Now is the time to lay in your coal.'"

When you hear the "knocker" hand it out to his town, shop, church, lodge, club, or friends, just calmly quote the following:

YOUR TOWN

W. T. DENNISTON

If you want to live in the kind of a town
Like the kind of a town you like,
You needn't slip your clothes in a grip
And start on a long, long hike.

You'll find elsewhere what you left behind,
For there's nothing that's really new,
It's a knock at yourself when you knock
your town

For it isn't your town—IT'S YOU.

Real towns are not made by men afraid
Lest somebody else gets ahead;
When every one works and nobody shirks,
You can raise a town from the dead.

And if while you make your personal stake
Your neighbor can make his, too,
Your town will be what you want it to be
For it isn't your town—IT'S YOU.

—Exchange.

The Proper Revenge

Ellingham—an enthusiastic golfer—
was complaining bitterly to Carlson
about the bad manners of some of the
golfers.

"Look at Hunt, for instance!" he
said. "He actually crossed my tee
just as I was going to drive. What
would you have done if you had been
in my place?"

"Well," said Carlson, "seeing that
he crossed your tee, I would have
dotted his eye."—*Heald Herald.*

An Irishman in the trenches re-
ceived a letter from home with
four blank sheets of paper, and
when asked for explanation told
his comrades that Nora and he were
not on speaking terms.

Three Prize Fish-stories Related in Rhyme

Noah an' Jonah an' Cap'n John Smith,
Mariners, travelers, magazines of myth,
Settin' up in Heaven, chewin' and a-chawin'
Eatin' their terbaccy, talkin' and a-jawin';
Settin' by a crick, spittin' in the worter,
Talkin' tall an' tactless, as saints hadn't
orter,

Lollin' in the shade, baitin' hooks and anglin'
Occasionally friendly, occasionally wrang-
lin'.

—Noah took his halo from his old bald head
An' swatted of a hopper-grass an' knocked
it dead,

an' he baited of his hook, an' he spoke an'
said:

"When I was the Skipper of the tight leetle
Ark

I useter fish fer porpus, uster fish fer shark,
Often I have ketched in a single hour on
Monday

Sharks enough to feed the fambly till Sun-
day—

To feed all the sarpints, the tigers an' don-
keys,

To feed all the zebras, the insects an' mon-
keys,

To feed all the varmints, bears an' gorillars,
To feed all the camels, cats an' armadillers.

To give all the pelicans stews for their giz-
zards,

To feed all the owls an' catamounts an'
lizards,

To feed all the humans, their babies an'
their nusses,

To feed all the houn' dawgs an' hippopota-
musses,

To feed all the oxens, feed all the asses,
Feed all the bison an' leetle hopper-grasses—

Always I ketched, in half a hour on Monday
All that the fambly could gormandize till
Sunday!"

—Jonah took his harp, to strum and to
string her,

An' Cap'n John Smith teched his nose
with his finger.

Cap'n John Smith, he hemmed some an'
hawed some.

An' he bit off a chaw, an' he chewed some
and chawed some;—

"When I was to China, when I was to
Guinea,

When I was to Java, an' also in Verginney,

Around the Office

Word has been received that Dorothy Wheeler has signed up for the baseball team in Maine. Isn't it about time for you to make a "Home Run," Dot?

Miss Catherine Munt, of the Main Office, is having a wonderful time visiting a college chum in Stylesville, New Brunswick.



Miss Amy K. Leaf, of Boston, has been substituting in the Main Office for the past three weeks. Miss Leaf was formerly doing Government work in the Quartermaster's Department in Boston.

W. O. Aldrich, John Heyes, and William Halpin have all returned from Hampton Beach, where they spent their vacations. We heard that when John started his piano he had the very waves jazzing.

Neil Currie and Jake Johnson, chicken experts, paid a visit to Mr. Charles Burlin last week at his farm at Northbridge Hill. Both men declared it was a real treat to go over the farm and see Mr. Burlin's splendid chickens.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Larkin are being congratulated on the birth of a daughter on August 21. Mr. Larkin is a member of the Production Department.

Sis Brown has apparently just returned from a visit to the South African diamond mines. She is pretty mum about the concern who shipped the goods; at least that is what some of our friends who are seeking similar chances for acquiring property seem to think.

Henry Crawford has the distinction of being the only vacationist so far this season who was recalled because of important duties that required his attention here in the shop. Good luck, Henry, when you make up the lost time.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Rollins spent several weeks in Savannah, New Brunswick. Roy says he is fit to raise every man's pay in the shop with one hand.

Miss Helena Roche, of the Main Office, is spending her vacation at Newport, R. I.



Things have been rather quiet around the Main Office since Chaz Noble took his vacation. Chaz has gone back to Quonochontaug, R. I., where before his marriage he spent many happy hours among the summer girls.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Bullock have just returned from a very interesting trip to Nova Scotia and New Brunswick.

Miss Ruth Burnap and Miss Helen Cotter are enjoying a water trip to Savannah, Ga.

We are all glad to welcome Henry Bouvier back to his place in the Stock Room.

Tom Hamilton and David Marshall are back again after a very enjoyable trip to Niagara Falls and the Thousand Islands.

Bob Britton is enjoying his vacation at his cottage in Scituate; Miss Mary Britton has just returned after spending two weeks there and has acquired a tan nearly as good as the one Bessie Aldrich brought back.

George Broadhurst and Chaz Noble offered to supply the office with fish, but no one has seen any signs of the fish. We presume they couldn't send it on account of the shortage of ice.

Three young ladies of the Main Office, the Misses Jennie Scott, Jane Currie, and Alice Magill, decided to reform, so they spent their vacation at Northfield. But has any one noticed a change? We are wondering if it can be done?

Baseball Throwing

Has any one noticed the baseball girl in this town, aged about ten, who can throw better than the average boy? She was seen lately half way up the flagpole near the West End School, and it would be of interest to know just how far she could toss that old baseball which seems to substitute well for the customary doll.



Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hargraves, Miss Elaine Brown, and Mr. and Mrs. John Minshall enjoyed their vacation at Oak Bluffs.