The WHITIN Spinple

The Formal Garden at Oakhurst, the Estate of Mr. Chester W. Lasell. This View was Enlarged from A Snapshot Taken by Mr. Shingiro Hibiya, Director of the Fugi Gas and Spinning Company, who Visited the Whitin Machine Works Recently

OCTOBER

VOL. 3 NO 3

Exhibition Booth which was One of the Main Attractions at the Whitin Home Garden Club's Annual Show

Memorial Hall was Crowded to Capacity on the Afternoon and Evening of September 13. A View of the Hall, Showing the Arrangement of the Tables, is Shown in the Photograph on the Right. The View was Taken from the Left of the Stage, Facing the Balcony and Main Entrance

The WHITIN Spindle

VOLUME 3 WHITINSVILLE, MASS., OCTOBER, 1921 NUMBER 3

Home Garden Club Has Successful Second Annual Exhibit

Memorial Hall was the scene of the Whitin Home Garden Club's second annual exhibition on Wednesday night, September 13. The attraction was such that many hundreds of people were present both in the afternoon and evening to examine the group and individual exhibits as presented by our local gardeners.

Leon C. Midgely, of the Worcester County Farm Bureau, awarded the prizes after several hours of close judging during the afternoon. The owners of the best displays were presented with blue, red, and white ribbons. As an added attraction to the Garden Show a floral display of asters and dahlias and other late summer flowers was prominently placed at one end of the hall. The display was a collection of flowers from many contributors and was much admired by those present. During the evening the list of awards was announced.

President H. E. Keeler gave a short address of welcome and added, as he presented our general manager, E. Kent Swift, that it was hardly necessary to introduce him to an audience made up almost entirely of Whitinsville people. Mr. Swift congratulated the Home Garden Club on its successful exhibit, and he believed that the individual members were becoming more expert, judging from the results as shown by the evening's display.

The Boys Orchestra, of the Psi Eta Pi Club, of the Village Congregational Church, furnished music, between which Mr. Joseph Yarrick, of the White Entertainment Bureau, of Boston, entertained as a magician.

The prizes for the group displays were awarded to the following sections:

1. Fairlawn—Fred Tattersall and Sam Lawson, supervisors.
2. Taylor Hill—Frank Kiernan, Homer Flinton, James Smith, Charles Allen, Orrie Jacobs, supervisors.
3. Reservoir—E. Wessell, supervisor.

Awards to the individual exhibitors of vegetables and canned goods were as follows:

Ox Heart Carrot
1. R. W. S. Roberts
2. Henry Heerdt
3. Fred Tattersall

Long Carrots
1. Richard Baker
2. L. Lawson
3. Gilbert Harwood

Sweet Corn
1. H. Keeler
2. Henry Heerdt
3. J. Kooistra

Parsnips
1. R. W. S. Roberts
2. Henry Heerdt
3. Fred Tattersall

Onions
1. Edward Barrett

Beets
1. Fred Tattersall
2. Fred Tattersall
3. R. W. S. Roberts

Turnips
1. Fred Tattersall

Flint Corn
1. Peter Nydam
2. Patrick Sullivan
3. Seth Wilson

Radishes
1. Arthur Repartis

Best Seed Sweet Corn
1. Seth Wilson

East India Gherkin
1. S. Lawson

Cabbage
1. Edward Barrett
2. Wm. Welch
3. G. Harwood

Savoy Cabbage
1. Peter Nydam

Lima Beans
1. Edward Barrett

Peppers
1. Mrs. S. Wilson

White Butter Beans
1. J. Harringa
2. Arthur Repartie
3. J. Kooistra

Green Butter Beans
1. H. Keeler
2. J. Kooistra

Pumpkins
1. Fred Tattersall
2. Peter Nydam

Rhubarb
1. R. W. S. Roberts

Watermelon
1. Peter Nydam
2. W. Crossland
3. W. Crossland

Swiss Chard
1. Herbert Ashworth
2. R. W. S. Roberts

Summer Squash
1. J. Harringa
2. J. Harringa
3. Geo. Seagrave

Squash
1. Fred Tattersall
2. Fred Tattersall

Melons
1. S. Lawson
2. Peter Nydam
3. W. Crossland

Golden Hubbard Squash
1. Peter Nydam

Tomatoes (Large)
1. Peter Nydam
2. Geo. Seagrave
3. Fred Tattersall

Victoria Tomatoes
1. S. Lawson
2. J. R. Ingham
3. J. R. Ingham

Yellow Tomatoes
1. S. Lawson
2. J. R. Ingham
3. Mrs. S. Wilson

Pear Tomatoes
1. Edward Barrett

Grape Tomatoes
1. Edward Barrett

Husk Tomatoes
1. S. Lawson
2. J. Harringa

Peach Tomatoes
1. Fred Tattersall
2. Edward Barrett

Large Yellow Tomatoes
1. Fred Tattersall

Red Cherry Tomatoes
1. Fred Tattersall

Early Rose Potatoes
1. Seth Lawson
2. Seth Lawson
3. Richard Baker

Green Mountain Potatoes
1. John R. Heys
2. S. Lawson
3. Geo. Seagrave

Spaulding Rose Potatoes
1. Fred Tattersall

Irish Cobbler
1. J. Hinchcliff
2. J. R. Ingham
3. Patrick Sullivan

Golden Coin Potatoes
1. Patrick Sullivan

Kidney Beans
1. S. Lawson
2. S. Tattersall
3. H. E. Keeler

Kentucky Wonder
1. G. Harwood

Scarlet Runner
1. J. T. Cahill

Yellow Eyed Beans
1. Fred Tattersall
2. Fred Tattersall
3. Richard Baker

Shell Beans
1. H. E. Keeler

Dwarf Horticultural
1. Mrs. S. Wilson

Shell Beans
1. Simon Plantuke

Goddard Beans
1. Mrs. S. Wilson

Brittle Wax Beans
1. G. Harwood

Burpee Wonder
1. H. E. Keeler

Peas
1. Mrs. S. Wilson

Canned Goods

LARGE EXHIBIT
1. Mrs. Racicot
2. Mrs. Burbank
3. Mrs. Gouin

SMALL EXHIBIT
1. Mrs. H. Keeler
2. Mrs. B. Graves
3. Mrs. S. Wilson

Canned Fruits

LARGE EXHIBIT
1. Mrs. Racicot
2. Mrs. Burbank
3. Mrs. Gouin

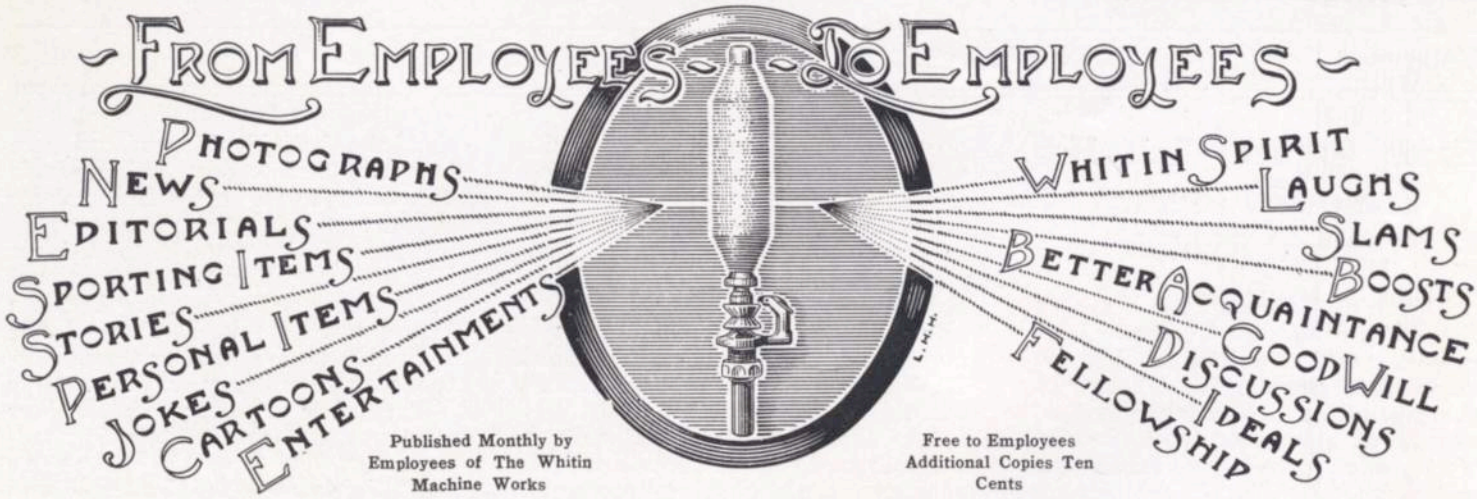
SMALL EXHIBIT
1. Mrs. B. Graves
2. Mrs. S. Wilson

Canned Vegetables

LARGE EXHIBIT
1. Mrs. Racicot
2. Mrs. Gouin
3. Mrs. Burbank

SMALL EXHIBIT
1. Mrs. H. Keeler
2. Mrs. Wilson
3. Mrs. B. Graves

Best Jar of Jelly in Collection
1. Mrs. Keeler
2. Mrs. Gouin



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What's Wrong With Your Work

BY WILLIAM MAXWELL
Vice-President, Thomas A. Edison, Inc.

In this series Mr. Maxwell gives advice to the people on the pay-roll which, if followed, may be worth many dollars—to them and to their employers. His conclusions are not based on mere theory, but are the result of a series of interesting experiments which, for the past twelve months, he has been conducting at the Edison plant, at Orange, N. J., with 183 young men and women salaried employees as the subjects. The purpose of these experiments was to discover and analyze the underlying causes which keep so many workers in the business rut. The tests have made clear that the trouble was in many cases with the workers themselves, and in this series of talks Mr. Maxwell "gets down to brass tacks" with employees—tells them just what the trouble is, and how it can be remedied.

We have decided to print from time to time in the "Spindle" several of the articles by Mr. Maxwell on the above subject. Although the experiments were made mainly on office employees, the results and the conclusions which Mr. Maxwell reached are applicable to all of us in business.

ARE YOU GAME?

What follows may prove in time to mean a great deal in your life. On the other hand, it may mean nothing. But, whichever turns out to be the case, you will not be harmed by reading carefully what I have to say.

Nearly all my life I have been a salaried employee. I can remember when I owned but one pair of trousers and had to wear a long-tailed coat to hide their seat. I made a joke of this among my intimate friends, but there was no joke in my heart. Truly I have known what it means to keep up appearances on a slender salary.

The reason why salaried men and women do not receive larger salaries is usually because they do not show clearly to their employers that they are earning more money than they receive.

There is a maxim in the world of sport that "no pace is too fast for a Champ," which means that a real champion, whether he be a pugilist, tennis player, wrestler, or foot racer, is always ready to put forth his supreme effort. The same thing holds true in business. You can't be "a real Champ" if you are not always ready to give the best there is in you. Natural ability counts, and some people have more ability than others, just as some race horses have more speed than others, but gameness goes a long way to compensate for inferior ability in men, and inferior speed in race horses.

Some time ago a trainer of race horses was exhibiting his favorite horse to me. He remarked: "There are some horses that can outrun this horse, but none that can outgame him. He will give you his heart any time you ask for it in a race. That is why he frequently beats horses that are faster than he is."

Are you game? Are you willing to give your heart to your work? By this I do not mean that you are expected to overwork. As a matter of fact, if your employer catches you overworking he ought to put a stop to it. Human gameness, even in a pugilist, is principally a mental attribute, and the kind of gameness required in your case is entirely mental. It consists of nothing more than a steadfast determination to do your work as nearly "one hundred percent perfect" as is humanly possible. I am not asking for longer hours or harder work. I am merely asking you to give your heart to your work in a way that will produce complete absorption in it during business hours.

"Old stuff," you may remark, at this point. "Superfluous advice, too. Anybody but a fool knows that he's got to give the best that's in him in order to make good with the boss." But are you sure that you know how to give the best that is in you? Granting that you have the will, are you quite positive that you understand how to go about it?

Of the 183 young men and young women at our plant whom we have had under scientific observation for the past twelve months, probably there was not a single one who did not believe at first that he was nearly one hundred percent perfect. To borrow a phrase from the motor world, they believe that they were "hitting on all cylinders." But they know different now. Our tests have opened their eyes to certain fundamental weaknesses in their personal machinery whose presence they had not hitherto suspected.

Concentration

Are you in the habit of falling into reveries during business hours? If so, how often do your meditations relate to your work? You can find this out by making a test that is very simple but infallible. The next time you detect yourself in a reverie, put your hand to your lips to ascertain whether they are apart or firmly in contact. It can be taken as an axiom that the normal person is not doing any work or worth-while thinking while his lower jaw is sagging.

Do you quit your desk or the station at which you work more frequently than your duties make absolutely necessary? Test yourself in the following manner for a few days:

Every time you leave the place where you are supposed to do your work, or pause in going from one place to another in the performance of your duties, analyze the reasons and note how frequently it was for relaxation and unnecessary for the proper accomplishment of your work.

Are you easily distracted by occurrences that do not concern you? Make the following simple tests of yourself:

The very next time a stranger visits another member of the force or is being conducted through the office or building in which you work, observe whether you are inclined to stare at him curiously and speculate concerning him. When fellow employees pass your desk or station, keep track of the number of times you are aware of their identity. If you are stationed near a window, keep a record for a few days of the frequency with which outside noises excite your curiosity and cause you to look out.

Do you at frequent intervals experience a desire to talk to fellow employees? Note how frequently this happens during the day and how many times such conversations were really necessary to the proper performance of your work.

Do you have the impulse to look frequently at the clock or your watch?

When you make a report or submit facts to a superior officer, does he find it necessary to ask for additional information before he is able to make a decision? If so, analyze in each case the reasons why you did not furnish such information in the first place.

Do you frequently have difficulty in comprehending instructions that are given you? If so, ask yourself frankly whether this wasn't because your attention was wandering while said instructions were being handed out.

Is your memory as reliable in regard to matters involved in your daily work as it is in respect to subjects that engage your attention outside of business hours?

All of the above questions and tests are suggested as a thoroughly practical way of assaying your present average habit of Concentration—a quality which stands at the head of the line in analyzing the underlying causes which keep so many salaried employees in the business rut.

When your mind is in a state of complete concentration, you are unconscious of that fact. If your mind is entirely concentrated on your work, there is no room for other thoughts—not even for a thought about your concentration. The instant you say to yourself, "I have my whole mind on my work"—that same instant you cease to have your whole mind on your work.

There are those who will advise you that you can develop the faculty of concentration by staring fixedly at a given object and striving to occupy all your thoughts with such object. This method, when successful, is, in my opinion, merely a form of self-hypnosis, which has little practical value. We do not want trance-like concentration in business. We are not looking for psychic phenomena. We are satisfied with a perfectly normal state of mind.

Most of us are too much inclined to do our work in the same perfunctory way in which we used to repeat the memorized prayers of our childhood. We rattled off those prayers glibly, and at the same time we were most likely thinking of other things—reviewing the events of the day or anticipating the pleasures of the morrow. In other words, our minds were not concentrated on our regular "learned-by-heart" prayers.

But how different it was when we

Continued on page 15, column 3

Thomas Fox

Our Long-Service Series

Thomas Fox, the old-timer for this month, has an enviable record in the Whitin Machine Works. He came to work for us in 1873, when he was 17 years old. He was placed on the drawing job under Fred Houghton, and a short time afterwards was started on his time as an apprentice under John Harrington. He was then transferred to the card job under Mr. Flannigan and J. Howard Burbank, where he finished his time as an apprentice.

At different slack times he has been transferred from several jobs, among which were the drawing job under David Smith, the bolster job under Oscar Taft, and the picker job under Benjamin Graves. In 1890 Mr. Fox was placed on the spinning job, where he has been for the past 31 years.

Mr. Fox is one of our few employees who can remember when No. 2 Shop was built in 1864.

He was born on Brick Street, Whitinsville, in August, 1856, and was the son of James Fox, who was also an old-timer in the shop. Those who have been in the Whitin Machine Works 30 years will remember Mr. James Fox as a tool fixer in the Blacksmith Shop. Incidentally Mr. James Fox was moved here from Newton Upper Falls by Hial Carr, the old stage-coach driver of the '50's. Thomas Fox, like his father, is a very dependable worker. It is said of him that a piece of work rarely, if ever, is returned after it leaves his hands.

Power House

The source of energy in practically every industry is usually one of the very first places visited. This in itself is ample proof of the fact that we are all interested in the machines and devices that make the power to produce goods. Our power house likewise is a source of interest to every one of us and has a unique history connected with it.

The original Blacksmith Shop from which the Whitin Machine Works sprung was run by power, although at first this might seem to be an erroneous statement. The old smithy, as he stood by his forge, used power applied to the bellows in order to supply the draft for the fire. This, it is true, was only one-arm power. Later, in the old Machine Shop southwest of the old cotton mill on the banks of the Mumford, the power was furnished by an old-fashioned water wheel of the breast-wheel type. Whether this was run from water flowing over the top or underneath, we do not know.

At the time of the building of the old No. 1 Shop in 1847, there was installed a wheel house located where the dip job now is, in the west-end extension of No. 1 Shop. This wheel was a water turbine developing about 150 horsepower. In 1864 a new building, known today as No. 2 Shop, was built, and another wheel of the water turbine type was placed in the cellar at the west end of the present cylinder job. It was capable of developing 200 horsepower.

Alongside this new wheel, there was also a vertical breast wheel of 50 horsepower, which was used to pump water up to No. 1 reservoir on Hill Street. About fifteen years ago these two wheels were taken out, and the present wheel at the west end of the cylinder job was installed. It is of a horizontal turbine type and develops 350 kilowatts, compounded with the present generator.

The first steam engine was installed, as near as we can find out from interviews with several of our old-timers, about 1865, for the purpose of furnishing power as an auxiliary to our water wheel, to be used in case of low water. The engine was known as the Harris-Corliss. It was rated at 100 horsepower and built at Providence, R. I. During the dry season, in order to start up the engine it was the practice to send to Providence for a man to run it. Shortly afterwards several of our men were soon capable of running it themselves. This engine was located in the east end of what was designated in drawings dated 1852 and 1858 as the "Smithy Building" and stood at the east end of the present bolt job, or just west of Bert Sweet's desk. A little later a Buckeye engine of 150 horsepower was installed in the same room.

The present foreman of the power house, Mr. Appleton Ball, started to work for the Whitin Machine Works on September 20, 1889. For two years he was employed as an electrician and machinist. In December, 1891, Mr. Ball was placed in charge of these two engines. For the next two years these two engines were used off and on to help supply power as needed, but after that were used regularly. The steam for these engines was generated in two horizontal boilers.

The present power house was completed in 1896. In the new power house there was installed a Corliss engine of 300 horsepower, considered ample to supply our needs for years to come. This engine drove the shafting in the shop by a direct drive system which included about 500 feet of shafting from the power house to the old No. 1 Shop. The Carpenter Shop, across the Mumford River, was furnished power from the power house by means of rope belts which ran on the old bridge between the shops.

A few years after the power house was built, the first individual motor was tried out and placed in the new Carpenter Shop. This being a success, the rope drive across the river was done away with March 3, 1901. The power house added to its equipment a compound Corliss engine of 700 horsepower. It took only eight years for the plant to outgrow these two engines, and in 1909 a Rice &

Appleton C. Ball

Sargent compound engine was added, an engine capable of developing 1,500 horsepower. Since 1909 these engines with air compressors of about 350 horsepower have supplied our needs until recently.

We have within the past year changed over from the 40-cycle system to the 60-cycle system and have been using outside power furnished by the New England Power Co. We have taken out the two Corliss engines and four boilers. These engines were in perfect condition, but had merely outlived their usefulness. The foundations of these two engines were made up of two solid brick walls 22 feet long by 14 feet deep and 12 feet by 14 feet wide. The foundations were taken out by the yard gang, and it was found expedient to use dynamite to blast out the walls. This was done inside of the building with perfect safety and under the personal supervision of W. E. Burnap.

We have only one engine in the power house at the present time, the Rice & Sargent engine. As soon as the old foundations have been entirely removed, new foundations will be put in to support a modern turbine which has arrived recently and which will be ready for use within a few months.

The personnel and service record of the job are as follows:

	In Shop		On Job	
	yrs.	mos.	yrs.	mos.
A. C. Ball	32	1	30	0
David Burke	30	7	26	0
George White	22	7	22	0
James E. Grace	21	11	22	0
William Blair	21	7	6	0
Timothy Nutter	21	0	21	0
Garabed Barker	20	7	15	0
D. H. Geekie	20	3	2	3
Leo Remillard	6	7	4	1
John Silvia		7		7
James Walsh		5		5
Thomas Martin		3		3

Planer Job, 1895. Standing, Left to Right: Patrick Donavan, Charles Hobart, Carl Holtman, John Morrow (now on Spinning Job), Anthony Rawcliffe, Fred Burroughs (now on Planer Job). Sitting: Harry Hansen, Robert Brown, Olney Lucas, W. G. Blair (now on Planer Job), James R. Galvin, Richard West

How to Keep Well

Getting the Most out of Milk

Milk is one of the most valuable foods we have. The baby, while he lives on mother's milk, is almost free from putrefactive bacteria in his intestine. Later, on a mixed diet, he accumulates a choice lot of bacterial enemies—unfriendly germs—and they colonize his intestine for the rest of his life.

Sour milk was lauded by Metchnikoff and others as a sort of elixir of life. It was thought that the Bulgarian bacillus and the lactic acid that it formed transformed the bacterial population of the intestine and excluded undesirable bacterial citizens. This is not now accepted as a sound scientific theory. Sour milk is a wholesome food, and it helps to keep the intestine wholesome and free from unfriendly germs; but so does sweet milk, and it does it through the milk sugar upon which the really friendly germ of the intestine, the bacillus acidophilus, feeds. You can plant the bacillus acidophilus in the intestine by feeding cultures of it; and germs of this type that are always present in a certain number will multiply, if a diet rich in milk sugar is taken.

It was thought by Metchnikoff that the bacillus Bulgaricus could be implanted and cultivated in the intestine; but later experiments would indicate that this is not so, and that he confused the bacillus acidophilus with the bacillus Bulgaricus. The practice of eating the culture tablets of bacillus Bulgaricus would seem, therefore, to be of no practical benefit, and the results that were sought to be obtained by this method may be obtained by drinking liberal quantities of milk and the use of milk sugar in addition. Milk sugar is rather expensive; but if it does the work, it is cheap at the price.

For so-called auto-intoxication or chronic intestinal infection, milk to which milk sugar has been added is well worth a trial, and on present evidence it would be good for the average individual to try to improve his intestinal condition by such method and see to it that his intestines are populated chiefly by the "best families" of germs. A mixture made by adding several ounces of sugar of milk to a quart of sweet milk is fattening and nourishing, not only to the body, but to the friendly germs of the intestine.

People who cannot take sweet milk often are able to take sour milk; and the milk sugar could be used in the diet in other ways, as is customary with cane sugar, although it has not equal sweetening qualities. People who suffer from diabetes, overweight, chronic rheumatism, or other conditions where sugar is not well tolerated should, of course, avoid liberal use of any kind of sugar.

In addition to vitamines, milk sugar, fat, and minerals, milk contains building and repair food in its most acceptable form. "Less meat and more milk and green vegetables" is a good health slogan. Many adults regard milk as baby or childhood food; but it appears to have been the main food reliance of many active nomad races, and there is now available good sound scientific evidence to account for this.

Life Extension Institute.

Reuben T. Comer
Welcomed by members of the Whitin Machine Works

Members of the Whitin Machine Works welcome Reuben T. Comer as one of us. Mr. Comer has recently joined our sales organization and is at present assisting John Wild in the Card and Drawing Departments, giving his special attention to waste machinery.

He was born and brought up on a farm in Georgia and is a graduate of Georgia Tech. In 1900 he joined the Atlanta office of the Lowell Machine Shop and was connected with this concern for 15 years, at first as a fitter and later as a member of their sales force. In 1915 he became a member of the Anglo-American Textile Machinery Company, now known as the Abbington Textile Machinery Trustee. With this company he worked as superintendent of erection and for the past 4 years has held the position of sales agent as well. Mr. Comer has had an unusually varied and interesting experience in mill work and will be a valuable addition to the Whitin Machine Works organization. We hope that Mr. Comer will find his association with us a pleasant one.

Along toward the end of the world series Jack Leonard was standing in front of the stacks in the Foundry, when Mr. Balmer came over and said, "Hello." Mr. Balmer asked Jack who he thought was going to win the game of the afternoon, and Jack replied, "New York Americans." "Not by a long shot," replied Mr. Balmer; "the Yankees."

Copy of Whitinsville "Busy Bee" of 1875 found by Arthur Van Dyke

Arthur Van Dyke, of the comber job, bought a box of old Christmas books at an auction recently, in which he found an old Bible. Folded up in this Bible was a copy of the "Busy Bee," printed in Whitinsville, Mass., December 15, 1875. It was a copy of Volume 1, No. 2, and claimed to have a circulation of 500. It was published by the Methodist Episcopal Church, of Whitinsville. In the upper left-hand corner was printed a directory of the different churches, including the Methodist Episcopal, Rev. William Merrill pastor; Congregational Church, Rev. J. R. Thurston pastor; United Presbyterian Church, Rev. Edward McKee pastor; St. Patrick's Church, Rev. J. W. Robinson priest.

It continues, "Terms, Read, Reflect and Patronize. First, Read our paper with care. Second, reflect how you can help on the Fair."

The Methodist and Congregational Churches had three Sunday services, one in the morning, afternoon, and evening.

The paper was made up of about three-fourths advertising and the rest a few personals, an account of the death of the vice-president of the United States, Henry Wilson, and an appeal for funds for the new Methodist Episcopal Church.

Among the items of interest were the following:

"Our Town Hall is a fine structure, surpassing anything of the kind in this vicinity. It is furnished in a superior manner, and is a credit to the town."

"The Whitin Machine Works have added 20 more street lamps, which give a cheerful appearance to this village."

William Lee, of the small planer job, had a novel experience as a result of an investigation of mussels in Meadow Pond. We have often heard of pearls in oysters, and a few days ago Mr. Lee brought into the Employment Office a sample of the pearls he had extracted from some native mussels. They were about $\frac{1}{16}$ inch in diameter and reflected several colors. There were three pearls in all.

Charlotte D. and Glendolyn B. Peck, daughters of Forrest Peck, of the Roll Job. Snapshot taken on the front steps of their home at 36 Crescent Street

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Forsythia Blooms in October

The "Boston Herald," on October 8, ran an article in which it made special mention of a sprig of forsythia picked by one of its readers, during the first week in October. Charles Snow, foreman of the Carpenter Shop, happened to see that article and brought us sample blossoms of forsythia which he picked from a bush in full bloom October 1.

Buy a name-plate for your door. A dozen styles to select from.—KENNETH E. BENNER, Production Department.

Yard Force Goes in for Trench Digging

One could fill a book on the various jobs undertaken and carried out by the yard force. One of the tasks now under way is the laying of a new sewerage system from the foot of Oak Street through the yards of the Whitin Machine Works. This job has required the placing of approximately 2,100 feet of 12-inch pipe at a depth varying from 9 to 13 feet. Commencing at Oak Street, the piping cuts through the yard by the coal piles to the edge of the pond near the west end of the Foundry. It follows the pond to the Blacksmith Shop and turns northeast into the yard to the east side of the power house, around the west side of No. 1 Shop outside the planer job, where it connects with the old sewer piping which was laid in 1909 when the west extension to No. 1 Shop was built.

From here the sewerage is taken care of by being piped down Linwood Avenue and through the woods by Pittendreigh's to the Plummers filter beds. The new connection to the sewerage system takes care of all the sewerage west of Forest Street and in the shop. There are three connections from the Foundry, one from the Cast Iron Room, one from the Blacksmith Shop, one from the power house, and one from the freight house to this system.

In the yard opposite the Cast Iron Room it was necessary to tunnel underneath two manholes, one set of heating pipes, one electric conduit, one grindstone drain, rough drains, and water pipes.

There were many obstacles added to the task of the trench digging, such as the necessity of keeping the yard transportation system open, which was considerable of a task in working hours, with the natural congestion necessary in the yard to carry on regular business. The yard force struck a ledge 20 feet long, through the surface of which they were forced to dig a 6-inch cut and also to cut through the old Pond Street wall. In the Blacksmith Shop they had to build a coffer-dam in order to close up the water transit to the water wheel, and at the power house it was necessary to cut 18 inches underneath the water transit where the pipe was laid in concrete to keep the water from working underneath. It was at this point that the trench was dug 13 feet deep.

The digging was under the personal supervision of W. E. Burnap, and the piping under John Spencer. The plans for the work were drawn by Mr. Woodfall, of Woodfall & McClintock, of Boston, sanitary engineers.

The new sewerage system takes the place of the old water main, which was found inadequate.

Hindenburg Line Had Nothing on Our Yard During Recent Manœuvres. Picture Shows the Mopping-Up Squad Filling in North of the Power House after the Campaign

Left to right: Superintendent of the Dai Nippon Spinning Co.; Mr. L. M. Keeler, Agent of the Whitin Machine Works; Mr. M. Ariga, Managing Director of the Dai Nippon Spinning Co.; Mr. F. R. Pratt, Whitin Machine Works Superintendent of Erecting in Japan; Mr. Yasamoto, of Mitsui & Company

The above picture was sent to Mr. L. M. Keeler with the compliments of Mr. M. Ariga, of the Dai Nippon Spinning Co., Tokio Branch, Japan. It was taken in front of the office of the Dai Nippon Spinning Company in Tokio. This mill has 73,000 spindles on an average count of 40's yarn with 1,000 looms and is one of the best running mills in the country. The photograph is the first we have had of Mr. Pratt since he left this country in February, 1921, and from this first-hand evidence we can be assured he is enjoying his work in the Orient.

Riley—Donnelly

W. J. C. Riley, of the roll job, was married on Monday, October 3, to Miss Catherine M. Donnelly, of 244 Pleasant Street, Worcester, Mass. The ceremony was solemnized at St. Paul's Church, Chatham Street, Worcester, Mass. The bridesmaid was Miss Louise Fleurry, of Greenfield, Mass. The best man was Francis Clark, of Uxbridge, Mass. After a brief honeymoon Mr. and Mrs. Riley have made their home at 31 Clinton Street, Worcester, Mass.

Torosian—Minasian

The marriage of Miss Margeret Minasian, of Church Street, Whitinsville, Mass., to Jacob Torosian, of the roll job, was celebrated on Saturday, October 15. The ceremony took place at the home of Nicholas Garabedian, a member of our Core Room. The Rev. K. Bedrosian, of the Church of Martyrs, Worcester, Mass., officiated. Mr. and Mrs. Torosian left immediately after the reception for a honeymoon to New York City.

Robert Gilmore

Many friends of Robert Gilmore were shocked to learn of his death, Thursday, September 22. Mr. Gilmore was one of our sub-foremen of the Carpenter Shop in charge of general maintenance. Mr. Gilmore is survived by his wife and three children. The funeral services were held at his home on Quobin Road and from the United Presbyterian Church, the Rev. Thomas Huston officiating, assisted by the Rev. Mason Sharpe.

Mr. Gilmore was born in Whitinsville, joined the Whitin Machine Works in 1899, and had many friends among us. Our sympathy is extended to his family and relatives.

Safety First

When the Hospital records for the past three months are compared with those of a similar period in 1920, the work of our Safety Committee becomes apparent. In spite of a larger number of men working in the shop, our accidents were 9% less. There were 31% less employees treated, 20% less dressings, and 30% less men who lost time because of injury.

The committee has succeeded in lessening the number of accidents and especially the more severe ones. Where we had twenty or over on the lost-time list, we now have but four or five.

In September we had eight days during which no lost-time accidents were reported. Four of these red-letter days were Saturdays.

One direction in which the Safety Committee cannot do much is on infected cases. Men seem to hold a small injury lightly, and, neglecting it, infection sets in. About 110 hours of lost time were due to neglected infections.

The placing of guards on the emery wheels throughout the shop has brought the eye cases down to a very much smaller number. In September there were 67 eye cases with embedded foreign bodies, against 117 in August.

There is much to be done, and the Safety Committee is plugging along at its work; but a word of encouragement to it seems fitting here, and the good results accomplished make us all feel like doing our best to bring the injuries down to a minimum.

Note

Officer Lawrence Ramsey, of the Whitinsville police force, also foreman of the speeder parts job, had an unusual case presented to him on Sunday, October 9. He was informed that three young men desired to see him at the door; and after confessing that curiosity had the best of them, "Dewey" Veau, of the yard, and John Fanning presented Harold Kelliher, of the Carpenter Shop, with a pair of handcuffs on his wrist. Such an unusual case called for an investigation on Officer Ramsey's part. However, he found that the captive was not a fugitive from justice and produced a key which readily unlocked the manacles.

How these handcuffs came into the possession of these young men is another story. It is generally known that a pair of handcuffs is left in one of the barns in the central part of the town, and evidently the boys had been visiting a friend who is employed there. This would perhaps explain the reason why Arthur Fullerton, of the spindle job, found it necessary to arouse Night Officer Thomas Melia from a perfectly good sleep at half past three the same afternoon, in order to free him from the same pair of handcuffs.

Thomas Prest

One of the Old Guard Retired from Service

We were sorry to hear of the death of Thomas Prest, one of the oldest employees in length of service of the Whitin Machine Works. Mr. Prest died at the Belmont Hospital, Worcester, on Thursday, October 6, after an illness of several years. He was actively employed in the Whitin Machine Works from June 9, 1859, until June 19, 1919. The first issue of the "Spindle," printed in August, 1919, gives a full account of Mr. Prest's record. He was at that time the oldest employee of the Whitin Machine Works and the first man to be written about in our long-service series. The above picture was taken of Mr. Prest about 20 years ago and is the only picture we were able to secure. The funeral services were held from the home of his sister, Mrs. John Leech, on Forest Street.

Meader—McGowan

Raymond Meader, of the Foundry, was married Saturday, October 15, to Miss Dorothy McGowan. The wedding took place at the home of the bride, 3 Newton Avenue, Worcester, at 6.30 P. M. Mr. and Mrs. Meader will be at home at 9 Leland Avenue, Whitinsville, after the termination of their honeymoon.

One Way to Save Coal

When you heated your house with a coal stove you allowed the air of the room, only a few degrees lower than that near the stove, to push up against that combustion chamber, and so warmed your room. You did not, in zero weather, bring a pipe from the outdoors to the side of your stove and let the air thus heated circulate around your room, going to this expense in the name of ventilation.

When you heat with hot-water pipes, you let the air of the room itself come in contact with them. You do not bring in a pipe of outside air and send it against the steam coils, in the name of ventilation. But with hot-air furnaces, somebody started the notion that you must take the air from outside, when it may be at zero, send it in a pipe over your coals, raise it forty degrees in temperature, and then send it around the house. The cost is prodigious. The waste is wholly unnecessary. There are other ways of ventilating. You use them with the steam pipes as you did with the old-fashioned stove. Why not with the furnace?

We wonder in these days at the records of the potash and pearl ash industries in Massachusetts, when men burned sound timber merely for its ashes. We wonder, too, at the later lime-kilns that ate up cordwood like forest fires. Some day our own descendant in turn will wonder at us for trying to heat our houses by the free burning of coal near an iron chamber through which a stream of outer air, regardless of its temperature, flowed on its way to flues conducting it to the several rooms of the house. There is another objection to the outside box.

The old story-and-a-half houses on Cape Cod were built with their sills close to the ground, not only to give the gales less leverage but to give the searching cold less chance of entry. The cellars of the farmhouses in the interior of New England had regularly leaves or straw or pine boughs banked against their underpinning. But we, instead, break holes through our high, unbanked cellar walls and open a direct passageway between the outer weather and our living rooms. Then we try to burn tons of coal enough to warm the inrushing air in transit.

If you rely on the ordinary hot-air furnace for the heating of your house, why not try the plan of taking from within the house itself the air with which you distribute the heat from the coal you burn? You can easily keep separate the services of heating and ventilation. In winter the ventilation needs no outside air box. As houses are constructed nowadays, especially if detached or semi-detached, they are so porous that on a cold day fresh air leaks into them on the windward side as freely as water seeps through gravel. And if the warm air that streams out wastefully to leeward from every heated house could be so colored as to be plainly seen, we should all begin at once the study of tighter walls, roofs, window openings, and especially of furnaces that would heat rooms instead of wasting high-priced fuel energy on the neighborhood.

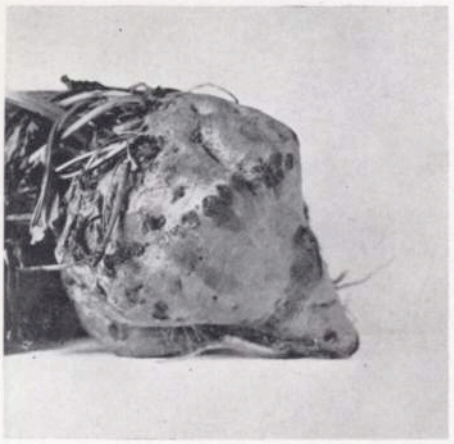
In fine, abandon the system of taking in cold air from outside into your furnace, and have a pipe lead to the furnace from the coolest place inside the house, where the air is measurably good, like the front hall. Do your ventilating in other ways, just as you do when you heat by stoves or by steam heat.—*Boston Herald.*

"The Fords," Sunset League Champions, Season 1921. Left to Right: James Murray, Oscar Martin, Patrick Connors, Chris. Maguire, Herbert Ashworth, Frank McGowan, Louis Levaffer, George Hartley, Albert Mitchell, John Steel, and Mascot Robert Marshall, Jr.

Baseball Team Has Banquet at the Uxbridge Inn

The last practice of the year for the members of the Whitin Machine Works Industrial Triangle League baseball team was held at the Uxbridge Inn, Wednesday night, October 5. The team was in fine trim and showed it had not gone stale after a strenuous season. About twenty of the players and guests sat down to the banquet table at 7.45 P. M. and played an errorless game with the knives and forks. The home team served the dinner in fine style, but the lack of a few high balls kept the score from being higher than recorded. After the banquet the boys were entertained with music by Leroy Foster, Joseph Burns, Patrick Connors, and George Kane. The season was called to an official close at 10 P. M.

Those present were George B. Hamblin, Joseph Burns, Leroy Foster, Irving Dalton, Winford Jones, John Leonard, Patrick Connors, George Kane, Charles MacKinnon, Robert Keeler, Lawrence Donavan, Thomas O'Niel, William Murray, George Hartley, Robert McKee, Richard Malgren, John Connors, William Cooney, William McGoey, M. F. Carpenter, and Henry Crawford.



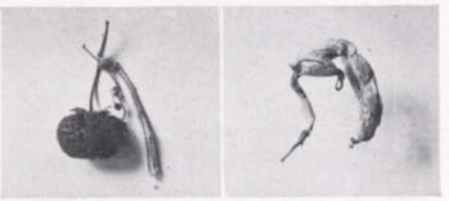
The largest beet we have had the opportunity to see was brought in by Mitchell Gennette, of the automatic chuck job. The beet shown in the picture above weighed 10 pounds and was evidently a combination of half a dozen or more separate beets grown into one. Mr. Gennette tells us that he had six other beets nearly as large. They were grown at his home on Quobin Road.

This fascinating picture taken among the daisies on Forest Street shows Barbara Bigelow, daughter of Arthur Bigelow, of the tool job. Little Miss Bigelow was "Cupid" at a shower given a few months ago to Ruth Burnap, who recently became Mrs. Bertram Dresser, and is shown here in the costume which she then wore.

Charles Snow, foreman of the Carpenter Shop, showed us a very interesting shingle which he recently took off the John C. Whitin house. This particular shingle had been on the house for 49 years and was in exceptionally good condition. The shingle was marked on the under side in pencil and showed plainly the name of C. Lathe. It was dated April 5, 1872. Mr. Cheney Lathe was one of the old employees of the Carpenter Shop and lived at the foot of Forest Street.

The "Spindle" has produced, in the past, two or three different hammer handles used by workmen for periods ranging from 10 to 20 years. We were fortunate to obtain, this month, a hammer handle used by the late Charles Austin, of the Carpenter Shop, one of the old-timers who died in the early part of 1912, having been with the Whitin Machine Works for 57 years. Charles Austin will be remembered by a great number in the shop as a man of eccentric habits and an interesting character. It is a strange coincidence that, during the last two or three years he worked in the Carpenter Shop, he was making handles. However, a new handle did not interest him, as this one will show. Mr. Austin was left handed, a fact which is easily proved by the wear on the handle.

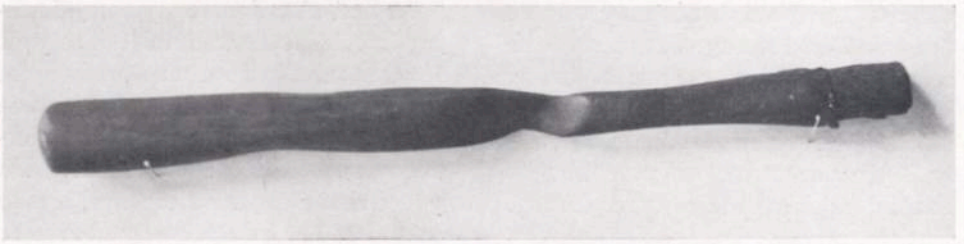
The twin bean shown in the photograph is a product raised by F. W. Willis, of the wood pattern job. The bean at the stem is a perfect single-bean formation, but divides into two very well developed beans.



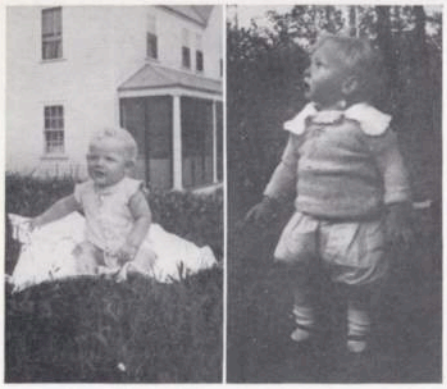
E. C. Heath, foreman of the gear job, picked a perfect specimen of strawberry on October 5, from his garden of ever bearing berries. Just as we were going to press on October 17, Mr. Heath showed us a cluster of three more berries from the same patch.

Among our freak vegetables we have one potato which, with the aid of four matches, makes a mighty fine model of a turtle. William Lee, of the small planer job, found the above potato among his cellar stores. In showing it to a friend in the Blue Eagle Inn, he was informed to keep that away from the hotel, if possible, in order not to tempt the cook to prepare a mock turtle soup.

Our outside operator, Jennie Currie, received a call from No. 2 Office, to which she replied, "Number, please?" The party from No. 2 Office asked for Whitinsville 83-5. Miss Currie rang Whitinsville central, who in turn enquired, "Number, please?" Jennie's answer was, "Yankees, 3 to 0."

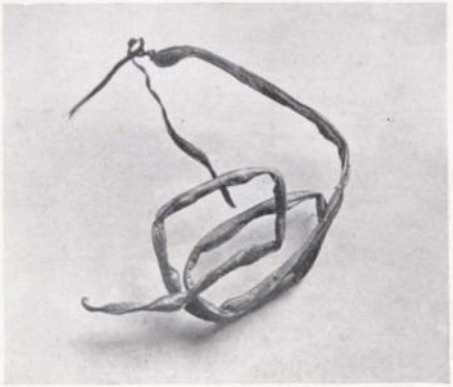


Handle used by Charles Austin was in constant service for many years



Bert Stanley is the father of two husky boys. He has a right to be proud of them. We are glad to reproduce the picture of Kenneth Cureton Stanley and Bert Everett Stanley.

G. H. Ashton, of the tool job, has had exceptional success with pole beans. We have photographed one of the beans as it was dried up in a curled-up condition, but Mr. Ashton has since brought in a snapshot showing the beans on the vine. Some of the pods were about 3 inches in length. The beans are very interesting, but we think the most interesting part of this picture is Bernice Hamilton, daughter of Robert C. Hamilton, North Uxbridge.

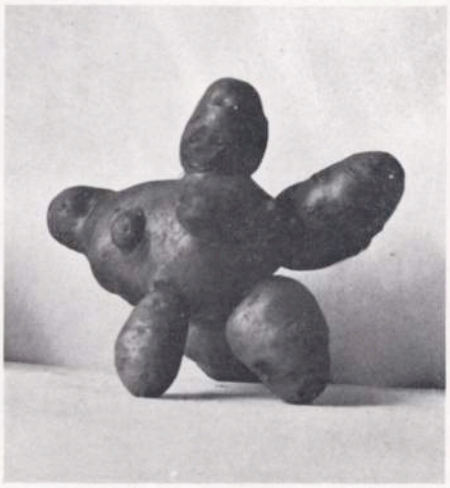


Ashton Pole Beans as They Appear when Dried

Gwendolyn Searles and Jennie Scott returned safely from an interesting trip to Savannah, Ga. Miss Searles says, "One can travel a long ways by rail and not worry about road maps."

En Route from Savannah

Meindert Vander Akker, of the spindle job, gets first prize in the potato group for the largest potato and the one growing the most ends. There were ten potatoes growing into one.



Mrs. Parks is responsible for the above picture. It was taken as a proof of the fact that J. Herbert Park, Robert Hussey, and Arba S. Noyes actually worked in their garden. However, the editor was informed on good authority that all three were not taken by surprise, hence the intense diligence. It looks like a pretty healthy garden, but what chance has a weed with three husky men wielding wicked hoes?

Oliver Courteau, of the Large Planer Job, at Home in Rice City, Uxbridge

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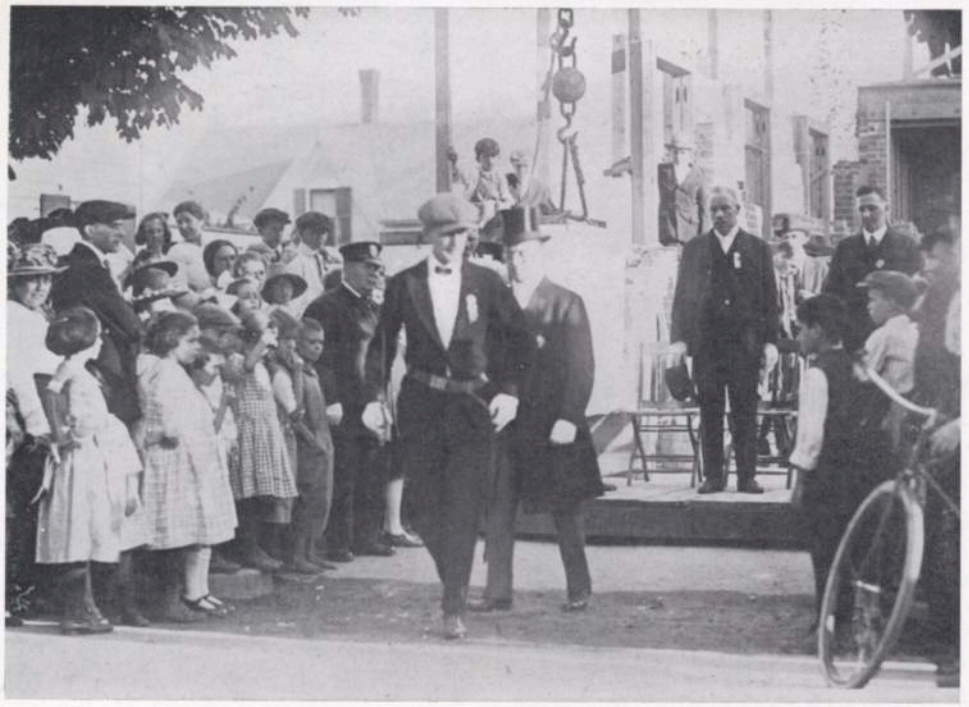
James Brown, of the Blacksmith Shop, Can Open Clams without a Drop Hammer at Oakland Beach



We Present Several Members of the Whitin Machine Works at the Laying of the Cornerstone of the New Pythian Building

Bugs from the Cupola

Two more of the boys are signed up for life—Ray Meader and John Haggerty. They will be candidates for the married men's bowling team.

"Bob" Huston is now being furnished with blue prints to locate core wires.

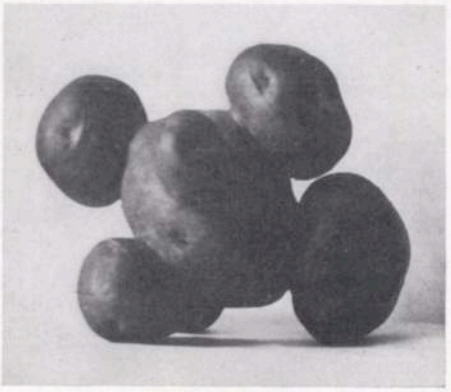
Leo has returned from the "Wilds of Canada."

We are sorry to say that Charles B. Stewart is in Memorial Hospital, where he underwent an operation.

No more girls in the Core Room. Too bad; Hank is lonesome.

Mike Duggan has become an expert matchmaker. Not a pattern matchmaker, but of the "Cupid" variety. For references ask John Haggerty.

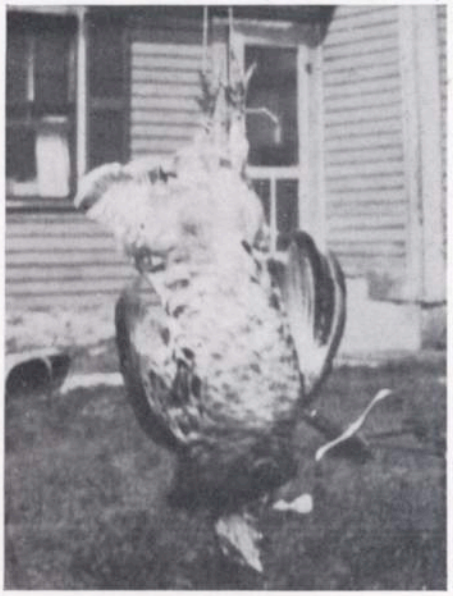
We would like to find out a little more information in regard to how Mr. Ball, of the power house, captured the big string of bass he was seen going home with recently. The story, as it now stands, accuses this gentleman of waiting until the fish came up to breathe and then rapping them on the head. It takes a man with a mighty quick eye to accomplish this feat, and it might be a good suggestion to invite "Babe" Ruth to participate in the sport in order to improve his batting eye.



Napoleon Guertin, of Bates's job, is the producer of another of our series of freak potatoes. It has six well-formed potatoes growing out of a seventh and central one.

Hunting Season Opens Early in Whitin Machine Works

Three weeks before the hunting season was declared lawful a pheasant flew into the No. 2 Building and roosted on the shafting on the comber job. Ray Adams threw a bolt at it, and surprised himself by knocking



the bird to the floor. Griet Osterman captured the pheasant and took it home to play with the chickens, but it died, and was duly photographed in the yard of Mr. Osterman's home.

Mr. Taylor, our genial watchman and bell-ringer, says that he has seen a number of strange sights during his years of service, but recently a young lady attempted to stand on her head on the belfry stairs.

Off the Job and All Dressed Up. At the Front of the Pythian Parade: William J. Walker, of the Spinning Job; Harley Keeler, of the Cylinder Job; Frank Cross, Watchman; John Regan, Watchman. Daniel Duggan, of the Yard Force, can be Seen in the Extreme Left of the Picture

Jeffrey L. Vail Post, No. 111, A. L., is making arrangements for a dancing party in Memorial Hall, Armistice evening, November 10. Heys Orchestra will furnish music. The committee plans on introducing several new features and is working to make this a big night.

Everett Johnston and John Kooistra will have to practice a little more on smoother waters before taking another sea trip.

"Cohen on the telephone" has nothing on Gummy. "The situation is very curious."

We owe an apology to L. A. Call, of the Carpenter Shop, for not having had what we considered suitable space to print a worthy contribution which he has made to our available material for the "Spindle." He has kindly called our attention to the fact, and we are glad to produce at this time the poem "Beautiful Snow," with a brief introduction from the Omaha "Republican."

The Omaha "Republican" gives the following history of the origin of this production, which the London "Spectator" has pronounced to be the finest poem ever written in America:

"During the early part of the war, one dark Saturday night in midwinter, there died in the Commercial Hospital in Cincinnati a young woman, over whose head only two-and-twenty summers had passed. She had once been possessed of an enviable share of beauty and had been, as she herself says, 'flattered and sought for the charms of the face.' Once the pride of respectable parents, her first wrong step was the small beginning of the same old story over again, which has been only the life history of thousands. Highly educated and accomplished in manners, she might have shone in the best society. But the evil hour that proved her ruin was the door from childhood, and having spent a young life in disgrace and shame, the poor friendless one died the melancholy death of a broken-hearted outcast.

"Among her personal effects was found in manuscript 'The Beautiful Snow,' which was immediately carried to Enos B. Reed, a gentleman of culture and literary taste, who was at that time editor of the 'National Union.' In the columns of that paper, on the morning of the day following the girl's death, the poem appeared in print for the first time. When the paper containing the poem came out on Sunday morning, the body of the victim had not yet received burial.

"The attention of Thomas Buchanan Reed, one of the first American poets, was so taken with the stirring pathos that he followed the body to its final resting place.

"Such are the plain facts concerning her whose 'Beautiful Snow' will long be remembered as one of the brightest gems in American literature."

Oh, the snow, the beautiful snow!
Filling the sky and the earth below;
Over the housetops, over the street,
Over the heads of the people you meet;
Dancing, flirting, skipping along—
Beautiful snow! it can do no wrong.
Flying to kiss a fair lady's cheek,
Clinging to lips in a frolicsome freak,
Beautiful snow from the heavens above,
Pure as an angel, gentle as love!

Oh, the snow, the beautiful snow!
How the flakes gather and laugh as they go
Whirling about in their maddening fun,
It plays in its glee with every one—
Chasing, laughing, hurrying by,
It lights on the face and it sparkles the eye;
And playful dogs with a bark and a bound,
Snap at the crystals that eddy around;
The town is alive, and its heart in a glow
To welcome the coming of beautiful snow.

How wildly the crowd goes swaying along,
Hailing each other with humor and song!
How the glad sleds like meteors flash by,
Bright for the moment, then lost to the eye!
Ringing, swinging, dashing they go
Over the crust of the beautiful snow—
Snow so pure, when it falls from the sky,
As to make one regret to see it lie
To be trampled and tracked by the thousand feet,
Till it blends with the filth in the horrible street.

Once I was pure as the snow, but I fell—
Fell like the snowflakes from heaven to hell;
Fell to be trampled as filth in the street;
Fell to be scoffed at, to be spit on and beat;
Pleading, cursing, dreading to die;
Selling my soul to whoever would buy;
Dealing in shame for a morsel of bread,
Hating the living and fearing the dead—
Merciful God! Have I fallen so low?
And yet I was once like the beautiful snow.

Once I was fair as the beautiful snow,
With an eye like its crystal, and heart like its glow;
Once I was loved for my innocent grace,
Flattered and sought for the charms of the face.
Father, mother, sister, all,
God and myself I have lost by my fall!
The veriest wretch that goes shivering by
Will make a wide sweep lest I wander too nigh;
For all that is on or above me I know
There's nothing as pure as the beautiful snow.

How strange it should be that this beautiful snow
Should fall on a sinner with nowhere to go!
How strange it should be when night came again,
If the snow and the ice strike my desperate brain!
Fainting, freezing, dying alone,
Too wicked for prayer, too weak for a moan.
To be heard in the streets of the crazy town,
Gone mad in the joy of the snow coming down;
To be and to die in my terrible woe
With a bed and a shroud of the beautiful snow.

Helpless and foul as the trampled snow;
Sinner, despair not! Christ stoopeth low
To rescue the soul that is lost in its sin,
And raise it to life and enjoyment again.
Groaning, bleeding, dying for thee,
The Crucified hung on the accursed tree;
His accents of mercy fell soft on thine ear;
Is there mercy for me? Will he heed my prayer?
O God, in the stream that for sinners did flow,
Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

What's Wrong With Your Work

Continued from page 5, column 2

happened to be mixed up in some childish scrape and composed a special prayer to God to help us out of it. On such occasions we had no vagrant thoughts. Our minds were completely concentrated on our tearful and fearful plea.

It is the same way in business. In order to concentrate we must be thoroughly in earnest, and we must have a definite object in contemplation that absorbs all of our interest and occupies all of our thoughts. In the case of the average person the periods of complete concentration are usually quite brief; but if your absorption in your subject is great enough, your mind may remain in a state of practically complete concentration on a single subject, or a series of related subjects, during which period of time you will be unconscious of what is going on around you, and even unconscious of your own minor physical acts, such as changing pencils, shifting your position, brushing away a fly, etc.

Please bear in mind that concentration is a mental habit you can form, and if you succeed in acquiring it, the chances are that it will be worth thousands of dollars to you before you end your business career.
—*Trade Press Feature, Inc.*

The Cylinder Job

From information received from different sources we gather that the tin cylinder job was developed largely by three brothers, John Allen, B. F. Allen, and Joseph Allen. Joseph Allen was engaged in 1845 by John C. Whitin to take charge of the Whitin Machine Works tin shop and for 52 years was foreman.

Mr. Allen was taught the requirements of cylinder making by a cousin, Mr. Getchell, of Woonsocket, R. I. In 1897 Mr. Allen retired, and J. K. Spaulding was placed in charge of the cylinder making. Mr. Spaulding died December 9, 1907, and on the twentieth of that month Fred Matthewman succeeded Mr. Spaulding as foreman of the tin cylinder job.

We are told that the total length of cylinders required for spinning frames in the early days was only 12 to 14 feet long and 6¼ inches in diameter, which is quite in contrast to the requirements of some of the present-day frames. These frames take a total length of 41 feet 9 inches and are 10 inches in diameter.

At the present time we are making tin cylinders of the following diameters: 2 5/16, 2½, 3, 3¼, 4½, 5, 6, 6⅛, 7, 8, 9, and 10 inches. They are required for the following machines: spinning frames, twisters, jack spool frames, woolen spinning frames, and spoolers. The tin cylinder job also makes rub rolls for condensers, spacer rolls for twisters, corrugated galvanized-iron drums for jack spool frames and condensers; also drums for Scotch feeds.

In December, 1912, a decided improvement was introduced in the process of making tin cylinders, when a duplex press was installed on the job. This press seams the cylinders together and is a process which made it possible to accomplish practically the work required of two men.

Mr. Matthewman started for the Whitin Machine Works on the tin cylinder job, of which he is now foreman, and has made a life study of this class of work.

The personnel and service record of the job are as follows:

	In Shop		On Job	
	yrs.	mos.	yrs.	mos.
Fred Matthewman	25	3	25	3
Menus Hatchadorian	17	5	17	5
Ost Hagopian	15	6	1	6
Joseph Werksrta	13	11	13	11
Paul Rutana	13	3	4	7
Sam Charlian	11		3	1
Harry Annanian	4	6	3	
John Cooney	3	4	3	4
Zan Zaliski	2	3	2	3
James Ritchee	1	10	1	10
Charles Hulitski	1	4	1	4
Edward Barrett	1	2	1	2
Felisc Chalilis		3		3

Fred Matthewman

Mr. and Mrs. Ashworth Celebrate Silver Wedding

On Friday, September 23, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Ashworth celebrated their silver anniversary in Odd Fellows Hall. Mr. Ashworth is a member of the speeder job. Mrs. Ashworth is the daughter of Thomas Crompton, retired foreman of the spinning erecting job, one of the old-timers of the Whitin Machine Works.

Mr. and Mrs. Ashworth should indeed be proud of the friendship shown them by the gathering of two hundred people and relatives present. Some came from distant towns such as Worcester, New Bedford, and Fall River. Among the two hundred were their sons, Herbert, Arthur, and James; grandson, Arthur Ashworth, Jr.; and daughter, Florence Moore.

The entertainment consisted of dancing, songs, and recitations under the direction of Samuel Moss. Mr. Moss also extended the congratulations of the gathering to Mr. and Mrs. Ashworth on the occasion of the twenty-fifth anniversary of their marriage.

Songs were rendered by Miss Gladys Hyde, Albert Porter, Nathaniel Smith, and a quintet composed of Harry Moss, Vernon Connors, George Kane, Joseph Benoit, and Herbert Ashworth, Jr. Readings were by Mrs. Richard Green, of New Bedford. After the entertainment a buffet lunch was served.