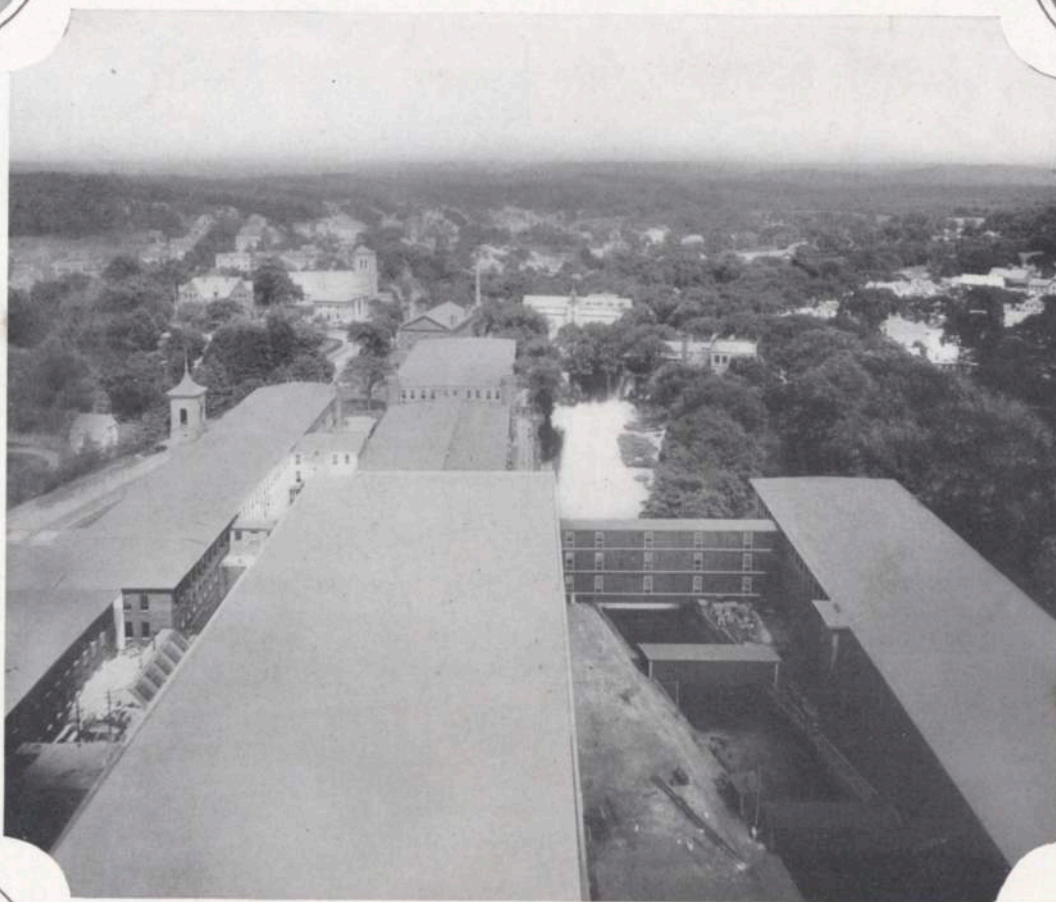


TrajNet



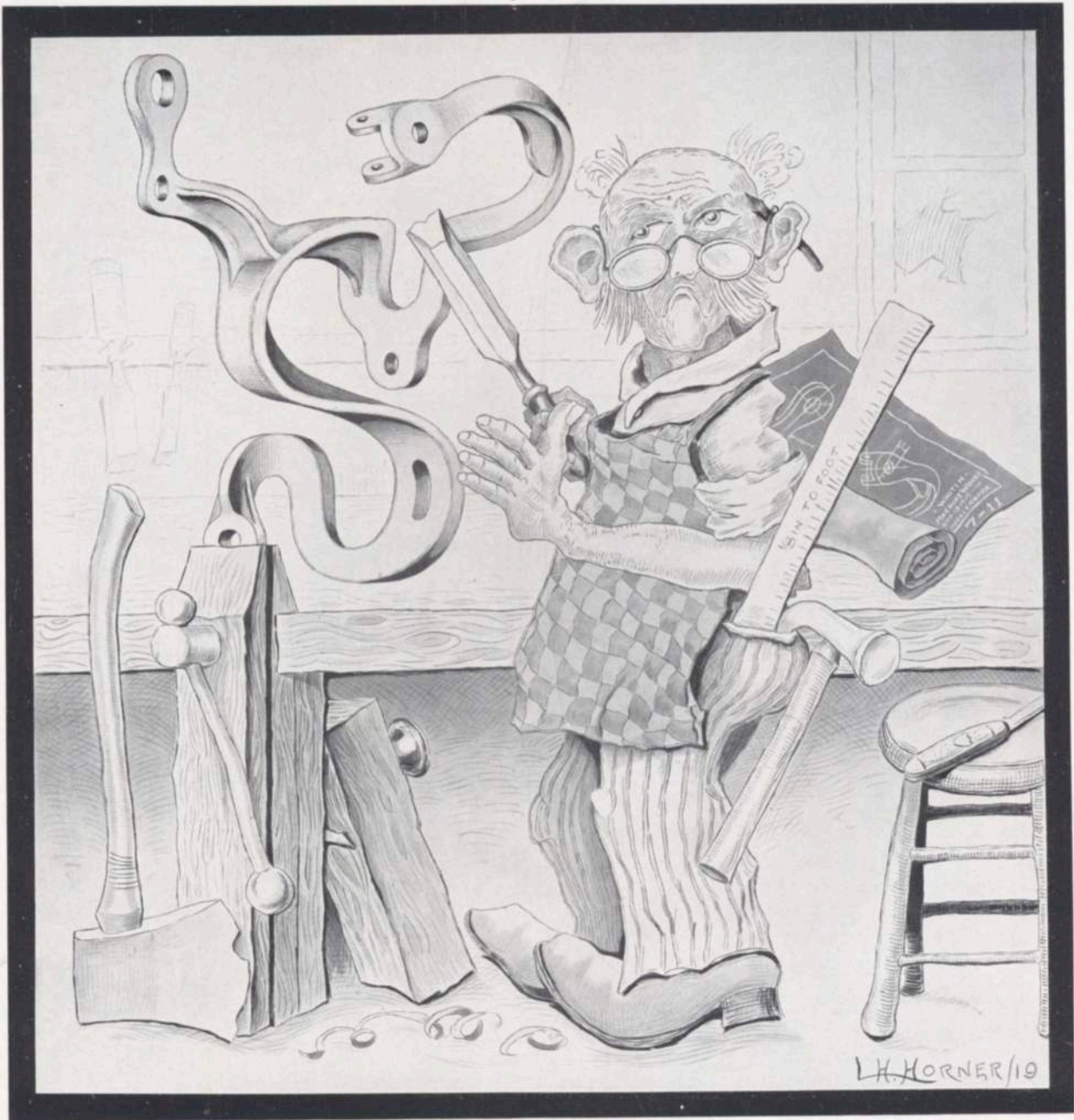
The WHITIN Spindle



Whitinsville from the Air—View No. 3

DECEMBER

VOL. I No 5



Trade Series—The Wood Pattern Maker

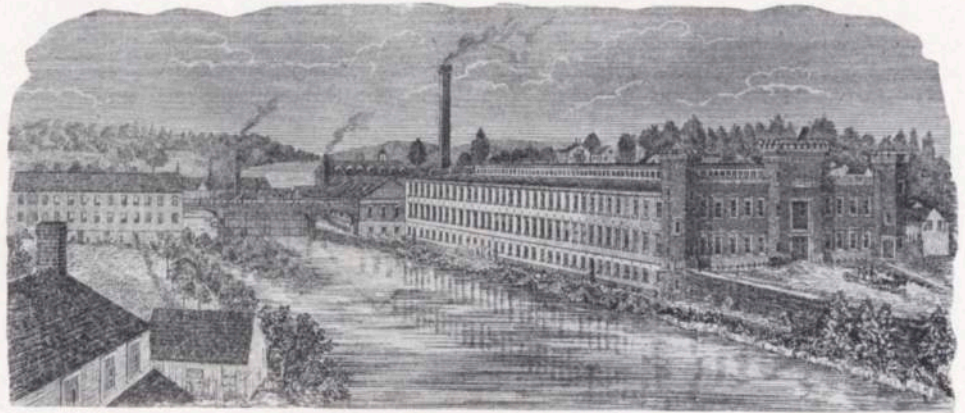
Historical Sketch of Whitin Machine Works Builder of Textile Machinery

Oscar Owen has recently compiled a brief account of the Whitin Machine Works, to be published in the *Bulletin* of Gaston, Williams & Wigmore, of China and Japan, and the *Textile Record*, of Manchester, England. We take pride in being able to present at this time an article as interesting as this one and especially are proud of our service record here in the shop. We believe that there are few, if any, concerns in this country that can match this long service record. If there are, we should be glad to hear from them.

In the old print of the shop in 1850, reproduced herewith, you will notice in the lower left-hand corner the upper story and roof of the blacksmith shop in which Whitin machinery was first made.

The history of the growth of the Whitin Machine Works from a very humble beginning in 1826 to its present position of being one of the largest, most progressive, and reliable concerns for the manufacture of textile machinery in the world cannot be but interesting to all connected with textile industries.

In 1826 John C. Whitin, having invented and patented a picking



Whitin Machine Works in 1850

machine, began its manufacture under the firm name of P. Whitin & Sons on a small scale in a shed used as a country blacksmith shop, located on the north bank of the Mumford River in the village of Whitinsville, Mass., employing three or four men using the very crude machine tools of that time, consisting of a country blacksmith shop equipment and a lathe with a stone bed. As time went on, Mr. Whitin continued to develop improvements in his picker and also in other textile machines, the successful results of which brought an increase in the business, necessitating an addition to the manufacturing facilities, which was accomplished by the erection of a new shop building in 1847—306 feet long by 102 feet wide, with two stories and a basement. In this shop, employing about a hundred men and boys, the following machines used in cotton mills at that time were made: pickers,

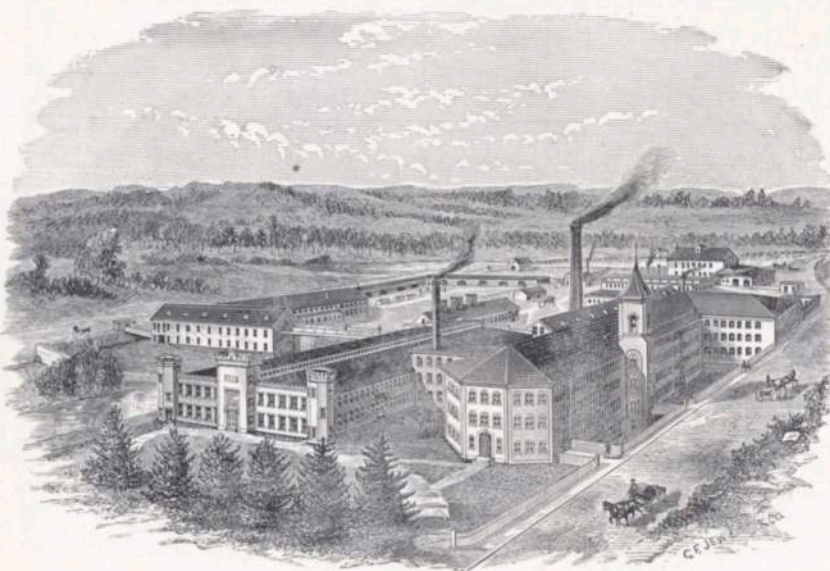
cards, card grinders, carrying frames, doublers, railway heads, drawing frames, ring spinning frames, spoolers, twistors, warpers, dressers, and looms.

After the dissolution of the firm of P. Whitin & Sons in 1864, the business continued under the name of John C. Whitin; and to accommodate the rapidly growing business another large shop building was erected in that year, of three stories and basement, 475 feet long by 70 feet wide. Also a foundry and blacksmith shop were built at the same time.

In 1870 the business was incorporated under the name of Whitin Machine Works, with John C. Whitin president and his son-in-law, Josiah Lasell, treasurer. About five hundred hands were employed at that time.

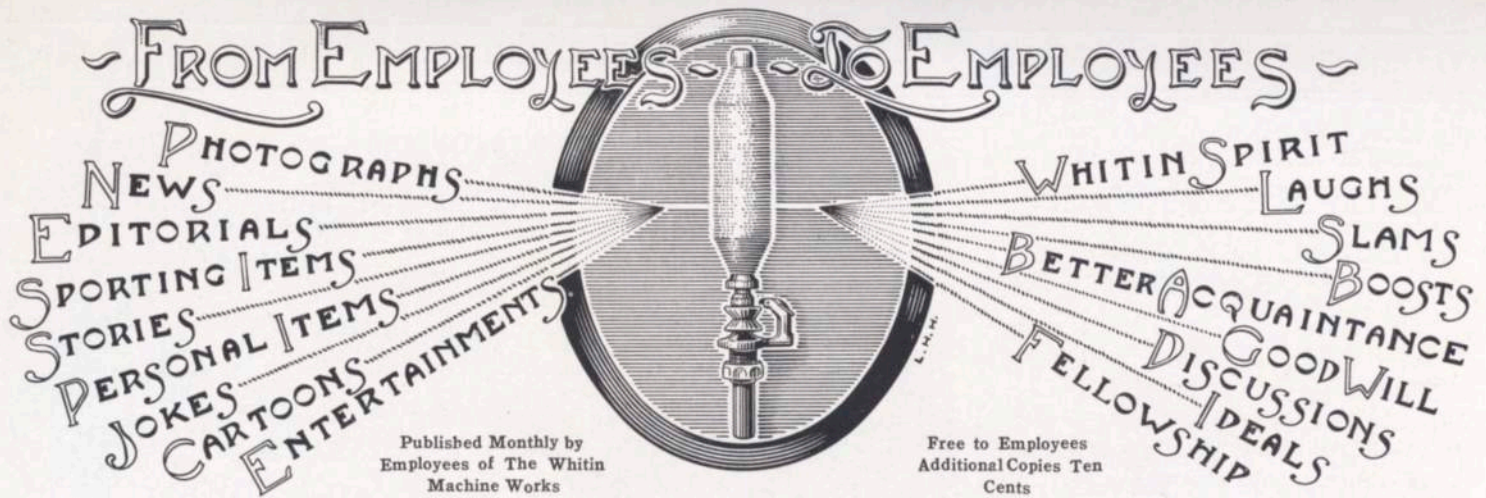
Since the death in 1882 of the founder of the Whitin Machine Works, the business has been so successfully managed by his descendants that it has attained a magnitude far beyond the most optimistic dreams of its founder and his associates. Many improvements in machinery equipment and enlargements of floor space have been made to the plant, so that, exclusive of tenements, sheds, etc., the plant now comprises nearly forty acres of floor space and at full capacity furnishes employment for thirty-five hundred people in the manufacture of a large variety of machines for the making of textile goods from asbestos, cotton, cotton waste, wool, and worsted fibers.

The shop buildings are equipped with the latest modern conveniences for heating, lighting, and sanitary purposes. An emergency hospital with two professional nurses in constant attendance is provided for the benefit of employees who may meet with an accident or become ill while in discharge of their duties.



Whitin Machine Works in 1880

Continued on page 20, column 1



EDITORS
 Martin F. Carpenter William D. Morrison

PHOTOGRAPHERS
 Robert Metcalf Homer Bruillette

CARTOONISTS
 James H. Jones Adelbert Ramsey
 L. G. Lavallée

Editorial

In our last issue, our editorial dealt with the contentment that has been ours, and a hope that it may continue, recognized as a treasure to be guarded zealously. Where contentment reigns, the spirit of thanksgiving is fostered, and an expression of thankfulness creates good-will. We approach the holidays with abundant good-will.

The social unrest is disconcerting, but let us not be pessimistic. The nations that struggled for human liberty, justice, and right are victorious. Our harvests are plentiful, prosperity is on all sides, the future is bright.

There is no need of anxiety about the social and political confusion. Contentment is in our midst, and we need have no disquietude for others. Our nation is like a great tree—the Government is the roots, the institutions are the trunk, the activities and industries are the branches, and the communities are the leaves. The social unrest, like a storm, may destroy a leaf or break a branch, but the trunk and roots remain. Through the social upheaval our nation is unshaken, our ideals are undisturbed. An industry or a community may be affected, but no

principle is overturned. Our traditions hold good, we progress.

We are in the age of big things, we are in the greatest age of giving. This Christmas will break all records. There is every reason to enter into the spirit of the season with fervor and make this a splendid occasion. Let us by thoughtfulness and appreciation make this our merriest Christmas.

We hope that this issue will help to carry with it the good-will desirable at all times, but particularly so in the coming holidays. We greet our readers with a MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

American Legion Notes

The Jeffrey L. Vail Post, No. 111, A. L., is making wonderful strides in its membership. The quota set by state headquarters was 130. At this writing there are 276 paid-up members.

The dancing party held on November 11 was a grand success, both socially and financially. Heys Orchestra of ten pieces furnished music, and those present agreed that the orchestra was at its best. A concert was given from eight to nine, which was greatly enjoyed by all, especially by the older people who did not dance.

The hall was prettily decorated, the national and Allied flags being used. A large emblem of the Legion draped with the American flag was suspended over the center of the

stage. The emblem was made by W. O. Halpin and is another specimen of his ability as an artist. A large American flag completely covered the rear of the stage, and with the flags of the Allied nations a very pretty setting was made.

Dancing commenced at nine, and, from then until one, waltzes, fox-trots, and one-steps were enjoyed by all. Punch was served continuously, and that it was good was proven by the quantity that the committee had to make. "Bunky" Kearnan says that it contained the best "stick" that could be found in the town. Intermission was at 11 P. M., and ice-cream and fancy cookies were served in the banquet hall. There was a greater demand than was expected, and the consequence was that some were disappointed.

The members and their friends are looking forward to another such party in the near future. The committee in charge was Thomas Melia, Thomas Mckaig, James R. Clarke, Harry L. Kearnan, and Thomas H. Driscoll.

It Pays to advertise

Employees who have anything to sell or swap or who wish to buy anything may use the columns of the "Spindle" to advertise. No charge will be made for ads, and all are welcome. Here is a chance to buy or exchange bicycles, autos, guns, fishing tackle, boats and canoes, hens, eggs, or even mothers-in-law.

Wanted

We believe that there is an overbalance of office news lately in the "Spindle," compared to shop news. From the very beginning we have hammered in the fact that we want news about the shop. Send it in. Never mind if it does sound flat. Let us have it. Maybe the editors can patch it up, or maybe make it so flat that it will pass as being humorous. Who knows? Just give it a try. The next time you have a hunch, know a thing about the other fellow or yourself, take the old graphite stick in hand, scribble it off, and send it in to either Morrison or Carpenter. If it isn't printed this month, don't be impatient; it may turn up next month.

Dermody Promoted

Lester Dermody has been promoted from the board on Fletcher's job to the office of the Production Department. Dermody started his career here in the spring of 1917, working a few days on Bates's job before being placed on the board work on the polishing job. He was later transferred to similar work on Wood's and Blanchard's jobs.

He broke connections with the Whitin Machine Works long enough to serve six months in the army during the war, taking up a course in electrical motors at Syracuse University. Later he was sent to Camp Eustis, Lee Hall, Virginia, and received his honorable discharge from that camp. Upon his return here he was assigned to the board on Fletcher's job, but is now on more general work in the Production Department. We wish you further success, Dermody.



The third annual Red Cross roll call has just been completed; and though the number of members is not as large as during war times, the reported enrollment over the country is large enough to insure an interest on the part of the people in the peace-time work of the organization which has done so much to relieve suffering wherever found.

In Northbridge a total number of 1,900 was enrolled, and the amount turned in by the local treasurer was \$2,058.46. Considering the conditions which have handicapped the work, this is a good showing and apparently above the average for towns of the same size.

Northbridge was responsible to the Worcester Chapter during the week of November 3 to November 11, in which the canvass took place. Unlike former drives for members and funds, there was no canvass made in the shop, mills, and stores, and the efforts of the workers were confined to a house to house canvass throughout the several villages of the town. Mr. Henry Whitcomb, of Worcester, was county chairman and was assisted by several zone chairmen, Northbridge being in the zone in charge of Mr. G. B. Hamblin. The work in town was carried out by an organization consisting of S. F. Brown, chairman; J. J. Foley, secretary and publicity agent; and E. S. Alden, Jr., treasurer; assisted by fourteen team captains responsible for teams of five members each, with

the exception of Rockdale and Linwood, which had a larger number. Four of these were ladies' teams; three were made up of American Legion members, and the other seven were general teams. Those in charge of the several units were:

Mrs. S. R. Mason, Mrs. John Redmond, Mrs. C. T. Moffett, Mrs. J. F. Carroll, J. Lasell, 2nd, Thomas Melia, James Lightbown, W. E. Brewer, F. O. Fiske, William Keenan, Samuel Moss, Harley E. Keeler, Archie W. Couper, Amos G. Maddox.

In the past months the Red Cross has demonstrated the lasting value of a great independent organization working for the express purpose of relieving pain and suffering without regard to whether those aided are friend or foe. In these pleasant times of peace after the horrors of war are passed, it stands ready to step in to any emergency and give help to those in need, whether from wind, fire, or flood.

Let's get behind a work as worthy as this and give it our support in the months and years to come.

Our Cover

The cover for this month shows number three of the views entitled "Whitinsville from the Air." If we will notice the covers of the September and October issues, we will find by placing them side by side that they show the north and northeast sections of the village from the shop. This month's cover shows the east view. We have three more views and by placing them in the order in which they will be printed, together with those already printed, we will have a complete view of the town as it looks from more than two hundred feet up in the air.



A Whitin Machinist Amidst the Picturesque

Spokane, Wash.,
November 4, 1919.

The Whitin Spindle,
Whitinsville, Mass.

Dear Editor:

I am sending a brief sketch of my vacation trip as it comes to mind. As I am on my way home, I seem to be able to review the scenes and get something from them. If you find nothing in this which seems of any value for the "Spindle," do not hesitate to throw it into the waste basket. I would call this article, "A Whitin Machinist amidst the Picturesque."

It would not be possible for me to picture in words the grandeur and beauty of the Canadian Rocky Mountains and the Rockies of our Northwest. Neither would the limited space in our "Whitin Spindle" permit it, but I would like to tell the boys, if they like most wonderful scenery, to take a trip over the Canadian Pacific and to stop at some of the noted places on their way to the Pacific Coast.

On your arrival at Lake Louise, let me tell you what you would see. In front of the hotel would be a lake—the color, robin's egg blue, and at the farther end a mountain whose top is at all times covered with snow. At each side of this lake are other mountains which are not as high and are covered with the green of spruce, fir, and pine, which make a fine contrast to the snow-covered peak at the far end; and these mountains, with the sun shining brightly upon them, as it did the two days I was there, make something worth seeing. It seemed to me that the parlors of the hotel are arranged to allow one to take in this most striking picture, for as you sit in front of one of the big windows it makes a frame with the above scene as the picture.

At Lake Louise you are 5,500 feet above the sea, and around about are peaks from 10,000 to 12,000 feet high. On one day I climbed to the top of one peak 7,300 feet. From here I could see three lakes, all the beautiful blue color, and in the dis-



Bert Sweet (on right) in the Far West

tance the stream in the valley. I would like to say that I thought I was in pretty fair shape for this climb, as there was a good trail up to 6,500 feet and not bad the rest of the way. The last 1,000 feet zigzagged back and forth a good deal and was mighty steep. But every time I stepped I found something was the matter with my mind. There also was a little sensation of dizziness, not from effect of looking down from a height, but from some other cause. Please remember these lakes are right in the mountain tops. The highest one I visited was 6,900 feet above sea level. The weather here was fine and warm—beautiful lawns with people playing tennis as in summer. This is but one of the picture places one sees through the mountains.

The writer was fortunate in having a brother who had made his home for the last ten or twelve years in that country, known as the bench lands of the Sierras. It was here I put in a lot of time seeing and doing things. But before speaking of this, I must tell you a little about Seattle. My first sight of this place was at night from the deck of a steamboat in Puget Sound. One's first thought would be that the city was having a celebration, for such is the effect from the almost unlimited electricity which this city has. The city itself is built terrace above terrace, and you get its full beauty at night in approaching from the sea.

Now let me write about the auto drives and good roads a moment, for I know lots of the boys who picked out their summer trips the past season. The roads in and about Seattle are the finest I ever saw. I rode about in the city itself to all the parks and places of interest during one entire afternoon until dark, and I never saw a street with cobble stones. On Sunday I went out to Everett, about 40 miles away, and there was asphalt and concrete with brick inlaid most of the way. We came back by another route which took us through another large town. The roads were the same. The scenery was not very interesting, as this country out of Seattle is owned by the big lumber companies, who are selling it to people who in turn are burning off the brush and stumps in order to get it into condition for farms. This makes it rather desolate, as it is constantly burning and smoking.

In going from Seattle to my brother's I had to go back through the Rockies again and passed through many tunnels and snowsheds on my way. Now, roads in the bench lands are a different thing altogether. In the orchard country you are in a district only ten or twelve years old. I often thought of the boys at home and what they would think of these roads. Let me picture to you the highway from my home there to the next town. Take a loaf of bread and

imagine it as the mountain. Now, cut a slice half way down on one side, but beginning from the upper corner at the left and ending at the lower one at the right. This leaves you with a shelf and a steep grade, also almost a sheer drop of perhaps 200 feet, and you have *no chance* to pass except at certain places where one will have to stop and wait, lots of sharp turns where the bumper will almost jut over the edge of the bank in turning a corner. This is a fair illustration of roads in the sunny town of Okanogan, Wash. Don't think for these reasons there are few autos used. Four years ago this would be true; to-day nearly every orchard and ranch has one, also a truck.

They not only ride in these autos, but in flying machines as well. On Sunday during my stay an aviator gave an exhibition and took any party who had the price. One dollar a minute for straightaway flying and five dollars extra for each stunt, such as the loop the loop, nose dive, head spin, and the tail spin, etc. Did any one go? Well, I guess! For two days that flying machine was kept busy. They generally were up about twenty minutes at a time, and the ranchmen looked at their watches before getting in, to see that they got full measure, too. While I was watching, eight different persons went up. Don't think for a minute, because you see a fellow with whiskers streaked with tobacco juice and wearing a flannel shirt, that he wouldn't take a chance or did not have the price. They have done nothing else but take chances for some years, and any one of them may be worth \$250,000 and own wheat land worth as much more, or an orchard worth from \$10,000 to \$40,000.

The Okanogan River flows very near where I was staying. This river flows into the Columbia; and the way my brother came into this country, up to four years ago, was by steam wheel steamer. If he came in during the early months of the year, sometimes the steamer turned around in the strong current and went down with a rope and warped it around the bend.

The Colville Indian Reservation is just the other side of the river, as large

as some of our states. It was customary to see the Indians in town every day. Some are quite modern in dress; that is, the *ladies*, but are very *dirty*. They own some very fine wheat lands, and a few are wealthy. I remember in an early number of the "Spindle" an extraordinary story told by some of our boys of a fishing trip in Nova Scotia. I think I can go them one better. I did not do any fishing myself, but I watched some Indians who were; and they have all of us beaten to a frazzle. They stood in the shallows of the Okanogan, dressed mostly as nature endowed them, spearing red salmon. "Chinook" salmon!

You would no doubt like to hear about what they used as a spear—a pole about 15 feet long, the business end of which branches into two prongs about 6 inches apart at the extreme end, and on the ends of the prongs are steel barbs attached to a strong cord held in the left hand. When they spear a salmon, these barbs are detached from the pole; and then the fight is on. On returning from our ride in the late afternoon, these Indians had finished fishing and were riding out of the river. We watched them through the glass and on finding they were going to come into the road we waited for them. They made a truly Western picture on their horses, with the long spears and the big fish flashing in the afternoon sun against the opposite bank of the river.

After riding up the steep bank they were very willingly stopped, and I purchased the smallest fish for \$1.50. This salmon weighed 15 pounds, but I could have bought the largest for the same price, and that would weigh certainly 35 or 40 pounds. They each had six hanging from the saddle, and very obligingly posed while we snapped them with our camera, so the boys can see I have the proof for my story. Soon after this we passed their camp, where the fish were drying in the sun.

A number of hunting trips were taken for ducks, blue grouse, prairie chicken, and our own partridges. While I saw prairie chicken, it was not while hunting, and of course I had no gun. Plenty of deer were brought in after the first of October, black tail or mule deer.

My brother and I, with my nephew and some of the good neighbors, were intending a week's camping in the mountains. My brother's ill health prevented my going, but my nephew at this writing is in the mountains.

The hunting in this country is climb, slip, and climb some more. I remember the first time I went out for blue grouse. I asked my brother whether he had not made a mistake, and if we did not need alpen stocks instead of guns, for mountain climbing. I surely needed no gun, for my nephew, who was just back from doing his bit in France, and the good pack mule carried mine.

Continued on page 21, column 2



The Cigars Are On "Bert"



Whitin Machine Works, 3 Emmets, 0

Playing the best game they have shown so far this season, the soccer team administered defeat upon the Emmets of Pawtucket, this time 3 to 0. The visitors were completely outclassed, and teamwork was clever and smooth. We kept the ball out of danger most of the time and would have run up a larger score but for a little over-anxiety to score. The first half ended 1 to 0, but the Emmets had come within an inch of scoring on two occasions.

The second half was all Whitins. Wade, our inside left, was the star, scoring twice during the half. The first came after some fine passing on a clever dribble past Barney. Rushton and Monks cleared time and again, as the Emmets struggled to keep in the game; but Wade connected with a fast pass and cleverly turned it into a clean goal.

The lineup:

WHITIN MACHINE WORKS	EMMETS
Rothwell, g.	g., Cassidy
Rushton, rb.	rb., Quinn
Monks, lb.	lb., Barney
Maddox, rhb.	rhb., Savage
Hoyle, chb.	chb., Loderbeanch
Lightbown, lhb.	lhb., Holroyd
Cowburn, rof.	rof., Turner
Nuttall, lfb.	rof., Gee
Hardman, c.	c., Leech
Wade, lif.	lif., Carlin
Jackson, lof.	lof., Malarkey

Goals for Whitin Machine Works: Hardman 1, Wade 2. Linesmen: T. Colthart and R. Smith. Referee: Carroll, of Grey-stone. Two 40-minute halves.

Howard & Bullough, 3 Whitin Machine Works, 2

Our boys visited the Turner Street grounds in Pawtucket to tackle the Howard & Bulloughs team. From the kick-off the ball moved up and

down the field, strong forwards passing cleverly only to be outdone by grand defensive work. Rushton saved the day many times for Whitins, and Donnelly and Brennan were a veritable stonewall. The battle was very even until Stinchon drove the ball toward Monks, who, in making an attempt to clear, played through his own goal. Stinchon immediately afterwards made it 2 to 0 with a header after passing Rushton. This aroused our forwards, and they were soon at their opponents' goal; a pass by Wade to Nuttall was shot beyond Dixon for a score, and Wade soon tallied again, bringing the score to 2 all.

The second half repeated the first, but Monks unfortunately missed another shot which caromed off his boot past Rothwell for the deciding goal. While the Whitin Machine Works boys were disappointed over the result, the good-will shown by our hosts soon dispelled our sorrow. Coffee, sandwiches, and pies were on the menu, and our boys did themselves proud; their attack was perfect, and the luncheon was soon vanquished.

The lineup:

WHITIN MACHINE WORKS	HOWARD & BULLOUGH
Rothwell, g.	g., R. Dixon
Rushton, rfb.	rfb., Brennan
Monks, lfb.	lfb., Donnelly
Maddox, rhb.	rhb., C. Dixon
Hoyle, chb.	chb., Blakely
Lightbown, lhb.	lhb., Cox
Gonlag, rof.	rof., McKenna
Nuttall, rif.	rif., Stinchon
Ashworth, c.	c., Smith
Wade, lif.	lif., Proctor
Jackson, lof.	lof., White
Goals: Smith 1, Nuttall 1, Wade 1, Monks 2.	Time: 45-minute halves.

Whitin Machine Works vs. Second Team

On November 15 our second team, or team B (signifying Bolsheviks), slipped out a red flag and challenged the shop team. It was started for suppers; it ended—well, read on.

A few "has beens," mingled with a few "never will be's," and some promising talent banded together to beat the big fellows. W. Smith, D. Blakely, J. Connors, and Jimmie Jones, the cartoonist, were the headliners in our opposition. The game went big from the start. Somebody lost his finger in Jimmie Jones's eye. He complained to our Past Noble Grand Official the fancy box-maker, Joe Hetherington, without result.

"I wasn't looking," said Joe.

"Well, you ought to have been," said Jimmie; "that's your business."

"Well, my dear James," retorted Joe sarcastically, "if you had been looking, you would have seen the finger coming your way—that's your business."

F. Cowburn's nose ran into somebody's elbow. Billie Smith drove the ball into Eddie's stomach, and it took a crowbar to get it back. H. Ashworth nosed the ball and thought that Jack Dempsey was around. A. Ashworth tried his nose next, and it stood the test no better. Connors, Blakely, and Smith gave the boys a lot of valuable pointers, not to mention Vice-President Hetherington's bits of choice advice. He showed that a little man can see a lot; but more, that it takes a little man to overlook a lot. It was a great exhibition of England's favorite sport. If not, what care we; it was 8 to 3 in our favor at the end.

Norton, 3 W. M. W. Seconds, 1

Our second soccer team went out of its class to tackle the Norton Co. soccer team. The result was gratifying. They beat us 3 to 1, but our boys kept their opponents on the run all the time.

The half ended 0 to 0, and the score was 1 to 1 until near the close of the game. Haworth played a great game in goal, but failure to handle two hot ones cleanly allowed a couple of shots to register.

The coaching that the boys are receiving is showing to advantage.

All-Americans Lose

A game of basketball was played in the high school gym, Wednesday, December 3, between the All-Americans of the shop and the students. The physical condition, knowledge of the game, passing, and shooting of the school team showed great improvement, but they had to go some to win at that. Cassidy and the McGuire boys were much at home on the floor, but out of practice. Heath, Bouvier, and Brennan worked hard. Manager Anderson rooted royally for his charges, but to no avail. Lack of practice caused the All-Americans to foul frequently, in dribbling and in carrying the ball particularly.

The first half ended 8 to 7 in favor of the All-Americans, but the second half was all high school.

The lineup:

High School	All-Americans
Hetherington, lf.	rg., M. McGuire
Vaughn, Fowler, rf.	lg., Cassidy
E. Smith, c.	c., Brennan, Heath
W. W. Smith, Maddox, lg.	rf., J. McGuire
J. Smith, rg.	lf., Vouvier

Goals: E. Smith 4, Hetherington 3, W. W. Smith 1, Fowler 1, Cassidy 2, Brennan 2, J. McGuire 1, M. McGuire 1, Heath 1. Goals from fouls: E. Smith 9, Cassidy 2. Time: 10-minute quarters. Timer: Walter Brown. Scorer: L. W. Brown. Referee: W. Morrison.

Football Star

Greater interest has been shown in college football games than ever before, in all parts of the country. The season has been extremely interesting, with the unexpected happening all the time. One upset after the other has kept experts guessing on the outcome of games. Small colleges have repeatedly defeated larger ones.

Williams College held Cornell to three points and defeated Columbia 25 to 0. In both games the playing of John W. Lasell, left tackle for Williams, was spectacular. New York and Boston papers have praised him frequently. Coach Brooks says he is fast, big, and shifty, and could make end on any team in the country. He has kicked goals from the 45-yard line. We have followed him throughout the season, and our Whitinsville representative on the gridiron has been an honor to us. Williams had one of the best seasons in its history, and you can place a lot of credit on the shoulders of the two players in the cut herewith.

The picture was taken in the Columbia game. John has just kicked a goal, and Benny Boynton, without doubt one of the very best quarterbacks in the country and the choice of many for All-American quarterback for this year as well as for 1917, is seen kneeling, watching the ball sail between the uprights.

We congratulate John on his fine playing and appreciate the honor he has brought to Whitinsville. When next fall rolls around, we shall be looking for him and Boynton to keep Williams in the winning column.



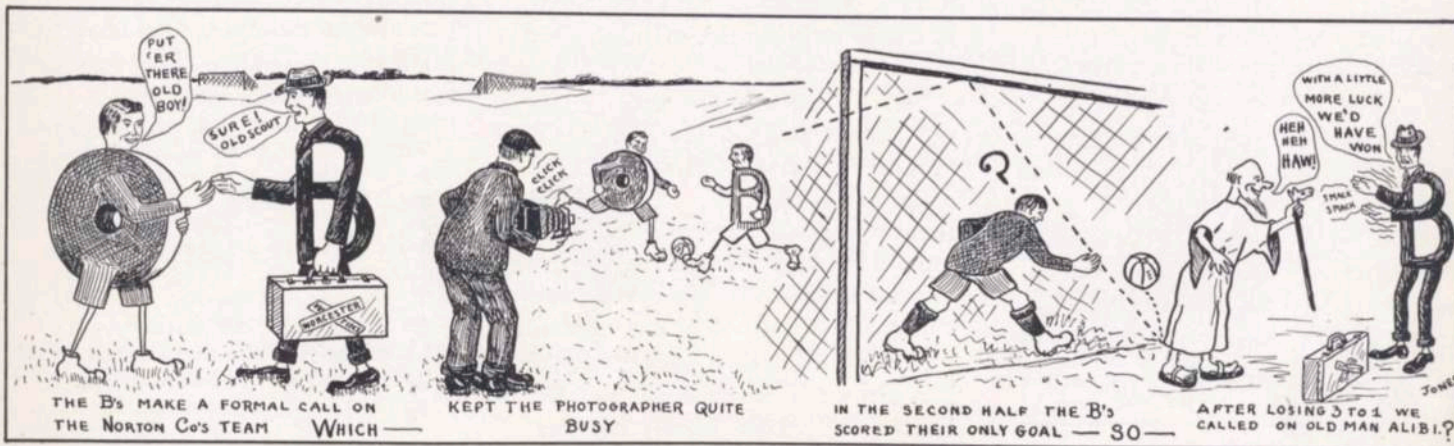
Lasell and Boynton

N. H. S., 15; W. M. W., 4

Some of our boys have taken kindly to the opportunity to get a little sport out of basketball by playing the high school team. It is not to be expected that victory will perch on our side, considering the little time devoted to practice and lack of coaching. However, the games afford plenty of excitement and healthful exercise. If we can only keep at it, perhaps we'll be able to down the students at some future occasion. In the meantime, however, we are boosting the high school team to come out and trim all outside competitors, and our games are doing a lot towards reaching that goal.

Kooistra, former high school star, opened the season Saturday night, November 15, with a basket, putting the W. M. W. on top. We did not stay there very long, for it was the only basket we shot from the floor.

Continued on page 10, column 1



Close guarding kept the score down as much as poor shooting by our opponents. Our boys lacked the staying qualities and teamwork necessary for the best results.

The score:

N. H. S. W. M. W.
L. Fowler, W. W. Smith, Vaughn, lf. rg., Ashworth
S. Fowler, Hetherington, rf. rg., Ballard, F. Smith
Vaugh, E. Smith, c. c., Kooistra, Ballard
J. Smith, rg. lf., F. Smith, Ballard
W. Smith, W. W. Smith, Maddox, lg. rf., Johnson, O'Neil

Baskets: by Hetherington 1, Vaughn 2, J. Smith 1, W. W. Smith 1, E. Smith 2, Kooistra. Goals from fouls: Johnston 2, E. Smith 1. Time: four 10-minute periods. Timer: Brown. Scorer: Morrison. Referee: Wilcox.

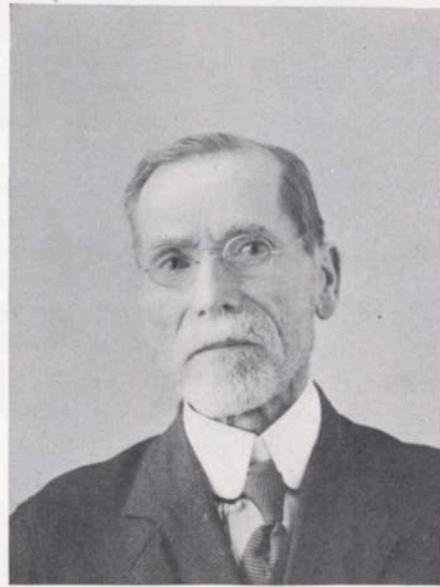
N. H. S., 36; W. M. W., 16

In the second game of the season with the students, our boys were again sent down to defeat. More skill was shown in basket shooting, but our boys did not have the staying qualities. The second quarter ended 13 to 12 against us, but the third quarter was all for the high school. When they gathered eight baskets with a point from foul, substitutes were sent in, but the scoring continued. The shop team was stronger than on its previous appearance, but the schoolboys have made real progress, both in shooting and teamwork.

The score:

N. H. S. W. M. W.
Hetherington, lf. rg., Ashworth
Livingstone, Vaughn, rf. lg., O'Neil, Smith
E. Smith, c. c., Wilcox
W. W. Smith, McKinnon, lg. rf., Ballard
J. Smith, Maddox, W. Smith, rg. lf., Kooistra
Baskets: Hetherington 2, Vaughn 3, Livingstone 3, E. Smith 7, J. Smith 1, W. W. Smith 1, Ballard 4, Kooistra 3, Wilcox. Goals from Fouls: E. Smith 2.

The Apprentice School team lost to the more experienced High School Seconds. Jackman starred for our opponents, and Orrell did the best work for the apprentices. Score: N. H. S. seconds, 25; Apprentices, 1.



Robert K. Brown

Long Service Series

Mr. Robert K. Brown enjoys the distinction of being the fourth oldest employee of the Whitin Machine Works, having been connected with the shop for fifty-four years. As a young man Mr. Brown helped build the old office in which he was soon to take up his life's work, although he did not realize it at that time.

He attended the first commercial school established in Worcester for a period of six months in the years 1866 and 1867. From this school he became the fourth member of the office force of the Works, in April, 1867, holding down the position of office boy, which in those days meant anything from errand boy to general assistant.

The four members of the office force then were John C. Whitin, Josiah Lasell, David B. Chase, and Robert K. Brown. These men worked together for almost twenty years before additional help was taken on.

Mr. Brown recalls very readily the time when G. Marston Whitin first came into the office, for he was assigned to make him familiar with the ways and means. Mr. Whitin took over Mr. Brown's work soon afterwards, in 1874, while Mr. Brown enjoyed a trip to northern Ireland.

Mr. Whitin only recently asked Mr. Brown if he remembered, back in the old days when they were

paying off, the time he spilled the pay envelopes. Those were the days when every man was known by his first name, so it didn't take long to straighten out the money scattered by Mr. Whitin. Although it has nothing to do with the story, it is an interesting fact to note that Mr. Whitin was made assistant treasurer soon after this mishap.

Mr. Brown has furnished the editors with a very interesting history of the shop, which we intend to publish in the near future. We hope that Mr. Brown will be with us for many years yet.

In all the fifty-four years, he has watched many of the Whitin executives and employees come and go and in turn has become a friend of a large majority. He is still enthusiastically interested in present-day affairs, yet does not try to impress upon us that he is as young as he used to be. In fact, he finds a certain satisfaction in growing old, a satisfaction much like the thoughts expressed in the following poem, which, by the way, was secured from his desk:

Growing Old

A little more tired at the close of day,
A little less anxious to have our way;
A little less anxious to scold and blame,
A little more care for a brother's name;
And so we are nearing the journey's end,
Where time and eternity meet and blend.

A little less care for bonds of gold,
A little more zest for the days of old,
A broader view and a saner mind,
And a little more love for all mankind;
And so we are faring down the way
That leads to the gates of a better day.

A little more love for the friends of youth,
A little more zeal for established truth;
A little more charity in our views,
A little less thirst for the daily news;
And so we are folding our tents away
And passing in silence at close of day.

A little more leisure to sit and dream,
A little more real the things unseen;
A little nearer to those ahead,
With visions of those long loved and dead;
And so we are going where all must go,
To the place the living may never know.

A little more laughter, a few more tears,
And we shall have told our increasing years.
The book is closed, and the prayers are said,
And we are part of the countless dead.
Thrice happy, then, if some soul can say,
"I live because he has passed my way."

DR. A. V. BARNES,
In the Christian Advocate

Community Civics

There may be those who think of Civics as a subject relating to foreigners and the methods by which they may become naturalized—in other words, Americanization. This is only one of the many phases of civics.

Americanization in its broader sense has an important meaning for all—native born or foreign. Its aim is twofold—to make us Americans 100 per cent strong and to make us 100 per cent strong Americans. To acquire citizenship by birth is no great credit, nor is it of much value to take out papers for naturalization. These acts in themselves have very little value; but if the citizenship that ensues is worthy, then we have something honorable, praiseworthy, and creditable.

"What is a citizen?" asked the teacher of Community Civics. Promptly came the reply, "A citizen is a man who lives in a city." In the classroom this answer was unsatisfactory, but what line of reasoning could have brought out this definition? Possibly those who live in towns do not take any interest in civic work and are not thought of as citizens. Certain it is that they are not 100 per cent strong in citizenship unless they do something for the community and its betterment. They may do it individually, but in organized effort much more can be accomplished. Each community, great or small, should have an organization filled with civic pride on the alert to foster every suggestion for improvement, not meddling, not officious, but sympathetic and helpful.

Referring to the recitation that a citizen was a man who lived in a city, we can find a whole lot more truth in it than appears at first thought. As far as some citizens are concerned, it applies very accurately; they simply "live in a city." It is not enough to while away time. Citizenship is not a mere existence in any particular place. Citizenship is action, and we have had many splendid examples of it in service during the war. But why wait for war? In peace we have

abundant opportunities. Here is a list of activities, in at least one of which you should take interest:

General health, protection of life and property, recreation, education, civic beauty, resources, lines of communication, transportation, immigration, and charities. These groups have various subdivisions, as may be implied; for instance, pure water and pure food, prevention against accidents, playground work, settlement work, clean-up days, thrift campaigns, newspaper reports, street car service, and voluntary charity.

The Fox Hunters

Who are the merry fox hunters so prominently in action in the cartoon on this page?

They are George Gill, Ed. Taft, and Bob Deane, well-known citizens and sportsmen of Whitinsville, and are shown here in all the glory of the chase.

The fox was out of luck this time. He fell back into his hole wounded, but not to die unattended, for our hunters turned premature grave diggers and rescued him in time to be attendants at his death bed.

This was fox number one of the week's sport, and was bagged on Tuesday. Friday, Bob Deane bagged the second fox of the party. On the last day of the week, an eye witness who was unprejudiced in this sport told us confidentially that the time he saw the trio at work it was more like a revolutionary sham battle than a fox hunt. One member of the party was behind a tree, covering a knot

hole in a nearby barn, while Lucien Barnes, of the Flyer job, who had joined the party, was seen coming down the road with his hair on end and his coat tails sticking out behind, over-anxious to get in his shot. The other two gentlemen were ducking the oncoming lead pellets from the guns of their pals.

It was a merry old chase. Gill says he found the water in the brook pretty cold.

News From Bradford

The Electrical Department will be glad to know that word has been received from Phil Bradford, now with the Westinghouse Electrical Co. Phil now reports that he is enjoying himself in the "Smoky City" and expects to leave soon for Philadelphia, where he will finish up his course of training. On completing this course he will be assigned to territory in Massachusetts as a salesman. Better figure up your orders now.

Deane & Gill

CONTRACTORS
AND
EXCAVATORS

Digging Out Foxes Our
Specialty



Our Last Contract



The Screw Department

The Screw Department was formerly a part of the bolt job. Back in 1886 there were four screw machines in the shop, two of them on the bolt job; and they were operated by Jerry Holland and Patrick Carroll. Two others were set up on this end of Sweet's job near the office and were operated by Robert Brighty. These four machines turned out daily about 800 screws, which was a sufficient quantity to supply all the machines built in the shop at that time.

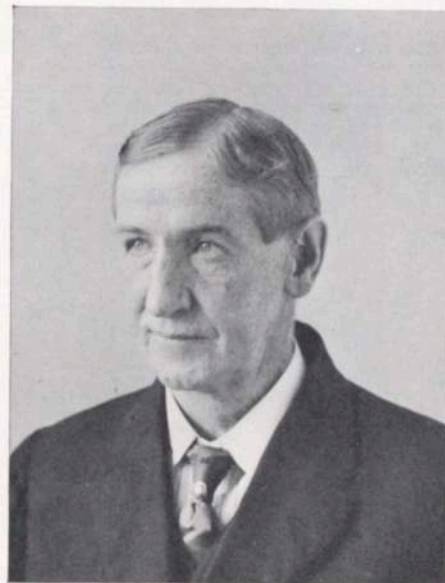
In the year 1888 Cyrus Taft purchased from the Jones & Lamson Machine Co. two turret lathes, one for making studs and the other for making screws. The bolt job, which was then at the lower end of what is now the spindle job, was overcrowded, so these machines were set up at the end of Blair's job, where the boring mill now stands. Robert Britton, present foreman of the Screw Department, set the machines up and was the first man to operate them in the shop.

These machines proved to be a success, and shortly afterwards Mr. Taft purchased from the Hartford Machine Screw Co. two automatic screw machines, which were also set up near the others and proved to be quite a curiosity, for automatic machines were little heard of in those days.

Mr. Taft was very skeptical about the amount and quality of work that these machines would turn out, and for several months the operator, Mr.

Britton, had to show every morning the amount of work done on them and the amount spoiled. However, these automatic machines, like the stud machines purchased a short time before, proved a success, and Mr. Taft afterwards bought two more automatics and two more turret lathes from Pratt & Whitney; also one automatic machine from Brown & Sharpe. The turret lathes were operated by Robert Brighty and the automatic machines by Robert Britton.

As the shop grew larger and the different work that could be done on these machines was found out, Mr. Taft ordered several more automatic machines, which were set up on the other side of the room, where Ed. Hanny's job now stands. Robert Britton, present foreman of the



Robert Britton

screw job, was appointed to look after them. This was in 1895.

In a short time all the available space around the original automatic machines was filled with screw machinery of different makes. Some were placed in the cellar underneath

Continued on page 13, column 3

NAME	IN SHOP		ON JOB	
	YRS.	MOS.	YRS.	MOS.
Robert Britton	39		25	
Michael Carney	27		12	
Augustus Guyette	26		24	
Lawrence Kane	26		23	
Wm. McNaul	24		20	
James Kiernan	22		22	
Delphis Remillard	20		20	
Ernest Guyette	18		9	
George Boutiette	15		11	
Joseph Laporte	14		2	6
Felix Cote	13		5	
Erec E. Johnson	12		12	
Chas. McCallan	12		12	
David Magill	11		11	
Philip Belanger	11		9	6
Robert Lawson	10		6	
John McKinnon	9	6	8	
Felix Gauthier	9		9	
Elzear Laferriere	6	6	6	
Edward Kane	6		4	
Maurice Madigan	6		3	
Reuben Seastrom	6		2	6
Ernest Ballard	6		2	
Arthur Merchant	5	6	2	6
Charles Paine	5		5	
Louis Streeter	5		4	6
Peter Dykstra	5		1	
Wm. Wright	4		4	
Ruth Colby	4		1	1
Diana Laferriere	4		1	1
David Gray	3		3	
Harold E. Hughes	3		3	
Alex. Marplucka	3		3	
Arthur Bedard	3		1	6
Hartley Watts	3		1	6
Frank Blakely	2		2	
Ralph Crockett	2		2	
George Kane	2		2	
Earl Hammond	2		2	
Edgar Payne	2		1	6
Ruth Hammond	2		1	1
George Major	1	10	1	10
Annie Conway	1	6	1	1
Aron Seastrom	1		1	
Peter Vandersluis	1		1	
John Wiersma		6		6
Chas. Vitol		6		6

Lasell Delegate to A. L. Convention

Joe Lasell brings back the following report from Minneapolis: The first national convention of the American Legion was held November 10-12, 1919, at Minneapolis, and was in a number of ways an epoch making event in the history of our country. Every state and territory of the country was represented. In round numbers, some 3,500 delegates attended the convention.

The actual drafting of the resolutions and constitution for the Legion was done by fifteen large committees. These committees were composed of one man from each state and territory represented at the convention, with the result that all parts of the country were represented and had a chance to be heard. The work of these committees was so well done that in most instances the resolutions presented to the floor of the convention by the chairman of the committee were accepted. The proceedings throughout were marked by the strongest of American sentiment and vigorous patriotism.

Several resolutions bearing on unpatriotic acts during the war by residents of this country were unanimously adopted. Those aliens who withdrew their first papers in order to get out of the draft were recommended for deportation. Congress was urged to withdraw the honorable discharges of those conscientious objectors who were released from service honorably, with all back pay on the cessation of all hostilities. Another resolution was passed to the effect that no spirit of soft, sentimental charity be shown the Boche. These resolutions show for the most part the undefying attitude of our ex-service men toward those who showed the white feather during the war.

Several resolutions concerning the future military policy of our country were adopted. Some form of universal military service, and a general staff made up of one half of regular army officers and one half of civilian reserve officers was recommended.

An investigation of the unnecessarily harsh treatment of our own

prisoners during the war was asked for. Throughout the discussion of these military questions, it was very evident that the Legion was demanding a decided improvement in the conduct of our War Department.

Membership in the women's auxiliary of the American Legion was confined to wives, mothers, sisters, and widows of men who had been in the service. The reason for drawing this line so sharply was that upon any other basis all the heroic women of the United States would have to be taken in as auxiliaries. While the Legion realizes more keenly than any other body, perhaps, what the splendid women of this country did for our men in service, they realize also that to take in all women workers would result in an organization so large that it would be very difficult to handle.

The question of additional compensation for men who had been in service during the war was quite hotly debated, and a resolution was adopted stating that the American Legion felt that her service men were entitled to additional compensation, but that the Legion left the matter of amount and the means for raising this extra pay for the soldiers entirely in the hands of Congress.

Another point which was carefully discussed was the matter of continuing the *American Legion Weekly*. It was decided to raise the per capita tax to national headquarters from 25 cents to \$1, in order that the organ of the Legion should be able to continue without running into debt. In consequence, every member of the Legion, upon his payment of \$1 to national headquarters, will receive the *Weekly* for a year.

These are perhaps the main subjects which were brought up at the first convention.

In referring to the local post Joe reports, "on November 19, the following officers were elected to hold office for one year in the Jeffrey L. Vail Post:

Commander, Josiah Lasell, 2nd.
Vice-commander, William H. Hoch.
Post adjutant, Frank Lightbown.
Post finance officer, Kempe O. Feenstra.

Post historian, Lester M. Blair.
Post chaplain, Walter Stevens.

Robert K. Brown, 2nd, was elected to the Executive Committee for a term of three years, William Crawford for two years, and Thomas J. Melia for a term of one year.

The Post will hold its regular meetings on the first and third Wednesday of each month. It is urged that during the winter months as many men attend each meeting of the Post as possible.

The Screw Department

Continued from page 12

Hanny's job, and later more were set up in the lower end of No. 1 Shop. The job was then transferred to the lower end of No. 1 Shop, where it now is. There are to-day a total of 141 machines on the job, 88 of these being automatics of different designs.

The screw job is turning out daily an average of 24,000 screws of different sizes; 9,000 studs, shafts, and rolls; 16,000 pins, both taper and straight; 8,000 collars and gear blanks of all sizes; and 1,500 nuts, making an average output daily of 58,500 finished pieces. These pieces all belong to machinery built by the Whitin Machine Works. This is still not enough to supply the demand, for at the present time this job is taxed to its utmost capacity.

Play on the Square

Play the game for all you're worth,
Play the game to win;
Dig your toes into the earth
Stick, through thick and thin.
Hit the line with all your might,
But when you hit, be fair,
Play the game, but day and night,
Play it on the square.
Play for wealth or fun or fame,
Never lose your grit.
Stand right up and play the game.
Don't be quick to quit.
You've a right to want to win,
Blows you needn't spare;
But whatever game you're in,
Play it on the square.—Exchange.





Gellatly's Hobby

As a country we have our national music, national games, but really have no national dance, such as have the Scotch, Irish, and Spanish. To be a good dancer in Scotland is to be heralded, spoken of, and written about, the same as our football and baseball players are in this land.

David Gellatly is a real Scotchman, having been in this country but three years, and at the present age of nineteen competes with the best exhibitors of his national dances, often taking away all the honors. At the annual Scotch picnic held at Caledonian Grove, West Roxbury, last August, Dave gave a clever exhibition of the sword dance and Highland fling, and won out against a large field. It is indeed picturesque to watch the lads and lassies, all costumed out in national regalia, dancing to the squeek, squawk, and squeel of the bagpipe, while the audience exclaims its "Hoot Mon."

Dave was born in Dundee, Scotland, in 1900. He has always shown an aptitude for dancing and at the age of nine attended the "Arthur Dancing Academy," a well-known school of dancing in Scotland. Dave says he used to practice morning, noon, and night. In fact, he danced out of bed, to meals, and into bed at night; but unlike some of the American boys, Dave says his father never made him dance as a punishment.

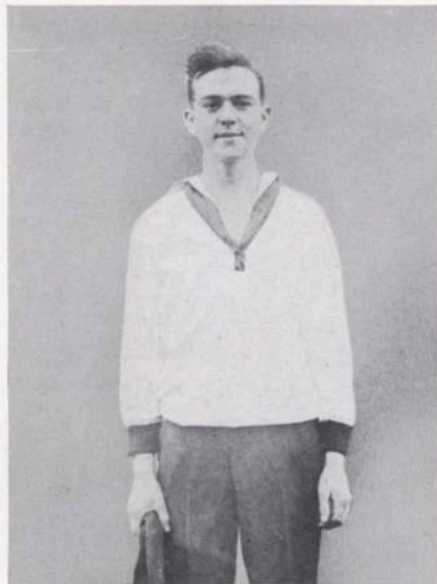
At the age of ten he entered the first dancing competition, which was

held in the Princess Theatre, at Dundee, and took home the first prize, which was a gold medal. Following up the initial success, the next summer he entered several field day competitions and altogether secured six more medals besides money prizes. When he was eleven he won the juvenile championship of the County of Forfar and held it against all competition until he left for this country.

Dave became an instructor of dancing when he was twelve years of age, at Arthur Dancing Academy, where he had received the most of his training. From then until he came to this country he entered many competitions, winning prizes for Scotch, Irish, English, Spanish, and fancy dancing. He has won special prizes for the cake walk, buck and wing dance, sword dance, and sailor's hornpipe; in fact, he has never been beaten at the latter dance in any competition.

Since coming to America, in 1916, Dave has won four Walter Scott medals in Boston and Providence for Scottish dances, also money prizes at Southbridge and Lowell.

Just call around on Dave, who, by the way, has a sister who works with us and is also an accomplished dancer, and we are sure he will be glad to exhibit his one hundred prizes, consisting of gold and silver medals, and a silver clock.



Ready for the Sailor's Hornpipe

No Accident Day

December 2 was "No Accident Day" in the shop. At least it was hoped that, on that day, by special effort on everybody's part, we could eliminate all accidents. But unfortunately there were three lost-time accidents.

Elmer White, on Snow's job, had a finger jammed and cut.

Tatro Sooridian, of Gill's job, and Joe Boulega, of the foundry, had their backs strained.

We ought to have better luck next time. Everybody watch out for the "No Accidents To-day" sign. It will be up again soon; and let's get together and put a kink in the business of old man carelessness.

Speaking of carelessness, Hugh Ferguson handed us the following clipping from the *American Machinist*.

YOU KNOW ME

I am more powerful than the combined armies of the universe.

I have destroyed more men than all the wars of the world.

I am more deadly than bullets, and I have wrecked more homes than the mightiest of siege guns.

I spare no one, and find my victims among the rich and poor alike; the young and the old; the strong and the weak. Widows and orphans know me.

I loom up to such proportions that I cast my shadow over every field of labor, from the turning of the grindstone to the moving of every train.

I massacre thousands and thousands of wage-earners in a year.

I lurk in unseen places and do most of my work silently.

You are warned against me, but you heed not.

I am relentless. I am everywhere—in the house, on the street, in the factory, at the railroad crossings, and on the sea.

I bring sickness, degradation, and death, yet few seek to avoid me.

I destroy, crush, or maim; I give nothing, but take all.

I am your worst enemy.

I AM CARELESSNESS.



A Dancing Cat

"Kid" lives on Northbridge Hill and belongs to Mrs. George Dyer. "Kid" is one of the most influential members of the Cat Community and is a member of its exclusive clubs and societies, which meet quite frequently in spite of the many attempts that are made to disorganize their gatherings. He was recently elected president of the Tommies musical club.

Just at present, "Kid" is a mite more retiring than usual, for during the gunning season his thick angora pelt is apt to lure the eye of the greedy hunter or fool the eye of the near-sighted. "Kid's" accomplishment which is most popular with the human race is his ability to dance. He can reverse, too. However, his dance is not a free exhibition, for "Kid" is surely a professional. All those who have a hot oyster right out of the stew or a cold bit of turkey handy will find the performance most artistic.

The Way It Goes

When it's spring, you catch a cold;
Summer time, you're meltin';
When it's winter, wood is scarce—
Sleet an' snow a-peltin'.

When you've got the cash in view,
Plenty to befriend you;
When you need a dime or two,
Not a soul to lend you!

When you're on the mountain top,
Telescopes to spy you;
When into the ditch you drop,
Whole world passes by you!

Ain't a bit of use to fret—
Take it as you find it;
Best world that you've been in yet;
Laugh and never mind it!

McKee—Kane

A very pretty wedding took place at the home of Mrs. McKee, of 57 Boarder Street, at 2 P. M. on Monday, November 24. The contracting parties were Selina A. McKee, of the flyer job, and Harold J. Kane, of Blanchard's job.

The home was prettily decorated in read and white, relieved by ferns, carnations, and roses. At the proper time Miss Mildred Magill played the wedding march. Then the many relatives and friends witnessed the double ring ceremony which was performed by Rev. Mr. Short, of All Saints' Church, Worcester.

The bride wore a white georgette and satin dress with veil to match and carried a bouquet of white roses. Her traveling dress was a navy blue tricolette with a hat of the same color. The bridesmaid, Miss Annie Smith, wore a pale pink georgette dress and carried pink carnations.

The best man was Robert McKee, a brother of the bride.

The gifts the bride received were too numerous to mention, but chief among them was an electric lamp from the department of Lucien Barnes, where the bride fills the position of timekeeper.

After the luncheon which followed the ceremony, the bride cut the first piece from a large wedding cake. An enjoyable time was then passed with popular songs, until it was time for the bride and groom to start on their honeymoon trip to New York.

The party then broke up with every one wishing the happy couple an excellent voyage on the sea of life.



Another bike fiend of the old days is Lucien Barnes, of the flyer job. Lucien was always on time at the old schoolhouse with his buss, which is more than some of the present-day scholars are who have to depend upon the turn-over of the engine these cold mornings.

Henry Owen reports some interesting facts on the Foundry and Cast Iron Room.

It takes practically 3.27 men for every ton of iron melted under present conditions.

It takes 1.4 men for every ton of iron melted, to do the work in the Cast Iron Room.

The above figures are based on heats taken in 1918 for 121 tons per day, and heats in October, 1919, when we were melting 92 tons per day.

Speaking of the Foundry, Mr. Moffet tells us that the record melt since December, 1916, occurred one day in March, 1917, at which time 135½ tons were melted down.

Albert Buma on his honeymoon reported seeing one policeman and only one. We can't account for the shortage of the guardians of the peace, so it seems to us that he was completely wrapped up in honeymooning. Keep up the good work, Albert. We are surprised that you ever saw that one.



"Camp News"

On Saturday, November 15, 1919, at Camp Ki-Yi, a rabbit pie supper was served.

The boys had been out hunting November 11 and had killed enough rabbits, and then some, to have plenty for twenty men. Supper was served at 7 P. M. Albert J. Brown was toastmaster for the evening.

After the supper the boys showed plainly that they were well pleased and well filled. Some of the great Nimrods started telling stories about the sport they had in the field and streams of yore.

"Bill" Deane told one that was certainly a winner. It was about the great sportsman, Con Hourihan.

"Con and Charlie Wood went out a few weeks ago to shoot a few cotton tails. Every time Con got a shot, the rabbit just winked at him and kept on running. Con got rather peevish and, coming home, he didn't have much to say. All of a sudden Con held up his hand to Charlie and said, "Sh! Sh! There is a pheasant just around this bend in the road." Con took careful aim and pulled the trigger. Just then Charlie started laughing and laughed until his sides were sore. If you want to know what kind of a pheasant it was, Charlie says you will have to ask Con.

Everybody was having a good laugh when up jumped Charlie Stuart. He was all excited. He had left the draughts in his furnace wide open. He was afraid his house would burn down. "Al" Brown got him to sit down and forget his furnace. He then started up the Victrola. Stuart sat directly in front of it. His thumbs were stuck in the arm holes of his vest. He reminded us of an ad we all have seen, "His Master's Voice." But we all know it was not his master's voice. This was strictly a stag party.

After stories were told by "Mose" Veau, "Dick" Marshall, "Tom" Crompton, and "Gus" Sheldsmidt, Alex Bassett passed around the sweet cider once more. Then it was voted to adjourn. Everybody went home happy, hoping to meet again soon to spend another of the great evenings together.



"In the Days Of Real Sport"

Back in 1887 when W. O. Aldrich and "Jake" Johnston were holding down all records in bicycledom, the desire cropped up to pedal to St. Johns, N. B. On June 27, 1888, the above picture was taken. Four days later Bill and Jake gave up the ghost at Gardiner, Me., on account of the poor roads. Plummers would have been about our destination, we're thinking.

Death and Detectives

Caretaker Walker reports that two of the baby mice born to the Foundry last month have died. Funeral services were in charge of Louis Veau and Harry Mulligan. A post-mortem investigation by Ira Anthony has brought out suspicion of foul play. In view of these facts, Detectives Donlin and Connors have been assigned to the case, which will in all probability be brought up in the next judicial session before Judge Moffet. Sensational revelations are expected to develop.

After Hours



Jam the old briar full of your favorite ring blower, whether it may be Imperial Cube Cut or old B. L., and say "Hello" as if he were your best pal. If you have been eating onions, make it Fore and Aft or old Virginia Twist.

That is what we felt like doing when we came in possession of this picture. Sam Moss claims he had it all fixed up to keep

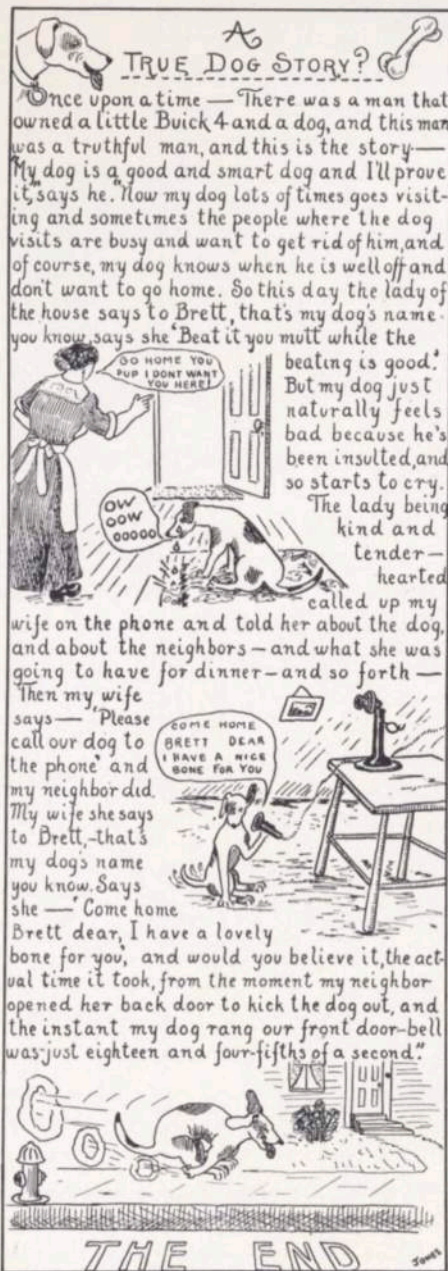
his picture out of the "Spindle," but here it is, boys, all posed for, white collar, red necktie, handkerchief in breast pocket, button in lapel, and everything. We'll be looking for your finger prints next, Sam.

Interesting Anniversaries

December 15 to January 15

The period of one month immediately following the distribution of this issue contains the anniversaries of the events that follow:

- Dec. 20, 1890—42 inch cards were designed for use with card coilers.
- Dec. 20, 1896—Big fire in the center of Uxbridge.
- Dec. 22, 1896—250 horsepower Corliss engine started in the power house.
- Dec. 25, 1898—Catholic church finished.
- Dec. 26, 1916—Boiler house coal trestle finished.
- Dec. 29, 1916—Funeral of Mrs. John C. Whitin.
- Dec. 30, 1917—Eighteen degrees below zero.
- Jan. 1, 1899—Funeral of door keeper John Donovan.
- Jan. 1, 1900—Electric passenger cars start running to Whitin station.
- Jan. 1, 1910—William Taft, former superintendent of the shop, dies.
- Jan. 2, 1890—Grippe prevalent in Whitinsville.
- Jan. 3, 1917—Hamilton Boyd, deputy sheriff and selectman, dies.
- Jan. 4, 1896—Make plans to change over foundry stacks from coal to coke fuel.
- Jan. 6, 1893—Eighteen inches of snow fell.
- Jan. 7, 1898—Most of the shop running only 32 hours a week.
- Jan. 8, 1917—McMyler locomotive crane arrives.
- Jan. 10, 1902—Twenty cases of smallpox in Rockdale.
- Jan. 10, 1907—Start south addition to Main Office.
- Jan. 13, 1892—Designed velvet loom.
- Jan. 13, 1902—Superintendent's office extension started.
- Jan. 13, 1902—Doctors vaccinate all the shop employees.
- Jan. 14, 1912—Twenty-eight degrees below zero.
- Jan. 15, 1894—Several departments stop on account of business depression.



Well, in a Way, Yes

"Why is a pancake like the sun?"
 "Dot's easy," answered the Swede.
 "It rises out of der yeast and sets behindt der vest."



Holland Band Entertains

A concert was given in Memorial Hall, Friday evening, December 5, 1919, by the Crescendo Band, composed of members of the Holland Musical Corps.

Besides the many pleasing band numbers, solos were rendered on the violin by Winona Waters, on the 'cello by Ellen J. Ashton, and on the piano by Elsie Coburn.

Herbert Waters was the baritone of the occasion and was much appreciated.

A special number was rendered by the band, featuring Tillie Frieswick on the cornet.

The band consists of employees of the Whitin Machine Works and does not wish to be classed as professionals, being made up strictly of amateur players. Mr. William Ashton, second hand on the gear job, is the director.

The concert was a real success, and a great deal of credit is due to the individual players as well as to the director.

The members of the Crescendo Band are:

- Director—Wm. H. Ashton.
- Assistant Directors—Wilfred E. Booth, Chester A. Wentworth.
- Clarinets—Charles Kroll, Youke Van Der Akker, Gerrit De Boer.
- Cornets—Dick De Boer, Henry Kooistra, John Baker, Peter Glashower, Dick Zylstra, Harry Ruardi, Gritsen Osterman, Raymond Cnossen.
- Horns—Fred Kramer, Fred Baker, John Wiersma, Henry Van Der Brug.
- Trombones—Andrew Plantinga, Gert Kramer, Jacob Heringa.
- Baritone—Sjuerd van Der Akker.
- Basses—Gerben Opperwall, Sameal Oppawall.
- Drums—Peter Kooistra, Sidney Mantell.

That's the Question

Mr. Oldboy: "Marry me, and I could die happy."
 Miss Bright: "Yes, you could—but would you?"
 Mother: "Son, I don't believe you washed your face at all."
 Small Son: "If you don't believe me, look at the towel."—Judge.

Over Anxious Job Seeker

Superintendent Whipple intends to spend his week-ends away from all shop work and responsibility. However, this is not always possible, as the following incident proves:

About 2 A. M., Monday, the seventh of November, Mr. Whipple was awakened by knocking and consistent bell ringing at his front door. Thinking somebody might have an important message for him at that time of the day, he hurried to have a few words with the person. We never found out how few the words were or just what they might have been, but Mr. Whipple says anybody that comes around at that time of the day looking for a job lacks sense enough to be normal. Needless to say, the early morning caller has not as yet secured employment at the Whitin Machine Works.

The little ditty entitled "Out the Window You Must Go" was uniquely demonstrated by "Haddo" Johnston one Sunday recently. The bouncer at the Blue Eagle Inn had adopted the slogan, "All out by nine or no breakfast."

Johnston was locked in his room about five minutes of nine, which trick did more to waken him than all the noise or persuasion could possibly do, and by nine o'clock sharp, Johnston had proven Darwin's theory on evolution.

Passersby report that a hastily dressed individual was seen descending via the rope fire escape from the upper story. This report was just prior to the time "Haddo" ordered his "half and half."

Sweet's job was badly crippled last month, when one of its most efficient members was suddenly called to New York. In his absence a very important visitor called.





Mock Wedding

The above was not a picture of a Wild West party, nor was it a sleepy crowd, but a real live gathering at the home of Mary Lemoine, in Sutton, of about forty girls from Peck's and Britton's jobs. Mrs. Lemoine was indeed surprised when she welcomed in this group of friends associated with her at the Whitin Machine Works.

Halloween costumes were in vogue, and a mock marriage was carried out with a great deal of solemnity. The bride was Alice Spence, who carried a lovely bouquet of cabbage leaves. The groom was Grace DeHaas, who took the part well, with chin whiskers to detract from any notice that might be forthcoming on the various masculine poses. Miss Stromberg was the bridesmaid and wore a short dress and bright red stockings. The best man was Ada Wood. We wonder where she borrowed the well-fitting soldier's uniform! We are expecting a lecture soon on the "Death Battalion" from our latest trooper.

Our contributor states that the individual who occupies the other half of this picture was the flower girl and looked real cute in her short bloomers.

The bride was given away by "old man" Miss Mary Munroe, who, it is stated, will be a bride herself in the near future.

"Parson" Ruth Hammond, attired in a yellow and black clown suit in the role of "Fatty" Arbuckle, tied the knot.

Everybody had a grand old time, and after presenting Mrs. Lemoine with a beautiful rocker the party voted to adjourn until they could meet again on a similar occasion.

Around the Shop

Mr. Newell W. Wood, general manager of the Supply Room, has returned to his work after a month's sickness.

Wanted

A worthy assistant to fill the vacancy left by John Orr at Dave Savage's barber shop. Any person wishing this position may answer through the "Spindle."

Everett Johnston, who has an excellent bass voice, thought he would give the boys a *little* music. He was half way through the song when Herbert Meek, who was standing nearby, was heard to say, "You have a swell Montana voice." Everett stopped for a moment, then replied, "Yes, it's a Butte." One of Dalton's specials.

Some one in the Pattern Loft has discovered a new kind of chewing gum. For further information ask Mrs. Marshall.

Jim Gusney tried to climb a stone wall while traveling up Church Street. What about it, Jim?

Instead of riding to Linwood as they used to, Bob Keeler, John Steele, and Geo. Duchane walk for their health. There must be some

attraction on the way. Perhaps it's the Dormitory.

We noticed in last month's "Spindle" that Sally Jones and Company laid in a large supply of shiners for the winter. Well, Sally, we think you will have some difficulty in locating them, as they tell us that the water has risen so high that, instead of offering a place for protection, the boat house offered a good place for escape.

Ray McKinnon, one of our mail boys, is learning how to be a detective. Any one needing assistance can leave word with the operator in the Main Office.

There is a rumor around the Stock Room that Gummy has joined the Blackhand Society.

J. W. Dale, foreman of the repair job, has returned to work after seven weeks of sickness. Bill had a tough battle with bronchial pneumonia, and we are glad to see that he has won out so completely.

James Marshall was recently acting on a committee of the C. E. at the Presbyterian Church. Jimmy was trying to think up details for an entertainment, when it dawned on him that he could do fancy dancing. It was real fancy, ending up with a beautiful sprawl on the floor. The other members of the committee straightway tendered their sympathy.

We want to hear from Fred Walker in regard to that motorcycle that was reported to have been brought to him in a wash tub. Did they refund the ten dollars, Fred?

Bill Morrison spent the Thanksgiving week-end out of town. By so doing he gave his neighbors a regular scare. Next time, Bill, as a matter of thrift, we suggest that you turn off the cellar light.

Bob Metcalf, of the Photography Department, has the electric washing-machine bug that has gone the round of the Drafting Room. But Rob has it down to a science. He has a demonstration each month and has already been real chummy with several demonstrators, which reminds us of an ad found in a late *American Legion Weekly*: "Why kill your wife? Let our electric washing machine do your dirty work."

-AROUND TOWN-

THE WAY WE GOT THERE
AND ARE GETTING THERE



ONE MAN WHO HAS DONE A LOT OF ROVING SAYS HE GETS THERE QUICKER IN HIS OAKLAND!
(WHAT? U SAY THE BUICK FOUR?)



THEY SAY THAT THE GRUB IS SO GOOD AT THE BLUE DUCK THAT THEY GO TO DINNER LIKE THIS.



SOME OF OUR LEADING CITIZENS USED TO GET THERE LIKE THIS.



SOME OF THE YOUNG FELLOWS WOULD RATHER JAZZ IT THERE.



IF YOU GO WITH SOME OF THE BOYS BE INSURED BEFORE GOING.



THIS USED TO BE ONE OF THE POPULAR WAYS OF GETTING THERE.



SOME OF US MAY GET THERE LIKE THIS— (HUNGRIES)



Through Powder and Puff

Already our suspicions, aroused over the sewing circle of the girls in the Main Office, are beginning to be confirmed. Miss Ruth Blanchard, filing clerk, has severed her connections with this firm and is about to be united in marriage with Mr. Edward White, of Providence. Ruth is very popular with every one in the office and will be very much missed. May our very best wishes for a long and happy married life go with her.

Miss Susie Pollock, of the Cashier's Department, is enjoying a three weeks' vacation in Washington.

Miss Gladys Hanny wants to know what palpitation of the heart is. Just as a suggestion we would say no medical aid is needed in Gladys's case.

We are looking forward to seeing some mighty fine basketball games this winter, since the girls in the Main Office have decided to organize a basketball team. We will expect to hear more about this team later.

Since the girls have been studying hygiene, the shop hospital has taken on a new interest to many of them, especially Miss Aldrich. Dr. Aldrich has not announced her office hours as yet, but we already predict a flourishing business.

Miss Jennie Scott wishes to inform the editors of the "Spindle" that any communications between them and Miss Bessie Aldrich about bell hopping or buzzer popping are absolutely unfounded and not to be considered important enough to print. We always try to be agreeable.

Grace Brown and Ruth Burnap attended the Country Club's dance at Worcester, Wednesday evening, November 26. Grace now claims her hobby is shimmying. Ask them what time they arrived home.

William F. Hogarth, of Hopedale, and Miss Alice Devlin, of this town, were married on Thanksgiving Day. The bride was at one time employed on the needle job.

Charles Wood, of Maple Street, and Mildred P. Andrews, daughter of Mrs. Nellie Wood, Spring Street, were married on Monday, November 18. Before her marriage Mrs. Wood was employed on the brush job. Mr. Wood works in the Foundry and was with the Yankee Division during the war.

Mrs. Maria Minshull, after nine years' service, has left the employ of the Whitin Machine Works and is now occupied in mastering the art of housekeeping in her new home on Arcade Street.

We hear rumors to the effect that Annie Buma, who left the shop a few weeks ago to become a waitress at the Blue Eagle Inn, would like to be back again.

The "Jazz Baby" on the brush job is very fond of reading, but her reading is a one-book library which consists of the book entitled "Louie of the Bad Lands." She says she never tires of reading it.



Result of Sleeve Caught by Upright Drill

Napoleon Barber, of the chuck job says he knows from experience that it is a good idea not to wear loose clothing around machinery, especially upright drills.

Thanksgiving Dance

A very pretty dance was held Thanksgiving evening at Odd Fellows Hall. Nearly fifty couples from the Whitin Machine Works attended and reported back an evening full of pep, in spite of the heavy repast at noon.

General arrangements were in charge of Herbert Meek, of Wood's Office. Hazel Anderson was responsible for the refreshments, and Catherine Munt took charge of the decorations.

Heys Orchestra performed in their usual creditable manner, winding up with the traditional "Home Sweet Home" just before the hour hands met at twelve.

Historical Sketch

Continued from page 3

Most of the married employees make their homes in comfortable tenements owned by the Whitin family. At this date there are about eight hundred tenements and a hotel and four large boarding houses, and some sixty or more tenements are now in process of erection, together with several large boarding houses for the accommodation of unmarried employees. The houses are fitted with

modern conveniences and are located on beautifully shaded streets, which, with well-kept lawns, gardens, and harmonious labor conditions, tend to the contentment of the employees. This assertion is amply proven by the long service records of many of the employees: one has been with the concern 60 years; one, 59 years; nine, 50 to 56 years; forty-two, 40 to 50 years; one hundred and twenty-two, 30 to 40 years; two hundred and fifty-one, 20 to 30 years.

The several members of the Whitin family make their homes permanently in the village, taking great interest in its welfare and contributing liberally of their time and means in maintaining the reputation of Whitinsville of being a model manufacturing community.

Mrs. Joseph Gamelin wishes to express her gratitude through the "Spindle" for the purse of money that was presented to her by friends of her late husband here at the shop. Mrs. Gamelin appreciates the sympathy that was behind the gift and would like to be able to thank each and every one personally.

We wish to express our sympathy to Mr. Levi Rasco, on the loss of his wife, who died Sunday, November 23, 1919, after a long period of illness. The many friends of Mrs. Rasco will always remember her with a great deal of love and respect.

Can You Figure It Out

Tom Wallace tells a good joke on himself. He was boasting to his son Newell, one of the Northbridge High boys, about the big shipbuilding yards at Queenstown, Ireland.

"Yes, sir, boy, they make bigger ships, better ships, and have better workmen over there in Ireland than here."

"Is that so, Dad?" says Newell. "I don't see how that can be."

"Why, sure thing," says Tom; "they can work rings around these fellows in this town and make twice as much money."

"How many years have you worked here, Dad?"

"Nineteen; why?"

"Just a minute; how much money have you saved?"

"Precious little, son; you children have cost a big pile."

"That's not it, Dad. There must be smarter men than you working in this country."

That's American education for you, Tom. We want to congratulate you on being able to enjoy a good joke on yourself.

Mr. Joseph Bergeron, of the bolt job, died of heart disease November 2, at his home on Church Street, Linwood, Mass. Mr. Bergeron had been with the Whitin Machine Works since September, 1909, and will be missed in the shop as well as on the bolt job.



Do Your Christmas Shopping Early

Records of Service

There are eleven men who have worked with the Whitin Machine Works for fifty to sixty years, and forty-four who have been with us from forty to fifty years. The following one hundred twenty-one men belong to the old stand-bys who have helped make possible the position that the Whitin Machine Works is proudly taking among the textile industries today:

THIRTY-NINE YEARS

John Fanning	W. F. Tibbetts
Samuel St. Andre	Joseph Dwyer
William J. Rankin	Robert Britton
	David V. Brown

THIRTY-EIGHT YEARS

Timothy Regan	Benj. Brines
John Duggan	William Cahill
J. C. McGuire	Elkena Shaw
	W. H. Searles

THIRTY-SEVEN YEARS

John J. Regan	Hugh S. Ferguson
Peter Savage	Samuel Wallace
Charles H. Wood	Albert Dunn
Dennis Dunn	P. C. Houghton
John Williams	Daniel Leonard
James McKaig	David Lemoine

THIRTY-SIX YEARS

John Feen	M. C. Heath
John Carroll	A. J. Brown
Robert Vail	Frank Bassett
Thomas Gorman	H. K. Burr
J. A. Johnston	Edw. L. Brown

THIRTY-FIVE YEARS

Oscar L. Owen	Harry Brown
Jeremiah Haggerty	John Feen
Dennis Mack	A. J. Snyder
John Marshall	William Dixon
Patrick Cahalane	Henry J. Brown
John Callahan	A. Lasco

THIRTY-FOUR YEARS

John McClelland	William J. Foster
John A. Wood	William Boyd
	Edward McGuire

THIRTY-THREE YEARS

Peter Lemoine	J. W. Dale
George Kidd	Sidney White
Robert Shirley	A. M. Smith
David Derenian	Samuel Leech
	George L. Gill

THIRTY-TWO YEARS

Dennis Feen	Alonzo Gill
David Marshall	Alexander McCrea
Thomas Skill	Bert. S. Hill

THIRTY-ONE YEARS

Charles Reneau	Moses Veau
Philip Podvin	John Burke
J. St. Andre	Robert Walsh
John Simpson	James McQuilken
Patrick Walsh	Joseph Bouvier
John J. Cotter	Frank B. Hopkins
John Farrand	B. F. Devlin
Peter Taperle	Peter Goodhue

THIRTY YEARS

Robert Deane	Tittiss Felson
H. S. Blanchard	Felix Topp
John Hurley	John J. Kelliher
Henry Gorman	J. A. Parsons
Wilfred Gerard	John Firth
Louis Paquette	Christ. Anderson
John Hayes	Daniel Duggan
Alex. McRoberts	Thomas Crompton, Jr.
James J. Megill	A. Dupont
Fred Burroughs	Thomas Brooks
Thomas Crawford	Walter E. Harris
Neil Currie	John C. Orr
Henry A. Owen	Wm. A. Sproat
John Campbell	J. R. Joyce

THIRTY YEARS

Robert Marshall	Edwin Baldwin
Henry Holland	Joseph Cahill
Albert Birchall	A. W. Austin
A. C. Ball	James Donovan
	James Gorman

A Whitin Machinist Amidst the Picturesque

Continued from page 7

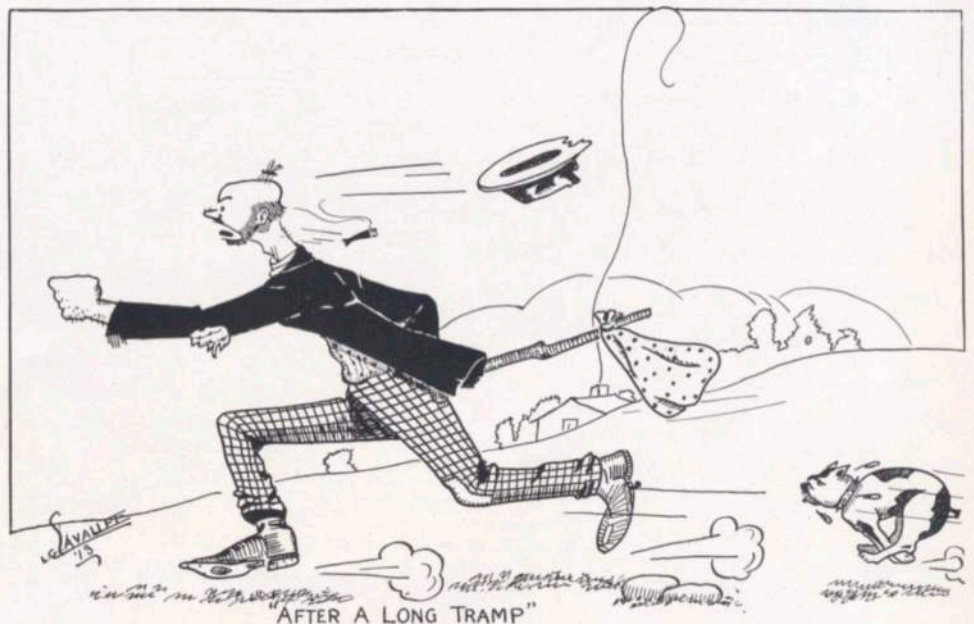
As for ducks, thereby hangs a tale that is surely on "yours truly." A neighbor and I came to a pond, or a lake, which held a large flock of mallard ducks; I should say fifty, perhaps. Mind you these lakes are up 2,000 or 3,000 feet; and, when you approach, it is always down hill, with no cover. Well, he told me to go round and place myself in a draw at the far end and, after getting there to show my head, and he would scare them out. When he shot, I was to look out. It took me all of a half hour to go around and get into position. After he saw me, I heard him shoot; and in a moment I saw the ducks coming like a charge of cavalry, flying low, each trying to get ahead of the other. I just knew I was going to do myself proud, and I expect you are waiting for me to say that it just rained ducks. Boys! I didn't get a feather. My nephew, who is pretty fair at topographical sketching, has caught me in a very true picture of this scene, except he substituted himself for the friend. Perhaps the "Spindle" can find a place for this picture, and it is up to me to buy cigars. This is one of many pleasant hours passed in different ways.

Before I stop, I must tell you what these "Bench Lands" are. They are vast level spaces between the mountains. You will come on them almost

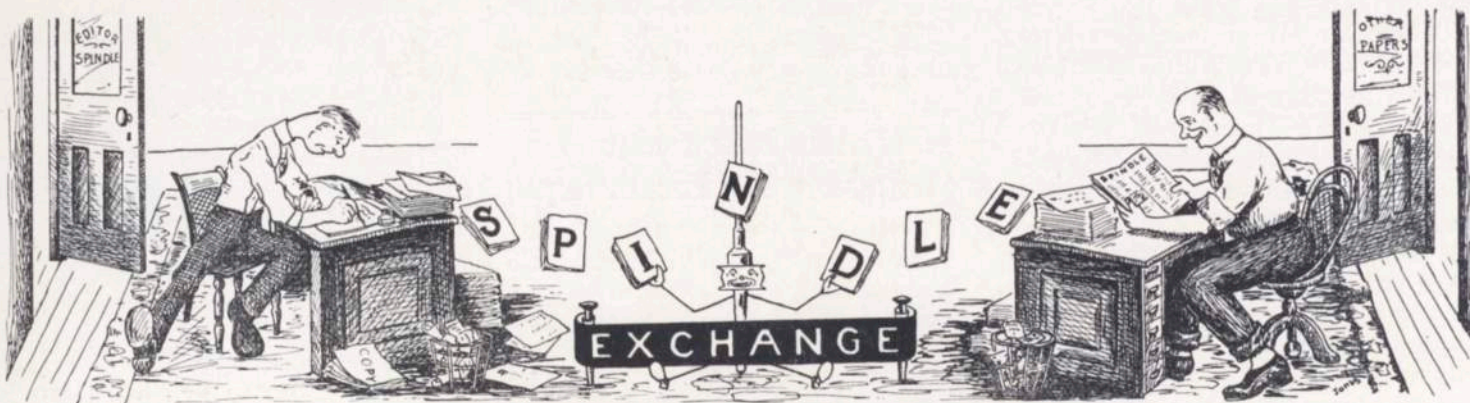
unexpectedly. While they seem perfectly level at a distance, on passing through, one finds deep canyons 200 or 300 feet deep, and in lots of places big formations forced up out of the level or left piled on the bench land. These are called buttes. This country has very little rain. When driving in an auto, dust rises up behind in clouds. The soil is mostly volcanic ash; and when water is turned on, as it is all irrigated by the Government, it blossoms like the rose. The State of Washington will produce this year from 7 million to 10 million barrels of apples, and this northwestern part of the state two-thirds of the crop—the finest apples in the world. The "Snookum" brand, having the smiling face of an Indian papoose on the label, comes from this neck of the woods, and you should try a box of "Delicians," packed about a hundred to the box.

I certainly hated to leave this country, where there are 300 days of sunshine; and the weather during my stay will bear out this statement. An appropriate verse comes to me, which expresses my feeling exactly in leaving this country. It is the last verse of a well-known poem:

"Out where the world is in the making,
Where fewer hearts with despair
are aching,
That's where the West begins,
Where there's more of singing and
less of sighing,
Where there's more of giving, and less
of buying,
And a man makes friends without
half trying,
That's where the West begins."



"AFTER A LONG TRAMP"



Let Something Good Be Said

Don't save the floral tributes
Till the aching heart is still,
And the tired hands are folded
Submissive to his will.
But scatter seeds of kindness
Upon life's thorny bed,
And while your friend is living
Let something good be said.

Don't magnify his failures
Or rejoice at his downfall;
Remember we are human
And temptation comes to all.
Don't waste the precious moments
To eulogize the dead,
But while your friend is living,
Let something good be said.

Don't crowd another closer,
That is pressed against the wall,
But lend a hand to help him—
Who knows when you may fall?
Let Charity's soft mantle
O'er faults and vices spread,
And while your friend is living
Let something good be said.

J. WERNER.

She Up and Slewed Him

Mrs. Timid: "John, wake up!
There's a man downstairs; I'm sure I
heard a noise that sounded like a
yawn."

Husband: "Oh, go to sleep! What
you heard was probably the rubber
plant stretching itself."

Case Dismissed

Angry Woman: "My husband at-
tempted to strike me. I want to have
him arrested."

Police Captain: "All right. Where
will we find him?"

Angry Woman: "In the emergency
hospital."

Old-Fashioned Marriage Proposal

It was raining—it had been raining
for three hours. Yet the young man
remained loafing around the garden
gate regardless of his dripping clothes.
At last a middle-aged woman came to
the door and indignantly demanded
to know what he wanted.

"I've come a-courtin' your daugh-
ter," replied the young man sheep-
ishly, hoping he would be asked in-
side.

"Courtin' Lizzie, eh?" said the
woman with keen sarcasm. "Then
you'd better run away and lose your-
self! My Lizzie ain't goin' to marry
any one who ain't got the pluck to
knock at the door and ask for her.
Why, when her father came after me
and found the door locked, he climbed
the back wall, strangled the bull-
dog, and knocked the old man down.
Then he grabbed hold of my hand
and shoved on the ring and told me
the banns were to be called the next
Sunday. That's the sort of husband
I want for my girl—not a shivering
idiot who ain't got enough sense to
come in out of the rain."

A Western Cure

There is a western legend of an
Arizona bridegroom whose bride of a
few months was missing. When asked
where she was he explained with tears
in his eyes that the poor woman had
been thrown from her horse and he
had been compelled to shoot her be-
cause her leg was broken, although
"she was a fine girl and he loved her
considerable."

If you were busy being glad
And cheering people who were sad,
Although your heart might ache a bit,
You'd soon forget to notice it.

REMEMBER

Many a man has dug his grave with
his tongue.

Discourtesy hurts the person who
uses it more than the person toward
whom it is directed.

One discourteous action over the
telephone to a patron or prospective
patron does an injury to every man
whose name is on the payroll—and a
place on the payroll beats one in the
breadline.

It is not always what a man knows,
it is what he does that counts. Op-
portunity plays no favorites.

Knockers do not kill men—they
kill business. They are the persons
who sift sand into the gear boxes of
progress.

Chickens come home to roost; so
do harsh words.

A minister, with two lovely girls,
stood entranced with the beauties of
a flowing stream. A fisherman, hap-
pening by and mistaking the minis-
ter's occupation, said: "Ketchin'
many, pard?"

"I am a fisher of men," answered
the preacher with dignity.

"Well," replied the fisherman, with
an admiring glance at the girls, "you
sure have the right bait."—*Montreal
Journal of Commerce.*

Blessed Yank

A particularly nasty Boche machine
gunner, having used up all of his am-
munition, jumped up and yelled,
"Kamerad," and held up his hands.
"Don't shoot," he cried, "I have a
wife and two children!"

"You're a liar!" yelled back a
Yank. "You've got a widow and two
orphans!"

Worth Passing On

Here are a dozen don'ts for daily duties:

Don't argue with the inevitable. The only argument available with an east wind is to put on your overcoat.

Don't preach too much. None preaches better than the ant, and she says nothing.

Don't waste your feelings. Feelings are too rich cream to be skimmed for nothing.

Don't be too patient. "Once in a while," said Uncle Eben, "a man compliments himself on having patience when he's simply too lazy to make a kick."

Don't pick up worries. You can get them anywhere as you go along.

Don't let your stream of life be a murmuring stream.

Don't use a pile driver to pin on a bow of ribbon.

Don't measure success by accumulation, for this measure is false.

Don't talk over "prevailing conditions." Just make friends with your luck.

Don't fail to love your neighbors, yet pull not down your hedge.

Don't kill yourself with unnecessary work. There was once a New England woman whose epitaph read, "She hath done what she couldn't."

Don't leave the sky out of your landscape.—Exchange.

Your Standing

Stand close to all, but lean on none.

And if the crowd desert you,

Stand just as fearlessly alone

As if a throng begirt you;

And learn what long the wise have known,

Self-flight alone can hurt you.

WILLIAM S. SHURTLEFF.

AN OLD MAN DISCUSSES MARRIED LIFE

(Copyright, 1919, by Edgar A. Guest)

Lord, we've had our little wrangles,
an' we've had our little bouts
There's many a time, I reckon, that
we've been on the outs;

My tongue's a trifle hasty and my
temper's apt to fly,
An' mother, let me tell you, has a
sting in her reply.

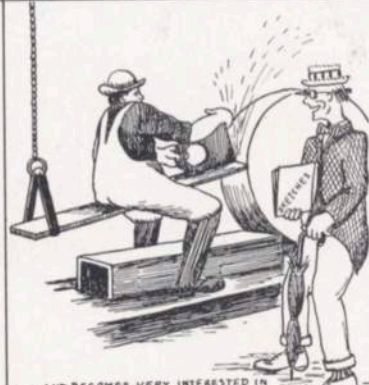
But I couldn't live without her, an'
it's plain as plain can be
That in fair or sunny weather mother
needs a man like me.

TRY AGAIN.

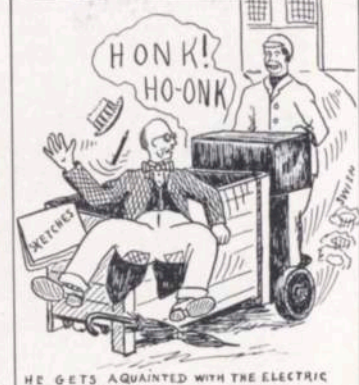
BY JONES.



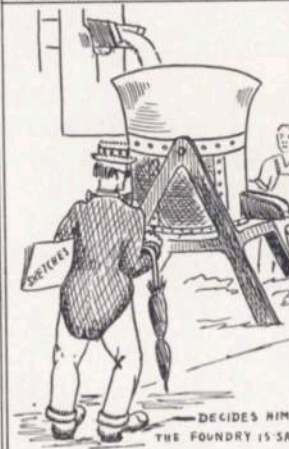
TRY AGAIN DECIDES TO GO SKETCHING AND BEING TIRED STARTS OFF FOR THE CAST IRON ROOM



— AND BECOMES VERY INTERESTED IN THE GRINDING OF ROUGH CASTINGS. BUT



HE GETS AQAINTED WITH THE ELECTRIC TRUCK WHICH



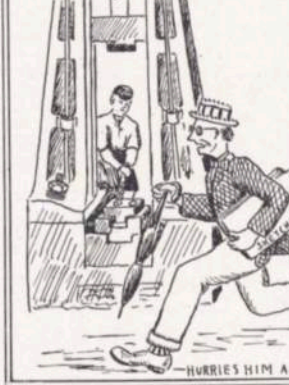
— DECIDES HIM THAT THE FOUNDRY IS SAFER, BUT



ESCAPING OUT OF THE WAY OF A HAMMER WHO IS CARRYING MOLTEN METAL TO HIS FLASKS—HE FALLS INTO A PILE OF SAND



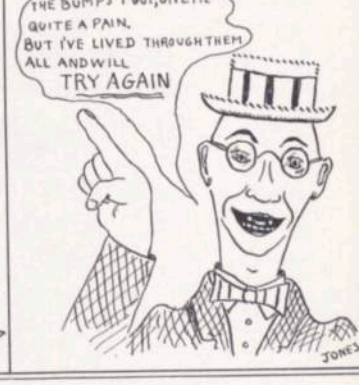
CUTTING THROUGH THE BLACKSMITH'S SHOP HE RECEIVES A WARM WELCOME — WHICH —



— HURRIES HIM A LONG —



— TO A PLACE OF SAFETY.



THE BUMPS I GOT, GIVE ME QUITE A PAIN, BUT I'VE LIVED THROUGH THEM ALL AND WILL TRY AGAIN

Candor, We'd Say

Little Bessie, who went in to entertain the minister while he was waiting for her mother, was shy at first, so he began:

"Do you remember me, my dear?"
"I fink I do," answered the child;
"you're the man mother makes me stay awake to listen to in church."

Quick, Doc!

He: "Poor Brown! He has lost all his money in a wildcat mining company."

She: "Mercy! I didn't know you had to mine for wildcats."

Let's Figure This Out

Soph: "I was over to see her last night, when some one threw a brick through the window and hit the poor girl in the side!"

Fresh: "Did it hurt her?"
Soph: "No, but it broke three of my fingers."

Foreign Lady in a Pharmacy

"I vant some powder."
"Mennen's?"
"No, vimmen's!"
"Scented?"
"No, I vill take it mit me."



Chuck Job

The chuck job is located in Shop No. 2 opposite the small tool job. The different jobs used to do their own chucking until May 17, 1875, when Louis Metcalf, who had just completed his time as an apprentice was placed in charge of the chucking work.

Few machines were used in that day in comparison to the present time and were mainly the old Whitin hand chucking machines. Later a few Brown & Sharpe machines and Prentiss drills were purchased.

In reading over the old records of the job, we find the box job was added to the chucking job on January 1, 1894, and for years afterwards all the boxes used on Whitin machinery were made in this department.



Potter & Johnston automatic machines were added to the job on October 4, 1917, which made possible chucking, back facing, turning, and squaring up all at the same time. The job then was composed of a force of seventy-five men.

In October, 1910, when the roving frames were brought to the shop, Mr. Metcalf took over the work on the various kinds of shaft gears, bobbin gears, and spindle gears. In July, 1914, the tool job built a special automatic chucking machine for turning and chucking these gears, and Wm. Hewes, the present foreman, says that the chips from the machine surely do fly; and if anybody doesn't think so, he invites them to stop off in the back cellar and get a few of these chips in the back of the neck. Hewes says he will have his crew ready to hold them from ringing in a fire alarm.

Mr. Metcalf was foreman of the job until his death in February, 1918, a period of forty-three years.

William Hewes, the second hand on the chuck job, took over the work after Mr. Metcalf's death. The bonus system was started on the chuck job soon after Bill took charge and has been popular with the men.

Hewes says his motto is: "Work hard and cheerfully. If you want your castings to-morrow, ask for them to-day and avoid the waste of good shoe leather."

The following men make up the roster of the chuck job.

NAME	YEARS IN SHOP	Mos.
James Donovan	30	
Anna Vander Schuit	25	
Pe er Oppawall	24	
K at Nororian	22	
Wayland Johnson	20	
John Zylstra	19	
Hagop Hoogioian	19	
William Hewes	16	
Frank Fessenden	16	
Henry Blain	14	
Gerrit De Boer	13	
Toros Gavorian	13	
Hagop Pilebosian	11	
Peter Ledoux	10	
Frank Moore	5	
Raymond Johnson	3	6
Edward Raw'on	3	4
George Morris	3	
Ant. Karlanos	2	7
Martin Foran	2	3
Gorge Wogulas	2	
John Leahy	1	2
Ger. Hoogioian	1	
Geo. Baker		6
W. M. Stanley		6
Walter Minnahan		3
Nap. Barber		2 1/2
Edw. Marcil		2 1/2
Philip Johnson		2

