

TraJNet



# The WHITIN Spindle



MAY

VOL. I No 10





**A JAPANESE GEISHA DANCE GIVEN AT THE BANQUET IN KANAZAWA, JAPAN, OCTOBER 15, 1919**

Extreme left of picture: mill superintendent (Japanese costume); Mr. Fiwa, textile engineer for G. W. W., Tokio (western dress); Mr. Yoshida, director; Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Whittaker (I think you will recognize us, even with our shoes off!). The other Japanese gentlemen are directors, chief engineers, etc. The girls in the background are playing samisens, or rather beating time as on a tom tom; the others are "dancing."

Trays before us contain food—raw fish, bean, custard, fried shrimp in seaweed, seaweed soup, pickled eggs, grated radishes, chestnut wafers, and rice molded into stodgy lumps the size of a golf ball. The latter are on the paper covering the lacquer plates. The fancy bottles contain hot wine. A "feast" like this taxes all one's powers of swallowing and digestion. I (Mrs. E. G. W.) kept an eye on E. G. W. while eating. If he juggled the "unknown" with chopsticks and it finally reached his mouth, and if he didn't make a wry face, then I'd proceed—but not until then. Often the unknown would be back again on the plate without aid of chopsticks. Etiquette, at times, is most embarrassing, especially if the "Boston brown beans" turn out to be pickled bees' grubs!



**DEDICATION OF THE KANAZAWA MILL—1919**

The white-robed men are the Shinto priests. The man standing in the center front is Mr. Mori, chief engineer. The others are the president, various officers, and engineers of the mill, also directors. The decorations at the front have significant meaning. The willow bamboo means "long life." The bows and arrows are to keep away the evil spirits. The hanging ropes with fans and tissue paper are prayers. In the center is a board containing Japanese writing and wrapped with paper, all dedicated to the god and goddess of architecture. The "bird-like houses" are small Japanese tables on which is food, an offering to these gods



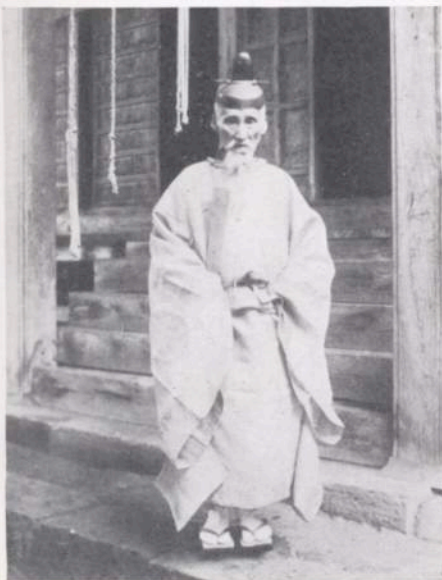
## China as Seen by the Whittakers



THE days I spent at the Kanazawa Mill watching the erection of the Whitin machines were filled with interesting experiences—especially when the pickers were being started. The people were very kind to us, and our memories of that old primitive Japanese town will always be pleasant ones.

Leaving Mr. and Mrs. Bamboo and their little shoots and Mr. and Mrs. Cherry Blossom and their buds in Japan, we came over to China. The remoteness of these countries in the Far East from the center of civilization, with their strange customs and incomprehensible character of the spoken language, has always excited curiosity and thrown a halo of romance over everything oriental. Once brought face to face with the life, this false glamour disappears. The missionaries of science, religion, and commerce have done much within the last years to dispel the extravagant ideas entertained of the Celestial Empire. There is nothing at all heavenly about it.

As you enter the mouth of the



A Shinto priest before the temple. The straw ropes at left are pulled upon to call forth the spirit when any one comes to pray

Yangtze River, thousands of small boats can be seen. On the boats are painted big ugly eyes—to scare the sea monsters away. On these "sampons" the Chinese live all their lives, usually a family of six or more. These boats are twenty feet long and five feet wide. It has no cabin—way down below the hatches the cooking is done. Here the family live, cook, eat, and sleep—knowing no other home. The youngest children are often seen tied to the mast; and if they tumble overboard, they are easily pulled back again.

There are many Europeans and Americans in Shanghai, and the society is—to us—like the expressive word "fast." Balls, races, theaters, regattas, fêtes, and cabarets of all kinds follow each other with ceaseless energy. The gayety of domestic and social life and the luxurious mode of living generally exceed that which I've ever chanced to meet. It seems to me as though the serious affairs of life have been left at home in far-off England or America. Somehow this "society" seems to me to be only a sham, and I find real enjoyment in the serious.

When we came to Tsingtao, which is in northern China, we felt as though we were in some city on the Rhine. Sometimes, when walking by the windows of these European-built homes, I think I'll see a big fat German with his pipe and stein of beer, and his frau making pretzels or cooking sauerkraut. But these are only shadows of the past, and the odor that reaches my nose is not that of Limburger!

In this province the women still bind their feet, and their tippity-tip walk makes me think of them as human impersonations of Puss-in-Boots. I feel queer to see them walking along painfully, with their mutilated feet; and, as I often gaze down at my number fours and a half (of which I've so often been ashamed), it's with an admiring look—and I remember that I've not missed many trains!

Some of the Chinese here are very

tall, so tall that one almost needs a stepladder and telephone in order to communicate comfortably. The language is an awful puzzle—oh, I manage to get along if I do the talking—I at least *know* what I want to say; and as long as we get what we want and go where we want, why, we're not worrying. Then there is the pidgin English to resort to at times. "How fashion no b'long proper." (Do it correctly.) "Long time no have see." (You've remained away for some time.) "Talkee me velly bad." (You are wrong.)

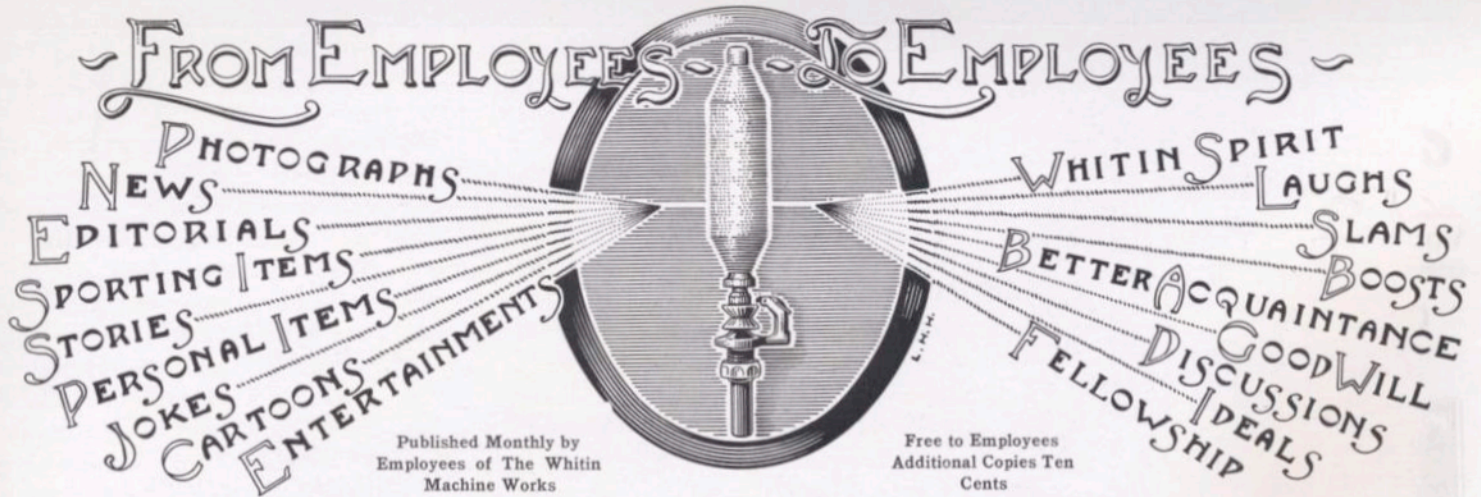
Every day when we ride out to the mill we see something new. There are always coolies pushing wheelbarrows loaded with cabbages. They never oil these wheelbarrows; and, oh, how they squeak! This noise is supposed to keep the evil spirits away. The dust and dirt fly thickly about, and so we don't eat cabbage. Then the women regaled in coat and trousers, the colors of brightest hues, usually purples or reds, sit astride of balky donkeys. The babies are in baskets swung on the sides. Except for this bit of color appearing now and then upon the way, the landscape is very monotonous. Little

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A Japanese girl of the Northern Island wearing trousers over her kimono, so as to enable her to work with greater ease in the fields





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## Editorial

### "Spring Fever"

There seems to be a malady going the rounds these days which, for want of a better name, has been called "Spring Fever." The disease is not of a fatal nature by any means, and we doubt if a description of it could be found in any of the medical books but, just the same, it is a very trying disease to encounter. One of the most noticeable symptoms is a very great disinclination to do any work. We have all read of the hook-worm disease which afflicts the people of the South, but it would seem that the effects of "Spring Fever" are even greater.

Another peculiarity about men suffering from this malady is that they never seem willing to admit that they have become infected. When one of these poor, afflicted creatures decides that he is unable to continue the daily task which has been assigned him, he does not frankly tell his foreman that he is suffering, but gives as an excuse for quitting his job that he has been called home, or that the work is too hard for him, or any other of a thousand reasons rather than the right one.

Strange to say, "Spring Fever" is

not necessarily confined to any season of the year. It is less apparent in the winter than at any other time and increases as the good weather comes on. Sufferers from this disease can be found on any good day with a rod and line taking their "rest cure" beside the various ponds throughout the state. While it cannot be said truthfully that all fishermen are afflicted with "Spring Fever," it seems to be the case that all the victims of "Spring Fever" try to drown their sorrow in the exercise of the piscatorial art.

Large sums of money have been appropriated from time to time by various societies and individuals for the investigation of certain diseases. We would like to suggest that at least one of these societies undertake the investigation of this malady, which threatens to become of national proportions. We interviewed a man a few days ago who seemed to be coming down with this disease. At first he would not admit that he did not have a valid reason for throwing up his job, but finally he said that the "Spring Fever" had hold of him and he must be on the move.

If taken in time, we believe this disease can be cured; but like tuberculosis and cancer, the longer it is left without expert attention, the greater the danger to the individual. Medical societies please take notice.

"Was anybody hurt? No? Well, that's good and mighty lucky," was the passing remark of most of us as we greeted each other after the disastrous blow-up we had several weeks ago.

We can rest assured that efficient and definite steps have been taken to prevent the recurrence of a similar accident.

## Moving

### With Apologies to Walt Mason

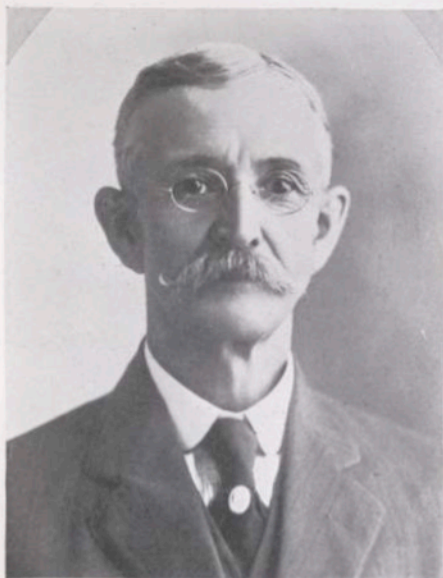
'Way back before the war began, I'm told, 'twas understood that mostly moving should be done in May; but then folks did not worry as to where their chattels would be housed, as there were "Rent" signs on display. So the Maytime flitting all around increased as years rolled on, and the landlords seemed content to have it so; they painted over worn spots for the tenant coming in and papered new the rooms that would not go.

But now, alas! the times have changed, no more "For Rent" appears, you cannot even buy or beg a flat; the rents are soaring constantly, and women weep sad tears, but landlords do not seem to care for that. They sell the house above your head, the rent goes up apace; then before you've paid, the house is sold again, once more the rent is boosted or you're told you must vacate, and your pleading and your threats are all in vain.

Will not some worthy citizen think up some scheme to help the renting public to a settled home? Believe me, they will welcome it and never move again; no Maytime will entice them then to roam.







James H. Rankin

## Our Long Service Series

**A**NOTHER old-timer that is still with us, hale, hearty, and happy, can be found at his task on the spinning job every day in the week. To those who have not made his acquaintance, let us introduce James H. Rankin, who has worked with us for the past 52 years.

It was in June, 1868, that Mr. Rankin first came into the shop. His service record in the textile industries of Whitinsville, however, dates back to 1859, or sixty-one years ago, when, as a lad of nine years, he started work in the mule room of the old cotton mill that was located where our power house now stands. His father was a card stripper in the old cotton mill, which was in the days when Caleb Chapin was superintendent.

Mr. Rankin at the age of seventeen started work for the Whitin Machine Works under Mr. Moulton on spinning rings. He has worked since then for Colby on looms, Geo. Bathrick on spinning, Taft on repairs, Hanna making patterns, Lawlor on pickers, Colby on railways, Loins on drawing, Harrington on cards, Carr on chucking, Lowe on cylinders, Dale erecting looms, L. L. Remington and Dwight Bathrick on spinning, and L. L. Remington and Burbank on spinning and Blanchard on spinning. Of late years it will be noticeable he

has been on spinning work almost entirely.

Mr. Rankin says one would think he was a floater by his record on so many jobs; but that we must remember that fifty-two years is a long time and that, during and after every period of hard times, adjustments were always made in order to keep the old hands busy. During the hard times around 1875, Mr. Rankin was one of the crew that helped build the old stone wall around Castle Hill Farm. In fact, most of the old-timers who were in the shop in '75 and are with us today were on that job. Those of us who have inspected the wall can assure them they did a good job.

Mr. Rankin remembers plainly when the first brick was laid in No. 2 Shop back in 1864 and has interesting stories to tell of the old days around the shop.

We congratulate Mr. Rankin on his long and loyal service with the Whitin Machine Works.

## New Carpenter Shop

Have you noticed the new mortar tower between No. 1 Shop and the Carpenter Shop? Quite a little trick of construction, we would say.

Some of our outside men must have been with the air service during the war, if seeing is believing. All they had to do was to carry a few beams up a straight ladder a few hundred feet and then, balanced on a two by four, see to it that the beams were carefully adjusted in place ready to take on the weight of a few hundred more beams. One fellow said he didn't mind the regular trip up and down; but when one of those weak-voiced huskies began to wave an S. O. S., he was ready to quit when, upon climbing up to see what the emergency was, found out that the W. V. H. wanted to borrow his hammer.

To get down to facts, the new Carpenter Shop is well under way. This building is 242 feet long by 60 feet wide and two stories high and is designed to relieve the congestion in the present Carpenter Shop and will be used largely for making boxes.

On the first floor the machinery

will be installed, and the upper floor will be used for building up and storing the finished boxes ready for taking them to the erecting floors of the plant, which are practically all on that level.

From an engineering point of view the construction of the building is interesting, as it calls for the erection of thirty-two concrete pillars in the river bed. This requirement entails the use of cofferdams, so proper footings can be placed on hard pan or ledge below the river bottom. Part of these cofferdams were put in early in the winter; but the heavy snow accumulations in the hills made it advisable to put off the work until the spring thaw with its high water was over, so the cofferdams were removed for a time.

The piers are to be placed parallel with the flow of the water in the river and are to be made amply strong by steel reinforcing to withstand any height of water or ice jams. The value in reinforced concrete is here clearly shown, for any other form of construction would have made the piers too large to be practical.

The building is to be of flat slab concrete construction, therefore fire-proof. Two concrete bridges will connect it with the Carpenter Shop and the large Machine Shop, the westerly one two stories high and the easterly (replacing the present wooden structure) three stories high. The first will make a short cut from the card erecting job to the freight house and will serve the same purpose for boxes.

An electric elevator will be placed near the present door in the bridge into the Carpenter Shop, with a trawl, to serve all the Carpenter Shop floors as well as the floors of the new building.



Site of New Carpenter Shop





## Bolt Job

The history of the bolt job dates back beyond the memory of our old-timers of today. It was in 1868 that John Snelling took charge of what was then the bolt or press, inside and outside piping, and screw job. Later, when electricity came into general use, the electrical job was also added.

Mr. Snelling was foreman for 46 years, retiring in May, 1914. W. O. Aldrich was a second-hand on this job for 10 years, before the appointment to his present position. The present foreman, Elmer Hilt, succeeded Mr. Aldrich as second-hand and was placed in charge when Mr. Snelling retired.

A picture of the men belonging to the bolt job back in the summer of 1896 has been hanging on the wall on the job for some time, and we were lucky enough to obtain it to repro-

duce here. Several of the men are still with us, and many of us can remember some of those who are not. Those in the shop today are James Brown, fourth from the left in the first row; Robt. Britton, fifth in the first row; John Ward, eighth in the second row; Augustus Guyette, first in the third row; John Feen, third in the third row; Israel Paquette, eighth in the last row; and Wilfred Booth, ninth in the last row.

The work on the bolt job is mainly on bolts, nuts, washers, and various press work. In all there are 230 kinds of bolts, 128 kinds of nuts, and 90 kinds of washers made and finished. Mr. Hilt reports a daily average of 55,000 pieces and is willing to let any doubting Thomas come down on the job and count them for proof. To get out this many pieces, it takes 34 men and 4 women and 61 machines going at full tilt every working hour of the day.

One very interesting machine is a bolt threader that used to be run by Joe Mosso. Joe worked on this machine for 50 years and was known by everybody in the shop. A wrench goes with this machine and is used today. It has marked on it the name of I. P. Richards and the date of 1863.

Most of the tool making, such as the machining of punches and dies, is done on the job.

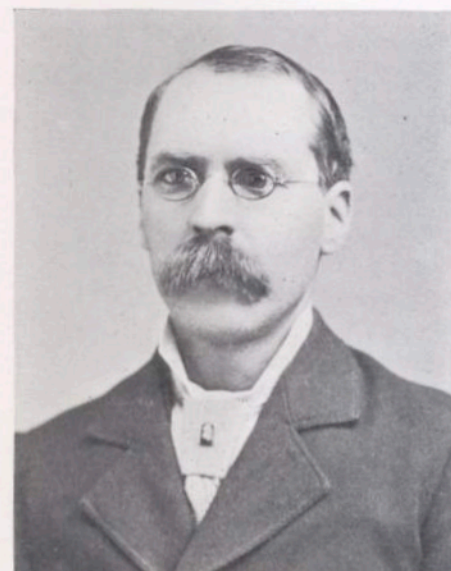
The personnel of the job today is as follows:

	IN SHOP		ON JOB	
	YRS.	MOS.	YRS.	MOS.
John Feen	37		32	
Louis Paquette	31		31	
William Ledue	28		28	
Amos Allard	26		9	
Charles Newton	25	6	25	6

John Waldow	25		5	
Laughlin McKinnow	24		19	
William Forget	23		18	
Elmer Hilt	20		13	
Joseph Brooks	20		13	
Lewis Ruth	17		13	
Philip Forget	14		13	
Leo Demars	14		3	
Fred Gauthier	13		13	
Joseph Demars	13		2	
William Finney	10		2	
George Leech	8		8	
Leon Dumais	6		5	
Della Derosiers	5		5	
Alfred Greenwood	4		4	
Hector Greenwood	4		4	
Hector Ballard	4		2	
Hormidas Poudier	4		2	
Hessel Talma	4		1	
William Grenier	2	6	2	6
William Brown	2		2	
Ver. Laporte	2		2	
Mary Cooper	1	8	1	8
Dorothea Crompton	1	6	1	6
Benjamin Tjaarda	1	6	1	6
Armand Pisonne	1			6
Rosa Nydam		9		7
Oliver Babineau		7		7
Rosa Poulin		5		3
Charles Davis		4		4
Thomas Downes		3		3
Chester Wallace		3/4		3/4



Elmer Hilt



John Snelling





The Bolt Job in 1896

## Interesting Report on Textile Industry in Japan

The Guaranty Trust Company of New York gave us a very interesting and compact insight into the textile industry in Japan, in a recent letter. We feel that everybody will be interested in the facts brought out in the following extracts from this letter:

"The textile industry is the most important single industry in Japan. The chief article of import trade is raw cotton; of export trade, raw silk. Both are materials for textile industries. In 1919, cotton tissues, silk tissues, cotton yarns, and knit goods represented, roughly, 28 percent of Japan's total export trade; with raw silk, they constituted nearly three-fifths of the total export trade. Home consumption of fabrics is large.

### COTTON

"The first Japanese cotton mill was established in 1862. The industry was organized in 1877 and now has become the leading manufacturing industry of Japan. It is the first to be developed extensively in accordance with Western methods.

"The mills first supplied cotton fabrics to the domestic market and later exported to Korea, China, and the South Sea Islands. They now export, not only to these regions, but to Russia, British India, the

Dutch East Indies, Philippine Islands, Australia, Straits Settlements, and even South America. The chief sources of supply for raw cotton are India (first place, but losing), America (second place, and gaining), China, and Egypt.

"At the close of 1918 there were 177 mills in Kobe and vicinity—the center of the cotton industry—operated by 43 companies with a combined subscribed capital of \$96,000,000. The 177 mills contained 3,000,000 ring spindles and 40,000 looms. They employed 27,000 male operatives and 100,000 female operatives.

"Many of Japan's mills combine spinning and weaving. The chief manufacturers are shirtings and sheetings, T-cloths, and twilled tissues. Other manufactures are drills, flannel, crêpe, prints, blankets, duck, crex, imitation nankeen, knit underwear, hosiery, and striped tissues.

"During the three years 1917-1919, Japan placed orders for 1,270,000 spindles, but of these only about one-third were delivered—America supplying about 300,000. Even so, the value of imported spinning and weaving machinery is nearly three times that of any other single item of machinery imports. At present, Japan is trying to purchase not only new but used textile machinery.

"In 1918, exports of cotton fabrics were valued at Yen 238,000,000, an

increase of 87 percent over the values of 1917. This does not mean, however, an increase of 87 percent in quantity. During the first half of 1919, the capital in the spinning industry of Japan increased \$3,600,000. Since the war, the average rate of dividend has quadrupled."

### STATISTICS OF JAPAN'S FOREIGN COMMERCE IN YEN

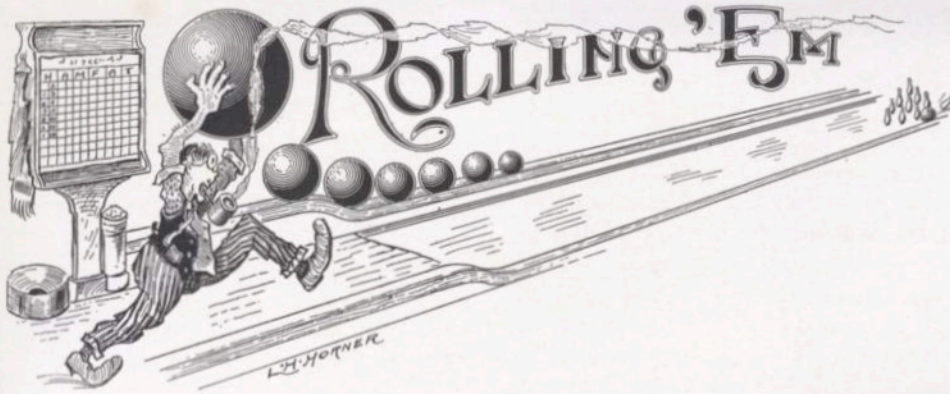
	EXPORTS	
	1919	1918
Raw silk	623,519,000	370,229,000
Cotton tissues	280,254,000	237,909,000
Silk tissues	164,422,000	117,454,000
Cotton yarns	114,551,000	158,298,000
Knit goods	38,858,000	32,148,000
Coal	37,511,000	31,869,000
Matches	32,783,000	27,686,000
Beans	31,913,000	55,857,000
Timber	23,820,000	17,794,000
Refined sugar	21,332,000	23,231,000
Braids	19,899,000	11,996,000
Copper	19,617,000	37,609,000
Waste silk	19,903,000	27,011,000
Tea	18,363,000	23,045,000
Toys	12,838,000	10,169,000
Starch	12,701,000	29,423,000
Beer	7,134,000	7,593,000
Rice	4,319,000	8,300,000
Zinc	2,931,000	9,067,000
All others	612,683,000	725,282,000
<b>Total</b>	<b>2,099,351,000</b>	<b>1,961,970,000</b>

	IMPORTS	
	1919	1918
Raw cotton	667,050,000	515,523,000
Rice	160,325,000	89,184,000
Iron bars, rods, and plates	156,757,000	204,408,000
Oil cakes	133,077,000	91,546,000
Machinery	88,979,000	58,449,000
Wool	60,688,000	60,132,000
Sugar	58,349,000	33,404,000
Iron slabs and ingots	58,072,000	63,926,000
Beans	34,656,000	20,161,000
Rails	21,866,000	14,930,000
Petroleum	21,448,000	8,538,000
Paper	18,260,000	9,391,000
Coal	18,138,000	15,559,000
Crude rubber	17,363,000	12,910,000
Hemp and flax	16,870,000	22,730,000
Caustic soda and soda ash	14,414,000	14,553,000
Chilean saltpeter	13,809,000	11,264,000
Iron tubes and pipes	12,974,000	13,745,000
Lead	10,989,000	14,739,000
Coal-tar dyes	10,714,000	11,237,000
Pulp	10,552,000	6,801,000
Nails	5,108,000	5,807,000
All others	562,610,000	368,842,000
<b>Total</b>	<b>2,173,068,000</b>	<b>1,667,779,000</b>

The figures quoted above are misleading, unless it is remembered that they often represent increases in price, rather than increases in quantity produced. For example, cotton and silk tissues and cotton yarn have decreased in respect to quantity shipped, though high prices show an increase in value of shipments.

Ed Jennings has recently joined the Pomona Grotto at Worcester. The event took place the evening of May 6 and places Ed among the high-degree men of the Grange.





## Spinning Team Wins Championship of Shop League

The Spinning team was never headed from the first of the season and cleanly won first place in the Shop League. They did some good, steady bowling and dropped but eight points during the season.

The Miscellaneous team staged a spurt after a bad start and took second place away from the Cards and Spindles. Roche, Marien, Willard, Farley, and Anderson were neck and neck for high individual average until the last game, when Roche came through with a lead of .5 of one percent.

The high individual strings for the season are interesting, with only one pin separating each of the four highest men.

Prizes for the season go to the following:

Winning Team—George Anderson, Robert Kane, Leon Wood, Theodore Bisson, Frank Donavan.

Three highest individual averages—Thomas Roche, Archie Marien, Albert Willard.

High individual string score—Anderson.

Three highest individual three-string totals—Archie Marien, Thomas Roche; John Flynn and Albert Willard tied for third place.

Highest individual average on each team—Spinning, George Anderson; Miscellaneous, Albert Willard; Cards, Thomas Roche; Spindles, Archie Marien; Foundry, Corn. Hourihan; Pattern, Frank Brown; Pickers, Patrick Connors; Combers, Thomas Melia.

Second highest individual average on each team—Spinning, Frank Donavan; Miscellaneous, E. Ballard; Cards, Napoleon Plante; Spindle, Martin Gahan; Foundry, Patrick McGuinness; Patterns, Harry Kiernan; Pickers, Frank McGowan; Combers, John O'Neil.

### INDIVIDUAL AVERAGES

Roche, T.	92.9	Finney	85.3
Marien	92.4	Hourihan	85.2
Willard	92.0	Hall	85.0
Farley	91.9	Vincent	85.0
Anderson, G.	91.5	Leonard	84.8
Ballard, E.	90.5	O'Neil	84.7
Brown, F.	90.3	McGuinness	84.7
Melia, T.	90.1	Clark	84.6
Flynn	89.7	Ferguson	84.4
Donavan, F.	89.6	Deslauriers	84.4
Bisson	89.5	Brown, J.	84.3
Celley	89.3	Lemoine	84.2
Connors, B.	89.0	Adams	84.2
Wood	88.7	McCarthy	84.1
Kane	88.4	Grady	83.9
Gahan	88.4	Young	83.8
Ballard, H.	88.4	Anderson, P.	83.6
Plante	88.2	Melia, J.	83.6
Kiernan	88.1	Peltier	83.4
Donavan, L.	87.9	Martel	83.2
Connors, P.	87.6	Mulligan	82.7
Hanna	87.5	Roche	81.6
Saragian	87.5	Atterbury	79.6
Johnson	86.9	Perkins	79.0
McGowan	85.4		

### LEAGUE STANDING

	Won	Lost
Spinning	48	8
Miscellaneous	36	20
Cards	33	23
Spindles	29	27
Foundry	24	32
Patterns	23	33
Pickers	18	38
Combers	11	45

### HIGH INDIVIDUAL STRINGS

Anderson, G.	127	Brown, F.	116
Hourihan	126	Willard	115
Ballard, H.	125	Roche, T.	115
Marien	124	Melia, T.	114
Farley	122	Ballard, E.	114
Kiernan	118	Flynn	112

### HIGH INDIVIDUAL THREE-STRINGS

Marien	318	Brown, F.	303
Roche, T.	316	Farley	301
Flynn	313	Plante	298
Willard	313	Celley	298
Donavan, F.	309	Ballard, H.	295

### TOTAL PINFALL

	Total	Ave.
Spinning	18,722	1,337
Miscellaneous	18,355	1,311
Spindles	18,294	1,307
Cards	18,282	1,282
Patterns	18,075	1,291
Pickers	17,928	1,281
Foundry	17,627	1,259
Combers	17,264	1,233

## Shop Wins Championship Match

The Shop and Office Leagues met in mortal combat on the Levesque alleys Thursday night, May 6, to settle the championship of the shop. In a five-string match the Shop came up from behind and won out by ten pins.

A great deal of enthusiasm on the part of the spectators and bowlers was shown during the evening, especially during the third string, when the Office staged a come-back after a bad start, overcoming a handicap of 38 pins in the first string, and in the fifth, when the Shop took the match in the last box. The Office cleaned up in the third with a margin of 15 pins and came through the fourth string with a 31-pin lead, only to slump in the fifth.

The Shop was behind with Roche and Montgomery up. The spares and strikes took a vacation for Gummy, while Roche had all ten pins under cover three times in a row with less than three balls, making a total of 111, which gave the match to the Shop.

The score is tabulated as follows:

	1	2	3	4	5	Total	Ind.
Ballard	90	106	86	86	97	465	93.0
Driscoll	98	80	96	96	83	453	90.6
Anderson	87	81	77	94	88	427	85.4
Lamb	96	81	88	82	87	434	86.8
Willard	94	85	107	102	84	472	94.4
Minshull	84	103	91	94	89	461	92.2
Marien	109	77	103	82	85	456	91.2
Broadhurst	75	103	111	90	79	458	91.6
Roche	102	79	86	85	111	463	92.6
Montgomery	81	90	107	103	86	467	93.4
Shop total	482	910	1,369	1,818	2,283		
Office total	434	891	1,384	1,849	2,273		
Shop average,			91.3				
Office average,			90.9				



## Office League Completes Season. Main Office Wins Out

The final standing of the Office League gives the championship of the season to the Main Office, also the possession of the Josiah Lasell cup.

The cup has become the permanent property of the Main Office bowlers, having been won twice by them in two seasons of bowling. There is no argument about the result. The champs won the cup with a good margin, although the Drafting Room was a strong contender up to the last two or three matches.

It is interesting to note that, although the Main Office won the cup, they did not have a man among the first five high individual averages, nor did they have a single substitute who rolled less than eighty.

The Drafting Room, on the other hand, had three out of five among the first five bowlers, but their substitutes are many below the eighty mark.

In all, it was a very interesting season and closed with good possibilities for next year. The final results were as follows:

### INDIVIDUAL AVERAGES

Montgomery	98.1	Rollins	83.4
Broadhurst	94.0	Boutiette	82.6
Minshull	89.5	Crawford, W.	82.3
Lamb	89.3	Duggan	82.2
Driscoll	89.25	Nelson	81.9
Johnston	88.8	Keeler	81.6
Foley	88.5	Rogers	80.3
Noble	88.4	Alden	80.2
Lincoln	87.7	Carpenter	79.74
Ferry	87.61	Murray	79.73
Bullock	87.6	Larkin	79.2
Wild	86.7	Ferguson	79.1
Lasell	86.4	Ball	78.5
Greenwood	85.1	Brennan	78.5
Scott	84.7	Hargraves	77.6
Noyes	84.58	Whipple	77.2
Park	84.56	McGoey	77.1
Crawford, H.	84.5	Meek	72.2
Wilmot	83.7	Orrell	69.1

### TOTAL PINFALL AND LEAGUE STANDING

Team 1, Main Office	31,258
Team 2, Drafting Room	31,128
Team 4, Repair Department	30,914
Team 3, No. 2 Office	30,072

### HIGH INDIVIDUAL STRINGS

Montgomery	136	Lamb	113
Driscoll	120	Lasell	111
Minshull	119	Broadhurst	111
Crawford, H.	113	Johnston	111

### HIGH INDIVIDUAL FIVE-STRINGS

Montgomery	529	Crawford, H.	478
Broadhurst	516	Foley	474
Johnston	505	Noble	474
Driscoll	491	Minshull	473

## Sunset League Begins Season. Teams Stronger Than Ever

The Sunset League has started on its 1920 schedule. The first week of the season has been completed as we go to press. Not a very successful week from the standpoint of the weather, as we were allowed to play but one game, that of Wednesday night.

It looks as if we were going to have a prosperous season with a lot of peppy ball. The first game started a bit late, but by snappy playing the complete seven innings were carried through. The teams this year have changed somewhat in personnel, but are retaining their old names and in most cases are under the same management.

The teams of the league are as follows:

#### FATIMAS

East Wing Shop No. 1

Capt.—Thos. O'Neil Mgr.—Geo. Anderson

#### OMARS

West Wing Shop No. 1

Capt.—F. J. McGowan Mgr.—Geo. F. Hanna

#### MURADS

Upper Shop No. 2

Capt.—Philip Farrell Mgr.—Jas. F. Marshall

#### MECCAS

Office, Draft. Room, Prod. Dept., Sundries  
Capt.—Wm. J. Crawford

Mgr.—Robt. G. McKaig

#### MOGULS

Lower Shop No. 2, Yard

Capt.—Victor White Mgr.—Thomas Roche

#### ZIRAS

Foundry, Pattern Loft

Capt.—Winford Jones Mgr.—John Leonard

## Sunset League Schedule

George Hanna and James Marshall have arranged the schedule for the Sunset League. We notice that they have made arrangements for each team to play the other three games in the season, thus bringing the league to a close on Wednesday, September 1. A feature of the schedule is that it calls for three games a week on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday nights. Also, the weeks of May 30 and July 4 have been omitted.

The schedule from June to September is as follows:

#### JUNE

M—7 Ziras vs. Moguls  
T—8 Omars vs. Meccas  
W—9 Fatimas vs. Murads

M—14 Omars vs. Murads  
T—15 Ziras vs. Meccas  
W—16 Fatimas vs. Moguls

M—21 Murads vs. Meccas  
T—22 Omars vs. Moguls  
W—23 Ziras vs. Fatimas

M—28 Ziras vs. Omars  
T—29 Moguls vs. Murads  
W—30 Fatimas vs. Meccas

#### JULY

M—12 Moguls vs. Meccas  
T—13 Fatimas vs. Omars  
W—14 Ziras vs. Murads

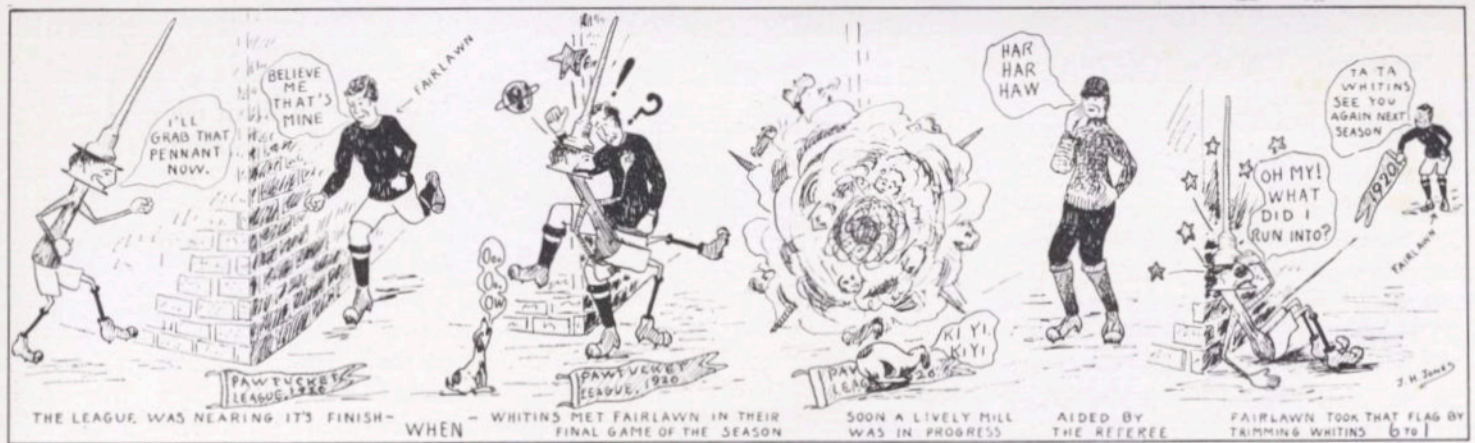
M—19 Fatimas vs. Murads  
T—20 Omars vs. Meccas  
W—21 Ziras vs. Moguls

M—26 Moguls vs. Fatimas  
T—27 Ziras vs. Meccas  
W—28 Omars vs. Murads

Continued on page 11, column 1







## Soccer League Pennant Lost in Last Game

BY J. JONES

There's many a slip twixt the cup and the lip. This saying was never brought home more than in the pennant aspirations of the Whitin Machine Works football team. We had more than a fighting chance up to the time of meeting Fairlawn on their own grounds in Pawtucket. The team had every confidence of winning; even the fans were joyful over the outlook, but—that's it—but—that is where my story begins.

Through the courtesy of the Whitin Machine Works in letting the committee have one of their large trucks, a number of fans were enabled to journey to Pawtucket to see the game. (Gee, but it was a cold ride.) It was a regular crowd, everybody happy and gay.

After due time the fans arrived at the scene of conflict to find the game just about to start. The players had stripped ready for action and were shooting in at their own goalies. The referee (who, by the way, I must introduce) was Mr. Wylie, and with a toot of his whistle he called the captains of the rival teams to the center of the field. It was there that—BUT—started.

Whitin won the toss, but a bad choice of goals by Capt. F. Lightbown started things. He elected to kick downhill the first half. Fairlawn put the ball in motion; and it was quickly seen that they were in the pink of condition, as they pushed the Whitin team back into their own goal and kept them on the defence for some time. This nettled the Whitin players, and they came out

of their shell; and with some beautiful passing by the forwards and good feeding by the halfbacks they soon carried the ball toward Fairlawn's goal.

Fairlawn fought desperately; but it was of no use, as Wade got a pass from Haines and with the ball at his toe registered the first goal of the game. Shot after shot rained in upon the Fairlawn goalkeeper after this, but he cleared well and with the aid of his backs kept the ball out of danger. The ball see-sawed up and down the field toward the close of the first half. At one time it came perilously near the Whitin goal, when the ball struck the upright and bounded out. Both sides missed goals by hasty kicking, and so the half ended in Whitin's favor 1 to 0.

The second half opened with Whitin kicking uphill; and, being the lighter team, it showed our captain's mistake. As the boys had already played forty-five minutes, the team was considerably weakened; but (there it is again) the Whitin boys withstood the shock of their heavier opponents very well, although Fairlawn was pressing hard. (Enter the referee's bad decisions.) After some remarkable stops by Rothwell, the Whitin goalkeeper, and some good defence work by the backs, the ball was cleared well up the field; but Fairlawn soon had it back in the Whitin goal and, with Fairlawn players lying offside, Davis got the ball as it bounded out of a scrimmage and scored for Fairlawn.

It was the wretched work of the referee that took the heart out of the Whitin players. Only a few minutes had elapsed from the kick-off when, with no cause whatever, the

referee declared a penalty against Whitin; and of course the Fairlawn crowd went wild with delight as Bowes put it into the net for Fairlawn's second goal.

Fairlawn had roughed it before this, but now they went after Whitin tooth and nail. Fouls were repeatedly called, but not against Fairlawn; it was always called on the wrong side, which was the means of keeping the ball in the Whitin goal. The referee was distinctly blind to all offside rules, and he let Bowes register the third goal for Fairlawn. After this the Whitin players, seeing they were beaten, took care to keep out of harm's way and avoid injury, as the Fairlawn players were still playing slam-bang football, although they were ahead.

The next goal Fairlawn got was a nice one. Bowes put some pep behind his kick, and a long, low drive which easily beat Rothwell registered the fifth goal; but the sixth and final goal of the game came from the toe of W. Weir—a pretty shot it was, from the left. It came high and looping, seemed to be passing over the cross-bar, but it passed underneath and dropped into the net. The whistle blew soon after this for time, and the game ended 6 to 1 in favor of Fairlawn.

It is no use in crying over spilled milk, and it is an admitted fact that Fairlawn was the better team; but the judgment of the referee, in my opinion, made the score too one-sided.

The soccer team made a good showing for the season. Even though we lost our chance in the final game to lead the league, we finished in second place with a good lead.



## Murads Down Meccas in First Game of Season, 4 to 2

By I. DALTON

The Sunset League of Whitin Machine Works held its first game of the season, at the New Village grounds, on the evening of May 12. The opposing teams were Jimmie Marshall's "Murads" and the office team known as the "Meccas." A large number of people witnessed the exhibition put up by both teams. Owing to the injury of Sullivan, pitcher for the office team, Bill Murray was pressed into service and gave a good account of himself. The work of both pitchers was as perfect as could be. For the Murads, Skillen's work with the stick and Steele's twirling were the features, while for the Meccas, Fowler's fielding and Murray's pitching were the outstanding features. Umpire Montgomery handled the game well. Following is a complete score:

MURADS	ab	r	h	tb	po	a	e
Farrell, 3b.	3	1	0	0	1	2	0
Clark, 1b.	4	0	0	0	4	0	0
Skillen, 2b.	3	1	2	4	2	2	0
Barnes, c.	1	1	1	1	14	0	1
Morrow, lf.	2	0	0	0	0	0	0
Marshall, ss.	3	0	1	2	0	1	1
Ferguson, rf.	3	0	0	0	0	0	0
Workmen, cf.	3	0	0	0	0	0	0
Steele, p.	3	1	2	3	0	2	0
<b>Total</b>	<b>25</b>	<b>4</b>	<b>6</b>	<b>10</b>	<b>21</b>	<b>7</b>	<b>2</b>
MECCAS	ab	r	h	tb	po	a	e
Fowler, ss.	4	1	2	3	1	1	0
Callahan, 1b.	4	0	1	1	2	2	1
Simmons, 3b.	3	0	1	1	0	1	0
Kelliher, 2b.	3	0	0	0	1	0	0
J. Murray, lf.	3	0	0	0	1	0	1
Crawford, cf.	3	0	0	0	1	0	0
Jollimore, c.	2	0	0	0	12	0	0
Brennan, rf.	2	0	0	0	0	0	0
B. Murray, p.	3	1	1	1	0	2	0
<b>Total</b>	<b>27</b>	<b>2</b>	<b>5</b>	<b>6</b>	<b>18</b>	<b>6</b>	<b>2</b>

### Sunset League Schedule

Continued from page 9, column 3

#### AUGUST

M-2	Omars vs. Moguls
T-3	Ziras vs. Fatimas
W-4	Murads vs. Meccas
M-9	Moguls vs. Murads
T-10	Fatimas vs. Meccas
W-11	Ziras vs. Omars
M-16	Fatimas vs. Omars
T-17	Ziras vs. Murads
W-18	Moguls vs. Meccas
M-23	Omars vs. Meccas
T-24	Ziras vs. Moguls
W-25	Fatimas vs. Murads
M-30	Ziras vs. Meccas
T-31	Omars vs. Murads

#### SEPT.

W-1	Fatimas vs. Moguls
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## Foundry Notes

For the very latest New York styles, wide-top, narrow-leg trousers, see Veau, an authority on such matters. "No shoe horns are needed to put them on," says Veau. At any rate, you have our sympathy if you are caught out in the rain with them.

Every time we visit the Pattern Loft we hear echoes of the Sunset League. We suppose Sally is getting in trim for a busy season.

By the way, Jones keeps his goat in the Pattern Loft now, and we wonder if it can be captured by the Foundry jokers. Mrs. Marshall says Veau has his eyes on that animal.

Spring Fever and house cleaning have hit the Foundry Office. We had the walls cleaned last week, and it will undoubtedly last for another year.

The cockroaches are leaving in droves and are looking for new quarters. (Anybody want some?) They have a wonderful variety of tricks. See Dan Connors and Craig, our general factotum, for more information in regard to the same.

We recently received a supply of roach powder—a sure death—and by next issue of the "Spindle" we hope to be able to report a clean bill of health.

Mulligan has a new desk; and we should think he has been listening to our ex-army sergeant, when he forgets the fact that the center drawer automatically locks the side drawers, especially when he is in a hurry to find something. Perhaps we will learn a few new ones. Who knows?

Harry, who recently went to Milford and heard John McCormack sing, sat behind a post all the evening. He didn't see McCormack, but reported a wild time. How about it, Happy?

It is very evident that others besides Foundry men like to get their feet upon our polished desks. The other day when the G. M. (General Manager) came into the office in response to the autocall, believe us there was some scramble to look busy. *Too late.*

We recently saw one of our Main Office men showing a few of our popular young ladies through the Foundry

while the pouring was going on. Why not wait until summer and bring them up at 4 P. M. to see the bottoms drop about ten minutes, and it will make the Main Office seem like an ice box in comparison. We have seen the little old mercury climb up to 110° on a pleasant summer afternoon.

Think that Veau and Geo. Forsythe should have nearly enough boards to build another chicken coop, as we recently received twenty cases of shoes. They carried the boxes off in George's Packard. Thought you had stopped setting hens this year, George.

While passing the boat house the other day, I noticed that the front of the building where the floats were, is being filled in with sand and gravel from the Foundry. The burning question that will worry our canoeists very soon will be, "How to take a fair maiden (all dressed in white) out in his canoe unless a small wharf or some method is fixed so one person can handle a canoe from the boat house?"

### China as Seen by the Whittakers

Continued from page 3, column 3

black pigs run all over the country, and I've learned that the Chinese make sacred objects of the swine.

From an empty mill to a running one, I've watched the process day by day. Unpacking the boxes, cleaning the machinery, setting it up—I've seen all—though at times the coolies were not much for inspiration. The climate is quite cold but dry, and the days are usually sunny—so bundling up like Eskimos we enjoy our 28-mile ride.

As I sit here, I can look out across beautiful Karchow Bay, out towards home, and the words of Henry van Dyke come to mind:

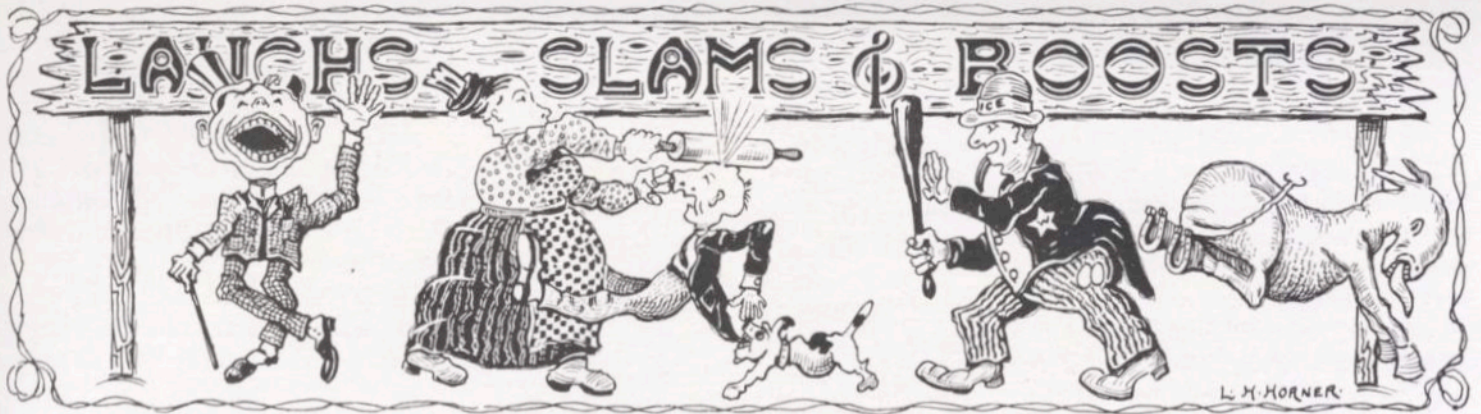
"For it's back again—oh, back again—over the bounding sea,  
Home again—yes, home again—America for me!"

Someone has said that a place does not make itself—it's the people who make it worth living in. Perhaps that's why I like Whitinsville so well. And we are contented way out here, for we know that some day, when we return, there will be a home in reality among you good white folks.

With kindest of regards to all our friends, and hearty greetings from across the briny deep, we are, most sincerely yours,

"THE WHITTAKERS."





## Office Notes

### An East Street Romance

On a certain Saturday afternoon She was beating rugs in the Backyard. As He came along—rather unsteadily on his pins—He said: "I hate like h—l to see a nice girl like you beating rugs. Let me at the d— things."

"Well," she said, "I hardly think you're in a condition to do it."

"No, to tell you the truth, I ain't," whereupon he swayed down the street to the store.

In a few minutes he was back again with a loaf of bread under his arm. She was still beating rugs. "Well, this is the staff o' life. When I get this et I c'n do anything," and with that he shambled off again.

The next day when He met Her on the street—he was sober then—He didn't know her.

Dorothea Ferguson, of the Main Office, went up to Worcester Tech to a dance last Friday.

We wonder if Bessie Aldrich knows the meaning of red roses. Oh! oh!

Say, Florence Barr, why were you so tired last Monday morning? Springfield is a long way from home, but perhaps the longest way around is the sweetest way home.

You should hear Gwenny Searles' views on men and matrimony.

On May 4, the members of the Tomoko Camp Fire surprised Florence Currie and Catherine Munt, their guardians, with a huge May basket filled with all sorts of candy and fruit, marshmallows, peanuts, etc. Tucked away in one corner were two sets of little gold pins. The girls who belong to the group are Alice Ferguson, Winnie Verbeck, Margaret McKee, Ada Bryant, Mil-

dred Pierce, Maude Minot, Ada Smith, Catherine Moore, Ruth Copeland, Harriet Stromberg.

One of the prettiest dances ever given in Whitinsville took place on Friday evening, April 30, under the supervision of Mildred Quackenbush. The decorations consisted of an immense parasol of red crêpe paper, with a large red shade covering the lights in the center, from which confetti fell. At the front of the stage were a dozen or more electric lamps of different colors and potted plants, and on either side of the stage were cozy corners with rugs, palms, floor lamps, wicker chairs, etc. The many-colored paper caps, balloons, streamers, and favors made the hall a riot of color.

The music, which was furnished by Chaffin's Orchestra of Worcester, was full of pep and jazz; and with everyone in the mood for dancing and fun the party was a great success.

Telegram sent out from the Main Office on May 4: "Please reserve single room and bath to be taken Wednesday night."

Two men were talking together about their respective boarding houses. "And have you a nice boarding place, and a single room?" queried the first. "Faith, it's a single room, but there's eighteen of us in it," answered the second.

Has anyone noticed how Catherine Munt's taste in colors runs to orange and black lately? Aside from its being very becoming, we think there is a reason. And do you know she is planning a trip to Princeton this week-end? "The plot thickens," says the gardener.

Mary Cook declares, in her opinion, Uxbridge still has something on

Washington. We think that calls for an explanation, Mary.

Kay Walsh has been heard to say that she isn't in favor of prohibition. Evidently it is hard for Kay to get along without her "Sherry."

The latest spring fad and tonic adopted by the girls of the Main Office is eating onions. Already the good effects of this experiment have become apparent in the delicate tint and creamy white complexion of the girls. Keep on, girls; garlic comes next.

The Blue Eagle is thinking of putting no trespassing signs on some of its necessary fixtures, for the benefit of Roy Rollins.

## Shop Notes

Montgomery and Jacques were the proud possessors of some pups. Ferguson also had a claim on the young bone rastlers and, in fact, had been granted first choice of the lot. Ferguson picked out his pup, but in some way or other the pup became sold before Ferguson claimed his pup. Such a mix-up as there was; but now that things have cooled down, we find that satisfactory adjustments have been made.

There is a wild rumor around the shop that a hound dog believed to belong to Newell Wood has had the tables of the chase turned on him lately. A rabbit of Montreal House fame was seen in persistent pursuit of Newell's dog. Mr. Wood has been reported as lying in wait for that lop-eared hound chaser, and the weapons of his choice point distinctly to premeditated violence.

One of our exchange friends must think we are editing a paper on New



Jerusalem. Our latest title is—"Editor of the Spinkle."

Dewey Veau has been walking to Douglas lately on Sunday nights, as reported in the last issue of the "Spindle." We forgot to say that Frank Duggan usually called for Dewey in order to see him home safely. Frank had the bus on the job a few Sundays ago and called at the proper time, making a terrible noise with the horn; but try as he could, no Dewey would show up. Frank drove on, thinking he would pick Dewey up. The next day Dewey tried to convince Frank that his horn couldn't make a noise.

Bill Donlon, chairman of the Entertainment Committee at the recent Knights of Columbus carnival, is a notorious practical joker, and he lived up to his reputation when he sprung Mildred Waverly, of Worcester, on the audience at the carnival and saw all the boys fall for her. But the fellow who fell hardest was a chap by the name of Jim. Bill Donlon told Jim that Mildred would like to meet him; and Jim, who was barking at the side show, immediately gave up his job and rushed in back to meet Mildred. It was love at first sight.

"Haven't I met you before?" said Jim. "I don't think so," said Mildred. "Didn't I dance with you at the Casino last week?" said Jim. "I don't dance there," replied Mildred. Anyway, Jim gave Mildred the high sign for a later appointment and dusted out front.

Miss Waverly came on the stage for her last act, and at the close she took off her wavy raven locks and stood before the audience, not a girl, but a good, husky lad. Donlon, who had been waiting for this moment, yelled, "Ain't she a pippin, Jim?" The joke soon passed around the hall, and Jim went outside and threw rocks at himself.

Miss Isabel Hamilton, formerly clerk on the bolster job, who was recently promoted to the Production Department Office, was paid a surprise visit by the girls employed on the bolster job. On behalf of those present Miss Margaret Nichols presented Miss Hamilton with a

beautiful pearl necklace. Songs were rendered by Mrs. Margaret Oakes, Miss Anne Prestere, and Miss Lillian Hutton. Selections were also rendered by the bolster job orchestra, which is composed of Miss Florence Rasco, pianist; Miss Lillian Hutton, violinist; and Miss Tillie Frieswyck, cornetist. Harry Wallace also assisted them by giving recitations which have made him famous. Harry also complained of being stiff the next morning, as we understand that it was a long walk home. The following persons made up the surprise party: Miss Margaret Nichols, Miss Annie Prestere, Miss Florence Rasco, Miss Tillie Frieswyck, Miss Lillian Hutton, Miss Marion Wood, Mrs. Jennie Jenkins, Mrs. A. G. Clark, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Oakes, Miss Grace Hookstra, Miss Theresa Nyholt, Miss Mildred Magill, Mr. Harry Wallace, and Mr. Thomas G. Hamilton.

At the opening night of the Belgrade Stock Company the little boys in the front rows were congratulated on their excellent behavior. How long since have our friends John William Deane and Leslie Rogers gone back to childhood?

We wish to place the name of Cornelius Hourihan of the Foundry on the twenty-year list of our service record.

It is suggested that a ball of red string be tied to Mildred Magill whenever she leaves the flyer job. This suggestion is the result of a recent experience on the card job, when friend Mildred had to appeal for help to find her way back.

It is strange how jokes are spread from place to place. We remember seeing this one quite some time ago, but evidently it has just arrived in Japan. Eddie Whittaker slipped this into a letter we recently received from him, so it is back again and good enough to print. Here it is:

"HE'D GOT 'EM AGAIN"

"A doctor came up to a patient in a lunatic asylum, slapped him on the back, and said: 'Well, old man, you're all right. You can run along and write home that you'll be back in two weeks as good as new.' The patient went off gayly to write his

letter. He had it finished and sealed; but as he was about to affix the stamp, the latter slipped on the back of a cockroach that was passing and stuck. What he did see was his escaped postage stamp zigzagging aimlessly across the floor and following a crooked trail up the wall and across the ceiling. In depressed silence he tore up the letter that he had just written and dropped the pieces on the floor. 'Two weeks,' he said, 'I won't be out of here in three years.'"

Taken from Fay-Egan's catalog of April, 1920:

The man who goes to buy a collar still gets it in the neck.

Limburger cheese is going up. It raises a scent every day.

"Now, boys," said the teacher, "one more question: Can anyone give me a sentence with the term 'weather-beaten'?"

"Sure," said Reddy Backrow. "Me old man roots for the Red Sox whether beaten or not."

A new song on sale at the Woonsocket music stores has come to our attention. Its title is "False-Hearted Willie," the words of which were written by Joseph Dion, of the milling job. This song has been put on the market by Legter's Music Company, of Chicago. Never realized you were in the music composition game, Joe. Good work; keep it up.

The boys of the Drafting Room have not been challenged as yet for that rifle shoot, to be held at the challenger's convenience, up to and including 200-yard events. Our rifle men are out for a little sport and would make a pleasant time out of a competition, if the challengers will be forthcoming. All they want is five good rifle men to say the word, and they will grab their guns and burn the powder.

WANTED—Fishing boat; any condition, as long as it will stay afloat long enough to allow a party to catch a few fish and get back to shore. Price ought to be around \$10. See editor for information.

The packing job is preparing for the spring weddings that are expected to take place in the very near future. Two of the popular young ladies of this department will not affirm or deny the rumor that June is the month of their choice.

Housing construction has been held up recently from lack of materials. It is hoped that the work will soon get under way in order to help out on the home problem. Shipments of plaster board have been received after a long delay, which ought to help out the situation some.





## With Rod and Line

All trout fishermen around these parts catch big strings of fish up Purgatory way. Try to pin them down to a definite brook and see what results you have. No use. If we mention trout, that means they were caught up Purgatory way.

Lucien Barnes claims the largest trout this season, measuring  $13\frac{1}{4}$  inches and weighing just a pound. This was accomplished during the week-end of April 24.

Charlie Peck, formerly of the drawing frame job, has caught some fine trout this year. Ye editor was lucky enough to sample a few of the beauties.

Lorin Aldrich puts in his story of twenty trout on Tuesday, May 11. These were from up Purgatory way.

But the best one yet up Purgatory way is the time Bill Greenwood and Henry Dolliver went fishing for trout. They caught a few before the arrival of Game Warden Elijah Wessel. They weren't half anxious to show the fish, when they were informed that they were fishing on a stocked brook. Wessel said that Greenwood and Dolliver looked so sorry for their misdemeanor that he hadn't the heart to take them in.



## Blue Eagle Notes

What, moving on Sunday? Yes, we'll Grant they did.

Heard in the Pool Room:

Question: "Who's 'Champeen' now?"

Answer: "All depends on the weather. Eh! Jack?"

WANTED—One piece of ice each morning at 7.30. Phone C. W. 3-0.

The Blue Eagle Clover-leaf four (all notorious characters) are about to start their operation. Watch the furniture polish and hair tonic disappear now.

We all know about the Blue Eagle Old Clothes Club. "Nuff sed."

Supply Sergeant Charles Willard, of Camp Dix, N. J., is on an unexpected ten days' furlough. We are looking forward to more news from this vicinity. Sergeant Willard served two years overseas with the 26th Infantry, re-enlisted for a term of one year, and has four months longer to serve.

Raymond Bazinet, with the new "Beetle Bug," is out after Barney Oldfield's record. Clarkie says he has about the fastest bus in town, and we are very eager to arrange a match. What say, fellows—fun, money, or marbles?

## Can You Figure This Out?

Several young men attended a dance last evening in the Westboro Insane Asylum. Everything went smoothly until it was time to go home; and then the attendants looked the crowd over, and all made a wild scramble for the door. Tommie Joyce and Henry Bouvier made their escape, but poor Stubbie Johnston is reposing very comfortably at the Asylum this morning. At least, that is the verdict, as Everett did not show up at work the next day.

Cahill, of the Foundry, and Bazinet, of the roll job, were on the market to buy an automobile lately. Having secured a car that looked like a good buy, they set out to take in Northbridge Hill. Result is that Bazinet's father is out one buggy and is repairing a hole in the barn. It was a lively car all right, but rather hard on the folks.

## Interesting Anniversaries

May 15 to June 15

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

- May 25, 1916 West end of freight house addition commenced.
- May 27, 1891 Drawings made for first 6-inch bottom connection to water-wheel penstock.
- May 28, 1891 Worsted looms for Pacific Mills designed.
- June 1, 1917 Excavation for new Administration Building started.
- June 2, 1911 Foundry runs only five days a week.
- June 3, 1892 First ball ever held in Memorial Hall.
- June 3, 1909 Pattern Loft building (east of Foundry) started.
- June 4, 1896 Plans made to change over Foundry stacks from coal to coke fuel.
- June 4, 1903 Yellow day—caused by smoke from forest fires.
- June 4, 1905 Commenced building of Foundry sand house on Douglas Road.
- June 4, 1912 Ventilating system installed on spinning roll job.
- June 6, 1894 Some departments in shop on half time.
- June 6, 1905 Dust exhaust system installed in Carpenter Shop.
- June 15, 1901 Blue Eagle Inn opened.

FOR SALE—A Mitchell six, 1918 model, five-passenger car. This car is in good running condition, has only been run 7,000 miles. If you are interested, see E. Minkema, on the roll job.







### Cleaning Department



ONE of the very essential jobs around the shop is carried on by the Cleaning Department. No man likes to work around a dirty bench or floor, and no man has to in this shop.

In fact, many visitors, when going through the plant, have been known to remark, "How do you manage to keep everything so well cleaned up?" The answer is, the Cleaning Department is right on the job during working hours, and often before and after.

Of course, the shop has always had to look after debris and dirt, ever since it was in its infancy; but this work was done chiefly by each individual back in the old days. Timothy Regan, formerly foreman of the Cast Iron Room, was the first in-

dividual directly responsible for the cleanliness of the shop. Every Saturday a crew of men were detailed to pick up the iron scraps and shavings and to sweep up, in general. The old iron and shavings were piled up in No. 1 Shop cellar, to be hauled away by team every five or six months.

It was about 1900 that William Rollins stepped into the history of the cleaning of the works. He had been unfortunate in an accident several years previous and was unable to take up his old position as an erector on spinning. Mr. Rollins was placed in charge of a gang of men and very quickly organized a department which at once proved its worth to the shop.

After the death of Mr. Rollins in 1916, James Bryant was appointed foreman. Mr. Bryant, noted fisherman and purse finder, has been with the Whitin Machine Works since 1907, serving the greater part of the time as second-hand on the cleaning job. When not at work in the shop, Jim can be found salting down the mackerel that have to be shipped here by freight from the weekend fishing grounds.

But that's another story. To get back to the job, we are informed that the Cleaning Department has other jobs besides sweeping up. They handle the oil supply of the shop, which amounts to 18 to 20 barrels a week, an increase of a dozen barrels in the last seven years. Last summer, it was necessary to crack up a ton and a half of ice per day in order to satisfy our thirsty workers. This summer, Jim reckons it will be "nigh onto" two tons per day, now that the water habit has been firmly established in these parts.

Other odd jobs, such as heat regulation in the winter, mowing and upkeep of lawns and grounds, cleaning

off the roofs, washing windows, and looking after the fire station and hose, are among the tasks that keep the cleaning men on the jump. Of shavings alone, the men stack 80 tons a week, or two freight-car loads.

The department is practically divided into two crews composed of regular-job men and odd-job men. The regulars have their particular territory or floor for which they are responsible, while the odds are on the alert for any task that happens along.

The following are on the job constantly:

	IN SHOP		ON JOB	
	YRS.	MOS.	YRS.	MOS.
Louis Bazinet	41		2	3
Malk. Papasian	20		11	6
John Teklenberg	15	3	15	3
John Berkowicz	15		1	6
James Minns	14		11	
Charles Mann	14		5	5
James Finn	13		2	1
James Bryant	12	6	12	6
Patrick Hartigan	12		12	
James Callahan	11	3	3	
Nelson Snow	10		2	
Stan. Sowie	9		7	
James Hayes, Sr.	7		7	

Continued on page 18, column 3



James Bryant



William Rollins







## Brief Review of the Past Season on Lake Winona



NDEED, the out-of-door season is here again. The long evenings we have been fighting for are now ours, and the best way to use them that we can think of is to get out of doors.

For some the evening offers baseball; for others there is gardening, autoing, walking, golfing, and fishing. In fact, a score of things delightful to do and beneficial to the health. However, we can't speak of sport or recreation in this town without taking in our lake, and it is of Lake Winona that we want to write.

The season has just begun on the lake. The evenings are getting warm enough to make canoeing and boating delightful. The boat house will be ready for use in the near future, we are assured, and already the Camp Fire girls, fishermen, club men, and campers are laying their plans for the canoeing season.

Last year there was a great deal of activity around the ponds. We recall the good times staged by the Meadow View Gun Club. Several have spoken of the bunch of good fellows who congregate there, and from inside information they have been having some bang-up times. They have taken to rifle practice, clay-pigeon shooting, and casting as the major sports and have become noted for the eats that usually wind up their grand occasions. This camp is the home of Horner's electric goat and the laboratory of the noted chefs, Nelson and Johnson.

Suppose we are leaving Meadow View Gun Club on an imaginary trip in a canoe headed back for the boat house. On your right immediately as you start out, the Camp Fire girls' camp is to be seen in full swing. A small group of Wo-he-lo-ites are gathered about the camp fire, singing in harmony with the murmur of pines overhead and the lapping of water along the shores. Surely, all is joy here, for youth is about in the great out of doors.

It is a warm night. Over toward the New Village side of the Meadow

Pond we hear the many voices of the bathers, as they find delight in the cooling effect of the clear water. Little boys are making more noise on their rafts than an ocean-going steamer under full steam. They dive below, and out from the contrasted stillness come the refrains of "She's my Honey, Honey. Bless her little heart."

We look up to see Geo. Bliss and Company outlined in the distance, and we know that the Blue Eagle quartet has arrived for the evening's serenade to the setting sun.

Over the pines of the western shore the sun is lowering towards the horizon. The wind has begun to go down, and little ripples on the pond's surface reflect in splendor the varied colors of the sunset. Shading our eyes as we look back beyond the point from which we started, whom should we see but George Gill standing, as we suppose Father George did when he crossed the Delaware, but casting for pickerel instead of British.

And let us not overlook our friends Elmer Hilt and Joe Brooks, champion perch fishers and birch fly catchers. There they are, as sure as fishing requires a license, not saying much, but figuring what perch have to do with bolts and nuts.

Let us paddle on. To our right again is the Mumford Gun Club, noted for its clam bakes, special conventions, and grand times of the past. Not such a very busy place last season, but ready for any occasion that needs the right background.

In going under Meadow bridge, we will watch our course carefully, for Nelson, of the Repair Department, may forget to blow his horn some day as he motors by; and it is thirty feet deep here. We will also paddle swiftly, for Whitinsville high divers take great delight in splashing to your rear as they nose down from the stone rails above.

Directly in front of us, before we veer to the left, stands the Ki Yi Club, summer home of James Clark, Bill Donlon, and Company, retiring gentlemen to be sure; and a fitting place they have selected to pass the summer evenings, away from the maddening crowds of Main Street. Just below them on the same side of

the pond we notice the grey club house of the old-timers. No noise or bustle here; this is the place to spend the evening reminiscing on the things that were and enjoying the aroma of Fore-and-Aft, Virginia Twist, and the resulting absence of mosquitoes.

But what is that band we hear to our left on Johnnie's Island?

No band, brother; that is the pond phonograph that reels them off from dusk to dawn. "Solomon's Wedding" and "Madame Howlonski" are popular favorites. Those two tents house the boys we can't keep home nights, and those canoes are another means of keeping our fresh-air friends in proper fit for the day's work. No, those beer kegs we see on the under side of the wharf were purchased empty. Yes, they were; for we were on hand when they arrived.

Who is this sneaking along the bank in the red canoe? "Hi, there, Bill! Getting any fish?" "Nothing doing," says Bill, in a characteristic manner.

Suffering cats! Are we seeing things? If that isn't John Minshull over there sitting in a bunch of eel grass and lily pads, throwing stones at the bank, we will eat our hats. On coming a little nearer we apologize to John for thinking him crazy; casting for bass in a camouflaged canoe is perfectly normal and good sport.

On our right as we turn up the Mumford River, Billy Magill is seen preparing the camp for his overnight rest out in nature's own. Canoeing and bicycle racing are Billy's chief sports, next to cussing out the phonograph across the water.

Well! Well! Paradise afloat, as we live! Lovely enough as they are, we are charmed to silence by the floating bank of flowers framing, as it were, four of our office ladies on their return trip from Lacky Dam. A fitting picture to brighten a fading day. The beautiful picture of Cleopatra in the notorious trip down the Nile fades from memory in comparison. She was but one, they were four; and, unlike Cleopatra, they spoke to us. Yes, really.

In the blue haze of the distance, Lacky Dam can be seen. Guarding the bridge, the brave swan Horatius, the pride of his ever following mate, comes to meet us full speed ahead, as if to challenge our right on his domain. Rather than dispute over the right to trespass, we decide that it is fitting to turn our canoe around and head for the lights just beyond Picnic Point, which lead to the boat house and home.



## The Knack of Illustrating

James Jones has given us the second part of his story on art, and takes up the subject of illustrating books and magazines.

"A person who desires to follow this line of art must study the different mediums used, consisting of the pencil, pen, brush, charcoal, crayon, and coloring materials. Very few illustrations are made with pencil, as it does not properly reproduce the tones in the drawing; the use of the pencil is limited to marking and sketching out the drawing. The pen, on the other hand, is widely used, also the brush and charcoal stick, depending on the value and size of the illustration. In some cases the artist has a preference; in others, the customer specifies the material.

"The pen is the medium I shall use in my evolution of the following illustration. As in cartooning, the artist must visualize in his or her mind what he is going to draw. In this case the artist wishes to draw a cute and seasonable picture, selecting his subjects from child life. Therefore, he proceeds in the following manner. The season is winter, and he chooses as subjects a little boy and girl. He then forms an idea as to the position in his picture they will take. Now, he visualizes a scene just after Christmas, when the little fellow is anxious to try out his new sled. It



Before Detail Has Been Added

being a nice day, the little fellow teases his mother to let him go out and take his smaller sister for a ride on his sled. His mother dresses them both, and they run joyfully out of the house, the little girl not forgetting her 'Teddy Bear,' which she has wrapped up so he will not catch cold. This scene, being impressed on the artist's mind, is sketched as rapidly as possible.

"This is the outline; all detail has been left until the last. Being satisfied with the positions of his subjects, the artist begins to add color, perspective, and detail, finishing his picture in the manner shown.

"In all kinds of art it is well to keep in mind a few essentials. Practice makes perfect in art as in all other spheres, so faithful application in a particular line means constant improvement. Avoid too much detail, as it will detract the attention of the observer from the main point of the picture. Perhaps the most important factor is, however, to draw true to nature, for there is nothing more beautiful than nature."

The sign board in the bowling alley has again been removed for the benefit of Boudreau.

Friends of Walter Minnehan, of the plumbing job, complain against this removal, as Walter has not yet changed his style from that of baseball.

Minnehan, who has just recently joined the plumbing job, will make an expert plumber, his friends believe, as soon as he takes less interest in the doings of his friends on the chuck job.

The latest town lock-up has been discovered on the speeder job. We are told that Hughie Ferguson and Jack Welch were in conversation on business, etc., in Jack's office. One of our foremen tells us that the conversation lasted so long that the lock on the door rusted, which fact prevented the two gentlemen from moving on. An S. O. S. call was sent to the Carpenter Shop for immediate relief, and in due time the rusty lock was forced. Jack has decided to keep a special can of metal polish near the offending door.

## Golden Wedding Celebrated

We believe notice should be given Henry Holland, who celebrated his fiftieth wedding anniversary April 9, 1920. We understand that Mr. Holland has a twin brother Robert, who was in town to celebrate his brother's anniversary, and that considerable fun resulted even in the immediate family over the similar appearance of the two men.

Mr. Holland's family consists of seven daughters and two sons, all of whom are living. The family has a right to be proud of their father and mother, as have the parents of the children. Congratulations are extended from the shop.

## Cleaning Department

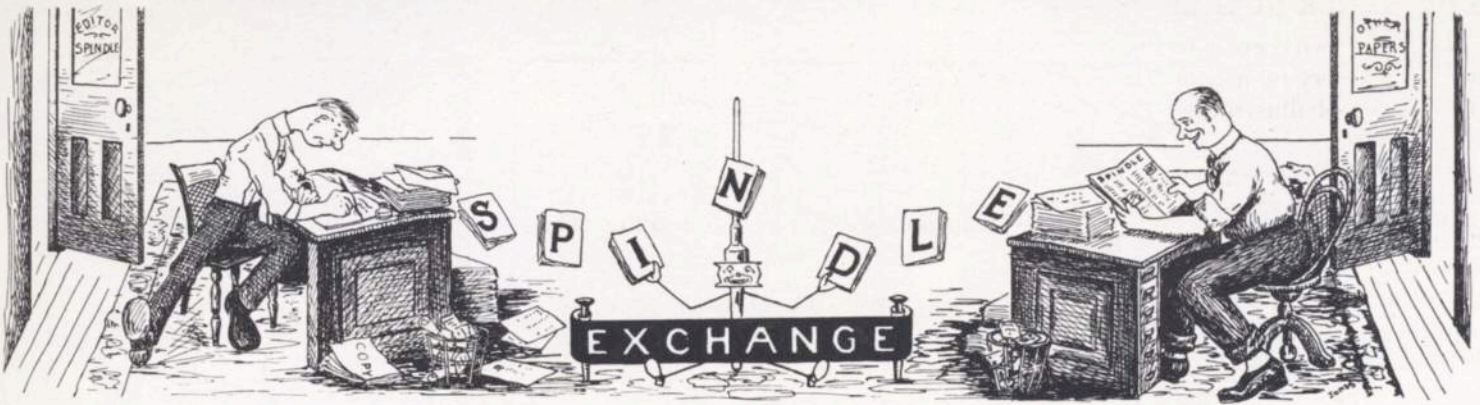
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Mamed Mostafa	6	6	
Charles Brown	4	6	4
Matthew Mulcahy	4	3	4
Thomas Goff	4		4
Samuel Deslplant	4		4
Edward Tebo	4		4
A. F. Cookson	4		1
Hugh McGuire	3	6	3
Charles Lebeouf	3	6	3
George Bebo	3	5	3
Henry Packard	2	8	2
Patrick Hickey	2	8	2
John McCavery	2	4	2
Alex. McPheil	2	2	2
Abish Mostafa	2		1
James Hardy	1	8	1
William Henley	1		1
Mrs. Akroyd	1		3
Murty Howard		11	11
William Gaddes		10	10
Forrest Carey		10	10
Joseph Hall		8	8
J. A. Pettey		7	7
L. B. Angell		7	7
Ulbe Tjaarda		4	4
Mrs. Noyes		1	1



Complete Drawing





### It's a Gay Life



HAVE been held up, held down, sandbagged, walked on, sat on, flattened out, and squeezed.

First by the United States Government for the federal war tax, the excess profits tax, liberty loan bonds, thrift stamps, war savings stamps; for state, county, and city taxes, the capital stock tax; merchant's license and auto tax; and by every society and organization that inventive mind can invent to extract whatever I may or may not possess.

From the Society of John the Baptist, the G. A. R., the Woman's Relief, the Navy League, the Red Cross, the Black Cross, the Double Cross, the Children's Home, the Dorcas Society, the Jewish Relief, American Relief, Belgium Relief, etc., ad infinitum.

The Government has so governed my business that I don't know who owns it. I am inspected, suspected, examined and re-examined, informed, required, restrained, and commanded so that I don't know who I am, where I am, or why I am here.

All I know is that I am supposed to be an inexhaustible supply of money for every human need, desire, or hope of the human race; and because I will not sell all I have and go out and beg, borrow, or steal money to give away, I have been cussed, discussed, boycotted, talked to, talked about, lied to, lied about held up, hung up, robbed, and nearly ruined; and the only reason I am clinging to life is to see what in h— is coming off next.

### Be Loyal

BY ELBERT HUBBARD

If you work for a man, in heaven's name, work for him. If he pays wages that supply you bread and butter, work for him, speak well of him, stand by him, and stand by the institution he represents.

I think if I worked for a man, I would work for him. I would not work for him a part of his time, but all of his time. I would give an undivided service or none.

If put to the pinch, an ounce of loyalty is worth a pound of cleverness. If you must vilify, condemn, and eternally disparage, why, resign your position and when you are outside damn to your heart's content.

But, I pray you, so long as you are part of an institution do not condemn it. Not that you will injure the institution—not that, but when you disparage the concern of which you are part, you disparage yourself.

And don't forget—"I forgot" won't do in business.

### Queer

A fellow's bound to wear a frown when, on his way to work uptown, in crowded car he has to ride, where comes a jolt from ev'ry side. But when to ball game he starts out, you find that he's a different scout. On bottom step he takes a place, with smiles a-plenty on his face.

Oliver Benoit, who has been in Florida for the past six months, has returned to his home in Whitinsville. Anyone wishing advice about the climate in Florida should interview Mr. Benoit.

Harry Mulligan and Joe Checci, accompanied by a few of their friends, journeyed to Milford to hear John McCormack. Both report having a fine time.

We have some fish stories up our sleeve, all our own, that we thought were good ones; but when the Worcester *Evening Gazette* came out with the announcement that Harry Brown, of Whitinsville, had caught a trout weighing 37 $\frac{1}{8}$  pounds, around these parts, we decided to retire.

The gallant youth of former spring days is still with us. Friend Alex, of the Blue Eagle Inn, not excepted. The way we get it, the story includes friend Alex, a young lady in the employ of the Blue Eagle, the path to the Annex, and several witnesses.

Evidence points to the fact that Alex is a gentleman of the old school. When asked by a fair young lady to do a favor, he is right on the job. The favor in this case was the irksome task of transporting dishes from the Blue Eagle to the Annex. Alex accepted the dishes and tripped lightly on the way. Upon gazing up at the window, whom should he see but the fair one for whom he was going forth. Alas! The gaze was too intense and prolonged. In the meantime an obstacle obstructed the path, and down went dishes and Alex. Let us advise you, Alex; never let a woman turn your head.



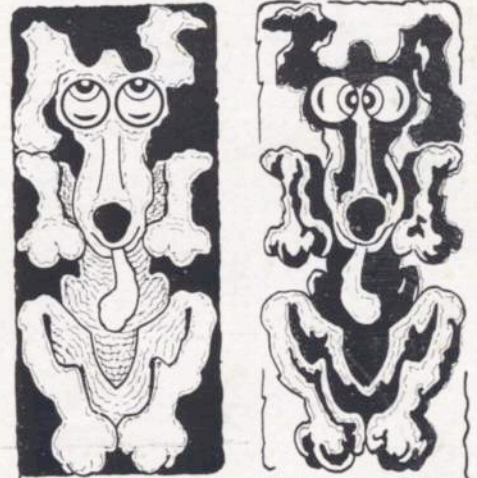




TOWSER



BOWSER  
HOW'D YOU LIKE TO BE IT?



THE GALAMITY TWINS - HANS AND FRITZ  
HALF BULLDOG, SHEPHERD, HOUND AND SPITZ



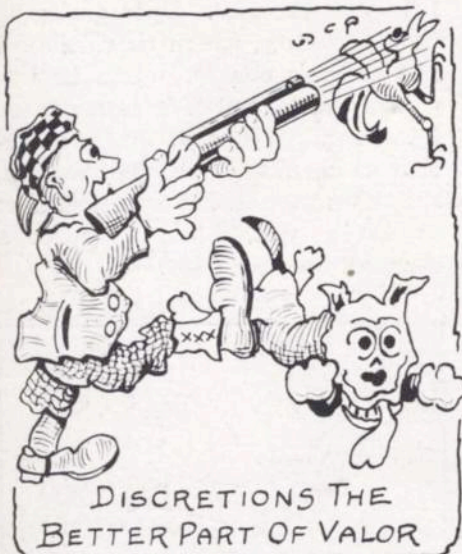
BISMARCK



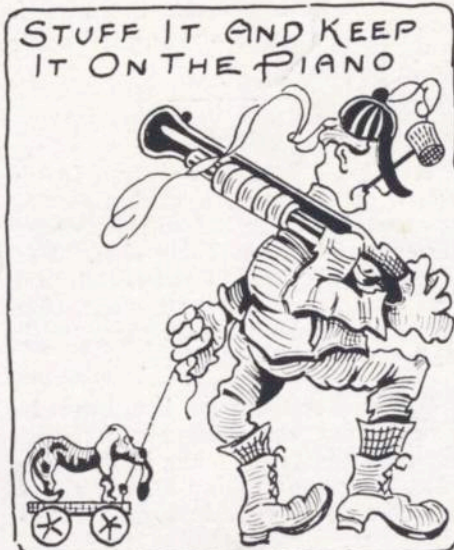
CAESAR - DRIVES 'EM  
IN THE DARKEST NIGHT



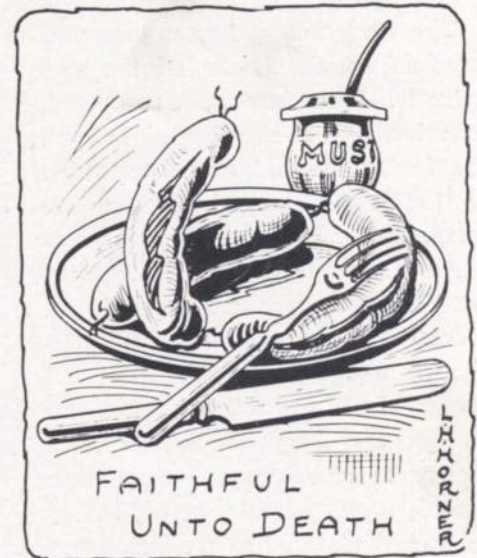
TEASER -  
TRESSES 'EM  
IN THE BRIGHT  
MOONLIGHT



DISCRETIONS THE  
BETTER PART OF VALOR



STUFF IT AND KEEP  
IT ON THE PIANO



FAITHFUL  
UNTO DEATH

Famous Hunting Dogs of Whitinsville