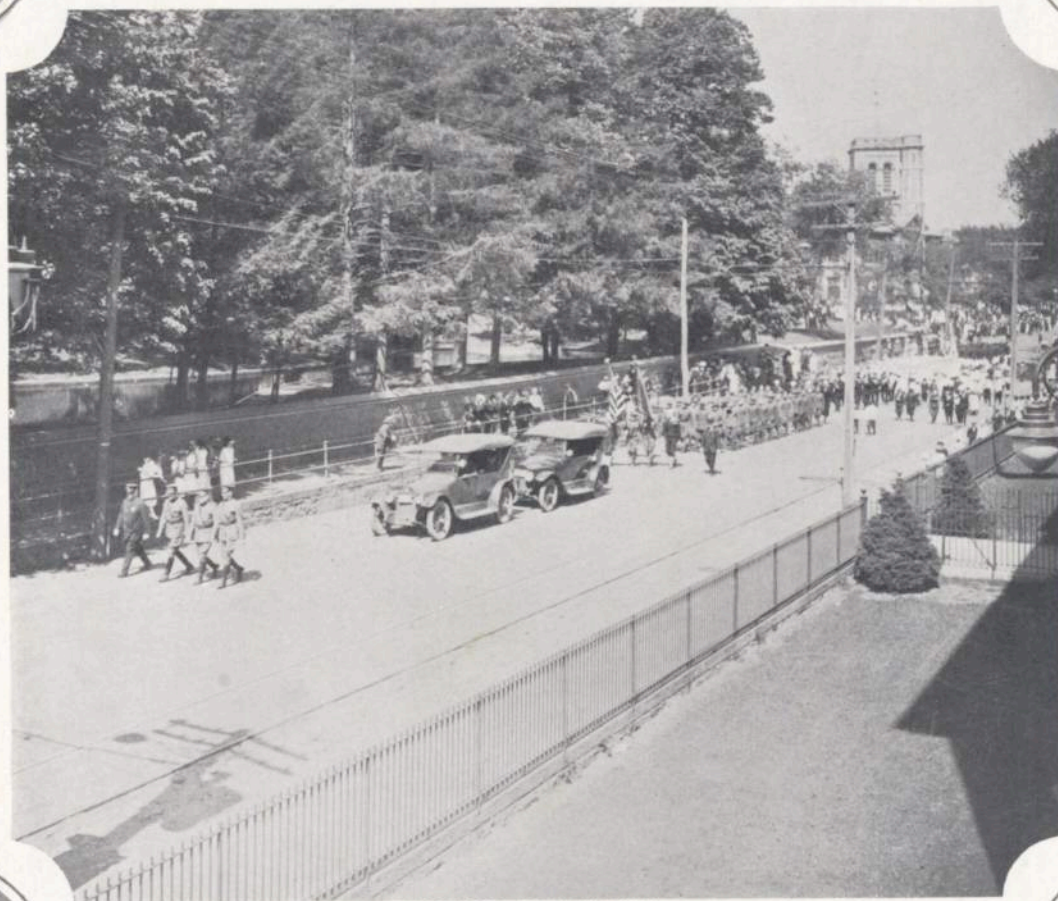


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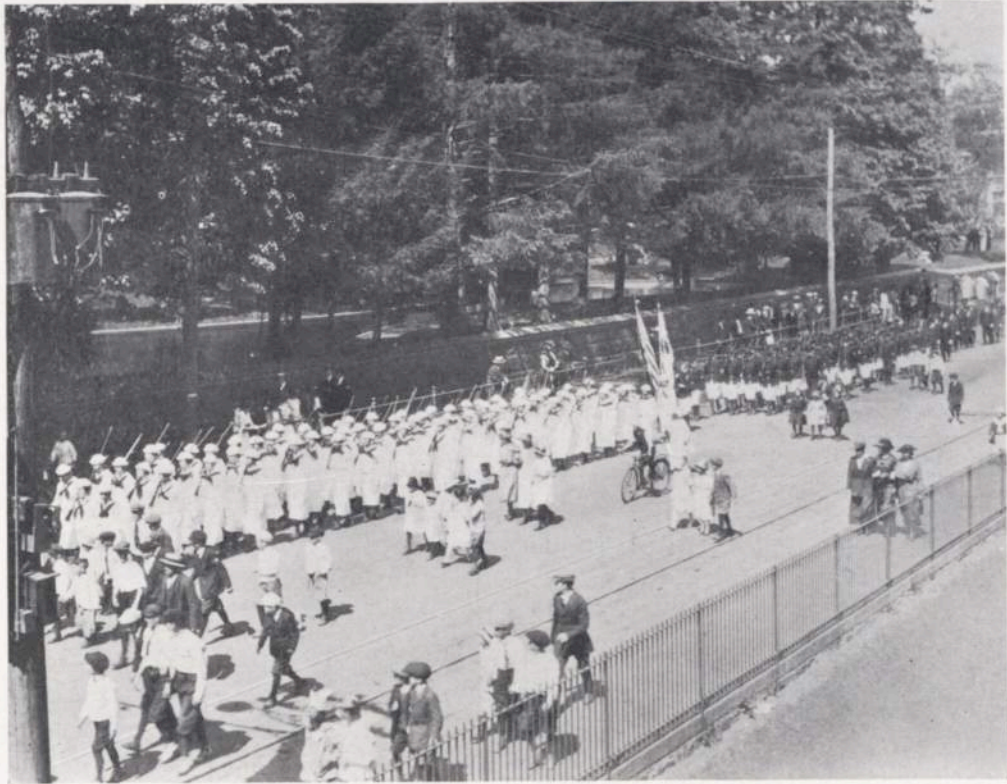
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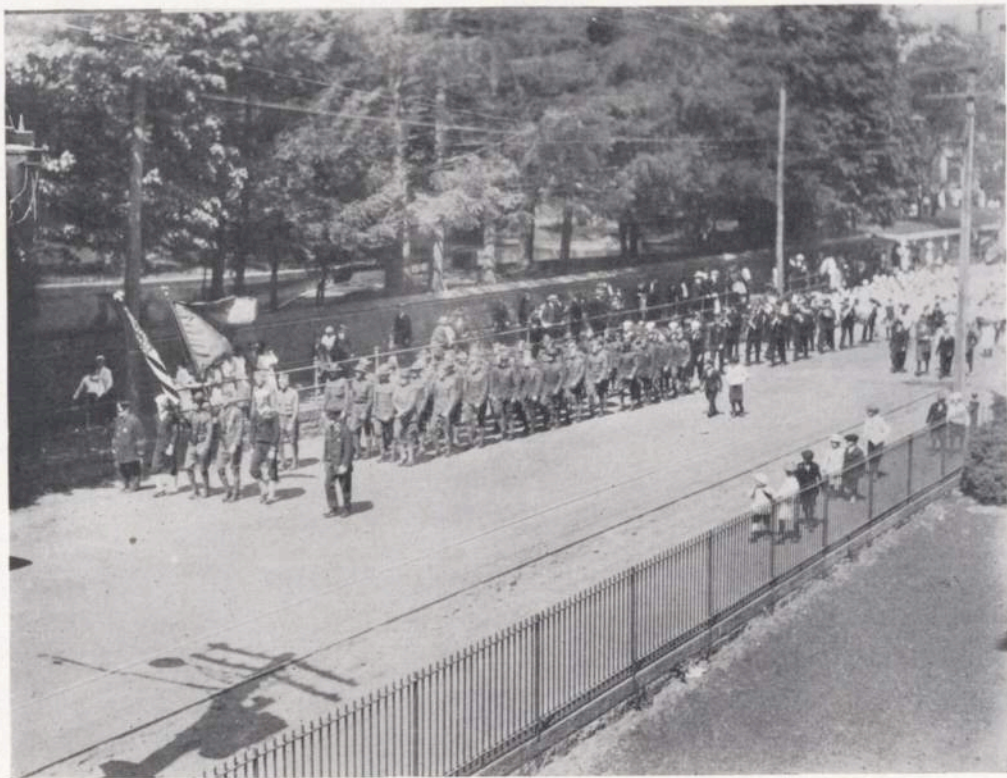
MEMORIAL DAY PARADE

JUNE

VOL. I No 11



HIGH SCHOOL CADETS



JEFFREY L. VAIL POST, AMERICAN LEGION

Impressive Memorial Day Exercises in Whitinsville

Memorial Day with its impressive and appropriate ceremonies has come and gone again for the second time since the World War. In Northbridge, Civil War veterans and the veterans of the more recent strife joined together to pay tribute to those who died in battle and in camp. Theirs was the supreme sacrifice, and the people of this nation will always cherish the memory of the brave men who laid down their lives for the cause deemed right by their country.

Not only in memory of those who died in the time of conflict were we gathered together on Memorial Day, but also in memory of those veterans who have died after the supreme task was completed.

One of our townspeople wrote a very commendable report on the activities in Northbridge, Memorial Day, for the *Gazette* and we believe that the report is worthy of reprint here in our shop paper:

Memorial Day was observed here in a manner appropriate to the memory of the veterans who have given their lives for their country. The exercises were carried out by Rowse R. Clark Post, No. 167, G. A. R., assisted by the Jeffrey L. Vail Post, A. L., and associate members of the G. A. R.

Beginning in the morning at 9.30 o'clock, the graves of the veterans buried in Whitinsville cemeteries were decorated by the school children of Whitinsville, while the bugle sounded "Taps" in memory of those comrades who now sleep beneath "Old Glory." A short address was given in each cemetery by the clergy, which was followed by prayer.

Quaker, Cooper, and Lackey cemeteries were in charge of James Creighton, assisted by T. B. Carr, Dr. B. H. Quinn, and William Carrick.

The exercises in Northbridge Center cemetery were in charge of Dr. B. H. Quinn, assisted by Edmond



Graded Schools Memorial Parade

M. Taft and Frank Searles. A short address was given by John E. Pharnes, commander of the post, and prayer was offered by Rev. W. W. Evans.

The exercises in St. Patrick's cemetery were in charge of James R. Clarke, Emil Freddette, John J. Regan, Daniel C. Duggan, James Kearnan, and Edward Driscoll. Prayers for the dead were given by Rev. John P. Phelan.

The exercises in Riverdale cemetery were in charge of Harry S. Robie, assisted by Sidney L. Colby, Clarence Pollard, Charles S. Pope, Fred O. Fiske, James Creighton, George Hanna, Henry Pope, and Geoffrey Gough. Prayer was offered by Rev. William H. Watson.

The Pine Grove cemetery was in charge of John E. Pharnes, John T. Savage, Arthur Rienstra, Rev. T. M. Huston, James Creighton, Arthur Noyes, Charles R. Ward, and Samuel Lynn. Prayer was given by Rev. Walter H. Commons.

Memorial services for the dead were held in Memorial Hall in the afternoon at 1.30 o'clock. The program opened with a selection by Crosbie's Military Band, of Worcester. This was followed by a salute to the dead by the comrades and associates of the G. A. R. and Jeffrey L. Vail Post, A. L. Prayer was offered by Rev. Thomas M. Huston. A salute to the flag was then given by the audience and veterans. This was followed with "God Save America" by the Northbridge High School cadets.

The address of welcome was given by commander of the post, John

E. Pharnes. After the address, Thomas Murphy sang a patriotic selection; "The Origin of Memorial Day" was given by George H. Deeks, which was followed by "Three Cheers for the U. S. A." by the High School Glee Club. Sergt. Samuel J. Simmons, of Co. K, 156th Mass. Volunteers, then gave an address, which was followed by the singing of "America" by the audience.

After the services in the hall, the veterans, associates, and High School cadets formed in marching order in Memorial Square. The formation was headed by a platoon of police. Capt. Josiah Lasell, 2d, commander of the Jeffrey L. Vail Post, A. L., was chief marshal. Following the marshal was an escort of aides selected from the Legion. Crosbie's Military Band, of Worcester, followed, headed by the color bearer of the post. Rowse R. Clarke Post, No. 167, G. A. R., came next, with James Creighton as officer of the day and John E. Pharnes in command. Following came the soldiers, sailors, and marines of the American Legion, commanded by Sergt. Thomas Melia. The next in line were the Northbridge High School cadets: Co. A, Capt. Eva Houghton in command; and Co. B in command of Capt. Albert Hetherington. Following the cadets were clergy and the G. A. R. associates, with James Kearnan as marshal.

The procession marched up Main Street to Linden to Chestnut to Hill; and then by the way of Park Street they proceeded to the soldiers' and sailors' monument, where exer-

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 Albert Kershaw
 William Baker
 Edward McGuire
 Dick Vanderbrug
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 Frank Lambert
 James Murphy
 Raymond DeJong
 Peter Merchant
 Jos. Courteau
 Stanley Mordig

SHOP No. 2-5
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 Fred Lamont
 Edw. C. Driscoll
 Tat. Goorigian
 Ralph Thatcher
 John Ward
 H. Vander Brug
 Broer De Vries
 Joseph Reneau

F. E. Bates
 James Ferguson
 Nap Guertin
 Joseph Hincheliffe
 C. A. Knowlton
 Samuel McKee
 Thos. F. O'Reilly
 Samuel Shaw

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 Steve Orzog
 SHOP No. 1-13
 George Morrell
 Isaac Peloquin
 Garis Gadboy
 Alfred Heroux

G. A. Seagraves
 Percy Guptill
 Herbert McNeil
 Albert Robida

SHOP No. 2-6
 Frank Kiernan
 William Rankins
 Orli Holland
 Samuel Jefferson

David Brown
 Homer Flinton
 Herbert Ashworth
 Joseph Fenner
 Joseph Heroux

SHOP No. 1-15
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 E. M. Payson
 John Erickson
 Harry Alger
 Alex. Bassett
 L. A. Sheldon

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 Jos. T. Cahill
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 Adalard Benoit
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SHOP No. 2-15
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 Peter Feddema
 Leroy Clarke
 Faipe Wiersner
 Dierk Van Dyke

D. S. Brown
 Gilbert Harwood
 Medos Gregoire

SHOP No. 1-17
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 W. J. Walker

Herbert Ames
 George S. Dyer
 Harold T. Orff
 James Spence
 Edward Guertin
 Homer Bruillette

SHOP No. 2-16
 John Van Dyck
 George Gregoire
 George Bowman
 Frank F. Clark
 John Farrand

Agricultural Society Under Way

One of the questions before the country is the necessity of increased production. This big need applies to the farms as well as to the factories; and in order that this town may do its share in helping out the threatened farm-produce shortage, an Agricultural Society will be organized which will create interest in home gardens and canning. The gardens will be inspected during July and August, and prizes will be given to those judged best. Later in the season, if enough interest is shown, an exhibition will be held in Memorial Hall, when prizes will be given for the various classes of products raised and for canning and preserving done in the homes. This competition is open to all employees of the shop; and if any man has a garden, no matter where located, he is eligible to enter.

The following men, up to and including June 14, have signified their intention of joining the Agricultural Society:

DRAFTING ROOM

Harmon O. Nelson	A. W. White
Leon H. Horner	Robt. K. Brown, 2d
Paul C. Grant	Chas. A. Allen
Robert Hargreaves	D. H. Helland
John Minshull	C. C. Lamb
R. L. Metcalf	

James Rankin
 B. F. Devlin
 Richard Highland



Robert Houston

Our Long Service Series

Fifty-one years ago this month, Robert Houston came to Whitinsville via New York and Ireland.

It was by a queer chance of fate that Bob dropped off in our small town of those days. He was on his way to Worcester from New York, having been in the country but a few days, when the railroad conductor called out the station of Whitins. Bob happened to remember that he knew a friend in Whitinsville and left the train for the stage-coach. He has been with us ever since, and we are glad that he wasn't asleep when the conductor called out this station.

Mr. Houston was first employed in the Blacksmith Shop, where he worked until the early part of 1861, when he went into the Foundry to take up moulding at the request of Mr. Taft. His first job as a moulder was on cylinders, and since then Bob has tackled all the various jobs the Foundry has to offer. Today Mr. Houston can be found at his bench in the Core Room hard at work and still doing his part to keep the production of the Foundry up to its high standard.

Mr. Houston lives on East Street and has acquired the title of "the sage of East Street," given to him by his many friends.

We asked Bob what he thought, in looking back, was one of the outstanding good things of this country;

Old Timer Visits the Works

Joseph LeMay, who was with us forty years ago, dropped in to visit us for the first time since he had left our employ.

Mr. Le May was greatly surprised to find the shop had grown as extensively as it has. He confessed he had hoped to visit his old home on Water Street, but guessed he would have to figure out where it used to stand, when he looked over our new Foundry.

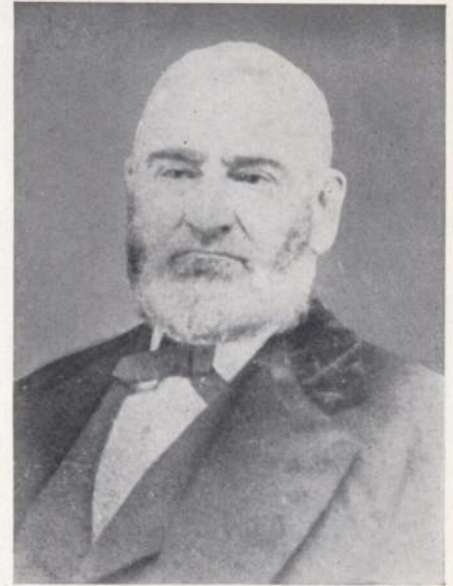
The Blacksmith Shop was most interesting to Mr. LeMay, for in the old days he worked with us as a blacksmith. It didn't take Joe long to find one of his former friends with whom he used to work, and he was more than pleased to have a chance to talk over the old times with Ed. Hall.

Mr. LeMay inquired for R. K. Brown, the only member left of the office force of his day.

Since leaving us, Mr. LeMay has been in the employ of one of the country's largest railroads and has recently been retired. Come in again, Joe, and let us hear more about the old times.

In last month's "Spindle," we left out the names of two of the men now with us who were in the picture of 1896 of the bolt job. They are William Reilley, of Spencer's job, in the upper left-hand corner, and William Ledue, of the bolt job, fourth man on the last row.

and without hesitation the answer came: "The opportunities of the young people of America to get an education. In Ireland I had to buy everything for my education for the few years I could attend school; but here in America a boy or girl can go through the High School, no matter how poor he may be. I am well pleased that my children had a better chance than I had to get a good education."



Joseph Allen

Former Foreman of Tin Shop

Levi Rasco, foreman of the Tin Shop, was fortunately able to secure a photograph of his former boss and gave us the following article in regard to Mr. Allen:

Mr. Joseph Allen was born in Exeter, N. H. He learned his trade of tin and sheet-iron worker in Lowell, Mass. In 1845 he was engaged by Mr. J. C. Whitin to take charge of the Whitin Machine Works Tin Shop.

His cousin, a Mr. Getchel, an older gentleman of Woonsocket, R. I., came with him to start him on cylinder work.

At the time I came to work in the Tin Shop, the only employees were John and Joe Allen, two brothers. In 1855 Mr. Allen married and resided on Linwood Avenue, later moving to Forest Street, where he remained until 1876, when he built his own home on Prospect Hill. He retired in 1899 and died at the age of 75 years.

In Providence, on May 27, the Knights Templar had a parade and reception in honor of the Eminent Grand Commander of the United States Knights Templar. There were 48 commanderies in line with 48 bands. A total of 8,500 men took part in the parade. The Whitin Machine Works were represented by Newell W. Wood, of the Worcester Commandery; Horace Whipple, of the Milford Commandery; and James Cooper, William Dixon, Henry Todd, Stephen Ball, George Hanna, Amos Whipple, William Johnston, John Heys, and Alfred W. White, of the Woonsocket Commandery.



Shipping Department

When we think of the Freight House, we must not concentrate our thoughts on the handling of freight as it comes and goes. The Freight House includes in its tasks, not only the loading and unloading of materials, but the large and small packing jobs, the cutting-off job, and the supervision of the Linwood Street Railway.

Last winter was an especially trying time in all matters pertaining to freight. Transportation on all lines except the Linwood Street Railroad came to a dead halt several times during our frequent storms. And again, storage place was at a premium, which necessitated the handling of boxes and goods many times. Embargoes were constantly being put on and lifted on various railroad lines, which necessitated frequent changes in routing our shipments. Cars were at a premium, and all manner of pressure and appeals was necessary to get sufficient cars to carry the machinery to its destination, and not the least of the difficulties were our successful attempts to keep the passenger and freight service going daily over our own lines. This task was successfully accomplished when all other street railways were at a standstill.

Prior to 1891, all our freight was transported back and forth from the railroad station by team under the supervision of Mr. Moses F. Cram, aided by about six helpers. The packing job in those days was in

charge of S. H. Brown, who with six men was able to prepare all our product for shipment.

Geo. Wilmot took charge of the Shipping Department January 1, 1892. At that time no records were kept whatever of freight either forwarded or received, outside of the bills of lading and paid freight bills furnished by the railroads.

Railroad tracks were laid between the station and the shop the year before Mr. Wilmot came to Whitinsville. Freight cars were hauled to and from the shop by means of eight heavy horses, but in the spring of 1892 the first electric locomotive used in the United States was assembled and placed in use hauling our freight.

Passenger cars were put into service on the morning of January 1, 1900. It was a very severe, cold, and stormy day, but in spite of the elements 600 passengers were carried. We have not dropped below this figure in the history of the service and now average about 3,000 passengers per day. We have seven passenger cars at the present time.

Mr. Wilmot is justly proud of the operating end of the Linwood Street Railroad. He says: "The Linwood Street Railroad is, par excellence, the best-run trolley line in the country, connecting with all trains and trolley lines regardless of weather conditions, and has been operated without an increase of fares and also without criticism from the public."

The new Freight House is one of the most up-to-date freight houses in the country, having a capacity for 14 cars at one time, thus making it

possible for us to handle an average of 30 cars a day in and out.

The first shipping office of the freight house was in the corner next to the connection on Al. Fletcher's job. After a few months, however, an up-to-date office, about 6 x 4, was built where Tom Devlin's office is now located. Since then the offices of the Shipping Department have been separated and enlarged two or three times, until at the present day an office force of twelve men and five young lady stenographers is kept very busy at all hours.

A total of 155 men and women make up the several divisions of the Freight or Shipping Department, which is divided into the taking down and packing of machinery under the supervision of S. H. Brown and Claus Dufries, the forwarding of freight under the supervision of Levi Rasco, the receiving under J. H. Branigan, the small parts for new machinery packed under the supervision of Patrick Duggan, the cutting-off job under Loren Aldrich, and the entire packing of parts for repairs under Peter Boutiette.

The personnel of the job is as follows:

	IN SHOP	ON JOB
	YRS. MOS.	YRS. MOS.
S. H. Brown	41	41
John G. Orr	31	10
Joseph T. Cahill	30	20
George A. Riley	29	1
George Wilmot	28	28
Daniel Sheehan	28	2
George Gauthier	28	3
Claus Dufries	28	28
William J. Kiernan	25	20
James Galvin	25	25
A. Bilodeau	25	22
Joseph Mulvey	25	4
John Hookstra	25	12
Levi Rasco	22	22
Joseph Paquette	22	22
W. O. Blanchette	22	16
Louis Lataille	22	22
O. Nigohosian	21	17
Thomas Devlin	20	20



Fred Savage	20	6	Wilfred Valley	2	6	2	John Bouchard	9	9
Joseph Rasco	20	20	Eugene Roberts	2		2	Louis Allen	8	8
Arthur St. Andre	19	2	John Nigohosian	2		2	Louis Lemieux	8	8
Louis Palardis	19	4	Mitchel Foster	2		2	Joseph Roy	7	7
Desire Bilodeau	18	18	Anna Gauvin	2		2	Edmond Goudreau	5	5
Patrick Duggan	16	16	Irene Emery	2		2	Florence Lesco	4	4
Albert Richards	16	16	Lena Emery	2		2	Eudore Plant	3	3
Albert Montgomery	15	15	Annie Cowburn	2		2	Barth. Conners	3	3
Felix Morrell	15	4	Emma Carrigan	2		2	William McGuire	3	3
William Plant	15	15	Laura McNeil	2		2	Ida Janelle	3	3
James Mulraney	15	8	Annie Hookstra	2		3	Irene Riley	3	3
Robt. Gibson	14	14	Marie Lemoine	2		2	Ernest McGee	3	3
John H. Branigan	14	14	Margeret Meade	2		2	John Francis	3	3
Pierre Roy	14	14	Ferdinand Cadoret	2		2	Annie Weigersma	2	2
Archie Bluin	14	14	John L. Daley	2		1	Grace Kennedy	1	1
Christ Gagnon	14	3	Misrael Roy	2		2	Gladys Wilmot	1	1
Arthur Jackman	13	13	William McDonald	2		2	William Glynn	1	1
Peter Boutiette	13	13	Isabelle McGuire	1		1	Ralph NieMeyer	1	1
Elis Higgins	13	3	Mary Wild	1		1	Chas. Dulan	1/2	1/2
Owen McGrath	12	12	Jos. Polaski	1		1	Thomas Sullivan	1/2	1/2
Oliver Royette	12	8	Joseph Costa	1			James Crowley	1/2	1/2
Henry Chabot	12	10	Ernest Lancourt	1			John Hunter	1/2	1/2
Lorin Aldrich	12	11	Laura Denoncourt		9	9	John Sullivan	1/2	1/2
Frank Freddette	11	11	Clara Farland		9	9	Catherine Kiernan	1/4	1/4
Joseph Moran	11	11							
Samuel Platuski	11	10							
Misrael Bouvier	11	11							
Gilbert Boudreau	11	8							
Dellar Duhamel	10	8							
William Baziner	10	2							
Fred White	10	10							
Edward Grandpre	10	1							
Fred Clark	10	10							
Ronald Poulin	7	7							
Dick Malkaision	7	7							
Michael Derchasofian	7	7							
Alie Shukey	7	5							
Nelson Deane	6	1							
Joseph Benoit	6	6							
Thomas Verrier	6	6							
Walter Leonard	6	6							
Erase Clouthier	5	5							
Adel Beaudoin	5	5							
Theodore Hall	5	5							
F. O. Jacques	5	4							
Alfred Daignais	5	1							
Leslie Rogers	4	4							
William J. McGoey	4	4							
Leo Dion	4	4							
Wilfred Brothers	4	4							
Fred Boudreau	4	4							
Walter Heath	4	4							
Lomar Leveille	4	3							
Henry Courteau	4	4							
Louis Bilodeau	3	6	3	6					
Walter Jacques	3	3							
Ernest Lamelin	3	3							
John Goulet	3	3							
Charles J. Martin	3	3							
E. F. Sprague	3	3							
Jos. Gingras	3	2							
Sidney Dufries	3	3							



George Wilmot



Fob presented to each player of 1919 Championship Team

More Interest Than Ever in Sunset League This Season

Interest in the Sunset League is at high pitch this season, if the size and enthusiasm of the crowds are a good sign; and we believe they are. The teams all seem to be pretty evenly matched, with the Murads and Fatimas tied for first place. The surprise of the season is the manner in which the Meccas are going after the games, after a bad season last year. The Omars, champions of 1919, have lost several of their important members from the old team and at present are not playing the old-style game that brought them through on top last year just as the season closed. However, the sport prophets of the town are expecting the Omar manager to spring a surprise before the schedule is complete.

Hard luck has been with the Foundry from the start. By all signs they looked to be the strongest contenders for the championship of 1920 on paper. But Vincent, on whom they depended to twirl them to victory, pulled a ligament in his elbow and has been out of the game. Jones has held down the box very well in Vincent's place, although it looked as though the crowd was out to beat him the first game he made his appearance on the mound.

Steele has had his share of hard luck this year, but is now back in the game. Johnnie attempted to stop a hot liner with his right hand and lost the use of two fingers for a couple of weeks.

The batting averages this year look promising, although the season is yet young. We notice the Leonard brothers up on top along with Kieran, who has found time to play one game since the eventful evening when he resigned as boss of his own time.

Bull Murray has been hitting the pill right on the nose and has kept the outfielders busy chasing around the lot. Buma and Ashworth have salted away a fat average and look good for the season, the way they are now going. Keeler is coming right along towards the top and should wield a wicked stick before the season is over. His strong forte is keeping the ball out of the infield, and we'll say he has the beef to do it.

It is rather surprising to note Frieswyk and Farrell down on the list; but, as we said before, the season is young, and you never can tell. Has anybody noticed that, when Skillen gets on base, the fielding team gets right up on their toes? Rather fast, we'll say.

It has been very satisfying to the fans to have the games go the full distance of seven innings. This has been due, not only to the fast ball the teams have been playing, but to the handling of the games by the umpires, which has been very satisfactory this year. Credit is due to Montgomery, Guertin, and Marshall for their willingness to give their time to help make the games a success and a good time for all the fans and players.

The batting averages for the season, up to week ending June 12, are as follows:

Name	ab	h	%
Kieran	4	4	1000
Leonard, J.	9	6	667
Leonard, F.	3	3	667
Murray, W.	18	9	500
Campo	2	1	500
Murray, J.	7	3	429
Benner	7	3	429
Ashworth	12	5	415
Buma	20	8	400
Connors	10	4	400
Barnes	13	5	385
Smith	13	5	385
Topp	11	4	364
Keeler	20	7	350
Steele	15	5	333
McGoey	3	1	333
Day	3	1	333
Burns	6	2	333
Vincent	3	1	333
Britton	3	1	333
Sarajian, M.	3	1	333
Finney	9	3	333
Roche, T.	9	3	333
Denoncourt	10	3	300
O'Neil, T.	10	3	300
Callahan	7	2	286
Fowler	14	4	280
Skillen	14	4	280
Brennan, E.	11	3	273

Malmgren	19	5	260
Kane	16	4	250
Boutlier	4	1	250
Anderson	16	4	250
Marshall	13	3	231
Simmons	9	2	222
McKee	5	1	200
Barlow	10	2	200
Cummings	5	1	200
Frieswyk	18	3	166
Feenstra	6	1	166
O'Neil, W.	12	2	166
Workman	6	1	166
Crawford, W.	6	1	166
Jollimore	13	2	154
Bilodeau, W.	7	1	143
Johnson, H.	7	1	143
Downes	8	1	125
McCarthy, F.	10	1	100
Martin	10	1	100
Walsh	12	1	083
Farrell	13	1	077
Morrow	2	0	000
Brennan, C.	2	0	000
Crawford, H.	2	0	000
Johnson, E.	2	0	000
Sarajian, P.	2	0	000
Kelliher	3	0	000
Feddema	3	0	000
Farley	3	0	000
Bilodeau, L.	3	0	000
Burns, J.	3	0	000
Tjaarda	3	0	000
Duffy	3	0	000
Gagne	3	0	000
Robertson	3	0	000
Duhamel	4	0	000
Hughes	4	0	000
Kennedy	4	0	000
Ferguson	4	0	000
Larochelle	5	0	000
McGowan	5	0	000
Melia	6	0	000
White	7	0	000
McGuire	10	0	000
McCarthy, R.	10	0	000

Thin Men Defeat Fat Men 12 to 9

The fat and thin men of the office met on the diamond Friday, June 4. The fat men started out with the avowed purpose of getting some exercise to help them reduce, and the skinny men were out for exercise to help them to put on a little weight. The thin men had the edge on their stouter brothers and carried off the game by the score of 12 to 9.

The batteries for the fat men were Lamb and Montgomery, and Crawford and Keeler for the thin men. The features of the game were the stealing of home by Morrison with a man on third, and the batting and fielding of Manager Noble, of the fat men.

The Drafting Room challenged the Main Office at baseball in the hope of coming back after the bowling season to clean up the bowling champs. But the luck was not with them, as they went down to defeat by the score of 10 to 7.

Keeler was on the receiving end for the Drafting Room with Lamb tossing them up. The Johnson brothers were the battery for the Main Office.

Swinging Like a Gate



The Meccas won their first game in two years by defeating the Fatimas. Just watch them go.

Jimmie Marshall's Murads Steele their games.

Coaching from the sidelines seems to be a specialty with Jimmie Jones.

The members of last year's champs were presented watch fobs. Each fob is engraved as follows: "W. M. W. Champions 1919." The fobs were presented to the following players: Manager George Hanna, Captain Frank McGowan, Ashworth, McCarthy, Feen, Martin, Burke, Blair, Connors, Walsh, Donovan, Peck, Brooks, Breault.

Often you hear a person say, "Three bases on a lost ball." Bill Britton doesn't think so.

Fred McCarthy stole second. How did he do it? Ask Sally; he was coaching.

Buma, star second baseman and all-around man of the Fatimas, is a great relief pitcher.

Stealing second with the base already occupied seems to be the latest fad. Ask Ray Barlow what his idea was.

In the game between the Omars and the Ziras, Ashworth surprised the fans by pulling off a circus catch.

After a five years' lay-off, Kiempe Feenstra pitched his first game for the office and came through.

Pete Sarajian was given a great ovation when he stepped to the plate. His loyal friends had not forgotten him.

Bill Murray, pitcher for the Fatimas, is duplicating the stunts of Babe Ruth.

SCORES TO JUNE 14

Murads	4	Meccas	2
Meccas	11	Fatimas	8
Murads	8	Moguls	5
Ziras	7	Omars	3
Murads	7	Ziras	6
Fatimas	4	Omars	1
Meccas	5	Moguls	1
Fatimas	9	Ziras	3
Moguls	2	Ziras	1
Omars	6	Meccas	4
Fatimas	12	Murads	1

Married and Single Men in Thirteen Inning Tie

Thirteen innings of baseball with the score 19 to 19 is our idea of a whale of a game. The married men of the office went home to tell their wives of the days when they were boys and used to hit 'em out and how they would still be there with a little practice today. This all happened after the great battle of Friday, June 11, 1920, when the single men of the office tried to humble their opponents. It looked bad for the married men in the first inning, when the single men scored nine runs; but business began to pick up in the third inning, when Johnson was pounded all over the lot for eight runs after two men were out.

General Manager Swift was called to the box in the seventh inning for the married men, after Brown and Driscoll had been retired, and showed some flashes of old-time form. In the last six innings only one run was made by the single men off Swift's delivery.

The lateness of the hour and the pangs of hunger broke up the game and left the fans in doubt as to which was the better team.

LEAGUE STANDING

	Won	Lost	%
Fatimas	3	1	750
Murads	3	1	750
Meccas	2	2	500
Moguls	1	2	333
Omars	1	2	333
Ziras	1	3	250

Game Talk

A baseball enthusiast took his wife to the ball game, says an exchange. That night the "fan" was awakened from his slumber by his better half shouting in her dreams, "Kill the umpire!" "Kill the umpire!" Half asleep, he sprang out of bed, and in doing so he knocked over the wash-stand. The crash awoke Mrs. "Fan." "Did you kill the umpire, John?" she inquired.

"No," replied John, angrily, "but I smashed the pitcher."



Cup Presented to Main Office Bowling League

Josiah M. Lasell presented the above cup to the Main Office at a recent meeting of the Office Bowling League.

Mr. Lasell, by so doing, recognized the Main Office as the undisputed champions for the two seasons the league has been in existence and commended the bowlers on the success of the league in forwarding good sportsmanship and friendly rivalry. Harry Bullock accepted the cup in behalf of the Main Office, thanking Mr. Lasell for his personal gift. He expressed his belief that the winners of the cup would always prize the gift and that its presence in the Main Office would serve to remind them of the generosity of its donor as well as the pleasant evenings with the opposing teams.

Prizes were awarded the individual high men of the season after the meeting was adjourned.

One of our prominent fitters, who has been spending most of his time in Manchaug the past year, has taken a position as chauffeur for Dr. B. H. Quinn over the week-ends. At the same time we wish to notify his partner not to forget to take his bundles from the machine before the week-end trips are made.

Colby has a new saw puzzle that he is willing to demonstrate to all those interested.



Co. B, High School Cadets, at Present Arms



Co. A, High School Cadets, at Present Arms

Office Notes

Mary Cook is trying to convince Kay Walsh that she should take lessons in botany. Why, Kay doesn't even know a lady's slipper when she sees one. Does she, Mr. Scott?

Everett Johnston, of Wood's Office, is cultivating his voice now. You should hear Everett sing "Crossing the Bar."

We are glad to welcome Miss Gertrude Feenstra to the billing department of the Main Office.

Miss Helen Cotter and Miss Grace Brown enjoyed a week's vacation at Lake Sunapee, N. H. Harold seemed to get along pretty well, considering—

The Operator Describes Them to Perfection

A salesman enters the office and asks the little operator for a certain man; not knowing his name, he tries to describe him, as follows:

Salesman: "He is rather tall, and I think he has hair about the color of yours."

Operator (with a cute little chuckle): "Oh, no! His hair is black."

Salesman: "I do not believe it is black. What other man is there in that department?"

Operator: "Well; one man has black hair, and the other man hasn't any."

On Tuesday morning, May 18, Dorothea Ferguson came into the office with a "sparkler" as large as an onion on her finger. Congratulations! Wonder who'll be next.

Charles Noble blew into the office with the first straw lid of the season. Moreover, he wore it all afternoon to give everyone a chance to see it. Some speed to Charles, we'll say.

Dorothy Wheeler says that work in the office is ever so much nicer than housework. You'll change your mind some day, Dorothy.

"Nig" Fullerton left May 28 to serve in the United States Navy. The very best of luck to you, "Nig."

Lena Roche has been going to Worcester very frequently to see the Holy Cross ball games. What's the attraction up there—for the love of Mike?

The occupants of Cleopatra's barge of flowers thank the editor for his nice write-up in the last number of the "Spindle" and commend him for his evident appreciation of art.

They say that the month of June, which is famous as being the month which has the most weddings, is also the month which has the greatest number of suicides.

We understand Florence Currie went on a fishing trip early on the morning of the thirty-first of May, and the extent of her success was one fish. You did better than some people, Florence.

Harold Adams, of the Stock Room; Ernest Fullerton, of the Main Office; Mohammed Zira, of Foster's job; and O. Billodeau, of the ring job, left us recently to join the navy. Several of us have heard from the new gobs and wish them luck.

Service Manager William T. Norton told a good one on himself that we are going to slip into print. One of his next-door neighbors was desirous of taking a vacation over the week-end, but hesitated on account of the family cow, which would need milking. Mr. Norton and his son James volunteered, and it took them just two hours to milk that cow. Result: The neighbor had his vacation, but the poor cow had none.



Miss Mary Frieswyk, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Frieswyk, 5 Border Street, and Angus Parker, son of Edward Parker, Deer Island, Me., were married May 22 at the home of the bride's parents by Rev. T. M. Huston, pastor of the United Presbyterian Church.

Miss Tillie Frieswyk, a sister of the bride, was bridesmaid, and Lester Pettengell acted as best man. A very pretty reception followed the ceremony. Guests were present from Cambridge, Boston, and Worcester.

Mr. and Mrs. Parker started for Maine, where they will spend their honeymoon. On their return they will reside at 33 B Street. Mr. Parker is employed on Burnap's job, and Mrs. Parker has been a member of the ring job.

Jefferson, who is in Charlie Snow's dead-lumber gang, has discovered a new kind of hat rack. His friends would like to get an idea of what it is.

The jazz boy from the Stock Room frequently visits Wood's Office. We wonder why.

Lucien Barnes went fishing one Sunday morning recently, against the wishes of his boss. Monday morning, Lucien came to work with the left side of his face badly damaged. The old alibi was right on the job, so



ets, at Present Arms



Cos. A and B at Ease

we have all swallowed the story about the fall in the brook. Barnes got nine trout, anyway.

On Saturday, May 22, Bob Keeler and John Minshull went on a fishing trip. Minshull took his lily-pad canoe; and they paddled up the meadow, where they anchored not far from the shore.

After fishing for an hour or so, Minshull told Keeler he thought he had a bite; and much to the surprise of Keeler, Minshull pulled in a little turtle. In the excitement that followed, Keeler overturned the canoe.

Bill Donlon, who happened to be nearby, saw them struggling in the water and put off in his mud scow to pull off a life-saving stunt. On reaching the scene, Donlon noticed that Keeler was holding Minshull up, so he undertook to pull Minshull out first. Interviewing Minshull on the subject, he says, "I never had any idea what had happened, until I had struck the water." He also says that Keeler is some fisherman.

A report comes in that Bill Halpin is chasing potato bugs up at Williams Hill. What about it, Bill?

Jones, McGowan, and Bob Ferguson went fishing Saturday, May 22. Nothing unusual, except it is reported that Jones forgot the worms. Nevertheless, the fish friers at the Ki Yi Club were not lacking in enough fish to go around, when the two returned. The opinion seems to be that Sally has them hypnotized.

But the best story so far this season is told by George Broadhurst and Charles Noble. It's about blow fish. "They are about two feet long," says Charlie, "and you get them down Atlantic way on the South Shore. When you get them in the boat, they swell up about as big as a football. If you throw them overboard swollen up, they will bound; and then they

will float for a while before darting below the surface. The worst of it is, they don't know when to stop biting. I've caught the same fish on four different kinds of bait, four consecutive times, on soft-shell crab, salt pork, sea worms, and mussels. One day I crooked my finger over the side of the boat, and I'll be darned if I didn't pull him in."

"That's right," says George. "We caught one once; and I threw it behind me, rather disgusted with the fool thing, when it began to grunt like a pig and swell up. I stood that as long as I could, so I ran my knife through it, just behind the back fin. Funny thing happened; that fool fish just kept on swelling and began pumping water out of the bottom of the boat through the hole the knife made."

For further information, we suggest you interview Broadhurst. In the meantime we are looking for one to beat that one.

A party is being organized in the Main Office to go down to the South Shore for the blow fish again this season, as soon as they commence running.

Napoleon Plante, a member of our Safety Committee, started out for Carpenter's Pond with a party on a fishing trip. Nap decided that he knew a short-cut to the pond, but the rest of the party were skeptical. When Nap arrived, the other members of the party were comfortably fishing.

Hix and Allen, of Ben Graves' job, have taken to hunting snakes while fishing. They've had more luck shooting snakes than catching fish.

Geo. Hanna was arrested in Woonsocket Saturday, May 29, for reckless driving and for driving without a license, according to headlines in the "Call."

About six dozen friends of George's came around to console with him on Monday. Their heartfelt sympathies

were needlessly expended, for Hanna can vouch for his presence at a pig roast at the Meadow View Gun Club.

"Mike and Bunk"

One night, a-fishing they did go,
Alas! They met an awful fate.
Instead of throwing out the line,
Our "would-be's" true fell in the lake.
"Save me, oh, save me," Bunkie cried;
But Mickey dear, he did not hear.
"We are the fish," he promptly yelled,
"So strike out quickly for the pier."
They landed safe at Picnic Point;
Their sporting togs were dripping wet.
"Who said this country has gone dry?"
Say Bunk and Mike, "It has—
not yet."

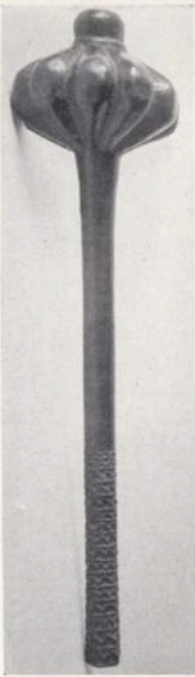
A June wedding of interest took place on the nineteenth of June, when David Gonlag and Annie K. Weigersma were united in marriage at the home of the bride on Williams Hill.

The bride was attended by her sister, Alice M. Weigersma. John Vander Meer was best man.

The bridegroom is employed on Fletcher's job, and the bride is a member of the small-packing job. Mrs. Gonlag is the fortunate owner of a chest of silver presented to her by her friends on the packing job.



Presentation of Prizes
Boys' 1st Prize, George Saunders; 2nd Prize, Richard Aldrich; Honorable Mention, William Dion. Girls' 1st Prize, Irma Brown; 2nd Prize, Elsie Foppema; Honorable Mention, Doris Aldrich



Adventures In the Fiji Islands

William Haworth, cabinet maker in the Carpenter Shop, adventurer and traveler, has kindly consented to let us publish his adventures and experiences in the Fiji Islands.

Mr. Haworth spent a year among the tribes of Fiji, thirty-five

years ago, when they had but recently been converted from the pernicious and savage custom of cannibalism. Haworth himself had a narrow escape from death at the hands of some enraged natives, and bears the scar of a spear mark that pierced his hand while in a fight with an antagonist.

We have decided to run the story in several instalments, each instalment a complete story in itself, and we are sure our readers will be very interested in the peculiar manners and customs of the Fijians, as well as pleased with the various events as depicted by Mr. Haworth.

I remember when I was quite young I took a great interest in reading books of travel and adventure; and when the annual missionary meetings were held, no one listened with greater delight than I. When the missionary told us stories of his experiences among the cannibals of the South Sea Islands, I resolved in my young mind that, when I became a man, I would see some of those places and people who lived in such an uncivilized state.

When I attained the age of a little more than 21 (when I thought I was a man), I left my home in England, sailed from the Port of London for New Zealand, a distance of some 12,000 or 13,000 miles and a voyage of two months by steamship. I spent

eighteen months in New Zealand, twelve of which I lived and worked in the forests and among the mountains. I was employed there as a lumberer, felling trees, blasting rock, and digging gum.

At the end of eighteen months I left New Zealand and went to Sydney, Australia, a sail of about 1,500 miles. I had been in Sydney two or three weeks when I signed a contract to go and work as a carpenter on a sheep ranch 600 miles in the interior of the country. I had to travel 200 miles by mail-coach across the plains and through the forests, as the railroads did not go farther than 400 miles. My contract was soon worked out; and I returned to Sydney, where I worked as a carpenter for six months and was then thrown out of employment.

One morning, as I was down the streets of Sydney, I came to the Public Library, into which I went to have a look at one of the newspapers. In the Sydney "Morning Herald," I came across an advertisement that struck me very forcibly. It said, "Wanted, 7 carpenters for the Fiji Islands." Now I thought this would be a grand opportunity for me to see a country and a people whom I had always longed to see, so I went and applied and was successful in being chosen.

Next morning I went to the offices of the Colonial Sugar Refining Co. and signed a contract to go to work for them in the Fiji Islands as a carpenter on their sugar plantations and sugar mill. They would pay my passage, which was \$45, pay me \$3 a day for eight hours, and my board and lodging free, and at the end they would pay my fare back to Australia.

The evening on which I had to go on board the ship was very dark and stormy. The rain was coming down in torrents, and the wind was blowing a hurricane. I got wet through; and when I arrived on board, I found that the blankets and mattress which the sugar company had forwarded had been left on deck in the open air and were soaked through with the rain. I carried them down to my berth, unwrapped them, and hung them up to

dry; then I lay down in the bunk, on the bare boards, and fell asleep. Next morning, when I went on deck, I found we had left the dock side and were anchored out in the harbor about two miles from the entrance.

About two o'clock in the afternoon, as they were raising the anchor ready to make a start, the machinery broke down; and we were delayed two days, by which time it was repaired, then we sailed away.

When we crossed the bar at the entrance to the harbor and entered the open sea, the steamer began to pitch about most fearfully. Right ahead of us, as far as we could see, the waves seemed to be mountains high. At one moment the nose of the vessel would be a hundred feet in the air; and the next it would take a dive under the waves, and the decks would be deluged with water.

For six days and nights we were battened down and not allowed on deck. The storm continued for nine days, but on the tenth it became calm; and, as is usual on board ship when the glorious sun appears and there is not a ripple on the surface of the sea, the storm is forgotten as a thing of the past.

The first island that we sighted belonging to the Fiji group was Kandava, on which is Mt. Washington, 3,000 feet high. From there we sailed between coral reefs and past many small islands, until we came in sight of Viti Lever, which is the largest in the group. On this island is situated Suva, the capital of Fiji, which was our destination. When we arrived there, we found that the small steamer owned by the sugar company had left, so that we put up at one of the hotels until the steamer came back for us, which it did two days later. When all was ready, we left Suva and sailed along the coast for about 10 miles, until we came to the entrance of the Rewa River, up which we had to go some 40 miles. The scenery as we sailed up the river was magnificent. On one side were hills covered with trees and vegetation right down to the water. Here and there we could see the water rushing down the valleys in a cataract and plunging into the river. On the opposite side the land was more level



William Haworth and two Fiji friends outside Haworth's hut. The war club in the hands of the Fijian on the left was presented to Haworth by this native when he left Fiji. See photo on opposite page

and well cultivated by the natives, who grew banana, orange, lime, and coco palm trees, besides pineapples, sugar cane, tobacco, and many other tropical fruits and plants.

We passed many natives who were paddling their canoes and who seemed to be happy and contented, merrily singing and otherwise enjoying themselves. We saw many small native villages; and when we had gone about 30 miles, we came to Rewa township, which has a population of 10,000 Fijians. Seven miles farther on, we came to Nasori, where the sugar mill is and where I resided for the next twelve months.

On arrival, we were met by some of the officials and made very welcome, shown our quarters and told we would have two days before we started work, so we could have a look around in order to get used to our new surroundings.

The Fiji Islands, as many of you will know, are situated in the western Pacific, 15 degrees south of the equator, and consist of about eighty inhabited islands, the largest of which is Viti Levu and is 100 miles long, 50 or 60 wide. The smallest is Mt. Vau and is the native capital, where the king and the royal family lived, and is only one mile in circumference.

Besides these eighty inhabited islands, there are 150 uninhabited islands, they being either too small or too barren to live upon.

At the time I visited Fiji, there was a population of 120,000 natives, 2,000 whites, 5,000 Polynesian and Indian coolies.

The Fijians are a copper-colored race of people and generally well built, many of them over 6 feet high, who walk with a distinct military bearing; very few of them are homely looking, but many of them are very handsome in their appearance.

The females, generally speaking, from girlhood are neat and clean in their appearance, fond of decorating their hair with flowers, and walk with a natural grace and dignity that are very becoming; and up to 30 years they are really very pretty.

When walking in companies they do not go in groups, as we do, but single file, the men carrying spears or war clubs; not that they mean to use them, but from habit which they acquired during the time they were continually fighting their tribal wars.

The women carry a broad palm leaf to shelter them from the rain or from the burning rays of the sun; when I tell you that during the hottest part of the year it reaches 125 degrees in the shade, you will know it is rather warm in the sun.

All the clothing they wore, both men and women, was a piece of native cloth wrapped around their loins, reaching from their waist down to within three or four inches of their knees.

It is hard to believe that the Fijians who are so intelligent, hospitable, and amiable, were only a few years before I arrived there the fiercest, most cruel race of people in the South Seas. The more powerful tribes made raids on the weaker ones and took the killed and wounded and those whom they captured back to their own town, killing those who were alive and throwing them into their ovens to cook and then feast upon. About 10 years before I arrived, a town 15 miles from where I lived was surprised by a neighboring tribe which slew and ate 260 persons.

Twelve years before, a Methodist missionary and four Christian natives were killed, and they were all eaten. At Rewa, which is 7 miles below the sugar mill, an Englishman was held prisoner for two years. They found out he was skilled in making canoes and weapons of war, or he also would have been eaten. He told of an instance of their cruel customs. A new house had to be built for the chief, and the people from other villages who were under his authority brought their offerings and took part in the celebration. A number of large holes were dug to receive the posts of the house. As soon as the posts were put in the holes, men were led to the spot; and one was compelled to descend in each hole and stand upright with his arms clasped around the post. The earth was then filled in, and the miserable victims were buried alive, deriving what comfort they might from the belief that the task assigned to them was one of much honor as insuring stability to the chief's house.

The same idea prevailed in launching a chief's canoe. Once while traveling with the Rewa chiefs, he described how they came to a narrow strip of land which joined two islands together, and by dragging their canoes across this neck they would save a long row around the island. On landing, they found the villagers entertaining the people of another village which had fallen under the displeasure of the Rewa chief. At the bidding of the chief, these people allowed their guests to be surprised in the night, when forty were captured

Continued on page 18, column 1



Spinning Setting Up Job

The history of the spinning setting-up job dates from the year 1846. The job at that time was located on the second floor of a wooden building which stood where the present Carpenter Shop is located. Here frames were erected until 1854, when the job was moved to the second floor of that part of No. 1 Shop erected in 1847, where it has remained to this day, adding to its floor space as additions were made to the original building, until at present its erecting floor is the largest in the Works and accommodates one hundred frames of average length.

Frames built in 1846 were from 12 to 14 feet in length, according to spindle space. A popular frame in those days contained 96 spindles, $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches space, 36 inches wide. Today the average frame has 256 spindles, spaced 3 inches, with an over-all length of approximately 35 feet and a width of 39 inches.



Frank Bates

To meet the increasing demands of the trade, new models have been brought out from time to time, and a glance at the following will show the variety this job turns out at present:

Frames	Models
Cotton spinning	4
Wool spinning	3
Jack spool	5
Twister (for wet and dry twisting)	2
Long chain quillers	5

Spinning, jack spool, and twister frames are built in spaces $2\frac{1}{2}$ to 6 inches inclusive and carry as high as 348 spindles each.

The average quiller has 378 spindles.

Spinning frames for cotton, under construction at the present time for export, carry 348 spindles each, $2\frac{3}{4}$ inches space, and are composed of 4,255 separate parts exclusive of bolts, nuts, washers, and screws, and weigh, when boxed for ocean shipment, 12,000 pounds.

In addition to building frames in this department, time is found to machine to the correct length all tables and girts for combers, roller beams for speeders, also to drill and cut to length all spindle rails for spoolers and reels. Trumpet traverse rods for speeders are also prepared and assembled in connection with its own trumpet rod, finger-board, and separate work, which by itself is quite a job, keeping six men and four women busy all the time.

The following, gleaned from old-time books on the job, will be of interest to our readers. In June, 1855, the following men were working on the job: Gustavus E. Taft, David Smith, H. Moffett, John C. Prest, John E. Prest, Benjamin E. Morey, Rufus Oswald, Nathaniel Lane, Charles Cady, Frank Clements, and

Isaiah Merrill, Peter, and Frenchman.

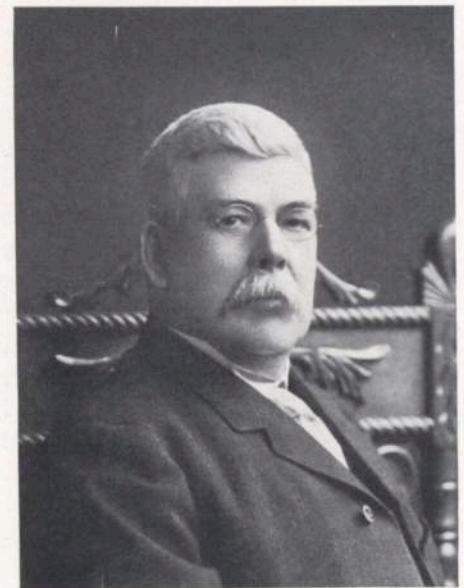
The first mention made of James M. Pollock and Charles E. Pollock is in December, 1855. About this time we notice the disappearance of the name of Gustavus E. Taft from the book and assume that he was selected at this time for the position of superintendent of the shop.

The John E. Prest mentioned was the father of Tom Prest; and John C. Prest later became salesman for the Works and, after serving for many years in that capacity, left to become agent for the Harmony Mills at Cohoes, N. Y.

"Peter," it seems, only worked two days and in that respect reminds us of some of the "Peter-outs" we have to contend with these days.

"Frenchman" did better, as he lasted five days, but wasn't giving out his name for publication evidently.

James M. Pollock was made foreman of the spinning setting up about this time and continued in that ca-



Thomas Crompton



Photograph of Job Taken in 1896

The following men are still with us: Bottom row—(1) Ed McGuire 1-11, (6) Jesse Jeffers 1-11, (9) John Leech 1-2; 2d row—(2) John Burke 1-11, (5) James McKaig 1-11, (7) James Ferguson 1-11, (8) Hugh Ferguson No. 2 Office, Nelson Hartford, Cast Iron Room; 3d row—(7) Louis Bazinet 2-10; 4th row—(2) Thomas Magill 1-11; 5th row—(4) Felix Topp 1-11; 6th row—(3) Jacob Wassenar 1-11.

capacity until late in the '70's, when his son, Charles E. Pollock, succeeded him, carrying on the job, assisted by Thomas Crompton as second hand. Failing health forced him to retire in 1898. Mr. Crompton was appointed foreman at this time. He came to Whitinsville from Philadelphia in 1870, walking all the way, and it was "some walk"; if you have your doubts, ask Tom.

He went to work on looms, then on cards, and was later transferred to the spinning setting up and was foreman, as stated above, from 1898 to 1916, when he retired to enjoy a well-earned rest.

He was succeeded by Frank E. Bates, the present foreman, who had been second hand on the job from the retirement of Mr. Pollock in 1898. Mr. Bates is assisted at the present time by Frank P. Parcher, second hand; John Heys, third hand; and Frank Darcy, who looks after the castings.

A picture taken of the job in 1896 is reproduced.

The oldest in point of service of the present hands is Thomas H. Magill, who started on the job in May, 1873. James Ferguson came on the job in December of the same year.

Jesse Jeffers came to work in the shop in 1873, but didn't come on spinning until April, 1877. These three men were on the road for years, setting up the product of the spinning setting-up job, and know the game from A to Z. Since coming into the shop for good, Jesse has specialized on quillers, Jim on wool spinning, better known as the "Peace frame," and Tom has stuck to his first love, cotton spinning.

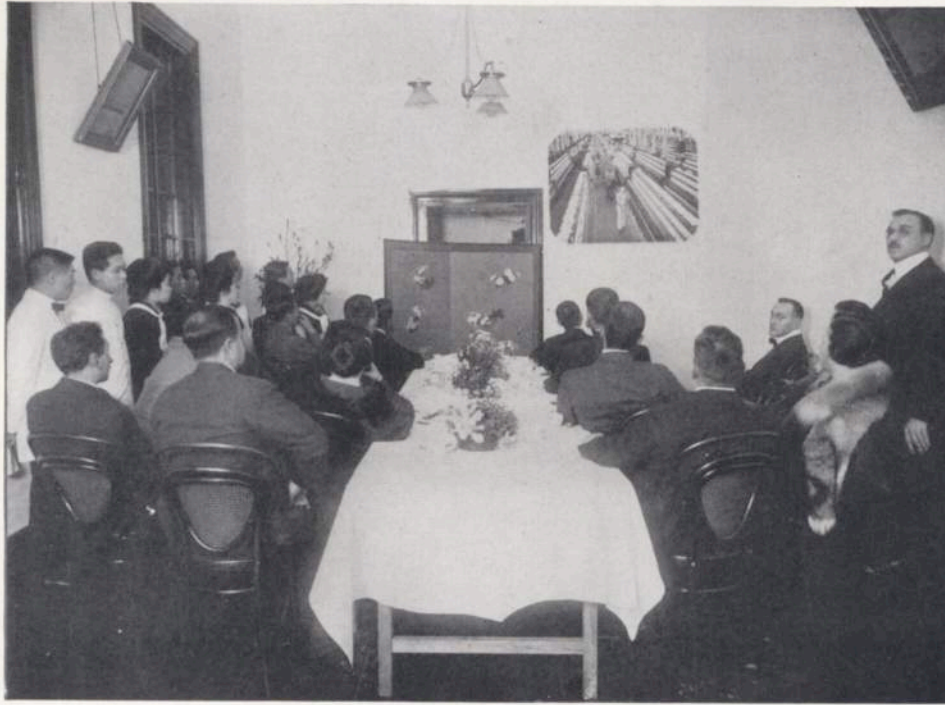
Well; men may come and men may go, but spinning setting up goes on forever.

Business is always good; and we think it can be truthfully stated that the Whitin spinning frame and the men who have worked faithfully to bring it to its present state of perfection have played a very important part in making Whitinsville and its people prosperous, as well as in the textile industries of the United States.

The personnel of the job follows:

	IN SHOP	ON JOB
	YRS. MOS.	YRS. MOS.
Jesse Jeffers	47	47
Thomas H. Magill	47	47
James Ferguson	47	47
John Crompton	41	4
James McKaig	38	38
Edward McGuire	35	35
Henry Rasco	33	17
John Burke	32	32
Samuel J. Magill	31	31
Felix Topp	31	31
Thomas Crompton	31	31
George S. Ferguson	29	14
Jacob Wassenar	28	28
Frank E. Bates	27	21
Weitze Feddema	26	26

George D. Ferguson	25	5	
Oliver Bonoyer	23	23	
Geo. F. Montgomery	22	22	
Frank Bartley	21	20	3
Dexter Goodspeed	21	4	
James Hardman	21	21	
Frank P. Parcher	21	21	
John Heyes	20	8	20
Clarence Pollard	20	5	20
Dellar Bailey	20	20	5
Samuel Shaw	20	20	
Henry Ebbeling	19	17	
Thomas P. Dunn	19	19	
William Baker	18	18	
Thos. F. O'Reilley	18	8	
Samuel McKee	17	5	
Joseph Hinchliffe	17	17	
Joseph Bassett	16	15	
Patrick Clancy	15	8	
Jacob De Jong	14	14	
Frank Darcy	13	13	
Dick Vanderbrug	13	13	
Ernest A. Watson	13	13	
F. Napoleon Guertin	12	5	
William Daniels	12	8	
Louis Balcom	12	12	
Ali Hussien	11	1	
Joseph Bridge	10	10	
Albert Kershaw	10	10	
Robert Lawson	10	7	
William F. Murray	10	10	
James Reynolds	10	10	
William Worrall	10	10	
William H. O'Neil	10	1	8
Henry Breault	8	6	8
James W. Bradford	8	8	6
Alex. DeOrsey	8	5	
Oliver J. Deslauriers	8	8	
Kizer Mardigian	8	8	
Mamed Taffo	7	6	3
Benjamin Scott	7	7	
Chester Kolb	6	3	
Samuel Ashworth	6	6	
Albert Willett	6	6	
Christopher Kolb	6	3	
Patrick Dowd	5	3	
Harold C. Warren	5		2
Edward F. Burke	4	4	
N. J. Roy	4	1	2
Arsene Racicot	4	4	
William Flockert	3	9	3
Jacob Harringa	3	8	1
Henry Rasco, Jr.	3	3	8
Joseph Rasco	3	3	
Alf. Waterford	3	3	
J. H. Carr	2	6	2
Kairkaim Egsigian	2	6	6
Cecil Knowlton	2	5	2
Daniel Yerkes	2	4	2
Joseph Merchant	2	3	1
Albert Myers	2	3	2
Alf. Gosselin	2	2	3
David Gellatly	2	2	
Joseph Roffee	2	1	8
Bridget McKeon	1	11	1
William J. Mitchell	1	10	1
Walter Philbrook	1	10	1
Ellen Bosquet	1	10	10
Annie Wallace	1	10	1
Charles Laporte	1	6	1
Thomas E. McCormick	1	6	1
George Visbeck	1	6	1
Lena Crompton	1	3	1
Mary Hammond	11		9
Carl J. Hammond	10		11
Joseph Cupka	9		10
Edward Ronan	9		9
W. E. Howarth	7		9
Michael A. Ryan	7		7
Rosanna Benoit	6		7
Ernest Lataille	6		6
John Ashton	5		6
J. M. Murphy	5		5
William Rose	5		5
Arthur F. Brooks	4		5
Wilfred Bertrand	3		4
William Bosquet	2		3
Joseph White	2		2
Henry Bertrand	1		2
William Cleland	1		1
Frank Cooney	1		1



Mr. and Mrs. Whittaker Entertain Japanese Mill Owners

Moving Pictures of Whitin Machine Works Shown in Japan

Moving pictures of the Whitin Machine Works shown here last year, which we found so interesting, are now available for our Eastern trade.

Mr. Edward Whittaker forwarded to us a photograph of a gathering of Japanese cotton mill managers and engineers watching the movies in the hotel at Nagoya, Japan. The reproduction of the scene in the film itself is remarkably clear and is easily recognized by all of us who saw the pictures at the Prospect Theater.

The picture within the picture was taken at the Manomet Mill, which is fully equipped with Whitin machinery and is the largest combed cotton spinning mill in the world. One can readily see that the insert shows the spinning room of the mill.

Among those present at the Whitin moving pictures were Mr. K. Matsuo-ka, of the Kikui Cotton Spinning and Weaving Co.; Mr. K. Otake, of Chuka Cotton Mill; Mr. T. Higaki, of Nagoya Spinning Mill; Mr. K. Asaba, of Nagoya Spinning Mill; Mr. M. Kurakami, of Hattori Shoten; Mr. H. Nagashima, of Chuka Spinning Mill; and Mr. S. Fuwa, engineer of Tokio office.

The people staying at the hotel were interested and were invited to see the pictures, so that, in all, there were representatives from the following nations present: France, Holland, Russia, Mexico, Japan, and the United States.

For those of us who do not know of the detail work carried on in Japan and China by Edward Whittaker and Philip Reilley, it would be of interest to learn that one of their most important tasks is to be of service to any mill owner who has machine problems to face. Sometimes their work calls for the supervision of the erection of machinery; at other times they are called on to make adjustments on different models of cotton machines, give advice on repair work, make specifications on the number and kind of machines needed, as well as lay out the floor plans. Mr. Whittaker and Mr. Reilley are kept busy and are dated up for some time to come on just such problems as mentioned above, among the cotton mills of Japan and China.

The boys on the spinning erecting job say they have set the example in style for all the job pictures from now on. They even suggest uniforms, since their esteemed friend and fellow workman Jesse Jeffers borrowed Bill Foster's necktie to have his picture taken with the gang.

To the Editor of the "Spindle":

As I was walking to the historical town of Sutton one Sunday, viewing its open fields just being plowed and put into readiness for the seed, its woods where the trees were just budding out and taking on their summer armor, the streams running at full speed to deposit their pure, sparkling water into some lake, I paused a moment at the fork of a path to thank God that I was living and able to enjoy life in such a beautiful town as we live in.

On my way home I found in the path a snapping turtle. On the under side of the shell were cut in the figures 1862 and initials W. H. M.; directly under that the figures 18.5018 and initials iT, under which I wrote 1920 with initials J. B. and let my turtle go. Perhaps some of the older people might know in the hands of whom the turtle had been and know something about the figures marked on the shell away back in 1862.

I think this might be of interest to you.

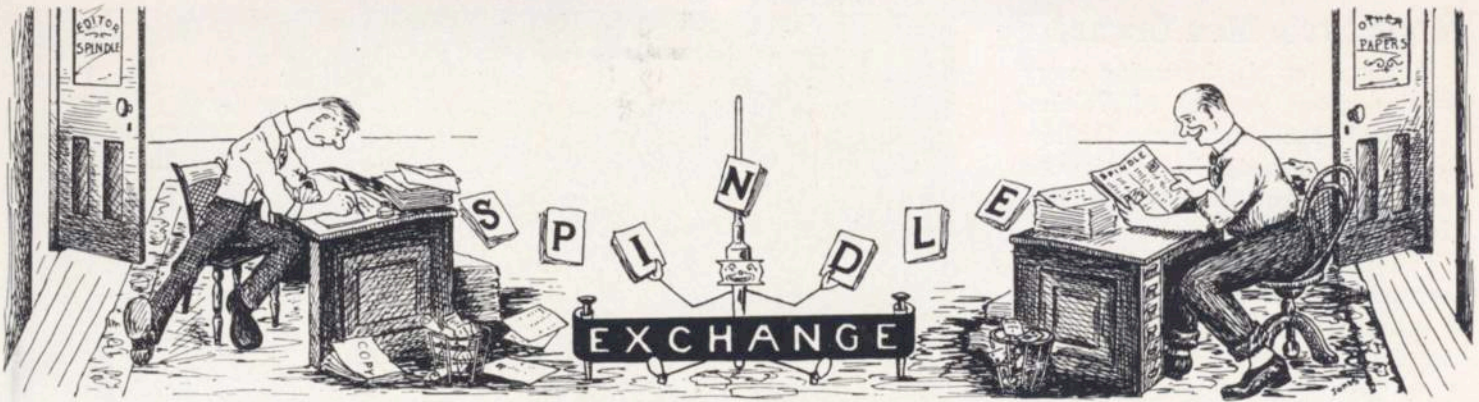
For the best interests of the "Spindle," I am.

Yours sincerely,
JOHN BOSMA.

Editor's Note—We agree with you, John, about being alive and about the beauties of nature in the town of our choice. It surely would be interesting to find out who carved those initials back in 1862 and what 18.5018-iT stands for. Thanks for letting us in on things that interest you. We wish more of our friends would send us contributions of similar interest.



Progress on New Shop, June 14



Bughouse

A traveling man lately wandered into a remote hotel that doesn't keep a dictionary, and on coming down in the morning was asked by the landlord how he rested.

"Oh," replied the gentleman, "I suffered nearly all night from insomnia."

The landlord was mad in a minute, and roared: "I'll bet you two dollars there ain't one in my house!"

His Reason

Going to the blackboard the teacher wrote this sentence: "The horse and the cow was in the stable."

"Now, children," she said, "there is something wrong with that sentence. Who can correct it and tell why it is wrong?"

One small boy waved his hand excitedly and the teacher called upon him.

"It's wrong," he said with importance. "It ought to be 'The cow and the horse was in the stable,' because ladies always ought to go first."

Something to Keep His Spirits Up

One night a couple of traveling salesmen arrived in a small Kansas town and found the hotel crowded. Not a room was to be had.

"I hate to disaccommodate you, gents," said the hotel proprietor, "but even the pool table's occupied. But say, see that old church across the street? I bought it to build a new hotel on the site. If you don't mind, you can go over there and sleep in the pews. They're uphol-

stered, and they ain't bad sleepin' at all."

The tired pair decided to try it.

About one o'clock in the morning the hotel proprietor was awakened by the loud clanging of the church bell. He got up, roused the porter, and told him to find out the trouble. In a few minutes the porter came back. "Well?" asked the owner, excitedly. "Party in pew 26 wants a gin rickey," was the answer.—*Exchange.*

His Choice

The father of a bright young son went to a wise friend for advice as to what profession the youth should be fitted for. The sage was brusque.

"Let the boy choose for himself," he said.

"But," protested the father, "he's too young."

"Well," responded the wise man, "put him in a room alone with a book on theology, an apple, a knife, and some small change and see what he plays with. If he chooses the book make a minister of him; if he takes the knife, make him a surgeon; if the apple, he'll make a farmer; and if he chooses the money, a banker."

Much relieved, the father went away, but returned the next day in great distress, saying the plan hadn't worked at all.

"Why not?" demanded the wise man. "What did he do?"

"When I went in," said the father, "he was sitting on the book, with the knife in one hand, and the money in his pocket, and eating the apple."

"Ah!" said the sage, "that's easy. The boy is a natural-born lawyer."

A Sure Sign

Willie and Jack are two youngsters who are pugilistically inclined. The other day the following conversation took place between them:

"Ah," said Willie, "you're afraid to fight—that's all it is."

"No; I'm not," protested Jack; "but if I fight, my mother'll find out and punish me."

"How'll she find it out?"

"She'll see the doctor goin' to your house."

Just Folks

BY EDGAR A. GUEST

WONDERIN'

I wonder if the fun today is like the fun we knew

When we went racin' bare of foot through fields all wet with dew;

I wonder if the kids today know all the apple trees

The way we knew them long ago, an' if the summer breeze

Seems just as sweet to them out there as once it seemed to be

In those old days of happiness now lost to you an' me.

I watch 'em from the railroad cars, an' see 'em race about,

I know the games they're playin', an' I think I hear 'em shout,

I see 'em fishin' in the creeks an' ponds, an' wonder, too,

If they are catching beauties there the way we used to do.

Oh, I had youth like that, think I, like that I used to play,

I wonder if they're havin' all the fun we had, today.

Time brings its changes, but I feel that youth remains the same,

Age leaves its treasured joys behind for younger hearts to claim.

An' youngsters everywhere today are racin' high an' low

Owin' the glorious happiness that once we used to know.

But I suppose, like us, they, too, will not appreciate

The pleasures of their richest years until it is too late.

Motorcycle Men Organize

Motorcycling is becoming very popular among the men of Whitinsville and the Blackstone Valley. Recently an organization was formed and named the Blackstone Valley Motorcycle Association.

The members of the club have been taking week-end trips to points of interest around the county. On May 30 about one hundred machines made the trip to Plymouth and, as evidence, brought us back a picture of the famous rock. June 13 the club visited Riverside Park at Springfield.

Unique plans are in use by the members. One is the sending of scouts out ahead of time to map out the roads, and also the practice of having a complete repair department bring up the rear in case of a breakdown by any of the company.

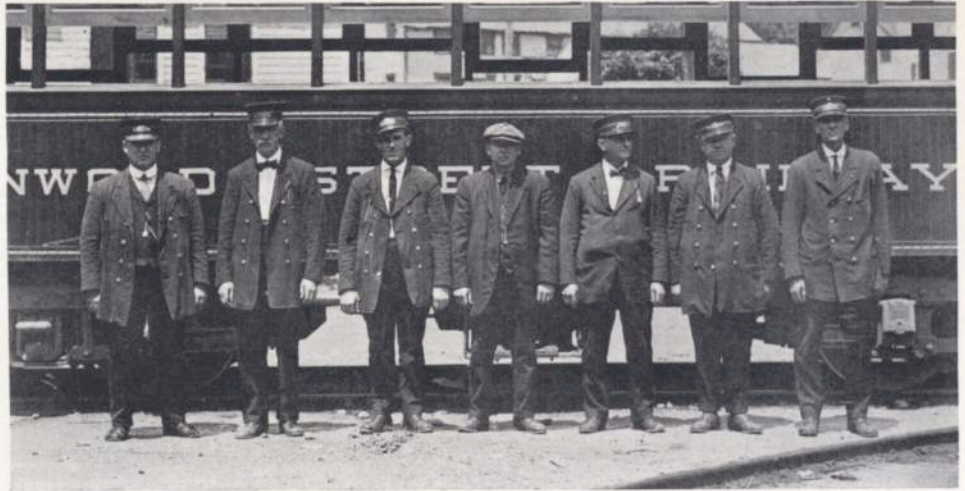
Adventures in the Fiji Islands

Continued from page 13, column 3

and each bound hand and foot to the stems of banana trees and laid as rollers, face uppermost, along the path by which the canoes had to be dragged. The cries of the victims were drowned by the songs of their captors, and, with only one exception, all were crushed to death. One poor victim lingered for a time till the ovens were made ready, in which all were cooked and then feasted upon. The incidents I have quoted took place within a few miles from where I lived; and scores of Fijians that I know took part in them and were not at all backward in telling us that they did and vouching for the superiority of Bokala, that is,



Taken at Plymouth Rock by Motorcycle Association



Regulars of the Linwood Street Railroad
Left to right—Joe Paquette, John McKinley, William Baziner, George Benoit, Albert Summer, Dennis (alias Mike) Connors, Adelar Benoit

human meat, over any other kind. The same cruelties occurred on all the islands; and one can imagine what terrible atrocities were committed and what a state of uncertainty and fear they must have lived in, not knowing how soon their time would come.

A chief would have as many as ten wives, and it was the custom, when he died, that his widows were all strangled, so they could accompany him to the spirit land; also, the other women of the town would take a sharp shell and cut off their little finger at the first joint, tie a piece of string to it and go and hang it on some part of the dead chief's house as a tribute to his memory. When another died, they cut the remaining part off; if another died, they would do the same to the other small finger; and if another should happen to die and they had no little finger left, they would rub the stubs until blood came, and they would go and scatter the blood on the house.

I often wondered, when first I went there, how it was that so many women were without their small finger. What I have told you was the reason.

Continued in July issue

Agricultural Society Under Way

Continued from page 4, column 3

- | | |
|-------------------|-----------------|
| Henry Dalton | Chas. McKay |
| Louis Bergeron | Tim Skerry |
| J. Forsyth | Wm. H. Smith |
| Abraham Lightbown | Fred Tattersall |
| Louis Lancour | James Ward |
| William Malley | |
| SHOP No. 2-19 | |
| Simeon Bourdon | W. E. Harris |
| Adolph Morin | Stan. Atamian |
| SHOP No. 2-20 | |
| A. H. Benton | |
| SHOP No. 2-21 | |
| Jas. F. Marshall | Alonzo Gill |
| SHOP No. 2-22 | |
| A. M. Meader | H. M. Aldrich |
| Geo. Latamore | Roger Blanchard |
| George Barslow | |
| SHOP No. 3-2 | |

- | | | |
|-----------------------|--------------|---------------------|
| W. E. Booth | SHOP No. 3-4 | Frank Wesaner |
| James Marshall | | Fred Rasco |
| Holke Kuindersma | | Wallace Laythe |
| SHOP No. 3-6 | | |
| Ernest A. Parker | | James Smith |
| John M. Dorris | | |
| SHOP No. 3-7 | | |
| Alfred Woodcombe | | |
| SHOP No. 3-8 | | |
| Clifton Blunt | | |
| SHOP No. 3-9 | | |
| Levi Rasco | | Jacob Kenadek |
| William Boyce | | Ignace Vitek |
| Richard Melville | | John Pretera |
| SHOP No. 4-1 | | |
| A. C. Ball | | George E. White |
| David H. Burke | | David H. Geekie |
| SHOP No. 6-0 | | |
| R. A. Henson | | Andrew Asadoorian |
| Joseph Lemoine | | |
| SHOP No. 6-2 | | |
| W. W. Jones | | |
| SHOP No. 6-3 | | |
| M. McIntyre | | John Martin |
| Jentje Heslinga | | Nazaire Laferriere |
| EMPLOYMENT DEPARTMENT | | |
| William T. Norton | | Martin F. Carpenter |
| James R. Ferry | | William D. Morrison |



Fitters at Castona, N. C. Wilson, Bullard, Carr, Hutchinson, and Adams



Trade Series—The Salesman

Foundry Notes

We discovered that Mulligan is partial to Chestnut Street nights. We wonder why? That is a long way from home, Happy.

Gardening is prospering with us. We even saw the boss carrying home some bean poles the other night.

The Foundry lost one of its star athletes when Fred McCarthy left us for the Carpenter Shop.

We have a regular happy family with Roddy, DeHaas, and Haggerty. They are almost like brothers, always having an argument; and when they don't come out on top, perhaps the sand doesn't fly. Shakher is the referee and has to use considerable judgment in his decisions.

Walker is beginning to worry about his garden. The latest news is that it has just been plowed; and the early birds on Sunday, about 7 A. M., will find him riding his bicycle up between the ponds on his way to get the spuds in before it is too late.

Friend Veau has started to wear glasses, and we think it must be an eye strain. Don't know how he got it, but perhaps he will enlighten us in the near future.

Parslow has returned to work after 10 days of strenuous farming, and Billy Regan is suspicious about how much actual farming Parslow did. What have you got up on the farm to make Billy suspicious? We wonder—

Dan Connors has his vacation dates all set for the last two weeks in August. Where are you going, Dan?



The Way to Roast Them



Barbecue à la Georgia

When good fellows get together at the Meadow View Gun Club, there is something doing. Horner's electric goat became so jealous over the popularity of the two native pigs that he refused to carry out his usual part of the ceremony.

A barbecue there was, such as even Georgia couldn't beat, for the boys imported a real Southern chef to prepare the feast. And as our friend Hilt says: "We ate up both pigs, from pickled feet to head chowder; and if you listened at all, you could find the squeal and grunt in the soup."

It was soon proven that twenty-four men plus two barbecued pigs equals just twenty-four men when the Meadow View Club members become real hungry; and they were hungry on Saturday night, May 29.

If you have never heard of a barbecue, we invite you to look at the picture of the two pigs stretched out over the coals. Do this several times just before dinner and imagine the smell of the best golden-brown roast pork ever, and you have one-tenth of an idea what roast pig à la Georgia is like. The boys can't show a picture of the pig as it was served up, because Rob Metcalf, our shop photographer, couldn't get the camera up in time to head off the onslaught that followed the first serving. After the second

helping and the ice cream, the gentlemen became quite docile and good natured, which resulted in the picture shown here.

Several vaudeville acts by the members of the Order of the Golden Apple completed an evening that will go down in the memories of those present as one of a very unique and entertaining quality.

The picture shows the following present:

Harry Lees	W. O. Aldrich
Horace Whipple	Howard Long
William Stewart	Lucien T. Barnes
Elmer Hilt	John A. Johnston
George F. Hanna	Martin F. Carpenter
Richard M. Ferguson	Earl J. Liberty
Harmon Nelson	Albin Nelson
Leon H. Horner	Fred Matthewman
Louis Carr	Robert Hargraves
Frank Dean	John Minshull
John Moore	Leroy Rollins
Amos Whipple	Robert McKaig

Memorial Day Exercises

Continued from page 3, column 3

cises for the dead were held. Prayer was given by Rev. William H. Watson, of Northbridge. The monument was then decorated by the comrades of Post No. 167, G. A. R., and the same time a delegation of veterans from the Jeffrey Vail Post decorated the Honor Roll of the World War veterans. Lincoln's Gettysburg address followed, by Ralph E. Wood. Joseph A. Johnston read the roll call of honor, which was followed with the benediction by Rev. W. W. Evans. "Taps" were then sounded, after which the procession returned to Memorial Hall, where refreshments were served and a concert given by the band.