The Wells-Lamson Quarrier

JULY-AUGUST 1941
To avoid trouble and promote good health, breathe through the nose— it keeps the mouth shut!
WE’VE just finished a highly significant study. At least it would be highly significant if it meant anything. We got the idea from a word in a recent issue of Printers’ Ink. The idea back of the study was this: to complete a list of products that aren’t to be produced in 1942 because of shortage due to the defense program.

Following Printers’ Ink’s plan we made one restriction—the list would be made up only in restaurants, drug stores, hotel lobbies, trains, etc., thereby making it impossible to verify or prove the facts. You’re going to be surprised when we give you the results, because it shows that during the coming year all the people in the United States will not eat, sleep, drink, play, travel, build houses, or listen to the radio. And that information comes from the sources we mentioned a moment ago.

Crazy? Certainly it is. On the contrary so is the wild talk that springs forth like malarial poison whenever priorities are talked about and men in the industry begin to kick “I hear” back and forth. We’d like to suggest that all gloomy statements based solely on idle rumor be thrown out the window. Until such time, the industry is faced with a much greater shortage than materials and men. That is a shortage of a very valuable business article—common sense.

No use trying to fool ourselves, there is and will continue to be a scarcity of materials for use in the monument industry, but—let’s face the facts with common sense instead of wild conjecture.
The Fable of the Prince

The story of the young ruler who found himself in a tough hole because he made a lot of promises he couldn’t live up to.

* * *

Once upon a time there was an ambitious and aggressive young Prince who was known as a Go-Getter of no mean ability. He had a lot of big ideas, but every time he suggested anything the King had to turn Thumbs Down on it because the Royal Exchequer was so low it made Old Mother Hubbard’s cupboard look like the Bank of England. One morning, as he sat gnawing on some Shredded Wheat with his Old Man, the young Prince burst forth with a scheme. “Pop,” he said to the King, “what this country needs is a large slice of Ballyhoo to put it back on the Map. We are running to Seed.”

“That crack should go down in history along with ‘Dog Bites Man’,” said the King. “That ain’t news. Just tell me what we are going to do about it.”

“Well, Pop,” said the Prince, “suppose we run a World’s Fair and invite all the neighboring countries to participate. We will make a pile of Jack and we will get on the front page of every Newspaper in the World.”

“Of course, little technicalities like Dough don’t bother you,” the King said, “but would you mind telling me what we are going to do for some?”

“Here!” said the Prince, shoving the morning paper under the Old Man’s smell. “Look at that. ‘War Threatened in East.’ Remember all those old Rifles we had left over from the last war? There are five million of them and we ought to be able to get enough for the lot to finance the Exposition and buy us each a new Benny into the bargain.”

“Them rifles ain’t worth the Powder and Shot to blow them to Hell,” the King said, “And you know it. I would not sell them to my worst Enemy. It wouldn’t be Cricket.”

“Don’t talk like a Sales Manager,” said the Prince. “I wouldn’t sell them for anything but Training rifles. You leave that end of it to me. I will get you a good Price for them.” And off he went to visit one of the countries that were threatened with War. “We have got 5,000,000 of the finest rifles you ever laid a trigger finger on,” he told
the Minister of Munitions when he arrived. "First-class, modern equipment. Your men can't miss with these guns, and I am going to let you have them at a close-out Price."

"And how about deliveries?" asked the Minister of Munitions. "We need these guns in a hurry. We got a war on our hands and nothing to fight it with."

"I will have the whole Works in your hands in a week," said the Prince. "You just start your War and leave everything to me. Just make out a check to the Old Man and I will go back and get things Rolling."

So the Minister of Munitions gave him the check and the young Prince returned home to see about deliveries. But when he got back he found it would take weeks to get the rifles packed for Shipment, and that a special Law had to be passed to permit them to be sent out of the Country, so it was Months before the first delivery was made. And when the soldiers finally got them they got the surprise of their lives at the same time. Some of them fell Apart while they were being unpacked, some just went Click! like that, when they tried to fire them, and the rest exploded in their faces when they went off.

But the young Prince paid no attention to these minor difficulties. He went on ahead with plans for the Fair, and when it was ready to open he asked the King to come down and cut the white ribbons across the entrance to the Fair Grounds.

"Well, Pop," he said, as the Band played and the Old Man poised his scissors. "I put it over, didn't I? I sure cleaned out those old Rifles."

"Yes," said the King sadly, "and you cleaned out the Treasury, too. I have more law suits on my hands than the Supreme Court can try in twenty years."

"Why blame me?" asked the Prince. "What did I do?"

"Oh, nothing," said the King. "You just misrepresented the Product and made a lot of Promises you couldn't Keep. But don't let that worry you. You are going to spend the rest of your life in the royal Laundry where your Soft-Soaping will have some tangible results. Now scram out of here before I get real Mad."
I Peeled Off

WE'VE been telling a parlor story lately about a mother robin who took her fledgling brood on their first mass flight. Willie was assigned a position just off his mother's right wingtip.

They flew in formation and everything went well until they came back to the nest. Willie was missing.

The mother was about to give him up for lost when she heard a faint "peep, peep," under the home tree. It was Willie all right, but he looked as though he had been engaged in a dog fight with an interceptor. He was plenty meek, with his feathers missing and one leg badly bent. He said he had gone along okay with the rest until he noticed some people down below doing something interesting. "I peeled off," he explained, "and went down closer to take a look. Believe it or not, I got into the damnedest badminton game you ever saw."

Graveyard Cleaning

JUST AS we were about to grind out the QUARRIER, Donald Smith came in with the August issue of the American Magazine opened to page 54. Under the heading "It's an Old American Custom" we learned that "graveyard cleaning" is an annual custom in which whole communities of the Up country in South Carolina participate. A huge picnic dinner is held on the church lawn; then members and their friends descend on the graveyard to dig up the weeds and set the sagging tombstones straight.

DICKSON

Of all the styles of architecture commonly adapted in work of today, Gothic is by far the broadest in its scope and variation and, therefore, lends itself to a broad interpretation in memorial work. The DICKSON memorial embodies the simpler Gothic forms. The top profile is modelled after the low roof lines of the late English Gothic, likewise the simplified buttress effect at the sides recalls the late Gothic. Simple members at top and base carry out the true Gothic feeling. Simple and dignified character is expressed in the handling of the cross and carved panel in which it sets. A slight batter to the front and back of the die enables the cross to be slightly raised at the top, emphasizing its vertical character.—Manufactured by Jones Brothers Company, Inc., in collaboration with Campbell-Horigan, Pittsburgh, Pa. WILLS-LAMSON SELECT BARRE GRANITE.
A Sermon

REALLY good inspirational ideas are rare. Yet an occasional talk, on ethics, the higher ideas of business, is just as necessary as concrete advice on how to surmount a customer’s objection. Therefore we hope you’ll appreciate the soundness of this little sermon to salesmen as it was given to us by a club car neighbor as we were speeding to Chicago recently.

“Do you ever take time to reflect that there is a difference between the object of business and the purpose of business?”

“The object of business is to make money, and everybody depending upon a business for his livelihood is interested in that.

“The purpose of business is to supply some human need, or want, and this is what so many of us overlook. Every dollar that we pay out comes from the customers of our business. And the supplying of their needs or wants and building their good will and patronage through faultless work and service should come first in our every thought and act. The salesman who puts the purpose of the business first, who does his work well and helps us to serve our customers capably, will prosper.

“But, he who puts the object of the business first, who neglects the interests of his customers and who thinks only of himself is doomed to failure.

“We must understand the difference between the object of business and the purpose of business, for we are all paid for serving customers, and not for serving ourselves.”

HEIS

The classical style of architecture has always been and no doubt will be along the most popular of memorial styles. The HEIS memorial carried out in a slightly modified version of the Roman Ionic order of classical architecture is an interesting example of the simplified canopy. Careful thought has been given to simplifying the moulded members of the entablature without taking away the character of the order. Modification of the moulded members of the cornice is wisely done in this type of memorial as so light a structure is apt to appear top heavy if dentil course and full moulds are retained as in the original orders.—The Heis Memorial was executed by the Childi Granite Company, Barre, Vt., for the Heis family. A name well and favorably known in the retail monument business in Leavenworth, Kan. WELLS-LAMSON SELECT BARRE GRANITE.
Attempts at novelty in memorial design unless handled with thought and care can be the cause of many a monstrosity. This design, however, combines the novelty of corner ornamentation with good proportion and careful detailing. Refined dignity has been enhanced by retaining strict simplicity to the design between the ornamented corner treatments. The result of good design in this memorial is individuality and character rather than novelty.—Produced by Peerless Granite Company, Barre, Vt., for Benisch Brothers, Brooklyn, N. Y. Wells-Lamson Select Barre Granite.

A Correction

In the May-June issue of the QUARRIER we pulled a Houdini. We hereby apologize and make the correction. The Reiss memorial, illustrated on page 12, we credited to the J. O. Bilodeau Company. The monument was manufactured by Jones Brothers Company, Inc. The design is copyrighted.
Another Birthday

THIS is Number 1, Volume Eight, of the WELLS-LAMSON QUARRIER.

As our legs get longer and our pants get shorter, we repeat our original introduction:

With this, the first issue of The Quarrier, a new house organ is born. It will be mailed to you regularly every other month and we hope after a few issues you will be watching and waiting for it.

Its purpose is two-fold, first to disseminate information, ideas, and knowledge, that will interest you and be of value to you in a business way. Second, to make the name

WELLS-LAMSON
SELECT BARRE GRANITE

synonymous with your thoughts of the finest in memorial materials.

With this purpose in view each issue of The Quarrier will be mailed you as long as we have your correct address unless you advise to the contrary. In the words of the Old Maestro “we hope you’ll like us.”

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Personal Property

In Canada we heard the story of a British destroyer officer who captured a German submarine commander. He instructed his boys to treat the German officer as an officer. “Give him tea and toast and dry clothes,” instructed the Britisher.

An hour later, back came the German officer with two black eyes, a bloody nose and a tooth knocked out.

“I say, I say,” said the British officer, “What’s this? Why have you treated this man this way?”

“Well,” said the English sailor, “when he said our King was a bum we ignored it. When he said the Queen of England was homelier than a cow, we ignored that. When he said you were a ———— we paid no attention to him. But when he spit in our ocean, we beat hell out of him.”

[8]
Nicely developed variations from stereotyped forms always create interest in the memorial field. The basic type of the ANDREWS Memorial is that of the die flanked with urns, and interesting variation has resulted in engaging the urns to the die and carrying out a base effect under the urns that results in a pleasing sweep to the lower part of the die. A feature which adds to the character of this design is the broad check and mould on the base which tie die and base together into a solid and monolithic appearing composition.—Manufactured and erected by Piqua Granite and Marble Company, Piqua, Ohio. WELLS-LAMSON SELECT BARRE GRANITE.
If You Like It

BUSINESS is devising ways by which you can help your customers make an extra dollar with the hope that they will permit you to keep fifteen cents yourself.

Business is getting up at seven to meet a customer at nine who doesn’t appear until noon.

Business is driving 200 miles to see a man who “is busy” when you get there.

Business is reaching for the restaurant check and getting stuck five times out of six.

Business is getting indigestion and liver trouble entertaining prospects and customers.

Business is pretending that you are prosperous when you haven’t made a cent for two years.

Business is selling a prospect on a design and then have him give the order to a competitor.
Business is feeling happy about landing a big job on which you will probably lose your shirt.
Business is pleading patience with your customer while you exercise impatience with your associates.
Business really is fun—if you like it.

Maybe It Isn’t There Any More

A naturalist divided an aquarium with a clear-glass partition. He put a lusty bass in one section and minnows in the other. Every time a minnow approached the glass partition, the bass would strike. After three days of fruitless lunging, which netted him only bruises, he ceased his efforts and subsisted on the food dropped in. Then the naturalist removed the glass partition. The minnows swam all about the bass, but he did not strike at a single one. He was thoroughly sold on the idea that business was bad. Take another shot at the glass partition. Maybe it isn’t there any more.

Problem

A Vermont farmer was losing his temper trying to drive two mules into the field when the minister came by. When the farmer saw him he said, “You are just the man I want to see. Tell me, how did Noah get these damned things into the ark?”

STANKIEWICZ

Christ and the crucifixion of Christ are among the most common of sculptured memorial forms. It is, therefore, often a problem to develop individual character in a design embodying these motifs. The Cross and the Crucified Christ are definitely the dominant features in the STANKIEWICZ Memorial, however, interesting background has been formed by designing these features into a die with pleasing and not over strong carving and moulds to emphasize the Cross. Careful attention has obviously been given to designing vases of ample size for planting without destroying good relation between size of vases and size of die. More and more the results of the thoroughly trained designer are becoming apparent in the work of today.—Erected by Eugene J. Witalis, Upper Darby, Pa.; manufactured by Desilets Granite Company, Montpelier, Vt.; Wells-Lamson Select Barre Granite.
The screen type of memorial is in the opinion of the writer one of the most pleasing of memorial forms, for the screen definitely encompasses the lot and always seems to create the feeling that lot and memorial are in reality one. The UMPHREY Memorial is unusual both in design and detail yet in its design it emphasizes the feeling of protection and with the flanking vases separates this particular lot into a unit of its own. The interesting feature of this memorial is the placing of the principal detail in the end pylons so as to form an interesting transition from the very ornate vases to the dignified plainness of the central portion of the memorial.—Produced by the Waldron Shield Company, Inc., Barre, Vt., from Wells-Lamson Select Barre Granite. Designed and erected by the Blakely Granite Company, Indianapolis, Ind., in Crown Hill Cemetery, Raymond E. Siebert, Superintendent.
Wait for the Ax

HERE’S an experience that was repeated to us, so we’re giving it to you. There’s a point to it.

A man dropped into a Vermont hardware store for an ax. The proprietor showed him several and the customer selected one, asking the price.

“It’s $2.50,” said the merchant.

“That’s too much,” replied the customer. “I can buy the same ax from a mail-order house for $2.00.”

“Tell you what,” said the hardware merchant, “I’ll sell you this ax for the same price that you can buy it from the mail-order house but—under the same conditions.”

“O.K.,” said the customer and he pulled out his wallet.

“Give me $2.00 for the ax,” said the merchant, “and add three cents that you’d have to pay for a stamp. Give me five cents for the money order charges and throw in thirty-five cents the mail-order house would charge you for mailing the ax.”

The customer grinned and shelled out. He was licked and he knew it. The hardware merchant took the money, wrapped the ax, then when the customer reached for it, he threw it under the counter.

“Now wait two weeks for it.”

Brain Teaser

“IN THE top drawer of my desk,” said Joe, “there are marbles of three different colors. Twelve black marbles, eight red ones, and six white ones. Go and get me three all the same color. I don’t care whether they are black, white or red.”

His secretary dashed off on the errand. However, she found the room in pitch darkness. She soon discovered where the marbles were, but naturally could not distinguish between the respective colors. “Never mind,” she thought, “I’ll take down just enough to make sure of having three of one color.”

How many marbles in all did she take?
How Dumb Are People Regarding Your Prices?

It was called to our attention recently that our Pontiac is priced only a bit above the Ford, Chevrolet and Plymouth. We didn’t know how much. Pontiac dealers decided to find out if the public knew how much was the difference. The results were amazing.

Nine out of ten said the price difference was as high as $165.00. The actual difference is about $75.00.

This experience caused us to wonder what misconceptions the public has regarding prices on monuments and markers. Your prices. If people studied the price situation as thoroughly as you do, such a problem would not exist. But they don’t study prices carefully—and the problem does exist.

Remember your price situation must be handled on the basis of what the public doesn’t know about prices: not on the basis of what you know.

Eyefulness

Under the heading “Gas Overcomes Girl While Taking Bath” we learn in United Effort that:

“Miss Cecila M. Jones owes her life to the watchfulness of Joel Colby, elevator boy, and Rufus Bacon, janitor.”

Irish Epitaph

Beneath this stone lies Murphy;
They buried him today;
He lived the life of Riley
While Riley was away.
He Forgot

He brushed his teeth twice a day with a nationally advertised tooth brush.  
The doctor examined him twice a year.  
He wore rubbers when it rained.  
He slept with the windows open.  
He stuck to diet with plenty of fresh vegetables.  
He relinquished his tonsils and traded in several worn-out glands.  
He golfed, but never more than eighteen holes.  
He never smoked, drank, or lost his temper.  
He did his daily dozen daily.  
He got at least eight hours sleep each night.  
The funeral will be held next Wednesday.  
He is survived by eighteen specialists, four health institutes, six gymnasiums, and numerous manufacturers of health foods and antiseptics.  
He had forgotten about trains at grade crossings.

The Reason

She had just returned from her honeymoon and was unpacking her clothing. Her mother noticed that many lovely gowns were badly torn.  
"What happened to your pretty dresses?" inquired the mother.  
"Well," answered the bride, "John liked my torso better than my trousseau and that's the reason my trousseau is torso."

New Booklet

Some advertising must literally walk on eggs because so many diversified interests must be satisfied. That is in some measure true with the new booklet "Lest We Forget" evolved by Buttura & Sons, Barre, Vt., for their customers. The booklet with sixteen pages and attractive cover should prove a helpful sales medium for increasing business.
A cute little trick from St. Paul
Wore a "newspaper dress" to a ball
The dress caught on fire
And burned her entire
Front page, sporting section and all.

*The struggle to make ends meet
keeps a flapper's hands busy
when she sits down.*

A lot of mourning is also caused by
woman's inhumanity to woman.

*Cause and effect: Life insurance; second husbands.*

As the chorus girls have it: *To err is
human; to ermine is divine.*

*Madge had a boy friend who had
trouble with his vision while
driving—he saw parking spots
before his eyes.*

Mother love can't make a boy wash
his face, but puppy love can.

*Tight clothing may prevent
proper circulation but any modern
girl can tell you that is what
keeps her circulating.*

The mother of yesterday who used to
worry about her children's welfare lives
anew in the mother of today who re-

duces to have any children.

*A young man recently married
was so excited he handed the
bride ten dollars and kissed the
minister.*

A girl isn't necessarily well-bred because
she happens to be the toast of the town.

*Don't discuss Hitler before your
children. If you want to talk
about him, talk about him in the
bathroom where there is a sanita-
tary convenience.*

Maybe you can't make a silk purse out
of a cow's ear, but a silk stocking cer-
tainly improves a calf.

*If a girl doesn't watch her figure,
the boys don't.*

Los Angeles has picked the typical Cali-
fornia sweater girl. We presume she
won on points.

*Toss me at the umpire and call
me pop.*

Jitterbug Jennie says that the guy who
named it necking must have been a
poor judge of distance.
Sometimes a man's past takes a short cut and heads off his future.
We have seen many statues of great men astride a horse, but never astride a fence.