The ROCK OF AGES MAGAZINE

November 1927

Published Monthly by the Quarriers of Rock of Ages Barre Granite
A Picture

OUR people, with wisdom, have made law a dead letter, and which discounts inevitable, and causes of evil; which causes a grimace, and after the great see if it is yet correct. Our laws are a book, but only the public opinion has
A Picture For Today

Our people have a singular practical wisdom, which takes the sting out of misfortune; which makes a bad law a dead letter, almost from its enactment; which discounts the future, accepts the inevitable, and compromises with the coming evil; which charges off bad debts without a grimace, and, like the Chicago merchant after the great fire, spits upon the ruins to see if it is yet cool enough to begin rebuilding. Our laws are not the whole of the statute book, but only those parts to which the needs of the people, and the general concurrence of public opinion have given life.

—Francis A. Walker in 1880
Became over night the railroad center for an area measuring fifty miles in four directions. Practically all locomotives operated by three railroads were made temporarily inaccessible if not put out of commission by the flood. Almost presidentially two Rock or Anus engines were high and dry on Barre Hill. Proceeding down the big grade to Barre and thence over the trolley tracks, they were able to make a quick beginning in the first work of rehabilitation.

an indescribable scene of the Barre Line...
TORRENTIAL RAINS converging with uncontrolled fury upon central Vermont ravaged the Barre District early in November, leaving in their wake an appalling loss of human life and an indescribable scene of desolation. Although the flooded area was at its worst in the valleys of the Winooski and White rivers, the Barre granite industry itself escaped practically intact. It is true that in a few instances manufacturing plants were submerged. Others if left untouched were temporarily isolated by the rush of waters.

Yet the structural damage was next to negligible and had the elements been equally sparing of the railroads and the sources of water supply, scarcely a week would have elapsed ere the granite industry of Vermont, with its vital bearing upon the prosperity of the State, would have been ready for resumption.

Barre City itself fared better than some of its sister communities, though the death toll reached seven and its every casualty was stark tragedy. But the heaviest losses were confined to the extremes of the main business artery, to streets and to the basements of business buildings.
Montpelier, on the other hand, was sorely stricken. There the damage to merchants and residential property ran into the millions. There again, however, the granite manufacturing plants have shown amazing powers of recuperation.

Northfield and Riverton were more fortunate and their granite manufacturing properties are relatively unimpaired. It was in Waterbury and in the little towns to the north that death and destruction stalked in the aftermath of the flood’s first desperate sortie. Many of Vermont’s 130 fatalities occurred in that section and the property loss, the suffering and the fortitude of the inhabitants were past belief.

Outside agencies, including the Government, the Red Cross, the Army and the executives of neighboring states were quick to respond. If amateur radio stations here at home were the first to establish outside communication, the air also furnished the avenue for quick responses, for aero-planes were surveying the flooded areas on the day following the storm and for days continued to render heroic service.

The Barre District sympathetic messages and contracts already placed,
The Barre District was particularly touched with the sympathetic messages and proffers of assistance which came from the retail field, from other granite producing centers, and from the trade press. Not the least of these were the heartening words which came from the Memorial Craftsmen of America, and the Quincy and St. Cloud associations.

Every possible effort is being bent toward reestablishing the water mains that mean a resumption of activities for a great part of the Barre industry. Almost miraculous progress has been made in restoring the railroads, which forecasts an inevitably early movement of freight, both incoming and outgoing. The Barre quarries, beyond the inconvenience of being slightly inundated, recovered at once and the quarriers, pending the recovery of the manufacturers, were able to render a great deal of assistance in the work of rehabilitation.

Retail dealers who are counting upon the fulfillment of contracts already placed, or who contemplate placing orders

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THE SCENE OF A TRAGEDY
That claimed the life of Lieut.-Gov. S. Hollister Jackson. In summer this stream which gouged its way through the highway to a point near the residence of William Barclay in the background is a rivulet of small proportions. Mr. Jackson was drowned as he left his car and attempted to ford the brook while approaching his home.
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Page five
in Barre have no cause for unrest. Normal service is only a matter of time. The retail trade can best aid Barre by placing implicit confidence in the ability of the industry to make a rapid recovery. At this writing the prospect of an early return to normalcy is altogether promising.

When everything is all over—the complete extermination of the carpet-bagger by the established dealer, or the total blotting-out of the c. d. by the c. b., when marble has entirely supplanted granite, or granite has wholly displaced marble, when the park cemetery has crowded out the old-fashioned God's acre or the o. f. God's acre has overrun the park cemetery—we shall probably have the finest memorial industry in the world.

One of the nerve authorities declares that rackets which fray so many nervous systems are not injurious after all. Still, it would be difficult to convince many of us sufferers that adjacent trip hammers are merely a state of mind and quarry whistles no impediment to the full enjoyment of the inalienable right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

For its tardy appearance the Rock of Ages Magazine begs the indulgence of its readers. Just as the completed November issue was ready to bid adieu to the Capital City Press in Montpelier, some twelve feet of water invested the premises and the publication hastily deferred its journey into the outside world. Complete reprinting and most of the other multitudinous details which enter into the preparation of a magazine for its readers had to be repeated.
AMONG DISTINGUISHED FAMILY MEMORIALS

In the cemeteries of Leavenworth, Kans., the Hoge tribute from the plant of Marion & O'Leary, Barre, has been widely admired. It is one of many Rock of Ages monuments erected this year by Ben F. Heis of Leavenworth.
"Letters to the Editor" have a rather unusually prominent place in our pages this month. More correspondence of this sort is earnestly solicited. Nor is there any censorship on opinions that run counter to opinions generally known to be our own. May all of our correspondents hew to their own line, letting the stoneships fall where they may.

Every now and again we are asked for copy suggestions. The average memorial craftsman professes to be anything but a writer of advertisements. Some of the convincing paragraphs that have distinguished the national advertising of Rock of Ages this year are brought together on another page. They are good enough to be used again—and again.

Granite manufacturers are now eligible for membership in the Order of the Turning of the Worm. Under fire these many months for their derelictions in the matter of boxing monuments, they are in for quite a start when they read elsewhere in these pages what a Pennsylvania dealer says about board stains.

The ordinary, vain human being likes to be reported. If advocating sea burial as a means of conserving the great green spaces for parks and playgrounds is the only way he could get into print, is it any wonder the New York discoverer of a New Idea chose that means of making himself known?

Another witch-hunter who will never get into our heaven is the man who insists upon full-time acceptance of the Volstead Act as organization where religion bearing upon the object.

S. HOI

Out of the deñás comes with stunning and reconcilable loss. He and in all human proba next governor, if indeed have stopped short of t Barre granite industry business he was just p need to recount his acti For more than a deca figures in the indi disaster, his death had i Yet at the last a wish v expressed to the writer he died "with his boo

Page eight
of the Volstead Act as a passport to office-holding in an organization where religion, politics and morality have no bearing upon the objectives for which it was created.

S. HOLLISTER JACKSON

Out of the devastating flood which engulfed Vermont comes with stunning conviction the knowledge of an irreconcilable loss. He was Vermont's lieutenant-governor and in all human probability he would have been Vermont's next governor, if indeed his administrative genius was to have stopped short of the United States Senate. But to the Barre granite industry and to the granite monumental business he was just plain Hollister Jackson. There is no need to recount his activities in behalf of American granite. For more than a decade he was one of the best known figures in the industry. As the major casualty in the disaster, his death had most of the elements of sheer tragedy. Yet at the last a wish was fulfilled which more than once he expressed to the writer. In the catch-phrase of other times he died "with his boots on."

RETAIL ADVERTISING

Carried on by I. D. Miller, Quarryville, Pa., dealer, includes a number of resourceful devices, among which is a scoreboard in the local baseball park.
AFTER THE TOMB OF SCIPIO

THE OCTOBER number of this magazine presented four illustrations showing some of the various processes whereby Barclay Bros. were creating in Rock of Ages granite a family memorial for James M. Boutwell of Montpelier, one of the former owners of the Rock of Ages quarries. This month, through the courtesy of the manufacturer, we are privileged to reproduce a cemetery study of the monument, made shortly after its erection in Green Mount cemetery.

In the boldness of its design and execution, in the exquisite artistry of its finish, the memorial attains a degree of perfection to which many producers of granite memorials can only aspire. In all of its more intimate aspects it is a family monument. Once you go beyond its original significance it takes on a wider, deeper meaning.

It used to be a fixture in a certain credo that intricately executed memorials could not be produced by American Plan artisans. After making a critical inspection of the Boutwell monument one cannot escape the finality of its challenge to that preposterous assertion. The craftsmanship of unfettered American Plan granite cutters is proclaimed in every line and curve.

To many who shared in the stirring events of 1921-22 and to unnumbered observers of industrial phenomena here in central Vermont that no longer can be called an experiment, the connotations of the monument will be even more remindful. Always it will epitomize the courage and the unselfish resolution of a man who devoted the closing years of his career as a granite quarrier to freeing the Barre granite industry from the feudal lords of absentee unionism.

It is particularly fitting that the granite for the memorial was quarried from the identical location in the Rock of Ages properties where Mr. Boutwell began business nearly forty years ago as a quarrier of Rock of Ages granite.

A contemporary account of the making and setting

Page ten
THE SCIPIO ROSETTES

Six in number, are the outstanding ornamental features of this axed Rock of Ages memorial erected last month on the family plot of J. M. Boutwell. It is one of Barclay Bros.' 1927 masterpieces and a more extended description of the tribute will be found on the opposite page.
of the tribute affords an excellent semi-technical description of the memorial:

The principal decorative feature is a frieze of triglyphs and metopes on the die stone on which are carved rosettes like those on the Scipio tomb in Rome. The Scipio rosettes, six in number, are all different. The reproduction of these ornaments has long been the ambition of artists but a wide variation exists with the finished interpretations.

When this feature of the memorial was decided upon and careful inquiries had failed to locate a distinct photograph of the original Scipio tomb, an appeal was made to the American consul at Rome. His prompt and courteous attention disclosed the information that this ancient tomb—one of the earliest of Roman sarcophagi—which was discovered on the Appian Way in 1780 was now in the Vatican Museum at Rome and could not be photographed.

He was successful, however, in securing a copy of the only authorized photograph in existence and from this, and with the aid of powerful glasses, every detail of each rosette was carefully studied and transferred to models in the office of Barclay Bros. From these models the rosettes were beautifully and artistically developed in their plant upon the granite itself.

Upon the monolithic lower base rests a second base of refined mouldings which in turn supports the massive die stone with its well chosen enrichment and skillfully executed sand engraved lettering of the Roman type. The cap or cornice with its finely cut architectural mouldings and dentils fittingly surmounts and completes the graceful dignity of this creation.

EVASION vs. ACTION

The business of making and selling cemetery memorials may be passing through a revolutionary period. Everywhere in other spheres of activity changes in customs, habits, methods and products are being made almost over night. Conditions today are without precedent. Danger lies not in the kind of action that is based upon sensible study and analysis. It lies in evasion—in failure to comprehend changes, to foresee the necessity of new policies and practices. It is easy to take the easy way, hard to take the right way. The easy way may be a stubborn refusal to recognize changing conditions. Our business needs constructive thinking, and money is not a substitute for thought.
BARRE IN A MERGER?

There was something besides homing pigeons in the October sky. Through the inverted bowl which the citizenry of the Barre District is wont to scan for signs and portents, little creatures busily winged their way in the last half of the month. They were rumors.

Rumors of a merger, rumors of a monopoly, rumors—these from the inner portals of the union—that the Standard Oil Co., with one of those gargantuan gestures which anon were the delight of muckrakers of the Lincoln Steffins
BARRE'S PRINCIPAL WATER MAIN
Leading from the city's largest reservoir in the Orange hills was badly riddled in a washout which completely obliterated miles of permanent highway. Sections of the dislodged piping are shown in this picture.

school, was about to swallow 164 of the 165 manufacturers in the granite industry.

Then came a newspaper announcement from a man named Maurice B. Dean in which he outlined the highlights of a plan to combine those manufacturers whose collective production accounts for ninety percent of the monuments made in the Barre District. To interested inquirers Mr. Dean seems to have presented satisfactory testimonials. He continues to work on his plan.

All of the larger quarriers, among them the Rock of Ages quarriers, have said that they were not sponsoring Mr. Dean's undertaking. Apparently their knowledge of what he hopes to accomplish does not go beyond such information as Mr. Dean has cared to give out from time to time.

"He is the worst egotist I ever met."
"Say, that bird thinks he knows how to pronounce gladiolus correctly."

Page fourteen
BARRE IS BACK IN THE HARNESS

The fabled Egyptian bird, Phoenix, is said to have reached the ripe age of 500 years. Aware that death might be imminent he built a funeral pyre of wood and lighted it with the fanning of his wings. From its embers the bird arose unexpectedly into a new life.

There is something of the flavor of Phoenix in the courage with which the Barre District has solved its post-flood problems. Out of the residue of mud has sprung an industry which at this writing is practically back on its old footing. The Phoenix was an eagle, with plumage of red and gold. Some of the eagle's strength and daring must have been translated into the soul of the Barre granite industry, for with courage and persistency the majority of manufacturers and quarrymen with the splendid cooperation of their employees have been able to overcome nearly all of the handicaps which the great November downpour left as its legacy.

As these words are written, early in December, the damaged water mains, which were the most ominous obstacle to resumption in Barre City, are partially repaired. With the remainder of the pipe now available, no time will be lost in completing the job. Meanwhile many manufacturers have resorted to emergency devices for supplying industrial water and most of the plants are in operation.

In Montpelier, Northfield, Waterbury and Riverton there has been no water problem. By Dec. 1 both Barre and Montpelier had reestablished rail outlets by way of the Montpelier & Wells River railroad to the Canadian Pacific and Boston & Maine systems. According to present plans these avenues of freight movement were to be speedily extended to Northfield, Riverton and Waterbury, even though unreckoned damage to the Central Vermont railroad may delay use of that line for another month.

It requires no strain upon one's optimism to suggest that if the flood were bound to come its visit was not altogether untimely. Manufacturers were already prepared to start on orders accepted for spring delivery. By and large the fall rush had passed its crest. Now with the entire industry well geared up to normal, the retail trade need feel no fear of a sub-normal flow of finished work from the Barre District. Cutting plants and quarries as well are ready for business.

Page fifteen
HEAVY SEAS ON THE C. V.
Caught in the vortex of the raging flood, a yard engine of the Central Vermont railroad left what remained of the track, burying its nose in the bank of the river. In the distance is the plant of Comoli & Co., one of the many Rock of Ages manufacturers who made a remarkably quick recovery from the effects of the high water.

RUMORS AND FACTS

Stories that seemed to gain their greatest credence at the convention in Washington last August are summarily dealt with in a statement which the Woodbury Granite Co., Inc., has caused to be published in the trade magazines and in the daily press.

One of the most persistent of the rumors, however, was spawned in Washington county, Vt., which is a long ways from Washington, D.C. The Woodbury Granite Co., Inc., disposes of it in this fashion:

"Someone in the Barre District has circulated the story that we are to manufacture Rock of Ages granite in Hardwick and Bethel and will take the entire output of the Rock of Ages quarries. This rumor is absolutely false. We expect to have our hands full in manufacturing our own granite. Rock of Ages has no connection with Woodbury.

Page sixteen
Such scenes of ruin were all too frequently repeated in the track of the great flood which engulfed the Barre District. Here, at North Barre, is shown a curious hotchpotch of wrecked automobiles, oil tanks and Rock of Ages saw blocks.

Some of the directors of the Woodbury Granite Co., Inc., are also directors of the Rock of Ages Corporation, but the two companies are entirely separate and distinct.

The statement also makes emphatic denial of the report that the Woodbury company will enter the retail field, selling monuments and mausoleums direct to the customer. Instead, the company anticipates an aggressive sales campaign for mausoleum business, selling through the dealer. Both Bethel and Woodbury granites will be sold only through local dealers.

The Woodbury company goes on to say that it is introducing improved machinery into its finishing plants in Bethel and Hardwick and that its purpose is to give prompt service on all building and mausoleum contracts in Woodbury and Bethel granites.
BLAME THE RETAILER

Here is one who says the dealer and not the manufacturer is responsible for board stains. Proving to the manufacturer, no doubt, that the worm will turn.

Editor, Rock of Ages Magazine,
Barre, Vt.
Dear Sir:

For quite some time I have read your comments on the evils of board stains in crating memorial stones. After noting what you had to say in October and your plea for suggestions from the retailer, I am giving you my experiences.

Years ago I was troubled with board stains. I would have a very fine die in my show room that would have two shades showing. Acid wash was of no avail. Customers would notice the two shades and then I would go after the shippers, blaming them for several things, defective paper and green lumber among them. But the evil still existed.

Then one morning after unloading a car of polished dies, I said to the man, “You uncrate every last piece of stone, pull out the nails and stack them away—they will make fine boards.”

To my surprise I noticed that all the dies were of uniform, even color. There were no two shades. And I commented upon it, too, to my man. He said to me, “Now we know where the trouble lies.” And ever since that day we unbox every shipment as soon as it arrives, using clear water to rinse down any dirt that has gathered during transit.

I assure you we have entirely eliminated the board stain evil. From my experience I believe the trouble is with the receiver of the shipment and not the shipper, in allowing shipments to lie around unboxed.

Very truly yours,

W. F. SHAFFER’S SON,

By Ed. M. SHAFFER

Somerset, Pa.

IS THIS TRUE?

To say the least the following letter is provocative. It may very easily prove to be controversial, with an ensuing sheaf of open protest and lynching. Although the publishers of this magazine by agreement do not endorse mob action, we do publish the present correspondence.

Gents (meaning “Dear”)

As usual the air is full of state conventions roll a price cutter is good stuff and the prices are different in every direction. Trade prosperity and outlook is good.

Mr. John Public is going to have a price agitation is going to have a price agitation is going to have a...
HONORING A LIBRARIAN

In Portville, N. Y., Mrs. Cummings was a long-time and faithful custodian of the public library. When she passed away this year citizens of the town subscribed a fund to mark her grave with the Rock of Ages tablet pictured here. It was made by the South Barre Granite Co. and erected by the late G. A. Robertson, memorial dealer in Olean, N. Y.

The ensuing sheaf of other "Letters to the Editor" wherein the present correspondent will do well if he escapes lynching. Although the writer's name is known to the publishers of this magazine, it is printed anonymously. The appearance of this or any other letter in these pages does not necessarily mean that the views it expresses are endorsed by the Rock of Ages Corporation.

Gents (meaning "Dear Editor"): As usual the air is full of talk about price cutting. When our state conventions roll around you'll hear more of it. Rapping the price cutter is good stuff to pass out to the "other fellow," but the facts are different in every-day life. A hundred price-cutters in all other trades prosper and outlive one "quality" establishment.

Mr. John Public is a careful buyer and no amount of quality-plus-price agitation is going to change him. Quality in monumental
materials is better standardized today than ever before. Designs were never better. In my own twenty years I have seen an army of price "uplifters" come and go. Most of them have called me a price-cutter. But I have simply faced competition on a basis of natural defense. Always strive for low shop expense and divide the benefit with the customer.

I have denied myself the luxury of being called a "quality" establishment, but usually get the price I think my customer can afford to pay. A real good doctor will charge his rich patient $100 for a job and then treat twenty similar cases at $5 each. I suppose I am foolish to write. The successful dealer does a lot of listening and lets the uplifter talk. Sets good work and lots of it at prices the public can afford to pay.

Yours for a bigger instead of a "better" business,
MANY VALUES WHEN BROUGHT TOGETHER

The Erbstein memorial, commemorating a noted Chicago lawyer, was completed in axed and polished Rock of Ages. Canton Bros., Chioldi Bros., and, as retailers, the Chicago Monument Co., collaborated in this convincing tribute.
LIKE the scriptural city which was built on a hill, the Barre quarries escaped the fury of the flood waters in November. From so prominent a coign of vantage as Barre Hill, the quarriers were able to lend timely assistance to the work of reclamation that immediately ensued among their brethren in the valleys.

It was a job of many ramifications, withal one in which all shared unselfishly and without stint. From the J. K. Pirie Estate went forth a crew of bridge builders whose versatility restored truck service between the Barre District and Boston at a time when all railroads leading into Washington county were helpless. E. L. Smith & Co., the Wetmore & Morse Granite Co., the Wells-Lamson Co. and others promptly diverted men in large numbers to the work of mending roads, rail and highway, and to the much more important task of making houses fit for reoccupancy.

To the Rock of Ages Corporation fell the modest part of contributing men, locomotives and fire equipment, the latter for use in pumping out flooded basements in Barre. For a few days Syracuse, among a few chosen municipalities in these States, had to share with Barre the distinction of steam train service through its main stem.

In a time when every locomotive within a radius of fifty miles was either on its back or hemmed in by flood-torn rails, the Rock of Ages quarriers were able to supply two engines for the initial work of rebuilding the M. & W. R. railroad. Necessarily the beginning of the undertaking was in Barre. To get at once at the seat of the trouble, a switch was improvised and before long the trolley line which traverses Barre's main artery was resounding to the long whistle of steam trains.

Somewhat later in the chronology of the disaster it was the privilege of the Rock of Ages rigging crew, under the supervision of Supt. W. R. Reilly and Ass't. Supt. E. D. Palmer, to replace a bridge at Wells River, thus establishing the last link in the stem of Barre District with the

It remains only to use it, whether such a step would have been offered by the employers in response of the grand lines of cleavage which sharp were softened, if Plan or closed shop, the Barre granite industry.

The spontaneity and ready answer to the story of Vermont's grit

Angry Motorist: "So if you owned the streets."

Irate Pedestrian: "around just as if you own
the last link in the steel chain which was to connect the Barre District with the outside world.

It remains only to be said that equipment and the will to use it, whether supplied by quarrier or manufacturer, would have been offered to no purpose if willingness on the part of the employers had not been matched by the splendid response of the granite workers in the Barre District. Lines of cleavage which in ordinary times seem painfully sharp were softened, if not obliterated entirely. American Plan or closed shop, the quarry and plant employees in the Barre granite industry came forward to a man.

The spontaneity and the unselfishness of their cheerful and ready answer to the call make up an epic chapter in the story of Vermont’s grim joust with Fate.

*Angry Motorist:* “Some of you pedestrians walk along just as if you owned the streets.”

*Irate Pedestrian:* “Yes, and some of you motorists drive around just as if you owned the car!”—Judge.
It was one of the antedating by several establishments which about the time of the patriarchal figure, of steaming riven biscuits the kennel was a sign pinned our curiosity of aarian master of the house. "did you happen to have "

A man of few words, an Homeric ledge accordance was that boulder," he had ever heard to stone. And, this time "No, I guess I'm the
CHASTENING

It was one of those preadamite dog stands, probably antedating by several summers the inspired roadside establishments which went Blue-Bowl and Ye Crumpet about the time of the Scopes trial. The keeper was a patriarchal figure, consigned by age and infirmity to steaming riven biscuits and fitting them to "hots." Over the kennel was a sign, "Rock or Ages." One day we pinned our curiosity on our sleeve and saluted this octogenarian master of the hounds. "How," we timidly began, "did you happen to hit upon that name?"

A man of few words, our purveyor. He pointed to an Homeric ledge across and down the road a piece. "It was that boulder," he said. Meekly we asked him if he had ever heard the name associated with any other stone. And, this time with some alacrity, he answered, "No, I guess I'm the first one that ever thought of it."

THE INDOOR EXHIBIT SEASON

Offers many opportunities for the memorial craftsman to advertise effectively. An example of what can be accomplished in a relatively small space is found in this picture of a display made by the Huron, S. D., Marble & Granite Works.
A BLACKSMITH AND HIS MONUMENT

A venerable blacksmith himself, J. E. Parry, aged 72, of Middleville, N. Y. has written us interestingly of his forebears, many of whom followed the honorable trade which the polished anvil on his monument symbolizes. The memorial is the work of LaClair & McNulty of Barre and it was erected by Stockwell & Walsh of Utica, N. Y.

"The Parrys came from Machynlleth, an old city in North Wales," writes Mr. Parry. "They were all Welshmen and proud of it. For generations unknown they were born blacksmiths. I have the records for upward of 200 years, and they were all first-class workmen in horseshoeing and all kinds of forging.

"My father some years ago erected a monument. But ever since I was a very young man it has been my ambition to have a nice stone with an anvil on it for the Parry family. So we took down the old stone, using it for a foundation.

"I wish you might see the new monument, especially the lettering on the anvil. 'Machynlleth' is lettered on both sides. I never had anything please me more than this monument with the anvil."

SMALL CHANGE

I sent my boy to college,
With a pat upon his back.
I spent $5,000.
And got a quarter-back.
Are These Thoughts Worth A Place in Your Advertising?

It is only when we have carved our thought in a material whose flawless beauty remains unchanged through the ages, that we have symbolized in a fitting manner our reverence and love.

Far more precious than any material heritage are the memories left us by those we loved. What can be more fitting than to enshrine this heritage in a memorial as enduring as the everlasting hills from which it comes?

We erect a memorial to mark with beauty the grave of one held dear. But not for this only. It signifies the love, the reverence, the cherished memories, that cluster around the name we carve on the sacred stone: let it be fitting.

It is not that we ourselves may remember, that we erect a memorial. For the memory of those dear to us is everlasting. But that we may give outward sign to the sacred thoughts which their memory brings to us.

The memory of one we love is a priceless heritage that no change of fortune can take from us. It is ours forever. If we erect a memorial as a tribute to this memory, must it not be so wrought and of such material that its beauty, also, may endure?
Encyclopedic Fred Irvine of the *American Stone Trade*, whose peregrinations among the retailers bring him into intimate touch with our field men and the Rock of Ages field service, has been tarrying in the Barre District.

* * * *

Probably no cosmopolite finds a broader welcome awaiting him than Fred, and it matters not so much where he goes. Just now he is getting primed for the winter schedule of state conventions. Field men, salesmen and others who want the low-down on physical form and mental poise should study this publisher's formula.

* * * *

We have known stronger men and younger to emerge from the winter campaign with a smaller reserve of punch and pluck. Fred strings along with the old timers who scorn the ten and fifteen round bouts. He prefers the long route as a test of mettle.

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Heavy rains that drenched central Pennsylvania and put an autumn damper on work in the cemeteries are vividly described by Ros. Austin.

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In contrast to the irriuous footing which Ros. encountered in the Keystone State, Ivan Johnson reports that the Middle West has been experiencing some of the most agreeable weather of the year, and in northern Illinois many firms are reporting a healthy increase in business.

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Secretary Cassidy of the M. C. A. has submitted a tentative schedule of state retail conventions. Most of

Page twenty-eight
them are arranged for January and February, with the western circuit beginning in Michigan and ending in Texas.

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Roswell Austin and Ivan Johnson, among other representatives from the quarry centers, will in all probability be in the field of starters.

* * *

There will be a western atmosphere about the New York state convention this season, which meets in Buffalo. New England is preparing to register strong in Connecticut.

* * *

Retailers can help our field men win a few approving smiles from the home office by presenting them with photographs of some of their latest and best in Rock of Ages.
ROCK OF AGES CASTAWAYS

Marooned by the onset of flood waters, two officers of the Rock of Ages Corporation, who reside in Barre during the most exacting period of the emergency. President R. L. Patrick and Treasurer J. T. Smith responded promptly when the sudden rush of water laid barren the greater part of central Vermont. Being on the ground they were able to visualize the need for swift action. When the chance came to volunteer men, stores and equipment for the big task of rehabilitation they left nothing undone to assist in the work. After a stay of several days, Messrs. Patrick and Smith were among the first to essay the hazardous trip through Smuggler’s Notch, at that time the only available means of traveling from the flooded area to the north central section of the state.

AS LINCOLN SAID, “I LIKE HIM—HE FIGHTS”

In a time when selflessness was a common attribute and the subordination of personal comfort and private advantage to the public good a much sought privilege, it seemed selfish to single out the services of individuals as being particularly deserving of commendation. Now that there is opportunity for sober, second thought this publication has no uncontrollable yearning to lavish the Legion of Honor upon any number of individuals whose services in the emergency were outstanding. There are plenty of deserving ones were this the place for honorary degrees.

There is one figure in the crisis, however, whose part in the job of restoring signs of life to the Barre granite industry would go unrecognized were he to be left alone at the microphone. Without the guiding genius and the organizing ability of E. S. French, active director of the Barre & Chelsea and Montpelier & Wells River railroads, resumption of relations between the Barre granite industry and the retail field might have been a matter of months instead of weeks.

Many of the varied roles Vermont could have played in his life of his directive ability.

Dealers, manufacturers, can note that all departments, including deliveries of raw materials are back in the fairway as expected, can save a te deum.

TODAY

Dimensions of the O’Leary creation which he, George A. Olean, N. Y. Sept. 2
FOUR OF THE SEVEN LIVES
Which were the flood's sad human toll in Barre were in the south end of the city. In the section pictured here many families were removed from their homes in boats.

Many of the varied reclamation activities in flood stricken Vermont could have profited immensely by the intelligence of his directive ability.

Dealers, manufacturers and quarriers who happen to note that all departments of the Barre granite business, including deliveries of raw material and finished merchandise, are back in the fairways a little sooner than they ever expected, can save a te deum or two for Ned French.

TOLD PICTORIALLY

Dimensions of the Hoge memorial, a Marrion & O'Leary creation which Ben F. Heis erected in Leavenworth, Kans.: Die, 5-0 x 2-2 x 2-8; base, 6-0 x 3-2 x 1-2.

George A. Robertson, whose Rock of Ages tribute to the Portville, N. Y. librarian is one of hundreds which he erected in a lifetime of unique service, died at his home in Olean, N. Y. Sept. 28. Mr. Robertson was held in the
highest esteem by his townspeople, as was evidenced by the outpouring of friends at the funeral.

Almost to a man, retailers who have staged local exhibits outside their yards and display rooms have expressed an intention of repeating. The success of the exhibit put on by the Huron Marble & Granite Works was quite without precedent, we are told. Others have been equally successful.

Among dealers who have just recently tried out this kind of advertising is former President E. E. Rich of the Memorial Craftsmen of America. The American Monument Co., of which Mr. Rich is the head, used Rock of Ages as the centerpiece of its exhibit in Painesville.
There are Barre granites and granites that are merely quarried near Barre. Practically every standard Barre granite is now backed by a certificate. This guarantee, whether it is the Rock of Ages certificate or a guarantee issued by some other Barre quarrier, is intended primarily to protect the buyer from the substitution of an inferior material. If you and your customer want Rock of Ages or any other Barre granite, ask your manufacturer to furnish you with a certificate.
HUMAN felicity is produced not so much by great pieces of good fortune that seldom happen, as by the little advantages that occur every day.

—BENJAMIN FRANKLIN