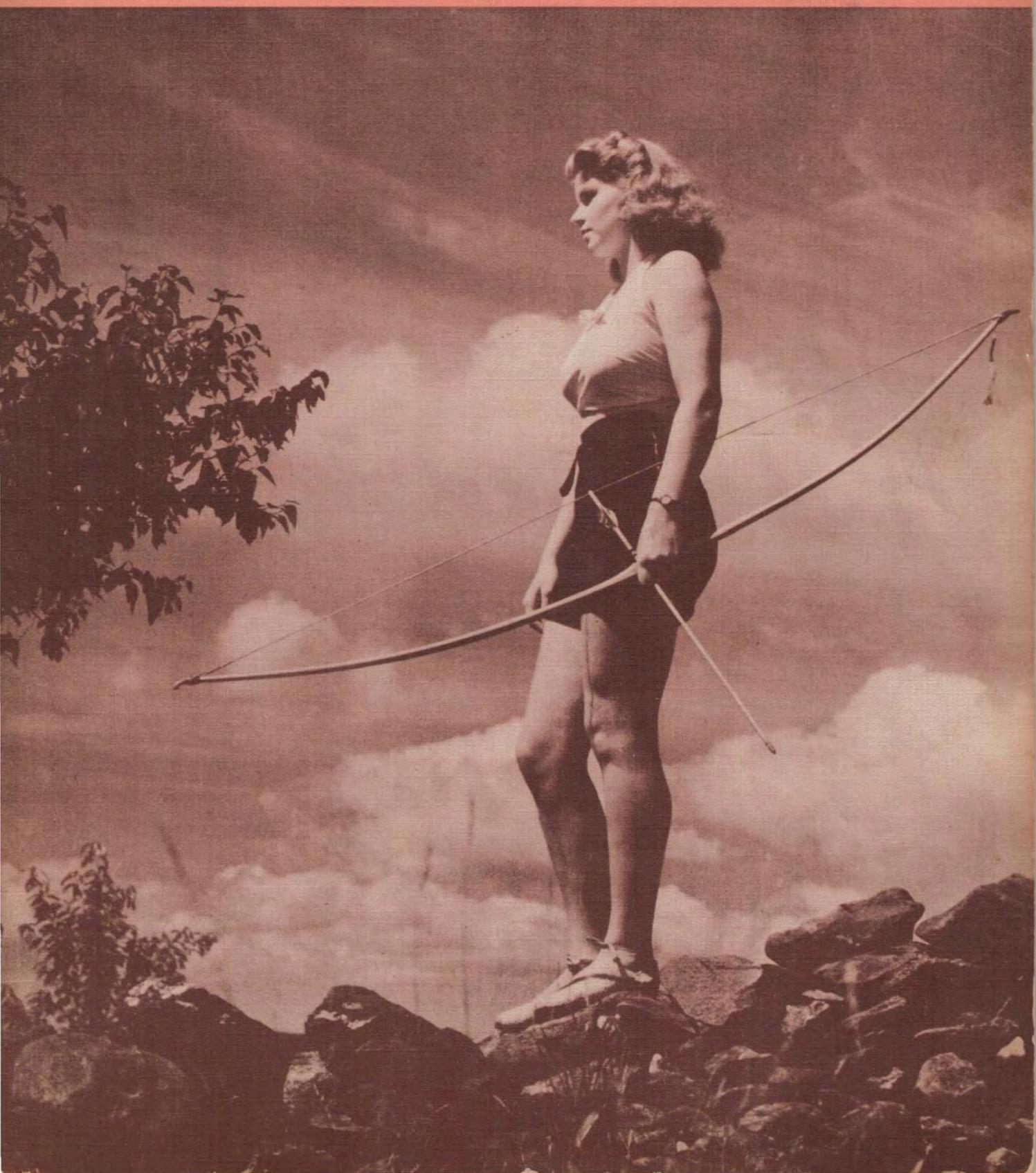


The Wells-Lamson Quarrier

MARCH-APRIL 1941



*Many young men are looking for jobs selling
handkerchiefs to those who are earning a
living by the sweat of the brow.*

THE WELLS-LAMSON QUARRIER

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and

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Wake Up and Dare--Spring is Here

FEAR is the chief foe of salesmen. Fear of competition, fear that our price is too high, fear of the men who must be approached.

Why fear competition? Your competitor is probably as much afraid of you as you are of him. Determine to think harder and work harder than your competitor and you will have nothing to worry about.

When at college, Garfield outdistanced a rival by watching that rival's window each night. When the light in his rival's window went out, Garfield studied fifteen minutes more—and he won.

Why fear lower price? Price is the poorest argument that can be used in selling. Because anything sold at a price usually has no argument in its favor.

Why fear men? Even the great Napoleon, whose presence on the field of battle was said to be equal to thousands of soldiers, took days to summon enough courage to remove from Josephine's room a dog which she desired to keep. The great leader was afraid of his wife.

The biggest men are human beings, even as you and I.

He Is An American

HE hears an airplane overhead, and if he looks up at all he does so in curiosity, neither in fear nor in the hope of seeing a protector.

His wife goes marketing and her purchases are limited by her needs, her tastes, her budget, but not by decree.

He comes home of an evening through streets which are well lighted, not dimly in blue.

He reads his newspaper and knows that what it says is not concocted by a bureau, but an honest, untrammelled effort to present the truth.

He belongs to such fraternal organizations and clubs as he wishes.

He adheres to a political party to the extent that he desires . . . reserves the right to criticize any of its policies . . . even if his convictions dictate that the theory of government of the country is wrong and should be scrapped.

He does not believe, if his party is out of power, that the only way in which it can come into power is through a bloody revolution.

He converses with friends, even with chance acquaintances, expressing freely his opinion on any subject, without fear.

He does not expect his mail to be opened between posting and receipt, nor his telephone to be tapped.

He changes his place of dwelling, and does not report so doing to the police.

He has not registered with the police.

He carries an identification card only in case he should be the victim of a traffic accident.

He thinks of his neighbors across international borders . . . as though they were across a state line rather than as foreigners.

He worships God in the fashion of his choice, without let.

He has his problems, his troubles, his uncertainties, but all others are not overshadowed by the imminence of battle and sudden death.

He should struggle to preserve his Americanism with its priceless privileges.

He is a fortunate man.

He is an American!

(Excerpts from editorial in New York Sun)

A Choice Crop of Saps

SOME months ago we gave our ideas of a salesman. As a result the mailman brought us many letters. One of these letters brought with it a story with the suggestion that we use it in a future issue of the QUARRIER. If our information is correct the story was written by a fellow named Mann, and originally appeared in the *Sample Case*. Here it is:

Yes, I believe the word to use would be "choice" for they are far from ordinary. Truly they are a special "crop" of individuals with very definite characteristics peculiar only to their own group. In their assumed attitude you are led to believe they are at the pinnacle of success with plenty of money and not a care in the world. Actors? Yes, in a sense, they are continually playing a delightful part, but in reality their stage is not set in beautiful colors and scenic effects but instead it is the "hard business world."

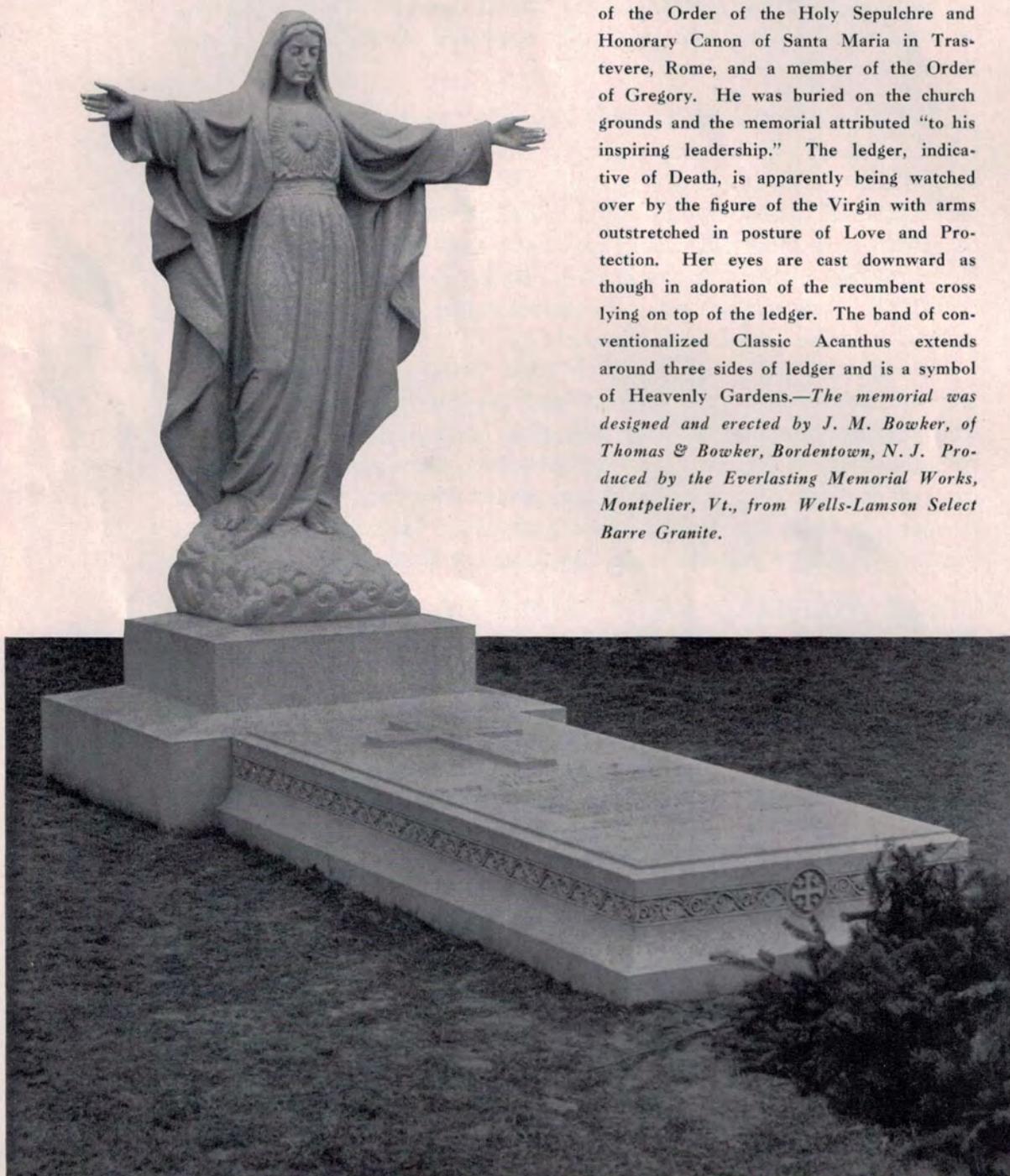
It isn't necessary to have their lines written for them, they are usually born with a "gift of gab" and the conversation flows along well-adapted-to-each-individual situation. Naturally the general public soon think of this group as world-beaters, lady-killers and men of colossal and gigantic personalities, together with many things not fit to mention here, but I term them just plain "saps." Whom do I mean? Of course you are right, the traveling salesmen.

THESE "NATURAL-BORN" SALESMEN start life as everyone else and their babyhood is just as uneventful, in fact they are the same as all other children until adolescence. In school they usually maintain average marks and have no difficulty in sticking to an educational program until they have acquired a good share of "sapience." As they grow older a gradual change becomes evident, and they are no longer content with the old home town, which begins to seem small and petty. Other places seem to lure them and they take to day dreaming of the success that could be won away from the old home town. At the local hotel they have encountered well-groomed men living on the fat of the land who apparently have no hardships connected with earning their living.

This easy existence is contrasted in their minds with the long working hours put in by the local men in factories and stores. Finally they are bitten by the "wanderlust" bug from which they will never

INSPIRING CATHOLIC MEMORIAL

An unusual composition is illustrated in the statue and ledger memorial erected for the Rev. James T. Higgins, Rector of the Church of the Most Blessed Sacrament in Philadelphia for thirty-two years. A Priest for over fifty years, he was Knight Commander of the Order of the Holy Sepulchre and Honorary Canon of Santa Maria in Trastevere, Rome, and a member of the Order of Gregory. He was buried on the church grounds and the memorial attributed "to his inspiring leadership." The ledger, indicative of Death, is apparently being watched over by the figure of the Virgin with arms outstretched in posture of Love and Protection. Her eyes are cast downward as though in adoration of the recumbent cross lying on top of the ledger. The band of conventionalized Classic Acanthus extends around three sides of ledger and is a symbol of Heavenly Gardens.—*The memorial was designed and erected by J. M. Bowker, of Thomas & Bowker, Bordentown, N. J. Produced by the Everlasting Memorial Works, Montpelier, Vt., from Wells-Lamson Select Barre Granite.*



recover. The decision is made—a traveling salesman they must be. If it requires special study or any special work they are glad to spend time as this is now their goal. Once they start will they ever be satisfied to lead a quiet home life again? No, never!

LET'S REMOVE all glamor and camouflage and review this legion of men as they really are. They normally start on the road in their early twenties, after acquiring a knowledge of the product which they are about to offer for sale. Some are lucky enough to get a territory that another man has covered with the same line. This makes things easier, but many start from scratch. A selected few join a company where each man is given a limited territory, so it is possible for him to return home each week-end or so. However, many are required to cover several states, and they are on the road months at a time.

These men know what lonesomeness means. Each new member of this group starts out full of confidence and ready to set the world afire, and the funny part is that "lady luck" usually smiles on a beginner and they start out with a bang! The method of travel varies somewhat, but most salesmen now use cars and as a rule they are as large and as impressive looking as they can possibly afford to make monthly payments on.

THE DAY'S WORK starts out about the same each and every day. Much of a salesman's success depends on his personal appearance, so considerable time must be spent in the routine grooming. To accomplish this he must arise early in the morning. After a substantial breakfast and a brief glance at the morning paper he is ready to make his first call. Sample cases are a problem, they vary from a small brief case to a car filled with many cases, although each man tries to condense his line as much as possible. All (or most) salesmen have their share of manual labor with the "sample" question.

Buyers are sometimes temperamental, and an A-one salesman studies his customers and knows their peculiarities. On some calls it is all business, while on others a general discussion of sports and what-not is carried on, so a salesman must be prepared for any turn of events. Some buyers treat them well and look forward to their call, while others assume a regal attitude. Some value a salesman's time and will make definite appointments, while others allow a man to return, just to say "I do not need a thing."

Of course, a buyer's position is anything but a bed of roses. He has so much to spend and no more. He has to be somewhat brief with



PETRINI MEMORIAL

The PETRINI Memorial reflects repose and rest expressed in the horizontal mass of the die, the horizontal feeling of which is accentuated by the flanking vases and by the broad sweep of the base. The principal interest of the design, however, is retained at the center of the die through the prominently outlined Latin cross around which is arranged the spray of the Passion Flower. Through the treatment of the cross and the fluted pilaster effect, the vertical feeling is created at the center of the die, which expresses inspiration; and this thought can be characterized as Christian inspiration through a combination of the cross, symbol of Christianity and the Passion Flower, symbol of Our Lord's Passion on the cross. Unique is the handling of the family name in this memorial and in the delicate sandblast treatment to indicate the flowing ends of the ribbon.—*Produced by Bonazzi & Bonazzi, Montpelier, Vt., for Medway Granite and Marble Works, Medway, Mass. Wells-Lamson Select Barre Granite.*

many salesmen or they would consume most of his day telling the merits of their line. (Each man to be a success on the road must feel that he has the only product of its kind at the price.) After calls and more calls with all kinds of problems to face, a salesman finishes a tiring day's work. Some complained of qualities, others of delivery, but in each case "someone else had the same thing cheaper"; however, he must smile and carry on.

He returns to the hotel and goes up to the small room allotted him for the price he can pay. He flops on the bed while reading a couple of letters that came for him. One is perhaps from the deal sales manager explaining that in his opinion (which is expressed in a cozy office with golf clubs in the corner for afternoon pleasure) the volume should be greatly increased this month as he has heard several business men state everywhere conditions are improving. He would be looking forward with interest to the increase he knew would be forthcoming. In the same envelope is a letter from the credit man, who had to turn down a couple of nice orders taken last week, and said they could not afford to take chances the way collections were coming in; how inspiring! After sending in the few orders collected and writing home, the salesman is tired both mentally and physically, but according to stories and tales, he is now ready for the "big nights" he is credited with. "Wine, Women and Song." Don't you believe it!

THE SO-CALLED "LARGE" EVENING starts out with a meal gathered at some restaurant where he hopes the food will be good and the price low. Regardless of how elaborate the menu or how tastefully the food is served, the good old perfection of home cooking can never be reached. Rather than search the menu for something that might be a bit different most salesmen just order a steak and let it go at that. The good old box of baking soda is always a part of their equipment after a few years of constant restaurant fare. The evening hours are the most trying for him. He is tired of movies, and isn't always lucky enough to strike an interesting sports event. He spends many lonesome hours and week-ends! Oh! could they but get what the storytellers credit them with!

Women? Sure, some traveling men step out just like the men living at home, only the men on the road don't have the chance to meet the more desirable types of women. The average salesman thinks too much of his home, his firm and himself to step out in a big way. Many a night they are very blue gazing at the local men enjoying life with

their families while they are left with a home-town paper for their part of home life.

They do mix and enjoy each others company some, but the modern crop is different from those of the past and seem to fear, or do not care to join in a card game or become "pally" like the salesman of yesteryear.

Every salesman, after traveling a few years, will tell you he is ready to settle down in one town, just wants to sleep in the same bed each night. It would be ideal, but seldom do they keep their word, for that old bug "wanderlust" is still in their veins, even though it may lie dormant.

Seldom do they live to a ripe old age, the nervous strain and living conditions wear them down, and they usually die in the harness like any faithful horse. Very little trouble is encountered in settling their estate, for usually they have lived up to their incomes.

Please, I beg of you, do not believe all the bad things you hear about salesmen, for they put back more than they take out of life, and really spread much joy and wholesome fun as they go along. How do I know all these things? Because I am one of the "saps."



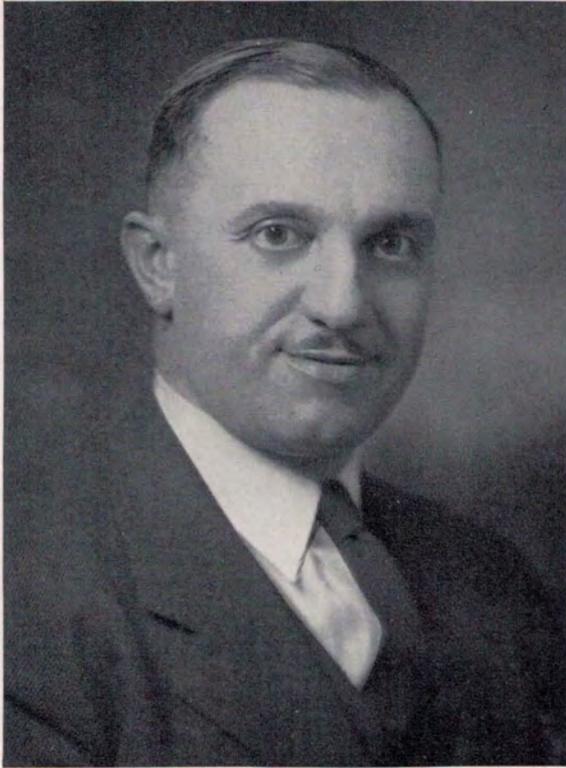
Lived Right

A GRANITE DEALER driving to Barre had just crashed into a telegraph pole on the outskirts of the city. Wire, pole, everything came down around his ears. They found him unconscious in the wreckage, but as they were untangling him, he reached out feebly and murmured: "Thank heavens I lived the right way: they have given me a harp."

In England

A MAIDEN LADY lived in a small house in the country in England with one maid. One morning the bell rang. The maid admitted the visitor, an evacuee officer arranging for homes for children evacuated from London, and then rushed upstairs.

"Please, mum," she blurted out breathlessly, "you've got to have two babies and the man's downstairs now."



New President

DINO ABBIATI

WITH a background of twenty-four years in the Barre granite industry, and with an experience of four years as a director of the Barre Granite Association, Dino Abbiati was elected to guide the Association during the year 1941.

Dino is well and favorably known to many of the dealers of the country.

Graduating from Spaulding High School in 1917 he became associated with his father in the South Barre Granite Company as a salesman. After his father's death he took over the management responsibilities of the company with success.

The following directors will serve during the year, with Arthur S. Guy as general manager; Dino Abbiati as president, Wendelin Beck, America Colombo, Herman Cross, Heber England, John Gibb, Hugo Giudici, Roger Sheridan, Maurice Watkins.

Arms

ACCORDING to most historians, Napoleon was loved by his soldiers because of his eagerness to honor distinguished service in battle.

On one of his visits to a hospital in which wounded soldiers were recuperating, he came upon a soldier who had lost his arm but was in full uniform and about to return to his regiment for such service as he might be able to render.

As Napoleon stopped before him the soldier stood at attention. "Where did you lose your arm?" asked Napoleon. "At Austerlitz," replied the soldier. "And you were not decorated?" asked Napoleon, noting the absence of a symbol for distinguished service. "No, sir," answered the soldier. "Then we must make amends," said Napoleon, "and I now make you a chevalier."

The soldier could not contain himself for joy at his elevation to so high an honor for loss of an arm. "If your majesty so generously elevates me to the honor of a chevalier for the loss of an arm," he asked, "how would I have been honored had I lost both arms?"

Napoleon did not hesitate. "I should have made you an Officer of the Legion," he replied. Whereupon the soldier squared his shoulders, drew his sword and cut off his other arm.

(If you don't get the point, write, wire or telephone.)



Caught

THE proud father of a young son came home one evening to find him with a small collection of moths and butterflies he had caught that day. "Daddy, isn't this one beautiful? What's its name?"

"Some kind of a moth but I don't know its name." Then thinking to make a great entomologist out of the young hopeful, he added, "Go to the library tomorrow and get a book on moths and then you can learn about them and teach me."

The next evening he found the boy deeply absorbed in a book entitled: "Mothers and Those About to Become Mothers."

Important Lesson

ONE of the best monument salesmen we ever knew almost always meets a "price" situation when he is about halfway through his presentation.

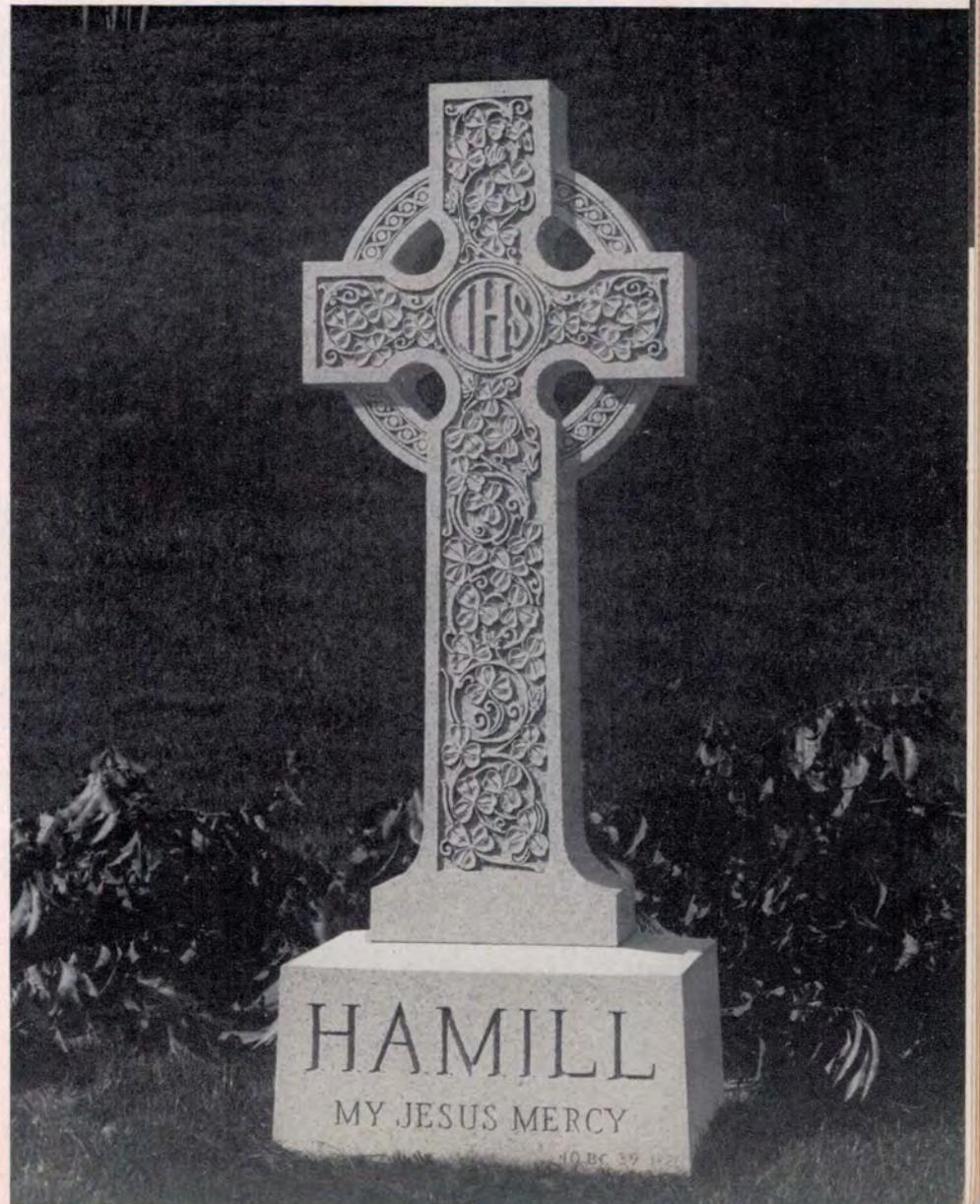
"What is all this going to cost me?" asks the prospect.

Replies the salesman, "Well, let's see if you can use it first before we try to figure out the cost. If my design meets with your approval then it is certain that the cost is within your means."

The monument salesman had learned an important lesson in selling, namely there's no point in talking price with the prospect until he has been made to want the design and plan.

HAMILL

With a well-founded understanding and a deep appreciation for the Celtic style of memorial architecture, it is possible for the designer to depart from the detailed forms and typical decorative motifs of that style and yet retain the fundamental beauty and character of the style. The HAMILL cross tablet while definitely Celtic in character and profile contains a beautifully detailed shamrock motif modelled in a thoroughly renaissance manner, yet by the intertwining of the stems, the general character of the Celtic is recalled sufficiently to retain a true Celtic feeling to the whole.—Erected by Joseph Polchinski Company, Inc., of Hawthorne, N. Y.; manufactured by the Peerless Granite Company, Barre, Vt., of Wells-Lamson Select Barre Granite.



One Thing Is Certain

AS this is being written business is beginning to feel the pinch of war. We learned this morning of a man who employs several hundred people in a business requiring nickel to operate. He thought he had anticipated his needs. His source of supply had given him assurance of a plentiful supply, enough to take care of defense needs along with non-defense requirements. Then like a bolt from the blue he received word that there would be no more nickel for him. From then on the supply would be given to defense needs.

What is he going to do? All he can do is to lay off employees and wait. There are many like him who are being affected by diverting aluminum, nickel, steel, zinc and other vital materials to war needs. Our point is no one can predict how the war is going to affect our business. One thing is certain. We are in the war. As one fellow said this morning, business as usual has taken a holiday.

So in these strenuous days that will grow more strenuous as the months go by, all of must learn to "keep our shirts on" as the poet might remark.

Phew!

A SCIENTIST says he will soon be able to understand animal talk. It will be a swell opportunity to call a skunk to one side and ask him what's the big idea.

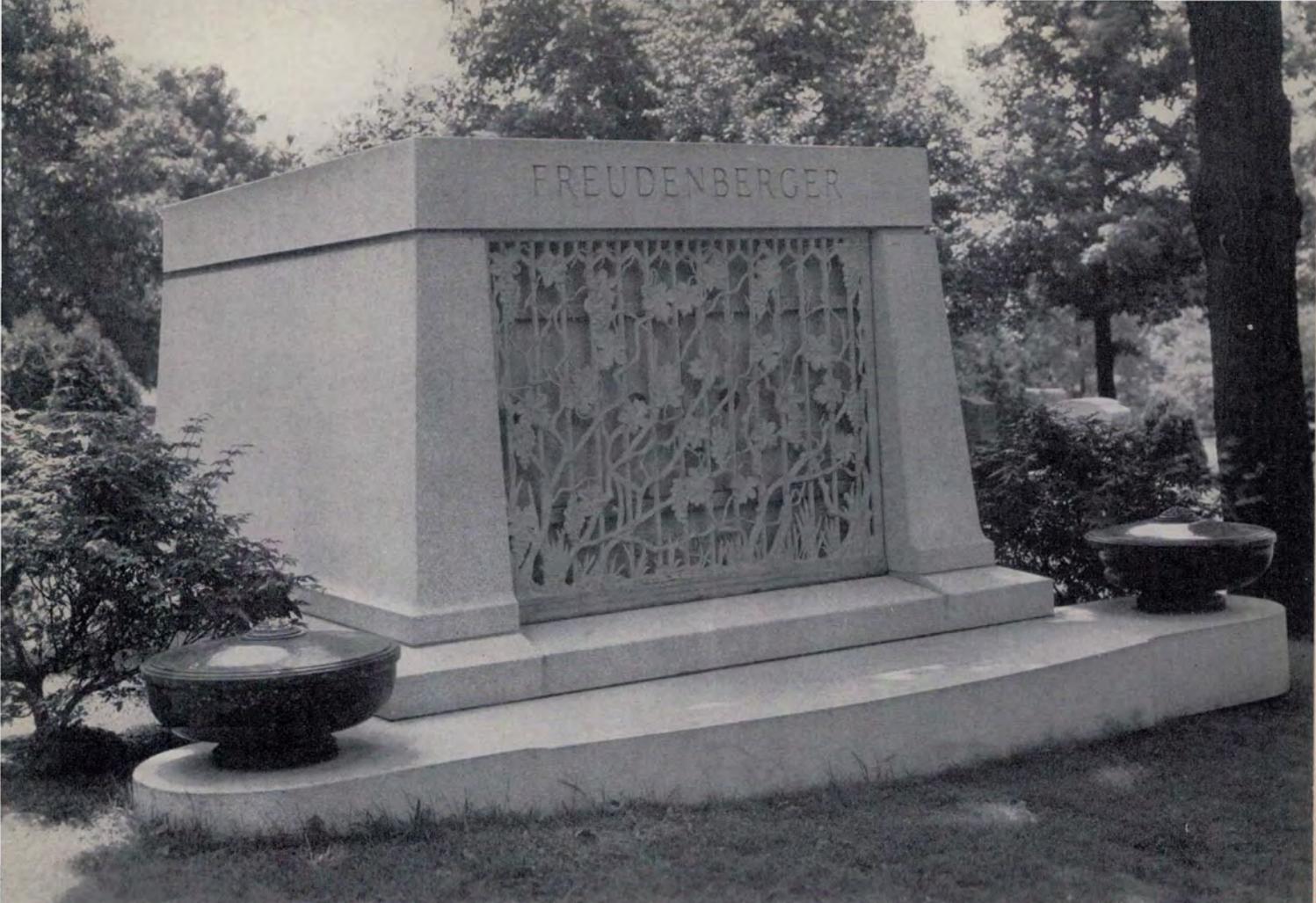
Spring Training

"WIDOW with five children would like to meet widower with four. Object, baseball."

Disadvantageous Situation

ENGLISH Prof: Mr. Brown, give a description of a disadvantageous situation.

Brown: The sunburned nudist stepped into a hornet's nest in a blackberry patch enclosed by barbed wire.



FREUDENBERGER SARCOPHAGUS

Many are the points of merit about the FREUDENBERGER Sarcophagus. The pleasing proportions and the wide step flanked by urns are two of the self-evident facts, but looking further, an important fact is discovered. There are only six pieces of granite used in the building, namely: Roof stone, side walls, rear walls, solid base and step. The cast bronze grille of wild grapevine is of antique green patina, and the all-polished urns are of Black Granite. The side walls and rear wall are locked together with mortises and anchors and the platform step is notched under the base to provide a horizontal joint. General sizes are: 9-0 wide by 14-0 long by 6-8 high. Front step, 14-4 long by 3-0 wide. Urns 2-4 diameter by 1-2 high.—*Manufactured and erected in Woodland Cemetery, Dayton, Ohio, by The Piqua Granite & Marble Company, Piqua, Ohio, A. R. Elston, Designer. Wells-Lamson Select Barre Granite—Velvatone Finish.*

Backfire

THIS is the way it was told us while we were watching the topflight golfers at Belleair. Gene Sarazen was the golfer. He was playing a practice round on a strange course the day before a tournament to become familiar with the course. As any golfer, good or bad, knows, distances are deceiving on strange courses. On one hole, Gene asked his caddy what club to use to reach the green.

"A number six will get you there," said the caddy and gave him the club. Gene's shot was twenty yards short.

"What do you mean, telling me that's a six-iron!" he said sharply to the caddy as he handed back the club. "It's a five and maybe a four!"

The caddy flushed, but said nothing. Instead, he put down the bag, took out the iron Sarazen had just used, dropped a ball where Gene's had lain and, without effort, smacked it neatly to the green. Then he picked up the bag and, without a word, walked on.

It was too good a show for the golf champion to miss. He burst out laughing. "You win, kid," he said, "and thanks for the lesson."

The trouble with alibis is that they very often backfire.



For Shame

FOR SEVERAL minutes they had been riding around in silence when he leaned over and kissing her gently on the cheek asked, "Darling, what do you think a virgin would dream about?"

"Why, I haven't the slightest idea," she answered.

"Shame on you, then."



JOHNSON CROSS

The general form of the JOHNSON cross is inspired by the beautiful examples of the Medieval Celtic crosses of Ireland and Scotland. The simple ornament, consisting of an incised cross and boss at the cross arms and of a simplified nimbus treatment, is definitely modern. This has been accomplished, however, without destroying the beautiful Celtic character and proportion. The cross as a symbol of Christianity is emphasized in this design by the IHS which is a monogram of Christ, and it forms a decoration on the boss. The square nimbus is formed by the delicately carved grape leaves which symbolize the True Vine. Perfection of execution and beauty of proportion make this design outstanding. The beautiful Johnson cross erected to the memory of Theodore Johnson who for nearly fifty years was a successful and respected monument dealer in Chicago and Crete, Ill.—*The memorial was designed and manufactured by Jones Brothers Company, Inc., from Wells-Lamson Select Barre Granite.*

QUARRY BLASTS



Up to sixteen a lad is a boy scout, but after sixteen he becomes a girl scout.

A girl who becomes the toast of the town is seldom the better-bred type.

Love lives on hot lips, warm hearts and calves brains.

The modern bride's greatest difficulty in making biscuits is to keep from dropping cigarette ashes in the dough.

A colored lady had four children named in sequence: Eeeney, Meeney, Miney and Johnny. She explained she didn't want no Mo.

Then there was the girl who didn't care about a fellow's English as long as his Scotch was all right.

The gal with the best strangle-hold isn't the one who wrestles with her conscience.

A girl may be both shapely and ignorant, but she is never ignorant of the fact that she is shapely.

First, there's the sailor who went row-boating on his day off, then the post-man who took a long walk on Sundays, and last, but not least, the worker in a pretzel factory who went on a bender.

Two bad things to flirt with: Blondes and death.

Many a heaving bosom is nothing more than a hope chest.

The man who is busy as a bee usually finds somebody else has taken his honey.

A girl who swears she's never been kissed has a right to swear.

"Loving an old maid," says Johnny Garber, "Is like buying tonic from a bald-headed barber."

Girls who keep on slapping faces, don't see sights and don't go places.

A woman is the only animal that squeals when pleased.

A new food recipe was created last New Year's morning in Barre when one housewife started preparing breakfast for the party that had lasted all night. By mistake she scrambled the eggs with the egg-nog mixture instead of cream. One uncomplaining but amazed guest raised his eyes heavenward and exclaimed: "Gosh, what a hen!"

*Even the Woodpecker owes his success
to the fact that he uses his head!*

*Most people are steppers, either
of the "high" or "side" variety.*