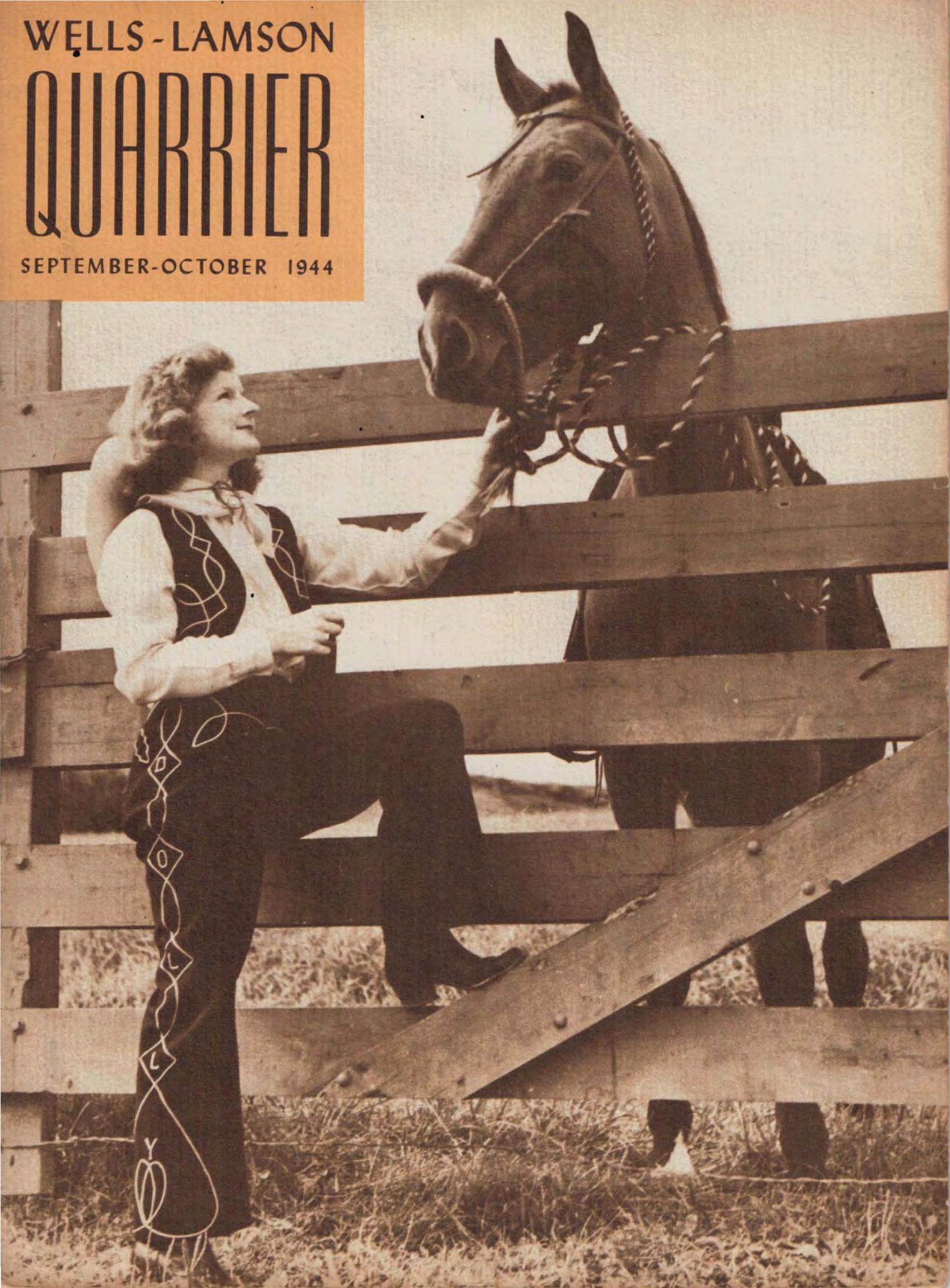


WELLS - LAMSON

QUARRIER

SEPTEMBER-OCTOBER 1944



GIFTS WITHIN

*Yes! we are New Englanders
Silent, lacking appreciation, shy
A trace of Scottish Highlanders
Oft here and there appears, we know not why.*

*It may be stony hills around
Firm, so grand, unmovable but true
A pressure in the Valley—drown
The tender word that struggles to come through.*

*But from the heart of these same hills
Are chiseled, rubbed, and splendid polished forms
Depicting courage and strong wills
That to gifted pioneer traits conform.*

*Hard symbols of fine, loving thought
They places mark—to meet the human needs
For orderly recordings, sought
Concerning man's days here, his noble deeds.*

*If this rock be subdued to worth
Cannot therein be found a key to bare
The lock which holds within its girth
A spring of kindness here for all to share?*

*That latent virtue to attain
We welcome censure keen, that never errs
For hearts stirred cannot silent long remain
Yes! we are indeed New Englanders.*

By ROBERT BURNS KNOX.

THE WELLS-LAMSON QUARRIER

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NO. 2

Think It Over

The greatest sin—fear.

The best day—today.

The best town—where you succeed.

The greatest bore—one who will not come to the point.

The great deceiver—one who deceives himself.

The greatest invention of the devil—war.

The greatest secret of production—saving waste.

The best work—what you like.

The best play—work.

The greatest mistake—giving up.

The cheapest, stupidest and easiest thing to do—finding fault.

The greatest trouble-maker—one who talks too much.

The greatest stumbling block—egotism.

The most ridiculous asset—pride.

The worst bankrupt—the soul that has lost its enthusiasm.

The most dangerous person—the liar.

The greatest comfort—doing your work well.

The meanest feeling—feeling bad at another's success.

The most disagreeable person—the complainer.

The best teacher—one who makes you want to learn.

The greatest puzzle—life.

The greatest mystery—death.

The greatest thing, bar none, in all the world—love.



Al
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of

Vermont Vignette

INES MACAULAY must be read by a lot of people because the mailman was mighty busy bringing letters from our friends, including Stanley Sullivan of Bala-Cynwyd, Pa., and Paul Wharton of Los Angeles, Calif., with "Vermont Vignette."

Its good; so here it is for your reading:

To take the night train from New York and then in the early dawn to step off into a sleeping Vermont village is to enter another world. True enough, I had known that world was there all the time, the elm-shaded streets, the sedate white houses, the circling blue hills, the glittering-clean, cool air, the peace flowing like a river. But the hectic city-suburban life, with its emphasis on the pressing now, had made

SAWYER

Always impressive and always expressive of strength and character is the Sarcophagus type memorial of plain and dignified detail. Perfect and studied proportion which is evident in the SAWYER MEMORIAL is the important element of design in this type of monument—*Produced and erected by Fisk Brothers Monument Company, Cincinnati, Ohio, in Spring Grove Cemetery, of WELLS-LAMSON SELECT BARRE GRANITE.*

me forget the simpler way of life in Vermont. Like a tired child coming home to its mother, I've laid hold again on tranquil peace.

There is no State in the whole of our lovely America quite like old Vermont. Among Americans there are none more rock-ribbed than these tall, lean, sunburned Vermonters. Their straight, unyielding backs, their cool, level glance, tell you that here are free men who understand and cherish the great traditions of our country.

You must live in a Vermont village, enter into its communal life to really know it. The tourist driving through its shady streets, or buying postcards at the drugstore, sees only the picturesque surface. Vermonters are naturally friendly and kindly, but they are proud and independent. They are unerring judges of character and they hate to see money wasted. They have tidy, clean little homes, thrifty gardens. They go about their work calmly, efficiently but completely unhurried. Once I saw the tall, lean postman come down the street, stop next door for a good half-hour to inspect the garden and give advice to his friend.

I have never met happier or better behaved children than in this Vermont village. They have their work to do in home or store, but they play too in field or yard. When the curfew whistle blows at 8:45 they go inside their homes. I have not once heard those ominous words "juvenile delinquency" since coming here.

Saturday afternoon is the busiest time on our short little business street. Farm people come in their cars, still good though maybe years old, for their week-end shopping. That is the only time I have seen the traffic cop smilingly shepherding the children across the street.

Sunday morning is the time to see our village at its best. The church bells ring from hill to hill. With the shortage of gas most families now walk to church, dressed in their decent best, the children gloved and hatted, following primly behind their parents. Sit in the pews with them and study those quiet faces, faces browned by sun and wind. There are lines of humor around the eyes and mouths; the dry wit of these Vermonters is proverbial.

FIEDLER

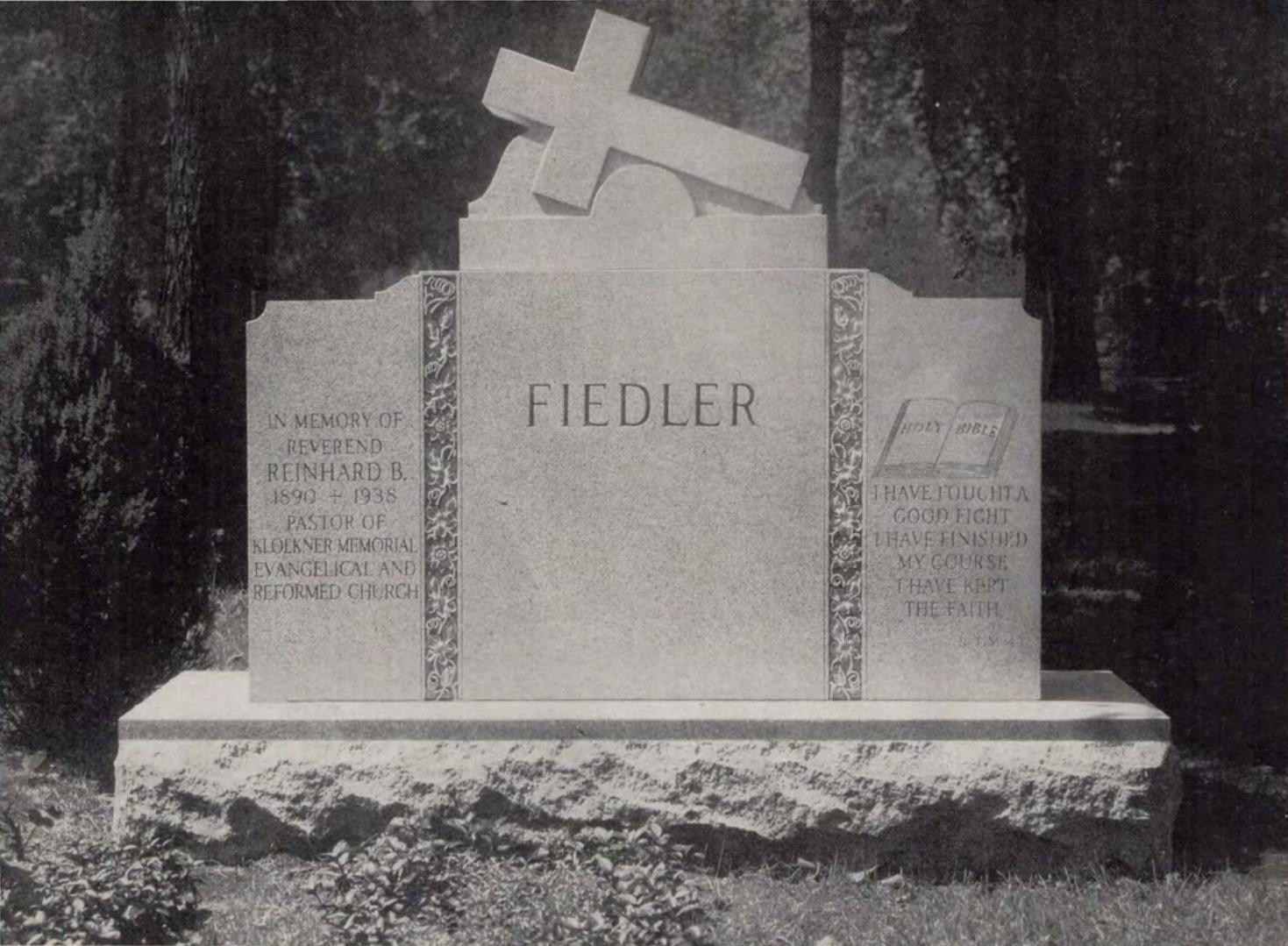
The symbol of the cross couchant placed as a crowning motif on a memorial always produces a difficult design problem. In the FIEDLER MEMORIAL this has been well solved. The solution lying largely in the repetition of moulds building up toward the die and with the large mould forming a background support for the cross. The arrangement of inscriptions and emblem with epitaph below show excellent study for balance.—*Produced by the Waldron Shield Company, Barre, Vt., for S. Berliner Monument Company, Forest Park, Ill., of WELLS-LAMSON SELECT BARRE GRANITE.*

Forebears of these men and women helped to build our country, to fashion its very forms of government. Sons of these men and women fight even now in far-flung places of the world to preserve the liberties they love. Some of these lads will never come back to this quiet little village. The storm that shakes the world has reached even this secluded place, the black shadow of war has darkened its sunlit streets. But it is a storm that does not disturb the roots of living for these men and women. Like the rugged oaks, they only put their roots down deeper, down to the bedrock of humble faith and trust in God. It is not by whim or chance that the hymn played by the Sunday evening bells is "Abide with Me."

City people are clever, stimulating and amusing. They know about the latest plays and books, they speak of social trends and make dark prophecies for America's future. They lead restless lives, moving from apartment to apartment. The important things to them are knowing the best place to dine, the right clothes to wear for each occasion.

But it is not to my city friends I would turn when I am filled with weary doubts and vague fears. It is in living with simple village folk in Vermont I find my courage rising, my fears evaporating like mist in morning sunlight. I remember with a feeling of thankfulness that there are thousands of little towns all over our land where Americans live who still accept without question the great truths that have made our country great. Here are people for whom the noble words of equality, freedom, God, have the same pristine vigor and freshness they had for Washington, for Jefferson, for Lincoln. Yes, here in a Vermont village belief in America's future comes as natural as breathing.





The Arcadia Retreat

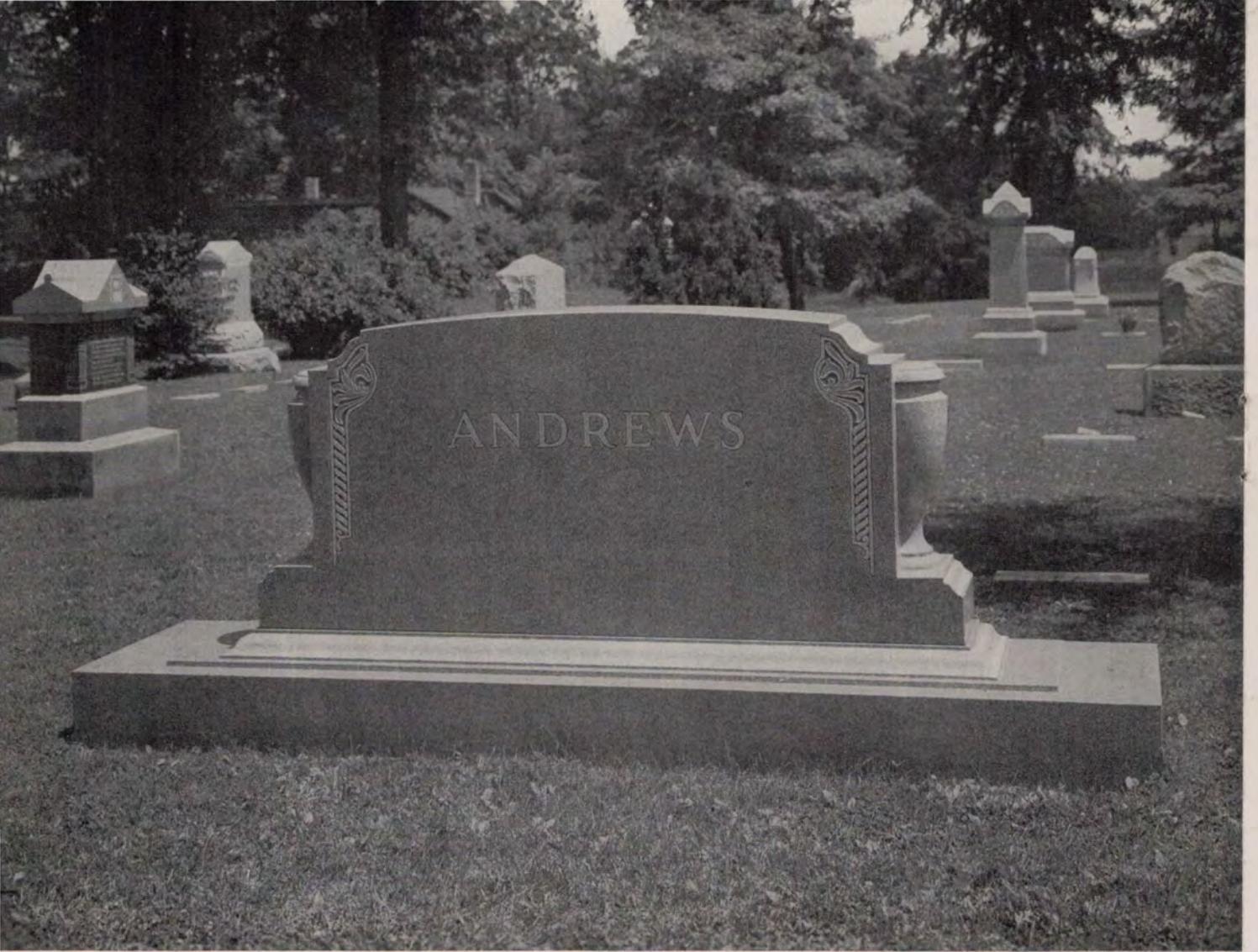
BACK at the turn of the century, the sleepy mountain village of Westmore, Vt., had only one attraction—the Arcadia Retreat—about which the townfolk knew little or nothing.

It was an elite hostelry for the fashionable set which spent its summers near the Pisgah trail in the Green Mountains but who lived “down east.”

The clientele of the Arcadia Retreat simply did not mix with the natives. They were very exclusive society folk.

Then something happened. And nobody knows what or why but Westmore awakened one morning to find the flossy establishment deserted.

Furnishings of each room remained intact. Stoves and kitchen



ANDREWS

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 the Piqua Granite and Marble Company, Piqua, Ohio. WELLS-LAMSON SELECT BARRE GRANITE.*

utensils reposed in snug nearness to sugar, flour, meal, potatoes, soap and other supplies. But no human being was around.

From a place of exclusiveness and swank, the Arcadia Retreat decayed to an abode for birds and bats.

Little by little the Retreat was dismantled by souvenir hunters. Gradually the elements took their toll.

Then in 1920 fire completed destruction of the ruins but it could not destroy the mystery that exists even to this day.

Matriarchy

OUR EYE just glimpsed some interesting statistics regarding the coming matriarchy.

More than forty-nine percent of the nation's stockholders are women.

The women are beneficiaries of over \$83,600,000,000 life insurance.

They control sixty-five percent of all the savings deposits.

They own forty percent of all the homes.

Fifty-six percent of the stockholders of the American Telephone & Telegraph Company are women.

Women buy eighty-five percent of all the merchandise sold at retail.

It has been estimated that she buys

Ninety-nine percent of the drygoods.

Ninety-nine percent of the groceries.

Eighty percent of the house furnishings.

Sixty-five percent of the men's wear.

??? of the monuments!

VER HOVEN

Excellent proportion, and harmony between contours of the and wings together with the strong accent upon the cross, created by deeply recessing it, gives to the VER HOVEN MEMORIAL both distinction and beauty. The slight chamfer around all edges enhances the flowing contours and creates a pleasing softness of character.

—Produced by the Chioldi Granite Company, Barre, Vt., for the Brown & Raisch Company, Detroit, Mich., of WELLS-LAMSON SELECT BARRE GRANITE.







THE HARVEY S. FIRESTONE MEMORIAL

This monument designed by William Henry Deacy, is one of America's outstanding memorials. The center, open to the sky, allows the full play of sunlight to fall upon all parts of its beautifully detailed and perfectly executed Greek classical architecture. Emphasis is given to the front through the incorporation of bas relief figures at either side of the inscription of dedication.—*Produced and erected by the Jones Brothers Company, Barre, Vt., and Boston, Mass., of WELLS-LAMSON SELECT BARRE GRANITE.*

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Searching QUESTIONS

JOHAN Q. PUBLIC tends to forget one thing about democracy—that for every cherished right it vests in him, it imposes a concomitant duty. To set citizens of Vermont to thinking about these duties, a distinguished Rotarian of that State recently addressed "Eight Searching Questions" to them in a radio broadcast. Groups both in and out of Vermont picked up the challenge, struggled for local answers. Among them was the speaker's own Rotary Club—Montpelier. In two weekly meetings it heard eight of its members "take up" the questions in terse, well-turned talks. On these pages are condensed excerpts. The man who had put the questions was Wm. H. ("Bill") Wills, Governor of the State.



The Home

Cannot the home make a more liberal contribution to the attitudes and insights and behaviors which will enable youth to make democratic work as a complete success?

IT HAS BEEN said that the greatest gift a father can give his children is their mother's time. Today we might well reverse that and say that the greatest gift the community could give a mother is more of her children's time.

All the duties of our modern school system belonged to mother when democracy was born. She may not have been

a trained schoolteacher with all the desired facilities, but her intense personal interest and purpose would be hard to beat.

When democracy was born, the church, as a practical matter, didn't exist. Later, Sunday service helped only to place the religious responsibility within the home. Today, extracurricular activities in school and church, plus a multitude of community activities, have cost mother a large measure of her real purpose. Perhaps both mother and father have come to the innocent though tragic conclusion that they can safely trust almost the entire development of their children to the mass organization of their church, school, and community. Results fail to justify this conclusion.

Isn't it time that home, school, church, and community get together around the

table and agree upon a plan by which community leadership guarantee to provide an environment in which their youth could grow up remembering that town as a place of the highest character and deepest integrity; where the church, the home, and school agree that each would accept a definite part in a plan for stimulating and educating parents regarding the importance of their personal contribution and of carrying on a continuous challenge to both parents and children regarding the needs for character within a democratic nation?

The theme of this committee might be: "Character is not made for men on the outside; justice and fair play represent something done to man on the inside."

—Francis Merritt



The School

Cannot schools and colleges provide a more vital and more practical and more dynamic introduction and initiation of youth into their share and part of the public life of town, city, state, nation, world?

IN A RECENT release by Professor Tuttle, of New York City College's department of education, it is stated that a two-year study of the attitude of 8,000 pupils indicates "no appreciation of the individual's duties to his country and his community and no real understanding of the meaning of democratic behavior," and that "the poorest scores

were made along the Eastern seaboard. But nowhere are ideals high enough to give much promise for the citizenship of the next generation."

Assuming that these and similar statements are true, would it not be helpful if needed courses of study were taught by capable teachers in all schools in the country?

The Vermont Board of Education and the Vermont State Department of Education have long recognized the necessity and in 1937 recommended studies including *The Home*, *Citizenship*, *Community Life*, *The American Standard of Living*, and *The Constitution of the United States*.

We must not assume, however, that these courses are being taught in all schools in this State or in other States. The decision of courses of study must

be left to city and town school superintendents and trustees, and in too many cases conditions are such that it is very difficult for these social studies to be taught properly. We must be practical and consider changes that will allow instruction in these vital subjects. There are four principal factors involved: *Time*: Are the 12 years allowed for public-school education sufficient when consideration is given to the increasing number of subjects? . . . *Money*: Can we expect straight thinking from teachers who are both underpaid and overworked? . . . *Parents*: The schools must be supported by intelligent home cooperation. . . *Publicity*: This should receive the cooperation of various clubs and organizations throughout the country.

—Louis Provost



The Church

Cannot the churches be more aware and wiser in their statements and applications of moral and spiritual values to the world of reality?

THERE IS in every human being the yearning for something higher, nobler, and wiser than himself from which he can draw strength for his daily needs.

The organization that best meets those needs at the present time is the church, and the nucleus of the church is the clergyman. The clergy are looked up to as our spiritual guides—men of

high idealism on whom we depend to keep our eyes fixed on the noblest hopes of our soul, and recall us to that faith when we are discouraged.

This is the true function of the clergy—to assure us of the ever-living reality of that omnipotent force at work in the universe which we call God. We need this beacon fire brightly burning on the mountain top to guide us upward—by whatever path *we* elect. The clergyman does his job faithfully and well.

The faults we find in the clergyman are only the defects of those very virtues on which we depend for inspiration. His invincible faith in the innate goodness of humanity and his belief in its perfectability make him an easy prey to the unscrupulous promoters of social and political panaceas. You can, each of you, think of an ap-

parently virtuous movement to which the most influential clergymen have lent their most ardent efforts and which proved to be a scheme contrived by knaves to be a trap for fools. We church members are not without fault in this respect.

How can we remedy this situation? We can point out, without carping criticism, the desirability of refraining from advocating each new and untried method of reform for the world until its merits have been tested. Human nature changes slowly and must be reckoned with. The vice must be revealed! The reform must be urged! The crusade must be preached! But the forging of the armor and the strategy and tactics must be left to armorers and fighters.

—Robert Chastney



The Library

Cannot the public library really be the master force for democracy that Librarian of Congress MacLeish says it is or should be?

PRESIDENT Coolidge said: "We cannot abandon our education at the schoolhouse door. We have to keep it up through life." Such education comes mainly by means of the public library, for, as Carlyle said, "The library is the people's university."

Andrew Carnegie gave much of his immense fortune to libraries, because he regarded them as the best agency

for improving the conditions of the people. He said they help only those who are willing to help themselves. They reach the ambitious persons who are anxious to learn.

The growth of public libraries, supported by taxation and lending books to the public began in Boston in 1832.

Since then, the public-library movement has spread all over the country, and today it is universally recognized that it is the duty of the State to furnish to all, free library service as much as free school service. Public policy requires it. In a democracy, where all persons have a right to vote, the largest possible number of persons must understand the questions which they are called upon to decide. Democracy can succeed only where the people are well informed. Universal suffrage is impos-

sible with universal ignorance, unless, as in Germany, voting is merely a matter of form.

Can our form of government, in which the fundamental decisions are made by the people themselves, survive in competition with a form of government in which the fundamental decisions are made in secret by a single person?

This will depend upon public information as to the advantage of each system. The records and experiences of our history must be open to them, and this is possible only in the library.

This is not only a question pertinent to the war, but will be even more critical during postwar conditions.

The libraries of the country are awake to their duty and responsibility in this matter.

—Stanley Farnham



Public Buildings

Cannot public buildings and streets and monuments do more to create an inspiring influence and atmosphere?

SOMETHING happens to us when we stand before the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier in Arlington National Cemetery. You will see battle-scarred veterans standing there beside you, shamelessly wiping away their tears, even as you and I. The sublime epitaph tells us, with magnificent restraint, that *Here in Honored Glory Rests an American Soldier Known But to God.*

The boy who forever sleeps in that stately tomb overlooking the Potomac does not need our devotion and gratitude. The dead whom we honor with our cemetery memorials do not need the tributes we dedicate to their memory. The pioneers, public benefactors, and heroes we commemorate with memorial buildings, avenues, and parks do not need the honor we bestow upon them. It is you and I, the living (and generations yet unborn), who need these lasting symbols of faith, hope, love, and gratitude. It is the living who need the inspiration and the solemn pride we derive from these memorials, these symbols of everlasting memory.

Lincoln had this thought in mind when, at Gettysburg, in honoring the dead he urged the living to carry on the unfinished task with increased devo-

tion. Woodrow Wilson had this thought in mind when he warned us that "monuments are not a luxury; they are a necessity; for any nation devoid of sentiment cannot survive!" Gladstone had this thought in mind when, in so many words, he exclaimed: "Show me how a people care for their dead and I will tell you what they are!" Shakespeare had this thought in mind when he wrote: "Give sorrow words; bid the empty heart to speak!"

Yes, very much here in America today, more than ever before, we must cling to the sentiment and the sensibilities which stir the soul and lift the spirit as we stand at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier, or at the monument we dedicate to some beloved child, parent, or companion.

—Heber G. England



Town Meetings

Cannot town meetings and other official gatherings be marked by more dignity, more significance, more sentiment?

AS A TRANSPLANT from the sidewalks of New York to the green hills of Vermont, my answer might be that our town meetings and official gatherings could not be marked by more dignity, more significance, or more sentiment.

I remember with pleasure that occasion at our city meeting on which the successful candidate for reelection as

mayor stated that he would accept the size of the vote for his defeated opponent as evidence of a substantial difference of opinion within the city and that he would attempt to maintain closer contact in order that he might better carry out the wishes of the people.

There can be no doubt, however, that the character of our political bodies and official meetings can be so improved as to command the greater respect of all of us. Selfish motives and pressure groups dominate our legislative bodies to far too great an extent.

The strength of these groups whose actions are dictated by selfishness is, however, a symptom rather than the root of the trouble. I submit to you that the present low state of our legislative bodies results from their unwillingness to assume the responsibilities of

government. This is to strike at the very root of our democratic form of government, because no less an authority than Adolf Hitler has explained that the democratic form of government must fail because democratic bodies act too slowly. The English House of Commons and our own Congress have shown Hitler his mistake, but these bodies must not relax their vigilance after the war. State legislatures and the legislative bodies of our cities and towns must assume their responsibilities.

If our town meetings and official gatherings will undertake to solve their own problems, they will go far toward winning the respect of the community and resuming the once significant function they had in the democratic form of government.

—Walter Nelson



Organizations

Cannot all organizations of citizens more fully perform their primary fundamental duties as schools of citizenship, the universal profession?

THE earliest recognized governmental unit was the family. Kinship bound the members together, and all authority rested in the father. When, in course of time, family units or tribes were unable to provide protection, nations evolved and the headship of government became political.

During the centuries of absolute mon-

archy and aristocracy, the citizen's relation to his government was that of a servant. Not until the advent of Christianity did the citizen become an individual. Thenceforth, but slowly until the 17th Century, his connection with his government broadened until revolution brought into being the modern democracy.

In this democracy the State becomes the servant of the individual—theoretically. A constitution is molded, laws are enacted, means are provided for the citizen to exercise his privilege of membership toward the direction of government. Here lies the grave responsibility, which if avoided, can lead only to return to that tyranny from which democracy once provided escape.

Every babe born on American soil is a citizen of the United States as soon as

he is a human being. He has no more choice at birth as to that responsibility than he has to future self-support. Sometime, somehow, he must learn at least the rudiments of both. For his individual comfort he educates himself that he may live well.

Consciousness of mass comfort, encompassing his own and that of his family, should urge him to study and practice citizenship, the profession of those who have inherited the right to rule themselves.

Surely those organizations guided by broad vision and tolerance, functioning through democratic processes, can strengthen this realization that mass welfare is an unescapable component of individual comfort, and thereby teach citizenship.

—Roy Johnson



Individuals

Cannot individuals come to realize to the full that there is no such thing as a private person, a person of himself, by himself, for himself?

THE ANSWER must be an unqualified "Yes!" Very early in man's experience, he discovered that only by pooling resources could success be achieved against the common enemies. The theory on which group action was initiated was entirely nonaltruistic and fundamentally selfish. It was not promoted by any desire for the common good, but solely for the benefit of the

individual. As man increased in intelligence, he produced ideas and principles, and each successive generation improved on the ideas and principles of its predecessor.

It was not until the advent of Christ that the real principle of the duty of the individual to society became an established and demonstrated fact.

When a little group sailed in what would now be called a cockleshell to unknown shores to establish freedom of thought, of religion, and of government, they were not seeking individual glory, but the common good. Nathan Hale was not seeking individual glory when he regretted that he had but one life to give for his country.

From a purely selfish standpoint the answer to this question must be "Yes!" for it is only to the extent that the in-

dividual recognizes the rights of others that his own are preserved.

Our principal trouble today, here in the world's most conspicuous example of democracy, is that not all, but too many, of those in high places have their eye not on what is best for all, but what will produce the greater number of votes at the next election. That is the outstanding flaw in a democracy—the human element.

The more influential an individual becomes, the more necessary it becomes for him to adhere to the path which recognizes the principle that if this government is to be preserved of, and for, and by the people, it is vitally necessary that individuals realize that they must think and act not of, or for, or by themselves, but for the common good.

—Fred E. Gleason



DI GENOVA

The deep religious convictions of the DI GENOVA family are perpetuated in their family memorial. The Virgin Mary, intercessor for the sins of Humanity, forms the central feature against the cross tablet; the rayed cross or cross in glory being a symbol of Christ's resurrection. Forming a delicate border around the tablet is a wild rose motif symbolizing eternal love. Tribute is given the Holy Virgin in the Latin inscription which, translated, is "Hail Mary, full of grace." A small panel under each portion of the inscription contains the passion flower which, as its name implies, is a symbol of our Lord's suffering upon the cross. The repetition of the cross in the end posts gives further emphasis to the religious character of the design. The vases terminating the design repeat the passion flower motif and symbolize the life of man.—*Manufactured by the Peerless Granite Company, Barre, Vt., for Politi Memorial Studio, Philadelphia, Pa., of WELLS-LAMSON SELECT BARRE GRANITE.*

Frozen Tight

ONE FOR the money
 TWO for the show
 THREE to get ready
 BUT there's no gas to go.



BOBRYTZKE

Modern architecture has developed along several distinct lines. The BOBRYTZKE MEMORIAL illustrates the general type in which all lines and planes are straight and corners angular. An eye to perfect proportion is necessary to successful results in this type, and this has been admirably achieved in the Bobrytzke Memorial. Restraint of ornament and contrast of color formed by the polished cross add character and beauty to this Memorial.—*Manufactured by the Peerless Granite Company, Barre, Vt., for Hansen Monument Works of Evanston, Ill.* WELLS-LAMSON SELECT BARRE GRANITE.

Poor Technique

A YOUNG soldier home on leave had been to a party and came home tired and at a very late hour. He rolled into bed and soon was sound asleep. Next morning, the young soldier's small sister passed through her big brother's room. She began screaming as she ran to her mother in the living room.

Small sister (*exclaiming between sobs*): "Oh, mother, brother's face is cut and bleeding. Come and see."

The mother rushed to her son's bedroom and there she saw her boy's face with spots of red around his mouth, on his cheeks, and even on his forehead. You guessed it. Lipstick.



False

THE SMITHS were in London and the night of their arrival they were awakened by robot bombs.

"Hazel—get up—get up—we must get out of here."

Mr. Smith pulled on his clothes over his pajamas and was all ready to leave for the shelter but Hazel was still fussing around the room looking for something.

"Come on, come on," shouted Mr. Smith.

"But wait," wailed Mrs. Smith. "I can't find my teeth."

"Well, what do you think they're dropping?" asked Mr. Smith, "Sandwiches?"



Vermont's Invigorating Views

THIS WEEK'S BUY—Village home with invigorating view. Landscaped grounds of over an acre, nine rooms, 2 baths, steam heat, fireplace, telephone, electricity, village water, garage. Unobstructed view of neighbor's daughter who takes sun baths every morning. Mountain views also pleasant. \$10,000 terms. Burton Immen, Strout Agent, Arlington, Vt.—*From the Bennington Banner.*

QUARRY BLASTS



If you speak of a petticoat today it's a slip.

Stage fright; a chorus girl before breakfast.

Even the teller of risqué stories runs out of raw material.

Many a man has been nailed by a pretty manicurist.

Liquid measure; two pints make one quart; one quart makes one wild.

Television will make the bathtub baritone feel like a goldfish.

She was only a cigar salesman's daughter but she sure knew the ropes.

Love starts when she sinks in your arms and ends with her arms in the sink.

When Roberts' little girl was born,
She set their hearts aflutter;
They named her Oleomargarine,
For they hadn't any but her.

"What Every Girl Should Know" now comes in seventeen volumes.

What a let down to learn that the chief exports of the Virgin Islands are bay rum, bay oil and sugar cane. We've bin robbed!

When a girl can't go to the movies because she has nothing to wear, she goes to a dance.

"You look sweet enough to eat,"
He whispered soft and low,
"I am," said she quite hungrily,
"Where do you want to go?"

It is now the fashion for ladies to have the rims of their spectacles colored to match their frocks. Rimless glasses would go very well with some evening gowns.

A sultan at odds with his harem
Thought of a way he could scarem.
He caught him a mouse
Set it loose in the house
Thus starting the first harem-scarem.

She was the type that could best be described as having a beautiful profile all the way down.

Glamour is something that evaporates when the sweater is too large.

*You can't play "hookey"
In the school of experience.*

*The journey of a thousand miles
Begins with one step.*

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