

QUARRIED
WELLS-LAMSON
QUARRIER
VOLUME XIII — NUMBER 2
QUARRIED



*Morning is that time of day when
the rising generation retires and
the retiring generation rises.*

THE WELLS-LAMSON QUARRIER

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Recipe for a New Year

TAKE twelve fine full grown months—see that these are thoroughly free from old memories of bitterness, rancor, hate and jealousy. Cleanse them completely from every clinging spite; pick off all specks of pettiness and littleness—in short, see that these months are freed from all the past—have them as fresh and clean as when they first came from the great storehouse of Time. Cut these months into thirty or thirty-one equal parts. This batch will keep for just one year. Do not attempt to make up the whole batch at one time (so many people spoil the entire lot this way). But prepare one day at a time as follows:

Into each day put twelve parts of faith, eleven of patience, ten of courage, nine of work (some people omit this ingredient and spoil the flavor of the rest,—leaving this out is like leaving the oil out of the salad—don't do it), three parts of prayer, two of meditation and one well-selected resolution. Then put in about a teaspoonful of good spirits, a dash or a pinch of folly, a jigger of laughter, a sprinkling of play, and a heaping cupful of good humor. Cook thoroughly in a fervent heat, garnish with a few smiles and a sprig of joy, then serve with quietness, unselfishness, and cheerfulness, and a Happy Year is a certainty.

About Quality

SINCE the time long ago when a nationally-known distributor of hardware widely used the slogan, "The recollection of quality remains long after the price is forgotten," it has been tossed around in advertising by all kinds of people with all kinds of policies, in all kinds of businesses. Fourth rate retailers frequently print it. It is the "Battle Cry" of some of the most notorious price cutters in business. When a man depends entirely on price to make a sale, when he plans deliberately to cut quality as close as humanly possible to "even up" on his price, why then does he use the sign of the gospel of quality as his slogan?

It is simply because he knows it is true. He knows the trade will be better off if quality comes first. He knows that price is merely the means and not the end of a satisfactory transaction.

He himself is selling *price*—not goods: but he further knows that folks do not want to buy price, so he wraps his sales in a carton of quality, for only one reason—to make a "get away." How many folks are unwillingly deceived into buying a price, who think they are "buying goods."

Poor old quality. How it is hauled about in strange arguments to give respectability and we hear as a profanation the old slogan of the recollection of quality remembered and price forgotten.

Quality is a much abused and over-worked word, like "efficiency" and "professor." When a fourth rate psychiatrist or a fortune teller calls himself "professor," it is time for the college teacher to call for a new name.

TWO

When misguided persons go out to sell price and boast about the quality of a 10% or 20% inducement—it is enough to make angels weep. When price pirates kidnap its name, quality loses caste and it is never the same. People snicker at the word on the lips of quality's worst enemies and its prestige goes down, to the sorrow and detriment of all. We can respect the man who sells cheap material and who will acknowledge that it is cheap material.

But, how much better it is, how much more of a contribution to our present day welfare, to make and sell a quality product. Emphasize the service it will give and sell it at a fair price!

Human Being

PAPA HOG wandered down to the brewery and found a big puddle of some beer that had been poured out. When he staggered home, Mama Hog met him and quickly shunted him around the barn, out of sight of the baby pigs. With a furious grunt, she exclaimed: "You shameless thing! what do you mean by making such a human being of yourself before the children?"

Result

HERE'S to the girl with the turned
up nose,
The well turned figure and the turned
down hose,
With the turned-on charm and the
turned down light—
I'm going to marry her if things turn
out right.



ORR

The mausoleum in America has, only, in the last half century come to completely fulfill in design and construction, the name which has been applied to it. Previous to this era it has been more a tomb than a mausoleum. Today, however, it is designed as a true and complete building to house those passed on. The Orr mausoleum exhibits simplicity in design and beauty of proportion. The wing features terminating in the pilasters surmounted by the flaming urns add a grace and encompassing character to the structure. The half-column feature adds interest and architectural detail at the entrance which is the focal point of all mausoleum structures.—*Designed and produced by the Jones Brothers Company, Barre, Vt., and Boston, Mass., for Joplin Monument Co. of Joplin, Mo., of WELLS-LAMSON SELECT BARRE GRANITE. Guardian Memorial. Design Copyrighted.*

Interesting Letter

A COPY of an interesting letter on the early history of Barre, carrying a date of March 22, 1904, was handed to us. It was written by Robert Q. McDonnell. We felt that the readers of THE QUARRIER would be interested, and are passing it on to you with Mr. McDonnell's permission.

In *Thompson's Gazetteer* of the State of Vermont, published in 1824, granite is mentioned as the principal rock of the eastern part of Washington County. The elevations known as Cobble Hill and Millstone Hill were also said to afford "inexhaustible quarries of excellent granite used for buildings and wrought into millstones to be transported to different parts of the State, New York and Canada. By means of drills the stone may be split into any shape required."

The Bank Building in Barre, known for many years as the "Checkered Store," and built in 1802 for a tavern, contains hammered stone in foundation and trimmings, while many, many years before, the untutored Indian showed instinctive good judgment in selecting this rock from which rudely to carve his arrowheads and hammers, spearheads and axes. Early quarrymen were Robert Parker, Thomas Courser and Abijah Abbott and their work consisted of rough stock such as underpinning, door steps and fence posts as well as hammered work, which may still be seen in Bank Building referred to above and Dr. Robert Paddock house which was built in 1814. Millstone Hill received its name from the superior quality of millstones taken from there

and it furnished the larger part of New England and Canada grist mills with stones. In 1824 there were three mills in Barre. Similar stones were taken from Cobble Hill but the name seems to have been derived from traditional breaking of the devil's apron strings and the dumping of his cobbles at this place.

Robert Parker was the earliest worker of granite in Barre. Parker and Courser opened the first quarry in town known now as Wheaton's and it is situated on Cobble Hill. Parker and Courser were also the first manufacturers of granite in Barre. The industry in Barre is already over a century old. The first newspaper paid advertisement of Barre granite was published on February 16, 1834 by Hewett & Parker. In 1828 they furnished the hammered granite for the Center Lamb residence in Barre. From the year 1833 to the year 1837 the State of Vermont paid Mr. Wheaton one hundred dollars a year for the stock needed in building the State Capitol at Montpelier.

The large pillars, foundation and underpinning, window caps and cornice were taken from Wheaton's quarry by men furnished by the State while the ashler used in the walls was quarried from Millstone Hill. In 1840 the first granite house in town was built and the blocks for same were split and squared in one hundred working days at the cost of one hundred dollars. The granite for the Congregational Church in Barre was furnished in 1840 and the granite for the Court House in Montpelier in 1844 and for the Barre Academy in 1851. Pieces of Barre granite can be quarried 30-0 x 3-0 x 0-8. There were

23,000 cubic feet of granite furnished for the walls of the State Capitol which building was started in 1832 and completed in 1837 and was pronounced the finest State Capitol in the United States and it caused loud praise to be called forth for the granite used in its construction. Twenty-five years later the interior of the building burned and with the exception of a few window caps and other pieces exposed to the most intense heat, no part of the walls was required to be replaced by new material. The granite in this building has withstood the power and ravages of time to a marvelous degree.

The Wetmore & Morse quarry situated on the highest point of Millstone Hill is 1025 feet above Barre. The first modern sheds in Barre were built in 1880. Most of the quarries were farms before they were developed into what they are today. The deposit of granite covers an area three miles in length and one mile in width. The principal quarries are in the middle third of this boundary. The large part of the rock is in sheets or layers of varying thickness which allows quarrying of blocks of enormous size. Thirty quarries employ about twelve hundred or fifteen hundred men and they form settlements around Millstone Hill, the largest of which is called Graniteville, which has a post office, schools, churches, stores, etc. One of the principal quarries is sixty-five rods long and averages sixteen rods in width and contains in all eight acres.

This quarry is considered the largest monumental quarry in the world. The capacity of the derricks ranges from ten tons to seventy-five tons on the quarries. The piles of grout furnish the material for paving stones of excellent and durable quality. Barre granite

is composed of quartz and feldspar with a small amount of mica, blended evenly having a fine grain and susceptible of the highest polish. When it is polished it is a beautiful dark bluish gray, which is in striking contrast with the lighter hammer-finished portions. The granite is free from knots, streaks and discolorations of every kind which are the bane of many of the quarries elsewhere. For these qualities it was awarded the highest award at the World's Columbian Exposition in 1893 and received a medal and diploma. It admits of the highest conceptions of the art of the sculptor and is perfectly trustworthy for monumental use. Its beauty, richness and durability are unsurpassed. It has never been forced on the market although the finest known.

Previous to 1875 Barre granite was taken to the nearest railroad station ten miles distant by ox teams or "New Hampshire Horses," as they were called. The demand was then small and the stone was teamed by farmers in the winter time. The manufacturers now have excellent railroad facilities. Twelve years after the railroad was built, the daily cost of hauling granite into the village was \$150.00. About this time the work for the Leland Stanford mausoleum was being done by workmen in Barre. The structure is in the form of a Grecian temple and is 41-0 long and 25-0 wide and 26-0 high with heavy polished pillars and hammered blocks and cost one hundred thousand dollars. The structure may be seen in Menlo Park, Palo Alto, Calif.

The roof and gables are made of large blocks of granite and much difficulty was experienced in conveying them to the cars. One piece weighing more than fifty tons was taken a distance of four



CHILDRESS

The true sarcophagus has seldom been given the importance or the study in American memorial design that it rightfully deserves. The beautiful and richly carved sarcophagi of the Classical, Renaissance and Gothic periods have been adapted and modified in design to fit our horizontal two and three-piece tablet, and are referred to erroneously as sarcophagi. The true sarcophagus has in most cases been reduced to its lowest terms of base, four walls and cover and the term "tomb" has supplanted the true name. It is refreshing, therefore, to see a thoughtfully designed sarcophagus bearing the expert proportions of the past and embodying the simplicity necessary to come within the means of today. The Childress is a thoroughly beautiful structure and entirely worthy of its true name—the sarcophagus.—*Designed and produced by the Jones Brothers Company, Barre, Vt., and Boston, Mass., for the Joplin Monument Co., Joplin, Mo., of WELLS-LAMSON SELECT BARRE GRANITE. Guardian Memorial. Design copyrighted.*

miles on rollers and its rate of progress was nearly one mile per week. Since this time the "Sky Route" railroad has been opened. Travelers inform us that the railroad trip from Barre to the quarries may call forth as much genuine admiration of nature's handiwork as the ascent of the Righi from Lucerne, Switzerland. There is inspiration in the view of the city, mountains and valleys and the busy thousands among them all quarrying and carving the blocks of stone which are to keep alive the names, deeds and virtues of men.

There are about one hundred sixty firms in Barre and from two thousand to three thousand men are employed in granite manufacturing.

Sports A-Wafting

BECAUSE of the illness of the music critic, the sports editor of a daily was hurriedly dispatched to cover a concert. This was the result.

"Lolita Bosomsky, who chicks a wicked larnyx, had the gallery on the ropes at the Music Hall last night as she threw Botticelli's "A Scramte" for a 10-yard loss. Without even a wind-up, Lolita pitched them over the plate, cutting the corners on the encore. Built like a Notre Dame tackle, Lolita stepped up to the footlights and without even a warm-up, fluttered the cobwebs with her singing. Not since Silas Sorghum won the hog-calling contest in Iowa City twenty years ago, has anyone heard such a voice.

"With her high C she was simply knocking them outside the park. She's the Ted Williams of all music. When she really got rolling, she knocked over

the arias like tenpins and it would have taken Man Mountain Dean to have pinned her to the pine."

Mail --- U.S.A.

I NEVER wanna luv no German fraulein.

I never wanna sing no more German song.

I never wanna eat more hasenpfeffer, I been occupying here too long.

I never wanna hear no more Goot Morgen!

I never wanna drink no more lousy Schnapps.

I never wanna see no more Bavaria, I only wanna see Vermont cops.

I never wanna buy a ting wit schocolat; I wanna gal that don't say, "Nix Verstay."

I never wanna see a tousand people Just waiting till I throw my butts away.

I never wanna see no half-pint trousers Wit fancy tassels at the knee.

I never wanna walk along a Staasse, An avenue is good enough for me!

I never wanna see no pipes like pretzels Or autos wit a funnil like a boat.

If some guy ever mentions honey waggins

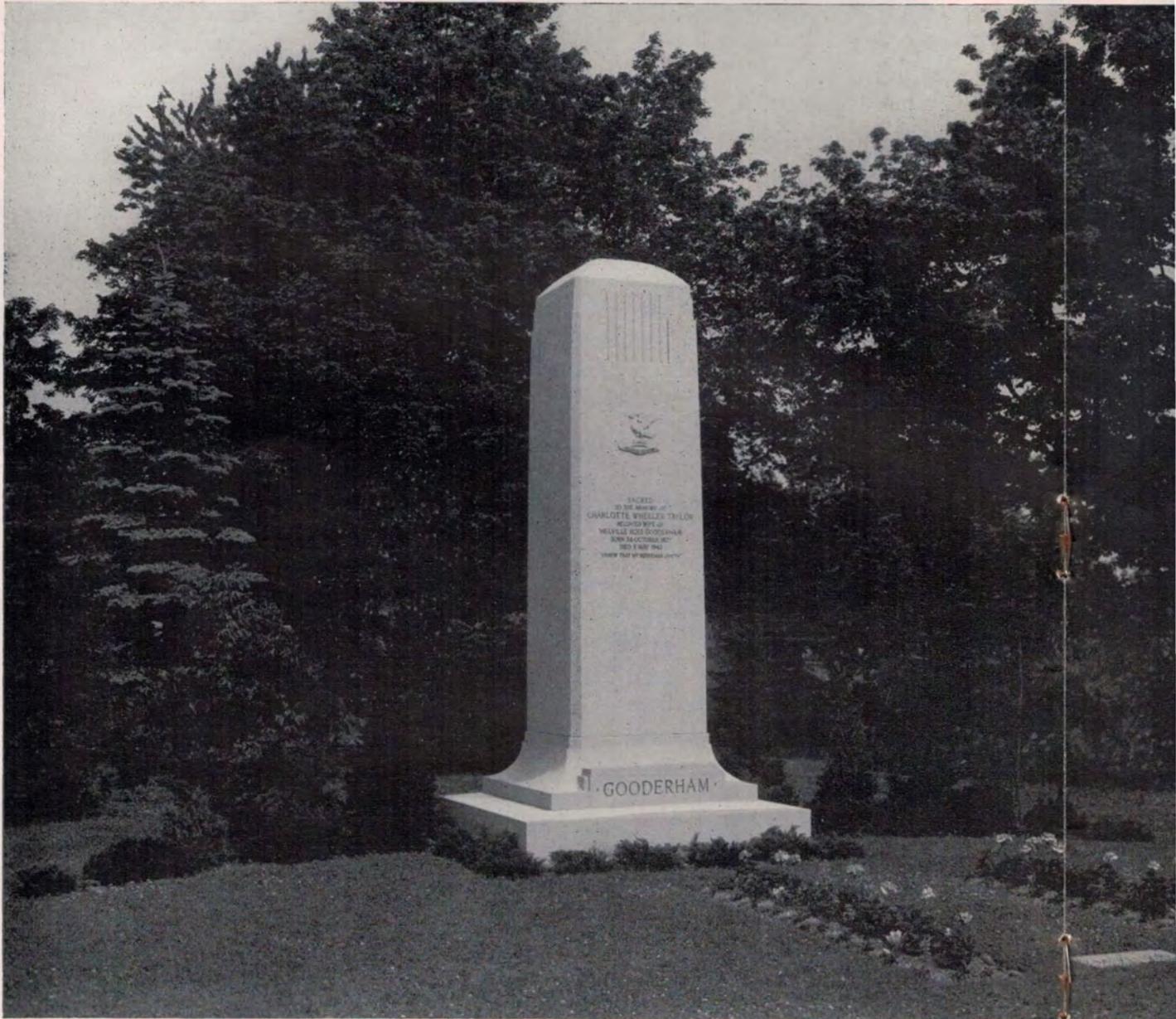
I bet I shove his words right down his throat!

I never wanna see no bathless houses, I never wanna see no flushless johns, I would not ever raise mine little finger If this is where they dropped atomic bombs.

I never wanna cum no more to Urrup. I never wanna have no A.P.O.

I yam fed up wit everything what's Heinie

So now *here's* where my mail should go.



ERECTED
IN THE MEMORY OF
CHARLOTTE WHEELER TAYLOR
BORN 1854
DIED 1914
MYRTLE ROSS GOODERHAM
BORN 1868
DIED 1914
WIVES OF

GOODERHAM



GOODERHAM

The pylon type memorial of which the Gooderham is an excellently designed example always creates an expression of strength and permanence through its massive and sturdy appearance. The heavy scotia base in the Gooderham memorial is well designed to spread the mass of the die out onto the base. The delicate setback and beaded panel create all that is necessary to relieve the austerity of the memorial in addition to the low relief emblem over the inscription. The slightly chamfered corners also add a softening touch which at the same time slightly emphasizes the vertical lines.—*Designed, produced and erected by the McIntosh Granite Co., Ltd., of Toronto, Ontario, Canada, of WELLS-LAMSON SELECT BARRE GRANITE.*

"Bottlenecks" Which the Funeral Director Can Break

"'Bottlenecks' Which the Funeral Director Can Break" in the December, 1946, issue of the *American Funeral Director*, by Thomas I. Rankin, General Manager of the Elm-lawn Cemetery, Kenmore, N. Y., caused widespread comment. It was suggested by many that everyone in the monument industry should read the article. So, with the permission of the *American Funeral Director*, we give it to THE QUARRIER readers.

THE word "bottleneck" is a relatively new one in our vocabulary. It is an expressive word brought into general use in a dynamic era, and is typically American. It means a partial stoppage of something of vital importance, a damming up of material or service badly needed. In the memorial industries such a "bottleneck" exists—one which can and should be broken. Funeral directors can break it, and by doing so they will well serve themselves, their allied industries and most important of all, the American public.

It is the privilege of few callings to render so vital and personal a service to the people of America as do funeral directors. They serve the family during its hour of greatest despair, and at such times the family depends absolutely upon them to render a service with which they are for the most part totally unfamiliar.

This absolute trust in the funeral director places a great responsibility upon him. His decisions are of a vital importance to the family, and incidentally to allied industries as well. They are particularly important in that they have profound effect upon preserving the sentiment of the family for those who have "gone on."

I might here say that it requires an extremely capable and understanding

man to so make funeral arrangements that he will not only adequately care for the immediate problems involved, but will at the same time also consider the future welfare of the family he serves. The writer knows something of the many problems involved, not only because he has himself gone through the ordeal as a "client," but more largely because as a cemetery official he has come into daily contact with them. He not only witnesses the mistakes that are being made today, but he also observes the tragic, heartbreaking effects of the mistakes that were made in the near and distant "yesterdays." Their effects will be felt through endless "tomorrows." In common with many other cemetery officials, the writer would like to do what he can to reduce such tragedies to the very minimum. Some, unfortunately, cannot be avoided, because of circumstances beyond the control of anyone. It is about those which can be avoided, that this article deals.

The Growth of Sentiment

Sentiment is what has produced the high standards of our respective professions. The growth has been a steady one for these past one hundred years. It was at the start of this period that a great man, William Gladstone, Prime Minister of England, said: "Show me the manner in which a nation or community cares for its dead, and I will measure with mathematical exactness, the tender sympathies of its people, their devotion to high ideals, and their respect for the laws of the land."

In the last issue of THE QUARRIER, we illustrated the "SKRZYPCZYNSKI" design produced for Czarnik Memorials of Chicago, Ill. There was an oversight on our part. We overlooked including in the description the fact that permission was granted the Jones Brothers Company for the use of the copyrighted Rosary on the design by E. L. White of the White Granite Company, owner of the copyright.



What has happened since proved the correctness of his analysis. America, believing in respect for law, and highly idealistic, has placed sentiment on a plane that has risen ever higher and higher. Our profession and the institutions that we represent, are but expressions of that sentiment, and we and the other interment services allied with us, are absolutely dependent upon it for existence.

The cemetery burial estate or lot is a "sacred family shrine." Together with the memorial placed upon it, it becomes a permanent symbol of respect, honor and love for the dead, and a source of inspiration to the living. It links the past to the present, and both indefinitely to the future. It is America's "Treasury of Memory." It must be maintained and preserved as such. That is a duty of those in the cemetery profession.

But that which is "maintained and preserved," can be no greater than that which is originally created. Here is where the "bottleneck" occurs, and here is the handicap under which we in the

cemetery service industry work with tragic results to those whom we serve.

Causes and Remedies

That "bottleneck" is the "too small" family lot, and worst of all, the single grave. It is a problem of comparatively recent date, and the causes as well as the remedies are many. Basically, however, the insufficient or "too small" burial estate or lot is the result of hurried selection at a time when extreme grief prevents the exercise of careful thought and judgment. This is when the "bottleneck" of future sentiment is created. This is where the funeral director can render one of his greatest services.

During these tragic three days the family leans heavily upon the funeral director for advice and counsel. If no cemetery lot is owned, he will, in most cases, largely influence the selection. That alone is a tremendous responsibility. Is it the one the family should logically select? Is it convenient? Can it be easily reached if an automobile is not available? (That may be all-too-often if the head of the family is the one who



MASSARO

His family name was Massaro. He was known to thousands of radio listeners as Eddie Lang. To his memory is erected, in Philadelphia, a memorial. A pleasing combination of bronze and granite speaks well for the technique of the designer.—*Designed and erected by Politi Memorial Studio, Philadelphia, Pa. Produced by Peerless Granite Company, Barre, Vt. WELLS-LAMSON SELECT BARRE GRANITE.*

has passed on.) Is it properly maintained? Can the family choose a lot where the type of memorial that they will want be erected? Are the prices within their reach? Yes, price, too, must be considered, although nearly every cemetery has a wide range of prices to meet every condition, just as the funeral director has. Location is still another factor of paramount importance. It cannot be overemphasized!

Buying "Sight Unseen"

When the cemetery has been decided upon, what about the lot? Here is

TWELVE

the real "bottleneck"! Here is where sentiment is affected for generations! Here the funeral director has a personal interest, in addition to his duty to his client. The greatest tragedy is the 'phone order from funeral director to cemetery, specifying a "single grave." Here is a family, buying one of the most important properties they will ever own, a place in which to lay away their loved one, and ordering it by telephone without even seeing the spot!

No one should assume the responsibility for doing that if it can be possibly avoided. If funeral directors knew the

later anguish and disappointment that so often results, they would never do it. Yes, and to that should be added resentment! All cemetery officials know of many cases where, because of such resentment the family will never call that funeral director again! Sometimes as little as ten dollars difference would have given comfort and satisfaction in the years that followed of a kind that could not possibly be measured in terms of dollars and cents.

In the great majority of cases that I have known the single grave should never have been advised regardless of price. Its selection meant the impossibility of that family ever being united in one family shrine, the impossibility of ever erecting a satisfactory memorial then, or later when circumstances permitted. In most cases, it could have been handled so differently, with so little effort!

Most cemeteries today will gladly arrange convenient terms for families, so that they need pay but a portion of the cost at the time of death, with the remainder being paid on monthly terms. Thus a family burial plot is created, and a natural longing satisfied. And the deed is included among the family's most valuable papers. Later, when other deaths occur, there is no hurried selection to be made—no burial lot expense to be met.

Incidentally, of course, that has its effect on what the family can afford to pay for the future funerals. And with a lot of proper size, the family can select *together*, the symbol of sentiment—the family memorial. We in the cemetery service know what all that means to the rest of the family. We know what consideration it deserves, and we know how much anguish has been caused

by the hurried selection that does not take these factors into consideration.

The funeral director has much to gain in appreciation from his clients, with all the dividends that appreciation pays, and nothing to lose by taking the time required to point out these factors. If he does not have time to bring his client to the cemetery, surely the cemetery, in most instances, would gladly assume the responsibility. After all, perhaps that is the most logical way!

The family burial estate is the greatest safeguard of family sentiment; the single grave or "too small" lot is the greatest threat. By proper cooperation, and thoughtful service, this "bottleneck" of sentiment should be broken. I am convinced that the American public will be grateful if this is done.

Real Sorrow

A YOUNG widow commissioned a monument dealer to inscribe on her husband's monument:

"My sorrow is more than I can bear."

Before the monument was erected, the widow married again, and the dealer asked her if she still wanted the inscription.

"Yes," she said, "but just add the word 'alone'."

A Complete Cycle

WHEN the salesman insults you and tells you he hasn't got any—it's wartime. When he just insults you—it's transition. When he merely says he hasn't got any—reconversion is under way. And when you can tell him to go straight to that very well-heated place—that, my friend, is normalcy.

Pat and Mike--Again!

THERE were two Irishmen, Pat and Mike. They were identical twins; you couldn't tell one from the other. Mike wanted to get on the police force. He approached the Mayor, who was in rather a facetious mood at the time. "Sure, Mike, I'll put you on the police force if you can answer three questions," the Mayor said.

"O.K.," replied Mike, "What are the questions?"

"The first is, 'How much does the moon weigh?'" said the Mayor.

"How the divil would I know!" said Mike.

"Well, I'll try you on the next question. 'How many stars are there?'" the mayor continued.

"Good Lord, man, nobody ever counted them."

"All right," said the Mayor, "You can still have the job if you can answer the third question. 'What am I thinking?'"

Mike got up, kicked over his chair and stalked out of the Mayor's office as mad as a wet hen.

The next morning, he returned to the Mayor's office and said, "Your honor, I can now answer those three questions you gave me yesterday."

"Go ahead," said the Mayor, "my proposition is still open to you."

"Well," replied Mike, "the moon weighs one hundred pounds—twenty-five pounds per quarter and four quarters."

"Good," said the Mayor. "How many stars are there?"

"Nine million, nine hundred and ninety-nine thousand and nine," said

Mike. "I know because I sat out on the back porch and counted them last night!"

"Fine," said the Mayor, grinning. "Now, what am I thinking?"

Mike replied, "You're thinking I'm Mike, but I'm not. I'm his brother Pat!"

Bald Headed League

SOME good friend sent us a very nicely printed parchment telling the world that we are a member of the Bald Headed League of the World.

BALD-HEADED LEAGUE of the WORLD

We agree to grow no more than seven hairs per square inch on our head.

We will never wear a toupee.

We will display our bald head and not hide it in public.

We protest paying the regular dollar fee to the barbers for cutting our non-existent hair.

We greet hair tonics with silent and contemptuous scorn.

We object to friends patting our bald head patronizingly.

We resent low grade comedians saying, "getting kinda thin on top."

We discourage the propagation of flies, mosquitoes, moths, gnats, fleas, lice and hornets—

"Grass doesn't grow on a busy street."

Thanks, good friend!

Perfect Man

OUR idea of a perfect man,
One cool as a green cucumber,
Is one who forgets a woman's age—
But remembers her telephone number.

Sermon

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON'S "Christmas Sermon" is an unusual literary document. It was written during a bitter winter in the year 1888, while Stevenson, frail and ill, was undergoing great hardships in a cottage in the Adirondacks at Saranac Lake. The sermon appeared a long time ago in *Scribner's Magazine*. It hasn't a joyous touch common to the Holiday Season, but Stevenson was ill and already an advanced tubercular patient "living on borrowed time." Although it's called a "Christmas Sermon," it appeals to us as a New Year's sermon as well.

"To be honest, to be kind—to earn a little and to spend a little less, to make upon the whole a family happier for his presence, to renounce when that shall be necessary and not be embittered, to keep a few friends but these without capitulation—above all, on the same given condition to keep friends with himself—here is a task for all that a man has of fortitude and delicacy. He has an ambitious soul who would ask more; he has a hopeful spirit who should, in such an enterprise, be successful. There is indeed one element in human destiny that not blindness itself can controvert: whatever else we are intended to do, we are not intended to succeed; failure is the fate allotted. It is so in every art and study: it is so above all in the continent art of living well. Here is a pleasant thought for the year's end: only self deception will be satisfied, and there need be no despair for the despairer. . .

When the time comes that he should go, there need be few illusions left about himself. *Here lies one who meant well, tried a little, failed much*; surely that

may be his epitaph, of which he need not be ashamed."

Down Where the Vest Begins

DOWN where the belt clasps a little stronger,
Down where the pants should be a little longer.
That's where the Vest begins.
Down where you wish you were a little lighter,
Where the shirt that shows is a little whiter,
Where each day the buttons grow a little tighter
That's where the Vest begins.
Down where the pains are in the making,
And each heavy meal will soon start it aching.
That's where the Vest begins.
Where each added pound is the cause of sighing,
When you know in your heart that the scales aren't lying.
And you just have to guess which of your shoes need tying—
That's where the Vest begins!

Ouch!

IF a Wave is a lady sailor and a Wac is a lady soldier, what is a Woc? A Woc is what you frow at wabbits.

Definition of a flirt—a gal who wants to get one chump ahead of her friends.

★ QURRY BLASTS ★

One of the livelier Barre boys was happily married recently. That sort of makes him a "werewolf."

Plenty of girls would be spic—if they had less span.

A hug—energy gone to waist.

Moron: That which, in the wintertime, women wouldn't have so many colds if they put.

Wall flower: A girl who wears a sweater to keep warm.

Puppy love is the beginning of a dog's life.

Every woman likes to be taken with a grain of assault.

The class yell of the School of Experience is "Ouch!"

Girls used to hide their tans—now they tan their hides.

Uncle Harry says that girdle makers live off the fat of the land.

Virtue is learned at Mother's knee—Vice at some other joint.

Little Red Riding Hood was lucky—she only met one wolf!

She wed him for life and later discovered he didn't have any.

Love quickens all senses, except the common.

The difference between men and eggs is that eggs never get too fresh.

A pretty little girl who grows up to become a peach soon becomes a pair.

Most girls have got Santa beat all hollow when it comes to filling stockings.

Love may be blind but a girl wants to make sure—so we have beauty parlors.

There's no use itching for things unless you are ready to scratch for them.

Love is the only game that results in a tie.

Girdle: Something which keeps figures from telling the truth.

*Three things that every man likes:
confirmation of his predictions,
praise from a superior, and an
admiring glance from a pretty girl.*

*Criticism is something you can
avoid by saying nothing, doing
nothing and being nothing.*