

QUARRIED  
WELLS-LAMSON  
QUARRIER  
VOLUME XIV — NUMBER I  
QUARRIED





## *Our Cover Girl*

When Uncle Sam's ski team sailed to compete against the rest of the world in the winter Olympics at St. Moritz, Switzerland, it had as its youngest member a pretty 15-year-old Rutland, Vt. girl, Andrea Mead. It is believed that she will be the baby of all Olympic competitors. However, Andrea is very much of age when it comes to skiing. She started at the age of 4 which was natural, since her parents, Bradford and Janet Mead, were experts. Andrea traveled the ski circuit with her parents and learned the Slalom and the Downhill. The Slalom is a serpentine race between markers. The Downhill entails many spectacular runs and high speeds sometimes reaching 60 miles per hour. Andrea's parents developed Pico Peak, a ski resort near Rutland, Vt. Andrea is in second-year high and has expressed the desire to be an architect. She has much artistic talent and enjoys books, fine music and outdoor sports. The picture of Andrea which is used as our cover was made by Mack Derick, whose fame as a photographer has gone beyond the bounds of Vermont State.



# THE WELLS-LAMSON QUARRIER

---

Edited by  
MAURICE L. KELLEY

THE WELLS-LAMSON QUARRY COMPANY, BARRE, VERMONT

---

VOLUME XIV

NUMBER 1

---

## *Life in 1960*

1948 is still a dimpled, diapered darling, but we hear all kinds of prophecies about what's going to happen. At this writing, we're not going to prove our occult powers because we were more impressed with what Kiplinger's magazine had to say about "Life in 1960," and the following is some of the essential prognostications:

The year 1960 will be a good one IF we avoid a big war, and IF we avoid a big depression between now and then. Or, to put it in a blunter way: 1960 will be either a very good year or a very bad one. If it turns out to be a very bad one—as a result of war and depression—this picture will be nothing more than a missed opportunity and many of us won't be around to compare notes.

The prosperity of 1960 will be like the prosperity of 1925-29 rather than a prosperity based on super-planning. It will not be a "full-employment" utopia. There will be 3,200,000 out of work—shifting between jobs, on strike, laid off or bone lazy. But there will be 60,200,000 at work.

Employment will be more stable. Even the recessions of the 1940's won't halt the trend toward greater stability. People will save a smaller part of their incomes because people will be more secure. These factors will bring about the best market in American history.

There will be many improvements and changes in the power system: more turbines, more hydro-electric plants, improved fuels. A small factory will actually be powered, if not by atomic energy, with a "helio-engine," directly utilizing sunlight to run the machinery.

Most Americans will make their living in 1960 by producing the kind of goods and service already familiar to us in 1947.

From a reading of the morning paper in 1960, it does not seem like a Golden Age. Developments in Europe are still disquieting. There is domestic news of strikes, lock-outs, chiselling, monopolies, rackets in business and in labor, of poverty, sickness and crime. Editorial writers are perturbed over an estimate that the public spends more for chewing gum than for books. Furthermore, some



of the 1960 gum not only pops but whistles.

Helicopters and the commercial distribution of atomic energy, just under-way in 1960, are speeding up the mixing of town and countryside already started.

The 1960 national bill for food, liquor and tobacco totals about \$48½ billion, of which some \$8 billion goes for liquor and \$4 billion for tobacco. At a fairly moderate increase in cost—only about \$4½ billion more—the needs of all Americans for an adequate “minimum” diet could be met in full. Throughout the 1950’s we kept on eating 15% more, on the average, than before World War II, and American agriculture continued to amaze the world. Farm exports in 1960 are 15% of total farm production. Agriculture, like big industry, is now planning its production. Long used to the national crop goals drawn up with the assistance of the Department of Agriculture, farmers are now getting used to the annual world crop goals announced by the Food and Agriculture Organization of the UN.

Amid the general abundance of 1960 there are still thousands of Americans who know what it is to be ragged, cold. Sometimes it is their own fault, sometimes it is not; human nature and the economic machinery still have kinks.

The 1960 “opera” convertible has a “roller-top” of new, lightweight metal, strong enough to provide real protection. The car also boasts one tray of ice-cubes, underseat toilet, television receiver (by law, television is allowed only in the rear seats), and a compartment for telephone and directory.

The chief reason for better health has been the rising national income. But even so, we fall far short of meeting basic minimum needs for national

In the CRAMER MEMORIAL the greatest emphasis is placed upon the name panel with the carving forming a decorative frame at the sides. The treatment of this memorial taken as a whole creates a feeling of ornateness, but the broken top profile and indication of moulded panel are nicely relieved by the plain surface of the central panel.—*Erected in Acacia Park Cemetery, Detroit, Mich., of which Emerson C. Shaw is superintendent. Designed by Carl Kastrup, produced by Chioldi Granite Co., Barre, Vt., for Brown & Raisch Co., Detroit, Michigan. WELLS-LAMSON SELECT BARRE GRANITE.*

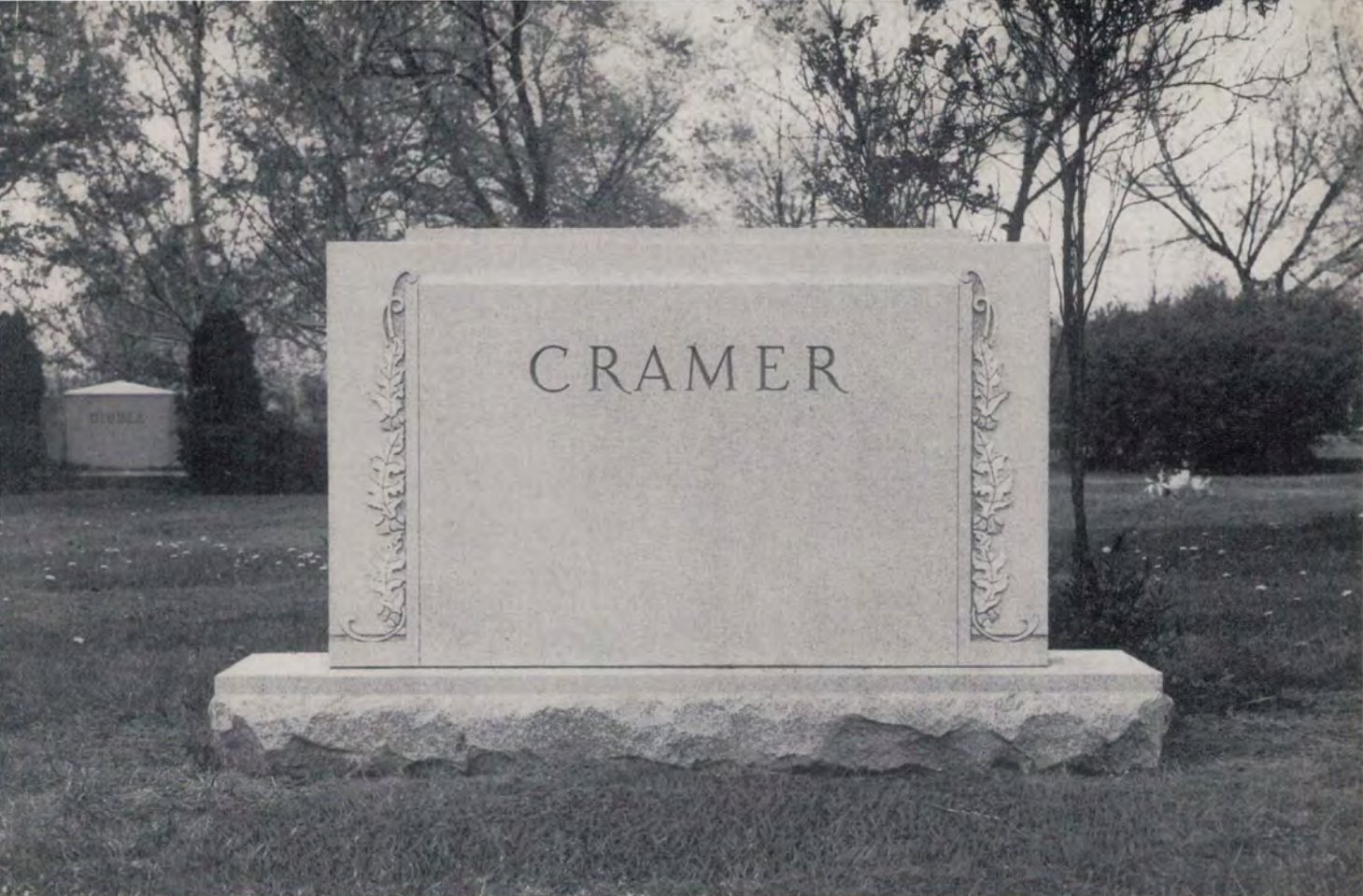
health: There are not enough doctors or dentists, not enough nurses or hospital beds.

Medical science has made remarkable advances. By 1950 it was conservatively estimated that medical by-products of atomic research had saved more lives than were lost in the bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Several forms of cancer, hitherto incurable, yielded to research during the late 1950’s, but no general cancer “cure” has been developed.

The inadequacies of public education and of teachers’ salaries came strongly to public attention during the 1950’s. The result was increased federal aid. This help, which was made available without subjecting schools to federal control, has done more to change the educational picture than any other one development during the 20-year period. We now spend \$7½ billion for education of all sorts, compared with less than \$4 billion in ’40.

Many individual churches continue to grow, or at least to maintain themselves, and continue to be an important influence in the lives of those they touch. But, on the whole, organized religion is losing support; the area of its influence is shrinking. Measured by the dollar yardstick, organized religion seems on the way out. Yet its proponents still





argue that it is the leaven in the lump. From a negative point of view this much is evident in 1960: the American people have not so far succumbed to either of the two great rival, secular religions of the century. Communism and national-

ism both made their bid for support, and failed—else we should not be in the good year of 1960 at all. Perhaps from many sources, of which the churches are one, the American people are finding an enduring and practical faith.

## “What’s New?”

**T**HE Christmas season brings many people back to their hometowns and with them come new and old stories. One Christmas story, which really has little to do with Christmas, appealed to us as ‘goofy’—and we’re repeating it:

The hero of this story, Mr. Jones, didn’t believe in too much curiosity. The night before Christmas he rang up

the local horse dealer and asked him to deliver a \$15 horse right away, and the dealer did as he was told. When the horse arrived outside Mr. Jones’ hotel, arrangements had been made to take the horse right inside, through the lobby, up to his suite, through the living room and bedroom, and finally into the bathroom. There he ordered the dealer to put the horse into the holly-wreathed



and mistletoe'd bathtub. By that time the dealer was beginning to have doubts about the sanity of his client. But Mr. Jones still didn't say anything, and when the horse was finally ensconced in the bath, he took out a gun and shot the animal dead.

The dealer couldn't stand it any

longer. In a frenzy he turned to the very calm Mr. Jones. "Why did you do that?"

Mr. Jones laughed harshly. "Oh, it's just that I have a brother who rings me promptly at midnight every Christmas Eve and says, 'Hi, George, what's new?'"

## Progress?

**A**N oyster house in Hartford, Conn., recently marked its 100th anniversary. It published a menu comparing conditions then and now. Said the menu:

"We opened in 1847, when women wore hoop skirts, frilled cotton drawers, did cleaning, washing and ironing, raised big families, went to church Sundays and were too busy to be sick.

"Men wore whiskers, chopped wood, bathed once a week, drank 10 cent whiskey and five cent beer, worked twelve hours a day and lived to a ripe old age.

"Stores burned coal oil lamps, carried everything from a needle to a plow, trusted everybody, never took inventory, placed orders for goods once a year in advance, and always made money."

This, of course, was the era which orators have in mind when they talk about progress. We have progressed since then. What have we progressed to? The centenary menu makes it perfectly plain:

"Now women wear an ounce of underwear, smoke, paint, powder, drink

cocktails, have pet dogs and go in for politics.

"Men have high blood pressure, little hair, bathe twice a day, are misunderstood at home, play the stock market, drink poison, work five hours a day and die young.

"Stores have electric lights, cash registers, elevators, never have what the customer wants, trust nobody, take inventory daily, never buy in advance, have overhead, mark-down, stock control, Dollar Day, Founder's Day, Economy Day—and never make any money."

## Backwoods

A MAN from the backwoods went into Craddock's Pill Shop to buy some medicine, but upon reaching the counter, he forgot what kind he was sent for.

"What does it sound like?" asked Craddock.

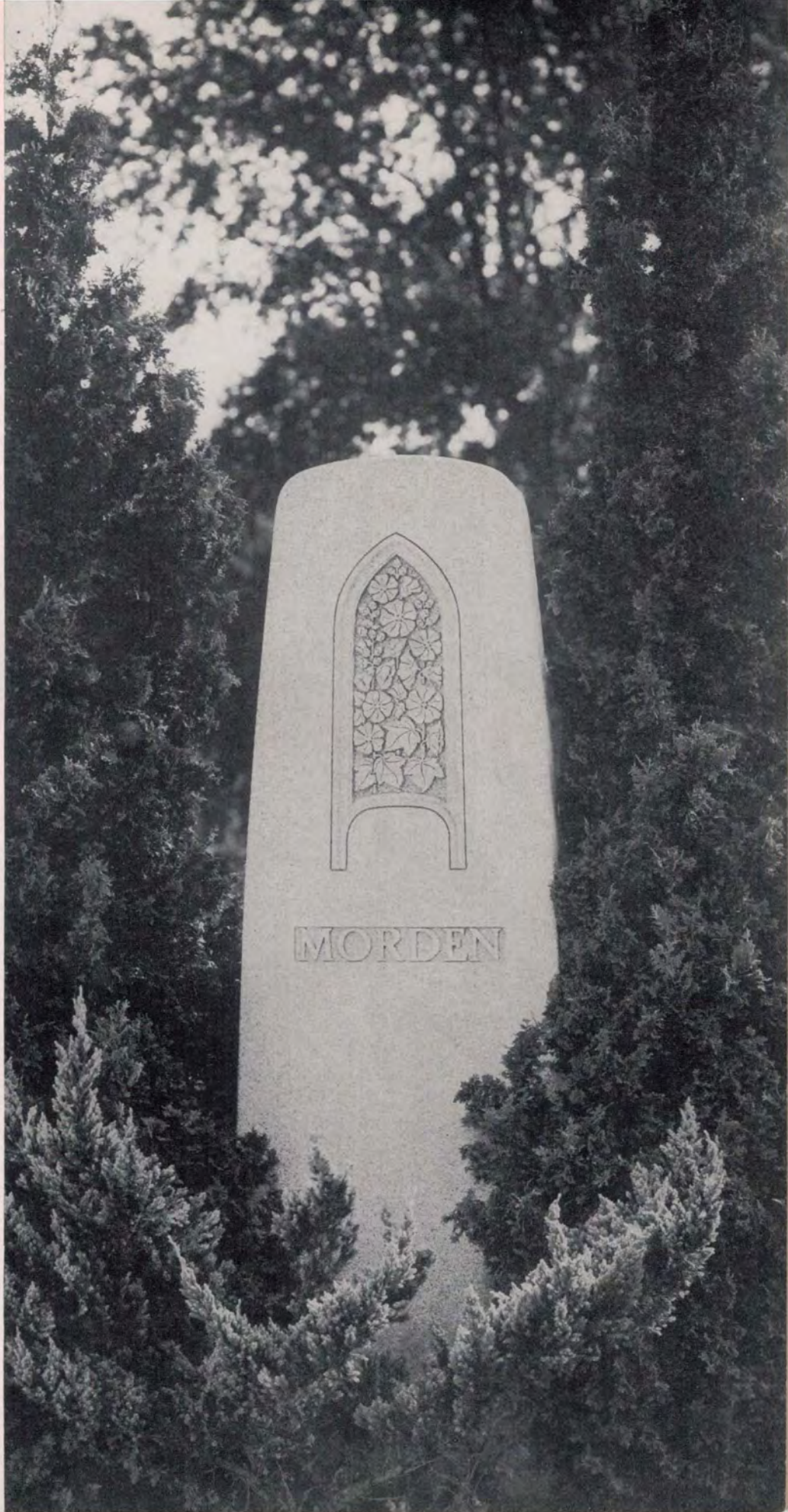
"It sounds like a large city."

"Well, let's see," mused Frank, "London, Chicago, San Francisco, Liverpool. . . —"

"That's it! That's it!" said the man, brightening up, "Carter's Little Liverpools!"



The vertical monolith lends itself to a greater variation of setting than most any other of the common types of memorials. It is equally well suited to sharply sloping locations or to level sites. It is ideally suitable for lightly or heavily landscaped areas. The setting of the MORDEN MONOLITH falls into the latter category and seems eminently suited to its location as though it had grown in that spot as has the foliage which surrounds it. The gracefully sloping vertical contour of this memorial adds a feeling of extra height which is again emphasized by the vertical ornamental treatment.—*A Guardian Memorial designed and produced by Jones Brothers Co., Barre, Vt., and Boston, Mass., for Yunker Memorials, Lansing, Mich. Erected in Evergreen Cemetery, Lansing, Mich., of which Harold Leavitt is superintendent. WELLS-LAMSON SELECT BARRE GRANITE.*



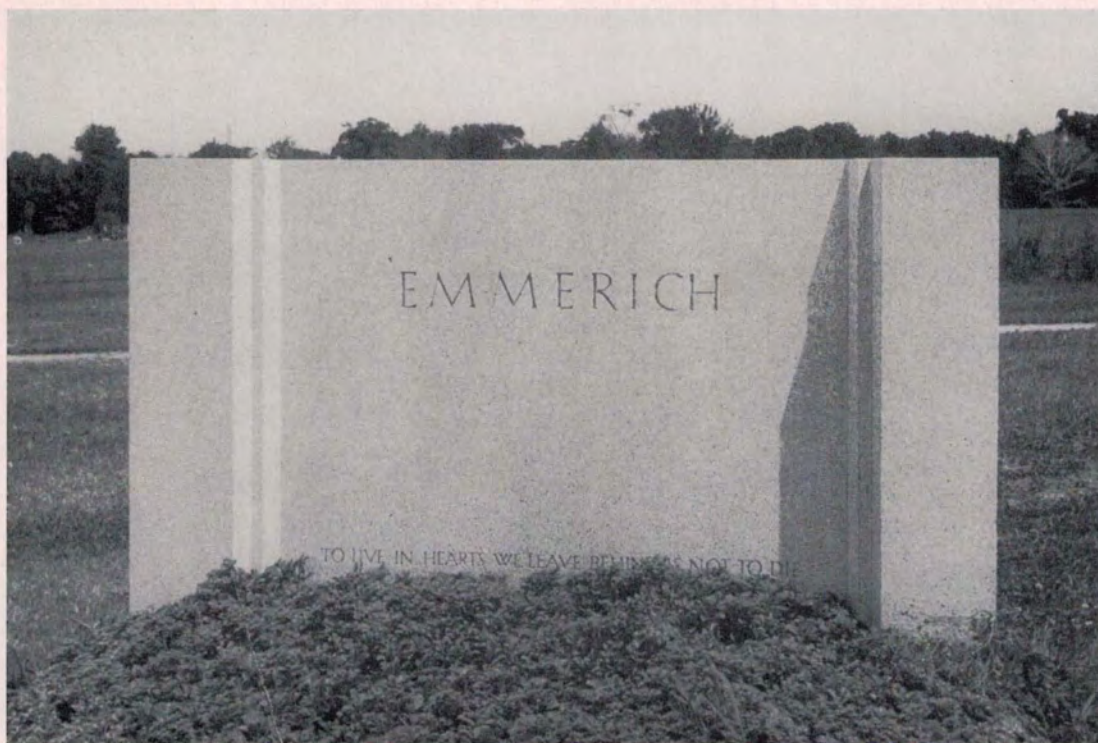


The EMMERICH depends for interest in the bold projection of the end pylons, the inside faces of which are splayed slightly to catch the full value of reflected light on the right and full light on the left, creating exceptional interest by a very simple means. The excellent placing of the name forms a tie in the composition. This memorial is another outstanding example of the work of Emanuel Neubrunn.—Erected in Cedar Park Cemetery, Westwood, New Jersey of which Harold Hennigar is superintendent. A Guardian Memorial designed by Emanuel Neubrunn, New York City and produced by Jones Brothers Co., Barre, Vt., and Boston, Mass. WELLS-LAMSON SELECT BARRE GRANITE.



Th  
EM  
up  
me  
an  
W  
of  
me  
an  
Gr  
Et  
du  
LA





The DANIEL MEMORIAL is one step away from the EMMERICH in simplicity and it is equally dependent upon good proportion for its beauty, but restrained ornamentation has been incorporated for added interest and balance. In the last issue, Volume XIII, No. 6, the PICKWORTH MEMORIAL was illustrated, which is a variation of the same basic design and a comparison of the two memorials should be of interest to the reader.—*Designed and erected by Brown & Raisch Co., Detroit, Mich., in Grand Lawn Cemetery, Detroit, Mich., of which Leslie U. Everett is superintendent. Designed by Carl Kastrup, produced by Chioldi Granite Company, Barre, Vt., of WELLS-LAMSON SELECT BARRE GRANITE.*



## "Guaranteed"

ABOUT forty years ago, in a small village in Maine, an eight-year-old boy walked jubilantly into a general store and poured out one hundred pennies on the counter.

"Give me one of those guaranteed dollar watches," he said.

The clerk handed over the watch, and the small boy ran out of the store and up the main street giving everyone who passed a fleeting glimpse of his new possession.

That night when he went to sleep the watch rested under his pillow, and the boy dreamed of its steady tick-tock and its gleaming finish. It wasn't just that it was his first watch. It stood for fifty weeks of steady saving and foregoing such luxuries as lemon drops and licorice sticks. The boy's allowance was only two cents a week, and he saved for fifty weeks to buy his guaranteed watch.

Ten months later the watch stopped working. The boy went back to the general store, handed the watch over the counter and said, "It stopped. Please have it fixed for me."

"Yes sir," smiled the clerk. "Just give me twenty-five cents, and I'll send the money and the watch back to the factory and they'll fix it for you in no time at all."

"What?" gasped the boy. "Where am I going to get twenty-five cents from?"

"That's your problem, young fellow," said the clerk, "but that's what it costs."

"But they said the watch was guaranteed," remonstrated the boy.

"Why sure it's guaranteed," countered the clerk, "but you've got to send

them a quarter if you want them to fix it or send you a new one."

With tears in his eyes the boy walked out of the store, his broken watch in hand. It would take him another dozen weeks to save up twenty-five cents. And they had said it was guaranteed! The more he brooded on it, the more enraged he became. Finally in a burst of anger at the injustice of it all he threw the watch down on the road and as it burst into pieces he shrieked "Damn no-good guarantee!"

That little boy grew up, became the president of one of the largest cigarette lighter manufacturing companies in the world, and has been crusading for years to make the word "guarantee" mean a 100%, no-strings-attached warrantee that the goods so advertised will be repaired or replaced, with no questions asked *and at absolutely no charge*.

In the lower left-hand corner of his big mahogany desk he keeps what he likes to call his proofs of guarantee, the old, battered, broken, rusted lighters that were returned to the factory and replaced with bright, new, shiny ones to back up the advertising line "Unconditionally guaranteed for life." Some of those lighters were submerged in sea water for months; others had been run over by trucks and one had been placed on a railroad track and run over by a freight train. And his company even refunds the postage used to ship the old, broken lighters to the factory.

The public's faith in advertising would certainly be stronger if every advertiser who uses the commercially sacred word "guarantee" would stand behind that guarantee 100 percent, with





The PRUDDEN MAUSOLEUM erected about twenty-five years ago is still an excellent example of faithful adaptation of the Roman Tuscan order of classical architecture. The necessity of simplifying the architectural detail of the classical orders in order to make the styles practical for small mausoleums requires a thorough knowledge of the style. In this mausoleum, that knowledge is clearly evidenced in the perfection of its proportion and in the fact that the elimination of some members in the entablature from that of the complete Tuscan order is hardly discernible even to the practiced eye. *Designed and produced by Jones Brothers Company, Barre, Vt., and Boston, Mass., for Yunker Memorials, Lansing, Mich., of WELLS-LAMSON SELECT BARRE GRANITE. Erected in Mount Hope Cemetery, Lansing, Mich., of which Harold Leavitt is superintendent. A Guardian Memorial.*



no questions asked and prompt return of repaired or replaced merchandise. Too many consumers have had the unpleasant experience of finding out that the making good on a guarantee meant that the customer must spend more money, enter into argumentative correspondence, and then wait a long time

to receive either the repaired merchandise or a replacement. If it's good business for a man's word to be as good as his bond, it's certainly good business for an advertiser's guarantee to be as good as his word . . . with no quibbling.—Written by D. J. COWEN, in *Printer's Ink*.

## The Best Football Story

A LETTER from Lou Little refreshed our memory about a story which we had forgotten but which Bill Stern, the famous radio sports commentator, calls "the best football story" he ever heard:

Before Lou Little became head coach at Columbia, he occupied a similar post

at Georgetown. One year there was a youngster on the squad who was no great shakes as a football player, but whose personality served as a morale booster for the whole team. Little was deeply fond of the boy. He liked the proud way he walked arm in arm with his father on the campus from time to time.



In  
the  
of  
flor  
pha  
orr  
bel  
me  
a  
cha  
in  
Dra  
me  
Co  
SEL



About a week before the big finale with Fordham, the boy's mother phoned Little. "My husband died this morning," she said. "Will you break the news to my boy? He'll take it better from you."

When the boy came back three days later he begged, "Coach, I want to ask something of you that means an awful lot to me. I want to start in that game against Fordham. I think it's what my father would have liked most."

Little hesitated, then agreed. "O.K., you'll start, but you'll only be in there for a play or two. You aren't quite good enough and you know it." Little started the boy—but never took him out. For sixty full, jarring minutes he played inspired football, running, blocking, and passing like an All-American and sparking the team to victory.

Back in the clubhouse, Little threw his arm around the boy's shoulder, "Son, you were terrific today. You never played that kind of football before. What got into you?"

The boy answered, "Remember how my father and I used to go about arm in arm? There was something about him very few people knew. He didn't

want them to. My father was totally blind. This afternoon was the first time he ever saw me play."

## Additional Lines

FROM far-off Gateshead, England, from our good friend, Hugh Galloway, comes a letter and here's a portion of it:

"Just to let you know I still enjoy THE QUARRIER. Allow me to say that in quoting the epitaph:

"Remember, friends, as you pass by  
As you are now, so once was I;  
As I am now, ere long you'll be:  
Prepare for death and follow me!",

You omitted to add the additional lines scratched at the foot:

"To follow you I'm not content  
Until I know which way you went!"

## No Substitute

A HELPER at a super-service station in Barre was just getting started and as he wanted to impress the boss with his passion for quick courteous service, he never let a motorist do anything for himself. Instead, he would always rush forward and say, "I'll do it for you."

That morning a swell car rolled in, brushed right past the gas pumps and stopped near the air pump. Out stepped a buxom matronly lady. The young and ambitious attendant just hired that day rushed out and said: "Don't get out, lady. I'll do it for you."

The grand lady gave him a freezing look, lifted her chin high in the air, said, "Young man, I believe I can do better myself," and marched with haughty steps straight right to the door marked "Ladies' Rest Room."

In a third group in relation to its ornamental treatment is the RYAN MEMORIAL with the strong horizontal band of flutes interrupted at the center with the nicely treated floral motif. This treatment creates both interest and emphasis to the beautifully proportioned design, and the central ornamental motif leads the eye directly to the name space below. In contrast to the EMMERICH, which has no ornament, and to the DANIEL, in which the ornament forms a balance, the carving of this memorial strengthens the character and direction of the entire composition.—*Erected in Holyhood Cemetery, Brookline, Mass., of which James Driscoll is superintendent. Produced for F. P. Davis Monumental Works, Roslindale, Boston, Mass., by Jones Brothers Company, Barre, Vt. and Boston, Mass., of WELLS-LAMSON SELECT BARRE GRANITE. A Guardian Memorial.*



# Faith is Bunk!

HE prides himself on being a very practical man. Certainly he has been very successful in business. He likes to tell the reasons for his success, and he enumerated some of them before a group of his peers.

"It seems to me," said one of the group, "that you have overlooked faith."

"Bosh!" he exclaimed. "Faith is bunk. A thing either is or it isn't. I believe only in the things you can see."

We wondered. We knew a little about the man and his affairs. He had done all of the following things in the week just past:

He had pressed a light switch without checking up to see if the power company's generators were still running, or if the wires leading into his house were down.

He had stepped on the starter of his car without wondering if there was juice in the battery or gas in the tank.

He had told the station attendant to put in five gallons without asking the city sealer to stand by and measure the exact amount.

He had drunk from a public drinking fountain without demanding a water analysis.

He had made a deposit in his bank. He had taken a note from a friend who said he would pay in six months. He bought a government bond which would not mature for ten years and this is an age of atom bombs.

He had ordered a \$10,000 insurance policy paid to his widow or children without a thought as to whether it would be really paid without him there to supervise it.

He had accepted chairmanship of a community chest drive, knowing that the goal was 30 percent higher than it had ever been before. "We can do it!" he had said in a stirring kick-off speech.

He had ridden in his office elevator a dozen times without once thinking that the power would fail or a cable break.

He had dropped a letter in a mail slot. It never occurred to him that the letter might be lost or stolen or destroyed.

He had been vaccinated because of a smallpox scare.

But, says he, faith is bunk. He is a very practical man.

## Threesome

A VERMONT school principal was trying to make the fundamental doctrines of the Declaration of Independence clear to his class.

"Now, boys," he said, "I will give you each three ordinary buttons. Here they are. You must think of the first one as representing Life; the second as representing Liberty, and the third as representing the Pursuit of Happiness. Next Monday I will ask you each to produce the three buttons and tell me what they represent."

On Monday the teacher said to the youngest member: "Now, Johnny, produce your three buttons and tell me what they stand for."

"I ain't got 'em all," the boy replied, holding out two of the buttons. "Here's Life, an' here's Liberty, but Mama sewed the Pursuit of Happiness on my pants."



# An Executive Has Nothing To Do

**A**S everybody knows, says *Red Book*, an executive has practically nothing to do. That is, except:

To decide what is to be done; to tell somebody to do it, to listen to reasons why it should not be done, why it should be done by somebody else, or why it should be done in a different way, and to prepare arguments in rebuttal that shall be convincing and conclusive—

To follow up to see if the thing has been done; to discover that it has not been done; to listen to excuses from the person who should have done it and did not do it—

To follow up a second time to see if the thing has been done; to discover that it has been done but done incorrectly; to point out how it should have been done; to conclude that as long as it has been done, it may as well be left as is;

to wonder if it is not time to get rid of a person who cannot do a thing correctly; to reflect that the person in fault has a wife and seven children, and that certainly no other executive in the world would put up with him for a moment; and that, in all probability, any successor would be just as bad or worse—

To consider how much simpler and better the thing would have been done had he done it himself in the first place; to reflect sadly that if he had done it himself he would have been able to do it right in twenty minutes, but that as things turned out he himself spent two days trying to find out why it was that it had taken somebody else three weeks to do it wrong; but to realize that such an idea would strike at the very foundation of the belief of all employees that an executive has nothing to do.

## Letter to Ivan Ivanavitch

*Dear Ivan:*

They say—the important people who are supposed to know—that there is going to be a war between your country and my country. While I am only an ordinary man, it does not seem to me that there ever has been a quarrel important enough to justify the killing of perhaps a hundred million people. If you think this kind of talk makes sense let's discuss the situation, just two plain citizens of two great countries.

We Yanks are people, just as you Russians are, with the usual virtues and foibles. We breathe, sleep, eat. We love sometimes—though not as often or as

consistently as we should. Some of us hate sometimes—but we have no hatred for you Russian people. We do not want war. I have never heard that the Russian masses hate us Yanks. I don't believe you do. Then why should we fight?

My government asked an appropriation of many millions of dollars to finance propaganda to inform you about the United States and its people. This seems odd to me. I have never yet paid money to get acquainted with a man. I doubt if I should like a man if I did have to pay money to get acquainted with him. The way for men of good



will to get acquainted is to get together for work and play, to see things together and talk about them and increase mutual understanding. Why can't we get together?

I hear that you are devoted to your communistic form of government. That is all right with me. I like the free enterprise system, because under it my people have found great prosperity and freedom—but I have no desire to thrust it on you. I believe you are a good fellow at heart. You and I have never had any cross words. All the quarreling is being done by our leaders, the supposedly big and wise persons.

A war between our countries would probably ruin them both and leave the world in chaos. You and I and our loved ones might not even live to see this chaos. It would be stupid to let the catastrophe of war happen. Let's talk about good will, and be at peace.

Are you mad at me, Ivan? I'm not mad at you.

Sincerely yours for peace,

A YANK.

## Disillusioned

A NEW YORKER named Millard Hopper is a disillusioned man. Tired of hearing friends brag about their forefathers coming over on the *Mayflower* or trekking to California, Hopper took up the offer of a genealogist and had his ancestry traced. Anxious to confirm the report, he went to the Holland Society, which unearthed the information that his great-grandfather was buried in Greenwood Cemetery in Brooklyn. Records there revealed that the century-old Stephen Merritt funeral parlors had prepared the body for burial, so Hopper

The MACFARLANE MEMORIAL is the most richly treated of the five horizontal types illustrated, yet its strong, straight line architectural treatment, which confines the carving to the vertical end panels and the connecting, horizontal fluted band, has successfully retained in the design a simplicity of general character which gives the memorial pleasing interest. Strength of character in design is enhanced in all of these five memorials by the straight flat-topped dies and all are a welcome variation to the predominant curved-top dies. *Produced for F. P. Davis Mont. Works, Roslindale, Boston, Mass., of WELLS-LAMSON SELECT BARRE GRANITE by the South Barre Granite Co., Barre, Vt. Erected in Forest Hills Cemetery, Jamaica Plain, Mass., of which Henry S. Adams is superintendent.*

wrote them for further information. Within a few days he was advised that his ancestor not only got the "de luxe" \$385 complete funeral back in 1850, but that only \$200 had been paid—and would he please remit \$185?

## For Sure

STOWE, VERMONT, which is now called the Sun Valley of the East, was, only a few years ago, an area of tremendous lumbering operations. While these lumbering operations were at their height, Zeke and Sol were cutting timber when a tree fell on Sol killing him instantly. Zeke ran through the clearing to notify Jim, the boss, who was working some distance away.

"Come quick, Jim," he yelled. "A tree hit Sol and he's dead."

"Sol, you said?"

"Yes, Sol. Come quick. I tell you he's dead."

"You're sure he's dead?"

"Yes, yes, hurry up."

"You're sartin he's dead?"

"Yes. HURRY UP."

"Well, if you're sartin he's dead I guess I'll have a chaw of tobacco."





## Accelerated Fees

A LITTLE girl in Montpelier wanted to earn some extra money for shopping and asked a man who lived next door if she might act as baby-sitter in case he and his wife ever needed the services of one.

The neighbor asked what she charged and she replied she didn't know. He said that the first thing in any business deal was to get up a scale of costs and suggested that she do so. She thanked him and went away but returned soon, handed him a slip of paper and said: "Here's my list of prices."

He read: "Charges for Sitting: sleeping babies—25c; crying babies—35c; wet babies—40c; worse than wet babies—50c."

## Vermont Epitaph

AN EPITAPH in a Vermont cemetery:

FREDERICK MACE

1799-1839

Here lies Fred  
Who was alive and is dead.  
Had it been his father,  
I had much rather;  
Had it been his brother  
Still better than another;  
Had it been his sister,  
No one would have missed her;  
Had it been the whole generation,  
So much better for the nation;  
But since 'tis only Fred  
Who was alive and is dead,  
Why, there's no more to be said.



# QUARRY BLASTS

COURTING and wooing brings dallying and doing.

*Love makes time pass, and time makes love pass.*

Many a checkered career ends in a striped suit.

*The course of two loves never does run smooth.*

Good looking folks run into the most temptations.

*Screening a picture doesn't take the trash out of it.*

A thing of beauty is a joy until it goes in bathing.

*A girl wearing cotton stockings never sees a mouse.*

He who tries to forget a woman has never loved her.

*Soft shoulders have upset many a one-armed driver.*

Some people have tact, and others just tell the truth.

*The girl who swears she's never been kissed has the right to swear.*

He took his girl to the barn dance but got the same old stall.

*Overheard: "I resent these soap commercials which tell me, to music, I stink."*

Girls worry about their hats and their shoes. Between the two there's enough to worry about.

*A girl we like is Jennie Penn,  
She's heard the joke, but laughs again.*

An artist's model is a girl who only works when the boss is looking.

*Roses are red  
Violets are blue  
Raindrops on the roof  
Remind me of you . . . drip.*

Nudist: A guy who has less pocket space than a sailor.

*A halo has to fall only a few inches to become a noose.*



Inflation---When you can't  
keep a good price down.



Being married saves a man a lot of time  
making up his mind about things.