

QUARRIER
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QUARRIER



People who live in glass
houses might as well
answer the door bell.

THE WELLS-LAMSON

Edited
MAURICE

THE WELLS-LAMSON QUARRY

VOLUME XIV

Memorial Day the Year Around

It is not only certain marked improvements in the appearance and conduct of the cemetery itself, but a changed attitude of people in general toward the memorial idea that should encourage us greatly this year, for besides arresting beauty on every hand in tributes and landscape alike, there are unmistakable signs of a trend in the direction of deeper memorial understanding and appreciation.

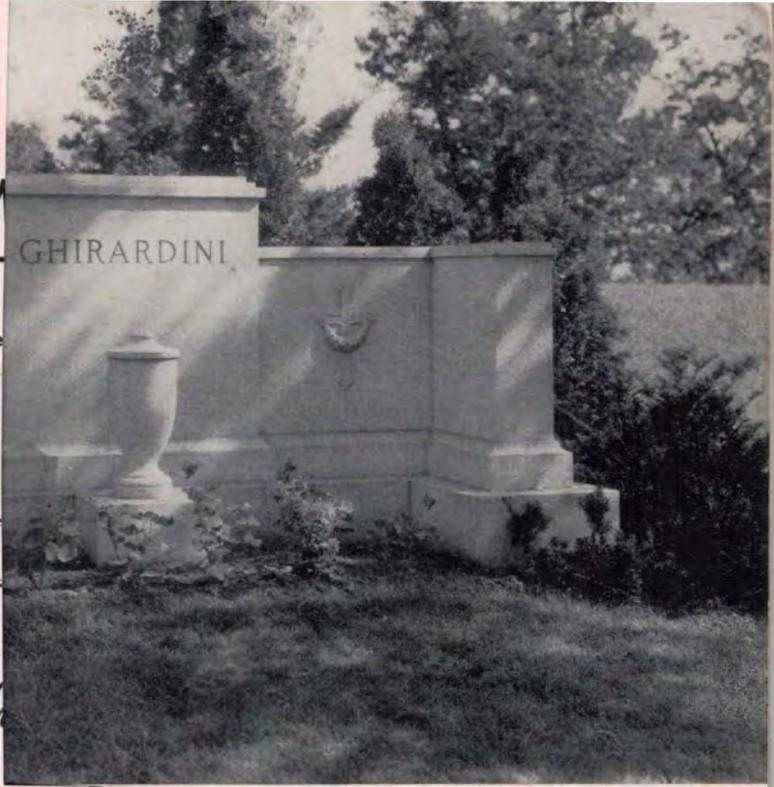
While Memorial Day is truly a focal point for remembering and will always be a time when civic commemorations are observed in great number, there is increasing evidence that we of today never feel dissociated with those of yesterday, but often meditate reverently in places set apart to their memory.

A walk in the cemetery on Mother's Day, for example, opens one's eyes to the

quiet reverence that exists at the heart of things even in our noisy and apparently thoughtless generation. No, we do not break the ties that have given life its real meaning and dignity, and something in us cries out for communion in the realm of the spirit.

Many indications of personal pride will be noted in our cemeteries these days and every visit we make will reveal signs of an inner desire to do little tasks of upkeep—some one planting a few seedlings here, pulling a weed every now and then, training a bit of vine—all symbolic of small intimate services it is not now possible to render directly.

Truly we have gone a long way in making the resting places of our loved ones suggest hope and joy and endless growth; but after all, we have only just begun, for the exquisite is limited only by our ability to vision it and labor for it.



GHIRARDINI

Of great importance to any large memorial is its relation to the setting or background. The GHIRARDINI MEMORIAL, without its background setting of evergreens, would have but slight interest to the passerby. In design this memorial carries out the renaissance tradition, both in proportion and detail. The simplicity of the moulded treatment creates sturdiness of character and concentrates the interest in the form and mass.—*Furnished for Tutton Bros., W. Medford, Mass., by Jones Brothers Co., Barre, Vt., and Boston, Mass. Copyrighted by Jones Brothers Co. and erected in Wildwood Cemetery, Winchester, Mass. WELLS-LAMSON SELECT BARRE GRANITE. A Guardian Memorial.*

Thrifty

A NEW YORK funeral director walked up to a railroad ticket window and asked the fare between New York and Atlanta for a corpse and the required escort, round trip. The agent quoted the fare and the mortician, after thinking it over a moment, said, "Good, let's have it." He then confided: "I'll send the body down and it'll cost the family less than it would take for fifteen relatives down there to come north for the funeral." So he shipped the body to Georgia for funeral services and had it brought back to New York for burial.

'Round and 'Round

I shot a joke into the air:
It was reprinted everywhere.
In *Podunk News* last week I read it
But *London Chit-Chat* had the credit.
Just let them steal it, if they please—
I swiped it from old Sophocles.
And Sophocles, beyond a doubt
Had turned it 'round and sent it out.

Grim Reaper

AN INTERESTING bit of data on the Grim Reaper, by Sir William Osler, that might prove edifying to you is this:

"The popular belief that however careless a man may be while living, he is appalled at the prospect of death, is erroneous. I have careful records of about 500 deathbeds studied, particularly with reference to the sensations of the dying. Ninety suffered bodily pain or distress of one sort or another; eleven showed mental apprehension; two positive terror; one expressed spiritual exaltation; one bitter remorse. The great majority gave no sign one way or another. Like their birth, their death was a sleep and a forgetting.

Going Up?

In days of yore, the fathers told
Their sons, when they were young,
"The ladders of success are climbed
Quite slowly, rung by rung."

But youth today gives little heed
To precepts of their paters,
And thinks the ladders of success
Perform like escalators!



Personal Relations

THE WORLD IS GOING TO POT in more ways than one, says Harry Simmons in *Printers' Ink*.

Indifference, carelessness and disdain have forced their way into the orchestra pit—while courtesy, decency and moral obligation have been relegated to the back of the house.

There was a time when a man's word meant something. When a man's promise was as good as a bond. When a man had the guts to say "Yes" or "No" when he meant "Yes" or "No."

Once upon a time a letter to an executive, or even to an assistant, produced at least the courtesy of an acknowledgment to say nothing of a simple desire to be helpful.

There was a time—in the dim pre-war past—when one could work with a man and be aware of some semblance of moral obligation in his makeup.

In those days, the man who failed to observe the decent amenities of daily business intercourse was just as rare and just as much an outcast as the boor who acted the cad in his social circle.

But in these days of post-world-war-II, conditions are completely reversed. Today it is a rare experience to find a man with a dynamic sense of business justice or even an average feeling of social obligation, no matter how low the average may be. After all, it takes a big man to accord the same courtesy to a little fellow that the little fellow would accord a big man. Big men are few and far between despite the high-powered titles of some of our business executives.

Call it post-war unrest or selfishness; call it a natural reaction to the turbulence of peacetime readjustment; call it a pathological disturbance of our mental processes; or call it plain, calloused in-

difference to the rights of man and the just desserts of human beings—by any name it is just common ordinary discourtesy, pure and simple impoliteness, a complete lack of manners, whether social or business.

What many of us need in this lackadaisical peace-fighting world is a Director of *Personal Relations*, some holier-than-thou divinity in a mile-high ivory tower, who can lift us back on the road to personal dignity, self-respect, and day-to-day human relations with our brothers-in-grievance.

Preachers of the gospel in any cathedral, church or temple might well discuss this trend of carelessness and indifference in our daily lives. They might preach, regret and deplore to their weekly congregations. But who is to bring it home to our business executives, to our men in high places of whom great performance is properly expected?

Truly, each of us needs a Director of *Personal Relations* to stir the "still small voice" within us!

Inside Out

AT 5 A.M. the sleepy night clerk in the Hotel Barre answered a buzz from a house phone. An intoxicated man demanded, "What time doesh the bar open?"

"At eleven o'clock," the clerk replied with forced politeness.

He called again at six and again at seven with the same question, so the clerk said: "Just a minute, sir, I'll let you speak to Mr. Dodge, the manager."

Buzzing Mr. Dodge, the night clerk said, "There's a drunk somewhere in the hotel. He's been pestering me for two or three hours. Will you tell him off?"

"Good morning," the manager began gruffly, "you . . ."

"Good morning yourself,—shay when does the bar open?"

"Say, you," exploded Dodge, "let me tell you something. You're the kind of pest whose business we don't cater to. Just lay off . . . we don't care if you ever get into our bar room."

"Get into your bar room?" The drunk was mad too. "Shay, mister, I'm already here. I'm trying to get out."

Really Cold

THESE COLD temperatures which New England has been experiencing the past few weeks brought forth a crack from our friend, Billy B. Van, the noted actor and radio artist.

Someone asked Billy how cold it was at his place the night previous and he replied:

"I was doing the chores in the barn and rested the broom against the thermometer. The next morning the mercury had dropped two feet down the broom handle."

Streamlined

A HIGH-PRICED playwright went to Hollywood and was given a plushy office, a salary of \$5000 a week and orders to pound out a streamlined drama with religion, high society, dramatic surprise, action, and sex. Ten minutes later he walked into the producer's office with the finished product. The astonished producer picked up the page and read: "My God," cried the Duchess to the Bishop, "please stop pinching my leg or I'll slug you!"

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Here Goes

IN a city in the southern section of Vermont, there lived immediately adjacent to the Catholic Church and rectory three very staunch Methodists. Finding the priest very congenial and having

BRADFORD

This little monolith, which seems to nestle into its setting of evergreens, is a most interesting example of the beauty produced through surface texture. No attempt has been made to attain perfect evenness in the coarse tooled finish and the resulting irregularity of surface produces a character which suits admirably the setting. Softened edges and graceful contour are also harmonious with the textured surface. The sharply defined carving and name panel create a pleasing note of contrast to the finish and profile.—*Furnished Patten Mont. Co., Grand Rapids, Mich., by Jones Brothers Co., Barre, Vt., and Boston, Mass. Erected in Woodlawn Cemetery, Grand Rapids, of which Mr. Neil Schram is superintendent. Design copyrighted by Jones Bros. Co. and produced in WELLS-LAMSON SELECT BARRE GRANITE. A Guardian Memorial.*

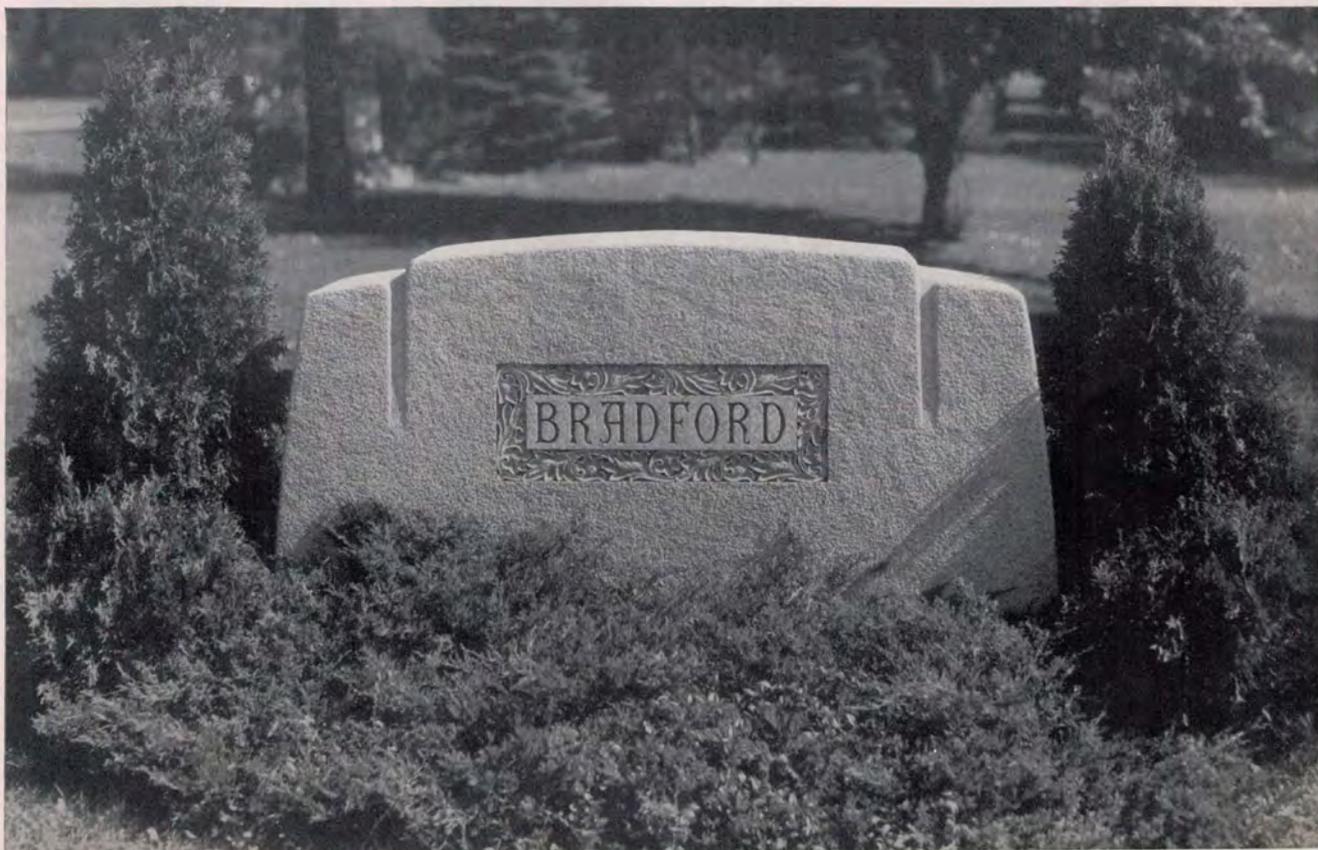
common interests, the three Methodists and the priest became fast friends. They fished, hunted and golfed together.

One morning the three Methodists decided to surprise their friend by attending mass. The service had already begun when they entered and the church was packed to the doors.

The priest, spying his three friends, whispered to the altar boy, "See that someone gets three chairs for those Methodists." Nothing happened and again the priest repeated his request.

The altar boy looked at the priest blankly for a moment, then shrugged and said, "I don't exactly understand this, but if that's the way the Father wants it, it's all right with me, so here goes—."

Then, waving his right hand, he called, "Three cheers for the Methodists!"



Democracy

A GOOD friend, a general on duty in Japan, wrote the story of a visit to Tokyo last winter to General MacArthur by General Derevyanko, Russian chief on the Allied Council. It was the eve of the threatened general strike of government workers—Communist-led. General Derevyanko is reported to have said, "Sir, on behalf of the Soviet Government I wish to protest your intention of forbidding the general strike. We are here to democratize Japan, and

the first right in a democracy is the right to strike."

General MacArthur replied, "Since when has the Soviet Government permitted strikes of its government workers?"

The Russian took refuge in dramatic indignation: "Sir, you insult my government!"

General MacArthur turned to the interpreter and said, "Just tell him the Russian word for 'baloney.'"

Interference

ORDINARILY we can let Vermont and New Hampshire work out their family disputes without interference, says an editor of *The Wall Street Journal*. It is fortunate, of course, that the Connecticut River decided to make its course between the two northern colonies. There's something about frontier living that engenders horny-handed individuality and deep-rooted folklore traditions. Pioneers in high latitudes need independence and courage. The Green Mountain lads and Granite Staters have been a feudin' and a fussin' for generations.

But this contemporaneous controversy transcends state lines. After weighing all the factors and balancing rival claims, this correspondent throws his lot with the Vermonters. Both frontier groups agree that long ones are essential in arctic areas, but New Hampshire prefers the kind that are separate. Their long drawers have loops through which one can put his suspender hitches, to be sure. The

Vermonters insist that one-piece affairs are most logical. When a man is bucking wood or doing the evening milking, it's irritating to have shirt and drawers draw apart around the equatorial region. A one-piece suit gives comfort and confidence. We feel the Vermonters are right in this argument and hope New Hampshire men will not hold an intransigent attitude. Long ones in one piece are definitely more efficient from September to May.

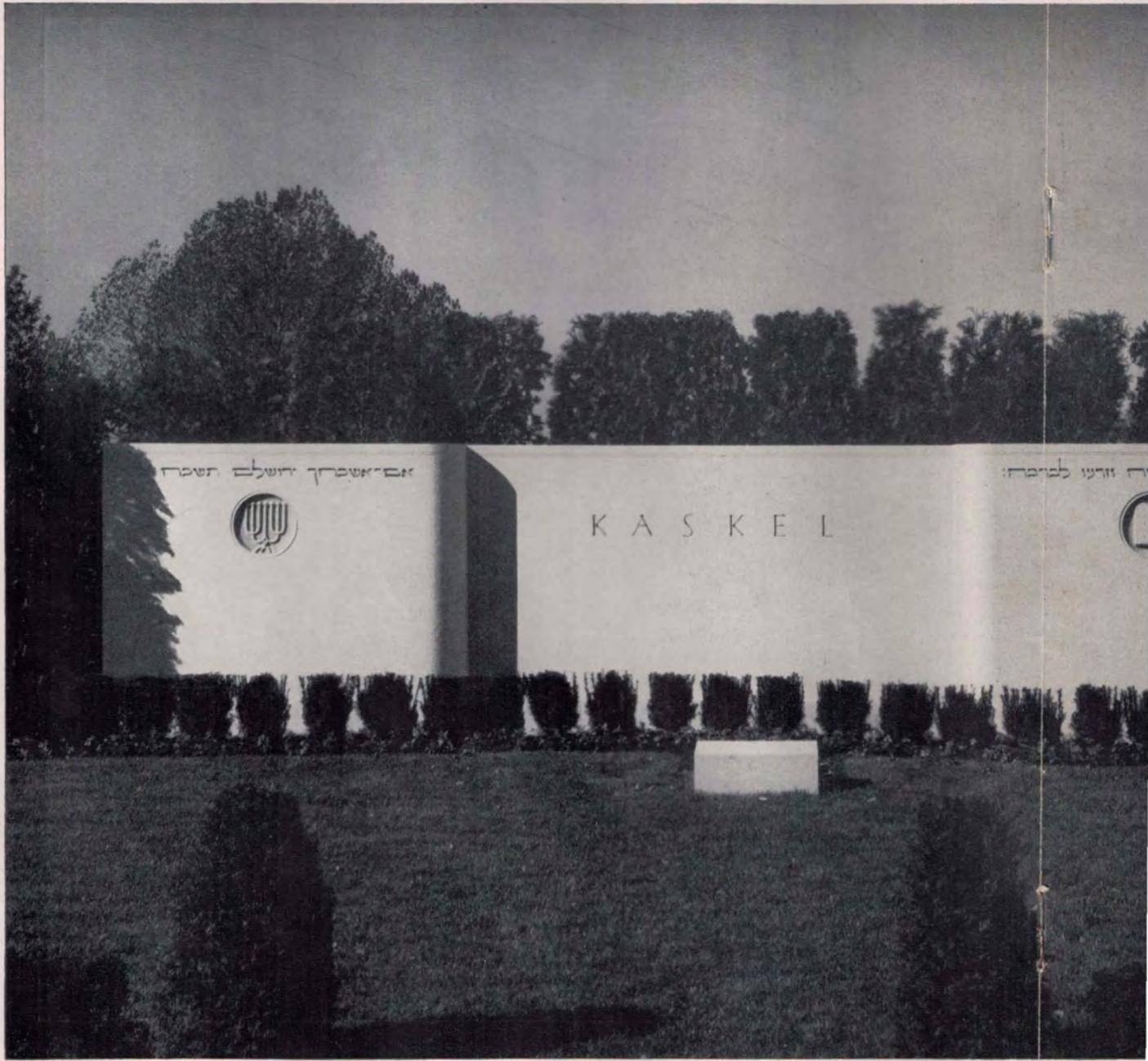
Easter Story

A SMALL BOY two days after Easter told us this experience, "Papa and Mamma painted some real pretty Easter eggs for Sis and hid them in the henhouse so she wouldn't find them. Then old Cocky, the rooster, came along and took one look, dashed over the fence into the next yard and kicked the daylight out of the peacock."



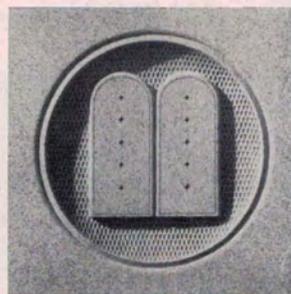
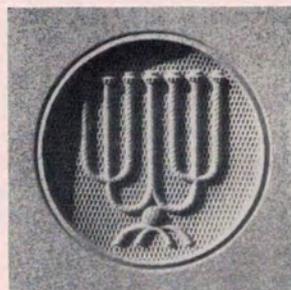
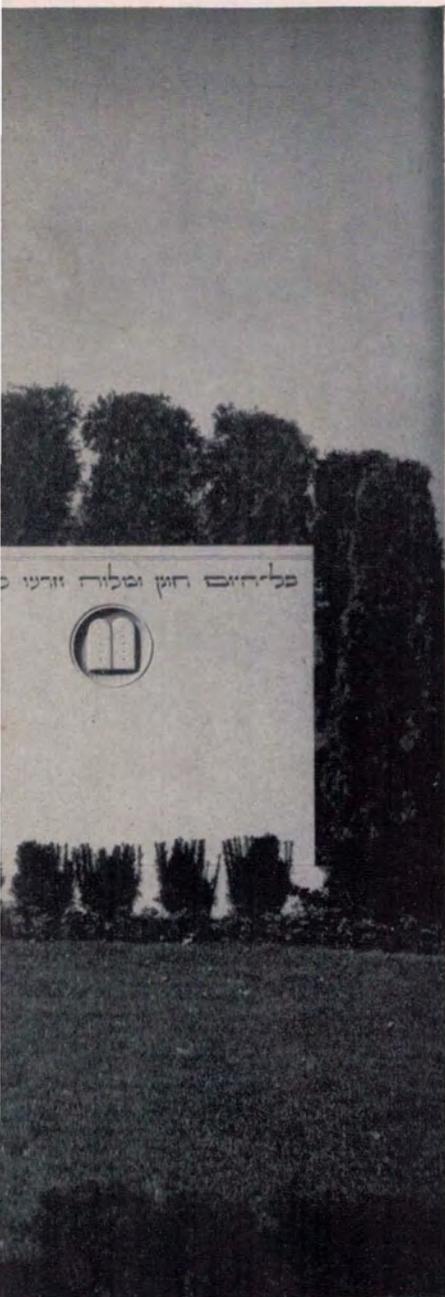
KENNEDY

Twenty years ago many designers and architects insisted that the modern trend in design was a fad destined for a short life, and that there would soon be a return to the following of old precedence and tradition. Since then modern design has gone through many phases but has continued to be the prevailing trend in design. The KENNEDY MEMORIAL illustrates a phase of design that developed from the skyscraper design of the twenties and thirties. This form, with its receding planes and set-backs toward the top, has lent itself admirably to the vertical tablet form in memorials and the KENNEDY is an outstanding example of this style executed with expert feeling for proportion and detail. The character of the die is nicely reflected in the form of the urns, creating a harmonious modern character throughout.—Erected in Forest Hill Cemetery Shelbyville, Ind., of which Mr. Sheldon Keith is superintendent. Produced by Jones Brothers Co., Barre, Vt., and Boston, Mass., for Joseph C. Baxter, Shelbyville, Ind. A Guardian Memorial. WELLS-LAMSON SELECT BARRE GRANITE.



KASKEL

The beautiful KASKEL MEMORIAL forms an interesting comparison in the trend in modern designs with that of the KENNEDY, illustrated on another page of this issue. The KASKEL MEMORIAL, erected within the last year, illustrates the present trend toward greater simplicity and emphasis on mass and surface rather than detail. The hand of the master designer is apparent in the perfection of proportion and in the excellent advantage taken of the play of sunlight upon the curved plains of the wings to create emphasis and



character, and there is particular interest in the arrangement and design of the Hebrew inscriptions which have been handled in a superb manner, so as to create a decorative motif across the wings. Insets show in greater detail the unique and excellent handling of the two carved medallions which are cut on the wings of this memorial.—Furnished by Jones Brothers Co., Barre, Vt., and Boston, Mass., for Emanuel Neubrunn, New York, N. Y. Erected in Beth David Cemetery, Elmont, N. Y., of which Mr. George Gemski is superintendent. Copyrighted design by Emanuel Neubrunn. WELLS-LAMSON SELECT BARRE GRANITE. A Guardian Memorial.

The Customer

. . . the most important person ever
in this office

☆ *The customer is not dependent upon you—you are dependent upon him.*

☆ *The customer is not an interruption of your work—he is the purpose of it. You are not doing him a favor by serving him—he is doing you a favor by giving you the opportunity to do so.*

☆ *The customer is not a rank outsider to your business—he is part of it.*

☆ *The customer is not a cold statistic—he is a flesh-and-blood human being with feelings and emotions like your own, with prejudices and biases—even though he may have a deficiency of certain “vitamins” which you think important.*

☆ *The customer is not someone to argue with or match wits against—nobody ever won an argument with a customer even though they may have *thought* they did.*

☆ THE CUSTOMER IS A PERSON WHO BRINGS US HIS WANTS. IF WE HAVE SUFFICIENT IMAGINATION WE WILL ENDEAVOR TO HANDLE THEM PROFITABLY TO HIM AND TO OURSELVES.

A framed copy of the above hangs in a friend's office.

Etiquette

A MONTPELIER housewife answered the doorbell to find a girl of five and her younger brother, relatively new at walking, both standing on the step. The little girl was all dolled up in an old formal of her mother's and a grown-up hat. Her little brother was wearing one of his father's hats that wobbled on his head and an older brother's coat that hung almost to the walk.

"I am Mrs. Smith," said the little girl in a very formal tone, "and this is my husband, Mr. Smith. We've come to call."

The woman who had answered the call decided to play along with the youngsters and their act so she invited "Mr. and Mrs. Smith" in for tea.

The kids walked in and sat down and the hostess went immediately to the kitchen for some cookies and milk.

When she returned the callers were already headed for the front door. "Must you go so soon?" asked the hostess. "I had hoped you could stay for tea."

The little girl tossed back an artificial smile. "We can't, thank you," she said pleasantly, "Mr. Smith just wet his pants."

Slow Melting Kind

THE pastor of a little church in Vermont was famous for the fact that every one of his sermons lasted exactly 22 minutes. Then one unfortunate Sunday the sermon lasted three-quarters of an hour.

At dinner his mortified wife asked him what had gone amiss.

"It was one of those things," said the pastor moodily. "My secret device was to slide a cough drop under my tongue just before beginning the sermon. It melted in exactly 22 minutes. Then I knew it was time to stop. This morning I was talking for over 40 minutes before I realized my cough drop was a suspender button."

GOLDSMITH

The creating of a garden-like setting frequently poses a greater problem in design and selection of type for the memorial than that of most any other form of cemetery lot development. The bird bath and seat in this illustration produce interesting harmony of design without the monotony of repetition of carving or detail so common to the combination of two or more components in the garden setting. The bird bath which is modern in character and detail is yet in good keeping with the more classical detail and form of the bench.

—Erected in Adath Jeshurun Cemetery, West Roxbury, Mass., of which Mr. A. Heidleman is superintendent. Produced for F. P. Davis Monument Works, Roslindale, Boston, Mass., of WELLS-LAMSON SELECT BARRE GRANITE by the South Barre Granite Co., Barre, Vt.



Woe is Man!

THE other day we came across those well-known words of Robert Quillen and they were so refreshing they're being passed on to you:

Man is of few days and full of trouble. He laboreth all the days of his youth to pay for a gasoline chariot, and when at last the task is finished, lo! the thing is junk and he needeth another. He planteth cotton in the earth and tilleth it diligently . . . and when the harvest is gathered into barns, he oweth the landlord \$8.40 more than the crop is worth. He borroweth money from the lenders to buy pork and syrup and gasoline and the interest eateth up all that he hath. He begets sons and educateth them to smoke cigarettes and wear a white collar, and lo! they have soft hands and neither labor in the field nor anywhere under the sun.

The children of his loins are ornery and one of them becometh a lawyer and another sticketh up a filling station and maketh whoopee with the substance thereof. The wife of his bosom necketh with a stranger and when he rebukes her, lo! she shooteth him in the finale. He goeth forth in the morning on the road that leadeth to the city and a jitney smiteth him so that his ribs project through his epidermis. He drinketh a drink of whoopee juice to forget his sorrows and burneth the lining from his liver. All the days of his life he findeth no parking place and is tormented by traffic cops from his going forth until he cometh back. An enemy stealeth his car; physicians remove his inner parts and his teeth and his bank roll; his arteries hardeneth in the evening of life and his heart busteth trying to keep pace.

Sorrow and bill collectors followeth him all the days of his life, and when he is gathered to his fathers the neighbors sayeth: "How much did he leave? Lo! he hath left it all, and his widow rejoiceth in a new couple and maketh eyes at a young sheik that slicketh his hair and playeth a nifty game of bridge." Woe is man! From the day of his birth to the time when earth knoweth him no more, he laboreth for bread and catcheth the devil. Dust he was in the beginning and his name is mud.

Grasping

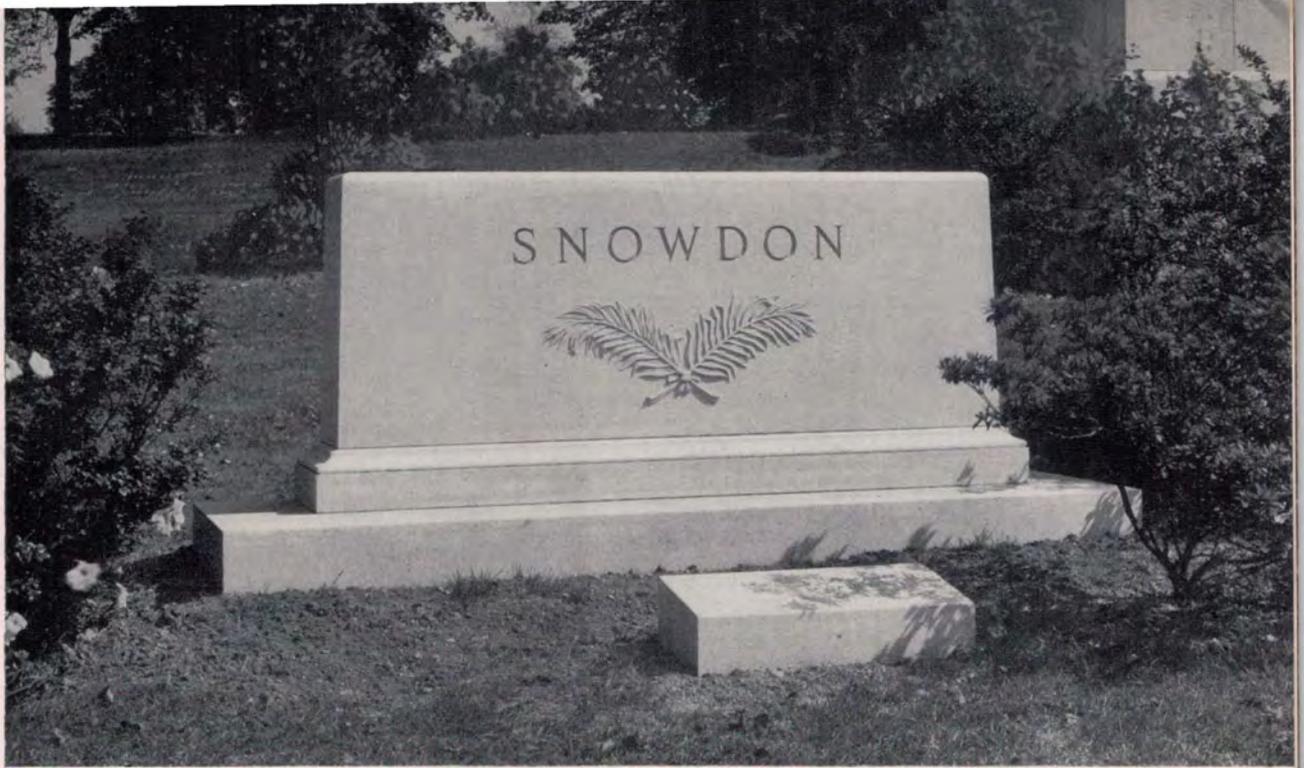
A GERMAN who still had his bicycle, only because it was so rusty, battered and creaking, was riding down the Kurfuerstendamm, his arms folded. A Russian on a shining, smoothly operating bicycle, equipped with bell, tail light, special seat, richly colored mud guards and rear view mirror, swept past. As he went by, he looked over and saw that the German was riding without using his hands.

"Give me your bicycle," he ordered. "I demand an exchange."

The suggestion was unbelievable. The German was speechless.

"Get off," insisted the Russian. The German obeyed. "Take my bicycle." The German did. Then, suddenly, in fear, he pedaled rapidly away.

The Russian mounted the wreck, began to pedal, folded his arms, and crashed to the ground. He tried again, and fell again. He was last seen kicking at the ancient bicycle, shouting something at it in Russian.



SNOWDON

The beauty of pure classic proportion, detail, and character are exemplified in the SNOWDON MEMORIAL. The excellent proportion of the die and the perfect relation of bases and moulds, one to another, show true feeling upon the part of the designer. Of special note is the placing of the palm leaf motif so as to give greatest prominence to the name without the incorporation of oversized letters.—Produced by Jones Brothers Company, Barre, Vt., and Boston, Mass., of WELLS-LAMSON SELECT BARRE GRANITE for Campbell-Hovigan Co., Pittsburgh, Pa. Erected in Homewood Cemetery, Pittsburgh, Pa., of which Mr. Sabin Bolton, Jr., is general manager. A Guardian Memorial.

Pride

WHILE eating breakfast at the Hotel Barre recently, a man with a merry eye sat down at a nearby table.

"Tell me," he asked the waitress, "what do people in Vermont have for breakfast?"

"They eat the same things everybody else does," the waitress chuckled, "but before they do, they lean back and say, 'Thank God, I'm in Vermont.'"

All is Fair in Love and . . .

FOR the preservation of the fearful bachelor, a friend sets forth these simple rules:

1. Stay away from crowds.
2. Avoid being caught alone. In certain neighborhoods it is better for bachelors to travel in pairs, or better yet, in threes. (See Rule 1 above, remembering that three is a crowd.)
3. Hibernate like a bear throughout 1948.
4. Refuse to answer any question in the affirmative without the advice of your lawyer.
5. Eat garlic twice a day.
6. Drop dead.

The Hanging of Comrade Abe

THIS is a story about how Abraham Lincoln revisited America, fell into the clutches of reaction, and ended up as a victim of a lynching bee—all in the interests of international propaganda and ill-will. The fable comes from a Moscow radio broadcast in English, beamed to North America, January 5, and publicized by *Newsweek*:

A statue of Lincoln stepped down from its pedestal in an unnamed New England village. The President started off his return to life by asking a small boy what he knew of Lincoln. "That car has gone out of style; Buicks are much better." Lincoln replied that he hoped "President Buick is serving his nation well."

Honest Abe then met up with a film producer who wanted him to play the part of Lincoln in a Civil War picture, to be called "The Plague from Across the Ocean," or perhaps, "They Knew a Thing or Two About Girls." The film endowed Lincoln with a mistress—"a cute little mulatto"—and its general theme was the treacherousness and cowardice of the Union Armies, made up of "workers, immigrants, revolutionaries." The producer overrode Lincoln's protests, saying: "It never hurts in a good American film to throw a little mud at foreigners, revolutionaries, and Russians. We're going to show that Russia wanted to take advantage of the war, in order to seize both the North and the South in the excitement . . . Who in Hollywood today cares anything about showing Russian policy in the true light?"

Lincoln called the director a scoundrel and a profligate and was dragged into court for his pains. The judge would not

listen to his defense, which was that the director had insulted him by the invitation to take part in a distortion of history. Lincoln got nine months.

He escaped and went to the railway station. Just as he arrived, a young man jumped under a train—the first American crushed by the Freedom Train. The suicide had left a note: "I fought honestly in the army of my country all during the war. At the front I met the Russians. I saw that they are grand fellows, brave soldiers, and our sincere friends . . . yesterday Mr. Rankin, of the UnAmerican Activities Committee, threw me out of my job for telling the truth about the Russians."

So Lincoln rushed off to Washington to the President, the Chief Justice, and Congress. The President was too busy dispatching reinforcements to the Greek, Turkish and Chinese reactionaries to waste time on his predecessor. The Chief Justice had heard of Lincoln and gave him a little time, but assured him there was nothing wrong with the activities of Thomas and Rankin . . .

The Great Emancipator then went to a southern town. A new sheriff was being elected but Lincoln could find only white people at the polls, although half the population was Negro. Finally, he did see a young Negro veteran and his wife trying to enter a polling booth. A mob jumped them and Lincoln came to their rescue. He was hanged alongside the Negro. Overnight he turned back into a statue and the townspeople recognized him in this form, through the tar and feathers. The only person who seems to have gained anything out of the episode was the manufacturer of the rope

with which Lincoln was hanged. He was given the monopoly for deliveries to China, Greece, and Turkey and told to prepare a load for dispatch to France.

At the end of the broadcast the Russian woman announcer said that what started out to be a legend sounded like the truth. "Yes," replied a male announcer. "That is America today and there you are—take it or leave it."

Oh, Water Boy!

JIM WORMS was a drunkard, but his friends hoped that it was not too late to save him. They accordingly decided upon a desperate expedient. Instead of supplying him with money, wherewith to purchase liquor, they gave him a lot of marked beans which, by pre-arrangement, would be accepted as legal tender in certain shops for the purchase of sweets and fruits. But, of course, not for intoxicants.

But Jim was a sly devil. It was a hot summer and there was a great hydrophobia fear abroad at the time. Jim remembered that there was a common superstition that a mad dog would bark at water. So the thirsty fellow went into a bar and ordered whiskey. He gulped down the whiskey, and then proceeded to growl and bark at the glass of water that had been served with it.

"Here, clear out," the bartender cried in alarm. "You've got that hydrophobia for sure. Git out! Don't mind about the money."

The drunkard saw his chance, and tried the trick in several other bars, and with the same happy result. However, he finally became so drunk that he com-

mitted a fatal error—in one of the bars he drank the water and barked at the whiskey. And, further, when he made this mistake, he was back in the bar where he had first set his scheme in operation.

"Oh, so it's you again!" the bartender screamed. "And you have no money?"

And with that he summoned the bouncer of the place and had the drunk cast into outer darkness. The boozier landed on a little dog, which began to bark furiously.

Opening one eye, the drunk regarded his canine adversely.

"'Tain't no good, sonny," the lush giggled. "I've tried that trick a'ready."

It may be an anti-climax, but an Englishman who was told this story, soberly inquired, "Tell me, Cyril, was it the gentleman's own little dog?"

AC vs. DC

AN ECCENTRIC old codger made a pet of an electric eel. For months he sat enthralled while his pet sent sparks flying around the room, but one day the electric eel refused to function, and curled up disconsolately in a corner of its tank. The old man diagnosed the malady as loneliness and set about finding his eel a mate.

After a long search, he finally located a female electric eel and plopped it into his pet's tank. The reaction was immediate and the room vibrated with electricity. Just as quickly, however, the male eel ceased generating. It turned angrily to its owner. "You darn fool," it grumbled, "you know very well that I am AC. This dame is DC."

QUARRY BLASTS

THIRTY: When a woman's youth changes from present tense to pretense.

Mary had a little wolf and fleeced him white as snow.

The girls should remember that it takes 4 springs to make 1 leap year.

It's an illusion that grandma had more clothes than the modern girl. She just put them all on.

Rheumatism keeps many people on the right path of life.

Some modern architect is going to design a home that consists of a garage, putting green and a bedroom.

It's hard to sow wild oats and be in clover.

New Look: You look twice as long to see half as much.

It takes a lot of experience for a girl to kiss like a beginner.

He took it like a man—blamed his wife.

A kiss is a noun . . . it's both proper and common . . . except when it gets too common . . . then it is improper.

A widower is a man who yearns to get married again and take a new leash on life.

Headline of divorce story in *New York Daily Mirror*: "Too Much Scotch and Sofa."

*A dashing young fellow named Joe
Has lost all his happy glow.
He used to be sunny,
He had lots of money—
But that was two blondes ago.*

She was tried and found wanton.

It doesn't take a widow more than three months to slash unnecessary overhead expense, even though she's well-beeled.

Familiarity breeds contemplation.

Just because a man is 'feeling his oats' is no sign that he is about to show some horse sense.

A lost week-end is the shortest distance between two pints.

Any girl can handle the beast in a man if she's cagey enough.

Evening dress: A dress that's more gone than gown.

Baby sitter: One who accepts bush money.

Good girl: One who keeps her head when she loses her heart.

Babies: Just a bunch of newlywets.

*Hindsight shows you
how a mistake looks
from the rear. . . .*

Every man should keep a fair-
sized cemetery in which to bury
the faults of his friends. . . .