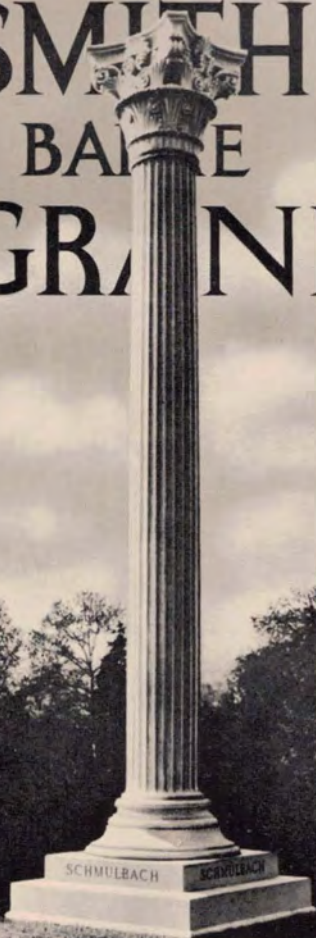


# THE "TWO-STAR" MESSAGE



MEDIUM OF THE MASTERS

# SMITH BARRE GRANITE



## FOREWORD

The essays collected in this booklet originally appeared in various magazines. They dramatically visualize the role that sentiment plays in the American way of life; and they persuasively plead for sentiment and a common-sense precaution against an inevitable eventuality.

The essays are reprinted at the request of attorneys, trust-officers, cemetery executives, memorialists and others who constantly witness the needless distress inflicted upon the bereaved by our indifference or procrastination in providing an indispensable necessity—the family resting place.

The essays are *not* copyrighted. They may be quoted in whole or in part. Additional copies of this booklet may be obtained upon request, although the edition is limited.

The quarriers of Smith-Barre Granite, who sponsored publication of the essays, take this means of acknowledging with gratitude the letters, editorials and articles which the essays invoked. If these essays can play some part in educating the American people to appreciate the sociological mission of beauty in the cemetery, and to realize the peace of mind gained by making a sensible provision against the inevitable, then the sponsors shall feel richly rewarded for the time and effort they have devoted to the compilation and publication of this booklet.

E. L. SMITH & Co.,  
Barre, Vermont.



## WHY B & O TRAIN No. 10 WAS LATE ON THE NIGHT OF DECEMBER 13th

ON THE night of December 13th, B & O train No. 10 left Pittsburgh on time. Train No. 10 is the "Shenandoah" running a tight schedule between Chicago and New York. Like all B & O trains, the "Shenandoah" is proud of its on-time service. With a clear right-of-way on the fast run to Washington, No. 10 was roaring into full speed when the engineer suddenly slammed the throttle and applied his brakes. A *flag stop* signal was set against the "Shenandoah" at Braddock, a suburban station!

The engineer of No. 10 was perhaps a bit impatient when, leaning far out of the cab window, he saw a single passenger board the train. But presently, through the din of escaping steam, he heard a voice. It was the station master, handing up a special order. The engineer caught a few words of explanation. They were enough. Three long blasts of the whistle; a signal from the brakeman; and No. 10 gathered headway on a record run to Confluence, a little way station seventy miles beyond in the mountains and the darkness.

The man at the throttle of the "Shenandoah" was no longer vexed by the delay at Braddock. It made no difference now that time would be lost by another unscheduled stop at Confluence. Something infinitely more important than on-time service and efficiency was now at stake. And as the veteran engineer grimly set himself to the task of making time, he well knew that passengers and officials alike would share his one and only objective when they learned that No. 10 was now plunging through the night on a mission of mercy!

Here is the letter the B & O received a few days later. It is a factual and unemotional letter, characteristic of men whose profession steels them against excitability; but it is a letter that belongs in the archives of railway service, a tribute to the quick and human compassion of a great railway system:

"Late on the evening of December 13th, I was called by telephone to come to the hospital at Confluence, Pa., to operate on a young boy who had been accidentally shot through the abdomen. There was no train scheduled to stop at Braddock but through the efforts of your ticket agent he had No. 10 stop for me at Braddock and let me off at Confluence. The boy was operated on promptly and made a fine recovery.

—J. D. Smith, M.D.

A mighty monarch of the rails, pausing in its invincible flight to help a suffering lad!

Exceptional, this story? Don't you believe it!

By day and by night; on land and sea and in the sky, the soul of America reaches out to those who suffer and sorrow. We may be slaves to time and efficiency; we may be restless and impatient in the energetic pursuit of our affairs, but like the Engineer of No. 10 we are quick with mercy and sincere in our compassion.

*Consideration for others* remains the corner stone of the American ideology!

Here is a fact that few of us know. It is a striking refutation of our "materialism." We Americans are not given to morbidity and sentimentality and yet we lead the world in the *beauty* and *endowed permanence* of our cemeteries! Nor is that all.

We not only safeguard our families in life but, with *consideration for others*, we sensibly anticipate the inevitable by making provision for a family resting place or a family mausoleum long in advance of any need! We do this not for material gain. We do it solely to protect the family from an unnecessary burden in the hour of sorrow! We are actuated by consideration for others!

If this is *materialism*, then just *what* is love?





Latitude  $41^{\circ}46'N$  Longitude  $50^{\circ}14'W$

April 14th

THE officer of the deck has just verified the time. In a few minutes it will be two o'clock, four bells of the afternoon watch. The *Pontchartrain* is approaching latitude  $41^{\circ}46'$ , longitude  $50^{\circ}14'$  west off the coast of Newfoundland. At four bells, according to orders of the day, the crew is to be mustered aft in dress blue.

"Four Bells!"

The navigating officer reaches for the engine order telegraph. Below in the engine room the clang of a gong brings the engines to a stop. Silence settles down upon the vessel.

A bugle sounds. The ensign is dipped and above it is placed the church pennant, the only flag that ever flies above the Stars and Stripes. Aft and facing the sea, the crew is standing at rigid attention.

Presently the commander steps forward toward the rail. There is a prayer book in his hand. Beside him stands a seaman. He is holding a large wreath. From the Book of Common Prayer the commander reads the committal service for the burial of the dead at sea. As the bugle sounds the plaintive notes of "taps," the seaman steps forward and gently tosses the wreath upon the icy waters of the north Atlantic.

The church pennant and ensign are dipped and again the Stars and Stripes alone are up. Solemnly the *Pontchartrain* swings about and resumes her way, her vigil of the sea, her quest of the monstrous menace of the sea—the iceberg.

Each year on April 14th, the *Pontchartrain* or one of her sister ships of the ice patrol performs this ritual at the site of the *Titanic* disaster. It is a ritual of sentiment, a ceremony of respect for the 1500 souls who perished in that awesome tragedy. But it is more than a ritual. It is a symbol. It is a symbol of the vigilance with which the United States Coast Guard has patrolled these hazardous waters for mankind ever since the *Titanic* disaster.

Sentiment, Commemoration, Protection! How typically American is this ceremony at sea! And yet, how many of us really understand the *practical* purpose or mission of such rituals—the *sociological importance* of Sentiment?

In paying tribute to the dead we inspire the *living*. In focalizing public

attention upon the heroes, events and tragedies of the past we stir the soul and strengthen the nobler instincts and aspirations of the *living*!

It is for inspiration of the *living* that we maintain our national shrines. It is for the *living* that we endow and beautify our cemeteries. It is for the *living* that we erect memorials to symbolize the sentiment and devotion in our hearts so that mankind today and tomorrow may know that this is sacred ground, sanctified by sorrow and by love.

Our cemeteries and our cemetery memorials are dedicated to the dead but they exercise a profound influence upon the *living*. They are visual and permanent symbols of sentiment, devotion and respect for home and family. Particularly is this true of the family mausoleum; for aside from tribute and sentiment the family mausoleum forever protects the family—the *living*—from the dreaded ordeal of witnessing the earth burial of those they love. It is an investment in peace of mind for the *living*. It is a permanent and non-taxable investment which should not be postponed.





# SENTIMENT, CIVILIZATION AND AMERICA

SENTIMENT, reverence and respect for tradition are virtues which distinguish civilized man from the barbarian, strong nations from the weak. They constitute the American ideal in the pursuit of happiness.

Throughout the world, and in our own land, these virtues are threatened today by an ideology of brutal utilitarianism. The collapse of social ideals and amenities under pressure of militarized materialism, has brought certain nations to the verge of doom.

The MORALE of any nation depends upon the morality of the people. When a people sacrifice sentiment and their respect for the rights and sensibilities of their fellow-man, they are destined to decay because no civilization can exist where unrestrained selfishness prevails.

In America today there are exponents of materialism who are successfully advocating a strictly utilitarian attitude toward life, toward the living and even toward the dead!

The time has come when we must halt these advocates of anti-social materialism. The time has come when we must rally around the social principles and virtues which made us strong. We must come to the defence of the moral, spiritual and social mission of sentiment, reverence, respect for tradition and respect for the civilized sensibilities of our fellow-man!

History, ancient and modern, conclusively proves that the attitude of a people toward life and the living is governed largely by their attitude toward death and the dead.

Barbarous burial customs, a callous indifference toward the dead and the bereaved, neglected cemeteries, unrespected and unmarked graves—all these develop a fatalistic attitude toward life and death which has brought doom to nations in the past and will bring doom to nations in the future.

These advocates of utilitarianism maintain that our rituals of sentiment and our symbols of devotion can do no good for them that are gone; that the dead cannot know what we do for them and that our expenditures for sentiment are therefore an "economic waste."

Like all fanatics and zealots, these utilitarians are deplorably stupid or woefully ignorant!



It is not for the dead but for the LIVING that society insists upon a civilized respect and sentiment in the care of our dead. Aside from any religious aspect, society must *insist* upon proper reverence for death and sentiment for the dead because they bring consolation to the LIVING, to human souls in the tragic hour of sorrow, and because civilized society cannot survive without civilized sensibilities!

Fortunately for America, sentiment, reverence and respect for tradition have made our cemeteries and cemetery art unsurpassed for beauty anywhere on earth. Our cemeteries are symbols of civic pride, devotion to family and respect for those who have gone before—cardinal virtues of our national idealism.

The spiritual, cultural, social, industrial and political leaders of the nation must rally to combat the insidious materialism and utilitarianism which is threatening sentiment and reverence in America. The men and women of the nation who formulate public opinion must come to the defence of the sociological mission of beauty and articulate sentiment in our cemeteries.

As a nation, we must thoroughly understand that the protection and commemoration of the dead is indispensable to civilization—that beautiful cemeteries and beautiful memorials are not for the dead alone, but for the LIVING!



## "I DON'T CARE WHAT THEY DO WITH ME WHEN I AM GONE!"

HOW often do we hear men say that they care not what is done with them when they are gone. And oftentimes, they mean precisely what they say. They contend that to the dead it can make no difference what is done with them in death. But these brave souls in their fortitude forget to think about the loved ones they will leave behind—the sensibilities of family and friends; how *they* will need all the consolation they can derive from the facilities which a civilized society provides for those who suffer the agony of bereavement!

Unselfishly we may be indifferent about ourselves, but we cannot be indifferent about others; particularly about those whom we love. We may not care what is done with us when we are gone but we are selfish indeed if we ignore the broken hearts that death leaves in its wake—the devastating misery of bereavement which can be mitigated by simple consideration and forethought. Nor is that all.

We may not care what is done with us when we are gone, but very much we will care about what is done when death comes to one we love and love dearly!

How true it is that brave men and strong—who care not what is done with them in death—are the very men who in bereavement care the most about the tender care and protection of their dead!

Perhaps it is because of their sturdy unselfishness that so many of these stout-hearted people are kind enough and thoughtful enough to anticipate the inevitable and to spare their family from unnecessary ordeals. Unfettered by morbidity, these people make proper provision for the family resting place long in advance of any need—when the family can discuss the topic calmly and deliberately, *together*. They select a



plot and they erect a family memorial as a symbol of their thoughtfulness, their mutual devotion and their fearlessness against the inevitable!

*We* may not care what is done with us when *we* are gone; but very much we will care what is done to those whom we love when *they* are taken from us, forever.



# THE "TWO-STAR" MESSAGE



SOONER or later, most of us receive a two-star telegram. It is a telegram which is given immediate right-of-way over all other messages filed for telegraphic transmission. The two-star telegram is given this compassionate courtesy because it is usually a message of sorrow, of tragedy.

Most of us are wholly unprepared to receive the two-star message. Like most people we have given little if any thought to the day when someone dear to us will be taken. We have made no preparations for the inevitable. We ignore the safeguards and precautions which can do so much to mitigate the misery of bereavement. Stunned by tragedy, bewildered by a maze of distressing details, we are called upon to solve one vital question which might have been spared us by simple forethought: *Where and how shall we lay away those who are taken from us?*

Alas, why do we wait until that tragic two-star telegram arrives? How simple, sensible and satisfying it is to make these decisions long in advance of tragic necessity—to make them now when the entire family can discuss the subject calmly, deliberately and collectively!

Civilization provides three methods for the care of those who are called beyond: Interment, Incineration and Entombment.

1. Interment is the most prevalent of all methods despite the fact that the dread of earth burial, particularly for those we love, is almost universal.
2. Incineration is clean, quick and economical but a large public revolts at the practice of cremation as a relic of barbarism and paganism. To them, the practical aspects of incineration cannot compensate for the gruesome ordeal of quickly reducing a loved one to ashes with consuming fire.
3. Entombment above ground, in a private mausoleum or sarcophagus,



is the only method which mitigates the misery of sorrow by eliminating the ordeal of earth burial and the gruesome aspects of incineration. It combines the dignity of an impressive memorial with the consolation of permanent security and protection.

It may be years before the two-star message comes. But it may come tomorrow, it may come tonight. And whenever it comes, it will come quickly. It will give us little time to make a decision which is simple now, but cruel in the hour of bereavement.

Why wait? Why not decide now which method *your* family will adopt. And having settled the question, plan to provide a family resting place now when the entire family can unite in selecting the one place where they can be together, forever.

It will not make the two-star telegram any easier to bear; but it will forever spare the family from one unnecessary ordeal. It will be a permanent investment in peace of mind!



## AFTER THE TWO-STAR TELEGRAM CAME

IT ALL happened so quickly. It seems always to happen quickly.

Ten days go they were happily planning their winter stay in Florida. Today they were solemnly assembled with the family attorney. Life for them all would be very different now.

They had reason to feel that every provision had been made for them; sound investments, life insurance and family control of the "mills." But as their venerable friend and attorney began to speak, they all realized that something was wrong.

"You have come here," he said, "about something that is very close to your hearts and mine. And I know exactly how you are going to feel when I tell you what I must advise you to do."

Tensely and with misgivings the family listened to the man who had been friend and counsellor to the beloved husband and father.

"What I must tell you," the scholarly lawyer continued, "is all the more distressing to me because, perhaps better than anyone else, I know how Andrew felt about this thing.

"During the past twenty years, he and I together saw many of our friends placed away. Strong man that he was, with nerves of steel, I have seen him tremble while a friend was lowered into the ground. And each time, on the way home, he would make the same pledge. Nothing like that, he would say, will ever happen to anyone in my family.

"I need not tell you that Andrew was not thinking of himself. He was thinking of you, all of you. And that is why, time and time again, I urged him to carry out his pledge—to do it now, to do it before anything might happen to one of you, or to him, or to his business affairs. But, like most people, he kept putting it off. And now, well, now we have another example of what procrastination can do to those of us who feel as Andrew did."

With unconcealed emotion the family waited while the attorney hesitated in an effort to find the kindest way in which to add another burden upon their sorrow.

Falteringly, but with a note of resolution in his voice, the counsellor said: "I must advise you *not* to do what Andrew wanted to do for you—I must advise you to abandon the idea of——"

"*Abandon* the idea!" the family exclaimed, "put him in the——"

"Please," the kind attorney interrupted, "please don't make it any harder for me——"

"But why, why?" the mother sobbed.



"Because, my dear," the attorney reasoned, "you cannot afford the expenditure Andrew planned to make for his family. If he had taken care of this, as he intended, the expense would have been almost incidental to a man with his salaried income. But now, well, now there is no salary. The expenditure would come not from current salary or income, but from your *principal*—your *only* source of income, at any rate until these boys grow up.

"And remember this, Mary," he continued, "the inheritance taxes will absorb a substantial part of the estate—your principal. You must not further impair that principal, and therefore your income, with such an expenditure as you are considering—not even for anything so important to us all as this. Andrew would never forgive us. In deference to his love for you and these children, his unselfish devotion to your welfare, you must abandon the idea of building the mausoleum."

\* \* \*

It is a sad story but it is a familiar story. It is a story that is enacted every day. It is a story of procrastination which places a cruel and unnecessary burden upon the bereaved. It is a story familiar to all attorneys, trust officers, executors, administrators and cemetery officials.

We may not care what is done with us when we are gone; but very much we will care what is done with those whom we love. And, sooner or later, all of us receive the "two-star telegram"—the telegram which has the right of way because it is usually a message of tragedy and sorrow. Then, and perhaps not until then, can most of us fully realize what an investment in peace of mind it is to provide against the inevitable—to anticipate the inevitable by providing the one place on earth where we can be with those whom we love, forever and together.



## "LONG RUBRUMS SPRAY TWENTY-FIVE . . ."

"LONG Rubrums Spray Twenty-Five . . ." This is not a mere jumble of meaningless words. Very much it is not that.

It is a symbol of love and sympathy starting on its flight across the continent with the instantaneity of the teletype.

Within the hour, a spray of beautiful rubrum lilies, costing \$25.00, selected in New York, will be delivered to a home in San Francisco, to a home where only the tender sympathy of friends can mitigate the cruel ordeal of bereavement.

How often people thoughtlessly ask: "What good can flowers do for those who are gone?" Alas, not until a great sorrow comes to them will these people realize that our floral symbols of love and sympathy are not only for the dead, but for the *living*. They are indeed tributes to the one who has gone, but their high mission is to bring the consolation of sympathy, sentiment and beauty to those who suffer in sorrow—the *living*.

Strong men endure pain with fortitude but they are helpless to restrain their anguish in mourning the loss of a beloved child. Every mother knows what the torture of pain can be, but no pain any mother has known can rival the torture she endures in her grief for the infant she can never again hold in her hungry arms.

Surely anything on earth which can mitigate the misery and helplessness of human sorrow is a blessing to mankind.

The consolation of beautiful flowers, symbolizing human sympathy; the spiritual consolation of ritual or ceremony which helps to heal and strengthen the broken heart; the permanent consolation of commemorating one who has gone and of designating the resting place as hallowed ground—all these expressions of articulate sentiment are dedicated to the dead *but they exercise a lasting and profound influence upon the living*.

And when to the consolation of commemoration we contribute the comforting satisfaction of permanent security and protection, then truly we



have done all that mortal man can do to alleviate the misery of human sorrow.

That is why in America today the selection of a family plot and a family mausoleum has come to be recognized as a family investment in peace of mind. That is why so many families are making these provisions against the inevitable with a typical American foresight and consideration for those they love; for a family mausoleum not only provides permanent above-ground protection for those who have gone, but it completely eliminates the understandable dread of earth burial or the cremation of those whom we love!

Sooner or later we too shall know the consolation of sympathy and sentiment in the hour of sorrow. Then and perhaps not until then can we fully realize the consolation we shall find in knowing that we have provided a place where those we love can be together forever. Why not consider this family provision now when it can be discussed calmly, and collectively?



## POSTSCRIPT

The family mausoleum or memorial is the only lasting symbol of sentiment and devotion which man leaves on earth. Throughout the ages, nations and civilizations have perished and all that we know of them is written in their tombs and monuments. How important therefore is the beauty and durability of the material we utilize in commemorating those we have loved and the events of the age in which we have lived!

Throughout the North American continent memorialists, cemetery executives, sculptors, architects, engineers and renowned geologists have for generations recognized the superior qualities of Smith-Barre Granite, "choice product of the world-famed granite quarries in Barre, Vermont."

Specified for the costlier mausoleums and monuments by foremost designers, Smith-Barre Granite is today the standard of superiority for memorials both large and small. A postal card will bring to you literature describing this unique product of the ages with illustrations depicting monuments and mausoleums done in Smith-Barre Granite, "Medium of the Masters."



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