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# BRANT'S LUCASVILLE OHIO

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Permit No. 2

# MONTHLY NEWS

SEPTEMBER, 1934

SUNDAY, AUGUST 12, 1934

BALTIMORE AMERICAN

A Paper for People Who Think

## O. O. McIntyre Likes Brant's Monthly News Published at Lucasville, Ohio

### General Store Proprietor Beats Chain Store Competition and Depression by Advertising

By O. O. McINTYRE

SINCE Ed Howe, against violent protests from coast to coast, stopped printing his sane monthly of indignation and information, my favorite four-pager is Brant's Monthly News.

Brant is the one-gallused proprietor of a general store in Lucasville, O., an institution that has not only beaten the chain store competition but the depression. And proved the world still likes the fellow who is strictly himself.

He has made his store the community center, advertising: "Come in and whittle awhile." His monthly is about his customers, friends and neighbors, written in homespun up-the-creek style. Brant has no cross-road venom for city folk but glories just the same in being a mossback.

The motto of his weekly is a Cowper quotation: "God made the country, man made the town." He believes his community is populated with the finest folk the nation has produced and likes to have them around. Uneducated himself, he has sent his children to the finest educational institutions.

He has a social organization—the Punkin Eater's Club. They come from three or four surrounding counties and such communal sections as Huntin' Run, Duck Run, Owl Creek, Brush Creek, Hog Holler and the like to fraternize, swap yarns, whittle and smoke their pipes.

All of this sounds mighty country jake to the city sophisticate, but the most sparkling humor America produces, and always as clean as a whistle, incubates there. One finds traces of it now and then in a sudden blurt of Will Rogers.

The folk at the general store would make short shrift of some slimy soap-box hot gospeler spewing his upheavals at the things for which our forefathers bled and died. Out there they still have faith in the Government at Washington. Simple folk, indeed, who get down on their knees at bedtime and believe firmly they are praying to a God who hears. And can't quite get the hang of a Dorothy Parker sort of wisecrack.

In this swiftly changing world I find my enthusiasm for the life insurance annuity slightly on the wane. It's still good, but not perfect. A year ago it looked the most practical investment in America for the man trying to lay up a little for the rainy day. Now, much can happen to annuities.

Suppose the Government, for instance, adopted the suggestion of Arthur Brisbane and issued non-interest bearing circulating bonds of small denominations! Bang goes the whole annuity set-up, as they are primarily based on this type of investment, very dependent upon staple returns on investments.

It is very unlikely that 98 per cent of the people are going to care a hoot about the 2 per cent who have purchased annuities when the final and inevitable settlement of affairs, in case of total collapse, are made. No type of insurance is likely to find any favors being passed out in this eventuality.

All this reads a bit depressing and is so remote as to be almost improbable, but I have been rather insistent in announcing my faith in annuities. But that was a year ago, and I don't want indorsement on my conscience today. I am not so foolish as to say this world catastrophe is coming to bring about such a condition, yet at a time when no one has any idea of what is to happen there is a thin possibility. Better yet, none of us honestly knows.

Business will ever be a venture. Capital must venture in business before there can be great expansion. Neither Government issues nor annuities are purchased in the spirit of adventure. In a measure, it might be called hoarding by the more radical. At least so, until surer times arrive.

Somebody sends me this \$250.00 prize winner to answer the question: "What is success?"

"He has achieved success who has lived well, laughed often and loved much; who has gained the respect of intelligent men and the love of little children; who has filled his niche and accomplished his task; who has left the world better than he found it, whether by an improved poppy, a perfect poem or a rescued soul; who has never lacked appreciation of earth's beauty or failed to express it; who has always looked for the best in others and given the best he had; whose life was an inspiration; whose memory was benediction."

Next to Mickey Mouse, I like Popeye, the Sailor Man. Weaklings always aspire to rip-snorthing antics such as Popeye performs. If a movie usher makes him wait too long he tears down the theatre. An ugly galoot, he pleases homely men by invariably winning the lady fair in the finale. All the movies need as a formula to prevent decency leagues is to produce films that amuse as simply, honestly and cleanly as Mickey and Popeye. Indeed, I believe the province of future films will be more likely to amuse and educate than anything else. One W. C. Fields is worth a dozen Mae Wests in keeping the industry on an even keel.

The above is an exact reproduction of the large headlines used by the BALTIMORE AMERICAN, and of O. O. McINTYRE'S COLUMN. Another paper used a two-column headline saying,

SMALL TOWN STORE PROPRIETOR PROVES WORLD STILL LIKES FELLOW WHO'S HIMSELF

The PHILADELPHIA RECORD headed McINTYRE COLUMN with these words:

McINTYRE FINDS SUCCESSOR TO ED HOWE IN OHIO—A PUBLISHER WHO THINKS "COUNTRY JAKE" IS SALT OF THE EARTH

NOW, MEMBERS OF OUR PUNKIN CLUB, AND OTHER PUNKIN EATERS OF THE COMMUNITY, IF THERE IS ANY LIVING MAN OR WOMAN IN ALL THE UNITED STATES WHO DOES NOT KNOW OF YOU AND LUCASVILLE, IT IS

SIMPLY BECAUSE THEY DO NOT OR CANNOT READ, BECAUSE MORE NEWSPAPERS PRINT McINTYRE'S WRITINGS THAN THOSE OF ANY OTHER COLUMNIST. It looks like I had done a pretty good job advertising our PUNKIN CLUB so far. Now if you fellers don't turn in, and go to work, and help make this PUNKIN SHOW A BIG SUCCESS, McINTYRE and ME won't have anything to do with you again. And don't forget to read McINTYRE'S COLUMN every night before you go to bed. It is seldom, indeed, that he wastes any time on PUNKIN CLUBS, or their likes. You may not like him so well at first, but take my advice and keep right on, and pretty soon you will be just as crazy about him as I am and a lot of others right here in Lucasville. His column is usually the best thing in the paper, and you will say so, too, after you get acquainted with him. Down deep under the skin, Mr. McINTYRE is just an old PUNKIN EATER HIMSELF, as you will soon find out if you read his column regularly.

### Hurried Gleanings From Correspondents

MR. W. B. GOOD, MERCHANT OF SHICKSHINNY, PA., informs us they have a PUNKIN CLUB in his community and he wants to know all about how we do it in LUCASVILLE.

Got one letter from HUEY LONG'S home town. You know we think of Mr. LONG every time we sit down to write. He is so LOQUATIOUS, you know. But how can you run a paper without talkin'?

Mr. STEPHEN ILGENFRITZ, of BELMONT, O., asks, "Will you please send a trial dose of STORE NEWS, with full directions how to take it regular?" I'll bet he is of German descent. You bet I will.

MRS. L. J. CULVER, of PALO ALTO, CALIF., has the distinction of being the first to offer a money order of \$1.00 to cover a year's subscription. Now that is the first money I ever got that I did not earn, and I don't feel like keepin' it. So, I will return it to you, MRS. CULVER, just as soon as I show it around to my friends awhile. WAIT A MINUTE, WAIT A MINUTE!

My wife just opened two more letters. You know my wife has just appointed herself as my private secretary, just like MR. GARNER OF TEXAS did his wife when he went to WASHINGTON, D. C. (Bless his old soul, even if he is a Democrat.) She ain't so cross about the papers and litter layin' around in her road since I told her she might keep all the silver and stamps, for her trouble of openin' my letters. You know how a woman is that way.

Well, as I was sayin', she just opened two more letters. Another one from CALIFORNIA, H. J. OSMAN of SAN FRANCISCO, enclosing a check for \$1.00.

Well, I reckon I might just as well return that, if it is like many of the checks we have been gettin' lately. The other letter is from OTTO F. THUM, of DENVER, COL., who writes that he borrowed a 59¢ DOLLAR BILL from Gov. ED. C. JOHNSON to pay for ONE or more issues of STORE NEWS. Mr. THUM is 78 years old and says if our paper suits him he will SUBSCRIBE FOR LIFE. I hope he likes it.

It is easier to return one dollar than it is three. Maybe I'll change my mind about sending them back. Anyway, as you will note, all this BIG MONEY is coming from the GOLD and SILVER STATES, lucky dogs. I've begun to see how PONZI, you know who I mean, got rich so quick. If I had just thought, and made all these suckers send me in a dollar, before I sent 'em a paper! Too late now, but I GOT AN IDEA. These city fellers have sold us hicks plenty gold bricks in the years gone by. There would not be nothin' wrong in tryin' to get a little of it back. All you hayseeds that have been stung by some smart city agent, meet at our store Saturday night and we will talk this thing over. If we don't have room there we will meet in the TOWN HALL.

Perhaps the most encouraging letter was received from NEW YORK CITY, signed by two persons. It read in part, "From time to time, through friends, we have read your splendid MONTHLY NEWS. We do wish you would see that we receive it regularly. It is really such good reading. You may not realize what a great work you are doing for the community, as well as the writing profession. We do and take this means of compli-

(Continued on Page 4)

# HINTS---WINKS---BLINK



## Appeal to Our Old Friends

Did you fellers read the front page? I have reproduced Mr. O. O. McINTYRE'S COLUMN as it appeared in our Portsmouth Times, last Sunday and in hundreds, maybe thousands of other papers all over the United States, because I know that about 75% of you do not get the Sunday paper, and I knowed you would be interested in what this famous New York writer said about us all. Now do you know what that means? It means that we got company, and somebody is goin' to have to entertain 'em. Mr. McINTYRE has invited all his millions of friends right in on us, and they are writin' in every day by the dozens, askin' for accommodations, and wantin' to join our PUNKIN CLUB.

Now what are we goin' to do about it? I got to have some help. Any you folks volunteer to lend me a hand? Do I hear any voices? No? Well, that is just what I expected. I just knowed you guys would all back down on me whenever we got in a tight place. You ought to all go and join up with POPEYE'S NAZILIAN ARMY.

Well, maybe it won't be as bad as it looks right now. You have all lived in the country long enough to know how it is with these city relatives and friends. Every single one of them is just crazy to get out on the farm for a good substantial meal every time they get a chance. Most of the time you don't have to invite 'em. They just pile in on you. You know how it is.

There's one nice thing about it, though. They USUALLY DON'T STAY VERY LONG. They eat all the chicken in sight the first day, and after another meal or two, they get to hankerin' for the city with all its glitter and illusions, and run back home. You know how they do. Hardly any of them can stand a steady diet of "WASH DAY BEAN SOUP," corn bread, pertaters, salt bacon, and "SKILLET GRAVY." They miss their caviar, salads, French pastries and cocktails.

Well, you know what I think? It will be just about the same way with Mr. McIntyre's literary friends. After one or two messes of the novelty of STORE NEWS, they will most all want to go back to their sport and society pages and True Story and Movie magazines. I don't think we will be bothered with them very long. But we got to show them that the rural reputation for hospitality is absolutely GENUINE, and entertain them as best we can, while we feed the hogs, milk the cows, and save the harvest, so as they will have something to eat this winter. We have to feed 'em all anyway, you know. It is an awful busy time to have 'em, what with our FIRST PUNKIN SHOW comin' off right away, but as your manager, I'll do the best I can to entertain 'em.

So I know you home folks will understand, and excuse me now, and sympathize with me while I put on my best manners and show our new friends about the old place a bit, in a desperate attempt to JUSTIFY Mr. McINTYRE'S FAITH IN US COUNTRY JAKES.

## Welcome, Welcome to Our City Cousins

This is indeed a great and pleasant surprise, folks. Entirely unexpected. Please make yourselves right at home. We are mighty awful glad to have you with us. What makes you all look so funny? O, I know. I'll bet you are all wonderin' why Mr. McINTYRE invited you all to this hick place, aren't you? Well we been layin' awake nights wonderin' about the same thing. In fact I called in LOUIS McKINLEY, our town's mathematical wizard, to help me figger it out, but it stumped even him. Maybe if you could have read several past issues "IN THE RAW" you might have understood better. Maybe you wouldn't.

It seems to me there are one or two possibilities. Did you ever lose a good dog? Remember how you missed him? Right then you would pet any kind of a mutt, wouldn't you? Well it may be that when ED HOWE QUIT, Mr. McINTYRE missed so greatly his most inspiring contact with the better things of rural life, that he felt an impelling urge to encourage someone else to "keep the home fires burning." A man will always take a substitute, if he cannot get the brand he likes best. Any maybe there are so few "FOUR-PAGERS" on the market today, there was little other choice.

Then it might have been a combination of sentiments, grief at the retiring of a friend from active writing, and sympathy for a country businessman struggling with the aid of a puny "four-pager" against the seemingly overwhelming odds of Organized Capital, and Propaganda. Sympathy, you know, sometimes is a treacherous thing to fool with. It gets you in awful bad sometimes. But it is easy to forgive a man for mistakes made out of sympathy. If a man is sympathetic, he just can't help it, and it ain't nothin' to ever be ashamed of. Sometimes we get too busy to fool with sympathy. Then we are apt to get hard and uncharitable. There ain't any too much sympathy in the world today. Seems to me it's gettin' scarcer.

So I want to ask all you new friends right now, not to be too hard on Mr. McINTYRE, if you are disappointed in BRANT'S STORE NEWS. He is a kind of "softie" in some ways, you know, sometimes; 999 times out of 1,000 he is right.

## The Origin of Store News

Someone asked why we started this sheet. Well, we have done this same kind of advertising off and on for 25 years, but stuck mostly to strictly business affairs. Last year we started to advertise a little in our county paper. Everything went along all right until we began to notice that certain parts of our copy was being left out. In other words the paper didn't approve of some of the things we said, and cut them out. Well, if we couldn't say what we pleased in our ads when we paid for 'em there wasn't anything else to do but get out our own circulars.

Well, that wasn't very satisfactory from a purely advertising standpoint because it required too long to write, print, and deliver them in this period of readjustment the last 12 months, when prices changed so violently just over night. So we just decided to make a little community paper out of it. And now you can see what has happened. Seems like a country merchant just can't do and say what he pleases without somebody buttin' in.

Every person who wrote in for a copy of BRANT'S STORE NEWS got a copy of some issue, up to now. We cannot supply many more until this issue comes out. But those of you who did get a copy, will see that we do not advertise like anybody else does. In fact we violate every modern principle of the art and science of advertising, and we do not blame our local paper for refusing to print our COUNTRY JAKE STUFF. It was just like lettin' an old farmer, like BILL DAYS, who hadn't shaved for a week, sit down to a formal dinner with his overalls on while all the rest of the crowd wore dress suits. He'd just spoil the party unless he happened to be a millionaire and a free spender, or had a big reputation like WILL ROGERS.

# KS --- and --- CHUCKLES

As we see it, modern advertising and business ethics have been evolved to meet the needs and the desires of Big Business. And when a COUNTRY JAKE tries to imitate them, he is just foolin' hisself, and losin' the confidence of the public. BRANT'S store does not concede that the modern chain and big market stores ever have or ever can serve the individual or the nation, socially or economically as well as the old-fashioned merchant has done. The danger to the independent merchant lies not so much in competition as it does in trying to imitate the thing he is fighting, as we see it. For that reason we have consistently and emphatically declined to paint our store red, white or blue and lose our identity in any so-called Voluntary Chain. We prefer to do our own buying, set our own prices, and write our own advertisements, and avoid all "entangling alliances."

clever fellow put his name in the telephone book as "THE VILLAGE STORE" and caused our customers a lot of trouble. Not havin' the name copyrighted we couldn't do nothin' but change our trade name.

And now, "Day by Day" NEW YORK, Al Capone CHICAGO, you GOLD DIGGERS from California, all you New England YANKEES and SOUTHERN ARISTOCRATS, I want you to meet one of the most outstanding men in America, Mr. JOHN BERNTHOLD, the MAN who owns a FARM WITHOUT A MORTGAGE ON IT. Course we just call him "JOHNIE." He ain't a bit "stuck-up-ish." He associates with all the rest of us just like he always did. JOHNIE, I want you to meet all these people, for I reckon I'll be askin' you to tell 'em all about how you won the prize at the PUNKIN SHOW. JOHNIE'S picture is just below.



So, friends, you see BRANT'S STORE NEWS is strictly an advertising medium, dedicated to interests of the consumer, and the maintenance of the fundamental principles of honest merchandising as we see it, and the preservation of our national ideals. As such it must justify its existence.

Now if all you new friends were potential customers, we might possibly write some things that would interest you. But since our advertisements must of necessity be largely of local color, we cannot see how you will long be interested in our paper. For the time being it may be that you can give us news and notes of interest to our home friends here and we can visit back and forth. But you can see that within the limit of these four pages, there isn't much chance to spread out.

Now if you are not too tired, I will introduce you to a few of our local citizens and old land marks. The picture up in the upper left hand corner, above the Coca Cola sign, is BRANT'S FAMILY STORE. I didn't know those signs were there till I just now saw 'em in this picture, or I'd had 'em tore down. Bet I jerked down a dozen or more inside the store last week. Them pesky traveling men put one up every time you turn your back. That is just the way the store looked back in 1893. We used to call it "THE VILLAGE STORE" in our advertisements till several other stores hung out signs with that name on 'em and one

I was goin' to put my own picture in so as you would know me if we ever meet in New York or some other big city, but my wife said—"NO, NEVER. You look too much like O. O. McINTYRE," and reminded me that some old maids are single ladies, some are married and sometimes they are MEN.

Well, I think I have about worn you out already. I just want to tell you all how much I appreciate all your letters and kind expressions. I am very, very sorry indeed that I cannot answer them all personally, but there are too many. I have very little spare time and no stenographer. Slowly and eventually I may get it done. I wish you could see my office, which is in our dining room. The table, the side board, the china closet, mantle, a stand and parts of the floor are covered with letters, clippings, etc., and my store office desk is littered with duns and requests for payments of bills while I have literally spent the whole week readin' letters an' writin' this stuff. Maybe this endorsement by McINTYRE will strengthen our weakened credit a little. My wife says I simply got to move out tomorrow, as we have company coming and she needs the table and things. Next time you hear from me I'll be in the parlor or the cellar. I wish a lot of them traveling men had not read McINTYRE'S COLUMN. They are coming in like a swarm of bees, apologizin' for not havin' stopped off before. Well, good night to you all and GOOD LUCK.

# Hurried Gleanings From Correspondents

(Continued from Page 1)

menting you, and praying that nothing interferes with the progress of BRANT'S MONTHLY NEWS."

MR. GEO. F. ANDREW of MINNEAPOLIS writes, "Thank you for copy of Aug. number of STORE NEWS. I read all of it with great interest. It is all O. O. McINTYRE claimed."

Now just a few more letters like that, and my wife will be makin' me get a new pair of GALLUSES, and a hair cut. But I once read a story about a peanut man, which I never forgot. He ended up by bein' just a peanut man. Us COUNTRY JAKES knows our limitations.

Among the gifts received, was a book on forests and rural life by JOHN C. GIFFORD of the University of Miami. My younger son just recently graduated at Ohio State University in Horticulture. He is home now and will enjoy reading this and so will I. My boy has no job right now. Course he could get a job on a farm at 75¢ or \$1.00 a day but none of our farmers won't take him on because they say he would be worthless to them without more actual experience. He is a swell grass cutter I know, because he cut my grass twice this year even if he did kill two of my best roses. I just thought that some of you folks in the cities or universities would know someone who would need a boy like that, and give him a job. Seems like he ain't appreciated 'round here. Neither one of my boys liked work in a country store. You know how this young generation is, they ain't none of 'em goin' to do any hard work if they can get out of it. They'd rather play around with flowers and test tubes.

Many letters were received from merchants who wanted to know more about this paper. If any of you contemplate issuing your own paper and advertising,

address your inquiry to THE HART PUBLICATIONS, INC., of LONG PRAIRIE, MINN., who get this sheet out for us. They furnish lay-out, cuts, patent matter and everything necessary to prepare your ads. The service is very complete for a dry goods store especially, with helps for grocery and other type stores, and the cost is very reasonable we think. We have used it for about a year, and it gives us a real pleasure to recommend it. If you see any mistakes in this issue do not blame it onto the printers, for this typewriter simply will not spell words correctly, nor do any of the things a typewriter is supposed to do. Any mistakes are MINE.

Just one more thing before I wear you folks clear out. If any of you have an old copy of ED HOWE'S PAPER to spare I wish you would send me one or two. I have missed lots of good things in life because I have been so busy, but there is one thing I am not going to miss and that is O. O. McINTYRE'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY, when it is published. And here are two things to remember. If this issue seems a little stilted, just remember, please, that we cannot be quite natural under the strain of recent events, and that we cannot say just everything as carelessly as when we had only our local audience. And if you folks are a goin' aboard of us, you got to help us some now and then with the chores. Thank you one and all, and let us hear from you occasionally, and if you ever pass through LUCASVILLE, STOP WITH US AND WHITTLE AWHILE.

P. S. This paper is FREE. We will send it to all who apply without cost, till Jan. 1st anyway. Then we will invoice and send you all bills, maybe, for your share of the expense.

## Punkin Show Premium List and Rules

I know our guests will excuse us while we talk about our PUNKIN SHOW. This is going to be one of the outstanding events in the history of Lucasville. This town has been dead long enough. Everybody has had the blues since 1929. I am afraid the town won't hold the people. We are expecting not only our rural neighbors but many of our friends from the city. We will advertise it in the PORTSMOUTH TIMES. To make it more interesting and include EVERY PUNKIN RAISER, we are announcing EXTRA PRIZES. Read every word.

### PRIZES FOR PUNKIN CLUB MEMBERS ONLY

Each of you received four varieties of those famous pure bred New England seed. On each one of these varieties we offer premiums on best specimens as follows:

- 12 PRIZES IN ALL TOTALING \$14.00
- 4 FIRST PRIZES, EACH \$2.00
- 4 SECOND, EACH \$1.00
- 4 THIRD, EACH 50¢
- 27 EXTRA SPECIAL PRIZES FOR EVERYBODY, \$18.25

Any person in Scioto or adjoining county may enter in this class.

**BIGGEST PUNKIN, ANY VARIETY, \$2.50**

**FIRST PRIZE, \$1.00; SECOND, 50¢; THIRD, 25¢; ON EACH OF THE 9 FOLLOWING VARIETIES: BEST SPECIMEN, PIE PUNKIN, LARGE FIELD or BIG TOM, WINTER LUXURY, CUSHAW, SCALLOP SQUASH, MARROW TYPE SQUASH, CROOK-NECK SQUASH, HUBBARD SQUASH and DELICIOUS SQUASH.**

### RULES

NO entry fees. All entries to become the property of BRANT'S FAMILY STORE. They will be offered for sale to help pay expenses of the show, after 8 P. M. on Saturday night. Entries must be made on FRIDAY, OCTOBER 26th, before 3 P. M. No PUNKINS returned to owners. JUDGING will take place at 1 P. M. SATURDAY, OCT. 27th. PUNKINS will remain on display till 9 P. M. Saturday night. STORE will probably remain open until 10 P. M., or until the crowd leaves.

## Who Will Be Our Punkin Queen?

A PUNKIN SHOW without a QUEEN would be a dumb affair, especially since the women will raise most of the PUNKINS, and the old man will get all the glory. Now who will she be? That is for you folks to decide. USE THE OFFICIAL BALLOT printed here to vote for your favorite, some girl, any girl between the ages of 16 and 96. Drop it in our ballot box any time between now and OCTOBER 14th.

### BALLOT FOR PUNKIN QUEEN

I VOTE FOR:  
MISS OR MRS.....

Deposit this ballot in the box in BRANT'S STORE before Oct. 14th.

ADDITIONAL BALLOTS will be distributed, one with each 50¢ purchase at our store. Ballots will be counted each Friday night except the last one, until the election closes and the results posted on the bulletin board in the front of the store.

The lady receiving the highest number of votes will be CROWNED QUEEN OF PUNKIN FESTIVAL, and the two next highest will be MAIDS OF HONOR, who will be expected to be present Saturday afternoon and evening, to see that everybody has a grand time.

I think these girls should be dressed in YELLOW, don't you? I always did like yellow dresses, anyway. I am goin' to give you girls a tip, a real one. Nearly all men like YELLOW better than any other color and if you want to attract

a man, have at least one yellow dress.

We will furnish sufficient Pepperell print or percale to make the dresses for the three winners, and pay for the making. The one chosen QUEEN will receive her choice of merchandise selected from our store to the amount of \$5.00. A group picture of the three will appear in a subsequent issue of STORE NEWS. This is a goin' a be lots of fun.

OUR PUNKIN SHOW ATTRACTING NATION-WIDE ATTENTION. Now, folks, as you know, Mr. McIN-

TYRE of NEW YORK has advertised OUR PUNKIN CLUB all over the United States, and a lot of people have written in to subscribe for our paper, and we are goin' a send 'em all a copy of all issues up to January, so as they can get all the news about you. Some of your pictures will be in this paper, that will go out to nearly every state in the Union. IT is goin' to be a REAL HONOR to be in this show. Let's show the world something. What do you say? Are you with us?

## Personal Mention

R. S. WOLFE and son EUGENE just got back from a trip to visit friends in ALABAMA. AL-A-BA-MA—what a fascinating word!

The Doctor and MRS. COLEMAN report a pleasant vacation on Lake Erie except for the heavy wind storm which you all read about in the paper.

FLOYD MILLER has the honor and distinction of bringing in the first PUNKIN. Our meat cutter, ED BENNER, was out there visiting and they had PUNKIN PIE FOR DINNER. FLOYD sent one in by him. Now don't get too fast boys and eat all those PUNKINS up before the BIG SHOW.

GEORGE LUELLEN saw this PUNKIN next day and asked if that was the best these boys in the flat woods could do. He said his PUNKINS had seeds in 'em bigger than that whole PUNKIN.

TOM MILLAR and RAY GRIMES are back from their fishing trip up in Canada. They must have been close to where Andy and Uncle Bim were, from the stories I hear. They had to run their worms through a food chopper, to get the pieces small enough so the big fish couldn't see their bait. Then they had to fish right in close to the bank in two or three inches of water to prevent the big boys from breaking up all their tackle. Next time they are going to take log chains and a block and tackle with them. I'll get the truth when I see Mrs. MILLAR.

GLADYS JORDAN, our bookkeeper, lives out in the hills and reports that lately she has been hearing the piercing screams of a wild cat. She says her Boston bulldog sneaks under the bed every time he hears it. Furthermore they are visited nightly by a mocking bird, and have killed three copperhead snakes this summer. I am goin' out and visit them some evening. Want to go along?

What is the matter with you, CLARENCE? Haven't heard you whistling for a month. CLARENCE McNAMER is the town's champion whistler, and you can hear him a mile. The election must not have gone to suit him.

EMMA DIXON wins \$1.50 FIRST PRIZE for BEST POEM. Seems like about all our local poets and writers got the "BUCK AGER" (you city people might call it stage fright), when they

heard about us having so many visitors. Anyway only two POEMS were received, and it was awful hard to choose between them, they were both so good. Here are a few verses written by Mrs. Dixon:

### OUR HOME TOWN

I've tried raisin' PUNKINS and sich,  
And now I'll try this poetry a hitch.  
Twixt Scioto River and Haystack Hill,  
There's a little old town called LUCASVILLE.

Where some wear patches and worn-out shoes,  
A gloomy look and whine the blues.

Some sport cars and spend the buck,  
Some come roamin' from old Kentuck.

Where cows range in vacant spots,  
And hog pens linger with chicken lots.  
Where bums they whine a hard luck tale,  
And loafers swill the bubbling ale.

There is Joe Brant's store with every-thing nice,  
Where you don't have to ask for the same thing twice.

And when there's time to chat with you,  
It'll be about PUNKINS and how they grew.

Just how many hang upon each vine,  
How large they'll be this fall sometime.

MISS VIRGINIA ALEXANDER is awarded second prize of \$1.00. Two verses of her poem follow:

When you are talkin' about your prize PUNKIN,

Believe me, you ought to see OURS.  
We raise 'em on FALLEN TIMBER,  
Where they say nothin' grows but LIARS.

If you could see what McINTYRE said,  
He talks like our town was a dub.  
But the "PAPER" was fine, and the "EDITOR."

And the "WHITTLING PUNKIN CLUB."

Thank you, girls, thanks a lot. I can't tell you how much I appreciate your help.

JOHNNIE APPLESEED. Ever hear of him? The old pioneer who roamed all over Ohio nearly, and planted APPLE SEEDS everywhere he went? They say some of the old trees you see today grew from the seeds he planted with so much reverence and devotion. I am just wondering if somebody don't start callin' me "PUNKIN SEED PETE, THE CRANK WITH THE BIG FEET."

## Chips and Whetstones

READ BRANT'S STORE NEWS ONLY! BEWARE OF IMITATIONS! WELL WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THAT? No wonder you folks

in the country could not get us any more over the phone. Somebody cut our private telephone pole down last winter for wood and we never knowed nothing about it till today. The manager of the company just came in and told us. We are pretty busy right now but we hope we get it repaired in time for your Christmas shopping.

I was trying to convince a young buck the other day that he ought to buy a 14 instead of a size 17 shirt, 'cause we always like to have our customers look nice, you know. But he took the 17, and explained that the small ones pinched and cramped him too much at night. Which was the most practical reason in the world.

Which reminds me I was tellin' a man who was buyin' a French harp the other day that Abe Lincoln, Cal Coolidge and Babe Ruth were all experts on the harp. He said he had never heard of Abe and Ruth, but thought he had heard of Mr. Coolidge but he didn't know him. And sometimes I wonder what good it does for

any of us to overtax our minds with knowledge. Stick to your French harps, boys, and be happy and famous.

Somehow I feel today like I am writing my business and literary obituary.

I read a magazine article on SOAPS the other day, which sounded a whole lot like the one I wrote for you a couple of months ago. This writer must have copied it out of BRANT'S STORE NEWS. He said, just like I told you, that, "From the scientific point of view, any good toilet soap will do as much good as the highly touted special purpose soaps." And that carbolic acid added to soap merely makes it stink and doesn't kill any germs ordinary soap would not kill, and that a 5¢ or 10¢ bar may be just as good as one that costs ten times as much. Glad somebody agrees with us.

Yes, we expect to have music for our PUNKIN SHOW, Saturday afternoon and evening. We did think about getting a New York Orchestra, but decided it would be best, all things considered, to use home talent. You know they don't get tired so quick. They play for the LOVE of playing, and not for the love of MONEY, just like all us RUBES WORK.