

THE WHITTLERS' GAZETTE

PRICE 5c

JULY 1936

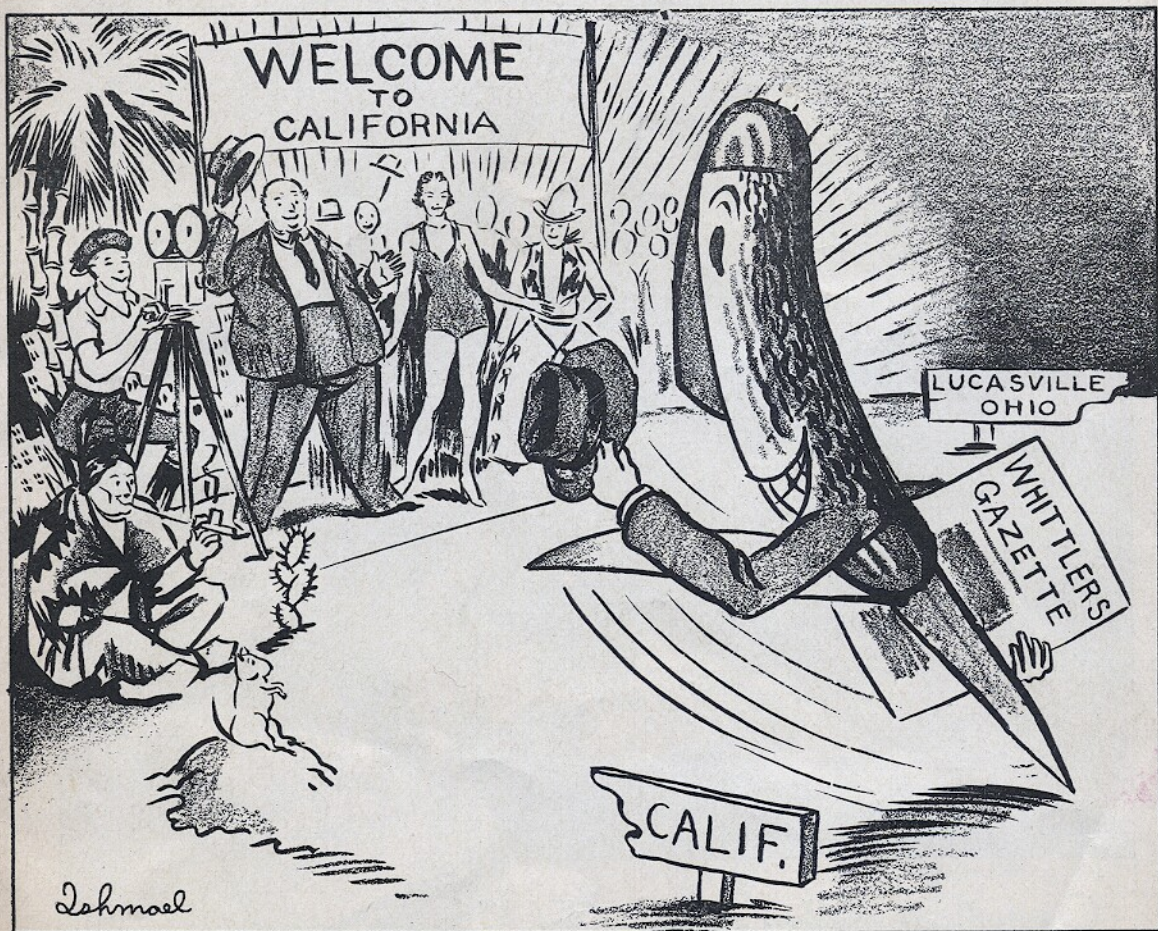
PRICE 5c

*Published Occasionally by Clyde Brant, a Cross-Roads Store-Keeper,
at Lucasville, Ohio, for*

THE WHITTLERS' CLUBS OF AMERICA

Which is just a bunch of average men and women who do not swaller all they read and hear and whose greatest joy is "SHOUTIN AMEN" to the saner, better things of life.

It's just a "HOBBY" like its ancient symbol—"WHITTLIN."



SPECIAL CALIFORNIA EDITION

DON'T PAY MORE THAN A NICKEL FOR THIS MAGAZINE. IT COST MORE THAN THAT, BUT GENERALLY AIN'T WORTH IT. THIS SPECIAL CALIFORNIA EDITION IS THE EXCEPTION. YOU CAN GET FUTURE COPIES FREE, BY JUST WRITIN THE EDITOR.

Heigh ho and cheerio!
We'll get off when the tide gets low.
What do we care—we're high and dry
And Chesterfields—They Satisfy.



Chesterfield's Mildness and Better Taste
give smokers a lot of pleasure

To the Whittlers of the World!

By JAS. G. CHAPMAN

Greetings from California.

We hardly need tell you that this is the California Number of The Whittlers' Gazette. We hope that reading thru its pages will be as inspiring as the work has been on this issue.

Your editor—Clyde Brant, sent word out to get up a California Number. Isn't it nice that he has made it possible to meet the members of The Whittlers' Clubs of America through the pages of a real California issue! We are happy to have this opportunity and want every reader to feel at liberty to write their comments regarding this number and in doing so we will be able to continue our whittlings thru the pages of future issues of the Gazette.

California is in the spot-light today. The eyes of the world is turning toward the Golden state. Aside from its regular in-

numerable points of interest to visitors and world travelers, San Diego is celebrating the second year of its California Pacific International Exposition. At Salinas, this month, they are having their Silver Anniversary, or 25th year of the California Rodeo. Here at San Francisco, the world's two largest bridges are nearing completion and the 1939 San Francisco and Oakland World Exposition is under construction.

All these events are the culmination of years and years of working, planning and a desire to make California a better state where we may all live and enjoy life, here, now and in the future. It all requires a lot of whittling and when you old whittlers throughout the world get ready to rest up and travel around, don't forget this invitation to Come to California and Whittle a While!



A CREED OF THE WEST

To Learn and to Love:

The Life of the Great
Outdoors.
The Nobility of Courage.
The Essence of Beauty.
The Blessedness of Plenty.
The Glory of Service.
The Power of Kindness.
The Excellence of Peace
of Mind.
The Scorn of Death.
(From an old Indian
creed.)

CALIFORNIA

Born of gold,
Senoritas, miners bold,
Giant trees and sunny
skies,
By the peaceful ocean lies,
Now transformd by Pro-
gress' hand
To a thriving, cultured
land,
With great buildings, tall
and straight,
Just inside the Golden
Gate,
Welcoming all who would
care
Her prosperity to share.

WHY WE WHITTLE

By E. TREAT

Nature abhors a vacuum, especially in the lives of men. Nature does not permit the human organism to be completely idle. The result is that we are forced to fill our idle moments with one kind of action or another. This we often do by chewing gum, walking a mile for a Camel, or smoking a pipe or cigar, etc. Time was when there were no Camels to chase a mile, no Wrigley's to chew, and when there was little tobacco in the old tobacco box. At such times men often soothed their jagged nerves by whittling on whatever was handy where they happened to be when the urge to act was felt.

Helpless children in school, who had not been inspired with the burning desire to learn, were forced to fill their idle hours by carving the desks and benches with their little Billey Barlows or pen knives. It was a Godsend for their nerves that they had benches to carve. But when they grew up the most of them learned to smoke, chew, or drink. This helped them to break away from the crazy whittling habit. Even though they be too poor to buy tobacco, they can still pass the time by shooting snipes as they fall from the mouths of others. Between gathering trimming, and smoking these cigar and cigarette butts, idle men manage to take the vacuum out of their vacations. But how is a poor fellow who neither smokes, chews, or drinks going to escape whittling, especially if he hasn't yet lost his pocket knife. It simply isn't being done in my case. It's not that I'm what one would call a professional or fancy whittler. Neither do I live at a village store where there are boxes to whittle; but I do do some whittling when hard put to it for passtime—and here's how.

I live in San Francisco, and as I walk along the street, going nowhere in particular, and in a hurry to get there, I find myself constantly picking up soft match sticks and cutting them in bits with my sharp little pen knife, while strolling along. I know it is a vicious habit but it doesn't look so bad because most people, on seeing me picking them up think I'm only shooting snipes, and whittling these soft match ends is almost as satisfying as a Chesterfield. Of course there are occasional highstrung organisms whose nerves are so tense that they find it necessary to smoke, chew, swear, whittle, and

"filosifize" all at the same time. But on the contrary I have seen even these drop most everything for a proposed fishing trip or movie show. Young people have been known to escape whittling by driving ninety miles an hour in a car in an attempt to escape from themselves. But these things cost money and more frugal men have been able to get practically the same results by simply sitting on a cracker box and whittling out a way to change the government, when they couldn't even change underwear. At least they escaped (temporarily) from self; and Clarence Darrow has said that for one to become so interested in anything that he forgets himself is almost as good as not having lived at all.

Whittling has been rightly neglected during the last fifty years because we were busy building America industrially, but now we are entering into the new Leisure Age in which there will be much time for rest and for play. Howard Scott says it will now be necessary for us to learn to live all over again. And so, seeing that we have much new leisure and little money with which to buy gas for our flying machines; also since smoking or whittling is so necessary to effective thinking, we might, by starting a National Whittlers' Association, be able to bring ourselves down to earth long enough to whittle out a remedy for our "Little too many" goods and for our "Little too much" leisure time. I am informed that 320 remedies have already been proposed and I happen to be the "daddy" of one of them. I conceived it while picking and whittling match sticks on Market street. M. H. McIntyre, the White House secretary to the President, thanked me on President Roosevelt's behalf for sending a copy of it. It is the gospel according to technology. It argues that in this age of "workless production," we now have a new-born "right to be lazy."

By way of conclusion I wish to state what I felt an impulse to say in the beginning: that it is certainly refreshing to read a magazine whose writers have no reputation to lose and are therefore licensed to say what they think the way they think it.

Willing to whittle to the line and let the shavings fly where they may. Yours for more and better whittling says E. Treat, Sagebrush Filosofer, 146-8th Street, San Francisco, California.

JOLLIE NELLIE TERRELL
the Whittler

JOLLIE NELLIE TERRELL is from Columbus, Ohio, where she was born 26 years ago . . . she weighs 783 pounds, has crossed the Pacific 11 times, the Atlantic, 6 times. She has worked in a number of pictures in Hollywood. At present she is on her fifth trip around the world. While in San Francisco several weeks ago at the Fisherman's Wharf Sea Food Carnival, she had on display her many different kinds of wood carvings, log chains, swagger sticks, walking canes and many interesting novelties all carved from wood with a pocket knife. Her favorite pastime is whittling and all of her life, as a girl, she had preferred a pocket knife to any other toy. Using a boy scout knife she has carved miniature models from wood, for the movies. She selects wood from different parts of the world, her favorite wood is Australian white pine. All her work has the professional touch of a real whittler and she claims to have three trunkfuls of wood carvings and her mother has two of the large log chains in her home at Huntington Park. Jollie Nellie's motto is: "IF YOU HAVEN'T ANYTHING ELSE TO DO, GET YOURSELF A BLOCK OF WOOD, A POCKET KNIFE AND TRY YOUR LUCK." She is a reader of THE WHITTLERS' GAZETTE and although I have not received it yet, she has promised to have her picture taken reading the GAZETTE and send it in.

From his Pickwickian Book Store at 59 McAllister Street, San Francisco, our friend and fellow Whittler, Bill Smith of Inver sends the following story of The Night Whittler—

SOME TIME AGO, when I first anchored in the comparative calm of this old bookselling berth to essay the Pickwickian task of making what is sometimes ironically called an honest living, I found here among other things of fugitive nature one little mouse. He was an interesting little chap and I got to liking him, for he had pronounced book-loving proclivities.

It wasn't long, I noticed, until he had worked his way through several pages of Shakespeare and the Bible, and had made his mark on the backs of Boswell and Tristram Shandy. In his nightly research work it was evident that he had a decided preference for books in old bindings; and it would ill become me to have found fault with him for this—an inherited failing of my own. I have missed him lately and fear that the Barmecidal fare of an old book store was not entirely commensurate with his talents or his needs. Like a great many of his contemporaries, he appears to have been starved out, as the saying is.

His name, not that it matters much, for by an other name he would still be unique, was Mickey; a name I gave him out of respect of his famous mythical prototype of the screen whose all too human antics have won so secure a place in our hearts.

"Michael, lad, in what store by Market or by McAllister, nibblest thou now? Did not He who made the lamb and the tiger and the billion suns of the milky way, and the rascal that stole my Mark Twain, make thee and me also? And wast thou not, therefore, on the theory of natural rights—whatever that ambiguous phrase may mean—entitled to thy little place in the sun? Unlike many a two-legged varlet, whose four-footed manners violate the Pickwickian properties, thou didst never make me blush for shame. If sometimes thou, in thy need, didst help thyself to a share of the day's old doughnut I had laid by against the morrow's lunch, to that thou wert right welcome, Mickey boy, an thou hadst left me only the hole to feed mysel withal.

"And the books thou nibblest at? Hadst thou some means, withheld from me, of appropriating the beauty of the poet and the glory of the saint other than the familiar process of reading? Or was it only some edible property in the paper, some lingering essence of the great forest whence it came that man with all his pulping power could not obliterate quite, that brought thee nightly to my books?

"Come back, Michael lad, the little hole through which thou madest thy sometime exits and entrances upon the stage of the higher and lower learning is still uncovered; and up on that shelf of sermons, hard by Herr Zimmerman on 'Solitude' and close to John Pearson 'On the Creed,' thou mayest nibble to thy little soul's content."

SPEAKING IN CONFIDENCE

Getting out this GAZETTE is no picnic. If we print jokes people say we are silly; If we don't they say we are too serious; If we clip things from other papers, we are too lazy to write them ourselves; If we stick close to the job all the time, We ought to be out hunting up news; If we go out and try to hustle, We ought to be in the office, If we don't print contributions, We don't appreciate true genius; And if we do print them, the paper is filled with junk.

If we make a change in the other fellow's write-up, we are too critical; If we don't we are asleep. Now like as not some guy will say We swiped this from some magazine! WE DID!

—from Opportunity.

HOLLYWOOD

—from Chinese Digest by Chingwah Lee—

EDITOR'S NOTE—"Ceramic Art," "Remember When," and "Chinese Discoveries and Inventions" are meeting enthusiastic demands from collectors and sinologists, and we are happy to say that the writer, Chingwah Lee, has not more than half finished each of the three series.

During his present stay in Hollywood, where he is making a study of the movie industry, Lee finds it increasingly difficult to write without recourse to his files and private library here in San Francisco.

However, he agreed to send us a series of jocular jottings of life in the Film Capital, for the balance of his stay in the south at least. In later issues he will report more on the Chinese aspect of the movie industry, and especially on the making of "The Good Earth."

Where's Hollywood. I wanted to find out. I asked a fireman and he said, "There ain't no Hollywood. Whenever the place got too hot, it's the Lost Angeles Dept. what cool it off for 'em."

So I went to the Chamber of Commerce, a place what take care of parades and festia. A festia is a carnival which made the Dons glad that they no longer own California. Where's Hollywood, I sez. The sweet young thing behind the counter turned on her Los Angelic smile and said, "Why, where-ever you see a studio—there's Hollywood."

Where can I find a studio, I sez, getting hotter on the trail and hotter still around my neck. "Well," she replied, chewing her gum in the most aristocratic manner, "Warners at Burbank, Universals at Universal City, Leo's at Culver, and Fox's at Beverly Hill. They're outside our territory."

So I hop on the nearest bus and sez I'll go Hollywood or bus. The driver gave me a look generally reserved for Zioncheck and drove on. He dropped me off at Vine and yapped, "This 'ere is the 'eart of 'ollywood."

I looked around. Not a studio in sight, not even a nickelodian. There's a drug store at every corner, selling ice cream cohns and kahn iquor.

I cannot find my way around anymore, for the inhabitants here speak a middle west dialect unbeknownst to me, and so I went shopping.

The shops here are very gadgety these days, what with so many super-spectacles calling for mob scenes. Now here's a way back to prosperity for the merchants here. Just let them make a deal with the script dept for bigger and better mob scenes.

There's a men's shop catering to Louise Ranier and Marlene Dietrich. It also displays a fine collection of pink and peach colored shirts to attract people leaving Grauman's. They also display loosely woven polo shirts. I went in and asked for a chestnut polo shirt, cause I think it will protect both your chest and your head. It's called Marco Polo, in honor of the Marc brothers, no doubt.

"Eight dollars," said the clerk handing me the shirt. I clutched my one and only fiver and threw the shirt back. Not good enuff, sez I, trying my best to look like Charlie Chan or Keye Luke, or other millionaires. Get me a handkerchief, I sez, the best you have.

The clerk bowed courteously and procured a nose-wiper. They never say fetch here, its wrong Americania. He was very humble about the whole transaction. I like him. "Thank you," he said in parting, "and when you can afford a shirt, please come back." I like him—in pieces.

There's a place called Sylvia. She's very famous. Famous people go there to get famous. That's why she's famous. Wunz there was an actress tipping the scale (only elephants weigh these days) at 150 who couldn't get by the casting office because she was too much herself. "Come back when you're invisible," said the casting director.

She went to Sylvia bringing a hundred fifty berries. "Easy," said Sylvia, "I can take away 15 pounds with each pound, and my fee is 15 berries a bout." The actress took ten bouts and now she can slip in and out of any studio.

I tried a Hollywood diet at one of the eating studios. Every establishment here is called a studio. They study your bank account thoroughly.

The Hollywood diet is fas'nating. You swallow a grrape fruit salad and lose everything you got. Then you have an omelette which is like an egg fu young except that it has no eggs and is stuffed with straw. You finish with a beverage of burnt sawdust and feel very Hollywooden.

Out on the Blvd once more I acquired the famous Hollywood daze. And right then and there I discover Hollywood. You can meet all the famous people here. Both imported and local celebrities are to be found here. The latter always go around in foreign cars. And by crossing the street at the right time you can make a hit with any of them.



READIN THE WHITTLERS' GAZETTE IN LOS GATOS, CALIFORNIA

MR. JAMES G. CHAPMAN, who is responsible for this Special California Edition submitted 20 or more photos and personal drawings, which if I could a used em all would a made it the most artistic and outstandin issue of all time. That is the way them Californians do things—right up brown. Bein a publisher and no mean artist hisself, he knows more a lot than I do about gettin out a good magazine. Cost of cuts and lack of space forbids the use of more than a fourth of the wealth of material submitted.

While MR. CHAPMAN didn't say so, I surmise the accompanying picture is of his good wife and handsome daughter. Furthermore I got a sneakin idea they might a helped a heap with this special issue.

SAN FRANCISCO CLIMATE

By B. C. Bill

San Francisco is sometimes called "The Jeweled City of the Pacific by the Golden Gate," being located on the peninsula, its year-round temperature practically as even as that of the Pacific Ocean itself. This means that it never freezes in winter or scorches in summer. Yes, it is a heavenly climate, but it is just this heavenliness that proves to be its undoing; since most folks have given up heavenly places as being too monotonous for human habitation. Here the temperature is so even that to mention weather when greeting a friend is only to mark oneself as a Johnny-come-lately. But you would never know you had been marked because the native son is very modest and tolerant in this respect, and ignores your little slip so completely you would know you had made it. However, should you stay on the peninsula the entire year you would again bump into the same obstacle in a different way, and here's how: The grass and most of the shrubbery and trees in the parks, (being watered) stays green the year round. Also, most of the trees have only one suit of clothes, (a green one) which they wear the year round. Now just imagine yourself arousing from a snooze in such a park and tryin to tell, by looking around, to tell the time of year. There isn't a thing about the trees or shrubbery or grass to tell you, whereas if you awoke from a snooze in an eastern park you could always tell instantly, because there,

each tree or shrub has four suits of clothes. A spring, summer, fall and winter suit. Each eastern tree wears a pale green suit for spring, a deep dark foliage suit for summer, a speckled one for fall and in winter a white-and-black-striped suit is described by the snow and ice on the bare-black branches. But here in California we have that uniform weather with most trees wearing the same suit the year round and hence snoozers simply have to remember the time of year before going to sleep or else carry a calendar in their pocket. Being behind with my fooling around I must close by asking you to come out and see for yourself sometime and don't forget to bring along some cedar chunks which is really the best whittling known to man, according to Mr. Swaim a California whittler, who hails from a state noted for whittling, North Carolina. He says it not only makes real pretty curls and smells better but is softer and more soothing. Also, it carries a higher "flosific" content than most wood would.

SUPREME COURT

Any assumption that the SUPREME COURT IS ALWAYS RIGHT IS WRONG. But RIGHT OR WRONG, we all respect its decisions and will back it up to the limit. A lot of folks feel the same way about the WHITTLERS' GAZETTE.

A New Rogers-Ziegfeld Combination— This Time in the Newspaper Business

Beverly Hills, Calif.—If angels in heaven can look down, Will Rogers and Florenz Ziegfeld must be very happy.

Working side by side in a newspaper office here are a boy and a girl dear to the hearts of this famous pair.

The boy is 23-year-old Will Rogers, Jr., owner and managing editor of the Beverly Hills Citizen, "a home paper for home folk."

Patricia Ziegfeld, 19, is the girl. She was employed recently to write a Hollywood column for the paper.

To sentimentalists this youthful union of sprouting careers will bring tears. For behind the scene is a gripping story of fiction-like loyalty, revealed here for the first time.

One of Ziegfeld's early Follies discoveries, Will Rogers was summoned to the great showman's bedside just before the latter died four years ago. Present, also, was Samuel Goldwyn, the film producer.

Tired and penniless, Ziegfeld secured the pledge of Rogers to guide the career of his daughter, Patricia, then 15. To Goldwyn was entrusted the care of Ziegfeld's wife, Billie Burke.

Rogers and Goldwyn wisely guided the footsteps of the widow and her child. Rogers served Patricia like a father and Goldwyn managed Billie's film career with all the shrewdness at his command.

In Will, Jr., his eldest son, Rogers instilled his devotion to the daughter of a departed friend. Then an airplane plummeted to earth in Alaska and Will Rogers joined Ziegfeld.

But the promise made to the showman by the famed humorist was foreordained to survive that tragic crash. Without hesitation, Will Rogers, Jr., assumed brotherly liability for Patricia's care.

Purchase of the weekly Beverly Hills Citizen provided Will Jr., with a chance to offer Patricia a foundation for a writing career. She readily accepted the job, linking once more the names of Rogers and Ziegfeld.

Patricia, tall and pensive and red-haired, gathers news for her weekly column of Hollywood chatter between freshman classes at the University of California at Los Angeles.

"When Bill offered me the job, I told him he'd have to take the consequences," said Patricia. "Then, when I read my first column, I was scared pink. It sounded pretty bad."

But Managing Editor Rogers thought it was swell—as did the paper's subscribers.

Young Rogers' purchase and editorship of the paper climaxed years of study for a newspaper career. Now in full charge of a flourishing, 12-year-old business, the youth's bid for achievement rests upon his own capability. He doesn't shout the fact that he's the son of Will Rogers. The Citizen carries its editor's name in tiny type merely as "Bill Rogers."

"The paper isn't just a hobby," says Rogers. "I'm in the business for honest profits and actual experience, supported by hard work."

Many physical characteristics of his famous dad were inherited by young Rogers. Tall and good-looking, Will, like his father, drawls when he talks, smiles from the corner of his mouth, and possesses a keen sense of humor.

Patricia Ziegfeld discovered this humorous side when he read one of her columns. "Hey," demanded Will, "who are these Gables and Pickfords and Harlows you're writing about? I don't know 'em. Get some big names in your column!"

A LIVING MONUMENT TO WHITTLING!

Still alive and growing the Wawona Tunnel Tree stands today to perpetuate the memory of a really ambitious whittler. In the year 1881 a tunnel, eight feet wide and twenty-seven feet long was whittled through the heart of this famous tree. Eight-horse stages of those days used to drive through the tunnel of this tree and today, modern sight-seeing motor coaches carry visitors over the same road. In Mariposa Grove there are over five hundred large Sequoias and countless smaller ones.

Some are over 4,000 years old. This forest of Giant Trees, oldest and largest in the world is located on the western slopes of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, thirty-five miles from Yosemite Valley, California.

The Telescope Tree still lives although its heart was burned from roots to top (200 feet) so that you can stand inside the trunk and see the sky through its crest.

COME AND WHITTLE IN SAN FRANCISCO

Whittlers will be interested in coming to San Francisco, sitting on one of our seven hills where it's warm in winter and cool in summer and whittling away while they watch the two largest bridges in the world being completed during this year.

San Francisco was discovered more than a hundred years ago by Spaniards from Mexico and has been the most interesting city on the Pacific Coast in its century of life. The city itself is situated on a peninsula six miles wide and seven miles long and has been isolated from the rest of the United States by the broad surface of glamorous San Francisco Bay. Up until this coming year San Franciscans had to pay to get in and out of their city at two of its three gates. With the completion of the bridges this isolation of San Francisco is being ended. San Franciscans are now looking forward to paying off the debt on these bridges so that people can come in and go out on all three sides without paying toll.

In celebration of the bridges an International Exposition is being built on an island in the middle of San Francisco Bay. Quite miraculously, by means of modern dredgers, the sand is sucked out of the bottom of the bay and pumped up onto a shallow flat. An island is being built which

will comprise 400 acres upon which will be built palaces in which to exhibit the wonders of the modern world. The Exposition will open February 18, 1939 and close December 2, 1939.

In the meantime thousands of people are coming to San Francisco to see the bridges while they are in construction and to see the Exposition Island being built. All of these three come close to ranking as world wonders.

P. S. The manager of the San Francisco Convention and Tourist Bureau here in San Francisco read over a copy of THE WHITTLERS' GAZETTE and was very much impressed, he found it quite interesting and gave me this message for the July number. Chapman.

LINCOLN AND ADVERTISING

Housewives in a little back woods section of Illinois a century ago knew they could buy with complete confidence at a little store run by ABE LINCOLN, so said the OHIO State Journal some months ago and implied that its readers could place the same trust and confidence in all the advertisements they read. Why even HORSE TRADERS in LINCOLN'S DAY didn't evade and deceive as bad as some of the advertisers do today, and so, such broad, unqualified endorsement of advertising in general merely increases the suspicions and distrust of their readers, who have a lot more HORSE SENSE than they get credit for.

Are Welch's claims for grape juice as a fat reducer truthful?

What brand of canned pineapple labled "Fancy" was found to be both poor in quality and high in price?

What is a good and inexpensive brand of toilet soap?

Which two out of ten models of washing machines have been found worthy to be recommended for purchase?

What items should a home medicine chest contain?

Should the consumer eat oranges that been dyed or ripened with ethylene gas?

What laxatives are safe, or least harmful?

Which double-edge safety razor blade was the most effective of 26 brands tested?

What common foods contain lead or arsenic, or both, in dangerous amounts?

Consumers' Research Was Organized to Give You the Answers to These and Hundreds of Similar Questions

Information which provides the answers to these questions appears in the **Annual Handbook of Buying** (confidential), issue of September, 1935, which is available to all subscribers to the combined service. For a circular giving further details, write to:

CONSUMERS' RESEARCH, Inc.

Organized and incorporated under the laws of the State of New York as a membership corporation to provide unbiased information and counsel on goods bought by the ultimate consumer; not a business enterprise, not operated for profit.

Washington, New Jersey

VITAMINS!

I used to enjoy sitting down to a meal
Of potatoes and spareribs and pie,
But this vitamin business has led me to feel,
If I eat what I want, I may die!

They say that a good chunk of pork and baked beans,
As a vitamin food is all wrong,
So they feed you a handful of spinach and greens
And expect you to be stout and strong.

There's a vitamin "A"—write this down or your cuff—
It prevents both the flu and the gout;
And they also declare, if you don't take enough,
All your hair and your teeth will fall out.

Then there's vitamin "B" and vitamin "C";
No human can live long without 'em.
The doctors all say it's as true as can be,
And I'd be the last man to doubt 'em.

I've been told that there's also a "D" and an "E",
And I'm sure that there must be an "F",
And when'er they discover a vitamin "G",
It will cure all the blind and the deaf!

Go ahead and eat vitamins "A", "B" and "C",
If for diet you want something new,
But I'll take some corned beef and biscuit and tea
And a side dish of hot Irish stew.

These vitamins may be alright, I confess,
But if I have to live on raw salads,
I know that there soon will be one poet less
Writing doggerel verse and poor ballads.

I have one consolation that quiets my fears,
And that keeps me from worry and fret,
Old Noah, who lived more than six hundred years,
Never heard of this queer alphabet.

—Walt.

WOODROW ISHMAEL, WHITTLERS' GAZETTE CARTOONIST WINS SCHOLARSHIP FOR ART WORK

WOODROW ISHMAEL, son of Mr. and Mrs. B. L. Ishmael, Portsmouth, Ohio, student at Cleveland Art School was one of 13 students to receive an HONORARY POST-GRADUATE SCHOLARSHIP from the Agnes Gund Traveling scholarships which are awarded annually. These traveling scholarships were awarded along with the HONORARY SCHOLARSHIPS.

The above was copied from a press notice in the Portsmouth Times. I know I am voicin the sentiment of every reader of THE WHITTLERS' GAZETTE, when I

say that we hope WOODY don't have to travel so far away that he can't draw pictures for us. Without him our little magazine would be like Old Mother Hubbard's cupboard. I wonder if you have all noticed what a really fine job he has been doin for us? That picture of RUBE AND EM, especially 'EM was worth keepin and framin.

WOODY like everybody else that has contributed to THE WHITTLERS' GAZETTE has worked for nothing. If any of you need any art work done the WHOLE WHITTLE FAMILY would appreciate your givin WOODY A TRIAL, while he goes on with his studies. I understand he has one or two important assignments already. AMEN TO WOODY.

Copied From
 "THE TURNOVER TIMES"

Published Monthly by

WOLVERINE SHOE AND TANNING CORP.

MAKERS OF SHELL HORSEHIDE SHOES

"AMEN! AMEN! TO WHITTLERS' GAZETTE"

"Our hats are off and our hands are out to America's MOST UNUSUAL MAGAZINE, 'THE WHITTLERS' GAZETTE.' If you haven't seen a copy—waste no time. Write to Brant's Village Store in Lucasville, Ohio, and ask to be put on the mailing list. We'll wager you never got a bigger kick out of any printed page, than you will get out of EVERY PAGE in this extraordinary publication.

"Incidentally Mr. Brant informs his readers that the magazine is sent without cost to all who ask for it, but slyly adds that many insist on sending from 50c to \$2.00 for a year's subscription. We are not surprised. It is well worth a good round sum to enjoy Mr. Brant's humorous raps at some national advertisers, his whole hearted commendations of others and his breezy comments on everything in general."

There are two more paragraphs of this editorial, but I don't want to tire you listenin to praise of The Whittlers' Gazette. Anyway we have a lot more letters from OUTSTANDIN NATIONAL MANUFACTURERS, you will be interested in. We would always rather SAY AMEN TO SOME GOOD MAN OR FIRM than to BE AMENED. But of course we do appreciate immensely these friendly acknowledgements of our efforts to point out to the public HONEST MANUFACTURERS AND ADVERTISERS.

The other day I was tryin to sell a pair of shoes to a man who had never known about WOLVERINE HORSE HIDE SHOES. I wasn't gettin on any too well till FIVE OTHER CUSTOMERS STEPPED UP AND EXHIBITED THE FIVE PAIRS OF WOLVERINES ON THEIR FEET, NOT A PAIR LESS THAN A YEAR OLD, and, as ONE MAN, voiced their approval of this wonderful shoe. In one minute more I had a pair wrapped up for this critical customer. MEN WHO ALWAYS BEFORE BOT CHEAP SHOES, AND NOT UNREASONABLY, BECAUSE THEY HAD LEARNED FROM EXPERIENCE THAT ALL TOO OFTEN THE HIGHER PRICED PAIR DID NOT GIVE PROPORTIONATELY LONGER WEAR, NOW, NEVER ASK THE PRICE, BUT DEMAND WOLVERINES BY NAME, IF THEY HAVE EVER WORN A PAIR OR HAD A NEIGHBOR WHO DID. BUT WOLVERINES ARE NOT HIGH PRICED.

We find however lots of people wearin shoes which were sold to them as merely HORSEHIDE or even sometimes as WOLVERINE HORSEHIDE by unscrupulous

merchants, when in fact they were not HORSEHIDE at all. If there is any other manufacturer makin HORSEHIDE SHOES we do not know of them, and the word WOLVERINE is always stamped in the leather band around the top of every genuine WOLVERINE SHOE.

PREMIER PEACHES!



Us eastern Folks will have to eat peaches canned in SUNNY CALIFORNIA, cause ours all froze last winter.

Most folks like to trade at GOOD STORES, and Most GOOD STORES, will have PREMIER PEACHES and other fruits, because THE PREMIER PEOPLE are such honorable and dependable folks to deal with.

(This ad written by Clyde Brant, Editor)

HEALTH COL-YUM

Dr. W. T. Marrs, Peoria, Illinois

Life is a song. But you have to sing it yourself. A tense, tight, nervous age, this. Some have forgotten how to live; some never learn. Too much tension from too much attention. Many need to put pleasure before business. There are more tricks in the science and art of living than there are in business. Many of us need to learn living as much as how to make a living.

Very few people are happy—or at least only for short spurts and spells. Most people are obliged to work a little—very few like to. Work is mostly an acquired habit prompted generally by necessity. Most of us would rather play, chase some hobby or do something foolish, i. e., gossiping, bragging, courting, etc. But since we must work a little, why not make it as easy as possible? Why not make everything easy? Why not get rhythm into our souls—yes, even our soles? When lifting a load or swinging a shovel do it with a rhythm or swing. Immediately let the muscles unbend from their tenseness—there is an interval of rest, just as the heart gets its rest in the systole—between beats so to speak. You neurotics, why not make all your movements round, curveful, graceful. Avoid straight lines and angles. Curved is the line of beauty; also of ease.

Yes, life ought to be a song. Perhaps a better title for this screed would be, "Living Made Easy." We need more rest. Only a lazy man like myself would offer such suggestions. An old philosopher once said we should do two disagreeable things every day. I don't know about this. Why not say or do something pleasing to two persons each day? It might be well to tackle a grouch once in awhile and try to thaw him out. He might question your good intentions, but never mind. Try to be comfortable physically. Women work in the kitchen and about the home sitting on chairs that are too high or too low and strain nerves and muscles reaching for things on shelves two feet over their heads. No wonder woman has been called a "creature with a pain in her side." Give all the old straight chairs to the junk man. Rest easy and often with soft things to sit on and lie on. Recline in soft spots and often; have the two feet about two feet higher than the body.

It's hard to relax sometimes, so don't try it. Just keep still and practice regular breathing. Practice auto-suggestion—talk to yourself and tell yourself lots of things to do, pleasant and agreeable things, just



as you are courting slumber—"the sleep that knits up the raveled sleeve of care." In addition to one's regular routine of reading it is very helpful to garner little bits of poetry and philosophy to feed our minds which in turn are perhaps drawn, in some measure, from our subconsciousness to bolster up our daily walks and work.

Relaxation again. Don't punish yourself by too much effort at it. Just do something else. Stretch. Walter B. Pitkin in some one of his books said: "Most of us do not stretch enough. Imitate the cat which does it with ease and grace. Turn the toes downward, stiffen the arms above the head and straighten the fingers. Stretch until it hurts, literally."

Good habits tend toward happiness although one can be too meticulous. In medical college I knew a would-be puritanical fellow who often bragged that he never smoked, drank, cussed, lied, or kissed a girl. Some of the boys retaliated by asking him what he wanted to live for. The same chap, by the way, tried to make a pun out of everything he said or heard anyone else say, for which he should perhaps have received a life sentence.

Much strain and tension are caused by fear—a bad fear is called a phobia. If you entertain a body of fixed fears why not call them all in for a holiday? If they do not consent to leave gracefully, then have one big fight, meet them face to face and

have it out once and for all. You are bound to lick them if you have any backbone at all. Whenever you completely analyze and show up a thing that torments you it will evaporate into thin air. Psychoanalysis, this is called and you don't have to pay a lot of money to some wonder-worker for what you can do for yourself.

I am covering a good deal of territory in this haphazard dissertation but nerves and diet deserve a word. The stomach and nervous system are co-operators—some-

times co-conspirators against the individual. At the Chicago World's Fair I observed in the so-called foreign villages and restaurants fine-appearing women devouring chains of greasy sausages, drinking beer and smoking cigarettes, all at the same time. People abuse their stomachs and nervous systems for years and sooner or later wonder why the Creator has imposed a dire disease upon them. Life may be a sweet song but it is so hard for many of us to keep in tune.

MY COMPLAINT

By Rube

(Referring to the VALSPAR cartoon in the June issue of THE WHITTLERS' GAZETTE)

Well, WHITTLIN FRIENDS, as you all know,
 I've been cartooned agin—
 Been perched right out in public
 With no whiskers on my chin—
 No out-sized adam's apple,
 No good old hickry shirt!
 No corn-cob pipe, no overalls—
 Just a handsome, dressed-up squirt
 Paintin VALSPAR on the privy,
 And a lookin mad as hops
 While Em she stands and bosses
 Like she does bout all the crops.
 I've wrote the Editor that I
 Will have my picture took
 To correct this bad impression—
 Show you how I really look,
 For I'm ugly and proud of it—
 Never was a pretty lad;
 Now, can you blame me, WHITTLIN
 FRIENDS,
 For bein fightin mad?

ECHOES FROM RUBE'S POEM AND WOODY'S CARTOON TO VALSPAR

The poem to VALSPAR
 that started it all.

by Rube

Now Jim was a WHITTLER of merit,
 And WHITTLERS know values, you bet!
 In case you are doubtful about it
 Just send for a WHITTLERS' GAZETTE,
 And pursue the opinions of Editor Brant,
 (A WHITTLER e'en greater than Jim)
 Read his sincere "Amens" to VALSPAR—
 Learn WHITTLIN and VALSPAR from
 him!

VALSPAR LETTER IN REPLY

Rube,
 % Brant Village Store,
 Lucasville, Ohio.

Dear Rube:

Your letter of April 18th telling us something of yourself and the Whittlers' Gazette, was duly received, and also your additional verse to the poem, "The Lesson I Learned from Jim."

There's really isn't any serious prize money involved in this little venture of ours, but you certainly do rate some recognition, and it gives us a lot of pleasure to send a quart of Super Valspar to you in care of your good friend Clyde Brant, at the Village Store, in Lucasville.

You won't receive this letter, and of course you won't receive the Super Valspar either, until you get up courage enough to take off your false whiskers and go in and face the editor, man to man.

We will look forward to a report of this historic meeting when it takes place, and in the meanwhile, we remain

Yours 'til Valspar turns white,

VALENTINE & COMPANY,
 P. M. Vosburgh, Manager,
 Advertising Department.

Editor's Note—RUBE ain't got his VALSPAR yet. Maybe some of you could tell him some scheme to get it without bein caught. There is much more to this RUBE-VALSPAR spar in back and forth, several other letters, which we have room to tell you about next month. You see RUBE and me both is so long-windish and detailish, we can't hardly write for the same issue. Fore long I think I'll just turn a whole issue over to him. WHAT SAY RUBE?

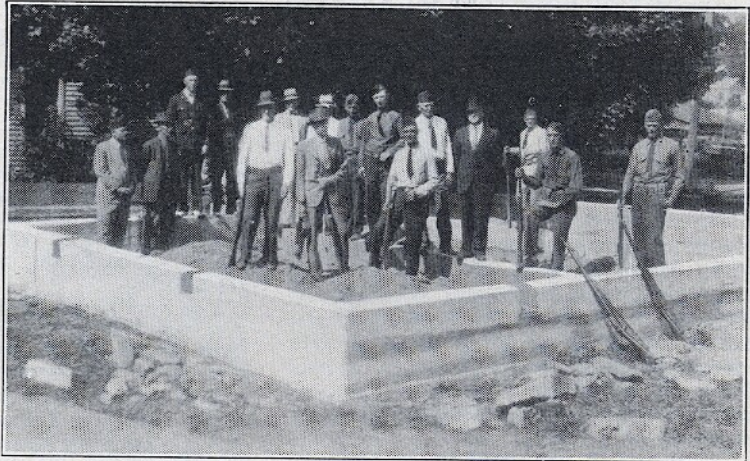
WARNING TO RUBE AND WALT!

All the local detectives have failed utterly to uncover the identity of WALT and RUBE, WHITTLERS' GAZETTE POETS. Better watch out boys, if the Government finds out what a big income you are gettin from your writins, the G-MEN will get you for evasion of taxes, like they did Al Capone, and are thinkin of doin with the Black Legion leaders.

Order
Arms
May 30
1936



The
Foundation
May 30
1936



May 30
1936



MEMORIAL DAY SCENES AT CEMETERY AND FOUNDATION OF LEGION HOME
Lower picture, front row, left to right: Wm. Toms, Clyde Brant, Ora Slark, Earl Slark, Milt Hopper, Chester Gibbons, Louis Double.
Second row: Loren Frazier, Ed Kuhn, Bill Skeldon, Rev. Wilson, Esto Davis with bugle.
Back row: Ben Kimbler, S. O. Franklin, Chas. Griffith, Roy Snyder, John McJunkin.

THE IRWIN AUGER BIT COMPANY

OF WILMINGTON, OHIO

Maybe you read the reproduction of this firm's advertisement and our AMEN on the back cover of this issue already. If you haven't be sure to do so before you lay this magazine down. To understand all I am tryin to say to you merchants, you manufacturers, and you advertisers, you should read that ad.

THE BEST ADVERTISEMENT OF THE MONTH

It is straight from the shoulder, frank, honest, uncompromisin, just like all advertisin should be. I think it is the BEST ADVERTISEMENT I have seen in many a moon. Not exactly or merely for what it SAYS, but more especially for the CHALLENGE IT FLINGS AT ALL UNFAIR COMPETITION FROM WHATEVER SOURCE. Other AUGER BIT PRODUCERS may follow the lead of this good firm or they may continue on in their shady practices. The Big Mail Order Houses and Chain Stores may protest in vain.

Openly, publically, THE IRWIN AUGER BIT COMPANY has announced its allegiance to the Independent Jobber and Retailer, and pledged itself to see that its products — BETTER PRODUCTS ARE DELIVERED TO THE ULTIMATE CONSUMER AT PRICES AS LOW AS SIMILAR PRODUCTS CAN BE OBTAINED FROM ANY OTHER SOURCE. Therein lies a story of intense interest to ALL GOOD AMERICANS.

OF INTEREST TO CONSUMERS

This advertisement was not written for THE WHITTLERS' GAZETTE. It was run on the front page of THE HARDWARE WORLD, May 1936, and you can see was addressed to the Jobbing Trade or Wholesale Dealers of the United States. But it has an equal significance to both the Independent Retailer and especially TO THE CONSUMER. While this essay is primarily addressed to MERCHANTS, I hope all of you consumers are readin what I am tryin to say.

Well just as soon as I saw this IRWIN AUGER BIT ad, I immediately wrote and asked permission to reproduce it. MR. H. M. SWAIN, Executive Vice President, not only readily granted my request, but said that he had been thinking for some time that his firm should advertise in THE WHITTLERS' GAZETTE, and authorized their advertisin agency to give us contract for half page for the remainder of the year. I hadn't even suggested that they ad-

vertise with us. Now WASN'T THAT GRAND? You old WHITTLERS won't have to write this good firm a lot of cards to persuade them to join up with us.

STRAIGHT TALK TO MERCHANTS

I been publishin THE WHITTLERS' GAZETTE, and its predecessor "BRANTS STORE NEWS" off and on for 15 years, and many of you have been readin it for a year. I have borne all the expense and distributed it FREE not only to our customers but to nearly everybody in the United States who asked for it. And I am sure it has justified its expense as a little publication that has appealed to the GENERAL PUBLIC, and held their confidence just because it, like THE IRWIN AUGER BIT CO., has tried to BE FAIR AND SQUARE with the CONSUMER.

SALES GOING UP

Now if I read the article right, the IRWIN AUGER BIT CO. sales have increased about 90 percent since it came out about a year ago openly for a SQUARE DEAL TO MERCHANT AND CONSUMER, and sales at BRANTS' STORE in May 1936, were 25 percent above May 1935—every dollar gain all in cash. It was our largest single month's sales since 1926. All of which proves that an aggressive, uncompromisin policy of combattin the Chislers, and grafters in big business and small, will help more to regain the confidence of the public, build up good will and chase the "Absentee Landlords" out of our hamlets and cities than anything else.

HOW MANY ARE INTERESTED?

And I am wonderin today, how many, if any of you merchants who are readin this, might possibly be interested in joinin hands with me and other good merchants and our good advertisers in a publication that you could without apology or too great expense distribute FREE to your customers? Say one something like THE WHITTLERS' GAZETTE, to start with?

STOP AND THINK A MINUTE!

Ever since the war, when a few profiteers brought disgrace upon the retail business, by front page newspaper scandal, the Independent Merchant has been subject to endless false propaganda at the hand of paid publicity agents. The mail order houses and chain stores have continually bombarded the public with mis-

leading half truths and claims for efficiency and low comparative prices which were unfounded in fact. Even gullible High School and College Professors fell for the game and actually taught their pupils that the local merchant had no chance to survive. Magazines and newspapers lent their support to the more powerful interests unblushingly. Even some of our Trade Journals betrayed their readers and supporters, and our chambers of Commerce and trade organizations surrendered in many instances to the war on us local merchants. And it ain't over yet by any means.

SEE WHAT HAPPENED

In spite of all this 20 years of intensive effort to convert OLD JOHN PUBLIC, HE STUCK RIGHT SQUARE BACK OF THE INDEPENDENT MERCHANT. Not that us merchants deserved it maybe, but THEY COULDN'T FOOL OLD JOHN. He just set back and laughed at their advertisements, and every day gets a little more critical and suspicious. It seems to me it is about time us merchants wake up and find out what a really sensible guy this old John Public is. The 25 percent of business he has given to chains and mail order houses has been given grudgingly. He never wanted to trade with em at all. He just had to sometimes because us merchants didn't appreciate his business and good will enough to cater to his whims and needs.

Contrary to expert opinion the majority of people DO KNOW VALUES AND WANT GOOD THINGS. The only lasting effect of the campaign to deceive the people has been to CONFUSE THEM. They know all Chains and Mail Order Houses is bad. They know some Independent merchants is worse. They know that about half of all us merchants is dishonest and give short weights and measures, but they don't always know which ones, or if they do, they may have had to shop around a lot, before they found out. Any HONEST AGENCY, whether it is THE WHITTLERS' GAZETTE or something else that actually will help the consumer to sift the wheat from the chaff will be most welcome in the homes of America.

In all this time the merchants have had no publication to tell their side of the story—the WHOLE STORY, as it really is from the consumer's and merchant's standpoint. THE WHITTLERS' GAZETTE has been tryin to do this, and you have all seen how enthusiastically readers have accepted it in 44 states and how the better manufacturers have emphatically endorsed its aims and policies. As a merchant I have always felt the need of this honest, human contact with the people we serve. If you feel the same need, and enough of us could get together with a

larger circulation, we could interest more manufacturers in our advertisin field, reduce costs all around, and by sheer public opinion correct some of the evils in the business world.

Just yesterday I received a communication from San Francisco, a business woman who said she could use 500 copies of THE WHITTLERS' GAZETTE if it would carry a small ad of her business, and requested details as to cost of ad and extra copies. I have not replied, but this lady will know what I am drivin at in this long essay. Maybe you too, Mr. MERCHANT, have caught the spirit of the thing I am tryin to get across.

It isn't better and more rigid laws so much that we need to protect us from unfair trade practices; not more and bigger buyin or trade organizations whose officers may sell us out; not necessarily fancier stores or more important lookin clerks, but a more sincere appreciation of the intelligence of our customers and an honest appeal to reason and common sense thru the medium of a national publication. If we are RIGHT as I sincerely believe we are, the people will KNOW and RESPOND. PUBLIC OPINION will accomplish more in a month than laws, lobbyists or advertising will in a year. If the people make any mistakes it will be because of LACK OF INFORMATION. If we merchants want to hold our place in the business world, we've got to prove our worthiness. The public owes us nothin, but it will probably give us more than we earn, if they know we are playin square with them. HOW MANY COPIES OF THE NEXT ISSUE OF THE WHITTLERS' GAZETTE DO YOU WANT FOR FREE DISRIBUTION FROM YOUR STOE at a cost of 5c a copy to you? That is less than my cost. You could print a little circular of your own and place it in each copy, explainin what it is all about. There are a dozen ways we might work this thing out, and I would be pleased indeed to have your impressions. You can write me in confidence.

WANTED, PERFECT DUNKIN COOKIES

I been looking for 35 years for a cookie that would DUNK PERFECTLY and taste good. You city people can get em at your bakeries—pretty good ones, but us rural people who live in towns where there ain't no bakeries have to get along with whatever the National Bakeries, like the National Biscuit Co., and others make, and not a single one of them make even a decent imitation of a real DUNKIN COOKIE. All we get is what our wives bake for us now and then. And so another National Demand is not bein satisfied. Funny ain't it how dumb these big smart business men are?

NOTICE!**THERE WON'T BE NO ISSUE OF THE
WHITTLERS' GAZETTE IN AUGUST
REASON—DOCTOR'S ORDERS**

No I ain't had to take the GAZETTE to the doctors yet. Its just me. He told me this week that I had to quit workin on it and WORRYIN about you WHITTLERS. You know I told you before he said I would have to get away and loaf for 30 days and I suspended publication in May for that reason, and then the floods come along, some of my clerks got cut off by the water, and first one thing and another, includin more business in the store, kept me workin harder than ever.

This issue would a been a complete farce if our good friends in CALIFORNIA hadn't a come to my rescue and I here-with extend them GREETINGS and SINCERE THANKS, for you and me both. Even with their help it was no little job to select 20 pages from the 40, and get ready for the printer. Especially as I was not brot up in a newspaper office and am a plumb tenderfoot at writin and publishin. About all I can do is to dump the stuff in an envelope and instruct the printer to do the best he can with it. So if your contribution doesn't stand out as prominently as you think it ought to, don't blame me. I ought to know how to lay out copy for the printer but I don't and wouldn't have time probably if I did.

But don't let this keep you from sendin in your notions, emotions and whittlins. I can't promise always to use all I receive of course, but I am always glad to get them, and will use all possible. If any of you readers in other states want to get out a SPECIAL STATE ISSUE, just let me know and we will arrange it. How about it, TEXAS? This is YOUR MAGAZINE BOYS and I want it to be just what YOU WANT IT TO BE. Write often and FRANKLY. The destiny of the WHITTLERS' GAZETTE is largely in your hands. In three days I will be in Sunny Tennessee where my son, Joe, says he needs me to trim hedge, hoe garden and cut grass.

I can do that with as much dispatch and efficiency as I can get out a magazine, but down there I reckon I'll get my board, which is just that much more than I am gettin now out of this publishin business, which is more than I am worth. I'll be back in Lucasville by the time you read this, and I hope this is the last time we will have to skip an issue on my account. So long till September, and good luck to you all.

**DON'T WAIT UNTIL
WE'RE DEAD**

(Inspired by Raymond L. Davis, Conshohocken,
Pennsylvania)

By Rube

Don't wait until we're dead
To send us flowers;
Don't wait until we're dead
To give the praise we may deserve;
Don't wait until we're dead,
Mere lifeless things, devoid of verve—
To eulogize!

Please "pat us on the back"
While we are living—
Don't wait until we're dead
To give the boost a brother craves;
Don't wait until we're dead,
And lying cold withn our graves,
But boost us now!

Don't wait until we're dead
To say we've helped you—
Don't wait until we're dead
To say our mag has made you smile;
Don't wait until we're dead,
Then say, "Old Friends, we liked your
style,"
But tell us now!

Don't wait until we're dead
To criticize us—
Don't wait until we're dead
To tell us what we ought to know—
Don't wait until we're dead!
Don't be a two-faced so-in-so—
But cuss us now!

Don't wait to tell us if
You like our paper—
Don't wait until we're dead
To say, "Your mag's not worth a whoop!"
Don't straddle on the fence
And leave us soaking in the soup—
"Post-card" us now!

ARTHUR BRISBANE SAYS—

"Americans have been investing huge sums elsewhere, outside of United States. BILLIONS of American money have gone to Canada, England, and other foreign parts. More will go."

Moving billions of capital out of this country to invest in job-creating enterprises abroad will not help our depression problem. The Irish can tell you what happened when British Landlords spent in London all the rents they collected in Ireland."

"Fortunately for our tax-investing geniuses, Americans whose business is creating jobs for others cannot move every-

thing to the Bahamas. Their plants must remain to be taxed at the sweet will of professors who NEVER CREATED A JOB OR PAY ROLL IN THEIR LIVES."

THE WHITTLERS' GAZETTE SAYS—

I wonder if it ever occurred to MR. BRISBANE to inquire where all these BILLIONS OF DOLLARS that are leavin America actually came from? Some of us CROSS ROADS STORE KEEPERS, FARMERS, and LITTLE COUNTRY HICKS might remind him that ABSENT LANDLORDS LIKE THE BIG CHAIN STORES, MAIL ORDER HOUSES, INSURANCE COMPANIES, CHAIN NEWS-PAPERS, and CHAIN BANKS are drawing the pennies and dimes out of our RURAL COMMUNITIES and accumulatin' them in the big cities, some of it to be transferred ABROAD to escape taxes and leaving it to us LITTLE FELLERS to do the best we can creatin Jobs and takin care of people in distress by payin our taxes.

No, Mr. Brisbane it ain't "BIG BUSINESS" and a FEW BIG INDUSTRIALISTS that has made AMERICA and kept her afloat. Not by a long shot. ABSENTEE OWNERSHIP IN AMERICA TODAY HAS ABOUT RUINED THINGS, just like you say it did Ireland. Us LITTLE FELLERS still employ about 75 percent of all labor I reckon, and ain't complainin much about payin the BULK of the taxes. And while I'll admit "THESE PROFESSORS" maybe never created a pay roll or a job in their lives, they have helped a good deal to make a good many men and women better American Citizens and wage earners to help "BIG BUSINESS" to make more and more to send abroad.

So after all I can't see hardly how BIG BUSINESS could a got along so well without the "PROFESSORS." And moreover these "PROFESSOR EDUCATED" men and women with their kin and the rest of us little fellers who are THE REAL WEALTH OF THE LAND are not likely to go ABROAD, but they may figger out a way thru "CONSUMER COOPERATIVES" or some other scheme to keep THESE BILLIONS OF DOLLARS AT HOME.

The BIG BUSINESS and their GLORIFIERS WILL BE MAD. Somehow, sometimes I think we are goin to get thru this depression even if BIG BUSINESS has run off with our pocketbook.

FROM O. O. McINTYRE'S COLUMN

Portsmouth (Ohio) Times, June 1st

"Harry Richman has discovered an expert WHITTLE out in Chicago and sends me an intricate sample of his handiwork. THERE SHOULD BE A WHITTLING

RENAISSANCE. IT IS THE MOST ABSORBING OF ALL CONCENTRATIONS. THE CONFIRMED WHITTLE IS NEVER A WORRIER. And if I read the signs right there is a heap of worryin goin on about the world. Heaps and Heaps."

YES SIR—THAT'S SO

That's just it. WHITTLERS won't worry, and nobody worries about em—that is nobody but me I reckon. WHITTLERS is so absorbed in their hobbies and tendin to their own business they ain't got time to worry. I been doin my best to wake em up and restore the art to its former glory and power. They all just seem to think their profession and the world will go right on like its been a goin without any worryin. But it won't! Once in awhile I can get one interested or mad enough to stop long enough to SPIT, and when I do he always says or does something worth while. If I could just get em all to SPITTIN at once, there would have to be such a house-cleanin in government, theatres, literature, advertisin, business and schools, there wouldn't be anything really left for any of us to worry about.

But there is LIFE in the old boys yet. They have shocked New York, intrigued Peoria and now are invadin California. If they don't do any worryin theirselves they have started some chislers to thinkin and wonderin. Maybe I ain't worryin my head off for nothin.

"W-I-T-L-I-N-G-S"

by George F. Schulte

Chicago's Entertaining WHITTLE

"A town without 'Whittlers' would be like shortcake without strawberries."

"A rare piece of Whittling should always be well done."

(Rome, Georgia) Visiting Whittlers' take note! When in Rome do as the Romans do."

"Times are so tough, according to a New York Whittler, that the autograph hunters are now asking only for initials."

"A Word-Whittler nobody understands is a train announcer."

"No Whittler ever gets too old to acquire the latest wrinkle."

"Whittling may not make you younger, but it does make you feel younger."

"Cautious Whittlers always count ten before letting anger get the best of them. It is even a good idea to stutter while counting."

"When you are broke you learn that nobody loves a flat man."

"In the words of a pattering paragrapher. Whittlers may come and Whittlers may go—but Whittling goes on forever."

"One thing we all know. The Whittler is not the forgotten man."

"Would you say that the bottom of the column sometimes finds the Whittler at his wit's end?"

"GESUNDHEIT TO YOU ALL."

Hints, Winks, Blinks and Chuckles

FOR THE FIRST THREE MONTHS CHESTERFIELD CIGARETTE ADVERTISEMENTS APPEARED IN THE WHITTLERS' GAZETTE, THEIR SALES IN OUR STORE ALONE INCREASED 157 PERCENT.

Now that is a fine record I think but it doesn't sound big enough. You know I never could get percentages thru my head right. I often wonder if anybody ever has. What actually occurred was that we sold 2 and 4/7 times as many CHESTERFIELD CIGARETTES, but the "percentage" increase was only 157. Does that make sense?

PERCENTAGES is the most deceivin thing I know of. Suppose you say to a man who doesn't really appreciate the fine points of the inconsistencies of percentages that since a bag of flour cost him a \$1.00 last year and \$2.00 this year, it had GONE UP 100 percent. But if it had cost him \$2.00 last year and only \$1.00 this year it would have GONE DOWN ONLY 50 percent? Does that make sense? Every figger the same except the percentages. Figgerin this way you could get old cost of livin up 1000 percent, but you could never get her back down even 100. I reckon that is what is the matter with the government and tax spenders. They know how to get our taxes up but they never can figger out how to bring em back down.

BUT WE WANT THE SALE OF CHESTERFIELDS TO CONTINUE UPWARD BECAUSE THEY ARE GOOD CIGARETTES, HONESTLY ADVERTISED.

TAP DANCERS WANTED

Every mail nearly brings me letters from one to two pages long, tellin me what to do and how to do it to get well and strong again. OLD WHITTLES' DOC MARRS' diagnosis and prescribed treatment was probably most exhaustive, and constructive.

But yesterday from Kansas I got a hummer which appealed to me strongly. The writer suggested that I TAKE UP TAP DANCIN, like he done. Said it was the finest cure for nerves he ever heard of. And I'll bet he is right. I always did have a consumin desire to be a tap dancer or a snake charmer. Now if there is anybody in Lucasville who can teach TAP DANCIN, I'll be one to start the class. Maybe I can get AUS TAYLOR, ART MOULTON, FRANK BRANT, GADDIE MARSH, BILL FRIEND, GEORGE SHULTZ, PHIL FULLWILER, ABE MILLER, MACK MILES, OSCAR SETH and some more around here to step out a little, and join the class.

COLORED ORANGES, NO GOOD!

And while I am cussin BIG BUSINESS for givin us more and more fancy cellophane packed cakes and NO HONEST TO GOODNESS DUNKERS, I might as well tell the ORANGE SHIPPERS what I think of them.

FLORIDA

We ain't had a decent orange from FLORIDA THIS YEAR. Even the famous DR. PHILLIPS BRAND, became a drug on the market after they started addin that unnatural, questionable, uninvitin, unnecessary, and wholly objectionable color to em. Try to imitate CALIFORNIA maybe or improve on old nature. It can't be done boys. Give em to us GREEN or any color Nature makes em, just so they are good. Everybody is suspicious that you picked em green and colored em to look like a jeep and they taste like it.

IF YOU WANT TO DIE YOUNG . . .

Always drive fast out of alleys. You might hit a policeman. There's no telling.

Always race with locomotives to crossings. Engineers like it. It breaks the monotony of their jobs.

Always pass the car ahead on curves or turns. Don't use your horn because it might unnerve the other fellow and cause him to turn out too far.

Demand half the road—the middle half. Insist on your rights.

Always lock your brakes when skidding. It makes the job more artistic. Often you can turn clear around.

Always drive close to pedestrians in wet weather.

Never sound your horn on the road. Save it until late at night for a doorbell. Few homes have guns.

Always try to pass cars on hills when it is possible. It shows your bus has more power, and you can turn somewhere surely if you meet another car at the top.

Never look around when you back up. There is never anything behind your automobile.

Take the shortest route around blind left hand turns. The other fellow can take of himself if you can.

A few shots of booze will enable you to make your car do real stunts. For permanent results quaff often and deeply of the flowing bowl before taking the wheel.

Never approach a street crossing with your car under control. You might have to let the other fellow cross ahead of you. Don't bother to watch for pedestrians. You are in a hurry and they are just dumb clucks anyway. When you have mastered these few simple rules for driving, call on your Police Court Judge—he will be glad to see you.

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