

BRANT'S

MONTHLY NEWS

LUCASVILLE, OHIO

NOVEMBER, 1934

AMONG THE GREAT

I enjoy O. O. McINTYRE, because he is most entertaining. Sometimes his expressions are like cut diamonds in their emancipated brilliance; sometimes like stones in the rough. But always they are gems. Whether he talks of dogs, men or things; it does not matter. It isn't so much what he says as it is the haunting magic of his distinctive style, which is as bewitching and as scintillating as the autumn tints which the forest nymphs have painted on the hills I see from my window. To me he is the best showman in print.

But I read ROBERT QUILLEN'S COLUMN just as regularly. It is his column I so often clip and send to my son or my daughter. He does much of my thinking for me, and I find myself agreeing with him almost 100 per cent. I know of no other writer who analyzes more logically the fundamental problems of society.

If I were an english teacher, in high school or college, I would give my class a load of McINTYRE every day, as the ODDest and most gifted writer of the age in many ways. If I were a Superintendent of any high school, I would see to it that some teachers read and discussed before every pupil, what ROBERT QUILLEN said the day before. I would let up a little on what the old Roman and Greek writers and philosophers said and pay more attention to modern literature at its best. I am guessing that the kids would eat it up, and digest it too. Which is something they do not do with the courses they are compelled to study today. At least I never did, and I never knew of anyone else who did. Live Heroes, like BABE RUTH and the DEAN BROTHERS, not Caesar, Napoleon nor Aristotle, are the ones worshipped by youth. I would teach America and Americanism FIRST and LAST and trust to curiosity and an awakened thirst for knowledge to do the rest. But maybe I am just an old cranky hayseed.

I read WILL ROGERS and BRISBANE merely for amusement, when I have time. HELEN ROWLAND is just as clever as

she can be, and when I do not have time to read her column, my wife usually tells me what she said about us men. I must say though she is pretty indulgent with us guys.

That is enough about columnists for one dose. There is more entertainment, more satisfaction, and more inspiration, on the editorial page of the Portsmouth Times, with the columnists, than there is in all the rest of the paper for me, and I believe you too would enjoy them if you once get the habit.

Of all the magazines, I enjoy the READERS DIGEST most. For one reason, (or maybe it is a prejudice), there are no advertisements in it. Another is I do not have time to read much and in READERS DIGEST, I get the gist of many of the best articles printed in other magazines.

In the last issue, I read one by ANN MORSE, in which she said that two out of every three people have the idea they can write. Well that didn't hit me, for I do not think I ever had any such illusion. Anyhow not till I read her article, and now I have about decided that I must be a writer after all. She says "Successful writing is a heartbreaking, back-breaking, all time job", and if that is all it takes I can surely qualify. Actually I spend 80 hours a month, ten full 8 hour days, on this darn sheet. And if anybody can beat that for wasting his own and other people's time I sure would like to hear from him—or her.

PUNKIN SHOW NOTES

PRIZE WINNERS

Well the show is over. There was only one thing against us. That was the weather. And me the County's best weather prophet a managing things! All summer long the relentless, hot sun sucked the precious juices out of them PUNKIN vines till they shriveled up and died. That wasn't my fault. I warned the boys all along, in every issue of BRANT'S NEWS to prepare against the long drouth. So only a few who had planted in low damp places had any PUNKINS to show. Among them were a dozen or more of the purtiest PUNKINS I ever saw.

The only mistake I made was in pickin' the day for the show. I had the weather all doped out for three months ahead, and for once the weather men were all with me. I ought to a knowed on Friday night when the report said "Continued Fair, No Change In Temperature" that there was something in the air. And when I got up Saturday morning there was a clear sky but a mighty suspicious little breeze, and when I saw in the morning paper an hour later that the weather man promised a fair warm day, just as I had planned, I knowed the jig was up. It was warm and clear then, but I knew it wouldn't last. About 10:00 A. M., a youth who is taking lessons from me for his P. H. Degree on weather prognostigations, came running in the store, all excited and said my Barometer had dropped two "notches" (he can't read the metric measure stick yet), and I knowed then that in 6 hours a storm would be on us. And by gosh, by 4:00 o'clock it was a blowing gale that ripped the doors off out buildings, and broke in some windows, with the thermometer dropping about two degrees an hour. I reckon the man who actually makes the weather must a got sore at me or jealous because I had been tellin' everybody about his secrets so far in advance, and maybe he just wanted to show me that he could step in at the last minute and change the weather to suit his self.

But, in spite of the weather

there were more people in Lucasville Saturday night than for many a day. And they all seemed to be having a good time. There were automobiles parked in every direction as far as I could see. Had it not been for the high winds I feel sure that the event would have made a mark in history of our community. As it was, we at BRANT'S are gratefully happy with the results, and we wish to express our appreciation to the public for its co-operation.

FRED RUTH worked two whole days entering PUNKINS and helping the Judges.

ABE MILLER, CLYDE COOK and CLYDE ARTIS did a good job of judging. There wasn't a single kick from anybody.

ESTO DAVIS and his little German Band marched out early in the evening and bravely faced the freezing gale. They played one tune up on the platform we had out in front but the wind blowed their caps away and they could hardly hold on to their horns. Then they went across the street seekin' protection in the shelter of GILEY SNIVELY'S gas station, but the howlin' hurricane drowned them out, and they sot refuge inside our store up close to the old fashioned stove. The people must have liked their music because they packed the aisles like the rows on an ear of

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JOIN THE RED CROSS

HINTS

WINKS

CHIPS AND WHETSTONES

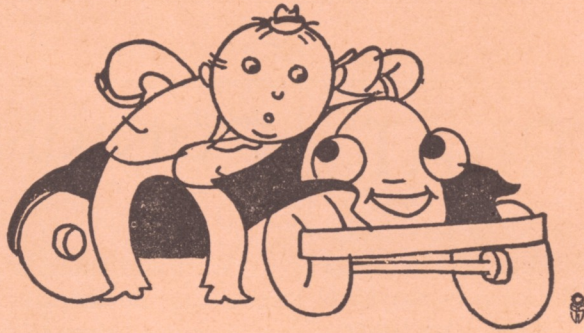
I traded off my beloved 1925 old **HEARSE**, for a more youthful and graceful 1929 model. I don't know that I would have done it, but the cigarette lighter wouldn't operate any more.

"THEY SAY". Those two words, **"THEY SAY"**. The "They-Sayers," and the world has been full of them from the beginning, have wrecked more human lives, destroyed more nations, perpetuated more ignorance and superstition, than the devil himself. If there be a devil, I reckon the "They-Sayers" must be his angels. Why I even read the other day about a real organization of "They Sayers" in New York who will spread any rumor or gossip you wish, if you have the price to pay for their professional services. Some of you will think that is getting pretty low down, but to me it does not seem as pernicious as the brand that is circulated free and voluntarily, or as deadly.

There is nothing that I know of that irritates me more than for some one to open a conversation with the words **"THEY SAY"**. I almost instantly interrupt with **"WHO IS THEY?"**, and continue with such other questions as **"HOW do THEY know?"** etc., until the speaker has begun to doubt himself or convinced me his story is credible. I consider mere rumors gossip and propaganda as a direct insult to my intelligence and sense of justice and fairness to my neighbor, my nation and, yes even to my opponents or enemies. They **THEY - SAY - STUFF** might be the truth occasionally, but the other hundred times it is a moulded half truth, actual deception, or simply false information. In any case, I have a horror of adding any more silly, impish prejudices or foolish notions to those which have accumulated in the passing years. I am anxious to preserve what little space there may be left in my brain cells for the storing of facts and information that will make me a better neighbor, a better citizen.

I was driving. A party in the back seat remarked "Now **YOU** watch the road a minute while I look at the map".

These pages (**ALL FOUR OF THEM**) are open to advertising



of any kind, with the understanding that if the advertisement is untrue or misleading in any way, the editor reserves the right to call the attention of readers to the fact. Furthermore he will sure do it. Now who wants space? Rates very reasonable.

M. L. NELSON of **FALLEN TIMBER** is the only customer we have left who still prefers to **GRIND HIS OWN COFFEE**. He doesn't need his coffee **"DATED"**. Mr. **NELSON** knows his coffee and his **SORGHUM**.

DATED COFFEE

Which reminds me that I was visitin' my Daughter-in-law recently and I noticed the coffee was stale. I didn't say nothin', but after dinner I snooped around and found the can. I saw that the date was old and I just reckoned she had had it for some time seein' as how they don't drink much coffee themselves, and I didn't say nothin'. Next meal she noticed it herself and remarked about it, and said she had bot it the evening before, but according to the tell tale date, it had already been ground 13 days, probably longer. I wonder how many women think that just because they buy "dated" coffee, they are getting **FRESH** coffee? How many ever look at the date? I am sure I can taste the stale flavor on any coffee that has been ground 7 days, and this was twice that old. Strictly fresh coffee ought to be ground the day you buy it.

HOT DATED COFFEE

And now **HOT ZIGGETY!** **KROGERS** are coming out with a **"HOT DATED COFFEE"**. You can't get ahead of these chain store boys. But really it sounds to me like they should have called

it **"Cold Dated"** or **"Stale Dated"** because they do not risk putting on the date it was taken out of the hot ovens. No they put on the date, whatever date they think best, on which the coffee will no longer be fit to drink. I notice they have not said in any of their advertisements just exactly how far ahead they are going to date their packages. Not that it matters much anyway, because they know the average consumer is not going to pay much attention to that. It is just another big advertising stunt. Yet in spite of all the **BUNK** in the coffee game today, the consumer is getting a better quality and a fresher coffee all the time, and the chain stores deserve much credit for helping to bring this about.

COFFEE CRANKS LIKE BRANT'S

The fact remains however that cranky old stores like **BRANT'S** were supplying the public with **HOT DATED** coffee, that is **REALLY FRESH COFFEE**, before Standard Brands and Kroger were thought of. And the funny thing is the public generally knows that and still looks to these cranky old stores to supply it with good coffee. Which the big advertisers cannot understand.

Here is the way to do it. Last Monday morning we ordered 132 pounds of green Rio Coffee from Cincinnati. It was roasted and delivered to us on Thursday, **FRESH** from the ovens, in the bean. We ground it **FRESH** as sold, at only 16c a pound. In five days it was all gone. What store beats that price for freshness? Which is not saying that all our coffee is sold so fresh. One cannot help but wonder whatever becomes of the **STALE COFFEE** (if any) which these **DATE**

DODGERS "Withdraw" from the market. Brant's have stale coffee sometimes, but we don't mysteriously withdraw it from sale. Just yesterday we sold about 25 pounds of good 30c coffee for 19c because tomorrow we will have a **FRESH** supply. We figure that if a coffee is fresh and worth 30c a pound on Dec. 15th, it is surely worth 19c to somebody on the 16th of Dec., and we sell it to our own trade at a reduced price **BEFORE IT GETS REALLY STALE**. Furthermore Brant's **NEVER** try to sell a customer 3 pounds of fresh coffee at a reduced price, knowing that it will be **STALE** before it can be used up. **ANY STORE THAT DOES IS NOT INTERESTED IN GIVING IT'S CUSTOMERS A REALLY FRESH COFFEE**.

I find that I must be more careful what I say about Chain Stores. I used to think that all Independent merchants were upright and honest, and all chains were parasites. I haven't changed my mind about the chain stores any, only my comparison. I have found out that there are a lot of Independent merchants (far too many) who belong in the same class as the chain stores, maybe in a lower class.

The first time I got an inkling of this, was when a **PROFESSOR OF BUSINESS RESEARCH** of a large University somehow got hold of one of my ads, in which I had said some mean things about chain stores, and he discussed it before his classes. Later he wrote me a fine letter of criticism, which made me ashamed of myself. He said that while the charges which I had brot against the chains were undoubtedly true, yet there were many independent merchants who were guilty of the same sharp practices.

Then recently I saw a report of an unbiased survey that was made in one or more large cities, and it was discovered that about half of all the stores, independent and chain, were giving short weights. And more recently, I have been presented with more evidence proving that some independent merchants are not treating their customers fairly and honestly.

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BLINKS and CHUCKLES

PUNKIN SHOW NOTES—Continued

corn, till the clerks couldn't get from one counter to another.

GLEN VICKERS of New Boston and his party of musicians arrived on time. We had planned to move the piano in our home out on the front porch, close to the street where everyone could enjoy the music and see the musicians. But it was too awful cold and they had to remain in the house, with the windows open, but the noise outside prevented the people from enjoying the splendid program they presented. Later on **BUSH TAYLOR** voluntarily appeared on the scene with his loud speaker and four more musicians who joined with the New Boston group and they sure did make some stirrin' music, which with the aid of the loud speaker was of sufficient volume to reach the eager public.

DOROTHY VICKERS age 12 and **VIRGINIA** age 10, talented daughters of Mr. and Mrs. **GLEN VICKERS**, shivered with the cold while they sang and made the old piano talk. They would undoubtedly have been the hit of the evening, if the crowds could have heard them.

I want to acknowledge my debt of gratitude to all these musicians, and commend the splendid spirit which each and every one displayed under the very trying conditions. To me it was simply grand. Now some of you city people can better understand what "Community Consciousness" means to us Hill Billies. It is somethin' you miss in the big city. It is a child of the open spaces, and like the wild flowers, usually shrivels up and dies under artificial cultivation. That's why some of us stay on in the sticks.

HARVEY FOSTER, cheerful agent for **WONDER BREAD** drove 114 miles on Friday night to get 6 little measley Punkins, all he had, and put em on my front porch before I got up. If that ain't co-operation I don't know what is.

Not a **PUNKIN** off Fallen Timber, **NOT ONE**. After all that talkin' and poetry writin'. **BEN BROWN** told me he knowed that's the way it would be with them fellers.

Dr. **THOMAS** said about 90 per cent of all the **PUNKINS** in

our show were stolen off Old Man Lock's farm. The least you fellers could do would be to divide up your premiums with Mr. Lock.

Among Portsmouth visitors was one Cary Freshour, a pal in high school, and whom I had not seen for a long time. He was the fastest and most graceful short-stop I ever saw and the best writer in school. At present he is with The Gilbert Grocery Co.

LINK CRABTREE, in my opinion, had the most perfect group of each of the four varieties planted by **PUNKIN CLUB** members.

Funny ain't it? Half the people who saw the exhibit, remarked, "Oh, I got **PUNKINS** at home bigger than any here. Wish I had brot mine."

Thanks to Paul Bogan and Dick Schoonover for installation of extra outside lights for the **PUNKIN SHOW**. Thanks to everybody!

It looks like we would have to get ready for another **PUNKIN SHOW** next year. Everybody seems very enthusiastic about it. Guess I'll use my spare moments this winter, if any, to pester the life out of the experiment stations in the 48 states, about **BETTER PUNKIN SEED**.



AMERICAN RED CROSS

Scioto County Chapter

ROLL CALL—1935

From Armistice Day until Thanksgiving the citizens of this country will be given an opportunity to renew their interest in Red Cross and its program of assistance to the people of this country by enrolling as a member November 11th-30th. The urge to teach and train and the care of the sick; the stamping out of misery and disease; relief in disasters, and problems aside from relief having to do with discouragements over individual and group insecurity.

With the Government doing more than at any time in our history, the question for us is not whether its work is permanent or whether its cost is too much or too little, but what can the Red Cross do to further the security and normal living of our people in dealing with unmet situations. Their membership dues do an important work, but more can be done if more people join. With increasing membership support more may be done to better development of the program of service, Public Health Nursing, better care for growing children and mothers, better understanding of the importance of food selection, increased protection against accidents and better immediate care of those injured pending availability of medical service, special problems of rural communities, First Aid classes and Home Hygiene and Care of the Sick classes, Life Saving classes. Increased membership means greater public service. Join the Red Cross.—November 11th-30th.

Report on Relief given by
Scioto County Chapter for October 1934.

Clothing Issued to—

| | |
|-------------------------|------------|
| Families | 962 |
| Adults | 843 |
| Children | 1,492 |
| <hr/> | |
| Total Individuals | 2,335 |
| Garments Issued | 8,693 |
| CASH VALUE | \$5,234.30 |

PUNKIN SHOW PRIZE WINNERS

PUNKIN CLUB CLASS

1st, 2nd and 3rd Winners in Order Named

- LARGE CHEESE—
Wm. Newman, Daddie Ferguson, Oscar Grimes
- CONNECTICUT FIELD—
Giles Snively, Clyde McDaniels, Link Crabtree
- SMALL SUGAR PIE—
Newton Martin, John Bonzo, Link Crabtree.
- WINTER LUXURY—
Link Crabtree, John Bonzo, 2nd and 3rd

OPEN CLASS

- BIGGEST PUMPKIN—
Daddie Ferguson
- PIE PUNKIN—
Birch Massie
- GIANT SUMMER STRAIGHTNECK—
Giles Snively
- CUSHAW—
Giles Snively
- BIG TOM, LARGE CHEESE, GREEN RIVER SQUASH—
all three, Newton Martin
- CONNECTICUT FIELD, WINTER LUXURY—
both, Everett Gullet

NOTES FROM CORRESPONDENTS

OLIN MILLER, of Thomaston, Ga., asks for a copy of Store News and sends along a copy of the Thomaston Times, in which he edits a column that is a crack-jack for WISE CRACKS. I'll swear I do not see how a guy can think up so many clever things to say. Isn't it funny how all of us admire in the other fellow the things we can not do well ourselves? How we are eternally wanting and trying to do something we cannot do? I wish I could wise crack.

Among other things MR. MILLER remarks that "A hick town is one that is divided into six factions—by two churches, two doctors and a railroad track." And again, "The average American may be a boob, as our intelligent-sia claim, but he isn't nearly so crazy as many national advertisers think he is", which fits right in with what we said about honest advertising in our last issue. Send us a copy of your column occasionally Mr. MILLER. It is a source of inspiration.

ED HOWE, of Atchison, Kan., says that if he were being shown around a new town, he would first ask to see the BEST GROCERY STORE. As I read more and more of his papers which he and others so kindly sent to me, I marvel more and more at the courage, and UNCOMPROMISING HONESTY with which he faces every issue. It seems now that about all I want to do is to QUOTE HIM. I just finished reading his article in the Saturday Evening Post of Aug. 11th. Again I want to thank everybody who sent me old copies of his Monthly.

Among the last requests for copies of STORE NEWS on O. O. McINTYRE'S SAY-SO is one from M. B. KING of HONG KONG, SOUTH CHINA, on which he squandered 20c postage. Or maybe it was Mr. KING'S admiration of ED HOWE. Anyway it demonstrates the influence of an old type-writer. Not mine,—its new.

You know I have felt a good deal like a little boy with a balloon, wondering how soon it would bust. I know how to sympathize with Upton Sinclair, after his visit to the White House, and I have been speculating on just what words Mr. McINTYRE would use to explain under pres-

sure, his sad mistake about me, like Jim Farley did about Mr. Sinclair. You Californians will know what I mean. Well you can see then how pleased I am to learn that a few others have thought well enough of STORE NEWS to recommend it to their friends, who are writing me about it. For instance among the 15 or 20 new subscribers in the past ten days, I quote two.

Mr. A. L. ALBRIGHT of POMONA KANSAS writes, "Was just told about your paper . . . Please send me copy." And this from ELMER CAREY of LOS ANGELES, "I have read your remarks (October 1934) on honesty, and I most heartily approve ALL your conclusions. I believe that millions of consumers will endorse your efforts. Put a yearly price on your MONTHLY NEWS, and send it to me regularly. Inclosed is 50c to apply."

Then sometimes again I see myself as a goat. Somebody always has to be "The Goat", but I have been "it" so many times, I have come to get a kick out of being butted around. Whenever there is some unpopular and thankless job that has to be done it is usually voted on to me by unanimous approval. Even if I refuse it seems I nearly always get the blame. Somebody is always egging me on to do something they would like to put across, but who do not want to risk his own reputation, and peace of mind. It is like this.

My GRAND-DAD never wore anything in the summer time but a thin shirt unbuttoned, and a pair of cottonade pants, without belt or suspenders. I do not think anyone ever saw him with a hat on, or a hair cut. He was past 80 years, lying on the lawn in front of the store, asleep, as was his custom. Some older boys put me up to tickle his bare feet with a straw. I did. Grand-dad opened his eyes, and said, "I wasn't asleep. It's alright son, I heard them boys egging you on" and then went on with his snooze. So when I get letters praising my ideas, and urging me to continue, I begin to get a little suspicious. I just wish I had the common sense, and clear vision, and sharp native wit my grandfather had, I wouldn't worry.

Here is a letter from New York City, whose author, I have

somehow come to look upon as a most competent judge of real values. "Your little MONTHLY NEWS is received by me with open arms . . . Your article in reference to certain nationally advertised products **surely hits the spot**. Keep up your good work". Somehow I cannot doubt the sincerity of this man.

I know this is genuine, because concrete proof accompanied the letter, from a Professor in one of the largest Universities. I enjoyed reading your STORE NEWS very much, and believe you are doing a worth while bit of service to your community in this way. I FIND MYSELF PRACTICALLY IN TOTAL AGREEMENT with you in the matters you discussed. I was especially interested in your comments regarding the Good Housekeeping Magazine. With best wishes for your continued success etc."

Yesterday a factory representative amused himself while waiting a full hour in our store because we were so busy we could not give him immediate attention, by reading the two recent copies of Store News which he found on the counter and an old issue in which he discovered a reference to his products. Later he called me back to a private corner to tell me he thought STORE NEWS was the best thing of its kind he had ever run across, which didn't impress me so much, but when he opened the old issue and pointed to the three lines I had written about his products months ago, pulled out his check book and said "If you will make me out a bill for \$10.00 I will give you a check right now", I begun to feel that he meant what he said. No I did not take the check, nor did I give him an order. No amount of money can buy a line of editorial comment in this sheet much as we need the cash. We will freely recommend any product which has proven itself worthy, and criticise men and things when we think it is of public concern, and justified. In fact that is the established policy and purpose of this sheet, to tell the public in the light of our thirty-five years of experience, some of the things we think we know about business and its relations to politics, religion, government, journalism, things and men, in the belief that while this unpopular field of endeavor has

never been covered, it may be of much interest to the man of the street, and the woman in the home.

We are ten days behind time now, and must go to press. This is our busiest season of the year in the store, and I implore your patience, and indulgence. It is hard to do two big one man's jobs at once.



CHIPS AND WHETSTONES

(Continued from Page Two)

And I reckon as long as human nature is what it is, with **ALL THE WALL STREET CROWD** and some of the **MAIN STREET MERCHANTS** trying to get rich quick, the consumer will have to be pretty alert if he wants to get his money's worth.

I ain't got much use for a mealy-mouthed person. I like the feller who spits right out what he thinks. Course there are some like me who can only fume and sputter.

Most cooking schools are advertising propaganda, pure and simple, and I would advise visitors to season all the half baked ideas dished out with a few grains of salt.

One of the first things us honest papers and merchants have to admit is that the most highly advertised article is not necessarily the best, in its field. The magazines and newspapers almost unanimously claim that any article advertised in their columns must be extra good on the theory that it would not pay to advertise something that was not. It is my humble but honest opinion that in this day of high costs in advertising, due to relentless competition among the big fellows, that the little fellow can and often does produce an unadvertised product of equal or superior quality, for less money.