

THE WHITTLERS' GAZETTE

Official Publication of

THE WHITTLERS' CLUBS OF AMERICA

NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS

BRANT'S VILLAGE STORE

MAIN STREET

DECEMBER, 1935

LUCASVILLE, OHIO

STOP AND WHITTLE A WHILE



"Lem ain't been no count a'tall since he went to the city and seen that Modernistic Whittlin'."

The Gazette Goes To Press For December Under Adverse Circumstances

DUE to my father's serious illness in the past three weeks which culminated in death on November 7th, I have had little time to devote to other matters. The last issue of the GAZETTE came out on Nov. 1st, and today, Nov. 13th, quite a number have not yet gone into the mail.

On Nov. 15th, two days hence, copy must be mailed to the printer for the December issue. Being a Christmas Number, I had hoped to make it as attractive as possible. Under the circumstances, I know you will all bear with me if this issue is below par.

Furthermore I will have to disappoint you again by announcing that there will be no January issue. This is our busiest season in the store and I will have much extra work as executor of my father's estate.

I want to express my deep gratitude to the

host of friends for their many kindnesses and comforting help during the sickness of my father and after his death. He was more than a father, he was fatherly to hundreds, and a brother to all. I shall be very happy if I am able to reflect his virtues in the pages of this little magazine and in my own life. THE WHITTLERS' GAZETTE is herewith dedicated to his memory. He was the most fitting example of a consistent WHITTLETT I have ever known personally.

I want to continue the GAZETTE. In its humble way I am convinced it is worth while. It has no high, unworthy nor materialistic ambitions. It will never be anything but a homely, human little magazine for its little family of readers. Only with your help and inspiration and counsel can it improve. You can help me most by writing me your ideas.

An Open Letter To Rube and Em

TO-MORROW I must send my copy to the press. It always has to go in not later than the 15th. And here I was completely swamped. No poem from WALT and DR. MARRS' HEALTH COLYUM not yet in. And was I happy when almost at the last minute, your copy arrived today. Now this issue will not be a complete failure. Your poem is the best yet and if Goodhousekeepin or The Saturday Evening Post or Liberty want to copy it they have my permission.

I labored most all night tryin to write something about my father's life that might modestly express my feelings, and failed. You will know then how grateful I am to you for your contribution to his memory.

You know there is a lot of people who think I myself write poems under the names of WALT and RUBE. That isn't fair to you. Unless there is some good reason why you wish to keep your identity concealed, I would be greatly pleased to tell your audience who you are. Or I assure you I can keep a secret if requested.

It may be that WALT and DR. MARRS received their last issues so late they didn't realize it was time to go to press for the next one. Anyway I hope you are all represented next time, which will not be until JANUARY 15th, 1936. A right merry Christmas to you and all our readers.

SPECIAL NOTICE

Attention everybody: Don't forget and don't neglect to send in your entry in the contest describin "a whittler" in the fewest number of words. First prize, \$3.00; second, \$2.00; third, \$1.00. Contest closes January 15th.

IN MEMORY
of a
TRULY GREAT WHITTILER
(the Editor's Father)

By **RUBE**

A NOTHER good citizen has passed on—one whose place in the community it will be impossible to fill—Joseph H. Brant.

Mr. Brant, or "Uncle Joe," as he was affectionately called by many, was a big man, physically and mentally; a fine looking man, clean in his personal appearance and in his habits of life alike; a clear-thinking, outspoken man who was totally unafraid of public opinion; a man who had the **COURAGE** to be **HONEST** in every sense; a man who possessed a keen sense of humor, a characteristic that endeared him to all who knew him.

He was one of the most public-spirited persons I have ever known. Never was the night too cold or too rainy for him to attend any meeting conducive to the betterment of the community. If the church lot had to be cleaned off, or any sort of mean labor must be performed for the benefit of the public, Mr. Brant was usually the first on the scene with his sickle or hoe. And whatever he started, he finished. He did his job, no matter what it was, to the very best of his ability. He did it thoroughly. He was not lazy, either physically or intellectually.

He was absolutely loyal to the schools and to his church. He taught the Men's Bible Class until his health was completely broken. He was vitally interested in anything pertaining to the church or schools and manifested this interest by his untiring cooperation.

He loved babies. Dirty or clean, rich or poor, they were ever a source of interest to him—one of Life's wonders—like his flowers. I think he loved them equally, babies and flowers, and possibly looked upon them in much the same light—both, to him, being miracles of nature.

He was **CHEERFUL**, **OPTIMISTIC**, and especially during his illness. It was always "I'm first-rate," or "I'm getting a little better each day," or something to cheer the other fellow. Once, well toward the last, when his condition was extremely grave, and he must certainly have known it, a relative asked him how he was feeling. "Fine," he said, smiling, "I had a good night's sleep, and feel better this morning."

Mr. Brant was a keen business man—yet fair. Always he was able to see the other fellow's side. If a man was sick, or a new baby had come into the already large family, so that he was unable to pay his rent or store bill, Mr. Brant understood. And he was **TOLERANT**, **PATIENT**, **COMPASSIONATE**. There were times when he was much more fair to others than to himself. It was nothing unusual to hear a man say, "I need a favor, so I'll go to Uncle Joe. He has never failed me—he's the best friend I ever had." Rich or poor, they all looked alike to him, so long as they needed his help. The depression brought him numerous financial worries, yet, through everything, he was able to maintain his dignity and his position. For he was an example, a **LEADER**.

He was independent, as all self-made men are. He paddled his own canoe; fought his own battles. He made enemies, to be sure, but what worth-while citizen does not? Friends or enemies, it mattered not, alike respected him for his fairness.

He was **WISE**, with the wisdom that comes only with a keen mind and a clean, healthy body—and experience.

"Uncle Joe" will be sorely missed because—well, he was a truly great **WHITTILER**.

OUR ADVERTISING PROBLEMS

IT is impossible to make any report on the effects of our first efforts to interest HONEST ADVERTISERS, as outlined in the last issue. While it has been only a few days since the first copies of the Nov. issue was mailed, and many are still lying on my desk unaddressed, it looks like the reader's response to our appeal might prove to be large and eventually effective. To tell you the truth I have not yet mailed a copy to LIGGETT and MYERS for their consideration, but already six readers have written in and sent me copies of their letters, and probably many others have dropped me a line without letting me know about it.

Our newspaper friends had warned us that a feller has to have a hide as thick as an elephant to deal with these advertisers, but if letters like this Supreme Court Judge sent in don't get UNDER THEIR HIDES then I might as well quit. And I want you to know that the only acquaintance this Judge and I ever had was through the GAZETTE. I have never had the honor of meeting him personally, but I hope I may some day. His letter to LIGGETT and MYERS sounds like a court decree, and if they don't respond, I wouldn't be a bit surprised to learn that the JUDGE had cited them for Contempt of Court. Read it:

"LIGGETT AND MYERS,
NEW YORK, N. Y.

"Gentlemen:

"I approve of the free ad given your company in the November issue of THE WHITTLERS' GAZETTE. WHITTLERS usually chew or smoke or do both. If there were no WHITTLERS but little tobacco would be consumed: If there were no consumers, your great company would not have its place in the sun.

"You are the producers; WHITTLERS are the consumers. This is an era of cooperation between producer and consumer. All WHITTLERS do not use knives; some WHITTLE with their minds—and knives or minds, they must have tobacco.

"You should get in touch with Clyde Brant, Editor, Lucasville, Ohio, and secure a copy of this wonderful little periodical and give him an ad."

Now Read This Letter From a State Senator

"Dear Mr. Editor:

"I have dropped a post card to the Presi-

dent of LIGGETT AND MYERS Tobacco Company. I hope you get the business. I know just what you are going through with in the publication business, and it's a headache from beginning to end. You're doing a good job, and I reckon that a STATE SENATOR ought to contribute just about half as much as a Supreme Court Judge, so I am passing on a buck to pay my postage for a few weeks."

And Here is One More From a Merchant in That Famous Prohibition Town of Westerville, George H. Huhn

"LIGGETT MYERS TOBACCO CO.,
NEW YORK, N. Y.

"Gentlemen:

"The free ad in the WHITTLERS' GAZETTE is great stuff. We all read things of that kind, when they come our way. We like the trend of the Editor's mind. You ought to write that editor at Lucasville, Ohio, and get a copy.

"If your bunch aren't WHITTLERS, WHY? Better join up with us. We WHITTLERS think up things for the other fellow to do. If you want to bring your products to the front, place your ads where us hicks get a chance to read them—in THE WHITTLERS' GAZETTE."

There are other letters but these three suffice to show that we have got things started. Now you don't have to be a JUDGE or a SENATOR or a MERCHANT to help push our little magazine to the front. You fellers out on SALT CREEK, CANDY RUN, OWL CREEK, FALLEN TIMBER, BEAR CREEK, HOUSTON HOLLOW, LICK-SKILLET, BIG RUN, DUCK RUN, HUNTING RUN, BACK RUN, BLUE RUN and up all the hollers and right here in Lucasville could send in 1,000 post cards, if you had get-up enough about you to do it. If I would ask any one of you to borrow a quarter you'd loan it to me or give it to me, but I'll bet not a darn one of you has spent a penny for a post card and mailed it in to LIGGETT and MYERS to help me get some advertising, so as I can keep on sending you our little magazine. I know how you do. You jest set and WHITTLE and talk—TALK. You just take everything for granted. Course I know most of you ain't used to writing much, but just tell your kid what to write and he will do it for you. If you ain't got no post

cards nor stamps just get one in the store next time you are in.

Now boys I know you could get along pretty good without the GAZETTE, but the GAZETTE can't get along at all without you. If 1,000 post cards or letters went into NEW YORK all to one firm, in one day, from LUCASVILLE, right then LUCASVILLE would become the BIGGEST LITTLE TOWN IN THE UNITED STATES, for one day anyhow. Course I could write these cards or have them printed and even sign your names to em, like I have heard of promoters doin lots of times, but I aim to do this thing on the square, or not at all.

Are you still readin what I am writin? Well if you are I want to tell you a funny coincidence. The day before the last issue was delivered from the printer, a representative from another CIGARETTE MANUFACTURER called at the store while I was gone. He told our buyer HIS FIRM WANTED ADVERTISIN SPACE IN THE WHITTLERS' GAZETTE, and he left the name and address of the head man at the head office with whom I should take the matter up if I wanted their business. He even advanced the argument that I should show preference to his concern because they did not give the CHAIN STORES SECRET REBATES, while the LIGGETT and MYERS CO. did. And so far as I know that is true.

Well anyway I could not accept the advertisin from the firm that wanted space because all their advertisin I have seen is very offensive even to the most tolerant and broad-minded WHITTLERS. So I NEVER WROTE TO THEM. That's the way it goes. Them you want, won't, and them that will you don't want.

And now I just don't know hardly what to do about the LIGGETT and MYERS Co., if they should take a fancy to the GAZETTE and want to use it for advertisin. They gave the A. and P. Grocery Co. \$7.00 a year for each store, and before I accept their advertisin I would want to know the circumstances. That is a pretty small rebate. It might amount to one percent, a little more or a little less.

Now I ain't one of them fellers that don't want a competitor, even if it is a chain store, to get what's comin to him. If the LIGGETT and MYERS Co. ships in carload lots to central warehouses and A. and P. have to deliver the cigarettes to their various stores, that rebate is not, in my opinion, unreasonable. But

if they have to ship to each branch direct from the factory as they do to us and other independent stores then A. and P. is not entitled to any rebate. But as long as the chains cannot buy more than 5 Percent less than we can, we can not only compete successfully but undersell them because our expenses are less. Anyhow I want to be fair with everybody.

Anyway it seems to me very foolish for any manufacturer to grant any material concessions to chain stores, unless his product is so poor he can't sell it any other way. The fact that the concern who wanted advertisin space does not give the Chain Stores any rebate is sufficient proof that it is not only necessary, but a poor business policy. Many of the best concerns have steadfastly refused to give any group secret rebates and prospered more than their competitors who were givin them. If a product is honest and priced right no secret rebates will be possible or necessary.

So I say again, as I have said over and over for 30 years, IF WE CANNOT SERVE OUR CUSTOMERS AS WELL, IN EVERY WAY, AS OUR COMPETITORS, WHOEVER OR WHEREVER THEY ARE, THEN WE HAVE NO EXCUSE FOR EXISTENCE. WE JUST AS FIRMLY BELIEVE THAT MANY INDEPENDENT STORES CAN AND DO SERVE THEIR COMMUNITIES BETTER THAN ANY OTHER AGENCY EVER HAS OR EVER WILL. Good independent merchants will never be forced out of business, unless it be by UNFAIR MEANS. And now that the unfair trade practices of the big chains and big business everywhere are bein exposed more and more each day, and the people learn the truth, the PUBLIC will demand reforms and protect its own best interests by buyin from its real friends.

It may take several years before a lot of fool manufacturers are impoverished or forced to the wall by tryin to deal with a greedy chain gang, or for farmers to see that the prices of their products are beaten down to the lowest possible levels by the chains. This does not hurt the independent merchant so much, because when a tomato cannery sells its output to a chain, that automatically sets the price farmers everywhere get for their tomatoes. It forces all other tomato factories to sell at the same low price because the independent merchant must buy at near the same price or he cannot compete. The same thing is true of every other product. The chains are in the

minority but this minority is setting the price today at which we all must buy and sell. Too low prices mean **LOW WAGES, LOW INCOME FOR FARMERS AND FACTORIES—DEPRESSION.**

Now boys, I got away off the track. I wasn't tryin to preach to you. They never did fool you old WHITTLERS much and never will. I was aimin all that at LIGGETT AND MYERS and all the other boys who may have strayed from the straight and narrow path, in the hope that they may see the error of their ways and reform. I aim to talk everything over with you, so we will all have all the facts and don't get sidetracked ourselves.

Now don't forget to read the AMEN PAGE on the back cover and SEND IN YOUR POST CARD TO THE FRANCIS H. LEGGETT CO. After we get a few advertisers, I won't ask you to write one every month. It won't be necessary then. I am sure if we can get this thing started once, it will take care of itself.



KNIFE KNICKS

By O. H. ADKINSON, MOUNT CLAIRE, W. VA.

WHITTLE to the line if you will, but don't let the shavings fall where the wife doesn't will.

When wit is too sharp, it is like that kind of a knife. It can cut too deep.

The old chap who worked faithfully at the shaving horse, now has a grandson who frequents the race tracks.

Every true WHITTLE should pray that swords be beat into good pocket knives.

Failure of the NRA might have been more pronounced had more people used the square instead of a chisel.

In a depression a carving knife is good, but something to carve is better.

I like the knife with which BRANT cuts out fake advertising. It is a blade with the right temper.

FARM PHILOSOPHY

By RUBE

Says Em to me the other day,
 "Say, Rube, how come our hens won't lay?
 I've fed 'em tons of fancy grain;
 Their nests I've lined with cellophane;
 Their vity-mines and calo-rees
 I've figered out from A to Z;
 But nary egg will them hens lay—
 I've got to find some other way."
 "Why, Em," says I, "I'm sure suprised;
 Why don't you ever use your eyes?
 Why don't you read the magazines?
 It ain't no lack o' feed an things;
 You've got to use 'psychology'
 On hens as well as husbands, see;
 Them hens has lived, year after year,
 Without the 'proper atmosphere.'
 Now just you leave this thing to me—
 By cracky, Em, I'll guarantee
 Inside o' ten or twenty days,
 Them hens'll lay so many eggs
 We'll have to borry Frailley's car,
 To haul the durned things to the store."
 That afternoon at half past four,
 I driv down to Brant's Village Store,
 An bought a Victor Phonygraph—
 By gorsh, thinks I, just let Em laugh.
 I slipped in home by the back way,
 An hid the blamed thing in the hay.
 That night, when Em begun to snore,
 I riz, snuck out the kitchen door
 An got that dratted music box—
 I felt as sly as some old fox;
 I crept inside the hen-coop; then
 (I'd get my sleep I knew not when)
 I clapped a record on the thing,
 An Bing Crosby begun to sing;
 Them hens commenced to bill an coo—
 They laughed out loud at Bing's "boo-boo."
 Well, all that night I had to spend
 With Rudy Vallee an them hens
 An Lawrence Tibbett an John Boles.
 (I'd grind them records into holes
 But what I'd make them durned hens lay,
 An lay before the break o' day.)
 Just as Caruso's tenor blare
 Begun to fill the morning air,
 Them hens, they cackled long an loud;
 My plan had worked—an was I proud!

ROSWELL, NEW MEXICO, DISPATCH QUOTES WHITTLERS' GAZETTE ON FRONT PAGE

THERE is a newspaper for you boys, a real newspaper. It stands back of its readers and the town's local business enterprises 100 percent. Everyday on the front page is a sensible and effective statement of facts regarding the evils of Chain Store methods and policies. One of these was copied from and credited to the WHITTLERS' GAZETTE.

Men are still free in the big West. If I ever leave Lucasville, I am going to move out there some place. Now read this from the Nov. issue of the HARDWARE TRADE JOURNAL. In a letter to the editor:

Bert A. Rhoads of Lander, Wyoming, Says--

"Just a few lines to let you know I am still doing business and that I read every bit of HARDWARE TRADE JOURNAL, and I sure do enjoy Brant's monthly broadcast, or rather his writings in the Journal.

"Speaking of broadcasting, that is what Brant ought to be doing. This fellow certainly ought to have a place on the air instead of so many of these politicians with their bla, bla, bla.

"I want to say that I like Mr. Brant and by his writing I can tell that he is a real human and has some of the old-time human traits that many of us lose during the business rush, dodging rackets and tax collectors.

"Hey, Clyde, how about getting a copy of your WHITTLERS' GAZETTE? Sure would like to see a copy and will appreciate it if you will mail one this way. AM PLANNING A BIG ELK HUNT IN THE NEAR FUTURE AND WILL TELL YOU ABOUT IT, if I do happen to go out and get back."

Now BERT, all our boys around Lucasville are waitin to get that story. DR. J. N. THOMAS, one of our most esteemed citizens, used to live in Denver and he is about the only one who ever hunted big game around here. But all the rest of us always wanted to. All my ancestors were Hunters and WHITTLERS and most of them moved out west when game got scarce round here. And by gum they never come back.

I did go deer huntin once with BRANCH RICKEY, Vice Pres. of the St. Louis Cardinals and AL TIMMIE, Pres. of the Milwaukee baseball team, up in northern Wisconsin. They had all killed big game and they did their best to have me get one. With the guide, they stationed me in a deer path and then they circled round and drove em at me. I climbed up on an old log which broke just when I could hear two or three comin my way, and scared them. I could

hear em all around me but I never caught sight of one. I reckon I'd a been afraid to shoot if I had seen one, because Al seemed to be scared to death to trust me with that high-powered rifle in my hands. He thought I was a tenderfoot you know and was liable to shoot him. I never was much of an expert with a rifle but when we got the shotguns I showed em how to slather ducks. Most likely I'd git the BUCK AGRE if I'd see a deer or elk, and if there was any bears around I'd be scared stiff all the time. I just read in the ROSWELL, N. M., DISPATCH about how close two fellers came to gettin eat up by a wounded bear they had emptied their rifles at and only crippled. BILL THORNE was one of em, and it might a been the same BILL THORN which DR. THOMAS talks about so much as the best hunter in Colorado. They was huntin near SILT, COLORADO. But if it had a been the BILL the DOCTOR knowed, he would never have missed the bear in the first place I reckon. Don't forget to let us have that story, BERT.

M. F. Andrews Refers to Old Residents

M. F. ANDREWS taught in the Lucasville schools 50 years ago and he could write a book on his experiences in three years teaching in "THE WHITTLER VILLAGE." It is certainly a grand tribute to the pupils he mentions, FRANK APPEL, BERT PYLE, JAKE BEARD, DRUZIE ANDERSON, NETTIE KLINE, LOU JOHNSON, EVA THOMAS, BERTHA GANDY, and GENEVIEVE MARSH. He asks for the address of BERT (A. B.) PYLE.

A TRIP THRO EASTERN KENTUCKY OF INTEREST MAYBE TO THE GOVERNOR, BANKERS, MAYORS AND OTHERS

KINGSPORT, TENN. That's where I am writin this—275 miles a little southeast of Lucasville, by way of Ashland, Louisa, Paintsville, Prestonburg, Pikeville, Ky., Jenkins, Va., Norton, Appalachia, Big Stone Gap and Gate City, across the Clinch mountains about 8 miles on into Kingsport, Tenn.

Had to stop in Ashland to interview the officers of the 3rd National Bank on a delicate business matter. I never met a nicer bunch of men. You don't have to stand around, lookin' silly, waitin for somebody to notice you in that bank. I hadn't stepped inside hardly till the president, I reckon it was, he looked like it, stepped out of his front-open office space and asked what he could do for me, shook my hand warmly and sat me down beside him.

Soon as I told him what I wanted he called a young chap and turned me over to him and we talked for an hour and a half I reckon. I was in a big hurry to get on but the time slipped away so fast I never hardly noticed it till I got back to the car and found my wife in a panic nearly, thinkin' somebody might a took me for a revenue officer and shot me. She had heard about such things in Kentucky, you know.

Well that boy was only 23 years old and a graduate of O. S. U. By the time he got through with me he knowed more about me and my affairs than my wife does. I can recommend him for Governor of Kentucky when he gets a little older. I promised to come back and see him some time not only about what I owed him but just to visit. I reckon most Kentuckians have that free, friendly, cordial manner. You just can't help likin em.

Well, I ain't never goin to get to Kingsport if I don't hurry on. But we did hurry on to Pikesville over good roads except they was wet from a continual drizzle of rain. Just why the roads in Ky. do not follow the river valleys like they do in Ohio, I don't know unless the rivers is so crooked a feller would never get anywhere. Any way it looks to me like they would be awful good places for Cleve Bricker, and the victims of his fishin tackle business to go fishin because by the looks of the map there ain't nobody lives within miles of the rivers except where the road crosses once in a while. If there was ever any fish in

em they ought to be there yet.

Even before you get to Pikeville you are in the mountains and the roads the rest of the way are lined with signs, "CURVE AHEAD," "WINDING ROAD," ETC. There is U curves and S curves in Ohio but in Kentucky Mountain Roads there is curves for every letter in the alphabet as well as all the Angles and Curves you studied about in Geometry.

My wife said for me to suggest to the Governors of Kentucky and Virginia that if they would recommend to their Highway Departments to erect signs readin "Straight Road Ahead," they would have only a few to put up and could eliminate a million useless signs and save a lot of money.

Another thing about these mountain roads is that there ain't no guard rails hardly any place and darn few road numbers. They would have to put guard rails along every foot of these roads if they protected all the dangerous places and they couldn't hardly do that. It would cost too much. It just proves to me that guard rails ain't necessary no place if they ain't on these roads. But they do need some of Daniel Boone's descendants armed with high-powered rifles stationed about a mile apart to shoot the few reckless drivers who take these blind, sharp curves so fast they nearly knock guys like me over the cliffs.

How anybody ever laid out these good roads through and around these mountains without ever going over them I can't see. There ain't no broad valley any place. There is just room for the little branch and the road between the mountains, and houses are built on stilts either in front or on the back, dependin on which side of the road they occupy—the up-side or the down-side. Where there is enough level ground to build a little town they have to make their streets so narrow two cars can hardly pass each other. On all roads and streets pedestrians and cows have the right of way after you get into the mountains. I suggest to the Governors of Ky., Va., and Tenn. and all southern states that they pass a law compellin every owner to paint his cows white so as they can be seen after night. I run so close on to some of 'em lyin in the roads or standin along the side my wife got awful nervous. Wherever you see fences built around

a little farm or anywhere along the road I reckon it must be to keep the cows out. There is cows everywhere along the road and standing on the railroad tracks. I suppose because there is the only places that have been cleared where grass can grow.

Another thing my wife noticed was that while it was Wednesday and pouring down rain everybody all along the way had their washins out. I couldn't understand how the women hundreds of miles apart had all got together and decided to wash on Wednesday rain or shine.

After leavin' Pikeville I never saw any live-stock except one small herd of sheep, a few mules being rode by stalwart, straight-backed mountaineers—in no hurry to get anywhere—and one feller leadin' about a 20-lb. shoat by a rope tied to a hind leg. You city-bred readers wouldn't know how to do that. It's the only way scientists have discovered after 1,000 years of intense study and investigation to keep a pig in sight.

There is practically no farmin done at all in these mountains. Once and awhile way up on a mountain side there is a little clearin where corn is raised but how the people get up and down I can't see. Every town is a minin or lumber camp or an oil center. I wonder who owns all the mountains and how anybody knows where his boundary is.

Just a few miles south of Pikeville is a town by the name of Yeager and a little further on, one called Virgie. Virgie Yeager is the name of a woman livin in Lucasville whose parents came from Kentucky. Not far away is Elkhorn which reminds me that we own a little stock in some Elkhorn Coal Mine and I reckon I ought to go over there and investigate. This Company was organized by the man who set out the big peach orchard near Wakefield, 7 miles north of Lucasville. Everyone knows what a hustler and a fine man he was. When you figure on buyin' stocks the best thing I think to do is to go in with some man you know and who you can trust. You might lose out occasionally but you will be safe, in the long run. Even those of you who invested in the Lucasville Bank ain't a goin to lose much, as it looks like all the depositors will be paid off in full before Jan. 1st and there will be considerable securities left for the Stockholders. There was no good reason for ever closin the Lucasville Bank that I could see except that the big state officials couldn't comprehend how a little bank like that could make enough money to exist. Neither could the city people see how people could exist in these mountains but they do—and probably get along better and are happier than the ma-

jority who live in the Big City. I think my boy told me there was only 68 men on relief in his county in Tenn.

As I finish this essay I am lookin out from my son's apartment over the string town of Kingsport. Three discontented cows are grazing along the Clinchfield railroad tracks right here in town. The grass is burned brown by a long-continued drouth. It is Oct. 25. There was a big frost here this mornin, so when they tell you it's warm in the sunny South just swaller it as propaganda. The nearest I ever come to freezin' to death was in Georgia, Florida, Louisiana and Alabama in November.

Kingsport is a busy little city—as I guess most southern towns now are. My son is a research chemist here for the Eastman Kodak Co., which in the past few years has erected 80 factory buildins which operate 3 shifts, 24 hours a day includin Sunday. Wood from the nearby mountains and cotton from the cotton fields further south furnish the materials from which they make rayon and a hundred other by-products, some of which are used in camera films.

If you get a chance to go through the mountains I'd recommend an old model car, say like my 1929 La Salle with big high windows so as you can see all the beautiful scenery without breakin your neck. Don't hurry—take your time like I did, it is safer. Don't try to travel after dark for you will probably lose your way or land upside down over a cliff somewhere. Let somebody else do the drivin because the driver can't take his eyes off the road and he misses so many things.

I've spent more already comin down than Uncle Frank Kimble did on his 6-day trip to New York. They charged me \$4.00 to stay all night at Norton, Va.; 30¢ for 2 poached eggs for myself and 15¢ for one for my wife. I ain't found no southern cookin like you read about and hear bragged about so much.

I have about made up my mind that when you hear a feller blowin up his home town, state or country, or when you read an advertisement if you will investigate fully you will find that 9 times out of 10 the particular thing he is boasting about and tryin his best to impress you with is the very thing he is most ashamed of. Just take notice and see if I am right.

P. S. The road or street in front of the apartment where I am stayin in Kingsport is on Route 23—the same as Main Street in Lucasville—and it goes on down into Georgia.

P. S. Tennessee is a dry state. The last place to get a drink is at "WET ANDERSON'S WHISKEY PLACE," near Big Stone Gap, Va.

MY GRANDMOTHER

MY grandmother Brant at the age of 90 years lived alone. One day she came to the store and asked me to please come over and destroy a bumble bee's nest under a plank in the old stable which she had to step over every day to gather her eggs. I said all right, I'd be right over. I delayed about 30 minutes tryin to find some kids who might have a hankerin for a job like that more than I did. But I could not get any assistance from the lazy pups, so I went over to reconnoiter, and lay plans for assault some time in the future. I always was afraid of bumble bees.

I met Grandma comin up the walk from the barn, barefooted as usual. Calmly she informed me that my services were not needed now as she had loosed the board, lifted it out of the way and literally tramped the bees to death with her bare feet. She was in bed for more than a day from the poison of so many stings.

I always delighted to visit at my AUNT BELL FUNK'S home, because she would often let me and LOUIS go to bed with all our clothes on except shoes. That's real LUXURY when a kid has wore himself out playin on a farm all day.

**PURE—
PURER—
PURIST??**

THE Mail Order Advertiser never bats an eye when he features cheap paint, in which every ingredient is absolutely PURE, time-tested and guaranteed.

Even when they say it's a PURE Linseed Oil Paint you are still completely ignorant of the other ingredients.

The fact is, everything is Pure somethin or other.

The point you must keep in mind is that no seller wants you to think that he offers anything for sale but the finest, the purest and the best.

Hence the lowest grade of dried fruits is called Choice, the better kinds fancy and extra fancy. The lowest grade of canned goods is called standard, the next better grade Choice, next Fancy and the best is designated Extra Fancy. A few canned foods now appear on the market labeled "Sub-Standard." A Prime beef is supposed to be the best grade but a Prime turkey is second grade. Grade A or Grade No. 1 is often the lowest grade. Besides it's easy to advertise one grade and sell another.

So you see how practically all the business world plots and schemes how it can best deceive the consumer. He is at the mercy of the manufacturer and the merchant.

There is only one thing for the consumer to do and that is to use his own head, and his own judgment. Very little dependence can be placed in modern advertisin and generalities on most labels.

It takes a lifetime to learn all the ins and outs and the tricks of trade and probably 999 consumers out of every thousand are victims of slogans, propaganda and high pressure salesmanship.

Perhaps most business is transacted on the theory that what is advertised most will sell best to the consumer because the consumer has been educated to believe that anything advertised must be good or it would not be advertised. Merchants who as a whole are as gullible as the consumers have been deceived by this false assumption which has been fostered by advertisers and practically all the publications supported by advertising revenue.

NUT MEATS

We have a limited supply of nut meats. Due to the wet season quality is only fair. Hickory nuts were more plentiful and better quality than the walnuts. Prices are F. O. B. Lucasville, satisfaction guaranteed.

BEST WALNUT MEATS,
per pound.....**29¢**

Second quality.....**19¢**

HICKORY NUT MEATS,
BEST.....**65¢**

Second quality.....**50¢**

**Buckwheat Flour,
Old Fashioned Style**

For years we have had a hard time to get good, pure, dark buckwheat flour. Now we are having a little old water mill make it to our taste. 5-pound bags **29¢** when shipped, **25¢** at store.

In recent years unscrupulous Manufacturers have discovered that they can best secure the cooperation of the chain stores and voluntary chains in marketin their products by payin their direct advertisin bills. Thus is the merchant bribed to push the brands payin the most money into his organization.

A thousand times I have read and heard from the highest authorities that the most successful business men were those who offered for sale the goods the people wanted—and always there was the inference that the people would want the products that were most widely advertised—because they were the best goods or they would not be advertised.

The sad part of it all is that too often the merchant who offered a "Substitute" brand which he said was just as good or even better was a guy who was a chiseler lookin solely after his own profits.

What then is the poor consumer to do. Life is far too short for him to learn the facts about everything he has to buy. Most every way he turns he finds that organized business has betrayed his confidence. He is everywhere fed with advertisin that insults his intelligence. He is looked upon as a moron, a sucker who will buy and be satisfied with whatever bauble is forced upon his attention persistently.

Brant's Store, and there are doubtless stores like Brant's in most every community, has always refused to accept such theories as sound. The assumption that the consumer knows what he wants is true only in a very restricted sense.

About all the average consumer really knows is that he wants the best value he can find for the money he has to spend.

It is a merchant's duty to know what are the relatively better values and offer these to his customer. A merchant should be an intelligent Loyal Buying Agent for his customers, not merely the distributing and selling agency for manufacturers.

When the consumer asks for a certain brand of canned peaches or coffee he is merely asking for the best he knows at the price. Not one in a hundred cares a rap what brand is on the can so long as he feels he is getting his money's worth. Furthermore 99 out of every hundred buyers will thank the merchant who directs their attention to values that are really better, or more economical, or both.

As an example you all remember when a certain bakin powder was advertised far and wide as the finest and largest sellin bakin powder in the world. Well, while other merchants were orderin it by the 5- and 25-case lots, we bought one dozen cans. It sold at 35¢ a pound. The formula printed on the can was

exactly the same as used on most all cheap bakin powder and it contained "Alum" under the scientific name of "SODIUM ALUMINUM SULPHATE."

Well, of course we had many calls for that brand of bakin powder but we never bought another can, and we never lost but one customer on bakin powder. On the contrary many women thanked us time and again for our interest in introducin them to better or more economical bakin powder.

Brant's policy is therefore not in always givin the customer what he asks for but *really what he wants—better values!* If it turns out he doesn't want what we thought would please him better his money will be cheerfully refunded.

All of which does not mean that we are opposed to advertised products in general—only those which are misrepresented or over-priced. We are firm believers in and supporters of honest products, honestly advertised, and honestly distributed.

Probably Food Products, Patent Medicines, Soaps and Toilet preparations are the worst offenders in the advertisin world.

Stores like Brant's recognize their supreme obligation to you, the consumers, and have the courage to try to protect you from all those who would exploit you.

JOHN JAMES AUDUBON WAS A MASTER WHITTLER

BORN in Haiti, reared in France, he came to America and landed in Philadelphia in 1803. In 1808, he married and made a 12-day honeymoon journey to Louisville, Ky., on an Ohio River flatboat where he went into business with a man named Rozier. Later they moved to Henderson, Ky., where they failed.

Audubon loved all nature, especially birds, and he neglected his business and his family while he scouted around in the woods hunting and painting birds. His wife at one time taught school in Cincinnati to support the family.

Donald Culross Peattie, naturalist and Nature Columnist, in his book entitled, "Singing in the Wilderness," salutes John James Audubon as The Idler, The Whittler, The Wanderer, and describes his wife as a woman with "UNCOMMON" sense.

Today every school child, every nature lover, knows an appreciates the life of John James Audubon—THE WHITTLER.

HINTS, WINKS, BLINKS AND CHUCKLES

ELMER CARLSON

100,000 people attend National CORN HUSKIN CONTEST at NEWTON, IND. The paper said some of em had to park their cars two miles away. Couldn't get any closer. And Smilin ELMER CARLSON of AUDOBON, IOWA, not only won the championship, but broke the world's record by shuckin 41½ bushels in only 80 minutes. Now boys that's what I call shuckin corn. I sure would a loved to a been there.

And you can believe it or not that boy got his picture on the front page of our paper. Wish I had one to put in this issue. That is the dickens of tryin to run a one-horse paper like this. Anyway I am sendin ELMER a copy of The WHITTLERS' GAZETTE to let him know us old WHITTLERS would all a loved to a been there and we congratulate him. I like CHAMPIONS. Now if these newspapers will just keep us posted about what ELMER is doin now and then, what and where he eats his Christmas dinner, what his politics is, etc., like they do Joe Louis and Jimmy Walker, then there would be some sense in readin newspapers.

When 100,000 people travel to see a feller shuck corn and it turns out that there is still a few men in America who can shuck corn as good or better than the old-timers could, it seems to me there ain't much danger about the traditions and the security of our country. If they had built a big stadium where people could a set down around that cornfield and the ladies could a all showed off their new fall coats, and the newspapers had played it up like they do a prize fight or a football game, there would a been a MILLION PEOPLE there. And it would a done em all good, too.

The paper says ELMER'S HOME is at AUDOBON, IOWA. I'll bet it's AUDUBON, and named after that other old CHAMPION and WHITTLE—JOHN JAMES AUDUBON, of whom we have written on another page.

Then again in tonight's paper I see where

the "SQUARE DANCE" is stagin a come-back. All of which just shows that we are all gradually gettin back to normal.

And by golly, in the same paper, over on page 9, I read where The GREAT ATLANTIC AND PACIFIC GROCERY CHAIN and 10 meat packin concerns have been cited for violation of the Packers and Stockyard act for alleged unfair business practices. It appears that an employe of the A. and P., posing as an independent broker, not only collected brokerage off the packers and A. and P., but off independent dealers as well and turned the commissions all back into the A. and P. treasury. Hearings will be held before Sec'y of Agriculture, WALLACE, Jan. 6th to 9th.

Well, that is another sign that the press may be wakin up to the fact that the public is entitled to ALL THE NEWS. The press ain't foolin the people much by suppressing news that might hurt their advertisers. They are just foolin themselves and losin the confidence of the public. I say stores and papers alike must consider the interests of their patrons FIRST if they expect to maintain their respect and good will. And some day we will learn more about the UNFAIR TRADE practices of the CHAIN STORES. It has been shown that A. and P. have lost as much as a million dollars in two cities in three years and has made as much as 125 Percent on its investments in other cities. In other words what they lose in one town by cuttin prices to ruin the independents they make back in another town where competition is not so keen or where they have a practical monopoly. What would they do if they run out all the INDEPENDENTS?

If the newspapers printed what the people want to read there would be no place for one-horse publications like the WHITTLERS' GAZETTE. The unfortunate thing is that news and business is measured in DOLLARS and CENTS—material things. These are false standards. It is the HUMAN ELEMENT which interests humans most. Examples, WILL

ROGERS, WALTER WINCHELL, O. O. McINTYRE, ABE LINCOLN, ROBERT QUILLEN and a hundred others, and even such lowly specimens as THE WHITTLERS' GAZETTE. What a wonderful opportunity for leadership for the youth whose vision has not been poisoned by this materialistic age!

And here is another good bet everybody has overlooked. There is a fortune in it. First it was grape juice. It became so popular that they are now cannin the juices of oranges, lemons, pineapples, tomatoes and I don't know what all else. But even the brightest minds of industrialism with all their crack chemists and dietitians have overlooked the richest source of all juice, the WATERMELON!

Every time I read about a travelin cookin school, like nearly every paper puts on annually to stimulate advertisin in the paper, or whenever I hear some woman tellin everybody how to cook over the radio, I always think to myself, "I'll bet the husbands of these lady experts are eatin their meals at some restaurant." I sure would a liked to a seen one of these fancy cookers step into my AUNT JOSEPHINE BRANT'S, or my mother's kitchen and try to show em how to cook. Seems sometimes like this world is all goin haywire.

There ain't no sensation more stimulatatin and exhilaratin than standin on the floor of an empty corn wagon with a good team a trottin over a rough farm lane.

How pleasant life might be if everybody, includin the government, would realize that every man has the inherent right to live his own life in his own way, so long as he didn't interfere with the rights of his neighbors.

ASHBY HAWK, ED WALLS and RUSSEL EGBERT and I just happened to be talkin the other night in the store. Somehow it come out that in these three families there are 33 children. Yes, boys, I agree that bachelors ought to be taxed and a pension granted fathers for each child. I'll do all I can to have such a law passed.

When I was in Tennessee, I heard about a "Female wider woman whose husband was dead."

Now a lot of hicks are askin me to furnish frames for my picture which they cut out of

the last GAZETTE. By the way that is some swell cartoon WOODY ISHMAEL made for our front cover this month. Did you notice it?

Stores like Brant's has to be a lot more particular about what they sell than the city store does. There ain't no transient trade in the country. A country store has to hold all its old customers and get some new ones to keep goin. The only way in the world to do that is by actually givin BETTER VALUES.

Archie Carter might not look like he knowed much more than other hicks but if you ever want to settle an argument about a geographical location just ask ARCHIE.

If you live in the country and are a good neighbor yourself you'll have a lot of good neighbors and be rich. City Dwellers without neighbors are POOR, indeed.

I didn't know I was as smart as I am. Frank R. Kent, noted political analyst, in American Mercury says that neither Liberals nor Conservatives can be trusted with governmental power too long because they both go to extremes. Isn't that just what I told you a few months ago? Only he proved it.

Press Notice: "United States will stop Dole in November." What November?

Ben Dixon and His Old Hen.—Ben operates a garage in Lucasville, and was called over on Big Run about three miles to fix a car which he had to tow back to the garage. He left it settin outside and when he started home late that night noticed a white hen under the car and supposed he had run over it when he drove up. Next morning it was gone. He took the car inside, repaired it and when the owner drove the car away the old white hen walked out from under it, and has since made her home in the garage.

The only way BEN can account for her presence is that she rode into town somewhere about the car and missed connections when it departed.

This world is a funny place. A clerk will spend a half hour gettin' out groceries and then pack two or three hundred pounds of potatoes, flour, etc., out to a car and nobody ever thinks of giving him a tip—but if a purty girl waits on you two or three minutes in a restaurant you are supposed to leave her a dime or a quarter as a tip.



SHAVINGS FROM CORRESPONDENTS

W. T. Funk, Lakeland, Florida

writes to know how we all are gettin along, and to say that he thinks THE WHITTLERS' GAZETTE is fine. He is 84 years old. He formerly lived in the Flat Woods and kept us supplied with the finest apples and dry beans we could get anywhere. We are glad indeed to hear from you, Mr. FUNK, and wish you health and happiness this Christmas time.



Stephen P. Ilgenfritz Belmont, Ohio

advises us that he approves of our stand on advertising and recommendation of the LIGGETT and MYERS Co. He says, "Each and every line of THE WHITTLERS' GAZETTE is read, but there is not a line of RED in it."



Samson Feldman, Advertising Manager, Baltimore, Md.

starts out like this: "Mr. Clyde Brant, Editor WHITTLERS' GAZETTE, Brant's Village Store, Main Street, Lucasville, Ohio. Dear Mr. Brant: I am an advertising man, and part of my stock in trade is the use of words, but I am stumped when I try to tell you how much enjoyment I get out of reading THE WHITTLERS' GAZETTE. Briefly, I like your publication because of its deep, sincere honesty and straight-forward speaking, as well as the plain, simple way in which your thoughts are expressed and presented."

Thanks, Mr. Feldman, it is unusual for an advertising expert to approve of my crude ideas, especially on advertising. This may help me to get the attention of advertisers who can't see any possibilities in anything so small as the WHITTLERS' GAZETTE.

L. S. Clauson, Lancaster, Ohio

thinks the last issue was a peach, and addressed the LIGGETT and MYERS CO. AS FOLLOWS: "Am enclosing a free advertisement which shows you a favor, in the last issue of THE WHITTLERS' GAZETTE, a WHITTLERS' magazine published now and then by an UP-TO-DATE STORE in Southern Ohio.

"It would be worth your while to send and get a copy of this publication which is creating a stir all over the country."

That letter alone, MR. CLAUSEN, if written on your official stationery, ought to have been enough to get me an ad right away.



M. L. Kappes of Route 3, Oxford, Ohio

wrote two whole pages, about how he and his neighbors enjoy reading THE WHITTLERS' GAZETTE, and he wants to subscribe for his natural life. He says he re-reads each copy with a neighbor, H. RAY THORPE, whose wife, formerly MISS LOUISE CLARK, lived in LUCASVILLE VICINITY 25 years ago. He promises to visit us next summer and wants to be initiated into the mysteries of WHITTLERISM.



Carl P. Lindeman, Newark, N. J.

wrote LIGGETT and MYERS Tobacco Co. as follows: "As a charter member of the WHITTLERS' CLUB, and as a smoker of CHESTERFIELD CIGARETTES, I should like to see you start advertising in our magazine. You know we only allow honest advertising. When you see it advertised in our magazine, it's no punk, and no junk." What I like about your letter, Mr. LINDEMAN, is that you use the word "OUR." If you boys all keep this thing up you are goin like you started, there is sure to be somethin doin some of these days. I was just in the store a few minutes and three readers told me they had wrote in. Let's try it again.



*Wishing You
An Old Fashioned
Christmas*

AMEN TO FRANCIS H. LEGGETT COMPANY and THEIR PREMIER BRAND PRODUCTS

I have been conscientiously buyin and sellin and conscientiously eatin groceries for 30 years. I made a first class cook out of my wife and educated my boys to develop their tastin and smellin apparatus to a very high degree.

Often when there was any doubt about which brand of corn syrup or tomatoes was the better, I would put it up to our customers in a blind test and you would be surprised how we have always agreed.

After all these years of personal investigation, consultation with hundreds of discriminative customers and study of Government Reports we have reached the conclusion that FRANCIS H. LEGGETT'S PREMIER and UNICORN FOOD PRODUCTS have proven our most uniform best values. Occasionally we find something different or a little better but that is a very rare occurrence.

A business friend is one who has served you fairly and honestly over a period of years—who never tried to sell you something you didn't want nor more than you needed, nor gouge you in the price.

Of the business friends we have made, THE FRANCIS H. LEGGETT CO. is perhaps the most outstanding—the squarest and the fairest grocery firm we ever dealt with.

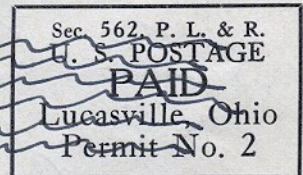
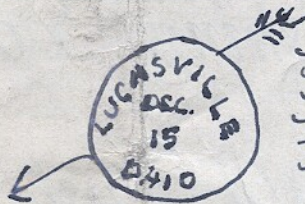
Because they treat the merchant as the merchant ought to treat his patrons—this firm has grown and prospered without a great, expensive advertising campaign. I never saw an ad of theirs in print.

It is not likely they will want to advertise in the Whittlers' Gazette—but if they should by any chance they are most welcome. I do not know how far out of New York they do business but I find the best store here in Kingsport, Tenn., sellin their products just like we do in Lucasville.

Whether you are a merchant or a consumer, in the interests of finer business relationships give PREMIER a thorough trial.

NOTE: On this page each month the Editor says AMEN to some honest products, honestly advertised or honestly distributed. If readers approve they are invited to drop a card to the Manufacturer expressing their Confidence in his products, or the WHITTLERS' GAZETTE, or both.

POSTMASTER:
If Undelivered Return to
JOSEPH H. BRANT CO.
Lucasville, Ohio
Return Postage Guaranteed



Mr. J. J. Rardin =
Kappa
Phi Psi House
1
Delaware
Ohio.
Room # X
Phone 2476
39 West Winter Street