

STOP AND
WHITTLE
AWHILE!

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WHITTLERS' CLUB OF AMERICA

THE
National Club
Headquarters—
Brant's Village Store.

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WHITTLERS' GAZETTE

Published occasionally at Lucasville, Ohio, by Clyde Brant

May, 1935 Issue

AN ESSAY ON COLUMNISTS

The biggest trouble with me is I don't know which one of the popular columnists to try to imitate. You know I am gettin to be real silly and sentimental about them columnists. First I read O. O. McIntyre once in awhile, till I got to likin him powerful well. I'll bet I aint missed readin his stuff once in t n years. But that bird is hard to imitate. I've seen a lot of others try it and you could spot em fore you read one paragraph. I don't reckon there is a man a livin who could imitate him successfully. He has individuality like the north star has.

Then just because maybe his column come right next to McIntyre's, when I had a minute to spare, I would glance over **Robert Quillen**. Soon I was includin him regular in my evening reading budget. The trouble with tryin to imitate **Mr. Quillen** is a feller has to think so awful hard and that's why he has so few imitators. My thinkin apparatus is all exhausted every day tryin to induce Hayseeds to buy something off of me or pay for what they had already bot.

Then there is **Will Rogers**, of course. There ain't much use talkin about him at all. He has just got a regular monopoly with his daily show. But I'll bet if he had to write a whole paper like I do every month he'd run up agin a snag too. Anyway his gags wouldn't work with anything but senators and sports, and actors and we ain't got none of them around Lucasville to speak of for me to make fun of. So imitatin him is out of the picture.

I have considered **Brisbane** too. I read him every night, reluctantly. That is I hate to waste the time, cause he just repeats over and over about the same things—more airships for our army, and more greenbacks instead of interest bearin bonds, and speculations about the future on the theory that "what men imagine, men can do." Yet he does squeeze in enough sprinklings of other observations to let you see that he probably knows more facts from literature and history than all the other columnists put together. If I knowed a tenth as much as he, I wouldn't have to worry a bit but, if I tried to imitate him by copying out of the encyclopedia, I doubt very seriously if the hillicans around here would care much about that sort of stuff. About all they think of is the weather and the next revival services or the last funeral, or the coming election or goin fishin. You know how it is.

I always did like **Walter Lippmann**. And now comes **Paul Mal-**

lon and **Jas. McMullin**, political writers, whose columns I read every day. But I ain't got these birds figgered out yet. I am half suspicious of them. They are just as clever as they can be, and among the most interestin of writers I think. I always try to check what they say with facts as they may develop.

The craziest of the all that I know much about is **Walter Winchell**. I passed him up for years, but he has broken down my resist-

ance and now has me down at the altar. That is the way it goes when you get sentimental or silly about anything. Nobody could or would want to try to imitate him I reckon.

Last of all I can hardly wait till I get the **Times** from **Thomaston, Georgia**, each week in which is published **Olin Millers Column**. It is entirely different from all the others, and as wise cracking is the last thing on earth I could do, so far as imitatin him is concern-

ed, I will have to pass that up. I think he is great.

A feller can't write anything only what he knows. And he knows only what somebody else has passed on to him. **Will Rogers** only knows what he reads in the paper. All I know is what the Columnists tell me. I don't have time to read anything else. An I been wonderin for months why I waste so much time on em, and if it is wasted? Yes sir, I been askin myself that question for a long time now.

You know I am one of those analytical cusses. One of the worst

pests in all the world—especially to themselves. I never do a single thing without I ask myself before hand and afterwards, **why?** Yes sir, it is a fact, I never turn my hand over without a good reason. I could tell you right off the bat why I smoke **Piedmont Cigaretts**, why I do not use **Ivory Soap**, or dated coffee, and give a good reason for not having read all about the **Hauptmann trial**. I reckon I was just born a skeptic, a critic, a regular old fool crank. Any nut who is continually trying to pigeon-hole his thoughts and emotions is apt to be a general nuisance to those who have to live with him. but he is usually so keenly aware of his own shortcomings and limitations, he does not expect perfection in others and is quick to recognize and appreciate to the full their admirable qualities, something nearly everybody has got some of. I used to think my time was too precious to fool away readin what some crazy egotistical columnist felt urged to gab about. But now I am a **Columnist Fan**. And I been wonderin **why?** To appease my fact-searching-complex I must find a reason if I have to invent one. You know how we all concoct some excuse for doing the thing we want to do.

WHY I AM A COLUMNIST FAN

Editors talk and write and rant about a free press. But that is just a smoke screen, propaganda. Course the owners don't want the government or anyone else to dictate to them. They want to choose their own dictators. It aint no secret that papers and magazines are printed because of the profits to be made in the publishing business. Most papers are the tools of big business or political bosses. There are some exceptions, of course, I am mighty glad to say, but I am afraid they are becoming more and more rare. How often you hear the expression, "You can't believe anything you see in the papers." And I am sorry that is so. You can read the paper from front to last page and what have you got when you get thro? The news that a few big syndicates want you to read, yes. Much of it is only of passing interest and next day it is forgotten. Sensation, exploitation, propaganda, muckle-dun, neutral or partisan editorials, and there you are. Every speck of news, advertising, editorials and all must be censored by rigid rules and regulations issued by the owner. The only **uncompromising, independent, inspiring, and provoking things left are the columnists**. Here is the last remaining link between the old county seat free press and the modern syndicated breed.

I read them, I reckon, because they deal with **life**, and the problems of living, than which there is nothing more interesting in all the world. All history deals with the



Photo by Prof. Esto Davis

Left to right: **Gladys Gibbons**, Brant's Office manager; **P. C. Chandler**, Pioneer from Kentucky; **The Editor** of the **Whittlers' Gazette**, and **Ed Benner**, Justice of the Peace and Assistant Butcher.

Taint often I have my picture taken. I wanted a picture of **Mr. Chandler** and his rig. He agreed, but insisted on havin a purty girl sit beside him and **Mrs. Gibbons** accepted the honor, on condition that I go along. I wanted **Tod Noel, Head Butcher**, in it but he refused on the grounds that someone might think he was trying to dicker for the steer for his meat department, so **Ed Benner** volunteered to take his place.

P. C. Chandler is one of our most respected customers and everybody at **Brants** thinks a lot of him. He has that quiet, winning manner which distinguishes a gentleman wherever met, whether in an ox cart or a Governor's palace. He comes into the store after his slow ride in from **Candy Run**, smiling and cheerful, just as much

as if he had made the trip in a Packard.

In the past 25 years many of the type of **P. C. Chandler** have emigrated into Ohio from Kentucky. I fancy it is just like every other wave of emigration, it has included all classes of society, but the vast majority are as fine specimens of citizenship as can be found anywhere. I am forced to admit that some of our native citizens are somewhat jealous of the invasion, and are inclined to overemphasize the lawlessness of a small minority element and the duplicity of a few of the political leaders, of which we already had plenty in Ohio. But the better class of Kentuckians themselves are the first to condemn and deplore anything which might reflect upon the quality of its citizenship. Kentuckians are justified in their pride of their state and its people, in memory of

Abraham Lincoln, Daniel Boone, Irving Cobb and a host of other strong and honorable men. No wonder Kentuckians hold their heads high, I don't blame em none.

Kentucky has long been noted for its fast horses and beautiful women. Last fall I visited my daughter who was located temporarily in Lexington. I visited several of the grand stock farms with which the city is surrounded, and got a peep at some of the fine race horses. But I sure was disappointed when I looked for the beautiful women. I found only two, one from Ohio and one from Minnesota. The girls I saw in Lexington were as homely a lot as I ever looked upon. It just looked to me like about all the Kentucky Belles had moved over to Ohio. I could pick out more than a dozen right around Lucasville who could win in any beauty contest.

lives of great men and women, nothing else. Great men and women, the leaders, are no more than the representatives of the dominant class of common citizens like you and me. If you would know the quality of the leaders of the future, study the temper of the man on the street, or behind the plow. It is with life such as this that the columnists deal, history in the making, each one in his special sphere, according to his talents. Any columnist who didn't instinctively appeal to the hearts and minds of the people would not last long, and it would not surprise me to learn that the columnists wield a greater influence with the public in America than any other class of its citizens. And further, I do not know of a single one I wouldn't trust to lead us in national affairs. As proof of my contentions, I know you will agree with me that **Will Rogers** could be President any time he would "choose" to be. **That's why I read every word of every columnist I run**

across. That's why you will probably be pestered all the time in this sheet with ideas and quotations borrowed from our national columnists. It's all I read; it is all I know. I like the breed. Hundreds of people all over the United States are reading this sheet simply because a too-sympathetic, big-hearted columnist in a moment of weakness, recommended it. I wish I could make it interesting and worth-while to everybody. I have criticised Big Business, cussed the advertisers, scolded the politicians, and given the women lots of good advice, and sent up every kind of a trial balloon I could think of in the past six months. It seems that about an equal number are interested in each subject. I don't know what to write about that will interest everybody. I guess I am an old fashioned esayist living in an age when folks are too busy to read anything but paragraphs. But I am goin' to keep on practicin', and imitatin', as long as you can stand it.

Our Amen Corner

E. C. (JACK) HOOD

Jack Hood is one of the several boys and girls who left Lucasville and made good in the city. Without any finishing touches more than **J. H. Finney**, superintendent of Lucasville schools could rub on, **Jack** began teaching down on Turkey Creek, one of the then back woods schools that had a reputation for running the teacher off the first day. With him went **Branch Rickey** who has several times led the Cardinal Baseball Club to fame and glory. But **Jack** and **Branch** had no trouble handling the big bad boys on Turkey Creek, because they had learned from personal experience the effective **Finney Method**, which primarily was to keep the students entertained. The first thing they did was to promote physical and mental contests between the bad boys which they refereed partially or impartially as the case might warrant. If I told the truth, I would have to say that both **Jack** and **Branch** were about as incorrigible as the worst bully in the school, and they were right in their element, and perfectly at home.

Just to show how ornery they were, I will relate one personal experience when I visited their school one day. There was an old chair with the back broken off. **Jack** had the kids replace the back propped against the blackboard in such a way that it looked substantial, and I was invited to sit in it. All went well till **Jack** suggested I turn round to see a problem on the blackboard when both the back of the chair and I tumbled off to the floor. To make me more embarrassed, he tried to make me believe I had broken their only whole chair, dern him. There was pandemonium among them kids for ten minutes. Yes, **Jack** kept them entertained alright.

Jack taught school a year or two, then went into Anderson's Big Store where he soon became advertising manager. Ads were ads in those days and **Jack** was among the nation's best. He repeatedly won national prizes. Several years ago he withdrew from business activities and is now deputy clerk of the election board. He knows nearly everybody in the county. It is hard to tell what he will be up

next, but whatever it is he will succeed. We are looking for him out to his summer fishing camp soon. Maybe we can get his picture in his old fashioned fishing togs, along with a fishing yarn for the Gazette.

THE BUCKET FIRE BRIGADE

Just as we closed Saturday night the town fire siren screamed. Before the first blast had died away the bucket brigade was on the scene and had the fire under control. **Art Moulton, Red Kearns, Harold Young, Esto Davis, Rev. Carter**, and a dozen others had responded. I don't know who all else, because I got there late, after the fire was practically out. **Crip Spriggs, Cliff Purdy, John Collis, Birch Massie, John Moulton**, and several others are usually among the first on the scene, and without any leadership every man seems to know his duty and his place. Of all the many fires that start in Lucasville only a few have resulted in total destruction of homes.

When a fire starts in Lucasville, no matter if it is at 2 A. M., the whole town rolls out and usually in time to extinguish it before great damage is done. Really some of the feats of the **Lucasville Bucket Brigade** seem impossible, and rival the heroism and efficiency of the big cities' trained firemen with the finest fire fighting apparatus. Time and again when a fire had gotten beyond control before the **Bucket Brigade** could get there, buildings only a few feet away have been saved by the boys without any protection from the intense heat and with only a few fire extinguishers and buckets of water from the nearest wells and cisterns. In fact I can recall only two occasions when all adjoining buildings were not saved. And as usual the good women of the village are always on hand to encourage the men and help pump and carry the water. **Milt Hopper** at present is in command of the township-owned, motorized, chemical apparatus and it has helped to save much property. Insurance rates in **Lucasville** should be lowered, because of the record and efficiency of the **Bucket Brigade**. To all members we shout a most fervent "**Amen, Boys!**"

Whittlings from Correspondents

OTTO F. THUM, OF DENVER,
WARNS CLIFF PURDY

Mr. Thum must be one of those silly old whittlers who read the *Gazette* from stem to stern, or how else would he know about **Cliff Purdy**? I saw in **Walter Winchell's Column** the other day where some noted writer had many more friends than he had readers. I reckon I got a lot more readers than I have friends. You know a writer can salve everybody and everything all up and make 'em feel fine and important, or he can tell the truth and make everybody mad. I don't know which is the worst. Mr. Thum says:

"By organizing the **Whittlers' Club of America**, you have put **Lucasville** on the map. You have built a better mouse trap in the wilderness. Tourists from all over the country will come direct or by detour to **Lucasville**.

"You'd better put in a big stock of cheese and crackers to feed 'em, and get **Cliff Purdy** at the **Kum-Back-Inn** to wash all the sheets and turn the mattresses over again. Make the tourists comfortable.

"I got an early start as a whittler. Father gave me a **Barlow** at Christmas in Versailles, Ind., in 1868 when I was 10 years old. Strange as it may seem, I lost it before New Year's day.

"Here is two years' dues in advance (if I am admitted to membership in the Club). My sister thinks I am the best long distance, non-stop whittler in Denver."

"Our Folks" Social Group of
Peoria, Illinois, Merges With
Peoria Whittlers' Club; Report
By Dr. W. T. Marrs

Editor Brant—
Also Whittler in Chief:

We are annexing Whittlerism with "Our Folks"—a social group of twenty-five, at Peoria Heights. A regular meeting has been called for May 4th at our house. Had lots of fun at first meeting—great program—my! **Mart Crabtree** said Whittling was almost as much fun as Post Office! **Mart** and **Erve** fiddled. They're not maestros—just fiddlers—"Buffalo Gals," etc. **Charley Garland** read **Walt's Poems** and said the one entitled "The Family Store" made him kinder homesick. **George Flesner**, who understands Einstein (this is no joke), gave an illuminating talk on "East is east and west is west." **Mart** suggested a topic for next meeting: "Are the girls eligible to become Whittlers?"

By the way, Clyde, we want your picture in the *Gazette* SOON. Shake off your modesty. The ladies think you are bald, but we men know better.

We are watching for you to advertise mail order bargains. Look what Mr. Sears and the other fellow did! (Perhaps a Whittler should say done.)

When the *Gazette* becomes more renowned, we will have to pay real money for it. I used to take Turnips and Punkins on subscription when I sat at the helm of a Country Weekly.

Let's make the **Whittlers' Gazette** famous! All that is needed is continued philosophical editorials by the Editor with a few offerings from **O. O. McIntyre, Will Rogers, Ed Howe** --- and --- well, I'm so durned modest I won't mention any more. Please send a copy of the next issue to the following persons, stamps enclosed. Excuse spellin and grammar.

OPEN LETTER FROM EDITOR
TO PEORIA HEIGHTS'
WHITTLERS' CLUB

W. T. Marrs, Sec'y.
Peoria, Ill.

Dear Brother Whittler:

This is a beautiful **Easter Sunday** morning here. Did you have eggs for breakfast? And by the way, Doctor, what is the best way to cook eggs? Are they fattening? My wife wants to know, not me. My son got up at seven and went fishin'. Automobiles with fishin' poles on the side goin' by. Suckers, red tailed ones, are bitin' better this spring than even the oldest old-timer can remember. Why, **Old Whittler Huddleston** caught 29 yesterday and said if it had been a good day for fishin' he would a caught lots more. Said he would rather fish than hang around the restaurant and listen to his wife talk. **Esto Davis** is flyin' kites with the other kids.

Reckon I ought to a been to church. But you know I ain't got to write a word for the paper this week—the *Gazette*, I mean. No other paper would print my writin's, no, not even my paid advertisements. I got up at 6:30 this morning so I'd have plenty of time to answer your letter before dinner. And I ought to be payin' some bills now instead of doin' this, as I ain't paid any for ten days; been too busy, and not much money, hardly enough to fool with, anyway. The older I git, the more I realize that it is awful hard to do too things at once, especially keep store and publish a newspaper. A feller just don't have time to go to church even on Easter, or fish, or sleep.

It gives me the greatest pleasure, Doctor, to inform you that the **Peoria Heights Whittlers' Club** is the first of its kind in the U. S. A., and if any of your predictions come true you may some day be proud of the distinction. Maybe you and **Walt** and me and our friends can establish Whittlerism in America more permanently than Hitlerism is in Germany. By the way, I reckon there ain't no bankers in your group. If there are, you better not read **Walt's** poem on "Seven Per Cent." Funny, ain't it, among all **O. O. McIntyre's** friends, there wasn't one single banker wrote in for a sample of my paper. Lots of doctors, lawyers, educators, merchants, politicians, and ordinary old whittlers, but narry a banker. Wonder why? Reckon bankers don't like him for some reason? Well, all I got to say, it's their loss, not his. I reckon they wouldn't appreciate **Mart's** and **Erve's** fiddlin', either. But, Oh boy, I would have enjoyed it! And I kin just imagine that **George Flesner's** scientific oration was right in line with the high standards and ideals of the **Whittlers' Gazette**.

The momentous question of whether girls should be admitted as members of **Whittlers' Clubs** will of course have to be left to the vote of the entire membership, but I want to remind you of just two things. Playing Postoffice wouldn't be a great deal of fun without the girls, and remember, if they have got 50c for dues it would come in mighty handy. I have touched on this subject else-

where in this issue, and I'm for em.

Now, about my picture. You have it in this issue along with some of my good friends and my favorite animal next to a dog. I don't know whether the top of my head is visible. I hope not, but the ladies probably know that all smart men are bald headed. I'll look my old pictures over, and if this one in this issue isn't distinct enough, I may select a closer-up-one for the next to satisfy all your curiosities. That is, if my wife says it's alright.

And about my advertising plans. I been thinkin' about that. You know, if the demand for this sheet keeps on increasin', I will be absolutely forced to adopt some scheme to finance it. And I am glad you reminded me of it so that we can talk this thing over together. We ought to always do that before we make any definite plans. But there is one thing sure, if I can't run this paper without patent medicine and **Cheap John** advertisements, it will just have to die. I've run a drug store all my life but I never saw a patent medicine I could honestly recommend or would advertise. My son is a pharmaceutical chemist, too, and he can make all kinds of fancy tooth pastes and mouth washes. Neither did I ever see a real bargain in any mail order catalog, tho I've read 'em from cover to cover. My plan is now to pick out the very best product in every line of goods, insofar as that can be honestly done, and advertise that one product only, if I can induce them to use this sheet. I don't know about it tho, as some of these advertising experts are pretty dumb, a lot dumber than the readers they think they are foolin'.

You see, I have been in business 35 years and bein' an old fool crank like I am, I have studied the merchandise itself, not the advertisements, and I am sure I know much more about real quality than most business men do. Besides, I read Consumers Research and all informative literature I run across. It is my ambition to make the **Whittlers' Gazette** representative of the better things with an advertising directory upon which the readers can depend for honest values. Please let me know what you think of my little scheme. I'll work out on it a little, soon as I have time. I did write the makers of the **Barlow** knife and offered them the best opportunity they ever had, but somehow they never answered. Some folks don't know a good thing when they see it. You know how it is. I'll admit, tho, the letter I wrote them was as indefinite as the weather and as unbusiness-like as most business letters are. I think I'll write 'em again, tho. Maybe the same secretary won't get hold of it this time. It takes a very extra vivid imagination like yours and mine, Doctor, to see the possibilities of Whittlerism.

Hope I have answered all your questions. Give my personal Easter Greetings to **Charley, George, Mart, Erve, Garret, Ben, Harold, Herman, Frank, M. J.** and **G. E.** and all the girls and the others. Am sendin' copies to **W. B., P. B.** and **J. B.** as requested. More fun and success to you.

Sincerely yours,
THE EDITOR.

Sauced Spring Sourdock and Dandelionisms

Had my first mess of spring greens last Sunday — shepherd sprouts, dock, wild lettuce and dandelion. Don't that make the mouths of you city dwellers water? I never let no man beat me to my spring greens, even if they do make me sick, and I don't want no more for a year. I reckon it is what some would call that primitive urge inherited from "herbivorous" age.

AND CHICKEN PIE

I got the best chicken pie I ever tasted in my life at a supper served by the Ladies' Aid Society of the M. E. Church the other evening. On inquiry I learned it was made by Mrs. Elza Purdy and Mrs. Louis Recg. Boys, you are missin' something when you miss these occasional suppers. Only 35c! Our New York readers would about faint if they could get such quality at such a price. Wish you could, boys. But if you are dumb enough to make your bed in a big city you will just have to sleep in it, I reckon. A feller can't have everything.

DUST STORMS

We have a lot of readers in the Kansas, Oklahoma and Texas dust belt era, and we want you to know that Us Old Whittlers are talking about you every day in our store, and sympathisin' with you. In the long run, year in and year out, the farmer has to work harder and risk more for the little he gets in cash than most any other class of citizens. Yet he smiles more and complains the least.

SASSAFRASS

We had just two requests for sassafrass bark, one from Mrs. Geo. L. Davis of Newtonville, Mass.; the other way out on the Pacific coast, from Mrs. Bertha Schisler of Whittier, California. Ladies, you have Eddie Benner to thank for your American Tea. He heard me mention your requests in the store and he said it was a little late to be real good, but if anybody that far away hankered so much for a stimulating draught of good old sassafrass he would go out in the woods and get you some, and he did. That is the spirit of the true born country whittler, wantin' to make everybody happy.

Mrs. Davis is the daughter of Mrs. J. J. Rardin of Portsmouth, Ohio, and Mrs. Schisler was born on the west side of the Scioto, a daughter of Henry Simpson, and graduated in the Lucasville schools. How the Whittlers' Gazette gets passed around all over the country!

MOON SIGNS

Talking about the prospective Peach Crop in the store the other day and the frost which threatened it and I casually asked if the moon sign was right or wrong, not bein' up on moon signs myself. Some say a frost in the light of the moon won't hurt anything, or visa versa. Some one remarked that George Appel, who owns a big peach orchard, always went by the moon, but he always got the signs backward, and they worked for him just the same. Tod Noel is just ilke him, and to sidestep a losing argument, he said, "Well, I don't know about the moon signs, but I know the Peach Tree Water Witch works alright."

We all think a lot of things are so that ain't.

JUSTICES OF THE PEACE

The State Legislature has done two pretty good things lately. It has refused to do away with military training requirements at Ohio State University and voted down a bill which would have abolished the office of Justice of the Peace. Our lawyer readers very likely won't like our attitude toward the ancient office of Village Squires. They see the more sordid side of this issue probably from time to time, but us fellers who have to live right with 'em all the year thro think they do pretty well. You see, it is kind of this-a-way. A big lawyer can do about as he pleases and still hold the admiration and respect of the people, but if a Justice of the Peace makes a mis-step, the whole community jumps on his back, or he gets hauled into a bigger court and some slick city lawyer holds him up to shame for his ignorance or avarice. And nine times out of ten the local newspaper will harp about it for a week on the front page.

Yes, the politicians want to get rid of the Justices of the Peace, and township constables, and trustees, and substitute a county manager form of government and the Hypocritical Educator Politicians would spend a million dollars to abolish local Boards of Education, so they can control everything a little easier. Next they will be wantin' to take our graveyards away from under our local control.

POLITICIANS

Dr. J. N. Thomas brot me down an issue of the Saturday Evening Post, I believe it was, in which H. L. Mencken took a swat at politicians in general. You know I like that feller Mencken. He is about the keenest observer and the most honest writer I know. Dr. Thomas must like him, too. The Doctor and Jesse McKinley review the magazines for me and then tell me what is worth reading. I wish they would do the editin' of this sheet and let me do the reviewin'. I think that would be better all around.

Well, anyway, Mencken said that everybody hated a politician. And since he mentioned it, I can see that the people are losing their respect for office holders and politicians. They don't respect 'em and look up to 'em like they used to. I ain't sure just what is the matter, but it looks to me like maybe the reason is because the politicians are continually trying to restrict and deprive the public of its rights and powers, instead of trying to protect them. I still like some of them, though!

JUST SOAPS

The Lux soap people just completed an advertising campaign here in Lucasville during which they gave away thro our store alone \$80.00 worth of soap. Now the Palmolive crowd comes out with a full page advertisement in the County Paper offerin' several trips to Europe or \$1000 cash prizes in a conctect. Who wins? Who pays?

We want to thank our many patrons for the splendid way they cooperated with us in the matter of delivery charges. Apparently there were only two or three who could not see our view point, and took their business somewhere else.

WHITTLERS' BENCH

The Whittlers' Bench is established in front of our store, thanks to Esto Davis, Birch Massie and my son, Dean. Giley Snively, across the street, is buildin' one more antique and unique. Just the minute a feller starts something, somebody else is up and tryin' to imitate it. Now the women are asking me to make a Whittlin' Bench specially for them. And, come to think about it, I guess the ladies have done a lot of whittling to make this old world a comfortable home—peelin' potatoes, shavin' corn off the cob, etc. I'd like to put a gold crown on the head of every woman who has helped and encouraged her old man thro this depression and set her up on a throne, and give here one of Alladin's magic lamps, so as all she'd have to do would be to rub it a little and her every wish would come true, for the rest of her life.

My wife is protestin' about the canceled tax stamps blowin' in agin our front fence. She says she got nearly a bushel basket full the other morning and insists since the stamps come from our store, I

should see that one of our boys sweeps them up every morning. There you are—another unforeseen expense the poor merchant has to incur. It takes time and expense to hand em out and more to sweep 'em up. I know it ain't worth while to ask Jim Doll to do this extra task, for he cusses every morning when he helps sweep the store floor.

WHOOPEE! We had a 4 percent gain of sales in March, the first since last November. And did you notice Dunn and Bradstreet's prediction April 10th that a big boom is comin' right away? Well, we can all use one, I guess.

The last issue of The Whittlers' Gazette jumped from 1500 copies to 1700. I am going to have to have some help or quit trying to keep store if the circulation gets much bigger. The boys help me fold 'em but I do all the addressing myself. Truly this is a one-horse paper.

If there is anything I detest it is to read to the bottom of page one and find my story is continued somewhere over on page 10. Some-

HEE HAWS AND GRUNTS

Our senators and representatives ought to be treated just like a jury in a criminal case. The minute they get in the capitol they ought to be all locked up together, and kept locked up till they reach a verdict on all bills to be considered. They ought to be denied any contact with the outside world of newspapers, radios, telephones, letters, petitions, lobbyists or politicians. Maybe then we would get some unbiased, honest and effective legislation.

Doctors and men without worries are continually advising us to quit worrying. Yes, quit worrying, that would be nice. I wish we could, and yet if nobody worried, the world would never get very far along. The fellow that worries the least is the guy who never did anything in his life worth while, either because he got everything he wanted without worry or was too lazy to worry. But I can't see any sense of worrying out loud, like so many folks are gettin in the habit of doin.

Every employee at Brants may not be a king or a queen, but, by golly, they are their own bosses. I am such a poor boss myself that I have to hire men and women who are capable, experienced and ambitious enough to be their own bosses. The only superiors they know are our customers, who are encouraged to bawl em out at their pleasure.

Nothing has pleased me more lately than President Roosevelt's recent recommendation to congress to pass a new and better Pure Food and Drug law. Maybe if we could force the canners and medicine makers and food purveyors to tell the people the truth about their products, and us merchants too, it would be the beginning of a reform all along the line which would be of infinite benefit to the honest producer and penalize the

quacks and the deceivers, like they ought to be. But I am afraid the case is hopeless. The newspapers, magazines, radio owners, as well as the crooked manufacturers who are reaping a harvest of profits off an unknowing and trusting public will dump millions of dollars into the fight and beat the President. Nothing talks so loud in America as money, you know, unless it is votes. If enough of you readers who agree with me would write your congressman and president, it might help a lot.

I was always just an ordinary man, I just never could excel in anything. I never could hop-step-and-jump as far as Jim Gronninger or throw a ball as far as Branch Rickey or Dave Long, or spell Jack Hood down, or write as pretty as Carrie Freshour or Bob Morgan, or whistle as loud and long as Clarence McNamer, or take as big a chew or spit as far as Hen Rockwell. Even in love affairs, while I was always among the first to discover a budding beauty, Chan Jones, or some other guy always beat my time. Just a little behind, a minute too late, not quite good enough to win. All my life it has been just that way. Right now there are lots of fellers got better stores than me, and there aint hardly any other paper as little as the Whittlers Gazette.

No, I never knowed how it felt to be a champion in anything, except maybe winning a game of pedro now and then, or a shootin match. And you know sometimes I don't know as I'd hanker much to be a real national champion in anything. There's a lot of drawbacks to bein a champion. And sooner or later someone is goin to come along and beat you maybe, like Tuney did Dempsey, and make you feel awful bad. You may make a lot of fair-weather friends as long as you win and have money and are popular, but at the same time you are apt to lose some of

times I get so mad I never finish the dern thing a-tall. My paper was so bad that way last issue I couldn't read it myself. So I have ordered my printer to finish every article in consecutive columns and let the dern headlines come where they will, regardless of eye appeal. So don't blame him.

JOHN CUTLIP

John Cutlip says he has so many tools lyin' around home it is just too much trouble to find one when he wants it so he just goes over to his neighbor's or the nearest garage and borrows what he needs.

OUR SALES TAX PLAN

If they would remodel the sales tax plan to suit me they would reduce the 3-cent tax to 2 cents and remove all the confusing exemptions, abolish the stamp nuisance and collect the two percent each month on the merchant's total sales. The merchant could well afford to absorb at least 1 percent of the tax which would leave not more than one percent for the consumer to pay, and the state, I am sure, would collect more actual money. It is costing us merchants at least 1 percent, anyway, to fool around with those dern stamps and exemption records, for which nobody is getting any benefit.

your old substantial chums, if you get too big and busy to notice them any more. I believe I'd rather be a little frog in a little puddle, with a lot of close friends, than a big toad in a big pond.

Then, besides, you and I both know that there are a lot of men and women who are strutting around in the nation's spotlights who are looked upon as leaders and champions who ain't got no right there at all. As wise old Ed Howe observed, there is always someone in every audience who could preach a better sermon; someone among its readers who could write a better book. No champion is absolutely best only in a very limited sense. There are probably a thousand men in the United States who could lick Max Baer today, if every man in the nation had been trained to fight like he has. Much depends upon chance, opportunity, environment, luck, pull, public and professional whims, and a whole lot of other things. So my sympathy and cheers always go out to the millions of men and women who have plodded along in the shadow of the goal posts of fame and glory, victims of the whims of fate. There can be only one governor of a state, only one president, one boss over every group of workers, but rarely does the job go to the best man. Probably the most beautiful girl in America never had on a bathing suit or ever was in Atlantic City, or the worlds champion liar yet officially discovered. As Robert Quillen said the other night, it isn't the Morgans and the DuPonts and the Vanderbilts that make the nation, it is the millions of us common ordinary old Whittlers who done it. Pershing didn't win the war, it was the boys in the trenches. Most of us can do the most good in the world right where we are, and be happier as privates in the ranks.

Yet I like champions. I love to see a man win, where the contest

is open and fair. I love the supremely good in art, literature, statesmanship or athletics. And I want to tell you now about **Champion Ben Brown, an Old Whittler from Miller's Run.**

CHAMPION BEN BROWN

It was about 25 years ago, in front of Martindale and Edmunds new store, **John Edmunds, Dave Thomas, genial N. and W. agent, Josie Morgan, Ben Brown** and a few others were whittlin and talkin about horses and how long it took to drive to Portsmouth, 10 miles away, which they agreed was about two hours. **Ben** allowed he could walk it quicker than that, and **John Edmunds** offered to back **Ben** on a \$50 bet. Well, after a door to door canvas of the leading citizens of the town, only \$4 could be dug up to match the \$50, and as no one would give odds, an even \$4 wager was laid, all details arranged and **Ben** was off with a representative of each side following in the Edmunds shiny new buckboard, behind a fast little bay mare.

When they reached the edge of the city, the boys in the buggy got out, tied up the tired horse and ran along by the side of **Ben** who was breaking all the speed limits, to protect him from police interference and curious crowds. **Ben** reached the Court House steps with 6 minutes to spare, having walked the 10 miles in exactly one hour and 54 minutes. The total winnings of \$4 was handed over to **Ben** and he spent it all at **George Freshell's** restaurant for food and drink, then sauntered over in front of the **Washington Hotel** to pick his teeth and talk it over with his friends. I never learned how nor when he got home, but he had the glorious satisfaction and thrills of being a **Champion**. And what's more, his record has never been officially broken, tho a **Boy Scout** more than equalled the performance the other day, and I want to tell you about that too. It is interesting sometimes to compare the old things with the new.

BOY SCOUTS

I was drivin to Portsmouth last Friday morning, March 29th. It must a been Hikin Day for the Boy Scouts because they was strung all along the road. Once I saw a group of five or six little chaps run over on the N. and W. R. R. tracks and press their ears to the rail listening to the click, click of wheels of a freight train as it passed over the joints. They were a happy lot being initiated into the joys, interests and health giving qualities of life in the open country. You know I think this Boy Scout movement would never have amounted to much if it had not been founded on the simple plain virtues and spirit of the pioneers of the sea, the wilderness and the plains. The more boys can be led to appreciate the ingenuity, the courage, and the independence of their hardy ancestors and the unalterable laws of nature, the happier and safer civilization will be. Yes, I am awful strong for it.

SCOUT RARDIN

Well, along in the afternoon, after I got back from the big city, I stepped out the front door of the store, and there sat three Scouts, one of them my nephew, **Robert Rardin** from Portsmouth, who was changin his leather hiking shoes for a pair of tennis or basket ball shoes. I asked a dozen or so questions and got the following information. They had left Piketon, 14 miles north, at 11 o'clock. It was then 2:30 P. M. **Robert** had some chores to do for his grandmother and he wanted to hurry on into town, while the other boys had to wait on and look after some younger scouts who had fallen behind. Remembering **Ben Brown's** record, I asked him to call me up when he got home. He trotted off at 2:33 and at 4:15 called me from the corner of Kinney's Lane which must be a little more than 9 miles from our store. He had made it in 1 hour and 42 minutes, which, if it was 9 miles, was one-fifteenth of a second faster than **Ben's** time, per mile. When you consider

that the boy had already done 14 miles, and made a total of 23 miles in 3 hours and 15 minutes, which is just about two minutes less per mile than **Ben** made, it is a darn good record for a city chap, and I am dern proud of him. The next day or so I saw in the paper where he had made an average grade of 97% for the term—highest on the football squad. You never beat that, **Ben**. Your official record still stands, **Ben**. But some day some lad is a goin to beat it, and good sport and whittler that you are, I know there aint another man in the State of Ohio who would cheer him louder than you would. That's the kind of a champion I ilke best. If you hadn't a broke your leg this winter, I'd still bet on you. And say **Ben**, did you and **Dave Hickman** ever walk a race? I always thot he might beat you, anyhow on a short spurt or up and down hill.

Bill Days aint no slouch either, nor **John Hickman**, nor **Jim Burns**. In fact, all them **Miller's Runners** can walk. Most of them older residents could walk to town quicker than they could hitch up and drive. For that reason Automobiles and Air Ships never cut much figger in life on the creek.

Weather Report And Predictions

You no doubt all read our predictions about the drouth this spring. Well, **Bill Days, Bill Newman, Ike Thompson** and **Albert Ferguson** got together and decided it didn't suit them, and they all come in at once and jumped on me about it. They agreed that I was absolutely and completely wrong. Yes sir, it was goin' to be cold and wet this spring. I hadn't said a word about the temperature but they wanted to bring that in, too.

It wasn't hardly fair, because my guess was in the hands of the printer three weeks before they said a thing. They waited till the New Moon come up, and they allowed it was the wettest moon that ever looked down on this old world. All right, then, when they come in it was pourin' down rain, and had been for a couple of days. Everything looked pretty blue for me, and all I could do was to listen to 'em. I ain't missed it once in the last three years, and I ain't goin' to let those old clodhoppers bluff me out now. I'll show 'em that Science is more reliable than the moon. But I do git awful tired having someone run in every time it sprinkles a few drops and say in that withering, scornful tone, "I thought you said it wouldn't rain any this spring?" when I hadn't said anything of the kind. I git about half mad, sometimes. All I said was that we would have another drouth this spring, which don't mean that we won't have no rain at all, but merely that we will have less than a normal rainfall. And where are these fellers who said a freeze wouldn't kill the peaches if it was light of the moon? I reckon they will keep quiet now or fix up some alabi.

BABY BEAR READ

EDITORIAL

WE MUST HAVE LAW ENFORCEMENT

Probably in the earliest dawn of the social life of man, the Chief perceived that the simple method of rewarding the honest, the diligent and the loyal and punishing the lazy and unruly, was the best way to preserve order and secure the safety of his tribe.

And if democracy fails, it will be because it has ceased to observe these simple fundamental principles. It will not be because the laws were oppressive or unjust, but simply because they were not enforced. A good, honest, loyal citizen obeys the laws of his country and expects and is entitled to be protected therein. But if and when the laws and regulations are not enforced upon the law-breakers, then the worthy citizen is penalized, and the culprits are rewarded. Which is directly contrary to the ideals of justice, and no government can live and progress under a system which continues to permit the crafty, the tricksters, the chiselers, the dishonest and the shiftless to be honored, pampered and prosperous at the expense of the loyal and industrious.

OUR POETS' CORNER

YEA, WALT! LOOKY HERE! YOU GOTTA DO SOMPIN! SOME OLD BIRD HAS CALLED YOUR HAND!

I just read your poem, "On The Radio", four verses All out of your dome, a song to wet nurses, Like Townsend, the savior who'd give you two hunder Each month your behavior was spendthrift and blunder.

Another, wherein you kick on your taxes, You borrow to pay and would cut throats with axes. You'd take your two hundred with narry a blush? You who kick on your taxes? For you, Walt, Pish! Tush! "Tip".

I just thot you'd git into trouble sooner or later, Walt, and I reckon you had it comin' to you this time. But at the same time, I got a lot more letters praisin' you to the skies, so many I'll never have room to print 'em all. About all I know is this feller "Tip" hails from

Minneapolis, and here I thought all them **Gophers** was in favor of all the easy money they could get. He wrote right sarcastic about my editorial, too, and you kin tell by the way he wites that he is keen as a briar and a **master whittler**. Nobody is goin' to put anything over on him.

SEVEN PER CENT!

I wish you'd explain to me—please be quite frank, What in the thunder's the use of a bank? Whenever I'm clear out of money and "broke," And ask for some cash, why, they think it's a joke. They send me away emptyhanded and sad, While they give me the laugh and exclaim, "It's too bad!" But when I've got plenty and feel pretty flush, They write me long letters with flatter and gush Or have a sweet voice call me up on the phone And invite me to come and arrange for a loan.

Now, by those who know all about bankers, I'm told That they have all the cash that their coffers can hold. They're taking it in by the bushel and ton, But you can't get it out at the point of a gun. There is only one way you can make a small loan: You must first put a mortgage on all that you own; And then, pay them interest that runs up so high That to **think** of it makes you sit right down and cry.

Now, my landlord has cut down his rent almost half And he's selling his cow for the price of a calf; Then there's Johnson that works at the mill every day, He has taken three cuts in his small weekly pay; And every one else, in these times of depression, Has had to make some sort of money concession; But all of the banks and the bankers, gol dern it, (Though they have so much cash that they may have to burn it)

Are charging more rent for their money today Than they did when we all were receiving big pay.

Of course, as you know, I'm not awfully smart, But if business and trade are to get a good start, It seems that the bankers should lower their rate And not make us duffers pay all of the freight. Don't you think, if the banks would quit hoarding and lend, That the rest of the world might have something to spend? So, to help the whole country get out of the bog, Let the bankers thaw out and quit acting the hog!

P. S.—I've just heard, if you borrow a million or more, They will charge you about **three** per cent—maybe four, But if you need cash for the kids and the wife, They'll soak you for **seven** and mortgage your life! Please give me a reason—I'd like to know why; I'm enclosing a stamp for an early reply. —Walt.

BRANT'S AD: Good Reading

Seems like we ought to stick a little ad in somewhere in this issue, seein' as it is spring and you all need seeds, paints, varnishes, clothes, shoes and ever so many other things. About all we can say is that we have about as large a stock of new and good merchandise as we ever had and that our prices are actually lower by any comparison than we have ever offered. Just take men's shirts, for instance, yes dress shirts at 79c for a really good quality low priced number. 98c for some swell plain colored broadcloths made by the famous Van Heusen Co. of N. Y., on up to \$1.00, \$1.25 and \$1.50 for the newest patterns in fancy figures and stripes, and the best of all, genuine **ARROW TRUMP** at \$1.95 and **PADDOCK** at \$2.25. The lowest priced chain store can offer you little if any lower prices and the best stores have little any better.

Now, if you want a 98c pair of pants, we got 'em and we ain't ashamed of them either; better

ones, too, if you want 'em, on up to \$8.00 and \$10.00. But if you think it best to put on a cheap 10c varnish, you will have to go some place else, as we don't handle anything but **Good Old VALSPAR PAINTS** and **VARNISHES**. We cannot believe that it pays under any circumstances to put on cheap stuff and we will not sell it. Our **WALL PAPER** is priced higher than some of the cut-raters advertise, but in most cases ours will cost you no more when you figger the ceiling and border which you don't have to buy. There is lots of tricks in pricin' and sellin' **WALL PAPER** as well as anything else, but we never studied this trick way of makin' money very much, and don't believe in it very strong. We just aim to sell good merchandise at reasonable prices all around and save our customers money in the long run. Come in and see us as often as you can. You don't have to buy a thing, just bring your Barlow along and **WHITTLE AWHILE**.