

# THE WHITTLERS' GAZETTE

Official Publication of

## THE WHITTLERS' CLUBS OF AMERICA

NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS

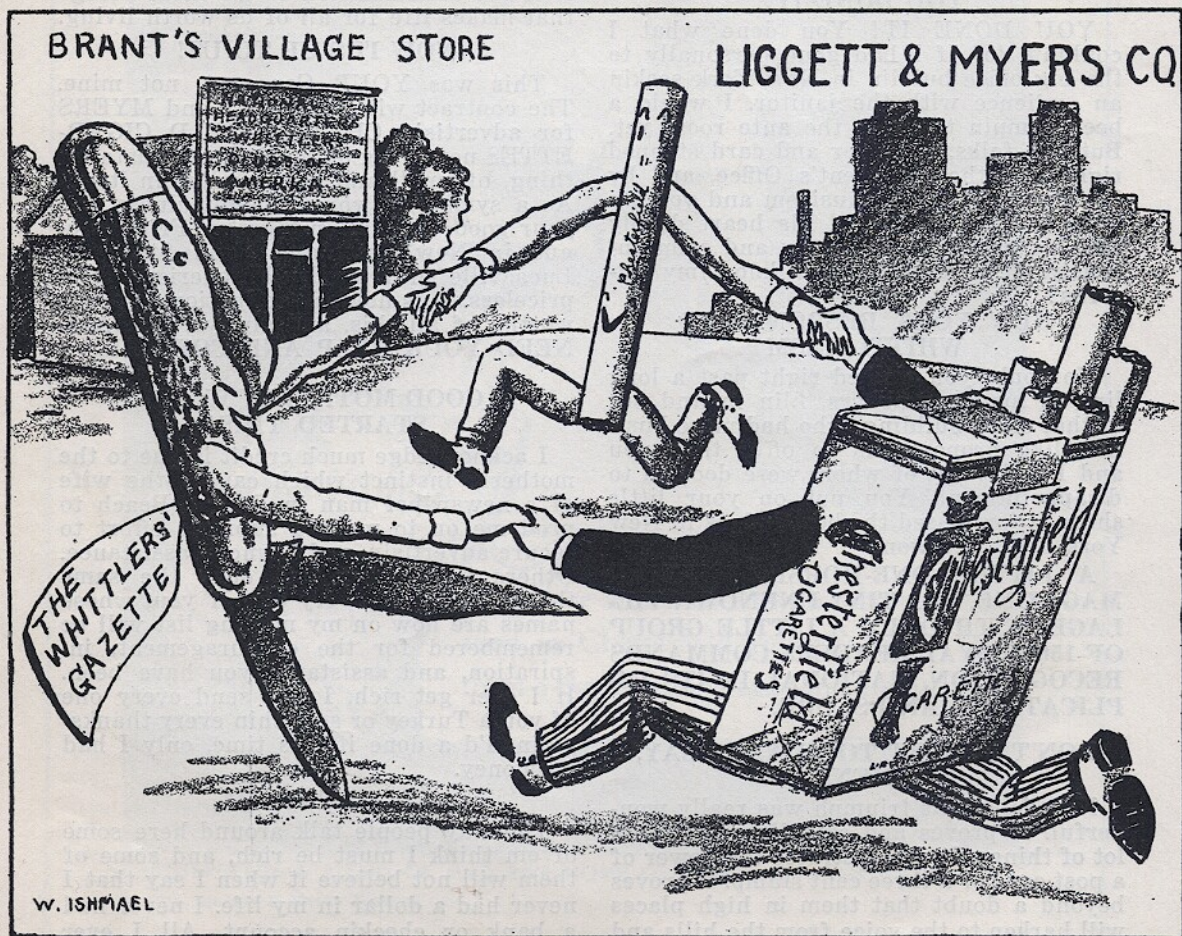
BRANT'S VILLAGE STORE

MAIN STREET

FEBRUARY, 1936

LUCASVILLE, OHIO

STOP AND WHITTLE A WHILE



WHITTLERS FOR  
CHESTERFIELDS

THE "AMEN" BOYS  
A CELEBRATING

CHESTERFIELDS  
FOR WHITTLERS



# Now, Folks, Look What You Went And Done! Look At The Next Two Pages!

● In less than 10 days after the last copy of the November Issue of THE WHITTLERS' GAZETTE was dropped in the little rural Post Office in LUCASVILLE, OHIO, typewriters in NEW YORK were humming out acknowledgements to you who had found time to write in to LIGGETT and MYERS, and your editor and partner had a year's advertisin contract lyin on his little old desk!

## YOU DONE IT!

YOU DONE IT! You done what I couldn't do! If I had gone personally to the big office buildin in New York seekin an audience with the janitor, I would a been campin there in the ante room yet. But you folks, by letter and card stepped right into the President's Office, and by the sincerity and enthusiasm and volumn of your appeal touched his heart deeply and his pocket book lightly and spontaneously. Who said I didn't know my adverbs?

## NEW YORK RESPONDS TO WHITTILERISM

No doubt you walked right past a long line of money grabbers, filin in and out of that office building, who had more business-like propositions to offer than you and I had, most of whom were doomed to disappointment. You put on your little show. It impressed the best judges in New York City. You won.

**A LITTLE ONE-HORSE, ONE-MAN MAGAZINE, IN A TINY UNKNOWN VILLAGE, WITH ONLY A LITTLE GROUP OF 1500 LOYAL READERS COMMANDS RECOGNITION, NATIONAL IN ITS IMPLICATIONS, AND SCOPE.**

## DON'T FORGET TO ALWAYS SAY, "AMEN"!

Now folks this triumph was really wonderful. It proves and establishes a whole lot of things. It demonstrates the power of a post card or a three cent stamp. It proves beyond a doubt that them in high places will harken to the voice from the hills and prairies. That down underneath, the intelligent people of the big cities are friendly to us hicks, and sympathetic to

our rational ideals. It is most convincing evidence that a man doesn't have to have a Million Dollars to do a lot of good in this old world. It is, after all, as the WHITTLERS' GAZETTE has always contended, the accumulative effect of little things, a smile here, a kind word there, a seemingly insignificant penny, a minute of your time, a friendly boost, or word of appreciation, a heart felt, honest amen, if you please—it is the accumulation of all these things that makes life for all of us worth living.

## NOW IT'S UP TO US!

This was YOUR Conquest, not mine. The contract with LIGGETT and MYERS for advertisin CHESTERFIELD CIGARETTES now lyin on my desk is a material thing, of small and fleetin value in itself. As a symbol of your thoughtfulness and your good will, linkin together Fifth Avenue in New York and Main Street in Lucasville in friendly Whittlerism, it is priceless. It is now my obligation to prove worthy of all this, and always, I SHALL NEED YOUR HELP AND COUNCIL.

## A GOOD MOTHERLY WOMAN STARTED THIS!


I acknowledge much credit is due to the motherly instinct which caused the wife of a newspaper man in Datona Beach to prod me on to make a supreme effort to secure advertisin, and financial assistance. Others before her had done the same thing. Each and every one of you, whose names are now on my mailing list will be remembered for the encouragement, inspiration, and assistance you have been. If I ever get rich, I will send every one of you a Turkey or somethin every thanksgivin. I'd a done it this time, only I had no money.

## I AINT RICH!

The way people talk around here some of em think I must be rich, and some of them will not believe it when I say that I never had a dollar in my life. I never had a bank or checkin account. All I ever earned went into my father's estate, was invested in insurance (all of which was

(The Balance of This is on Page 12)





Sun-curing  
Turkish leaf tobacco.  
The tobacco is strung  
leaf by leaf and hung  
on long racks like you  
see here.

The aromatic Turkish tobaccos  
used in Chesterfield cigarettes give  
them a more pleasing taste and aroma.

CHESTERFIELD—A BLEND OF MILD RIPE HOME-GROWN AND TURKISH TOBACCOS

© 1936, LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.



# The Francis H. Leggett Co., New York City, Distributor of Premier Products, Joins Whittlers' Advertisin Clubs

● THE FRANCIS H. LEGGETT CO., was given an invitation to join our WHITTLERS' CLUBS, not with the hope of inducin them to advertise with us but only because I felt if there was one firm in all America that deserved an Amen more than another it was THE FRANCIS H. LEGGETT CO. Take em up one side and down the other, they are about the nicest and most honest food distributors we have ever dealt with. And we would not have felt a bit hard at em if they had declined the invitation, knowing as we did that this firm does not do any national advertisin.

That is one reason we like em so well, maybe. They are, in a way, old fashioned, and have made a wonderful success without advertisin. So far as I know they do not maintain any advertisin department. Anyway the President wrote me that I would have to take the matter up with their manager, Mr. Wm. E. Downey, of Columbus, Ohio. The result is their ad in this issue.

## 100 PERCENT!

Now you reader folks have a right to be mighty proud of yourselves. So far your efforts to interest advertisers in the WHITTLERS' GAZETTE has been 100 per cent effective. You landed one of the largest national advertisers in the country, and persuaded a National Distributor to break an age old precedent and enter the field of advertisin, even if in only a small way and in a One Horse Magazine. No doubt hundreds of expert and experienced advertisin solicitors have been turned down flat while the voice of the WHITTLER from the wilderness has been heard sympathetically in the Big City. I'd guess that your achievement is unprecedented in the annals of the publishin business. Who knows but that the thrifty and neighborly instincts of WHITTLERISM may yet point the way to more sane, effective and less expensive advertisin?

Now it would be a shame to fall down on this last effort to interest one of the most outstandin cereal manufacturers in our little plan to do honor to Honest Advertisin and enkindle a public apprecia-

tion therefor. So don't forget nor neglect to write to KELLOGG COMPANY, of BATTLE CREEK, MICHIGAN, today.

## A NEW IDEA?

I say "This last effort" because I think we have gone far enough, for the present at least, in this method of solicitin advertisin. Not that we have exhausted the field of possibilities—no, not by any means—because there are hundreds of Honest Advertisers. But I think it is best to rest awhile and think this thing over and decide where we want to go from here. Maybe I will outline a new approach in the next issue, and you can tell me what you think. I assure you all nothing will be done without your consent and approval and that all our dealins with each other now and in the future will be open and above board, and through the columns of the GAZETTE. Advertisers will be treated in the same frank manner, as members of our little family. In the meantime don't neglect an opportunity to say a good word for CHESTERFIELDS and PREMIER FOOD PRODUCTS, and WRITE THE PRESIDENT of THE KELLOG COMPANY, TODAY.

## The Will Rogers Memorial Fund

● You may recall Judge I said I would send your check in to the WILL ROGERS MEMORIAL FUND. Well I gathered up 5 checks lyin on my desk which like yours I didn't have the conscience to cash, totalin \$5.50 and donated em in the name of THE WHITTLERS' CLUBS OF AMERICA. Twasn't much, I know, but I'm sure WILL would say, "That's swell, boys." The other checks were from C. P. Lindeman, Newark, N. J., Dr. Earl J. Gibson, Alameda, California, A. H. Beardsley, Cape Girardeau, Missouri, and Joseph Brant, Kingsport, Tenn. Many readers here in Lucasville will remember Rev. A. H. Beardsley to all of whom he sent greetings.



# Rube Wins First Prize For Best Description of A Whittler

● I hated to but I just had to hand it to him. Today, Jan. 10th, I got his entries, 10 pages full of em. If I didn't give it to him on one, I would a had to on another. After an hour's readin I decided he knowed more about WHITTLERS than any other man in America. Em, his wife, was evidently afraid of my judgement for she suggested that I mail all entries to the following persons and let them be the judges: O. O. McINTYRE, BRANCH RICKEY, GEORGE RIGHTMIRE, M. F. ANDREWS, VIC DONAHEY, BISHOP McCONNELL, ED HOWE, BERT PYLE, DR. MARRS, THAT SUPREME COURT JUDGE, FRANK APPEL, THE EDITOR OF GOOD HOUSEKEEPING, SENATOR LLOYD, and JAMES POLK.

It was a swell idea, but—how she figured I'd have the time or money to make a copy of each of his ten pages of entries for each of the 14 judges, to say nothing of the other entries, I don't know. Just because her old man dont do nothin' apparently but sit and WHITTLE and write, I reckon she thinks no other man does. If he hadn't a quit when he did he would a had to send his entries "by freight." At that I would a give the prize to his wife, "Em," who reentered her original discription, but I was afraid she might become emotional over her victory and tell who she was and I'd have the big reward to pay. I guess I will just write a check payable to "Rube and Em" and let them fight over it. I dare either of them to give me instructions where to leave said check or cash, so as they can get it.

## What Is A Whittler?

### By Rube

● A WHITTLER is an idealist, whose constant striving for perfection in his work, (whether it be with knife, plow or pen) reflects the TRUE WHITTLER'S virtues—PATIENCE; TOLERANCE; COURAGE; PRUDENCE; SELF-RELIANCE and uncompromising HONESTY—characteristics whose influence for good upon the lives of others is inevitable.

## KENNETH BOOTH, LONG PRAIRIE, MINNESOTA, WINS SECOND PRIZE

The Third Prize Goes To J. C. Gavan,  
181 12th St., N. E., Atlanta, Ga.

Lack of space in this issue prevents reproduction of these entries. All the entries, which were not half as many in number as in the other contest were splendid. And in token of my appreciation of the interests of the little folks, it gives me a great deal of pleasure to award an extra prize of \$1.00 to a 10-year-old young lady WHITTLER by the name of Clara Ellen Reynolds, Lucasville, who thinks "A WHITTLER always seems happy and carries a sharp knife." Thank you Clara Ellen. Special Mention is given to Elisha Alley's touching letter, in which he says "I intended to write a piece representing a WHITTLER, but I have been too sick. I love to read your paper. There is lots of things you hint at, that I can see clear through, but I guess if a man was to turn the light on the evils of the world too bright he would be crucified."

If the WHITTLERS' GAZETTE appeals to the happy instincts of children, inspires a lazy old pup like Rube to write ten pages, brings comfort and cheer to the sick, helps WHITTLING Senators, Judges, Statesmen, and professional men to pass the time away, and makes some of these old Hill Billies around Lucasville wait for their meals while their good wives read it, as it seems to have been doin, it is doin a little good in the world. But John Adkins says "The WHITTLERS' GAZETTE is goin to have to hump itself to keep up with The Scioto Valley Sentinel," Lucasville's new weekly paper.

I see a lot of Colleges these days are lendin each other their professors off and on. If this is a good thing why wouldn't it work in our high schools? And while I am on the subject, I think we ought to have more men teachers in the local schools than we have. Most kids get enough motherin at home and they need more fatherin in school.



# Welcome To Honest Vic To Our Whittlers' Club

• Yesterday (this is Dec. 17th) I got a letter from Senator Vic Donahey, Ex-Governor of Ohio, and now takin it easy over in Washington, D. C. He can't have very much to do—nothin important anyhow—cause he said he was readin THE WHITTLERS' GAZETTE. As further evidence that they don't have many engrossin duties in the senate, he sent me a swell little souvenir—a specimen of his own personal WHITTLING in the form of a letter opener—which he had fashioned with his barlow and a little piece of sand paper. I thot it was walnut, but my son who has a degree in horticulture and ought to know, says it ain't. He intimated that Walnut was too tough and hard a proposition for city WHITTLERS to monkey with, especially Senators, and like most the big diamonds the city swells wear, it was just an imitation.

Mr. Donahey didn't say what kind of wood it was, but said that he had made between two and three hundred of them from various kinds of Ohio Wood. But I want to tell you other famous WHITTLERS that this little letter opener is a mighty fine specimen of WHITTLING. It is perfect in design and form and execution, and I am awful proud of it, as an emblem and evidence of the interest of a great man in the tenents of WHITTLERISM. Nobody but a true WHITTLER would a thot of adding a touch of realistic ruralism to the useful little tool by skillfully and mysterially makin part of the handle from a corn cob.

Now maybe some of you readers out in California, or down in Texas or Florida or up in Canada don't know so much about Senator Donahey as us fellers here in Ohio does. He was Governor of Ohio three times. He is a Democrat and I am a republican but I voted for him twice. Last year when he run for the U. S. Senate he lead the ticket and our Democratic Governor by about 400,000 votes I think.

Besides the state and national democratic machines was all workin against him. Seems like political machines are nearly always against an honest man. Ohio is normally a republican state, so you know a lot of us republicans must a voted for him, simply because he had won and lived up to the sobriquet of HONEST VIC. And this personal victory will go down in

the annals of history as one of the greatest tributes Ohio ever paid to one of her citizens.

So because Vic Donahey is an Honest Man, because he is a REAL WHITTLER, we welcome him into our society of WHITTLERS. He says that he "Always believed that WHITTLING coordinated the hand and the brain, producin either a good WHITTLER or a good thinker—sometimes both." And so long as I run the WHITTLERS' GAZETTE it will endeavor to be a homely little forum or cracker-barrel-retreat where honest men, rich or poor, democrat or republican, business or professional men, farmers or laborers may find relaxation and expression in mental WHITTLING and an appreciative, sympathetic audience.

Oh, by the way Senator, I saw where the new \$10,000,000 Fire proof post office in Washington nearly burned up the other day before all the fire departments in Washington could put it out. Now the next time it catches fire just wire the Bucket Brigade in Lucasville. They never let an old wooden, shingle roofed, un-fire-proof structure burn clear down yet, if they got on the grounds before the rafters caved in.

## POEM BY DR. JAMES M. THOMAS

The church was filled with folks today  
When Joseph Brant was laid away,  
Beneath a pine whose branches wave  
A living marker to a good man's grave.  
For years he, the same path trod  
To this same church to worship God.

Our preacher in his sermon said,  
"Here lies our neighbor, a friend is dead.  
His body sleeps but his soul's reward  
Is in Heaven above with God, his Lord,"  
And thus he lived without pretend  
And died with every man his friend.

From boyhood here upon the soil  
He lived a life of useful toil.  
In later years a home he won  
And raised a daughter and a son.  
If I had the writers' art  
To pen the things that's in my heart!  
But sorrow comes to make us sad.  
I've lost my wife, you've lost your dad,  
The two best friends we ever had.



# FRANCIS H. LEGGETT AND COMPANY

Manufacturers and Importers and Distributors of

## PREMIER FOOD PRODUCTS

GENERAL OFFICES: NEW YORK CITY

<b>DIVISIONS</b>	
Buffalo	N. Y.
Camden	N. J.
Cincinnati	Ohio
Columbus	Ohio
Detroit	Mich.
Meriden	Conn.
Pittsburgh	Penn.
San Francisco	Cal.

The manager told me to just go right ahead and write this ad, as he was awful busy, so the FRANCIS H. LEGGETT CO., is in no way responsible for anything I say in this ad.

I told you in the last issue what I thought of this wonderful organization, and on another page in this issue I have something to say. I appreciate their confidence, but I question their judgement.

When my son first got married and moved to a big city, they didn't know where to buy their groceries, and they tried first one brand and then another till he got disgusted and he wrote back home and asked me to find out where he could find PREMIER PRODUCTS. I found out for him and there is where he done most of his tradin, and after that when he moved to another town he started right in dealin with the PREMIER MAN.

Now he ain't the only customer who has moved away and wrote back to us to learn where they could get PREMIER GOODS, and it seems to me in the midst of the confusion and doubt existin in the food field due to the flood of new private brands comin on the market, unless you positively know of a better brand, or when you are in doubt it would be safer for YOU OLD WHITTLERS to hunt up the PREMIER MAN. In my limited travels, PREMIER PRODUCTS are always found in the BETTER STORES.

PREMIER, or their second quality, UNICORN, ought not cost you any more than any other good food product. But I find a few grocers chargin higher prices, just because they know they can, because of the better value. But I don't think that is fair to The Company and if you find any grocers like this you just tell em I said they oughtn't to do it.

And if any of you Grocers don't know about PREMIER, you ought to try em out and see what fine fellers they are to deal with. And if you don't find everything just as I have told you it was I wish you would let me know right-a-way.

This ad written by CLYDE BRANT, Editor, for  
THE FRANCIS H. LEGGETT COMPANY



# CHIPS AND SHAVINGS FROM CORRESPONDENTS

• And they will be just that—Shavings—because I have received more mail in the past month than any time since O. O. McIntyre made that awful mistake ritin us up in his popular column. I have got at least 100 letters. If you don't believe me, ask Mrs. Clyde Cook who runs the Lucasville Post Office. Every single one of these letters was most interestin and encouragin. I wish you could read them all, but all I can do is to quote a line here and there from a few of them. Course I could not possibly answer them all.

I have nearly always had some excuse why I couldn't get out a bang-up good issue, but this time the only alibi I got is that it takes all my time to read these letters which leaves none to write. Honestly I got enough letters and contributions to fill three little magazines like the WHITTLERS' GAZETTE. So if this issue is no good, it is all my fault.

## WHITTLERS' GAZETTE THROWS STATE AUDITOR'S OFFICE INTO UTTER CONFUSION

C. E. Brotton, Deputy State Auditor, complains as follows: "Since the WHITTLERS' GAZETTE has been coming into the Auditor's office there is such a scramble for the darn thing that somebody always has the boss's copy. I am inclosing \$2.00 for a couple of extra subscriptions, to come to this office, beginning with the December issue. I do not know what there is about this darn paper to interest anybody, but Mr. Tracy has bot a big, new Barlow, and WHITTLES continually in his private office, and the paper and shavings are getting to be a nuisance to me."

Well, Mr. Brotton, I can sympathize with you, for I can't see for the life of me, why anybody would want to waste time readin a one horse paper like this. I'd like to get rid of it as much as you would. But what am I goin to do? First one then another sentimental popinjay sends in 50c or \$1.00. I need the dough. But keepin it I practically promise to dish em out 12 more issues of this junk. I am a victim of circumstances, just like you are. You could quit your job and get out of that lunatic asylum, but maybe you are like me, so hard up, you have to put up with most anything. The longer I publish this paper the more I find out how many "Softies"

there are in this world, and the better I like em. You find em in the Capitol, the State House, the Colleges, one once and awhile in business or the writin profession, and whole tribes of em livin in the hills. Let's humor em along. It's the best and least thing we can do.

## THE MOST HONEST POSTMASTER IN THE WORLD—W. C. FROST OF ARDEN, N. C.

You know postmasters never have to subscribe for papers or magazines. Whenever they want to read, they can just take one or a dozen out of the mail bag and take em home and read em, and put em back in patron's boxes a few days later and nobody is hurt or any the wiser. Well that was what Mr. Frost had been doin with the WHITTLERS' GAZETTE, I reckon cause he writes me a fine letter and concludes, "Heretofore, I have read the GAZETTE of a friend, but hereafter wish to receive it direct. Therefore I am inclosing money order for \$1.00, which I wish to apply on a subscription for as long as it will pay." Now I think that is about the highest tribute any paper ever got. The GAZETTE goes into about 600 post offices in 42 states and if the masters have all been swipin and readin the GAZETTE, and then read this, it will make their ears burn, and it ought to bring me in about 600 new subscriptions and about \$600.00. I'll report back to you next issue.

## NORFOLK AND WESTERN MAGAZINE QUOTES WHITTLERS' GAZETTE

Three correspondents, one from way out in Kansas, one from Columbus, Ohio, and the other unknown sent me marked copies of The Norfolk And Western Magazine, which shows this live Rail Road Magazine is read far and near. George Lewellen, Lucasville Agent, had sent in a copy of the WHITTLERS' GAZETTE, and the Editor liked it well enough to comment favorably on it. One correspondent commented, "Who knows, but that WHITTLERS' GAZETTE may even eclipse the Cosmopolitan, Scribners and some others in a short time?" But on the contrary, I just feel it in my bones that some day, I am goin to BUST, and a lot of these kind folks are goin to regret wastin their time and energy boostin the GAZETTE. But it ain't me, they are leggin for, it is the



Fundamental Principles back of the idea a tuggin at their Hearts, that makes em do it. We are all just workin together to try to make life a little broader, a little richer, a little more sane and a little happier. If we fail it will be just because I wasn't big enough to handle the thing.

### EDGAR W. ELLIS EXPRESSES HIS FEELINGS IN A POEM

I reckon you didn't know it but there is a boy workin in your office, Mr. Brotton, who wrote me a little poem. It proves what you said about em all bein crazy about the GAZETTE. But you know I think he has hit the nail right square on the head. GOD must have put the germ of WHITTLING in the heart of Adam, and it is still alive in the breasts of most men and women. The hustle and bustle of modern, so-called civilization has kind of smothered it down like, and made us kind ashamed of it, like we are lots of old fashioned notions. But I notice it flames up bright and warm the minute it comes in contact with a champion or a sympathetic soul. You know what I mean.

### THE WHITTLERS' CLUB

By Edgar W. Ellis

Chief Clerk, State Auditor's Office

The "WHITTLERS' Club" ain't nuthin' new;  
Six thousand years ago,  
The book of Genesis records  
That WHITTLERS wuzn't slow.

Old Jacob WHITTLED out some sticks,  
All striped without a flaw;  
So's he could get the finest stock  
And beat his father-in-law.

Moses and Aaron both cut canes,  
And played all sorts uv tricks;  
They kept "Old Israel's" children straight,  
Those old birds wuzn't "hicks".

And so the WHITTLERS came on down,  
Increasing more and more,  
Until they organized a lodge,  
In Lucasville; Brant's store.

We've read the WHITTLERS' GAZETTE  
through;  
And we must now relate,  
That we have here a new recruit;  
Who's Auditor of State.

Since he has read about the Club,  
He WHITTLES all day long;  
He says it's nuthin' new to him,  
He always did belong.

Just keep her goin' good and strong  
Don't ever let her "bust";  
The "WHITTLERS' Club" is safer far  
Than any old Brain Trust.

### FRED S. YOUNG, LUNENBURG, NOVA SCOTIA, NEW CANADIAN SUBSCRIBER, SENDS INTERESTING PICTURES

"Inclosed find 50c subscription for the WHITTLERS' GAZETTE, which you have been sending me at request of a friend. I think you publish a lot of truth. I am inclosing two pictures in which you may be interested: The use of oxen here is an old German custom."

I haven't space this issue for these pictures, Fred, but sometime I will put them in the GAZETTE. Even the Oxen look contented and happy in these pictures. Oxen is a little too slow for us Ohioans any more, but they done their share makin Ohio what it is.

### OHIO WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY HEARD FROM

One Professor writes: "I was talking about you yesterday to a group of Professors and I said you were the Will Rogers among the Ohio Wesleyan Alumni. You certainly have the gift. And the best of all is that your humor lacks bitterness. The ability to joke and raise a laugh is a dangerous gift, for the joke often contains a barbed and poisoned arrow that rankles in some poor heart. But your fun does not seem to hurt anybody. It helps us all to laugh." Another writes, "I have heard that you are putting out some kind of a publication that is going to make you famous. I am anxious to see it and should like my name to be placed on your mailing list."

### J. C. GAVAN, OF ATLANTA, GEORGIA, SPEAKS UP

He says, "I read every line of the WHITTLERS' GAZETTE. It's fine stuff and is always good, and reminds me very much of Will Rogers (God Bless Him) and Irvin Cobb."

All of this is very flattering and appreciated, boys, but there is just about as much difference between Will Rogers and me as there is between the first Ford ever made and the new V-8. They are both Fords, but a vast difference in the relative values, and real worth. About the only likeness between Will Rogers and me is that we both admired and respected many of the same things, the better qualities in all men. And in this respect there are a million old Whittlers like Will. That is why.

George McCorkle of Big Run and John J. Cutlip of Wakefield, Ohio, and John Alley, made me feel awful good when they all came in the same day and wanted to pay me for sending them the WHITTLERS' GAZETTE. I just figger that all us boys who grewed up together here near Lucasville are Partners in this little maga-



zine, and I can't accept any pay from you fellers. But them that moves away and deserts us, and send back money I keep it, like I did from Joseph F. Harness, teacher, at Struthers, Ohio, who says, "I have been more than pleased with each issue of the WHITTLERS' GAZETTE. I am inclosing \$1.00 for which I wish to be placed on your active membership list."

Mrs. Elizabeth Zoellner of St. Petersburg, Florida, has been very ill, but you would never guess it from the jolly letter she wrote me. She addressed the LIGGETT and MYERS TOBACCO CO. thusly: "The Editor of the WHITTLERS' GAZETTE of Lucasville, Ohio, is afflicted with enlargement of the heart and Doc Thomas says, that's worse than 'Angeline Pectorious.' Don't let him or the WHITTLERS' GAZETTE pass out without giving them a lift with an advertisement for your fine tobacco." I didn't think Lizzie would story like that, for what the heck did she know about "fine tobacco?"

My wife, like a wife will you know, keeps sayin that about all the people who read the WHITTLERS' GAZETTE is old cranks with nothin else to do. I always say to her, well old cranks are usually the best cranks there is anywhere. Anyhow I was mighty proud to get this request from a young student—

A. G. Verhoeven of Chaminade College, Clayton, Mo., who wanted to know on what terms he could have his name placed on the mailing list of THE WHITTLERS' GAZETTE. Just for the askin my boy, just for the askin. No charge at all unless you want to become a member of and pay a yearly due of 50c into the Imaginary WHITTLERS' CLUBS OF AMERICA. You will be in good company, in fact the best of company. Lots of college and high school students are WHITTTLER FANS. I know one 6 year old girl that makes her mother read the GAZETTE to her, then she cuts it all up and pastes it in her scrap book. One is never too young to begin studyin the underlyin principles of WHITTTLERISM nor ever too old to appreciate and apply them, provided of course, one has preserved that childish curiosity and imagination which is the only safeguard against senility. After all we are all just children.

There is a big pile of other letters I wanted to tell you about, but I might not get any next month, and I might need something to fill up with. A neighbor handed me an article clipped from The Cincinnati Times Star, commemoratin the career of—

#### MISS DRUZIE ANDERSON IN THE CINCINNATI SCHOOLS

Miss Anderson is one of those outstanding Teachers that went out of the Lucas-

ville Schools, and made her mark in the big city. M. F. Andrews wrote me some time ago that the Superintendent of the Cincinnati Schools told him she was the most efficient teacher they ever had in the Cincinnati Schools. And Mrs. Fairy Waller, another of those splendid Lucasville Teacher Products, is livin in St. Petersburg, Florida.

## WHITTLERS BOBBIN UP EVERYWHERE

W. C. Terry, telephone operator of Glade, Ohio, according to a swell write-up in the Portsmouth Times, has an interestin exhibit of 300 to 400 articles which he had whittled out, on display in his home. I must get out and see them. If he can beat that Lundy Boy on Devers Run he is a dandy.

It seems that WHITTLING, or at least writin about WHITTLIN and WHITTLERS is gettin more and more popular. Maybe we just notice it more since we been publishin the WHITTLERS' GAZETTE, but several people are inclined to give us credit with revivin the ancient art. L. C. Slauson of Lancaster, Ohio, sent us in one clipping, from a newspaper, someone else another and still somebody else sent in a whole envelope full, which we can't find tonight. Anyway I couldn't quote em all. Some say with regret that WHITTLING is a past art, others proclaim its a comin back.

Dr. Samuel T. Carpenter of Swathmore College, who is on the engineerin staff claims that Engineers with WHITTLIN Ability has a big advantage over them that hasnt. He says "Not many years ago men sat by the hour in country stores WHITTLING and a knife was a constant companion of every boy. Of late other interests have claimed the interests of men and boys, but now the pendulum is swinging back!" Two of the largest engineerin projects of recent years, the San Francisco, Oakland Bridge and Boulder Dam were first verified by hand-made models. So boys, learn to WHITTLE and use your hands, as well as your brains. You will never regret it. Besides you might get your name in the GAZETTE some day.

Walter C. Ebenhack is our new registered Pharmacist at BRANT'S STORE. If you can't remember or pronounce the name, just call him DOC.

Every town has its potential HUEY LONG, its boosters and its knockers.



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# Editor of The Whittlers' Gazette

(With Apologies to Longfellow and O. O. McIntyre)  
And the "EDITOR" Himself

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By RUBE

In a broad and fertile valley,  
In Scioto's richest section  
Lived a lean, "one-gallused" merchant;  
Lived, and criticized the women—  
Old-maids, teachers, brides and widows—

Freely gave them his opinion.  
Lucasville they named the village  
Years ago, before this merchant  
Had been sent to cuss the "chain stores",  
(And predict the coming weather);  
Sent to sell the village women  
Laundry soap for their complexions—  
Table-salt to brush their teeth with.

"Cranky" and opinionated  
Was this lank and dusky merchant;  
Told the women (when they'd listen)  
How to brew their husband's coffee;  
How to flavor apple-butter;  
When to bathe and feed the babies;  
What to cook, and how to cook it.

Told the men-folks of the village  
When to plow—and plant their "punkins";  
Told the local "Isaac Waltons"  
When to fish, and what to bait with;  
Told the parents of the village  
How to rear their wayward children—  
When to spank, and what to spank with.

Modern as the "horse and buggy"  
Was this gaunt, ungainly merchant;  
Liked to run his store like "Grandpa";  
Made his wifey cook like "Grandma";  
(Had no use for "modern-fixins");  
Made her use the "tub and wash-board",  
And the "good old broom" for "sweepin".

Years have passed; and this same mer-  
chant

Is as cuss-ed and contrary  
As he was in the beginning.  
Outwardly, he's grown more modern—  
In his heart, he's still old-fashioned—  
("Ain't a soul can cook like 'Grandma',  
Can't a tractor plow like 'Grandpa'.")

But his store is ultra-modern—  
Everything is now electric;  
Gone the old-time smelly ice-box;  
In its place a new contraption  
That they call an "iceless meat-case"—  
Sanitary, 'lectric lighted—  
Showing choicest "home-grown" beef-cuts,  
"Baby-beeves" from neigh'ring farmers.

Fancy gadgets spray the "green-stuff",  
While the temperature is so-so.  
But the boss is unresponsive  
To the charm of "modern-fixins"—  
Calmly works upon his paper  
While the store goes to the dickens.

Edits quite a clever paper—  
(McIntyre himself has said so);  
Writes some stuff for Hardware Journal—  
(His philosophy is **different**);  
More **out-spoken** now than ever,  
**Lavish** still with his opinion.

Where he used to tell the **village**  
**What** to do, and **how** to do it,  
Now he tells the whole "durned" country  
Through his little "one-horse" paper,  
His GAZETTE for all the WHITTLERS;  
Tells the TRUTH, and makes us **like it**—  
If we don't, WE JUST "CAN'T TAKE IT!"



## Editor's Comment on Rube's Poem

• There is a darn sight more truth than poetry in that poem. But there is one thing Rube, I ain't no coward like you are. I yam what I yam, you are nothing but a derved old sneak. You are afraid to let me know who you are. You are an old hypocrit, a little, insignificant, whiffin sophist. You buzz like a bumble bee but you are only a june bug. You wouldn't know a punkin pie from a custard. Em has got you right under her thumb. I ain't afraid of no woman. Talking about the weather, you are probably more familiar with moonshine than you are a wet moon. And talk about bein modern, I'll bet Em makes you drink frog-pond coffee made in an old fashioned, inefficient percolator, while I get up my self like a man and make my own coffee in an ultra-modern, efficacious, calisthenic, redoubtable, animative, and vivifying tricolorator, which sucks every bit of the tasty, fragrant juice, and soul and substance, and quiddity and quintessence and sap right out of every granule of coffee.

I ain't old fashioned. Not a bit of it. I got my wife an electric washin machine this year and she washes in it one week, and the next week in the tub. She, bein a broadminded woman, can't make up her mind which is the hardest yet. And as soon as the ice box rots clear away I aim to get her an electric refrigerator, tho I still object to the taste them electric froze ice cubes gives to the water, and I drink my water warm, cold water bein naturally unhealthy. Any honest Doctor will tell you that.

No sir, I ain't old-fashioned. You Rube, and them like you, just swaller everything some glib dude city agent, or some mustashed announcer says over the radio, or some smart advertiser with one of them deceivin books of synonyms writes. Just because I don't, you call me old fashioned, and opinionated. I'll bet you are one of the Jello Boys and a Salad Gulper, and a graminiverious, pytophagous, Gargantuan, Spinach Gastronomist. You can't see the difference between a pseudo-scientist and a man like me who has two big feet on the ground. Maybe you will learn something if you keep on readin the GAZETTE, like you been a doin, as I can see you aint missed much. But you will never amount to nothin Rube, till you find out how to handle Em. Women is handy and a big comfort around the home if you know how to manage em.

## Now, Folks, Look What You Went And Done!

(Continued from Page 2)

later cashed to put my kids thro school) or was spent before I got it on such foolish things as the WHITTLERS' GAZETTE, promotin local oil wells which were dry, a bank which failed, or somethin else. No, folks, I never cared for money. I don't now. I reckon I am just a sentimental old fool. Maybe I need a guardian or business manager. But I would hate to see the WHITTLERS' GAZETTE fail for lack of funds. I would like to see it get to that point where it could be distributed free to all who wanted it, voluntarily financed by a group of honest Advertisers, with all of us contributin whatever we could in brains and money to support it.

### ONE BIG FAMILY

You know what I mean, a kind of family affair in which we all have a personal interest, just like it's been. I do not want to commercialize it. I aint got the guts to ask advertisers more than it is worth on a cold business basis. Yet I am sure it is more valuable per square inch per reader than any other medium in all U.S.A. today. I have some plans in the back of my head that may work out someday. They aint any more visionary and impossible than the puttin over of this first advertisin stunt. I am countin on you all stickin by me.

With George Crabbee, I conclude,

Oh, rather give me commentators  
Plain,

Who with no deep researches vex the  
brain,

Who from the dark and doubtful love  
to run,

And hold their glimmering taper to  
the sun.

Addressin a clerk, I said, "Turn your lights out in the wareroom." He responded, "I never turned em on," and walked on. That's what I have to put up with every day, only worse sometimes. All I could say was, "Oh, excuse me," and went and turned them out myself.



# ALLEY EGG FARM & HATCHERY



F. S. ALLEY & SON

LUCASVILLE, OHIO—BOX No. 3



**Big Type, Big Egg, Single Comb White Leghorns**

**S. C. Barred Leghorns, Barred Plymouth Rocks**

**Baby Chicks, Custom Hatching, Poultry Supplies**

## **Single Comb White Leghorns—\$9 per 100**

Our White Leghorns are the result of 21 years breeding. Big type, big egg, high production hens of 1-2-3-4 and 5 years, mated to males from 200 to 300 egg hens of the same type.

## **Barred Plymouth Rocks—\$9 per 100**

The Barred Rocks are 1-2-3 and 4 year old hens selected for body type and production of big rich brown eggs and mated to males of equal type.

## **Single Comb Barred Leghorns—\$9 per 100**

Our Barred Leghorns are 1-2 and 3 year old hens selected for production of good size white eggs and mated to fine males of the breed.

The breeders are blood-tested for Bacillary White Diarrhea. The method used is approved by the Department of Agriculture at Washington, D. C.

We will have chicks ready for delivery every Tuesday afternoon during hatching season. Send us your order in advance.

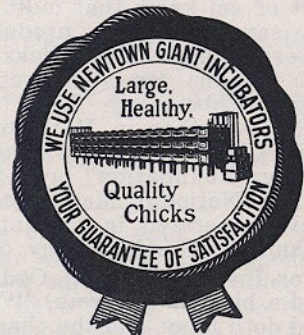
One cent per chick books your order, balance to be paid when chicks are received.

Custom hatching—\$3.75 per tray of 150 eggs. Set every Monday forenoon. Engage your space in advance.

We use the most sanitary equipment and handle only the highest quality poultry supplies. See them before you purchase.

We guarantee every customer to receive at least 100 cents value for every dollar expended. Visitors welcome.

We are located 5½ miles northeast of Lucasville; 2½ miles east of Clifford; 2½ miles east of Wetmore off Scioto Trail, U. S. Route No. 23.





## Hints - Winks - Blinks and Chuckles

● If Reuben Wolfe, Freeland Frazier, Dave Appel, and a hundred or more other skin-flints around here would just pay me for the extra wear they have got out of the Wolverine Horsehide Shoes and Goodrich Rubbers, I sold em I could afford to make the WHITTLERS' GAZETTE a little bigger. A good merchant never gets all that is comin to him. Only the Cheap John Store that sells shoddy, and the Mail Order Houses get all they earn—and sometimes a little extra.

At this writin the Lucasville High School Basket Ball Team is again at the top of the heap. You've got worse odds against you this year, boys, than last. I've got a \$10 bill hid where my wife can't find it, and it's yours if you win.

When you spend a dollar at an independent store, it is just like payin it on a life insurance policy. Much of it comes back to you indirectly while you live, and it is a protection for your children against low wages, long hours, unpleasant and unhappy working conditions.

I don't know what you think about it but I think the President of a Coal Company, or a Steel Plant or Oil Company or any other business ought to live and work right in the business, just like I do. That would stop nearly all labor troubles right away. In other words all that is the matter with our country today is there is entirely too many Absentee Landlords and Presidents. And besides, if I was runnin things, I'd make em write all his own ads.

"Is a man any less a slave because he accepts the situation voluntarily, than he is when he is enslaved by force?" I think I copied that from somebody, so I put it in parenthesis.

Somebody asked Emerson Conkel what he wanted for Christmas and he said he couldn't think of anything but a Watermelon.

Wonder how comes it a barber never combs your hair the way you had it combed when you sat down in the chair?

Hint to storekeepers. If you want to sell anything real quick—Hide It, or put it someplace where it is hard to get at. Need-in the space for something more Christmasy, Cleve Bricker wrapped all our Curtain Goods up neatly and put em on the top shelf. Every woman in town bot curtains Christmas week. It'll work nearly every time. Just try it once.

60 bags of mail came into the little old Burg of Lucasville in one day before

Christmas.

I think I am goin to be ready to say somethin about politics next issue.

A large percentage of the cash and carry and Chain Store patronage comes from that class of people who get mad at the independent stores which can't give em any more credit. Then there is that other smaller group which just can't stand to see a neighbor make a nickel, so they go to a Chain Store which has no personality to be jealous of. Most enmities are purely personal. I always feel awful sorry for people like that.

Then there is that class of Independent Merchants which simply drives people to the chains, for one or more of a dozen good reasons. All Chain Stores are bad. Lots of Independents are worse. The Best Stores are always Independent Stores.

Oscar Grimes, plasterer by trade and Hunter by preference, brot me two Coon Drumsticks, hot from the skillet, right at dinner time the other day. He had caught two young coons the night before. Boys, let me tell you they was good. Thanks, Oscar. I ain't had a rabbit yet this year and of all meat, rabbit is my favorite. Now not too many, boys.

Senators and Representatives take notice, please. If you fellers has got any respect or consideration a'tall for us hicks, you will fix it so we don't have to drive ten, twenty or thirty miles to get our auto license tags, divers license, tax-stamps, etc. We ain't complained much about the taxes, but we do hate the trouble they put us to.

It is very evident the Chain Stores push the products that gives them the biggest rebates or profits. The good independent storekeeper features the products that gives the consumer the biggest values. There is a big difference.

A real WHITTILER is neither an extremely liberal nor an ultra conservative. There is a top and a bottom crust on every two-crust ed pie. But the Old WHITTILER thinks it is what is inbetween that makes a pie eatable.

Charley Wills was huntin the other day with a double-barrel muzzle-loadin shotgun. A rabbit jumped up and he fired and missed and got so excited that he reloaded the wrong barrel, and then was afraid to shoot it again. Finally he set her against a fodder shock tied a string to the trigger and got around on the other side and pulled. No, it didn't bust.



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# HEALTH COL-YUM

By DR. W. T. MARRS, Peoria, Ill.

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● Dear Editor and Whittler Family: The Col-yum failed to connect last month. Perhaps no one missed it. It will be brief this month—and different. And those who have told me they got chuckles out of my past offerings will, I hope, tolerate this little different screed. If there should be calls from China, Little America and other distant ports for more of my former vapors we will apply the pulmotor and see what happens.

Editor Brant, I am told, has gone thru many trials and tribulations during the—to many—gladsome holidays and I am almost surprised that he has been able to keep the GAZETTE afloat. But notwithstanding all, we know that he is a brave soul and will strive to the uttermost to weather any storm.

Anent my ludicrous feature offerings, I do not know whether medical articles and talks accomplish much, aside from affording amusement. In these troublous times, when instability and insecurity are incessantly before us, the family doctor, now about passe, is one individual who should exert a wholesome influence among those with whom he mingles—the man with a working knowledge of psychotherapy and an understanding of the human mind and soul, a visualization of the human touch that makes the whole world kin. It is the aim of much of the world now to get out and make whoopee and raise the devil generally. The most charitable thing we can say of this is that it is only a veneer for their burdens and anxieties, a smother of their hopes and fears. Too many have chosen the easy way and have become lazy and listless and unthinking and almost unhuman, with no desire to surmount even minor obstacles.

It is a different group that commands greater sympathy—the unhappy—those needing help. Those who seldom complain. Most people are not happy. Happiness is transitory. What do we know about people? Who would surmise that the jobless girl would so suddenly make the high dive or plant a hole in the river? Many of the ills that beset us are first of the mind. The morbid, the depressed, the folks who “can’t take it.” Too bad the old family doctor is passing. His psychology is practical; his knowledge of his clientele inherent as well as from contact; he has an urge toward the belief that “thoughts are things.” His sympathies are wholesome;

they go out to the lonely and weary at heart—to the meek who suffer in silence and alone. To the old who suffer the tortures of physical and mental senescence, abandoned hopes and too often a paucity of bare necessities. To the many young with their ambitions suppressed, their drab and cheerless environment. The many in middle life who once nursed ambitions to do and to be, who now drag out a mere existence in unkempt surroundings with perhaps disillusioned domestic relationship. Everything at one time as red as the rose! But now borrowing a line from Tennyson, “A sorrow’s crown of sorrows is remembering happier things.” Perhaps we would all be happier if we were ever-responsive when sorrow’s cry is heard; if we only tried to make the world a little happier!

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## Whittlers' Gazette in Tune With The Times--

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(Continued from Page 13)

old patent medicine shows or the County Fair fakers used to be.

Then again there are mighty few honest newspapers and magazines. They are all in the game for cash, for bigger and bigger profits, that is, nearly all of em. The Honest advertiser hasn't any protection, nobody to tell people what advertisin is a fake, and what is honest.

Yes, we may be old fashioned in lots of ways, but we are probably a little ahead of the times in rootin for the Honest Advertiser and openin the pages of the WHITTLERS' GAZETTE to them. We anticipate the Hoots and Caws from the organized advertisin world. We dont blame em for bein suspicious of us. We probably wont get very far. But some day, the WHITTLERS OF AMERICA, by sheer weight of public opinion is going to force the issue to a happy conclusion. It will be a great satisfaction to know that The WHITTLERS' GAZETTE was a pioneer in the movement. This would a been a pretty gloomy old world without its pioneers, who seldom reap the reward of their labors. The chain stores are takin over the towns our pioneer fathers built, and cartin the wealth away to New York.



# SUPERLATIVES

● The most unexpected and hence most appreciated Christmas Gift was a Box of Candy from B. P. Donigan, Houston, Texas, all fixed up like a bale of cotton, with greetings from "ONE WHITTLLER TO ANOTHER." I don't know whether the idea was to advertise Texas Cotton, and help reduce the surplus, or whether Mr. Donigan thought this delicious candy would need a warm, soft blanket to protect it from our northern zero weather. I divided up with Birch Massie and several other old WHITTLERS who was standin around the stove. Birch used to live in Texas, and we both send Mr. Donigan our best regards.

The most original, thoughtful and impressive Christmas Card came from Joe Tracy, Auditor of State of Ohio. A picture of "My Log Cabin Home" beneath which was an original short Poem by Mr. Tracy. On page three was a poem by "Brown", chuck full of old WHITTLLER SENTIMENTS and on page four another poem by S. J. Monck, entitled "The Old Clay House."

Out of the hundred or more letters received last month, the letterhead of The McCormic-Armstrong Company of Wichita, Kansas, was the most distinctive and attractive. I'm sure if you want any printin done they would do you a swell job.

Two letters of sympathy on the occasion of my father's death, were very touching.

One, brief, from that inimitable letter writer, Robert Adair, of the Jones Witter and Co., of Columbus. The other from A. M. McIntosh, of Findlay, almost a page long. More than a month has passed and still these two letters come to my mind almost daily. I shall never be able to decide between brevity and profusion. More than anything else nearly, I envy the man who can speak or write concisely, and yet I cordially enjoy the detail scribbler.

I was pleased beyond measure to receive from Clinton M. Searl of Portsmouth, Ohio, a copy of "Collected Poems of Fernando C. Searl," his father. Coming so soon after the death of my father, who loved poetry so much, especially WHITTLLER'S, this remembrance is most highly prized.

My son, knowin I hate Cellophane, attached an explanatory note to my Christmas Present sayin, "This is not cellophane, it is cellulose acetate." And to add insult to injury the present was a swell, light weight wool sweater coat, just what I been wantin, but it had a ZIPPER fastenin in front. And boys how I do hate a zipper on anything. I never could make one work. My other son and nephew finally got it on me, and I ain't had it off since. Been sleepin in it for a week now. If I knowed how to get the dern thing off, I'd send it right back.

▲  
**Special**  
**SOAP**  
**SALE**  
 ▼

The Octagon and Palmolive man will be at BRANT'S all day SATURDAY, FEB. 8th, to hand out BARGAINS TO OUR CUSTOMERS. DON'T MISS THIS AND OTHER GOOD VALUES BRANT'S ALWAYS HAS EVERYDAY.



# A Dog's Life

I'm just an ordinary dog that loves to run and bark,  
To dig for rats beneath a log or chase birds in the park.

I used to wander up and down among the weeds and trees,  
Go rambling all about the town or stop and scratch for fleas.

And if a dog got in my way, how I did love the fun!  
I'd fight the cur for half a day—unless I had to run.

My former master was a boy who liked to play and race,  
And with what eagerness and joy I'd lick his hands and face!

I'd leap on him with muddy paws and wag my tail and bark;  
He didn't care if with my claws I left a dirty mark.

But now those days are gone for me; a wealthy lady bought me.  
If I had dreamed how it would be, you bet she'd never got me.

She kisses me and calls me, "Pearl," and tells me what to eat;  
She treats me like a little girl and says, "Oh, ain't he sweet!"

She loves to fondle me and say, "Dear doggie must be quiet,"  
When I just burst to break away and start a bloody riot.

And when I long to have a nap out in some old wood shed,  
I'm smothered in a fancy wrap and tucked in "baby's bed."

She takes me out with her to walk along the crowded street;  
I risk my life at every block dodging a thousand feet.

She yanks me here and yanks me there—a strap around my neck;  
It's almost more than I can bear; I want to die, by Heck.

I long to gnaw a dirty bone or chew some tough raw meat;  
This patent dog food makes me groan; it isn't fit to eat.

I live inside a stuffy flat and get a bath each day;  
I never chase a dog or cat—I want to run away.

This pent-up life will drive me wild, imprisoned in this den,  
How can I cease to be a child and be a dog again?

I sometimes wonder how this dame would like to be tied up  
And let me play her cruel game and treat her like a pup?

—WALT

EDITOR'S NOTE—Just what I been thinkin, WALT!



## Don't Read This If You Are Tired Of Hearin Me Rant About Chain Stores

● See where the State Grange of California passed unanimously resolution endorsing and supportin legislation to curb expansion and to regulate existin Chain Stores in California. California farmers say, "Whereas Mass Buying as practiced by the Chain Stores is a Menace to the Farmer and tends to produce a private monopoly in the distribution of food which is a Threat to the Welfare of All People, and whereas Chain Stores do not now pay their fair share of taxes and at the same time take the net profit from business out of the local communities and send it back to Wall Street controlled financial centers in the East, Dstroyin at the Same Time Opportunities for Our Own Boys and Girls to go into business for themselves."

Don't that sound just exactly what I been preachin for 10 years? And don't it prove that nobody is foolin the Hicks of America, just like I been a sayin?

But if you can't believe these farmers, nor me, listen to what a Federal Court in Iowa had to say about Chain Stores. "Communities pioneered, built and developed through the individual store system—both rural and urban are materially affected by the chain store system." "There has been

an injurious effect to the towns and cities of the State, replacement of individually owned stores; tendency towards monopoly; tendency to eliminate jobbers and wholesalers; lessening the number of traveling men with consequent loss of business to hotels, railroads and other lines of business; increase in Absentee ownership; and withdrawal of credit and currency from the smaller town banks to the larger cities."

22 states now have chain tax laws. Why doesn't Ohio have one? It is easy to see the Democrats in Ohio don't want to tax em. For some reason the Chain Gang has an awful good stand in with the Democrats up at Columbus. It might be cheaper for them to contribute to the party than to pay taxes. But I ain't heard a peep from the Republican crowd either. Maybe the Chains work both sides like some of our County School Superintendents, and Book Concerns.

The City of Little Rock, Arkansas, just recently passed a chain store tax of from \$25 to \$125. Them boys out West knows how to handle the Quick Change Artists. They learnt by dealin with horse thieves.

## Last Minute Comments

● Please note that I had to add four more pages this month—20 now, instead of 16. There goes all my revenue from advertisin, right off the bat. I nearly knowed it'd be that way. As fast as a feller gets a dollar he has to spend it. All my life its been just that way. Seems like I can't miser a cent. Never could. Every dollar I ever got I put it right back in what I got it out of.

Yet in spite of the extra space it has been necessary to leave out many fine letters and suggestions and contributions, and at least half of what I had prepared myself. Believe it or not, this editorship is gettin more and more complicated and exhaustin.

So please, folks, don't feel bad, if your ideas and good proposals have not been

printed or commented on in this issue. Ed. Kuhn presented me with a calendar on which he had kept a daily record of moon signs and actual fishin results for 1935 which I was expected to analyze and tabulate and report for the benefit of fishermen. This ain't the time of year for fishin gossip anyway and maybe I can get it in next issue.

I also had to leave out a new contributor, "Silas"—George F. Shultz's WISE WHITTLINGS, 22 pages of my own and two fine comments from Rube, and I wanted to write more about our newest Newspaper, The Lucasville United Brethren Messenger, news about the bank, water works, etc. But I just can't get everything in.

Don't Forget the American Legion Picture Shows Every Wednesday Night



# "AMEN" To Kellogg Co.

Battle Creek, Michigan

Dear Mr. President:

In lookin round for honest men to advertise in THE WHITTLERS' GAZETTE, I picked on you this time, because I read the other day where you had put your plant on a six hour schedule, and raised wages.

You see, as a Cross Roads storekeeper, I been sellin Kellogg's Products ever since "Egosee" went off the market, and I knowed a lot about you folks. You ain't one of them silly manufacturers that has been givin Chain Stores secret rebates. Us WHITTLERS likes your common sense and independence.

You see us WHITTLERS is a cranky lot. We wouldn't accept a dishonest advertisement from nobody, even if we got a million dollars for it. Not that we are perfect ourselves. We know we ain't and don't expect nobody else to be. But we are aimin to try to be more honest with ourselves and encourage honest advertisin.

The WHITTLERS' GAZETTE is over a year old. It is sent free to all who ask for it, but some have been donatin from 50c to \$2.00 to help along. Readers are demandin expansion, and advertisin revenue. I wrote a little tribute, (I call em "Amens") to Chesterfield cigarettes, and The Francis H. Leggett Company of New York, just like this one to you and they both Joined the WHITTLERS' Advertisin Club, right away.



"Made from my corn, by gum!"

Now, we are invitin you to join.

You couldn't get along without us WHITTLIN Hicks to raise the corn from which you make those Delicious Kellogg Corn Flakes. We ought to be the closest of friends. You'll find us good company and just a little ahead of the times. But we never get mad, cause somebody can't see things our way. So if you can't for any reason see your way clear to stop and WHITTLE awhile with us, we will like you just the same.

The WHITTLERS of America congratulate you on the quality of your products, your honest methods of distribution, and your fairness to your employees.

Sincerely yours,

Clyde Brant, Editor

*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

Sec. 562, P. L. & R.

U. S. POSTAGE

PAID

Lucasville, Ohio

Permit No. 2

Paul Adair  
Carnesville  
Ga.