

THE WHITTLERS' GAZETTE

Official Publication of

THE WHITTLERS' CLUBS OF AMERICA

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MAIN STREET

LUCASVILLE, OHIO

Special Features in This Issue OUR POETS—"WALT and RUBE"

"TIP," our OLD WHITTLE FRIEN out in MINNEAPOLIS, whose poem we published not long ago, after reading the last issue, wrote us,—

"Your Mag, in its new dress is Peachy. The tip to 'Odd' (McINTYRE) was a dandy. WALT'S VERSES WERE EXCELLENT. HE IS A CARD."

Now bein a poet his self, TIP ought to be a good judge, and we are wonderin what he will think of our new find, "RUBE." We don't know who "RUBE" is, man or woman. Anyway we think we are feedin our readers with just as good if not better poetry than they could find in the SATURDAY EVENING POST or anywheres else.

Now give us some more just like this "RUBE." And WALT we are usin up the last of your contributions in this issue and if you don't hurry up and get us some right away, I am afraid we will lose a lot of subscribers.

And please, boys, please let the Editor have your Right Names, or I wont know who to send bills to. You know I think we are goin to have to begin chargin you about a cent a word for publishin poems in 'THE WHITTLERS' GAZETTE, which I think is cheap. You cant expect me to keep on boostin you fellers for nothin forever. For further information be sure to read,

SHODDY AND SAPS

ECHOES FROM PEORIA'S WHITTLERS' CLUB

WHITTLINGS FROM CORRESPONDENTS

AND OTHER NONSENSE

CLYDE BRANT, OWNER, EDITOR and PUBLISHER, LUCASVILLE, OHIO

SUBSCRIBER "HMH-70" PROTESTS

Sounds like an auto license number, but that is the way he signs himself. He says, "JUST RECEIVED THE GAZETTE FOR JUNE. I PROTEST. WHEN DID THE MODERNISTIC CRAZE HIT THE WHITTLERS? IT JUST AINT PRACTICAL."

O. LEE WHITE

Attorney of Atlanta, Georgia

expresses the other viewpoint; "I WISH TO CONGRATULATE YOU ON THE NEW FORM OF THE WHITTLERS' GAZETTE." And our old friend

HENRY BERTRAM

of Portsmouth

writes in the same vein, "CONGRATULATIONS ON THE JUNE ISSUE OF THE WHITTLERS' GAZETTE. IT IS BEAUTIFULLY PRESENTED, HIGHLY INTERESTING AND INSTRUCTIVE. HEREWITH MY SUBSCRIPTION."

So there you are. Some liked the new magazine form, some didn't. Personally I was pretty much disappointed. I didn't know myself till the day I mailed my copy, what the front cover would be like. I am going to try awful hard to please all of you. It is YOUR PUBLICATION and I will try my best to make it what you want, in FORM at least. IN SUBSTANCE, there will be no compromise with principles of SIMPLE HONESTY, COMMON SENSE and the best interests of Society as viewed from the experience of a CROSS ROADS STORE KEEPER in so far as he is able to interpret the sentiments of the readers of THE GAZETTE and those with whom he comes in contact in the store. Please just remember that THE WHITTLERS' GAZETTE is in that very critical, embryonic stage of VIOLENT EVOLUTION over which the whims of the Editor may have but slight control. I appreciate greatly your PATIENCE and EXCEEDING CHARITY which are the DOMINANT CHARACTERISTICS of a TRUE WHITTTLER.

THE MAGESTY OF THE LAW

Our Game Warden and an Old Farmer

Yes indeed I believe in the protection of our game—in fact ALL WILD LIFE, except maybe sparrows, foxes, starlings, crows and hawks, and I aint sure that they ought to all be slaughtered. I remember well the last time my father and I went quail huntin. That was several years before they was put on the song bird list and protected by the state. We had hunted most all day with the best dog I ever saw nearly and never found a feather til long towards evenin, OLD CHIEF made a stand. On being flushed about a dozen quail took wing and four dopped at the crack of the guns in the hands of two hungry and eager hunters. The others scattered along an open ravine and as the keen scent of the dog nosed them out two more were shot down. At the next point I walked in to flush the bird but I did not shoot. I expected father to get it but he never raised his gun. The bird sailed away unmolested. We looked at each other in mutual surprise.

It was too easy. It was just slaughter. We quit. We had reached the same conclusion at the same moment. If quail were that scarce, they should not be killed. And from that day

to this neither of us has ever shot at one, though we both enjoyed the sport more than any other recreation.

Then I remember a Sportsman's club was organized in the county for the protection of Wild Life and I joined. It was the Spring of the year, and while there was a law against shootin Ducks, about everybody had been doin it and I knowed that some of the leaders of the Club was doin it right along. I didn't do it myself but I didn't blame anybody else for shootin a duck now and then as about the only time you saw any water fowl in Scioto County was in the SPRING, and so long as they was slaughterin 'em by the thousands along the lakes and everywhere else I couldn't see that the very few our boys killed made any difference. But right away one of my best country friends was caught and arrested and heavily fined without any warnin that the law was goin to be enforced in Scioto County henceforth. I made up my mind that the SPORTSMAN'S CLUB was just a gang to protect its members in their lawlessness and to prosecute our poor country boys. So I wrote the president a sizzling letter and resigned next day.

The Southern Ohio Fish and Game Association

Maybe I was wrong and too hot headed and hasty. Anyway this club didnt last long. It soon petered out. Then a few years ago THE SOUTHERN OHIO FISH AND GAME ASSOCIATION was organized and I joined it and I am still a member and I have had no occasion to criticise it or any of its members. I know it has been doin some splendid constructive work. Their radio addresses from the Portsmouth station every Friday are splendid. You ought to hear them. I do not know what the attitude of the association is towards the literal enforcement of the game laws, and at the risk of making some of the members mad, and some other people too, I am goin to tell you what I think about it. Just because a fellar belongs to an Association or a WHITTLERS' CLUB dont mean that he aint got no right to speak out and say what he thinks on any question. We may all agree on the fundamentals and differ on details. You know what I mean.

I Broke a Game Law Once

I was out to the farm lookin things over before the huntin season. I always carried a gun in case I might get a shot at a crow or a hawk. The year before we had had a covey of 14 pheasants which I had protected through the season till the last day when I shot two cocks. I was just lookin around to see if there was any left. I heard considerable shootin across the river, and walked over to the bank to see what was goin on. There was some feller knockin down pheasants right and left. One he missed, and it flew over on our side.

My mother was on her death bed and I was thinking of her. I decided that if that bird had to die before the season, as it probably would at the hands of this or some other Poacher, I would get it for my mother in the hope that the delicacy would please her. I flushed it and killed it. I broke the law, for which I could have been fined and sent to jail. Maybe the law can get me yet. Incidentally in the nine years since then POACHERS have kept the Pheasants, rabbits and quail on our farms pretty well thinned out. Just last week one of the tenants told me he had twice seen a hunter with a bird dog evidently huntin young pheasants, but he could not get close enough to identify him.

The Game Warden and a Farmer, I Started to Tell You About

And so at last I come to the end of my story.

The other day a 52-year-old farmer with his boys, was goin or comin from work and saw some fish in a shallow crick under the bridge he was crossin. He picked up a rock along the road and tossed it over and accidentally hit one. Elated with his luck he got some more rocks and started throwin at the fish while a son went down to retrieve the one he had stunned. The boy seein another big one plunged in after it. Just then the GAME WARDEN suddenly appeared and arrested the Old Man and his boy and sent them to jail.

CONCLUSION

Here was an old man who probably never fished a day in his life. He probably never read or knew anything about a fish law. If he had he would not have broken the law under any consideration, if I am any judge of character. At 52 years old, a good citizen was uncereemoniously put in jail for the first time in his life, branded before the public as a law-breaker, his family humiliated, and his friends incensed, because he accidentally hit a lowly sucker with a stone. I call that PERSECUTION, whether it was a bass or sucker.

I am a law abidin citizen. I believe in the enforcement of our laws whether we agree with the justice of them or not. I am not a lawyer or a judge, but I believe that all our law enforcement officers such as GAME WARDENS, STATE ROAD POLICE, TRAFFIC OFFICERS would best serve the State and Society by assumin that their duties are largely educational so far as the masses are concerned, reserving vigorous prosecution for these who plainly and knowingly defy the law.

COURTESY AND INTELLIGENT LEADERSHIP on the part of any officer will always win public approval, without which there never can be law enforcement. There is most always a good reason for everything, even the reason why most people do not like a GAME WARDEN. If our game warden had caught and arrested all the professional lawbreakers whose nets and traps almost clog our streams THE WHITTLERS' GAZETTE would be sayin AMEN, but he hasn't. Let him get these fellows first and then he will be above criticism. Judging from the newspaper reports of the cases he has lost in the higher courts and these which have personally come to my attention, the office of GAME WARDEN in SCIOTO COUNTY has failed to measure up to the higher standards established by other agents of the state and county.

AMEN, AMEN, AMEN!

To An Educator, Poultry Expert and Old WHITTLES

F. S. ALLEY

I went to our High School Alumni Banquet and had the pleasure of listenin to an address by Prof. F. S. ALLEY. Professor ALLEY is past 85 He spent 48 years supervising schools in Ohio, Indiana and Kentucky, seven at the head of the LUCASVILLE schools. He is now a successful Poultry Raiser, and lives on Cockrell's Run.

Contrary to precedent, Mr. ALLEY deliberately left a large city school to devote the rest of his active school life to work in the hills, in response to a call from the forward-looking, local board of Education which had asked the head of Ohio State University to recommend the best educator in Ohio to assist in carrying out its revolutionary plans.

Under his leadership, Valley Township was the first in all Ohio to centralize its schools and establish a first grade, rural high school. Mr. Alley said in his address that he had never known of any other school that supplied Free Text Books. So new and successful was the

whole idea, Dr. GRAHAM from Ohio State University paid the school several visits and made lantern slides which he used in lectures and duplicate sets were sent to colleges in every state in the union, to South America, Canada, Mexico and even to London, England. Mr. ALLEY has one of these sets in his possession. Dr. GRAHAM is now at the head of a department of our Federal Bureau of Education in Washington and no later than last summer, in a lecture before the 4-H Clubs of Ohio again told the story of the development of the Lucasville Schools.

It is significant that Mr. Alley who had lived in and was familiar with every nook and cranny of at least two states should choose from among them all to come back to the hills of Lucasville to make his permanent home. And the WHITTLERS' GAZETTE for one herewith pays tribute to his exceptional abilities and accomplishments. Proud indeed are we to call him a fellow citizen.

SHODDY AND SAPS

I been sellin goods for 30 years, or tryin to. I have sold nearly everything, from Automobiles and Oriental Rugs to Sun-bonnets and Pink Pills for Pale People. Jewelry is the only thing I have balked on that I can think of. My victims have included Millionaires with whom I have bartered through national mail order advertisin, but mostly unsuspectin neighbors dickerin across the counter, for eggs, butter, cash or tick, mostly tick. In short, I have tried and tested nearly every method of sellin to almost every class of people.

ROY TRUSTY

And right now I am up against the toughest proposition I ever met, tryin to sell the WHITTLERS' GAZETTE. I was brought face to face with the issue the other day when an OLD WHITTLES from up WAKE-FIELD WAY dropped in and handed me 50¢. IT WAS ROY TRUSTY. I jerked out my book to make out a sales slip and asked him what he wanted for the money and he said, "I am afraid you will quit sending me that WHITTLERS' GAZETTE, and I want to give you that so you will be sure not to quit." Well, I weakly protested and hum-hawed around embarrassed like everything, but

In all this varied experience I found that I never could sell SHODDY. I never lost a penny on honest merchandise, and I never made a cent on "Cheap Stuff." I am a hard boiled buyer, yet I never asked anyone to shave a price on anything, in any way. Hundreds of times I have actually paid more than the price asked, voluntarily, when a farmer offered extra quality produce for less than it was worth. But nobody can sell me shoddy if I know it at any price, neither will I try to poke it off on anybody else.

I couldn't get him to take it back. Like a flash a little devil way down in my subconsciousness began to accuse me of taking money for shoddy merchandise, and I ain't got done arguin it out yet. That's why I am tellin you about it now.

Now ROY TRUSTY ain't the only sap who has paid for the questionable privilege of reading the WHITTLERS' GAZETTE. Two or three have sent as much as \$2.00, others \$1.00 and a good many 50¢. But somehow the things he said, his evident sincerity and all just woke me up and started me thinkin. Besides many are writin in asking the subscription price, so I reckon I got to make up my mind what I am goin to do about it.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE

Any paper or magazine that ain't worth 50¢, ain't worth much. Fact is it ain't worth nothin. I pose as a good judge of values, and I don't agree with my customers all the time about quality. I know THE WHITTLERS' GAZETTE ain't worth 50¢ as is, never was and likely never will be. I don't think it is exactly shoddy, but it lacks a long way of havin proved its value. Therefore for the present at least there will be no subscription price, nor will any money be accepted from any one livin in Lucasville nor on any R.F.D. Route out of our village, because THE WHITTLERS' GAZETTE BELONGS TO THEM. So everyone now on the mailin list will continue to get our little magazine FREE.

I do think that the spirit and purpose back of the Gazette is worth something—how much remains to be seen, and dependin on a whole lot of things. All those who agree with me and feel urged to help expand the field may contribute not to exceed 50¢ per year, per person. This will be considered as voluntary membership yearly club dues, including, but not in specific payment of subscription for the WHITTLERS' GAZETTE. It costs me 5¢ per copy to print and pay postage.

Now that eases my conscience a little. I don't never like to compromise, but sometimes a feller has to till he gets in a position where he can dictate.

Whittlers' Gazette is Just a Sideshow

It is customary to support publications with advertising revenues and pay men like O. O. McIntyre, General Johnson, Will Rogers, and others good wages for furnishin the entertainment. With the WHITTLERS' GAZETTE it is a little different. It is a kind of a ONE-MAN, ONE-HORSE SIDESHOW compared to the Big Circus. And with so many big circuses operatin in the business and literary world it is a hard job for a "One-Gallused." Cross-Roads-Editor to attract much attention.

Midway Concessions Cheap

So if I can't do nothin else, I reckon I can offer to print at regular advertising rates the editorials, poems, essays, articles, and short stories which sap agents for the big circus have rejected. I just know there are a lot of people all over the United States who, just like me, would be only too glad to pay a little to have a chance to air their opinions and literary products which the other papers wouldn't print nohow. For instance, I am paying about \$75 a month for the rare and glorious privilege of

savin what I please. A sympathetic GAZETTE herewith offers to all aspirin, misjudged writers who possess the courage and determination to be heard, the use of its columns at a very low price consistent with the quality of the product, but not to exceed 1¢ per word. That appeal ought to touch a responsive chord in the hearts of many fellow sufferers, especially those who have never been able to understand why anybody should be paid for blowin their own horn. Now boys, altogether, but let's have harmony, please! BLOW!

It Was a Lonesome Day for Our Weather Profit

But A Busy One For His Neighbors

Special to "Whittlers' Gazette"

Sunday, June 2, 1935

Mr. Clide Brant,
Lucasville, Ohio
Dear Sir:

The wether has bin so wet and bad, Abe Miller got so nervus he fired John Myres and I got to thinking of you and how much you can help in this wether afaire, and as i am reskiy, i went down to warn them all as far as Roy Fraleys. Tom Mayes was cutting Royes hair, fixing to go too meating, and that made me mad and i didnt tell him nothing. I come back to Daniel Renels. Renels had lost 7 of his best cows he wodent speak to me. Come onn to Nick Moltens. He was running his new tracter round in his front yard so i didnt stop. So i will just warn you if you have any friends are nabers tell them to work day and nite and get every thing planted. Will have good wether for 8 days then wether will bee unsetleld for a shart time.

Good Luck too the Editer,
Dadie Ferguson, Wether Profet

They Drug Me Back to Commencement

My sister drug me back to Commencement at Ohio Wesleyan yesterday. I don't like crowds. I never know how to act or what to say. I stay away because I don't want to bore other people. I always was a wall flower. So I hung around the Fraternity Chapter House talkin to the boys, old and young till noon. Then instead of going to the Alumni Banquet which all the other bald headed, old timers did, I went with my nephew who is a junior, to the restaurant, and we had a swell visit talkin about his girl, N.R.A. and philosophy. We killed about an hour there while I was debatin whether to go to a picture show where I hadn't been for a year or more but decided to go to the Ball Game.

Later, while a group of us has-beeners was a standin talkin on the campus along came PROF. ROLLIN WALKER, teacher of BIBLE. He knowed everyone of us old sinners. We tried to detain him for a few minutes but he said he had to hurry on as he was due to make a speech right then.

You know I used to play second base on the College team with BRANCH RICKEY, ED APPEL, BERT PYLE, and EPH RICK- EY, all of us from LUCASVILLE. Yes sir, us Lucasvillians just about run that ball club for four or five years. Sometimes, especially when we lost a game, they would call it the LUCASVILLE TEAM. In our day LU- CASVILLE was about 250 population and we had just about as big a reputation in the base ball world then as the DEAN BROTHERS have today, even if I do say it myself.

Well, BRANCH RICKEY was there yesterday and his boy BRANCH JR., was goin to catch the game. You know I wanted to go to that game. I wanted to feel anew the thrill of the diamond, watchin those young boys play on the same old field.

But Dr. WALKER was goin to make a talk. I didn't know what about, and it didn't make no difference. I had heard him lots of times before. Well to make a short story, five of us went to the speech, and one, STANLEY ROETTINGER, a Cincinnati Judge reckoned the speech would be away over his head and we all agreed with him, so he went alone to the ball game. I do hope the next time they know I am comin they will arrange the ball games and the speeches at different hours, so I can go to both.

Well, I heard a BIBLE STUDENT make a speech on BUSINESS that put GENERAL JOHNSON, or any BRAIN TRUSTER, or POLITICAL ECONOMIST or BUSI- NESS MAN anywhere that I ever heard plum away back in the shade. I have written Dr. WALKER and asked permission to publish a part or all of his wonderful address, and I hope he will grant my request. Be on the look out for it in the next issue.

OTTO F. THUM OF DENVER SENDS MRS. BRANT PRESENT WHITTLED OUT OF HISTORIC WALNUT, INLAID WITH PINE

Quotin in part from his letter:

"Just to show you that I don't do all my whittling with my mouth, I am sending you one of my masterpieces in wood. Please give it to your wife with my compliments—"

"The dark wood is Black Walnut from the farm of HON. STEPHEN S. HARDING, late of North Milan, Ind., about 35 miles west of NORTH BEND, noted as the burial place of PRESI- DENT HARRISON. HARDING was the first presiding judge of the Supreme Court of COLORADO TERRITORY, appointed by PRESIDENT LIN- COLN. Later he was GOVERNOR of UTAH TERRITORY. The light wood is COLORADO WHITE PINE. When cut into lumber it is used in con- struction requiring no paint. No refer- ence here to CHICK SALES.

"I never make anything to sell or 'to order.' That would rob me of all the benefits. I make only things to give away, things that cannot be bought, and such as you wouldn't buy if you could."

Your thoughtfulness Mr. THUM, arouses sentiments which makes intelligent comments impossible. Your exhibit has been labeled NUMBER ONE and rests on my desk. The day this issue of the GAZETTE is delivered, it will be placed in our store show window so that LOCAL WHITTLERS may see it.

APOLOGY and CORRECTION

BERTHA SCHISLER, whose request for SASSAFRASS bark was noted in these col- umns recently is the daughter of JOHN MILT and LOUISE EGBERT JOHN- SON. Her mother was a sister to WILLIAM EGBERT and she graduated in the CO- LUMBUS SCHOOLS. We humbly apolo- gize for our mistake in identity.

MYSTERY SOLVED

Identity of "Former Resident" and "Guyess" Revealed

The first request for copy of "STORE NEWS" was signed merely, "FORMER RESIDENT." After we expressed our curi- osity as to who the GUY might be, a card arrived saying she was not "GUY" but a "GUYESS." Everybody began guessing as to her identity, and no one was right.

A few weeks ago we received a letter from NEWPORT, R. I., signed by MRS. MUR- RY D. HILTY, explaining that she is the former MINNIE JOHNSON, whom many of our readers will remember. She says she enjoys the GAZETTE a lot and sent 50¢ for dues in the WHITTLERS' CLUB. As you and all OLD WHITTLERS enjoy hear- ing from home, so too, MRS. HILTY, do we at home delight to make the re-acquaintance with those who have strayed away from the hills.

TWO UNUSUAL PICTURES



Five Generations

The BABY, DAVID ORAL PRESTON; his father, MONT PRESTON; his grand-mother, MRS. GAYLORD PRESTON; his Great Grand-mother, MRS. J. H. VANHOOSE; his Great-great Grand-mother, MRS. JULIA PRESTON. All living in the FLAT WOODS a short distance east of LUCASVILLE.



David Oral Preston *Carnation Milk Baby*

Yes, those are empty CARNATION MILK cans in the background. If the carnation people want a good ad here it is. The father ought to be reimbursed for the cost of the milk and the GAZETTE for the cost of the picture.

VORSE LUNDY'S SPECIMENS OF THE ART OF WHITTLING NOW ON DISPLAY IN STORE WINDOW

A Lion in reclining position; a Tiger crouched for the kill; a Bear cub stickin his head out of a hollow tree and the mother standing on guard at the base, and a cowboy in full regalia and drawn gun; each complete to the most minute detail, WHITTLED out of a single piece of wood.

This exhibit is so wonderful that I am going to try to get a photo of it so as you can all see what a REAL ARTIST and a MECHANICAL GENIUS can do with a little OLD BARLOW.

CORRECTION

Last issue I said the largest class in history was graduated from LUCASVILLE SCHOOLS. I admit that was a guess, and a bad one. JOHN ALLEY informs me that his daughter says her class was larger, and maybe there were others with greater numbers. I got to get to bein more accurate, I see that.



JULY

COLORFAST PERCALES

80 squares

Choice assortment of bright prints which women prefer for so many things—yard wide.

18c yard

July calls for a hundred summer things for you to wear, men folks—for the home. Every day. Remember, too, the bargains for you are listed here to suggest the important day during July where it is pleasant.



RAYON PANTIES

Assortment of four popular styles. Two prices.

15c and 25c

Pure Silks

In most of the season's wanted pastel shades, for dresses, blouses and slips. Washable, 40 inches wide, yard **49c**



House Dresses

Colorfast prints and sheers—a choice of some of the smartest styles we ever offered at this price. Choice..... **97c**

Men's Shirts & Shorts

These are GENUINE B. V. D. qualities and makes, which we sold at 55¢ per garment. Good assortment. CHOICE **35c**

Odd Lot of CURTAINS

Taken from our stock and priced lower for this July Sale. We desire to clean them out and now is your chance to save. Two prices.

49c and 79c
a pair



SCREENS for summer use

Protect against flies and mosquitoes. Two sizes—

39c and 45c

10-Yard Pieces

Extra Heavy
BROWN MUSLIN \$1.15



SALES

hundred and one special
to wear—for the youngsters—for
every department of this store has them.

for which this store is famous. Some
of the importance of shopping here every
pleasant and cool and profitable.

Work Pants

It would be hard indeed, for you to find
better values or a nicer assortment of
work pants. Many of these
are suitable for dress wear. **98c**
Priced as low as

Chiffon Hose

Full fashioned, pure silk hosiery in sum-
mer colors was specially
purchased for our July sales. **59c**
Think of the low price—pair

Men's New Union Suits

Of pajama check — full government
standard sizes—a quality that will give
satisfactory service and
prove itself a great bargain. **39c**
Buy now—suit



Full Cut
Blue
Chambray

**WORK
SHIRTS
49c**

BROWN SHEETING

81-inch

A firm, close weave of de-
pendable sheeting for
service and satisfaction.
Very low priced. Yard—

35c

PART LINEN TOWELING

A better quality
at a lower price
than usual. 10
yards—

89c

Crown Mason JAR CAPS

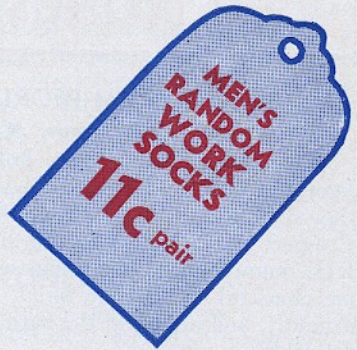
To our minds the best jar
seal ever invented — safest
and cheapest. Use 'em on any
kind of jar, they will fit.
Two sizes for large or small
mouth jars. Practically fool-
proof. Dozen with rubbers—

25c

Bargain in DRESSES

Very popular and desirable
linene and gingham dresses
for summer and fall wear,
were 79¢ and \$1.00.

59c



WHITTLINGS FROM CORRESPONDENTS

ECHOES FROM PEORIA, ILL.

By W. T. Marrs, M.D.

"Our social club, 'Our Folks' and 'The Peoria WHITTLERS' CLUB' combined shows June 1st, at G. E. POPLETT'S on Prospect Road. ERVE and his wife CARRIE, know how to put things over. Programme chuckful. Old time songs, stunts, magic, drammy, and of course the barn dance. Whatta nite!"

"Doctors are joining. Doctors EICHER, JENNINGS, and GOODWIN plan a visit to the House of David to let their whiskers grow and on their way back will stop at Lucasville and do some fancy WHITTLIN. Dr. SUMNER MILLER, Peoria's new Health Commissioner thinks WHITTLING a valuable asset in neurology or just plain jitters. Dr. J. H. BACON thinks it better'n fishin."

"ED WOODRUFF got elected Mayor for the tenth time and JOHN A. HAYES was re-elected County Superintendent. Us WHITTLERS elected them. I was elected CHIEF WHITTLE for these parts, but I have too many offices and resigned in favor of GARRETT WOODY, a noble WHITTLE. He will a little later conduct a NATIONAL WHITTLERS TOURNAMENT. Watch the GAZETTE."

"The matter of lady membership came up and it was decided to let the girls come in as Associate members. The following candidates are to be initiated and pay their 50¢ dues at the next meeting: CARRIE, ALICE, MILDRED, MARY, FLORENCE, RUTH, RUTHIE, VIOLA, JOSEPHINE, EARLENE, JEANETTE, ANNA, GERTRUDE and PEARL, whom I am pleased to introduce to all Club Members. They are all good lookers, good cooks and have an abundance of chawm."

Dr. Marrs Comments On Features of Gazette

In another letter Dr. MARRS suggests that if I want to redeem myself in the weather prophesy in business I had better get a "GOOSEBONE" which he assures me is almost as reliable as locatin water with a peach tree switch. He comments on the front page picture: "GLADYS CHANDLER, The Editor, ED BENNER—the domesticated steer—all good. ED BENNER is a man after my own heart—both butcher and J. P. Better feed that old boy up, ED, before you lead him to slaughter."

"Tell Mrs. BRANT that eggs tend to widen the male breadline, but the ladies—the tendency is to make them svelt—whatever that it. SASSAFRASS is a good beverage. Dr. J. N. THOMPSON and I held a conference and we decided that SASSAFRASS is both curative and harmless."

EDITOR'S COMMENT

Now, you see, you WHITTLERS of AMERICA, if you have read Dr. MARRS' remarks, the gradually increasin value of the GAZETTE. Dr. MARRS has given you more facts an valuable information about SASSAFRASS and other worthwhile things than you would get in Dr. Copeland's syndicated column in a month. Not only that but his advice is so much more reliable because before he expresses an opinion upon any important topic he consults with other members of his profession who are also affiliated with the PEORIA WHITTLERS' CLUB.

Another correspondent has suggested that I inaugurate a question and answer page. I was afraid at first to consider this because I knowed how many fool questions would be sent in that I could not answer. He wanted to know something about good coffee which, of course, I could answer myself better than anybody nearly. I have wrote more than 3 newspaper pages full of data on coffee in the past two years and I just referred him to that. But there is much yet to be said on the subject. But now I have decided to open this page on trial at least and in honor of the PEORIA WHITTLERS' CLUB, I appoint Dr. MARRS and his associates as a sort of clinic to the WORLD OF WHITTLERS to answer all questions remotely or closely associated with their profession.

How about that, DOCTOR? Will you undertake this delicate and grave responsibility? Now remember, DOCTOR, I don't want any sidestepping of issues or meaningless generalities ending up with "For further information see your local Doctor," or "Please restate your question and inclose stamped envelope for further details," like Doc. Copeland does. Nor will the GAZETTE tolerate any recommendations for patent medicines. Everything must be of the highest quality and strictly on the square. You know what I mean. Don't pay any attention to ethics or N.R.A. codes. Just let yourself loose, and for once let the people have the truth.

Now, if the DOCTORS OF PEORIA will accept this high honor, I am certain that their page of questions and answers will soon become the most popular magazine page in all America. Even WALT will have to hump himself to hold his prestige. With these two unusual and unrivaled features operating successfully, the future of the WHITTLERS' GAZETTE is assured.

HALIFAX, CANADA

And now comes ALBERT E. HEISLER, of HALIFAX, way up in NOVA SCOTIA, CANADA, who is starting a WHITTLERS' CLUB with eight members; FRED YOUNG, DONALD FLICK, GOFREY McFATRIDGE, HORATIO RHYNO, RUFUS MEISNER, RUSSEL ZINCK, WARDEN BOUTILIER, and ELKENAH JEWERS. Mr. HEISLER cordially invites me up to visit him any time I could come. I have always wanted to visit CANADA more than any other country. I never fished any but I think I would like to try it in an enchantin Canadian stream or lake. I may fool everybody round here and you, Mr. HEISLER, by breakin away from Lucasville some day and comin up to see you. I wish you good luck and thank you for your kind expressions.

"Zu der Schriftleiter von "Der Schnitzmesser's Zeitung"

That is the way one correspondent addressed his letter. I think it is German for, "To the editor of the WHITTLERS' GAZETTE," though the writer did not say. By the way it was one of the best letters I ever received. I wish I had a secretary that could write letters like that to all the friends to whom I owe replies.

Editor of Trade Journal Likes Whittlers' Gazette

"Again I gather in a whole sack full of chuckles from the May issue of THE WHITTLERS' GAZETTE. It gets right under my hide. As a columnist who is easy to read and keeps down to earth among humans, I believe you have them all cheated." Such letters are exceedingly encouraging and appreciated but unconvincing. I am afraid it gets under other people's hides, too, another way.

GEORGIA LOSES ONE MEMBER

It's like this. He writes, "Please take my name off your mailing list, as I am not interested." Now honest, folks, that is the first letter like that I have received. I don't know what to do about it. And I was sendin it to him free. Now this is the way I look at it.

If a feller was sendin me his paper and something he said made me mad, I'd want to keep on readin his stuff so I could get madder. Indulgin a grudge or pettin a peeve is just like nursin any other hobby. Maybe OLIN MILLER of THOMASTON, GA., can help me out for I'll bet he has had to meet just such a situation many a time. And if any of the rest of you don't want the GAZETTE, for goodness sake, let me know. I never dreamed of such a thing before.

ILLINOIS AGAIN!

The following is quoted from a columnist of the ROCKFORD REGISTER-REPUBLIC of the May 18th issue. "From H. D. WALDO, a copy of THE WHITTLERS' GAZETTE, published 'occasionally' at LUCASVILLE, OHIO. It was formerly BRANT'S NEWS. McINTYRE said after ED HOWE retired that he found nothing to take his place better than BRANT'S NEWS."

Thank you friend WHITTLER WALDO, and the writer of "Frankly Speaking" for your interest and good will. If the GAZETTE ever gets very far it will be wholly due to you and its many loyal friends.

Old Whittler "Tip" From Minneapolis

Writes me two long letters of two pages each. He just lit in and tore the GAZETTE all to pieces in these letters. Every word was chock full of meanin and constructive criticism. I've read 'em two or three times. In closin, he advised me to read Friedrich Nietzsche's work "Thus spake Zarathustra," but judgin from a few of the quotations which appeared to him as applicable to me, it is far and away over my head. For instance this, "He who writeth for the reader doth nothing more for him." "Everyone having been taught to read, therefore cometh a lack of thinking." "Another century of readers and spirit itself will stink."

Commentin on the picture in the last issue "That's a darn good front page. It is different. Mrs. GIBBONS, the eternal feminine primping her hair; Mr. CHANDLER, full of KENTUCKY shyness; Mr. BENNER, upstanding J. P., and you posing there for all the world like the King of Sweden. That is some ox too. He has the head and hind end of a jersey, and the front legs of a holstein. He is knock-kneed and toes out like a real aristocrat. He looks like he is a little shy but faces the camera like a real gentleman."

Don't be surprised friend TIP if you see some of your ideas and remarks incorporated in future articles.

\$5.00 Reward

and Your Picture on the Front Page

JUST what is a WHITTLES? That's what I want somebody to tell me in a few words, the fewer the better. If I can get a slogan or brief description, not to exceed 50 words, I will use it each month to acquaint new readers with the kind of folks we are or aspire to be. Above all it must reflect the virtues of UNCOMPROMISING HONESTY, in thought and action, and may include such others as TOLERANCE, PATIENCE, COURAGE, INDEPENDENCE, PRUDENCE. \$5.00 will be awarded to the person who offers the best suggestions and the winner's picture will be featured in the GAZETTE. The Editor will be the judge. Now, let 'em come, folks.

HON. JAMES G. POLK WRITES

"Your statement that THE WHITTLERS' GAZETTE aspires to be nothing more than a breath of clean, fresh air from the hills to freshen the memories of our friends lost in the cities, and remind them occasionally of their raisin, strikes a responsive chord. It is very refreshing to read your comments with reference to some of our National problems.

"I wish you much success and hope that you may continue publishing the WHITTLERS' GAZETTE, for I believe there is a real need in every community for a clear statement of public questions, such as we do not get from the big city papers."

JAMES G. POLK is our congressman from the 6th District. His secretary is OSCAR L. PYLE, who married a LUCASVILLE girl, MISS LENA SAMPSON. Mr. POLK is a democrat. I am a republican. THE WHITTLERS' GAZETTE is INDEPENDENT, neither ultra conservative nor extremely liberal, leaning neither to the left nor to the right. It has no political ambitions nor affiliations. Its only excuse for discussion of political questions is to reflect the best judgment of our local people, and to protect their interests, in so far as it can, in the firm belief that the HICK PHILOSOPHY OF GOVERNMENT is SOUNDER and SAFER than the THEORIES of the BRAIN TRUST or the SCHEMES of PETTY POLITICIANS. As such the WHITTLERS' GAZETTE hopes to win and retain the respect of HONEST VOTERS and STATESMEN in all parties, even though we do not always agree.

L. W. Cherry of Nashville, Tennessee, Don't Want to Miss Whittlers' Gazette

Mr. CHERRY is General Agent for the MUTUAL BENEFIT LIFE INSURANCE CO., OF NEW JERSEY. When a busy man like Mr. CHERRY must be, away off in TENNESSEE, finds time to read a little insignificant publication like the WHITTLERS' GAZETTE, it makes a feller wonder. Mr. CHERRY is the third member of this Company to "Speak Up" for the GAZETTE, includin the Vice President. I been tryin to get some insurance in this Company for three years, but they always turn me down. I ought to turn in, and get mad at 'em, I reckon, but I can't. Mr. CHERRY writes:

"The WHITTLERS' GAZETTE improves with each issue. I thoroughly enjoy it and want you to keep my name on your list. For fear it might get lost in the shuffle, I am enclosing 50¢ in postage to help pay mailing costs.

"By the way, this bird, WALT is plenty good and I hope you continue to publish his home-made poems."

H. J. Osman, San Francisco, California, Born in the Sticks, is Extravagant

"Herewith is my personal check for \$1.00 for which I want you to continue sending me the WHITTLERS' GAZETTE. It is a splendid little paper, and I hope its circulation will continue to grow. I am just a country boy in a big town who married a home town girl, and we are happy and doing well even in the depression."

Any man born in the country and who marries a home town girl and stays loyal to both, ain't a goin a go very far wrong. Thanks very much, Mr. OSMAN. My thanks to Mr. OSMAN expresses my appreciation to all of you whose kind letters I have neither time to answer personally nor space to acknowledge individually.

AT THE CROSSROADS

The first year of the depression, us ordinary business men and farmers was merely stunned. The second and third years saw us patiently hopeful. None of us were enthusiastic about the N.R.A. and we neither wept nor cheered at its repeal at the hands of the Supreme Court.

Our attitude now is one of questioning. WHAT NEXT? We are all small capitalists. We own our own Barlows. But as we do most all of our own WHITTLIN, we belong in fact to the laborin class. As such

we are sympathetic with the fundamental principles of Capitalism as well as all reasonable demands of labor.

We see the EXTREMES of CAPITALISM in open combat with the EXTREMES of the LABOR CLASS, which might easily result in disaster, were it not for the cool, calm, judgement and power of that great world of WHITTLERS, which include most all professional men, small business men, farmers and others who own their own tools and do most of their own labor. There are more of us WHITTLERS than all the rest of the extremists put together.

Yet, every day we are bein misrepresented, ignored, misled and misgoverned by whatever minority group of extremists happens to be in the ascendancy. If any group is called to Washington or a State Capitol to advise on proposed measures it is always composed of the so-called experts, (EXTREMISTS). If it is a business proposition it is the U. S. Chamber of Commerce, or a banker from Wall Street who is consulted. If it be a measure in which labor is concerned, the head of some big labor union is called in. If it is a matter of relief, somehow or other the extremist group of uplifters and social workers are given free rein. The practical man and woman, the WHITTLERS, who know the actual facts and can best judge the real needs in most all these situations, the folks who are in every case most concerned, because they represent the vast majority of our people, are never given any consideration.

There are dozens of new forms of government, and hundreds of new plans. Even WILL ROGERS has a plan. All of which proves beyond a reasonable doubt that nearly everybody from the poorest to the richest, from the most humble WHITTTLER to the wisest philosophers, are all pretty well disgusted with the way things are goin.

It aint the form of government we are all objectin to. Most all of us, except a few EXTREMISTS are pretty well satisfied with

the mere form of our democracy, and we don't know of any proposed changes that would help matters any. We throwed the Republicans out because they let a group of Wall Streeters dictate and ruin the country. Now the democrats have gone to the EXTREME of listening to the DOCTRINES of the EXTREME SOCIALISTS.

No it aint the FORM of government, but the way it is run that matters most. Any FORM might do if it was run right. And when I say RIGHT, I mean the way the majority of people would like to have it. They would be wrong some of the time, of course, but not all the time like our legislatures seem to be. And when they was wrong they would soon see it and make a change. The trouble with it now is that you never can get a bad law repealed or a commission dissolved or a salary cut or a useless official fired. Everything is gettin too complex and confused, due to the evident policy of government to try to please every group of EXTREMISTS and keep em pleased.

So I am goin to propose a plan of my own and let you old WHITTLERS WHITTLE on it awhile. Bein a firm believer in HOME RULE, as the fundamental basis upon which to build let us go back to the old PROHIBITION PARTY'S plan of LOCAL OPTION. If the legislature passes a law it aint to go into effect in any County in the State till the people votes on it and it gets a majority of votes. If they pass a law in Washington, it wont be effective in any state till the state legislature passes it, and in no County in the state till the People in the County approves it. Or maybe it would be just as well if we done away with the legislature all together and let the people pass their own laws on election day. That is the only way I can see to get rid of these EXTREMISTS and BLOCKS and give the OLD WHITTLERS a chance. I'll bet there wouldn't be near as many laws passed and old ones would be repealed by batches.

HINTS • WINKS • BLINKS AND CHUCKLES

I don't know of anything that evaporates so quickly and completely as an inspiration. I mean an idea, somethin worth writin about. They come like a flash of lightnin. When you snatch a pencil and note book to record the idea, if you dont watch out it will fade away before you can get it in words. If you let it get cold before you can get to the typewriter when you do try to reconstruct it

you will likely find it has vanished completely. Inspirations must be served HOT.

Here it is ten whole days since I had one single minute to write one single word for the GAZETTE. I'll probably spend the next ten in stewin about what to say, and the last ten before going to press hurriedly sortin out

a lot of half finished stuff for you to waste your precious time on.

It is a fact, folks, I have worked at least 14 hours every day includin Sundays and three 18 hour days in the last ten tryin to get relief orders and sales tax records, and bills and other odds and ends out of the way so I could write somethin, and I aint done yet by a whole lot. Put another girl to work in the office yesterday and that ought to help some. That actually makes 10 regularly employed help in this little old country store which is a mess inside and out. It takes nearly twice as many now as it did before the N.R.A. and Relief and Sales tax, to do half as much.

If any of you folks thinks the transition from a cross roads store keeper to the editorship of a one horse paper over night is a snap, I wish you had to try it. The trouble with me is, as my Uncle John used to say, "I know lots but I cant hardly ever think of it." But he had sense enough to keep his mouth shut most all the time. Which proves he knowed more than most columnists and editors. Everybody liked Uncle John.

And here are a few wise cracks from OLIN MILLER of THOMASTON, GA.

"Sheza Moron says her face is her fortune, but it looks to us more like a frozen asset."

"If you are looking for something soft in this hard boiled world, go look in the mirror."

"Uncle Si says, Bein po' aint so bad if you aint got no rich kin folks."

"Time was when we would have got ever so peeved if anybody had referred to us as a 'missing link' but now with reference to the chain letters, we deem the term an honor."

And did you notice that several times lately WILL ROGERS has tried to apologize to his readers for not answerin their letters? I'd like to answer all your letters but I do not have time. But don't think I don't appreciate them. I read every one I get and every one in some way is a source of inspiration. I'd like to reproduce every one of them on this page. Someday maybe I'll answer yours.

Some rip suggested the other day that maybe if I would get me a goat and drink goats milk, maybe I could produce a better paper.

My wife told me to fill the teakettle the other day and I put it in the refrigerator. And I know one guy that started with his wife's fractured false teeth to the dentist's. Course she was in a hurry to get em back but it was two weeks before he could think to call the dentist only to learn that he had never received them. Now he don't know where they are. P.S. Two days later. Teeth located in his pocket. I am afraid to tell you who it was. I might lose a clerk. But anyhow you know what I have to put up with.

Got a letter from my son saying he was takin final examinations and that if he passed he would send me a telegram COLLECT, and since I would know what it was all about I could refuse to accept it and thus save the charges. What them schemin' college boys dont think of!

WILL ROGERS said that Thomas Jefferson was the last democrat. I reckon Lincoln was the last republican. Anyway they have decided to go back to where he used to live to hold their convention.

GENERAL GRANT AN OLD WHITTILER

JESSE McKINLEY, a good democrat, brot me an old, nearly worn out copy of Elsen's history of the Civil War, to show me that "While the battle of the Wilderness was raging, GRANT sat upon a stump, WHITTLING sticks with his pocket knife unperturbed."

But you GENERALS of the FARM and GARDENS cant afford to sit on the fence and WHITTLE while the potato and bean bugs eat up your crops—. Take a look at the pretty complete line of sprayers and spraying materials BRANT'S just got in.

MRS. OSCAR GRIMES WINS PRIZE

We offer congratulations to MRS. OSCAR GRIMES who won the COUNTY CHAMPIONSHIP with her exhibit of ROSES. I have always told you that LUCASVILLE has got plenty of CHAMPIONS, if they would only get out and show theirselves. I didn't know tho that we had any of that low down class who are so mean and envious and jealous that they can't bear to see anyone else succeed, like the one who tore MRS. GRIMES' rose bushes nearly to pieces a few days after she won the prize.

"DRUTHERS"

by RUBE

Said little Tom, my youngest,
To his play-mate, Jackie Drew,
"In all this whole world, Jackie,
What would you druther do?"

"I'd druther go a fishin',"
Came Jack's answer, quick and loud,
"An' catch a big one two feet long
An make my daddy proud."

I quite agree with Jackie,
Though my aim is not the same.
I'd "druther" take my rod an' line,
An' go, in early spring.

To where the river ripples,
An' the bass are jumpin' high,
In the clear an' lively riffles,
'Neath a blue an' cloudless sky.

An' birds a singin' in the trees,
An' wild ducks flyin' by,
An' frogs a croakin' here an' there,
An' not a trouble nigh,

Than be the king of England
Or the stylish Prince of Wales,
Or even old Zane Grey himself
A catchin' of his whales.

I'd "druther," when my time arrives
To crash the pearly gates,
An' stand before St. Peter,
(Far from old fishin' mates.)

I'd "druther" look him in the eye
An' say, "Look here, old scout,
I ain't a big official,
But a common, country lout

That's never done a friend a wrong
Nor dodged a debt I owe;
I've always paid my taxes
An' been square with friend or foe.

I haven't grumbled 'bout the tax
An' cussed an' fumed and brayed,
An' belly-ached an' snorted
'Cause better laws ain't made.

I ain't so much to look at;
I'm just a hick, that's true,
But if you'll let me in, St. Pete,
I'll tell you what I'll do.

I'll take you out a fishin'
On some river's windin' shore;
You'll have the darndest, swellest time
You've ever had before."

An' then, I'll bet my BVD's,
St. Pete will grin an' say,
"Pass in; the gates are open;
Hey angels! Clear the way!
Go pack the lunch an' tackle, Pal;
I'd 'druther' go today."

LET 'EM HOLLER

When America joined in the recent big War,
I decided I'd have to be in it,
So I went overseas with the infantry corps
And did all I could to help win it.
They told me the war would, with one master stroke,
Abolish all turmoil and strife;
I soon was convinced it was only a joke,
The biggest I'd known in my life.

The nations of Europe grabbed all they could get
And tried to steal quite a bit more;
They borrowed our money and cancelled the debt
And prepared for another big war.

When we sent them our bill, all they did was to cuss
And give us a lot of abuse;
So I say, if they kick up another big fuss,
Let them stew in their confounded juice.

Let Hitler and all of the rest of the boys
Start whatever they like without fear,
But the next time they want us to join in the noise,
By George, let them come over here.

If they get in a tangle and set up a yelp,
I know what we *can* do—and should,
Just let them continue to holler for help,
But we'll stay at home and saw wood!

—Walt

THE ALPHABET

The CCC is building dams,
Repairing roads and planting yams;
They're setting trees out here and there
And never caring why nor where.

The AAA is killing hogs,
Condemning farms and plowing bogs;
The farmer has not been forgotten,
They pay him to plow under cotton.
FERA builds city halls

With marble floors and jasper walls;
Their many projects, small and great,
Are found in county, town and state.
The FHA will make repairs
On houses, barns or broken chairs;
They'll paint your porch and mend your clocks
Or mow your lawn or darn your socks.

If you want cash, the RFC
Will let you have it, almost free;
Fill in a blank, state the amount
And open up a cash account.
If ever you should fall behind
On mortgage payments, never mind;
Don't worry when your note is due,
The HOL will see you through.
And while we're on the ABC,
Pray don't forget the RFD.

In fact, there is no use to fret—
Thanks to the New Deal alphabet.
Just where we're going, I can't say,
But then, who cares? We're on our way!

—Walt

BRANT'S

THE BEGINNING OF A VERY ATTRACTIVE 36-PIECE SET

6 MONAX GLASS CUPS and 6 SAUCERS

The Most Sensational Offer This Store Ever Made

Every woman will find these beautiful cups and saucers a real addition to her everyday servings. Made of the famous Monax French ivory glassware, thin but strong, delicate but durable, and enriched by a very charming pattern of embossing. This set and those to follow are, in themselves, usable, useful units in daily table service. By following through the coming months on these coupon items a complete 36-piece set will be yours.

It has long been our hope to offer 6 cups and saucers with coupon for 29¢. We do it now with the hope that it will inspire you to complete the 36-piece set, adding a unit each month.

29¢ and COUPON

with a cash purchase of \$1.00 or more in this store.

CLIP THIS COUPON

THIS COUPON (signed by you) and 29¢, together with a cash purchase of \$1.00 or more in any section of this store ENTITLES YOU TO this set of 6 cups and 6 saucers pictured above. This offer is good only during the month of JULY. One set to a family—no mail orders or 'phone orders. Just bring your coupon to the store.

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