

**JUNE
1935**



THE WHITTLERS' GAZETTE

Official Publication of the Whittlers' Club of America

Published By CLYDE BRANT

LUCASVILLE

OHIO

HELPFUL HINTS for the HOMEMAKER

One-fourth teaspoon of vanilla added to each four cups of milk improves the flavor of hot cocoa or chocolate.

If the juice from an apple pie runs out in the oven, shake salt on it. It will burn crisp on the bottom of the oven and may be removed easily.

Salt has a tendency to curdle hot milk. In making cream soups, soft custards, etc., do not add salt until last.

Never scrub linoleum with a stiff brush as this tends to dull the surface. The linoleum can be kept clean by washing with a good mild soap and water.

To remove paint from clothing, soak the spots two or three times with ammonia and turpentine in equal parts. Wash out in soapsuds.

To whiten handkerchiefs put into a basin of cold water to which a quarter of a teaspoon of cream of tartar has been dissolved and soak overnight.

When making bread, never put hot water on the yeast cake as it kills the yeast plant and consequently prevents bread rising. Use lukewarm water.

In washing mirrors, it helps to remove the dirt if one adds a little starch to the water. This will also give any kind of glass a lasting polish. Alcohol or a little spirits of camphor will brighten a mirror after dust has been brushed off.

Cream that is not thick enough to whip may be whipped if one or two drops of lemon juice are added to it.

To prevent potatoes from turning dark while cooking add a few drops of lemon juice.

When frying fish brush it with salad oil instead of an egg, then roll in bread crumbs, and it will fry a rich brown.

Before adding sugar to cake mixture, always sift through a fine strainer. By sifting you remove any hard lumps.

White satin or white kid can be cleaned by rubbing with bread crumbs which are a little moist.

A marshmallow rolled in cinnamon and placed on the top of a cup of cocoa adds to its flavor and attractiveness.

Iron pillow slips lengthwise, not crosswise, if you wish to iron the wrinkles out instead of in.

All glasses, dishes, and other utensils that have contained milk, raw egg, or flour will wash more easily if they are filled with cold water as soon as they are emptied.

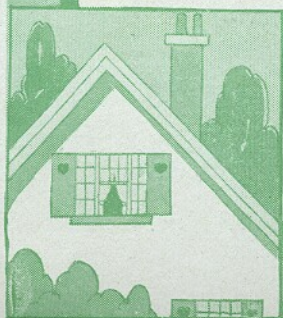
Fresh, sticky chewing gum can be removed with the white of an egg.

An ordinary blackboard eraser is an excellent polisher for window panes.

Scorched milk loses its unpleasant taste if a pinch of salt and a teaspoon of sugar are added before it gets cold.

Delicate colors in washing materials will not fade if, before being washed, they are soaked in tepid water to which a few drops of turpentine have been added.

Do not throw away the wooden skewers that come with meats from the market. Wash them and keep in a kitchen drawer. They are useful when cleaning paint, to get into small niches and corners.



F I C K L E !



The WHITTLERS' GAZETTE is gettin self-conscious. Seems like we made a hit with the new name adopted the first 1935 issue. And how we hope no one will think we are puttin on airs by comin out in this new dress. I always did detest to see anybody put on airs. I remember the first velocipede I ever had, I rode it up and down the alley for several days before I would bring it out on Front street. I can't hardly stand to put on a new suit or hat or shoes. I feel so conspicuous. I feel more comfortable and at home in the old togs, in familiar surroundings, among friends who know the language of WHITTLERS.

Ever since an overzealous columnist introduced our little store paper to his world-wide audience of friends and forced us into a most embarrassing role of entertainer to a mixed and strange audience, the terrors of the writin and publishin business has haunted us day and night. Just to think of a whole big newspaper page of white space to be filled with reading matter was more than we could stand. We would feel pretty good the day copy went to the printer, but the day it came back in cold type and we had to see it and read it, well, it was just like bein on a sinkin ship.

So we just couldn't stand it any longer and decided to try out the little magazine style. The pages look smaller and easier to fill up. The whole thing does not appear so overwhelming. The type and cuts will sho up better maybe. It will be less trouble to mail, which in itself was a big job with the paper which we had to fold by hand. Topics will be easier to locate and follow thro, and our long winded articles wont look so long and paragraphless. And best of all, maybe we can learn to be more brief, seein that space is more valuable.

We do hope you will all like the idea, and that we will have no occasion to regret havin made the change.

CLYDE BRANT, *Editor and Publisher*

THE WHITTLERS' GAZETTE

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Tod, France and a Steer

TOD says this steer didn't take a very good picture. It was such a perfect specimen that he wanted to take it home for a pet. That's TOD'S weakness. He always picks the best to be had and then hates to slaughter them. That baby beef cost us \$105. The city meat market which buys dressed beef from Chicago, would have to pay at least \$25 more for one like this, and its customers about twice as much as you have to pay at BRANTS'.

One of our good customers frankly told us the other day that he had been reading our extravagant claims about our low prices on beef, but he never believed them till he talked to a friend from Portsmouth the other day who told him he was paying 48¢ a pound for steak. Our price for the best cuts is only 30¢. We saw the orders one packer had taken in the city the other day. There were 39, every one for a cow. He had not gotten one single order for good beef. It's hard to find quality like BRANTS' anywhere. Ask LESLIE MARSH, ROY FRALEY, CHARLES AULT, EVERETT RITTENOUR, FRANK McGEORGE, ABE MILLER, DR. THOMAS or anybody who knows what real corn fed beef is.

Earl Stevens and His Pigs

EARL has a brood sow which gave birth to 17 little pigs. Did anyone ever know of a larger litter? Looks like nature and this mother are doing their best to replace all the

pigs the A.A.A. had slaughtered.

Valley Rural School District Again Upset

A petition by fallen timber and near by citizens representing 75 percent of the voters was filed with the COUNTY SCHOOL BOARD asking to be set over into PIKE COUNTY. SMITH CANTER who lives on top of the hill is a member of the VALLEY RURAL BOARD, and was not included in the original petition, but it seems that the action of the COUNTY BOARD has included him which if it goes through will automatically throw SMITHY off the board. It is our understanding that this will give the COUNTY BOARD the opportunity to appoint all new members of our local board. An article in the PORTSMOUTH TIMES a few days ago left the impression that our COUNTY SUPERINTENDENT was not in sympathy with the program, but failed to shed any light on why SMITHY CANTER was included. Time will tell, and when all the facts are known, the GAZETTE may have more to say.

Dogs and How to Train 'em

I reckon I am a funny feller. I aint one of them kind that thinks his dog is the best dog in the world. For instance there is SPITZ, a bull owned by my Neighbor, John Collis, which is about the sweetest creature and the most affectionate I ever saw. I have heard tell that no dog could do it, but you ought to see SPITZ dash back and forth on her chain in and around a spirea hedge and four posts without ever once goin the wrong way or gettin tangled up.

My Dog, Gyp

Anyway she is my dog whenever she does something my wife doesn't approve of. I never wanted a police dog. I was suspicious of them and afraid of them, but nothin' would do by young daughter but a police dog for

Christmas. I tried every way to convince her that a nice bird dog or a hound would be more preferable, because I wanted a huntin dog myself. Christmas passed an no dog, because I was determined we should have no police dog. But you know women. On January 11th, her mother saw the offspring of a state show winner advertised and a telegram brot the most smelly, the most awkward and scared German Sheperd puppy you ever saw. The first time my little nephew saw her, both of them a little frightened, he ventured the remark that he could tell she was a BRANT alright, by the size of her feet. We named her GYP for short and she now weighs 110 pounds.

I couldn't blame my wife much for wantin' a police dog. You see our store had been robbed many times and it is only ten feet from our home and we were molested frequently by prowlers, and once one came right in the house, and she was getting afraid to stay alone of evenings. Well we ain't never been bothered but once in eight years since GYP came. Nobody ever comes in the yard unless he is drunk or crazy like ESTO DAVIS, BIRCH MASSIE, ACE SPANABLE and a few others who don't know enough to be afraid of dogs. She has every clerk in the store bluffed out except JIM DOLL, BUCK RUSSEL and GLADYS GIBBONS. There is only one man she refuses absolutely to make up with and that is the ice man. I have often wondered why dogs generally like the mail man and object so strongly to the ice man.

How to Train a Dog

I maintain that when a dumb brute is forcefully deprived of its natural liberty and outdoor freedom, and is subjected to the restrictions of a back yard fence, it deserves to have the run of the premises, and permitted to do what it likes. And especially so if it is a strange, confused and forlorn little puppy like I got. It ought to have free access to all parts of the house and allowed to sleep unmolested on any bed in the house that strikes its innocent fancy. If it lies down in

the middle of the kitchen floor, every member of the family should walk around it and not be a yellin at it every minute to get out of the way.

The First Steps

The very first thing is not to begin training the dog, but to start right in on the women folks because they are with the dog most of the time if you have succeeded in gettin' it installed in the house temporarily. I'll guarantee if you can persuade the women to keep it in the house for a few days, by appealin to their motherly sympathy, they will have an awful hard time ever gettin the dog out, what with the natural inclination and intelligence of most dogs in making the best of a good thing when they find it. Make it plain like I did to all members of the family that the dogs whims and comfort must have first consideration at all times, or else a better home would be found for it. My wife didn't agree altogether with me about some of these details right at first, as she was inclined to believe that all dogs and husbands should be taught their places. But I was firm like you have to be with women sometimes and adamant, and after a few days GYP was firmly established in her new home and perfectly happy. In fact, I reckon I nearly overdid the thing as it wasn't long until I was being blamed for every naughty trick the pup got into, and if you know anything about pups, you can imagine what I was in for.

Just One Example

One bright sunny day my wife took a notion to hang her new fur coat out on the line to air. I was in the store workin when all at once I heard screams from the office girl who could see right out over the back yard, "GYP! GYP! GYP!" I know'd something was up and with a traveling man and several customers trailin I rushed to the door. There was that pup squatted right in the middle of that coat with the detached fur collar in her mouth, her head up, her eyes and face beaming with the most joyous expression you ever saw

in all your life on any living creature. I started hesitatingly to rescue the remains of the coat when all at once my wife appeared on the scene. She gave the pup just one brief glance and started right for me with pointed finger and a look on her face I shall never forget, exclaiming "That's all your fault, That's all your fault." I hastily backed off through the gate under cover of the audience which had collected at the store door, some of whom expressed the deepest sympathy with me and others somewhat amused at the predicament they saw I was in. I was consoled and happy with the conviction that the pup wasn't goin to get any lickin, while I prepared my defense on the grounds that my wife should a knowed better than to hang such a temptation as a rabbit skin coat under the nose of a dog that was only a few generations from the wolf. Once while we was away, the pup, evidently resenting being left alone, dug down deep into the center of a featherbed, and if she and that room wasn't a sight, you never saw one. But I must say that the older that dog and me get, the wiser we grow. Yet we are still the closest pals and I would get up in the middle of the night and scratch her if she could tell me where she itched, and my wife would, too.

Food Fads

I never was a food faddist, or maybe I am. Anyway I never let nobody tell me what to eat. I thing that's what stomachs, appetites, tasters and smellers were made for. Eat all you want of what you want is my motto. That is the way our ancestors did. They didn't have an infinite variety of foods at each meal or even regular meals. They just et all they could hold of whatever they had. And that is the way all animals do. The Esquimos eat blubber, the Chinese rice, the Irish potatoes and hogs will eat most anything in sight, and they all thrive on it some way, in spite of the vitimin and calorie experts.

I like best to make a meal on just one thing. All the flapjacks I kin hold for breakfast,

chicken dumplings for dinner and Punkin Pie any old meal. Just one thing, nothing else. I do not only not believe in nor relish a variety at any one meal, but I never want any two good foods ruined by being all messed up together. There is nothing in the world better than sweet corn fresh from the patch and butter beans are delicious, but succotash is an abomination.

One thing at a time I say and lots of it. I delight in the individuality of foods, their distinctive tastes and odors. All the fancy lettuce trimmed three layer sandwiches in the world won't equal one slice of country cured fried ham or sausage between two slices of home made bread. And when I see some guy a smearin mustard or catsup all over his victuals, I just decide the stuff he was eatin must a been so bad he had to disguise it with something hot and strong.

And then came along this silly Ice Box fad. That is the limit. Our ancestors never had no Ice Boxes. Cold destroys delicate flavors of every kind—even Ice Cream ought to be warmed up and "well spooned" before it is really fit to eat. I feel awful sorry for the poor feller that has to eat out of an old ice box. It is just plumb unnatural. Slops and Stews too, may be alright for a hobo camp where they have only one can to cook in, but in the home it is just a lazy way of getting by with dinner.

Let's get back to common sense and health in this eatin business. Let us OLD WHITTLERS lay down the law to these ultra modern food faddists and corn syrup and canned milk dietitions and their victims, OUR WIVES. When all men surrender to the salid conscious whims of the ladies and fantastic color schemes of the magazine advertisements of foods which are prepared solely to appeal to the eye, instead of the manly qualities of taste and smell and pure goodness, life won't be worth livin any more. No wonder the Millionaires of New York run off to some little town in New England for a week each year just to fill up on flapjacks in a little country town, as was described so touchingly

recently in the Saturday Evening Post. Them boys knows their onions alright, but if they didn't have that inferiority complex which the average wife creates with her insistence on these fancy, silly food fads, they wouldn't have to run away off some place to get something decent to eat. They would get it at home like I do.

Adams County the Back Woods of Ohio

Last month I ventured some opinions about KENTUCKIANS. This time I am goin to take a long shot at the HICKS who live away back in the hills of ADAMS COUNTY. KENTUCKIANS are all moonshiners, and ADAMS COUNTIANS are all degraded VOTE SELLERS, so some people think. Well I'm going to tell you what I think. I may not be able to prove it absolutely, but I'm sure any good ADAMS COUNTIAN can.

There is nothing in the world makes me so fightin mad as to see an individual or a people misrepresented. All my life I have resented the references to ADAMS COUNTY as one of the most backward and ignorant and poorest Counties in the state. Now it aint no disgrace to be poor, and so far as my observation and association goes I have found more really good citizens among the poor than in any other class, and on the average, they got more good common sense. I'd bet all I am worth that The State Board of Education has got ADAMS COUNTY listed as one of the poorest school districts in Ohio, and that they are makin plans to get rid of all her little red school houses. And if I win that bet, I'll gamble it all on the statement that ADAMS COUNTY HAS TURNED OUT MORE GOOD SCHOOL TEACHERS, MUSICIANS, LAWYERS, DOCTORS, Professional men and women and good citizens than any other county in the state in proportion to her population. And then some disgruntled politicians had to go down among these good people and drag some of their worst citizens into court, put their pictures in papers

all over the state, and stage one of the most sensational trials of vote selling ever pulled off. It was a dirty trick. Any other County would have done just as well, and there are some a lot worse.

Our Presidin' Elder

It seems like I can't hardly get along at all with some of these reformers, uplifters, elevators, surveyors and commissions. Too often they are just meddlers and trouble makers. A survey of business, of churches, of schools and other things may be alright if a feller ever got all the essential facts, but usually all you get is a half-truth. And if there is anything I hate, it is a half-truth, because more often than not, it is worse than a bald-faced lie. And sometimes Preachers and Educators can mislead us more than the clever advertisers or the scheming politicians, because people naturally trust em more. A survey will show and prove just about whatever the boss or the investigatin expert wants it to.

I know how to sympathize with ADAMS COUNTY for one of these overzealous reformers once give us ruralites a fine-tooth-combin and an awful black eye. I was a goin to say it was the PRESIDIN ELDER, but it might a been an investigator under him. Anyway he made photographs of a lot of deserted churches and shanties all over the County and had picture slides made off of them and exhibited them to the enlightened and sympathetic church leaders in the big cities who could see right away by the pictures which never lie, and the inspired address which accompanied their showing that all the hillicans of Scioto County had abandoned their churches and reverted to barbarism. This brilliant idea worked like a charm and right away our city friends took up a collection or set aside some appropriation to send missionaries to redeem us and lead us out of the darkness.

Now I reckon I would never a knowed nothin about this, because the pictures were never shown hereabouts, but an old school mate just happened to be present when the

facts were being revealed to a Cincinnati audience, and she wrote me in high indignation, at what she mistook for a gross misrepresentation of her old home County. Course she was probably prejudiced because she had the idea that there wasn't any finer people anywhere.

Well, we got our missionaries, and they was the finest young men I nearly ever met. It didn't take them hardly a minute to size up the situation and see that they had been misinformed, and they fell in love with us hicks, which didn't suit the higher authorities at all, as they was all set on a spectacular reform, sweepin revivals, new churches, etc. Some of these new ministers, broadminded chaps just out of college saw they couldn't honestly do what was expected of them and resigned and the others were forced out by the presidin Elder and the Bishop, and replaced with sterner, more high powered experts.

Well, to make a long story short, with the aid of our politically minded County School Superintendent they succeeded in bustin our community wide open, and a lot of good citizens names signed to a big note for the new church which the people can't pay. I just got so mad I ain't never been to church since, and reckon I never will go again. Not because I have anything whatever against the good people in the church or any individual in our community, but just as a remonstrance against official and political meddling of outsiders into the affairs of a community, with its teachers and its preachers and its people.

Seems to me they are runnin this survey business in the ground. I see by the papers this week that the Government is about to send thousands of bright young men out to towns of less than 2500 population to ask each housewife over 3000 thousand questions about herself and family which will take her three hours or more to answer. They will gather an abundance of information about your standard of living and how much you spend for hosiery, underwear, chewing gum, etc., but I'll bet my old hat they overlook the main items of expense and luxuries of us Hill Billies, such as onions, bologna, beans,

corn meal and mail pouch. It won't hurt nothin I reckon and give some employment.

I got so now, every time I hear about Gov. DAVEY or anybody appointin a commission to study some business condition, taxes or our school system, I know right away he is just stallin and seekin the approval of so called experts to deceive the people into givin him something to strengthen his political machine. TAKIN SURVEYS AND MAKIN INVESTIGATIONS HAS GOT TO BE A RACKET, BUT IT AINT FOOLIN THE WHITTLERS OF AMERICA ANY.

Supreme Court of Ohio Approves The Whittlers' Gazette

A member of the Supreme Court of Ohio writes:

"Permit me to acknowledge with pleasure the receipt of a copy of the WHITTLERS' GAZETTE. It is rather embarrassing to me to admit that I did not know of its existence until this copy was received.

"I read it carefully and you and whoever else may be responsible for its existence are doing a real service. It is refreshing to see somebody stand up and take a crack at governmental processes that mean our undoing, altho the immediate effect may be local.

"I am much pleased with your paper and the first time I am down LUCASVILLE WAY I assure you I will STOP AND WHITTLE AWHILE."

This AMEN to our feeble efforts is worth all the many hours of time and hard work necessary to the publication of THE WHITTLERS GAZETTE. We regret that propriety does not permit us to reveal the names of all our correspondents nor space, the reproduction of it all. Please keep on writing everybody. Your letters help us tremendously. Now if we can secure the approval of the UNITED STATES SUPREME COURT for WHITTLERISM, it will be more than any other ISM has succeeded in doing.

Ben Brown Champion!

(Continued from Last Issue)

We submitted so much copy to the printer last month that he couldn't get it all in, and we didn't get done talkin about BEN BROWN and his likes. Here is the rest of that article. Besides being CHAMPION WALKERS, our rural people are accomplished in other and more important things.

Other Millers Runners

Chief among the old fashioned virtues to which MILLERS RUNNERS may justly lay claim is that of thinking and talking straight. BEN BROWN is about 100 percent perfect at this. I don't think BEN is any better thinker or more honest than FRED RUTH or ED WALLS or ASHBY HAWK or VES LUCKETT or a lot of other MILLERS RUNNERS, but maybe he talks more. Some say he talks too much, but I don't think so. BEN would tell you the truth, the whole truth, no matter what the personal consequences might be. That is the reason he is not afraid of any man or the devil himself, tho they do say he is puttin in a good deal of time right now studyin the KORAN.

Fallen Timber, Owl Creek

This native wit and talkativeness and reputation for veracity has spread up the divide to SMITHY CANTER'S and filtered down into the valleys of FALLEN TIMBER, OWL CREEK, HOG HOLLER, BACK RUN and BLUE RUN, or visa versa. FALLEN TIMBER prides itself in having fewer people on relief than any other section of like population. Now there is the CONKEL FAMILY, of whom it is said some could talk when they were born. The older they grow, the worse they get. Their favorite subject is politics, but most of them missed their calling because they are too broad-minded and too outspoken. You always know where they stand and what for, which aint a good policy in politics nowadays. If you want the truth you can nearly always get from a

CONKEL, straight from the shoulder, in plain, concise Anglo-Saxon language. I aint sayin they are always right or that they can even agree among themselves all the time, but they do think, and say what they think, which is becoming more and more of a novelty in this day and age. And the rarer anything is the more it is worth, even a virtue.

Then there is the McCAIN family which has long been noted for its eloquence and integrity. We never had a customer we thot more of than UNCLE DAN McCAIN, a veteran of the Civil War. On down the CREEK lives ELZA CANTER, Ex-Sheriff, who in his wider contact with the world has become more diplomatic, but none the less reliable and loquacious.

Over on OWL CREEK the folks are a little different, perhaps. For example JOHN PORTER and ED GRIFFITH are more modest and reserved but just as honest and firm in their convictions. And over on the other runs are HARVEY EBLIN and VINTON ARTHURS and JERRY WALKER whose personalities and judgements are as solid and uncompromising as the hills in which they live.

And so I could go on, indefinitely telling you about the SPUNK, the GRIT and the reckless HONESTY of many others who live among our hills, and maybe I will sometime.

NOW!

All of Food Value of the
Heart of the Grain Added to

MOOTZ'
JUMBO BREAD

Whittlers, Yesterday and Today

Pat Henry

There are two distinct types of WHITTLERS. PAT HENRY would be classified as one of the PASSIVE TYPE. The name PAT would indicate that he was Irish, but I am inclined to believe he was Scotch. At least he was in no way responsible for the destruction of our National Forests, like some careless WHITTLERS are. He was a rank CONSERVATIONIST. It is unbelievable, but it is a fact, gentlemen, PAT HENRY could and did WHITTLE every minute of the day, all day long on ONE SINGLE MATCH, an achievement which we are sure has never been equaled.

Vorse Lundy

VORSE LUNDY, who lives on the West Side, son of FRANK LUNDY, one of the last of the old time blacksmiths still in active business, and himself a no mean WHITTLER, is undoubtedly an outstanding member of the breed known as CREATIVE WHITTLERS. As the sculptor moulds clay to create the image of his model, so VORSE LUNDY with the aid of his keen barlow, carves wood into almost every conceivable shape and form. He is a MASTER WHITTLER, whose talent borders on genius. WANSER RICKEY, scout for St. Louis Cardinals, has a cane fashioned by VORSE, for which he has refused \$25.00, and his father, FRANK RICKEY has quite a collection of articles which VORSE made. We hope to have a window display some of these days of the products which this boy has WHITTLED. Watch for it.

Help Wanted

Since I began publishing the WHITTLERS' GAZETTE, seems like nearly everybody who comes in the store, women included, have

taken some objection to something I have said and want to start an argument. I want to hire some good man and woman to do my arguing for me, so I can get something else done. Generous commissions will be paid to the right persons, up to \$25 for each argument won for me. Previous experience unnecessary. Applicants should be robust and strong, capable of handling two or three opponents at a time and equipped with a sharp tongue and a wicked eye which could wither the boldest by word or glance. No weapons allowed except perhaps a rollin pin for the lady to be used only in self defense. No commissions will be paid unless the one who has had the audacity to question the reliability of THE WHITTLERS' GAZETTE is able to walk and talk, and sign a statement that he or she admits the GAZETTE was RIGHT. Easy job, pleasant work, wonderful opportunity. Apply in person.

M. B. Walters

His name was M. B. Walters. I started to wait on him and he started to read off a long list of stuff he wanted, fast you know like some people will, and I had to stop him and request him to slow down a bit, and explain that I could remember only one thing at a time and hardly that. He responded immediately with "Oh, alright, git me a box of tacks, carpet tacks" which I done right away. Then he said "Now go git me another box of tacks, carpet tacks."

School Experts

Experts are good for makin' research of conditions and possibilities, probin' around among children's minds and learnin' how they react, good for makin' up figgers, estimatin' costs of educational programs, even for pointin' out where dollars can be found in reluctant taxpayers' pockets. We should be glad to know

what they find, even if it is high brow stuff, but ordinary folks should be allowed to WHITTLE on it and shape practical conclusions.

Mr. DARGUSCH, State Tax Authority is quoted as sayin', "There are many opportunities for retrenchment in School Expenditures, which can only work to the benefit of the taxpayers. The standards of education do not have to be reduced, BUT THE OVERHEAD PARED."

The truth is County School Superintendents as they now operate in most counties are about the least essential and the most expensive feature of the school system. As a legislator recently said "They must cost a Million Dollars a year, and they are in trouble with the people all over the state." Mr. DARGUSCH IS RIGHT.

Important Notice to the Public

It has come to our attention that CHARLIE

SCHOONOVER, town constable and trader is making his headquarters on our WHITTLING BENCH for a double purpose. It is a splendid place to trade knives and he is making the most of the opportunity. In addition, he is accosting the unsuspecting stranger and asking him to join the WHITTLERS CLUB of AMERICA for 50¢. As he has the law on his side and carries a big gun there ain't much we can do about it but warn everybody.

AMEN to the men who had the vision to open the RADIO STATION in Portsmouth. I ain't no RADIO FAN, but I like these little independent stations a lot better than the big chains. Some mighty fine local talent is being uncovered and developed. All my life I have tried to learn to appreciate classical music, but it ain't no use. The old time familiar stuff is good enough for me. AMEN again boys, and I wish you success.

WHITTLERS' BENCH GOSSIP

ESTO DAVIS has moved his magnificent 14-room martin box out of my sight, seein' I didn't approve of the color he painted it. I been watchin' it pretty close, and I ain't seen a martin near it yet. He will find out that martins can be just as happy in their old fashioned homes as they can in the finest modern apartment buildings. A lot of us humans will never be really free and happy either until we rise above the sordid and enslavin' influence of material things.

A Portsmouth lady was in the store Saturday night and requested a copy of every past issue of our little paper, sayin' as how she wanted to keep a complete file of them. I ain't looked around yet, but I know I'll never find a fourth of them, as I never thot enough of 'em to keep them.

SAM SPRIGGS insists that BARKERS HORSE AND CATTLE POWDERS are

the finest spring tonic he has ever tried.

This is the truth. My son-in-law was raised in a big city and is as fond as he is ignorant of nature in the raw. He liked to watch plants grow. One day when my daughter was driving with him out in the country he stopped the car, and got a shovel and bucket from the rear seat, climbed over a fence and walked out in the cornfield and filled the bucket with dirt. She asked him what he was goin' to do and he explained that he was going to plant some corn in tin cans just to watch it grow, and HE HAD TO HAVE CORN GROUND for it to grow in or it wouldn't do any good.

Many men would sacrifice their careers for the love of a woman, but only a few women would sacrifice their social position, or careers for a mere man, even if he was her husband. Probably because not many of them are worth it.

A TIP. When you see all the stores advertising sugar or some other item at exceptionally low prices, don't rush down and buy your head off. Chances are Sugar is going down. When you note the absence of sale prices on sugar, potatoes, etc. for a day or two, in ads that are in the habit of featuring them every day, LOOK OUT, the price is going up. If you do just the opposite of what the advertiser wants you to you will seldom have regrets.

ATTENTION O. O. McINTYRE: Saw where you wrote sympathetically about so many ex-Vaudeville actors loafing around New York broke and jobless. Now their ain't no need of that at all. Them boys and girls could be playin' to crowded houses in the LUCASVILLE, PIKETON and other small town opera houses, bad as times are. Somehow or other everyone of us hicks would dig up a dime, even if we had to work for it, or do without our Browns Mule, just to get to see a real actor again. To tell you the truth we ain't none of us seen a real show back here in the hills since SPEARS MEDICINE

SHOW used to make the town and stay a week or two and board with my Uncle FRANK WINTERS. They always went from here to HARRISONVILLE, and often I went along and eat with 'em under the old tent for there wasn't any Opera House there. Folks came from miles around and every night too. Now that word VAUDEVILLE sounds like the idea must have started in some village, or why the VILLE on the end of it? Most good things always have been conceived and developed by some clown in some small town. Picture shows are alright, but the talkin' picture is too expensive to operate in a village and few of us have any kind of shows anymore. Wish you would pass the word around to these hungry actors and tell them what a wonderful opportunity awaits them for a glorious comeback out here in the sticks. Let 'em get in on the ground floor again where they started and pioneer the rebuilding of the vaudeville industry. Livin' is cheap in the country. I'll do their bookin' free in Southern Ohio, sell 'em groceries at cost and even board some of them myself free in a pinch.

AN HONEST FISHERMAN—FOUND!

No it wasn't in Lucasville. We got some part honest fishermen, some that will tell part of the truth all of the time and some as will tell it part of the time, but none like that honest feller who wrote in the SATURDAY EVENIN' POST about a month ago. It was a long article but this writer who said he had caught every kind of fish in every stream, lake and ocean in the world since he was big enough to carry a pole, had concluded that any man or woman who said fishin' was fun or good sport, was either a liar or crazy. But he ended up by sayin' he was goin' fishin' the next day again rain or shine. Well, if you anglers want to know what the rest of the world thinks of you, you know now, and it wasn't me that said it. TOD NOEL says he don't want to learn to fish because he don't want to learn to lie.

Well, there ain't much fishin' news this spring, tho I never knowed of so many workin' on the job. Thousands of red tailed suckers are bein' landed ranging in size from a half pound to five. Every few minutes some one is in the store wantin' to sell some or give 'em away, and it is hard to do either. I never heard so many braggin' how sweet and boneless they are and then wantin' to git rid of them. I'll eat eels or rattle snakes, but no suckers for me. It is beneath the dignity of the WHITTLERS GAZETTE to report catches of the lowly sucker. THE WHITTLERS' GAZETTE is a quality magazine, published in the interests of a quality store, in a quality town, surrounded by quality people, who like quality things, so we must stick to quality fishermen and fish. Like GEORGE KIMBLER for instance, who landed the first mess of real bass right in the face of MARVIN

CLARK who didn't get a nibble. One of the fish had a live turtle in its stomach, which was rescued and kept alive for two weeks in a bowl of water, till MRS. KIMBLER made him throw it out. Then there was JESSE FRANKLIN too, who brought a beautiful bass to show me but I was out and didn't get to see it. ED KUHN reports the fish are biting better the week before the moon signs come in which is just backwards from the way it ought to be. NELL BRICKER is leading the bunch this year by a wide margin, having landed about twenty bass including 5 keepers in two days, while CLEVE, JOE BILL, ROCKWELL and MRS. COLEMAN and others were foolin' around with suckers.

The Weather is Wet

A cold, wet spring, said BILL DAYS. FLOODS! said DADDIE FERGUSON. Another DROUGHT, said the EDITOR. And they were both right, EXACTLY right. It is so darn wet that the farmers are all behind. It rained more in the first 10 days in May by more than 2 inches than it usually does in the whole month. Yes, it looks like the Drought is really broken, and we may have short crops because it is too wet. I'll never hear the last of this. Nobody ever sympathizes with a fallen Weather Prophet.

Harvey Says to Say His
Wonder Loaf Has Always
Been Good, And All They
Had to Do Was to Put It
in a New Wrapper.

The Last Days of School

Commencement is over. The school year closed for the VALLEY RURAL DISTRICT in a blaze of scholastic and athletic glory. The Boys' Basket Ball Team won undisputed championship of the county. The loss to Sciotoville High which was not a member of the Rural League, in the County Tournament in no way detracted from the splendid record our team had established, because it had twice beaten Sciotoville decisively, and it was conceded by fans who saw the game that our boys were entitled to the decision. It appeared to the fans that the County Management, of which Our County Superintendent is chief, planned to beat VALLEY at any cost. It was an empty and probably an expensive victory for those who had it in for VALLEY.

Commencement was held for the largest class ever graduated in Lucasville, 30 students having completed the course. MISS LENA TURNER as the honor student was presented with a four year scholarship from WILMINGTON College, and a gold medal. MISS TURNER made the VALEDICTORY ADDRESS. MISS MARION MOON delivered the SALUTATORY and was presented with a scholarship at OHIO UNIVERSITY. MISS IRMA LITTON won first place in ENGLISH at Athens where the scholarship test for southern Ohio schools was held. Music was furnished by the Lucasville-Minford orchestra.

The SENIOR BANQUET was held at CRYSTAL SPRINGS, May 3rd, and the ALUMNI BANQUET is scheduled for Friday, May 17th.

BABY
EAR
READ

SPRING

When springtime comes with all its flowers,
It's sticky mud and sudden showers,
I love to put on my old shirt
And pull the weeds and dig the dirt.

But all the joy fades out of life
To hear my energetic wife
Call out to me, both loud and clear,
"Come Walt, housecleaning time is here!"

Although I'd hoped to go and fish,
To clean the cellar is her wish;
And when that's done, in terms emphatic
I'm told to go and clean the attic.

I planned the op'ning game to see,
But there's no baseball now for me;
Just when I think my work is done,
I find it barely has begun.

The curtains must be hung again,
The furniture moved from the den,
The woodwork must be washed and scrubbed,
The carpets must be swept and clubbed.

And next, I strain my poor old back
Till I can almost hear it crack,
The piano must be moved with care
To look for dust that isn't there.

At last, when I feel sure I'm through,
"Walt, here's another job for you!"
I know exactly what that means—
I must put up the darned old screens.

Confound it! Here's where I appeal
To NRA for a New Deal;
Congress must act at once, I say,
I'm writing F.D.R. today!

—Walt.

RELIEF!

When the darned old Depression hit me on the chin,
I decided to fight and refused to give in;
But I found my insurance was slipping away
So I drew out my savings the premiums to pay.
When my savings were gone, then my taxes fell due,
And insurance and savings both went up the flue.
I finally took all my wages and paid
For taxes, the very last cent I had made.
It wasn't enough so my house had to go;
I thought for a while I'd received the last blow,
But that very same day the boss sent me a letter
Saying I was laid off until business got better;
So I'm now on "relief"—all my troubles are past.
I'm taking a rest. How long will it last?

—Walt.

SALE of SOX

Three outstanding sox are in this special sale group of 25¢ and 35¢ kinds. New stripes and clock effects—pastel summer sox cool as an ocean breeze—as well as darker colors. Every man should have at least 6 pairs. Once wearing them, he'll want more if good looks are truly appreciated.

2 PAIRS

29c

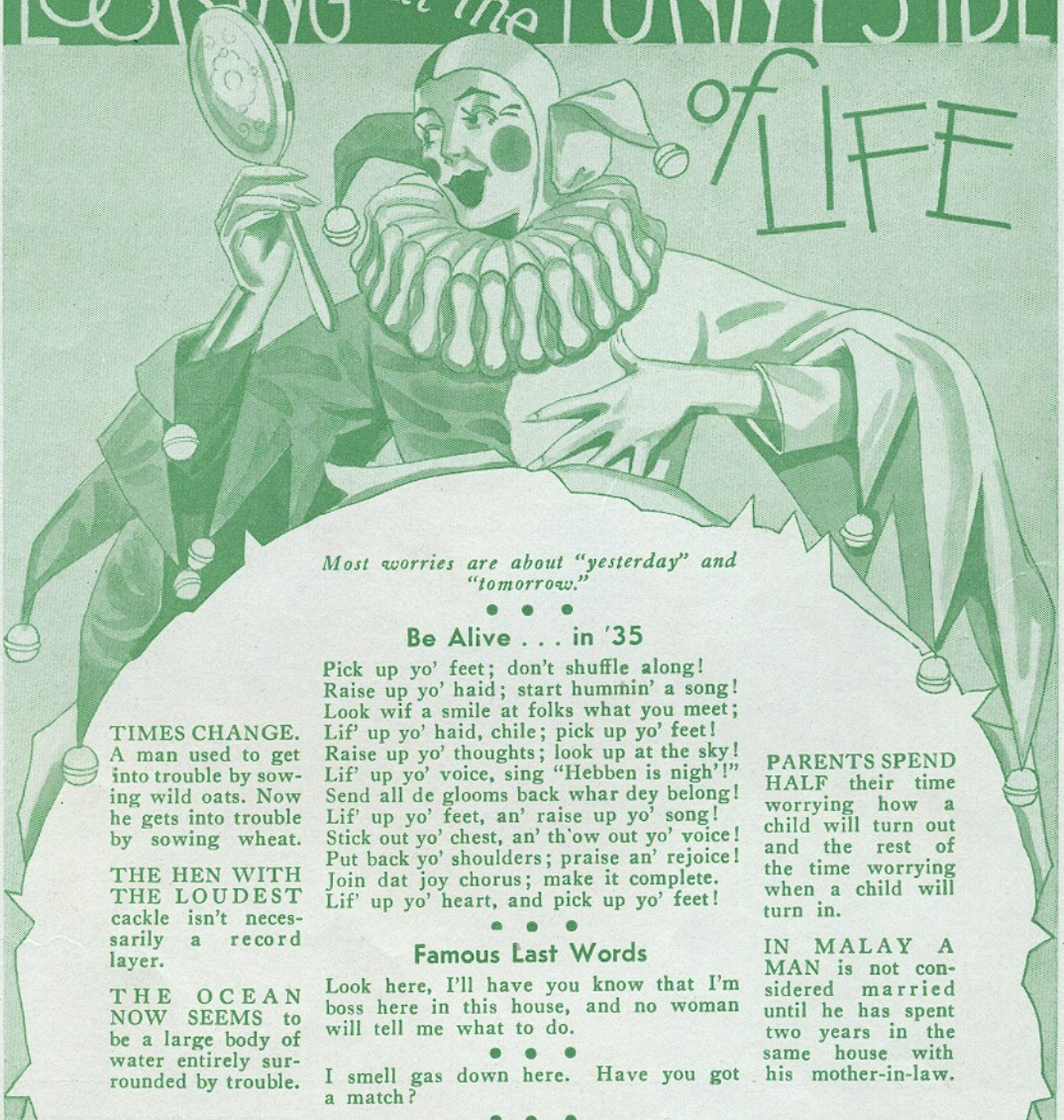


New Stripes

Note clock effect

Swell pastels

LOOKING at the FUNNY SIDE



% LIFE

Most worries are about "yesterday" and "tomorrow."

Be Alive . . . in '35

Pick up yo' feet; don't shuffle along!
 Raise up yo' haid; start hummin' a song!
 Look wif a smile at folks what you meet;
 Lif' up yo' haid, chile; pick up yo' feet!
 Raise up yo' thoughts; look up at the sky!
 Lif' up yo' voice, sing "Hebben is nigh'!"
 Send all de glooms back whar dey belong!
 Lif' up yo' feet, an' raise up yo' song!
 Stick out yo' chest, an' th'ow out yo' voice!
 Put back yo' shoulders; praise an' rejoice!
 Join dat joy chorus; make it complete.
 Lif' up yo' heart, and pick up yo' feet!

TIMES CHANGE.
 A man used to get into trouble by sowing wild oats. Now he gets into trouble by sowing wheat.

THE HEN WITH THE LOUDEST
 cackle isn't necessarily a record layer.

THE OCEAN NOW SEEMS
 to be a large body of water entirely surrounded by trouble.

PARENTS SPEND HALF
 their time worrying how a child will turn out and the rest of the time worrying when a child will turn in.

Famous Last Words

Look here, I'll have you know that I'm boss here in this house, and no woman will tell me what to do.

I smell gas down here. Have you got a match?

IN MALAY A MAN
 is not considered married until he has spent two years in the same house with his mother-in-law.

What makes that cow snort like that? Let's climb over the fence and get a closer look.

. . . Hand you my money? Try and get it.

This stuff can't be as bad as the chemist said. Let's take a couple of swigs.

There is Jones and he hasn't bagged a thing yet. I'll make a noise like a rabbit behind this bush and fool him.



"Professor Bugg says there are 10,000,000 germs on a dollar bill. Sounds imaginative, eh?"
 "It does. Where did the professor get a dollar bill?"



Tom—If I kissed you would you have me arrested?
 Sweet Young Thing—What would be the use? Any judge would acquit you.



A beautiful 7 piece CRYSTAL SERVING SET

which will fit into the servings planned
for many June occasions

The month of Brides, Weddings, Graduations, Entertainments, finds this set a most refined service for passing cake, for sandwiches on an afternoon or for a buffet luncheon.

Not only is it ideal for a gift but it is highly practical and usable in any home any time.

The large serving plate is $11\frac{3}{8}$ inches in diameter and the six matching plates $5\frac{7}{8}$ inches across. Crystal clear glass with a most attractive decorative design found only in the finest glassware moulded on the underside making plates easy to clean.

FOR
29^c

AND
COUPON

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



This coupon and 29¢, together with a cash purchase of \$1 or more in any section of this store in JUNE entitles you to the 7-piece Crystal Glass Serving Set pictured above. This offer is good only during June. One set to a family. No mail or phone orders—just come in with your coupon.

BRANT'S

Name

Address

POSTMASTER:

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

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J. J. Savitz
Greenboro
N. J.