

THE WHITTLERS' GAZETTE

PRICE 5c

SEPTEMBER 1936

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*Published Occasionally by Clyde Brant, a Cross-Roads Store-Keeper,
at Lucasville, Ohio, for*

THE WHITTLERS' CLUBS OF AMERICA

Which is just a bunch of average men and women who do not swaller all they read and hear and whose greatest joy is "SHOUTIN AMEN" to the saner, better things of life.

It's just a "HOBBY" like its ancient symbol—"WHITTLIN."



This Crazy, Little, One-Man, One-Horse Magazine must suspend publication for a spell because the Old Nag has got a touch of colic. Sometimes it's fatal, more often it ain't. If and when ROY SHULER, our local, self-made Horse Doctor, can get us on our feet physically, mentally and financially, we will be peddlin our wares and callin on you all again. We'll miss you all.

PRAYER FOR A WRITER

by HARRY FRANKLIN HARRINGTON

————— 1882 - 1935 —————

Help me, O Lord, in a land of borrowed ideas to keep and develop what originality I already possess.

Make me more aggressive, more interested and alert in my daily contacts with people and with life, that I may find fresh material on which to write.

Increase, O Lord, my power to observe and feel and think, and to express my inmost thoughts with daring incisiveness and pungency.

Forgive my indifferent spelling and my careless literary lapses, and prune my manuscript of faded phrases and dangling sentences.

Give me the courage to say resolutely, "I don't know," and then to go out unashamed to discover the right answer.

Help me to cultivate constantly at least one major interest, and to enjoy at least one recreation and hobby.

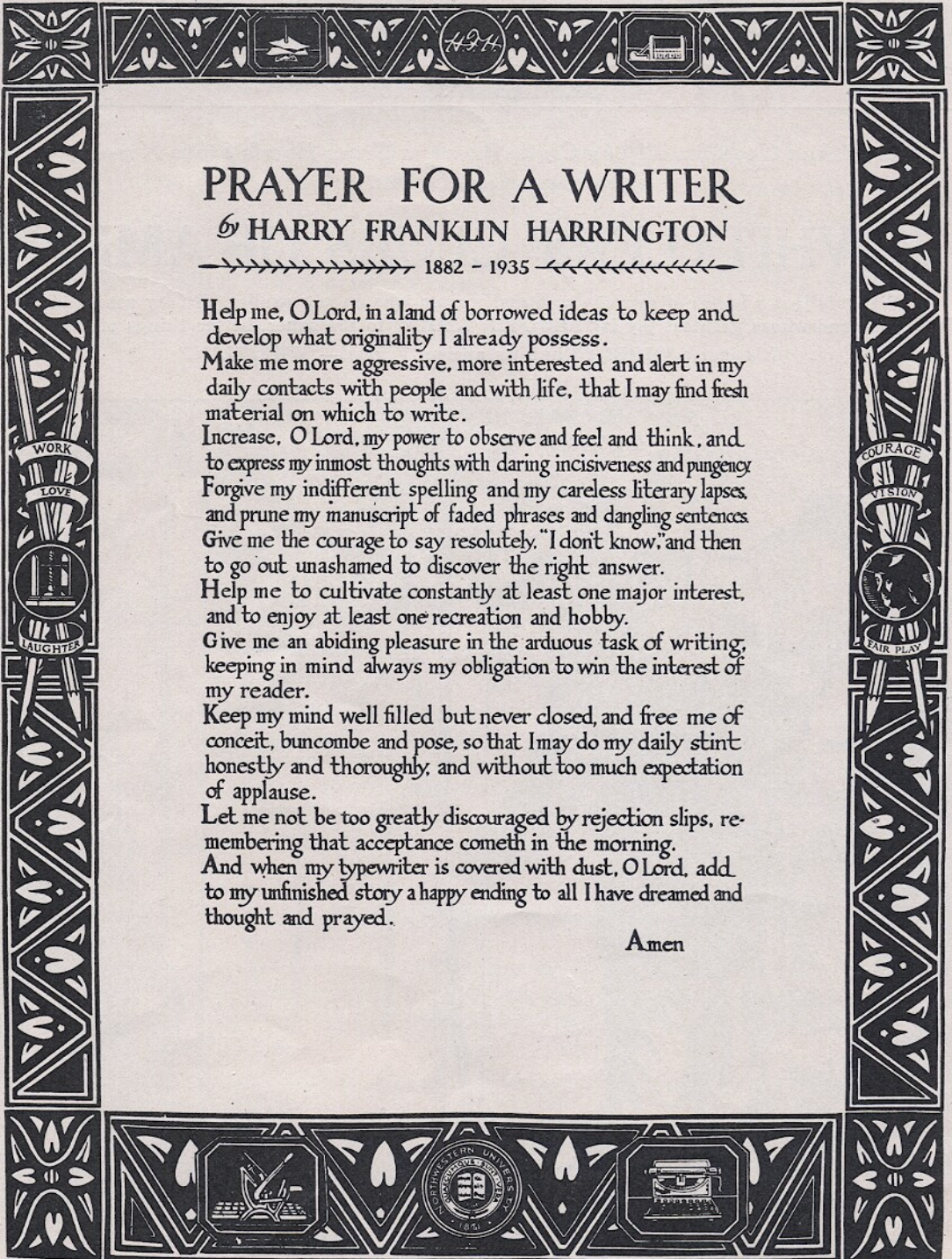
Give me an abiding pleasure in the arduous task of writing, keeping in mind always my obligation to win the interest of my reader.

Keep my mind well filled but never closed, and free me of conceit, buncombe and pose, so that I may do my daily stint honestly and thoroughly, and without too much expectation of applause.

Let me not be too greatly discouraged by rejection slips, remembering that acceptance cometh in the morning.

And when my typewriter is covered with dust, O Lord, add to my unfinished story a happy ending to all I have dreamed and thought and prayed.

Amen



When Irish Eyes
are smiling...



They Satisfy

..all you could ask for

Made by LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO COMPANY—and you can depend on a Liggett & Myers product



RICH AND POOR

By Rube

To recognize each day
The blessings God has sent our way,
Is to be RICH.

To fume and fret,
And sigh for things we cannot get
Is to be POOR.

To see, no matter how things seem,
The hand of God in everything,
Is to be RICH.

So much we have to thank Him for,
It matters not how small our niche—
How many of God's RICH are POOR,
How many of His POOR are RICH!

WHISKERS—At Last

By Rube

Well, WHITTLERS, here's my picture,
And folks, I'm powerful glad
To show you what I look like;
You see, I don't look sad
Like I did in all them pictures
That you've saw of me before—
They was only Woody's idea,
And gosh! Have I been sore!
Paintin me without my whiskers!
Yes, I know he aimed to please,
But I'd rather face a cam'ry
In my last year's BVD's
Than to pose without my whiskers—
I'd feel like a pesky nude—
And say! The times I've told that guy
I ain't no city dude!
So I write a note to Woody,
And I says, "Look here, old scout,
How often must I tell you
That I'm just a country lout?
Won't you paint me with my whiskers?
Can't you give a guy a break?
Why I'm just a plain old farmer—
Wake up, boy, for Heaven's sake!
Give me whiskers—plenty of 'em!
Overalls and hick'ry shirt!
Show folks what I really look like—
(Just an ugly, plain old squirt.)"
So, old WHITTLIN FRIENDS, he done it—
Good old Woody, loyal guy!
And it couldn't look more like me
If he'd knowed me, hope to die!
Em, she says the picture flatters;
Says I'm uglier, by heck,
Than this weather beaten codger
With the whiskers on his neck.
Anyhow, I think you'll know me
When we meet on yonder shore;
If you do, I'll say, by cracky,
No old guy could ask for more.
I can hear you WHITTLERS sayin
When we meet at Heaven's gate,
"Rube, I'm durned glad you and Woody
Got that 'whisker business' straight!"

A REAL VILLAGE STORE IN A BIG CITY

Long before I had ever met NED HARRINGTON or seen his store I had heard of both of them. His store is in COLUMBUS, OHIO, and in all his unique advertising and on his letterheads he uses the slogan, "THE VILLAGE REGISTERED PHARMACIST." A slogan don't amount to nothin unless you live up to it. Fact is a feller has got to be real careful about advertising himself or his product. Folks generally don't like a feller who brags too much or pretends to be somethin he ain't. If you are goin to have a slogan you got to OUT-DO your slogan or it will fall flatter than a flitter.

NED HARRINGTON lived up to what the people expected of a "VILLAGE STORE" PHARMACIST and everywhere they went they told folks about his store. While I didn't know NED except to meet him once in his store, and he didn't know me, I almost knowed he would like the WHITTLES' GAZETTE. So I was not surprised to get the following letter from from him a few months ago:

Mr. Clyde Brant, Editor
Lucasville, Ohio

Dear Sir:

It is with a grand deal of pleasure I read your publication each issue and I enjoy its unusualness. It is certainly one of its own.

I am attaching hereto an off-set of the original embellishment which was presented to Northwestern University a few weeks ago.

My brother, H. F. Harrington, was dean of the Journalism Department of this school at the time of his death.

This, "The Writer's Prayer," appeared in the preface of his last book, and it is with pride I present this to you, and also a personal attribution to your publication.

Yours very truly,
Ned Harrington

Thanks NED. I do appreciate to the full the fact that you thought I was worthy of this gift. I know full well that there is nothing literary or high class in the WHITTLES' GAZETTE, but I like to think that you could see and feel that underneath our ravings and rantins there was a simple sincerity of purpose, such as you and your brother evidently lived and respected in others.

If you have not already read "PRAYER FOR A WRITER" by HARRY FRANK-

LIN HARRINGTON, turn back to page 1 and read it; then read it over again and again. In chorus, the WHITTLERS' GAZETTE says AMEN.

GIRL SCOUTS FROM MIDDLETOWN, OHIO, BUY 17 KNIVES AND START WHITTLIN

About three miles from Lucasville is the MOLLY LAUMAN GIRL SCOUT CAMP. And each season BRANT'S STORE welcomes the comin and regrets the leavin of the various groups of girls from county and state. We enjoy their visits as much as they enjoy camp life. They all seem to know about and are interested in the WHITTLERS' GAZETTE.

The group from MIDDLETOWN, OHIO, strangers to our vilage, became interested in the WHITTLERS' BENCH out front and began to ask questions. A few copies of the WHITTLERS' GAZETTE did the rest. They decided right away to learn the ancient and honorable art of WHITTLIN, and dern if they didn't buy nearly every knife we had—all except the little, ladies or sissies pen knives which they scorned.

I was away when they broke camp and did not get to see the products of their labor, if any, but a number of the girls left their names for our mailin list, and we are tickled to death to enroll them all as full fledged members of the WHITTLERS' CLUBS OF AMERICA. The GAZETTE may wither and die out but OLD WHITTLERS will go on with their mediatin and WHITTLIN forever.

Well, the political conventions are all over, and it looks like America was pretty safe for the next four years with two such good men runnin. I can't see any sense of business holdin its breath any longer. Whoever is goin to be elected will be anyhow, and in either case, the country is not goin to the dogs, and any campaign promises will depend on public opinion for fulfillment. Fact is little businesses like BRANT'S CROSS-ROADS STORE, which still do the great bulk of all business, are goin right ahead same as if there wasn't goin to be any election, just like they've been a doin.

NEW YORK AND KINGSFORT, TENNESSEE

New York first, because there is the headquarters of the FRANCIS H. LEGGETT CO., distributors of PREMIER FOOD PRODUCTS, which is one of the most outstanding and most successful organizations of its kind in the country. I think I can tell you WHY. I think it is simply because they are FRIENDLY. And I do not believe there is any substitute in business for FRIENDLINESS. A FRIEND is somebody you have known for a long time and still like and trust, and respect. In any business enterprise, FRIENDSHIP means a sincere sympathy with the needs and problems of its patrons, a deep sense of responsibility to those it seeks to serve, clear down to and includin the lowly consumer. To my way of thinkin it is the BIGGEST ASSET any business can boast.

The biggest compliment ever paid to me, I think, was when a man who is not a patron of OUR Store remarked one day, "You couldn't stand in front of BRANT'S STORE with a club and keep people from tradin there." Well that is just the way I feel about the FRANCIS H. LEGGETT COMPANY. In my 35 years of experience with buying merchandise from literally hundreds of firms there are two only which stood out as head and shoulders above the others. The one sold its good name for millions and withdrew from business and the other is the FRANCIS H. LEGGETT COMPANY. I told you that before this firm joined our WHITTLERS' ADVERTISIN CLUB.

The more wheels in a machine the more friction. The more rules and regulations, details and red tape in a business the more friction and expense, and the slower it runs. Now I don't know a thing about the FRANCIS H. LEGGETT COMPANY, but I'd gamble it is operated with a minimum of overhead supervision. I imagine MR. WARD, the President, just calls in the newly appointed branch manager and says, "John, I want you to take charge of that new branch. We think you've got the stuff in you to make it go. Above everything else, TREAT OUR CUSTOMERS RIGHT." And then it is up to John. And I can see John hirin his salesmen and office force the same way, puttin every employe strictly on his own responsibility, unhampered by bureaucracy from the top. Business men are harpin all the time about bureaucracy in government and sayin it will ruin the country, and I agree, but big business men themselves are the biggest bureaucrats and dictators in the

world. That's what's been the matter with busines all the time, but it seems like none of us ain't got sense enough to see our own faults. We don't trust and treat our employes like HUMAN BEINS.

Rarely, under those circumstances do you find an employe who is zealously loyal to his employer or to his customers. He seems himself merely as another cog in the machine, soon tires of his job, gets careless and has to be replaced with another young chap who wants to set the world afire, but it is only a few weeks till he is disillusioned, and quits or is fired. Note how often Chain Store managers and their employes and travelin salesmen are changed nowadays. It's awful expensive to be changin help every week or two—awful expensive. And nine times out of ten it ain't the employe's fault at all but the red tape and the conditions under which he is driven in his work, and the fact that he can't turn around without askin somebody higher up which way. You hear folks grumblin every day about not bein able to trust anybody any more. But that ain't so

AFFINITY!



Many discriminat-
ing consumers have
discovered those hu-
man relationships
and material satis-
factions which they
have a right to ex-
pect often linked up
with those good stores
who feature

Premier Products

one bit. The fact is, too many people, especially those in responsible positions, won't trust anybody with anything. We got too much SYSTEM AND BLUEPRINTS, too many efficiency expert PLANNERS and DIRECTORS, which don't leave any room for individual initiative and personal development, which to my mind is the golden link to success in all human relations.

Now all this essay comin from a Cross-Roads Storekeeper I know sounds like a backwood preacher tellin his congregation they are all goin to hell. I am not tryin to scare anybody or reform anybody. I just wanted to tell you folks that the more I learn about the FRANCIS H. LEGGETT COMPANY and its connections with retail grocers, and their cordial relationship with their customers, the more I like them all.

MORLEYS' GOLDEN RULE KINGSPORT STORE

When I got down here to Tennessee, I found my son buyin all his groceries from MORLEYS' STORE. There was a big chain store right close and several other groceries, cut rate and otherwise. Now MORLEYS' no doubt could run a good store without FRANCIS H. LEGGETT'S PREMIER FOOD PRODUCTS, but it was a significant fact to me that MORLEYS' carried a complete stock of PREMIER PRODUCTS. Names or slogans don't mean very much unless you live strictly up to them. It wasn't the fact that MORLEYS' carried PREMIER PRODUCTS or that they called their store "THE HOME RULE STORE," but the fact that they served their patrons HONESTLY and FAIRLY whether it was a head of cabbage or a can of PREMIER BAKED BEANS.

THE SPIT AND WHITTLE CLUB

CONGRESSMAN JACK NICHOLS OF EUFAULA, OKLAHOMA

Is quoted in the Columbus Citizen as follows:

"You know there is a certain romance and sentiment about the CROSS-ROADS GROCERY STORE. There formerly and there now exists the SPIT AND WHITTLE CLUB. You know, where the boys gather around the stove in winter, sit around its red hot fire, chew tobacco, spit on the bowl, listen to it sizzle, and settle the problems of the nation and the community."

Then it is a trifle ridiculous to listen to the comments thereon by the sophisticated big city editor of the Columbus Citizen. Evidently if he was ever familiar with country stores, he has long ago lost contact. This is in part what he says:

"Yes, we know about these humble temples of free speech. We've read about them in David Harum. Abraham Lincoln, who worked in a grocery in Salem, Ill., gave to and took much of his wisdom and humor from these cracker-barrel philosophers.

"The cross-roads groceries are threatened by 20th Century efficiency moving upon them in the shape of the chain store. Pending in Congress is the Patman Bill directed against these up and coming distributors. From the economic point of view we doubt the wisdom of halting the spread of anything that tends legitimately toward cheaper retail distribution. But on the sentimental side we could get a bit maudlin about the old-fashioned store, joining the oblivion with the village blacksmith shop, the livery stable and the little red schoolhouse."

Well, now, we may be a bit pertinent, speakin up for the Cross-Roads Store and its old WHITTLERS, like the WHITTLERS' GAZETTE aims to do. So our big city editor thinks country stores are on their way to oblivion does he? Well he's got another guess a comin. Let's see a minute. The Progressive Grocer reports "Daily average sales of chain grocery stores for April, 1936, showed an increase of 2 percent above April, 1935, according to estimates of the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce." Now the gain in sales at BRANT'S CROSS-ROADS STORE for the same periods was 20 percent—10 TIMES AS MUCH!

But that ain't all. The same Bureau reports sales of the average grocery stores for May, 1936, as 4.7 percent above May, 1935, whereas the gain for COUNTRY GENERAL STORES was 11.5 percent, or 2½ times as much. BRANT'S CROSS-ROADS STORE GAINED 25 percent in this period, in the face of a new store in town.

So, Mr. Editor, who is "Up and Comin'?" And talk about "Modern Efficiency." Was ABE LINCOLN inefficient by any conception, modern or medieval? Your so-called "MODERN EFFICIENCY" experts, Mr. Editor, may make a little more fuss and to-do about their programs and plans but when it comes right down to the hard facts of gettin things done and done right, Mr. Editor, nobody has ever done a better job than the SPIT and WHITTLE CLUB which you would like to relegate to oblivion.

Now take my UNCLE JOHN FUNK for an example. To see him start to work or start givin orders alongside one of these modern city efficiency experts, you'd think he never was goin to get anywhere, but when night comes, UNCLE JOHN would a had to turn around and maybe use a spy glass to see your modern expert.

I never knowed of efficiency experts doin any real work—about all they have ever done that I could see was to give orders to somebody else, and then maybe write an essay about it for the papers next day. They could draw up a blueprint with specific instructions as to how to split rails, but if they'd practice a year they couldn't a split rails with ABE LINCOLN.

No, Mr. Editor, there is just as much "Maudlin Sentiment" and BUNK about your Chain Store Efficiency and a lot of other modern contrivances as there ever has been about the Cross-Roads Storekeeper and the SPIT and WHITTLE CLUB. There never was and there never will be a more efficient distributor of merchandise than the Cross-Roads Storekeeper. He is that RAW PRODUCT of the SPIT AND WHITTLE WISDOM which has kept him in the front ranks in spite of a 20-year

attack of the chain store and big business with all their unfair secret rebates and poison gas in the form of newspaper and editorial publicity and ridicule. And if he does not survive the future, it will be only because the youth of the land who must take the OLD WHITTLERS' jobs may be deprived of some of the character building elements of the little old red schoolhouse in this age of mass education which teaches too much modern efficiency, mass production and mass distribution, and too little INDIVIDUALISM!

And in closing, I wonder if this City Editor was impressed by the fact that the Patman Bill he spoke of, and which might interfere somewhat with the piratical chain store development program passed the House by an overwhelming majority and in some form was passed by the Senate and signed by the President? Tain't likely he was. He would say probably that the House is made up of members of the SPIT and WHITTLE CLUB from the backwoods, like the HON. JACK NICHOLS of EUFAULA, OKLAHOMA, to whom the WHITTLERS' GAZETTE and its readers extend a hearty AMEN.

CUNARD WHITE STAR CRUISE

ON BOARD "CARINTHIA"

Sunday, Aug. 2, 1936—At Sea.

Dear Clyde:

We're sailing along the coast of Germany just now. Our next stop will be at Cherbourg, France. If I don't forget it, I'll mail this there.

Here is a word picture of yourself. I felt it safer to send it to you from a distance for fear of bodily injury.

I dare you to print it in the Whittler's Gazette.

Cheerio,
Walt

CLYDE BRANT

Now, there's Clyde Brant of Lucasville
Who runs the country store,
His looks ain't much to talk about,
But he's solid to the core.

His clothes hang on 'im sort o' loose;
He ain't so strong on style,
But it warms the cockles of your heart
When he breaks into a smile.

He has a kind o' stringhalt gait
Like some old stove up nag;
His hands is large and his feet's too big
And his trousers always bag.

At one o' them there beauty shows
He'd hardly take the prize,
But when you listen to him talk,
You'll find he's pretty wise.

If you've just seen 'im once or twice,
You'd wonder why his wife
Would pick an awkward guy like him
To live with all her life.

There's fellers that know more than him
'Bout lit'rature and art,
But when it comes to good "horse sense"
You'll find he's pretty smart.

He never blows about himself
Nor brags nor swells up none,
But in his own slow, quiet way
He seems to get things done.

His hair is gettin' thin on top,
And yet, he ain't so old,
And them that knows 'im best all says
His word's as good as gold.

Of course, he has his failin's too;
He ain't no saint, I'll grant,
But take 'im by and large, b'gosh,
It's hard to beat Clyde Brant.

—Walt

THE WHITTLERS' GAZETTE

To Suspend Publication Indefinitely

In August, 1934, because of ill health, I was planning to quit tryin to publish the WHITTLERS' GAZETTE (Brant's Store News then), when along come O. O. McIntyre and give us a big boost in his famous column, "New York Day by Day" and so many people everywhere wanted the little paper, I decided to keep right on pluggin along.

Those of you who have been readin our little magazine since then have seen it gradually go from bad to worse, except for an occasional issue now and then. In spite of this, you readers and contributors have been patient and loyal and encouraging. We have had our triumphs and our troubles. And just when things looked brightest, it is hard to have to announce that we will have to quit at least for the present.

Walter Winchell, Clyde Moore, and other columnists can get some friend to carry on for them while they are on a vacation or sick. But I do not know of anyone who would want to assume the responsibility of editing and managing this little magazine for nothing. It isn't as simple and easy a job as you might imagine.

In July I visited my son in Tennessee for three weeks on my doctor's orders (though he said 6 months), where everything was most conducive to rest and relaxation, yet I felt so badly I could write only a little on two days. I have been home two weeks, and this is the first I have written.

The death of my father last November left me with a multitude of duties as executor of the estate. Besides this I have the store and two farms to supervise.

So you can see I have been laboring under great difficulties, and that I simply have to drop something. I have kept on with the GAZETTE simply because so many people wanted me to, not because I had the energy or time or money to spare, hoping all the while that I would feel better and be able to do more work. And it is with the keenest regrets that I have been forced to reach this decision to suspend publication temporarily, indefinitely.

WALT AND RUBE

Personally, I never cared much about poetry till WALT AND RUBE came along with the GAZETTE. I know you will all

miss them as much as I shall. I wish they might take over the GAZETTE and keep it going with their jingles which were the bright spots of our little magazine. They fitted in so perfectly with our ideals and aspirations.

WOODROW ISHMAEL

WOODY, with his crayons and pen, gave life and zest and balance to the pages of the GAZETTE. Without his interestin cartoons it would have been incomplete. You have served us well and faithfully WOODY. May good luck preceed and solid success follow you through life. I am wonderin what your cartoons will be in this issue?

Then there is DOC MARRS, who has stuck by us through thick and thin, and whose HEALTH COL-YUM everybody enjoyed, and our good friend in Chicago, GEORGE SCHULTE, whose contributions were always welcome. And last but not least I feel that JAMES G. CHAPMAN of SAN FRANCISCO is going to be most disappointed of all, for he was just getting started in putting the GAZETTE on the market in a big way.

There are several hundred others both at home and abroad who have helped along in various ways whose names I would like to mention and who will not be forgotten. I never was able to answer one-tenth of all the letters I received and I want here to thank each and every one of you for your good will and support. If you are like me, and I believe you are in this respect, you will never regret having tried to help some struggling guy over a rough road, even though he failed you in the end.

OUR ADVERTISERS

Chesterfield Cigarettes, Premier Food Products, Consumers' Research, Baltimore Fireworks and Specialty Co., and The Irwin Auger Bit Company

We, and when I say WE, I refer especially to a large majority of our readers in 45 states, appreciated very fully your cooperation. Your affiliation with our humble little magazine has made a deep and lasting impression in many places. Other Advertising Managers have envied your freedom of action, unhampered by precedent and red tape. Your courage in pioneering in this uncompromising field of

HONEST ADVERTISING has caused much favorable comment among other publishers and traveling salesmen. Some just wondered how it come, a few were skeptical. I hope the effect of our mutual little experiment may prove beneficial and lasting, as I believe it will. I am quite sure if the WHITTLERS' GAZETTE could have continued and improved its quality along the lines it sought to establish, it would have been only a short time until HONEST ADVERTISERS would have been bidding for space. 20 or more letters on my desk are mute testimony to that fact. Some day in the not far distant future we hope to renew our pleasant relations with you all.

O. O. McINTYRE

This may or may not be the last issue of the little publication you so impulsively but kindly recommended to your world of readers almost two years ago. We have done our best to justify your appraisal, by hard work, knowing full well that such an accomplishment was impossible. Hard work is no substitute for ability, yet I do believe that if a man starts young enough and persists hard enough, he is almost sure to succeed. Besides it is probably the greatest fun in the world. For your sake I wish that I might have done better, though with the help of others, we have not failed completely, all things considered. And I do hope this one little error will not cause you to shy at saying AMEN to all the men and women and things which appeal to your generous and spontaneous nature—a heritage of the "Back Yonder." Rich though your rewards have been in everything a material world could give, the WHITTLERS' GAZETTE and all its readers wish you and Mrs. McIntyre more and more. I shall be happy in the fact that I will now have more time to enjoy your always interesting column.

OUR LUCASVILLE FRIENDS

The WHITTLERS' GAZETTE was originally your local, home mouthpiece—I was just the manager you might say. And I reckon you thought I just deserted you like so many politicians do after the election and so many of the leaders of our organizations have done when they got up in high society. I've had a kind of a guilty conscience all the time. But you all know how this thing was forced on me. I just couldn't let all Mr. McINTYRE'S good friends down after all the nice things he said about us Country Jakes. You know how genuinely friendly they have all been to us.

That all increased the cost of publication and to find a way to carry on I had to

devote much space and time to solicitin advertisin. All the time, just as soon as I could get the whole thing on a self sustainin basis, I fully intended to come back to the original policies and methods and rebuild our foundation in the rich soil of our rural life, with your help. That in the end, was my only ambition, to try to promote a better understandin between our many, many city friends and us hicks, in a social and business way. Above all things else I hate Snobbery and its stepchild, Class Prejudice.

WILL ROGERS

The late WILL ROGERS was the most effective balance-wheel this nation has ever known in his broad treatment of human relations. It would take many thousands of his disciples writin and talkin to equal the far reachin power of his words. It was the aspiration of the WHITTLERS' GAZETTE with the help of its readers, to earn the AMENS of men like WILL ROGERS—to be one of his humble disciples, in a serious way, not merely an imitator.

ROGER BABSON

At no time in history, perhaps, has there been a greater need for unselfish and high-minded leadership in America. ROGER BABSON, I think it was, who recently predicted that the next war in America would be a civil war between the city dwellers and the rural people in which the cities would be starved into submission. I imagine most people had never thot of such a possibility, but MR. BABSON'S opinions are not to be taken lightly, however improbable they may seem.

PLAIN COMMON SENSE

It cannot be denied that there has been a growin antagonism between the rural producer and the manufacturers and big distributors in the cities, which could be inflamed by local jingoism. But the WHITTLERS' GAZETTE does not believe there will be any class warfare in America, simply because the rank and file of the city people as well as the country folks have got more common sense than many national advertisers, politicians, seers and leaders of minority groups give 'em credit for.

ONLY A FEW TO BLAME

Unquestionably we are livin in an age of suspicion and fear. Us country folks could no more live without our city friends than they could without us, nor labor without capital or visa versa. We have all got to live together. If, as seems true, a powerful, selfish minority in the big cities have been exploitin us country people and closin our little, helpless but sound banks

and thro the Chain Store Absent Landlords starvin our communities financially, it does not indicate that the millions in the cities are unfriendly toward us, or that all big business is heartless and a menace to society.

NEED OF MORE WHITTLERS' GAZETTES

Most of us in city and country are just ordinary common human beings, with common aspirations and problems, colored of course by our particular environment and special interests. In the country the sky is usually blue and the field of vision wide. In the city the sky is apt to be hazy and smoky where the artificial lights of Broadway are substitutes for the stars. It seems to us most unfortunate that about all we read and all we hear over the radio emanates from the nation's Broadways, almost invariably colored by a background of commercial propaganda, which handicap only a very few writers and entertainers like Will Rogers and O. O. McIntyre have ever been able to overcome.

CITY FOLKS LIKE US COUNTRY JAKES

The hearts and the minds of our city cousins are in the right place. Look how

they love their dogs, and their hobbies! Life would be unbearable there almost without them. Only a few have forgotten the wide open spaces. Somewhere there ought to be sympathetic voices from the hills like the WHITTLERS' GAZETTE aimed to be, to carry the message of good will and understandin and confidence in each other and our most worthy institutions. Millions of city people are hungry for such a publication and it would have the backing and confidence of other millions of rural people.

It may be a month, two months, or longer before the next issue, if any, of the GAZETTE is delivered to you, depending on the several things mentioned above. In the meantime we will advertise in the Scioto Valley Citizen, and we hope WALT AND RUBE, our mysterious local poets, will continue to help us keep alive our local WHITTLERS' CLUB by their contributions in connection with our advertising.

In closing I want to thank you one and all from the bottom of my heart for the helpful cooperation you have given to the WHITTLERS' GAZETTE.

Are Welch's claims for grape juice as a fat reducer truthful?

What brand of canned pineapple labeled "Fancy" was found to be both poor in quality and high in price?

What is a good and inexpensive brand of toilet soap?

Which two out of ten models of washing machines have been found worthy to be recommended for purchase?

What items should a home medicine chest contain?

Should the consumer eat oranges that been dyed or ripened with ethylene gas?

What laxatives are safe, or least harmful?

Which double-edge safety razor blade was the most effective of 26 brands tested?

What common foods contain lead or arsenic, or both, in dangerous amounts?

Consumers' Research Was Organized to Give You the Answers to These and Hundreds of Similar Questions

Information which provides the answers to these questions appears in the **Annual Handbook of Buying** (confidential), issue of September, 1935, which is available to all subscribers to the combined service. For a circular giving further details, write to:

CONSUMERS' RESEARCH, Inc.

Organized and incorporated under the laws of the State of New York as a membership corporation to provide unbiased information and counsel on goods bought by the ultimate consumer; not a business enterprise, not operated for profit.

Washington, New Jersey

HEALTH COL-YUM

By Dr. W. T. Marrs, Peoria, Illinois

"I got rhythm."

Rhythm in all the world except man! Nature's aim is to move with rhythm and regularity; happily and with harmony; with curvefulness and consonance.

Then pendulum moves to and fro; the tide ebbs and flows; the moon—never square—is always on time. Man lacks rhythm: there are lost chords in his mind and body; in his work, in his play, even in his sleep.

"Curved is the line of beauty." Yet a woman may starve herself thin. To many there is only adventitious beauty in our arduous sports—a test of physical strength. Nature makes more curves than straight lines; more circles than angles. A one-hand kiss thrown to her audience by the prima donna is not worth two cents; when bushels of them are sprayed out by wide and all-encircling arms they are worth a million.

Life can be lived more comfortably, more happily, when attuned to nature's rhythmic swing. It favors the elastic step, the graceful movement. The muscles are not simply pushed along; they move as if impelled by hidden springs. The farmer more easily swings his fork of hay upon the load, not merely pushing it forward. He takes advantage of physical mechanics in his body. The steamboat darky lightens his load with his ribald song.

We shall assume then that for increased comfort we should get into our lives more rhythm, more harmony, the music of the spheres—the way nature would have us do. Should we practice this sufficiently long we would find us better able to relax—to ease up a bit. We might learn not to hold our hands but let them rest by our sides. We should cease trying to push a hole in the floor-board when riding with a friend in his car.

An extra added suggestion about acquiring rhythm, sedation and poise. Practice breathing regularly. This may apply to sitting but especially to lying down for rest or sleep. You are fatigued, your heart hurts, your nerves twitch, you are nauseated, mad emotions are surging through you.

What to do! Get to work breathing, breathing regularly. While giving attention to your breathing think of **one** pleasant thing. Anything. Say you are in a little boat sailing slowly down a placid stream with a few friends. Not a care on



earth. You may now annex the thought or feeling of being sleepy. Soon you are calm—and very drowsy. Then—! This with me always has been a successful method of inducing hypnosis.

SWIPED FROM OLIN MILLER'S COLUMN IN THOMASTOWN TIMES

"Insurance statistics show that a farmer lives five years longer than a city-dweller. There are also other disadvantages in being a farmer."

"At times it would seem that about all civilization means is going faster, and making more fuss."

"This is a grea-a-a-at country to live in. Things get funnier all the time. Now the G.O.P. has hired a brain trust, and indications are that the presidential campaign will be waged on a Ph.D. basis."

"When this country emerges from the depression it will be like the man who took every remedy suggested for a bad cold—won't have the slightest idea what effected the cure."

"In a new project, the PWA is trying to find out what people do with their money. Well, that makes it even Stephen. A lot of people are trying to find out what the PWA does with its money."

"But how can a business man take advantage of a breathing spell when he's only two jumps ahead of the sheriff?"

"Most politicians usually keep an ear to the ground, but few can keep their feet on it."

"In so many cases a person's train of thought consists of one carload of junk and fourteen empties."

HIGHFALLUTIN' LANGUAGE

Seems to me that the use of a high-sounding word
To describe something simple is simply absurd.

And to use fancy language to say something plain
Is, I think, a bit queer, if not downright insane.

The common dirt farmer who slops the old sow
Is dolled up as a swell "agriculturist" now.

Bill Jones, the horse doctor's a "veterinarian,"
And old "Pap" whose past eighty's an "octogenarian."

Pretty names for cheap breakfast foods force me to laugh;
Some are nothing but horse feed mixed up with some chaff.

When I was a boy, people died every day,
But now, when they're through—why, they just "pass away."

If the doctor don't know—it's "arterio-sclerosis;"
If you have a bad breath, you've got plain "halitosis."

Things don't rot any more, but instead, "decompose,"
Yet they smell quite the same to the sensitive nose.

Should you buy an old second-hand car, I'll be blessed,
If they don't say the broken down thing's "repossessed."

When I go to the barber to get shaved and sheared,
Who, do you suppose, combs the seeds from my beard?

I take off my hat and get set in the chair,
And a "tonorial artist" trims my long tangled hair.

But what causes a smile is to hear people mention
The old county jail as "a house of detention."

Such nice names don't fool those who've lived there and know 'em;
You see, I got in once for writing a poem.

So proceed, if you like, with your long-word parade,
But for me, I'll refer to a spade as a spade.

You may label a skunk with a beautiful name,
But the polecat perfume will remain just the same.

My language is blunt and it may give offense,
But folks know what I mean and it always makes sense.

—Walt

KINGSPORT, TENNESSEE

CITY SCARECROW

Kingsport is a funny city in many ways. A neighbor has a scarecrow. Yesterday is was dressed in a rather soiled shirt and tattered pants. Today it is resplendent in a shirt, fresh laundered, minus the pants, which have probably been sent to be dry cleaned.

Barbershop Gossip: The colored boy was shinin my shoes. He seemed to be very despondent. Finally he explained that he had had an awful bad night. Hadn't had any sleep hardly. He had bet on Joe Louis and the rats had got another one of his chickens.

On any street in any city I have been in lately, the cars of the DRY CLEANERS are the newest, brightest and cleanest. GOOD ADVERTISIN. No wonder there is a dry cleaning establishment on every corner!

DANDELIONS

Tennessee Dandelions ain't dandelions at all. Here they grow 2 to 5 feet tall, almost covered with dozens and dozens of the prettiest, blue, ragged-robbin-lookin blossoms which close up tight by noon. Nearly every vacant lot is covered. Outside of the tall stem and blue flower they look, act, resist drought, spread and become a pest exactly like the yellow dandelion of the North.

COWS

Kingsport Cows. On every vacant lot in Kingsport, and every other lot is vacant, even in the center of the business section, there roams one or more cows. A jersey on the lot next to ours has held peaceful possession for a week till yesterday, a man leadin another cow, attempted to invade her domain, but our cow resented the intrusion and chased man and beast uncerimoniously from the premises, while we cheered her on from the back porch. I presume there is a law in Tennessee that grazin rights belongs to the Cow Herders' Assn., until such time as the owner chooses to build. Besides the evident advantage to cows, it serves no doubt to keep vacant lots free of weeds and relieves the owner or the city of the expense of mowin and provides a concentration camp for the flies which might otherwise annoy adjoining residents. Flies, as everybody knows, likes cows. I ain't seen a fly

in our house since I been here, but one or two.

But what I can't see is how the cows know so well to confine themselves strictly to their own vacant lots. Not once have I seen one on or crossin a sidewalk. She is always right where the owner left her in the morning. In fact they are the most ladylike and gentlemanly cows I ever saw or heard of. They are even more human than some people. They know and will fight for their rights, but they never intrude on the rights of others, unless some human chiseler like that fellow yesterday tries to make his beast mussel in. And I reckon more humans would be decent and respectable if some leader or driver or herder wasn't agitatin and excitin 'em and prodin 'em to infringe on the rights of others. But I like cows. You can see that, especially nice, friendly cows like these in Tennessee. And so I conclude that PEOPLE who tolerate and pamper community cows in their back yards must be big hearted, broad-minded, unassuming and likeable. AMEN to KINGSPORT FOLKS and THEIR COWS.

GIRLS

Kingsport Girls. Like KINGSPORT COWS, KINGSPORT GIRLS are different. Of course about all a casual visitor can say about the ladies must be confined to mere appearances on the street, but after all women are mostly judged by their appearances. I was always intrigued by the vernacular expression and pronunciation of southern people, but I was most impressed with the girls of KINGSPORT because so many of them wear YELLOW DRESSES. I am pretty sure they have not individually made a study of the likes and dislikes of the male, but somehow collectively, they have, by simple instinct or personal observation learned that of all colors, YELLOW is most attractive to the eyes of the American White Man. From the feminine viewpoint YELLOW might not always be in the best taste, or suited to all complexions, which very few men—only the more effeminate and artistic—will ever appreciate, if true. Let the New York Fashion Authorities proclaim the season's NEW SHADES, and shout their dictates from the roof tops, but you KINGSPORT GIRLS stick to YELLOW and you are sure to get your man.

"MISCELLANEOUS WHITTLINGS"

By

GEORGE F. SCHULTE

"FOLKS, MEET—



GEORGE F. SCHULTE!"

who has been writing those entertaining side-lines for our magazine during the past year. This picture shows Mr. Schulte during his enlistment in the United States Navy during the World War. He is a member of the American Legion and many Chicago Clubs and Lodges. It is our wish that he will continue to write for the Whittlers' Gazette for a long time to come.—Editor.

"During this writer's enlistment in the United States Navy, 1917-1918, he found many devoted whittlers among Uncle Sam's Blue-jackets. One old Sea Going Whittler's favorite by-word was: Many an oyster keeps its pearl by knowing when to shut up."

"In a tribute to the Navy, an old whittling veteran of the seas remarked: We all started life as boys and never changed."

"A globe trotting seaman knows that whittling, like music, is understood in all languages."

"In all walks of life . . . TASTE MAKES WAIST."

"Many politicians raise their hand for silence and then spoiled it by speaking."

"Old Fritz, the Milwaukee Saxon Whittler, observes that the new cooling systems being installed in banks is to keep the atmosphere around zero while you are making a loan."

"On pay day, the Navy Whittlers say, the best talking pictures are still printed on green-backs."

"Occasionally, we meet people, who make it their business to widen the smile on the face of Mother Earth."

"Animals, we are told, pay no attention to the radio. Their intelligence has been underestimated."

"A Word Whittler Whispers . . . He is a wise butcher who can make both ends meat."

"A Wit-Wise Missourian answering a questionnaire wrote: I am Saxon by extraction; I am Anglo-Saxon by speech . . . half Scotch and half soda by preference."

"News Item: Bank Cashier Missing . . . Six Feet Tall and \$10,000 Short."

George F. Schulte

Champion Wood Chopper (Whittler)

PAUL CRISS

A correspondent, Helge A. Jackson of Kansas City, Mo., has nominated PAUL CRISS as eligible to membership in The Whittlers' Clubs of America, because he holds the championship of the WORLD, havin defeated all comers in wood chop-pin contests.

PAUL CRISS, known to thousands as "PAUL BUNYAN," mythical North Woods Giant Lumberjack, travels over the country and demonstrates KELLY AXES, and whenever he can persuade someone in the audience to submit to the experiment, HE SHAVES HIM WITH HIS AXE! If he ever comes to LUCASVILLE, I want to see him work out on CHESTER THOMAS. I think he will have to use a grubbin hoe tho on CHESTER.

If WHITTLIN down tall pines don't make a man eligible to WHITTILERISM, nothing does. While we don't think CHAMPIONS are the whole cheese, we love every one of them, and would be pleased exceedingly to have Mr. CRISS, his wife and his wood-choper's family of five children join our club. Everything is FREE Mr. CRISS.

I could tell you more about Mr. CRISS, but I think this poem he composed is better than anything I could write. You wouldn't think a WOOD CHOPPER could write a poem like this, but HE DID. As it had no title I have supplied one:

CHIPS AND KISSES

FROM OLIN MILLER'S COLUMN

"It's almost impossible to please a person when you're doing something for him for nothing."

"There might be cause for worry over the national debt if there was any likelihood that it would ever be paid. This country has been in debt ever since Columbus borrowed money to discover it."

"As long as gasoline and cigarettes are on the market, a lot of us will have money to burn."

I see where Congress in last minute session passed a law against givin unfair rebates in business. This law was directed against the Chain Stores, and is a good law if it can be enforced. At the same time the Supreme Court of Canada held valid a similar Canadian law.

CHIPS AND KISSES

I have worked in the woods from coast to coast
Took in all of the lumber towns,
On the snow-clad hills of Eastern Maine
I have chopped the tall pines down;
From California's Golden Gate
To Florida's flowery beds,
Felled the Douglas Fir in Washington—
This retired logger said.

I would like to go where the tall pines grow
Once more with my old pet axe,
With my shoulders square in the bracing air
Of the mighty timber tracts.
I would like to whet my old double bit
And fell the giant tree,
While the flying chips like a maiden's lips
Throw kisses back to me.

Once again I would feel my old Kelly steel
Cut true as a perfect die,
While the polished bits throw out more chips
At the will of the woodsman's eye.
Then I would raise the call as it leaned to fall,
And swing my trusty axe,
Like a fatal dart cut the thin white heart—
The thrill of all lumber jacks.

I would meet again with stalwart men
Like Hayes, and Elzie and Saul;
I would match my axe with their muscled backs
Where there are trees to fall.
And my heart would sing at each husky swing
As she sinks in the woodlike wax,
Where God gives strength and breadth and
length—
And a perfect Kelly Axe.

I would like to go where the timber snow
Puts steel in the souls of men,
Where Mackinaws dull the north wind's claws,
Where I could live again.
Where the white chips sprayed from my Kelly
blade
From many a towering tree;
And I would ask no more out of God's great
store—
If this could be given me.

—Paul Criss

(Better known to thousands as
Paul Bunyan, the Axe Man.)





PICTURE BRANT'S STORE AND BRANT'S STORE FAMILY

Somewhere in this issue is an informal picture of part of the helpers at BRANT'S STORE. TOD NOEL, HEAD BUTCHER, fattest and shortest of the lot, is absent huntin up a beef somewhere good enough to serve to our good customers. JED RARDIN, tallest and handsomest of the workers, was late that mornin. You know BRANT'S clerks come and go and do about as they please. TOD said he was glad he wasn't there.

You know we had no intention of havin our pictures took. Every once and awhile some traveling photographer comes thro the village and takes everybody's pictures and then comes back next day and sells all he can. And knowin this would be the last issue for awhile I thot maybe you would enjoy seein what kind of a place and people we all was. I reckon I'll have to name 'em all so as you'll know who is who. If we had had a little notice we could a dressed up a little and made a better showin.

INTRODUCTIONS

From left to right: WALTER EBENHACK, the laughenest man you ever saw—good lookin, too. He ought a been in the movies or speakies instead of tryin to be a pharmacist. That infectious laugh of his, soft and low at first, rising gradually and slowly, like a locomotive startin up, gainin speed and volume as it progresses, yet always exceedingly musical, would a been heard around the world if he had been in the "laughies." Long minutes after you are positive he has reached a climax in the highest notes anybody could sound, he has just really got good and started. He won't quit till everybody else gets to laughin so hard they drown him out. He would sure a made a hit in Hollywood. He'll die laughin. In spite of all that DOC is a swell guy and a good pharmacist.

Next comes me. You could a guessed it maybe because most folks think me a grouchy old cuss from what they read in the WHITTLERS' GAZETTE. I was once

nearly as good lookin and fat as DOC, and if I hadn't a been so darn serious about everything and laughed more like DOC does, I might a been a lot better off every way.

The only female in our store is MRS. GLADYS GIBBONS, bookkeeper. She is the only one who can do much with the gang. Whether I am there or not she is really the BOSS, and darn little gets by her. Just think of one litle woman havin to check up on tickets these 8 clerks and two others every day. Some of 'em can hardly write or spell so as anybody could read it. One good woman can do more work and endure more than a half dozen common ordinary men.

Right behind GLADYS is JAMES DOLL, manager and buyer of hardware, the oldest of the group. JIM was in the store several years before I went in. He sells as many goods as any clerk and holds his own in any competition.

Next is JOHN STABLETON, manager and buyer in the Grocery Department, the best we ever had. Then MILT HOPPER, meat cutter and general mechanic or fixer of whatever wears out or breaks down. Next "SHORTY" NOEL, son of TOD NOEL, who has been workin only a few months as assistant butcher, meat cutter, delivery boy, and general handy man.

Next comes CLEVE BRICKER. He and I started in the store together at the magnificent salary of \$10.00 per month. He is manager of the Dry Goods and Clothing Departments, and specializes on candies and cookies. His Super-Specialty is FISH-IN TACKLE and FISHIN STORIES. Between times he trims the window and is responsible for the VALSPAR DISPLAY in the background, which I am sorry is not wholly visible.

Sittin on the WHITTLERS' BENCH is JOE BILL ROCKWELL, who just graduated from high school last spring but who has piddled around the store ever since he was a baby, just because he liked to. He was workin his second full month when this picture was taken. I believe JOE BILL will make good.

The house in the background is where I live.

ANTIQUES

Maybe I am an antique myself. Anyway I am very partial to antique automobiles. When I started down to Tennessee my old 1928 or 1929 LaSalle tourin car was runnin so sweet I wouldn't a traded it for any new 1936 model in the world.

Well, I had got just 97 miles into Kentucky when a front tire blew out. I hadn't

had to change a tire in 10 years I reckon. This time I had no one to help me. I got out the jack and after about 15 minutes, I learned how to work her, and got the wheel off the ground. But when I went to take the spare off the rear, I couldn't do it to save my life. The thermometer was about 100 and I was in the sun on a dusty road with my wife holdin her parasol over me.

Well, I went to a farm house for aid. The closest telephone, the owner said, was 7 miles, and the closest town where I could get another spare tire was 12 miles. This good farmer said he was a pretty good auto mechanic and he came to help me get that spare tire off. He worked about 15 minutes and gave up. So we took off the busted front tire, put it in his truck and he started to Paintsville to get a new one.

Two hours later he returned with a mechanic but no tire and explained that my car was such an old model nobody carried any tires to fit it. The mechanic finally got the rusted lock on the spare to work and put it (the tire, not the lock) on. I gave my helpers \$5.00 and away we went. I stopped in several towns but no new tires could I buy.

From that on I was nervous, because I expected that old spare to blow out any minute. If it had I would have had to lay over in some mountain town for at least a week waitin for 'em to order a new set from the factory. To add to my worries the clutch began to slip and act up goin over some of the mountains.

Somehow I got into Kingsport, three hours late, and pretty well fagged out. Next mornin my son, after he had heard his mother tell about all the trouble we had had, went out and looked the old boat over, but didn't say much. That afternoon he called from the Eastman Kodak factory where he worked, an auto agency and told 'em I was a good prospect for a new car, and about the time he got home from work there was a salesman with a shiny 1936 model waitin out in front.

Afterwards I felt sorry for that salesman. I told him I had no intention whatever of buyin a new car and that I wouldn't trade him my old bus for his new one even up and sent him back disgusted. I got the family in the old car and went down to hunt up some new tires, which I found, but the price seemed pretty high and I didn't buy 'em then. My son was drivin and he reminded me the clutch was slippin. I had forgot about that. Nobody could a sold me any car that day.

Well, next day my son had another new car for us to ride around in, and to keep peace in the family I finally consented to go with 'em for a little ride. It was a LIN-

COLN ZEPHYR. I even drove it a little, and I'll confess that right there I began to weaken just a little, because it was roomy and comfortable and was so much easier to guide around a street corner than my old one. But the price was too much for me and I had no difficulty in sayin no, I guessed I'd keep my old one.

Well, there is no use goin into detail about them draggin me out nearly every evening in some new car. Knowin I was goin to be there about three weeks someone wrote my other children and persuaded them to all write me letters urgin me to trade my old car off on a new one. My son suggested that the paint was off the hood of the LaSalle and I would surely have to pay out \$100 to have it repainted this fall. He noticed, too, that the engine knocked and it needed the carbon cleaned out and probably some new rings, brake linin, etc., etc., etc. The always respected LaSalle began to look more and more unattractive. Besides I was not very well, and my resistance below par, and to make a long story short, I lost my head and bot a new OLDSMOBILE.

I didn't get to try out all the cars in the OLDSMOBILE price class, but I consulted CONSUMERS' RESEARCH and it said the OLDS was the best buy in that price range, so I said, if I have to buy one of these cramped-up, cooped-up, head-crackin, noise-shockin, tin-roofed, buckin, hideous lookin contraptions, it might as well be an OLDSMOBILE. If I had been in my right mind, I'd a waited till I could a got one of them open sports models painted a gorgeous deep yellow. But they didn't have anything but a common black sedan.

And now since I am back home I pine for the old LaSalle. I never did care a lot about auto ridin and now I reckon I never will want to ride in one again. Everybody says I got a good car, but I liked the old bus, with all her faults, better. If any of you readers got an old car you want to trade for my new one, hunt me up.

The moral to all this essay is: Be always on your guard—and never let anybody break down your sales resistance. Don't never let anyone SELL you anything. Wait till you're good and ready to buy. Don't do like me.

ANOTHER THING I AM AGIN

And that is the common and growin practice of BIG BUSINESS grabbin up every defeated or discarded politician or army general and making 'em President

or Vice President of somethin or other they don't know no more about than a jackrabbit. Everybody knows they are paid a big salary just for the PULL they may have with actin government officials, or their influence in lobbyin for laws favorable to big corporations.

It's just another one of those little things that makes us backwoods WHITTLERS and PRIVATES look with more and more suspicion on the methods and motives of big business.

Just as soon as BIG BUSINESS has sense enough to quit tryin to run the Government thro its EX-politicians, EX-generals and lobbyists, and puts into practice in their own affairs some of the things they want the Government to do in national affairs, then us public will begin to have more sympathy with their complaints of government interference in business.

There is just as many parasites and pests in big business as there is in the Government, proportionally. These LOP-SIDED EXPERTS in Big Business and Government are a bigger menace and expense to the country than all radicals which they breed.

It seems about the only fellers who will trust the people any more without takin the shirt off his back for security, is Uncle Sam and us storekeepers. I hear a whole lot any more about not bein able to trust nobody. Fact is people are just as honest as they ever were. Tain't the seeker of credit, nor the borrower who has changed so much as it is the lenders. There are so few of us got anything to lend that the few who have got it are takin advantage of the borrower.

THE VACATION ANNOYANCE

I don't think I'll ever go on another vacation. It takes all my time writin letters back home. Here more than a week is gone and I have wrote less than 1,500 words for the Gazette, all of very doubtful interest and quality. Seems like you expect everybody you ever knowed to expect a card or letter from you if you know they know you are away tryin to rest up a bit. There ain't a bit of sense in it, but you know how it is. I got out of writin a good many by just writin the editor of our Lucasville paper an open letter to everybody and payin him the regular advertisin rates to publish it. Another good way is to make carbon copies and then just type different names on each sheet. I hate profunctory, duty letters. Let 'em be spontaneous or not at all is my motto.

IS SEARS ROEBUCK CARRYING OUT THEIR THREAT?

- It seems Sears Roebuck meant what they said in November, 1934, when they threatened to undersell retailers on Auger Bits and take a loss if necessary if Irwin continued to put Independent Retailers in a position to meet their prices.
- On three occasions since that time, they have slashed prices on Bits in order to undersell and in each case Irwin has matched these prices **over the dealer's counters.**
- To further justify our suspicion, Sears also cut prices on Screw Drivers. It's strange that they should single out Auger Bits and Screw Drivers from the thousands of items in their catalogue and consistently cut prices on both.
- Is it because they are determined to undersell Independent Retailers in order to get this tool business, or is it a "strong arm" method of making Irwin drop their policy of putting Independent Dealers in a position to meet their prices **over the counter?**
- Nevertheless, Irwin is not backing down. We're meeting Sears' prices on Auger Bits and Screw Drivers. Effective at once, Independent Retailers can sell Irwin SR1 Auger Bits at 10c and Irwin SR8 Screw Drivers at 8c **over the counter** at the regular mark-up. Ask your jobber about them.

The IRWIN AUGER BIT COMPANY, Wilmington, Ohio

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