

STOP AND
WHITTLE
AWHILE!

Official Publication of the
WHITTLERS' CLUB OF AMERICA

THE National Club
Headquarters—
Brant's Village Store.

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WHITTLERS' GAZETTE

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April, 1935 Issue

Indignation Throughout County at High Pitch Over Basketball Tournament

Valley Boys Have a Remarkable Record

The boys' basketball teams of Valley High School, known as the Indians, under the leadership of Coach Norman C. Roettger, have been setting a fast pace in Scioto County basketball for the past three seasons.

The year of 1932-33 found the Valley Indians having their first successful season, losing the county tourney title to Minford in an overtime game by a single point.

This same group of boys, back in the fray the next year, set a new record for the Scioto County League by going through the league schedule of 13 games undefeated. They brought more honor to Valley High by winning the county tournament from Wheelersburg, 21-14. They lost to Highland in the Waverly sectional, again by a single point.

When virtually all of this championship squad was lost to the school by graduation, the other schools felt that they had little to dread from Valley. However, they did not figure on either the resourcefulness of Coach Roettger or the "Do or Die" spirit of the Valley Redskins. Raymond Preston, although not graduating, was lost to the squad by the age limit ruling. This left only Glen Schuler available from the championship team. Schuler, one of the best, was eligible only for the first semester, but during that time his experience helped start the 'Papooses' on their way. The new recruits, beginning their basketball careers with such a record to uphold, resolved not to let the banner of victory go from Valley High. They took to their basketball like 'a duck does to water' and 'soaked up' the teachings of their 'Big Chief.'

The material was limited in quantity but the boys and mentor decided to make quality count. The team developed a fighting spirit that is hard to defeat. This spirit was outstanding in the game in the county tournament with Sciotoville when, against odds that would weaken any team, they fought gallantly to the end, losing a courageous fight 27-26.

The giant of this year's team is Big Jim Pendleton, who is 6 ft. 4 in. in height. He follows his brother Jess at the center post. Pendleton was unanimously chosen all-county-league center.

The little Injun of the tribe is Homer Harness, another of the mighty little Harnesses, who have been answers to a coach's prayer. Homer is only five feet, six inches. The only senior on the squad is Tommy Anderson, who was small but mighty. In one year he devel-

oped into an outstanding player. He will be missed next year. Another Preston has become a thorn to opponents. This year Charley gave them plenty of grief. He was the hero in several games and won a place as guard on the first all-

lished by the redskins of '34. In their non-league games the Indians made it a clean sweep. They twice defeated Picketon, Sciotoville and Trojan Juniors by decisive scores. They won from the alumni in a close game; also from Lock-

games lost in as many years by a lone point.

The individual scoring record of the boys are: Jim Pendleton, 280; Homer Harness, 154; Charles Preston, 151; Thomas, 107; Glen Schuler, 70; James Smith, 41 and Melvin Ward, 17. The team scored a total of 888 points in 24 games, an average of 37 points per game, to



Top row, left to right: Glen Schuler, Mgr; Robert Ervin; Thurman Preston; Lavon Phillips; Melvin Ward; Jack Kirby; Coach Norman C. Roettger. Bottom row, left to right: Thomas Anderson; James Smith; James Pendleton; Charles Preston; Homer Harness.

tournament team. The other two regulars that did their part in every way were James Smith and Melvin Ward. Neither of these boys were out at the beginning of the practice season, but they developed rapidly after they did start. Smith ably took Schuler's place at the new semester. Ward in admirable fashion did his part wherever needed. The other members of the squad that helped materially in the season's success were Lavon Phillips, Thurman Preston, Jack Kirby and Robert Ervin. They deserve a lot of credit for their faithfulness in practice and training.

The record of the 1934-35 Valley Hi Indians is 22 victories and 2 defeats. The boys took the Scioto County League Championship for the second consecutive year with 13 wins and 1 loss. This was only one short of the record estab-

land (Ohio), a class A school, coached by Herald L. Roettger. The boys' two defeats were at the hands of Minford on their floor and by Sciotoville in the county tournament, again by a single point; making three tournament

their opponents' 453 points, an average of 19 points per game.

Though next basketball season is many moons off, the boys are already planning on the honors they will bring to Valley High and Lucasville community next year.

Last Minute Back Fence Gossip

There is something fascinating about Lucasville. Nearly everybody who ever lived here and moved away would like to come back. Dr. J. R. Hilling has moved back. Dr. Hilling had many friends when he practiced here before who will welcome his return.

It is understood that John Shay, veteran section foreman on the N. & W. Railroad, will retire about April 1st. Seems like the

road ought to belong to John, he has been foreman so long. He will be missed along the right-of-way. The new foreman will be Howard Woolwine from Portsmouth, whom we welcome to our community.

Floyd Dever, manager of local branch of Farm Bureau, gets the distinction of being the first member of the Whittlers' Club and the first paid subscriber to the Whittlers' Gazette. John Stableton, the

There is no use trying to salve things over. Rural basket ball fans throughout the county are sore. Lovers of sports in America will not tolerate unfairness either on the part of the players or of the officials, and spectators at the County Rural School Basket Ball Tournament have voiced their indignation in no uncertain terms. It seems incredible that the management of the Tournament should have been guilty of deliberately betraying its own boys and coaches, yet that seems to be the opinion of many.

"Why else," they ask, "was the Sciotoville team, which did not belong to the County League, permitted to enter?" The entrance of a dark horse in any contest is always a handicap to the other entries. In this case it was not only a surprise and handicap but an affront to every rural school, and bitterly resented throughout the county.

It is only incidental that our own Valley Hi Indians were the victims of what appears to have been a conspiracy against them. This paper would have been saying the same things if it had been any other rural school. The Valley Hi Indians had already won the county championship. It would only be natural if they and all other rural teams were not pleased at having to face an outside team in the tournament. But our boys are good sports, and they made no protests. They were not suspicious. They had no fear of Sciotoville, because they had twice beaten them decisively in non-league games.

But Valley was not destined to win this tournament. Sciotoville was given the decision by one single point. There is no need to go into details. The reader can get them from anyone who saw the game.

Apparently no one has any criticism of the Sciotoville boys. Whether or not the Valley Hi Indians and their Coach Norman C. Roettger were deprived of the honors they had earned and deserved through treachery of officials, confidence of the coaches, players and fans will not be restored until there is a change in county management.

driver who first introduced Manchester Bread into Lucasville, is now a clerk at Brant's Store. We can say about anything we please about our clerks in this paper, for they never read it. We would appreciate it if you would call their attention to our advertisements occasionally. I reckon they get so sick and tired a-hearin' me talk
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Whittlings from Correspondents

A subscriber from Tennessee wants to know what I think of politics, and what my religion is. Two or three local friends have advised me to let politics alone. And now another good friend

A FRIENDLY WARNING.

"I feel some misgivings about introducing bitterly controversial subjects into your publication—IF—you regard it as of service to business, or a tie between kindred spirits who subscribe to your simple philosophy of life, or an agreeable approach to a wider circle of acquaintanceship, or merely in its production as a pastime. Your paper is the Whittlers' Gazette. When in thunder did a whittler have use for a buzz saw?"

That is sound advice, friend, but I note that like a veteran whittler, you qualified everything with a big capital IF. My wife says the same thing and she is trying to persuade the rest of the family to help convince me, but with her there is no IF about it. So I must make up my mind, I reckon.

MY ANSWER

This sheet started as an advertising proposition for Brant's Store. From that it has "just grown" like Topsy in Uncle Tom's Cabin. It is just one of them happen-so things. It would have been dead and buried six months ago if it had not been for the cruel kindness of one O. O. McIntyre. Since then it has just been whittling along, without any definite purpose. That is, I have given but little consideration to the business angle, and none at all to the other IFS mentioned by my good friend. Neither have I any illusions as to my qualifications and ability to write or publish a newspaper. The bare facts are that I started this thing, and don't know how to stop it. I just got myself into another profitless mess, like I've done all my life. It is just another job. I'd quit it tonight, if it were not for the many people who are daily writing or telling me how much they enjoy reading it. So I don't care how soon I say something that makes everybody mad, so I can have a good excuse to quit.

Like Popeye, 'I yam what I yam' and that is all there is to it. This paper will be "just what it has been a-berin'"—an effort to make people think more, or rather to make more people think about the things that ought to be thought more about. I certainly do not presume to tell anyone what to think or do. That is every man's own business and responsibility.

This paper will continue to be published in the interest of reason as opposed to emotionalism, of charity and tolerance as opposed to selfishness, of justice as opposed to special privilege—in short, it will attack sham and fraud, without prejudice, in every field of human activity, including politics, religion and business—like it or not. I do not expect everybody to agree with all I say. There are always two sides to every question. For my part, I want to know both sides, and whittle awhile before I form an opinion.

BY THE WAY, HERE IS A MAN WHO WANTS A GOOD WIFE

Apparently he is too bashful to write himself so this is what his friend says about him: "He is a good looking man who would make a wonderful husband, a Christian and a gentleman. He wants a maiden lady about thirty to forty years old with money, who is willing to back him up in a good honest business which he is trying to run but lacks funds. He would make a dandy catch for some maiden lady or widow without encumbrances. Send photo with letter, care of the Whittlers' Gazette."

REV. WILLIAM H. GYSAN, BOSTON, MASS., MARRIED A SCIOTO COUNTY GIRL

Born in Sandusky, Ohio, Rev. Gysan taught in Ohio State University, had churches in Columbus and Lima, and is now located at 25 Beacon St., Boston, Mass., where he is a minister in the Unitarian Church. He married Inez O'Dell, whose father, Thomas, now lives in South Webster. Mrs. Ves Luckett, a sister, lives on Miller's Run. We sure did appreciate his two page letter, in which he said in part:

"Last summer while visiting Ves and Agnes Luckett, we saw a copy of Brant's Monthly, thought it the best paper of its kind we had ever read and asked Ves to try to get our name on your mailing list. You have been so good to send us each issue since then. Today we received the paper under its new name and we surely enjoyed it."

And by the way, Rev. Gysan, we all think a whole lot of Ves. and Mrs. Luckett in this neck of the woods.

DR. W. T. MARRS STARTS WHITTLES' CLUB IN PEORIA, ILLINOIS

"Have read your publication ever since O. O. McIntyre gave it mention several months ago. The new name is O. K. Definition of a Whittler: 'A feller with good Horse Sense. He may be educated and cultured, but he remains unspoiled.' I am starting a Whittlers' Club. Send the Gazette to the following firends. Stamps inclosed."

Last issue I took occasion to speak a good word for Lucasville doctors, and I have been thinking about doctors in general ever since. I have known quite a number personally and I just noticed that there were a dozen or more on my mailing list. The more doctors I know, the more I am impressed with the idea that the profession as a whole is made up of the most unselfish, most broad-minded, and most capable men in the land. Their training in the use of their hands and minds and all their senses, must have something to do with making them the super-whittlers, that Robert Quillen must have been thinking of when he said in his column the other day: "Man's intellectual ability is closely related to the ability to use his hands. When any nation becomes too rich and proud to work with its hands (to whittle), it loses some vital virtue and its birthright is given to its servants."

EDITOR "PABST BLUE RIBBON NEWS" IN MILWAUKEE LIKES THE WHITTLERS' GAZETTE

"Congratulations on the new name and new dress. Great little paper, only trouble being that it is published only occasionally. Hope to be in the east this summer, so I can stop and whittle awhile." You will be welcome, Mr. Schendel. We have some special soft white pine boards for tenderfoot city members to whittle on, and if I know just when you are comin' I'll try to have Doc Thomas or Jack Hood present to entertain you. Neither one of them can whittle, but they can tell you all about it, and make you feel perfectly at ease.

SENATOR JOHN LLOYD SENDS CONGRATULATIONS

We have known Senator Lloyd a long time. We have watched his record in the senate pretty closely. If he has made any serious mistakes we have never learned of them. We think John Lloyd is capable, honest and four square in the interest of the common man, and we feel honored to have him join The Whittlers' Club. I am inclined to think that all Honest Politicians will like the Whittlers' Gazette. The other kind won't. He writes:

"Let me congratulate you on the Whittlers' Gazette, and the organization of the Whittlers' Club of America. I want to join. It seems to me that if more of us would take time to whittle and think before we act in these precarious days we would act more wisely when we do make a decision!"

REPRESENTATIVE RUTH LLOYD ENJOYS GAZETTE

Miss Ruth Lloyd is representative from Scioto County. She is just entering on her first term. The mere fact that this county gave a majority vote to a Republican Senator and to a Democratic Representative in the same election, proves that the people are discriminating in their selections, and will continue to be. We are not well enough acquainted with Miss Lloyd to make any predictions as to her career. We know that the path of a young politician is rough and filled with temptations. We hope Miss Lloyd will rise above them, and she has our sincere best wishes. She writes:

"I want to thank you for copy of Whittlers' Gazette. I always enjoy reading this and think you are to be highly commended for such a newsy paper."

AN OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY PROFESSOR HITS KEY NOTE

"I certainly enjoyed reading the tribute to whittling in the last issue of your paper. Altho I cannot claim to be a statesman, as measured by that test, I compliment you on the SPIRIT of this publication."

SPIRIT! SPIRIT! Why couldn't I ever think of that word before? Locke wrote that "Spirit is a substance, wherein thinking, knowing, doubting and a power of moving do subsist." I think much, but never had the knack of putting my thoughts into words. I doubt everything that seems unreasonable or improbable or fantastic. I know I know nothing. I am not trying

to reform the world or convert anyone to my way of thinking. There is little of substance in the simple things I write. The spirit, if any, is but a whiff from the essence of wisdom and truth distilled by the Whittling Sages of the past, and present. It pleases me greatly if a kindred spirit has detected its presence. The Whittlers' Gazette aspires to be nothing more than a breath of clean air from the hills to freshen the memories of our friends lost in the big cities, and remind them occasionally of their raisin'.

MISS DRUZIE ANDERSON HEARD FROM

Miss Anderson was born and raised in Lucasville and has been a teacher in the Cincinnati Schools for many years. She wants to be remembered to her many friends and says she wishes she could tell us how much she enjoys the Whittlers' Gazette, which takes her "Back again among the dear old hills of home, with the dear friends and neighbors." The store your father, Calvin, built for us still stands unchanged, except for a new whittling bench, to take the place of the hitching racks on which the boys used to sit and lean and whittle, and it is now the national headquarters of the Whittlers' Club. No man ever was a better carpenter and whittler than your dad, Miss Anderson.

A ST. LOUIS READER COMMENTS ON J. H. FINNEY

"Your March issue of The Whittlers' Gazette, which I have read from stem to stern, gave me many a laugh and finally elicited a heartfelt Amen, and a consequent regret that I did not have the privilege of being brot up in a small town. I was born in Chicago, and have lived in large cities all my life, except four years at Ann Arbor and eight years as athletic director of the University of Michigan. I have never met you, but have other citizens of Lucasville, among them one J. H. Finney. One doesn't forget Mr. Finney after

meeting him. Enclosed is \$1.00 bill for two years subscription to the Gazette."

OUR FRIEND, ALBERT E. HEISLER, FROM HALIFAX, CANADA, SAYS:

"You make me want to try your coffee. I like your frank way of advertising. Walt's poetry is great stuff. I agree with you on taxes. Letters quoted from T. J. Moulton, L. B. King and M. F. Andrews were splendid. I agree with all your comments about J. H. Finney, and your application of the quotation from Ed Howe hit the nail right square on the head."

"YOURS FOR A MILLION MEMBERS"

Is the way James G. Chapman of San Francisco closes his letter, from which we quote in part: "Your paper makes me feel like a neighbor to you and your store. I want to join your Whittlers' Club. You have suggested submitting an oath to which each member must swear. How about exchanging letters or cards with fellow members? Swear to write a letter. Let's go. Who will be the first to write?"

Mr. Chapman's address is Box 1329. I think I know what this old whittler is after, judging by the cards he sent me. He wants to persuade you all to move out to California. He is just like Brisbane. I like the stickers he uses on the back of his Air Mail letter which reads, "A winner never quits, a quitter never wins."

FLASH! FLASH! AIR MAIL!

The letter from Mr. Chapman quoted above is dated March 12th. Today, March 21st, as we go to press, comes another letter from him by Air Mail, saying: "Have had so many requests for a copy of The Whittlers' Gazette, am asking you to help me out by mailing me as many extra copies as you can. Stamps to cover expense, inclosed." They are coming, Mr. Chapman, and some extras next issue. If you prefer to give me the names of your friends I will mail them copies direct. Thank you!

Hints, Winks, Blinks and Chuckles

DISILLUSIONMENT

O. O. McIntyre, in his column of February 12th, quotes a letter from a country Miss who is going back home—let us hope, not too late—which reads: "I arrived in New York out of college full of hope, lived in a carefully-protected girls' club and write this from a shabby room in a questionable hotel. I have my regrets, but no alibis. I am a product of the era, what your Broadway would call a 'slick little chiseler.' . . . What I have lost in self respect, I have gained in worldly knowledge. I thought one of the finest fellows in my home town was a country town slow poke. But after being pawed by the perfumed New York breed, I think he is an angel. And I'm wishing he will ask me again to marry."

How natural and yet how very silly, and contrary to all ordinary common sense, it is for a girl to imagine that greater happiness and opportunity can be found only in the distant big city! They ought to know—and I'm telling you all now girls—that about all the worthwhile wise city boys marry girls from back in the old home town, or some girl who was raised up in

the country. So don't waste any love or tears on the radio or movie stars, girls. You will always find the best bargains and the best values right at home.

Which reminds me of the man or woman who thinks the city stores offer so much better and cheaper things. Why, I know a woman who spent a two-weeks vacation in Columbus, last summer, shopping around much of the time. The very first day on her return home she came in and bot a new dress from us and made us feel so good when she said she found no nicer or cheaper dresses in all Columbus than we had right here at home. And just last week another woman had taken a fancy to a dress at Brant's and had taken it home and tried it on, but it was too large, and it was not made in a smaller size. The next day she was in Columbus' largest store, where she found the same identical dress priced just \$1.00 more than the one she could have bot at home for 98c.

The best dressed woman in Lucasville buys hose at Brant's. But there are lots of women who never get over that inferiority

(Continued on Page 3)

Tick Ridge Ticks

We warned **Joe Kuhn** not to put out any cabbage plants this year. We are this day, Feb. 26th, selling new cabbage from the sunny south at 2c per pound. That is about 10c less than you can raise it for, **Joe**.

Yes Boy, it is **Maple Syrup Time**. Went up to **Everett Rittenour's** yesterday and bot a gallon of the old fashioned, red, thick, full flavor, open kettle rendered product. **Fine horses, fine cattle, supreme maple syrup**, that is the kind of farm **Everett Rittenour** runs. You have et all of his finest cattle out of **Brant's Shop**, but you will have to hurry and see **Everett** personally for your maple syrup.

Thrills and Adventure come to **Brants' workers** occasionally. Goin out into the open and shootin down cattle with a 22 is all in the day's work for **Tod** and **France**, but now and then it takes on the glamour and danger of a wild buffalo hunt. That is what happened on the **Charles Ault Farm** this week. The 1000 pound steer did not fall at the crack of the rifle. It rushed wildly at **Tod** who took refuge behind the truck. It went right on thro the barnyard wire and concrete post fence, on thro two more out into the open river bottoms. After shooting it ten times and chasing it and being chased all over the Pike County bottoms for nearly 4 hours the boys finally got it.

Charles Ault and **Everett Rittenour** are **Pike County** neighbors. Each tries to outdo the other in the production of **fine cattle**. For several years **Brants** have been honored by being awarded these cattle and for the next few months if you buy beef at **Brants** you will know it is **Quality Beef** produced by **Chas. Ault**. Top price for beef on the Chicago market today was nearly \$14.00 per hundred, which would mean about 25c dressed, bones and all, per pound. It is a fact that because we buy home products and slaughter them ourselves on the farm, you can actually buy beef at **Brant's** at less than half the city stores must ask for a like quality.

I just heard of an old fashioned successful merchant, **Fred Sabin** over in **Wilmington, Ohio**, who threw away his cash registers a long time ago and uses **bread pans** for his clerks to deposit their money in. His reasons for so doing are the same as **Brants** who use cigar boxes because they are a little cheaper.

Twice recently a Lucasville woman has gone to the city to purchase inexpensive garments, and shopped all the chain and cut rate dry goods stores, only to discover that she found the best values at **Martings**. And that does not surprise us a bit. The store that continuously announces low prices sells low grade merchandise. You can often get better goods at the same price from a store that carries only the better qualities.

It is our opinion that the **County Relief set up in Scioto County** is as near free of politics as any public organization could be. In fact if there has been any favoritism or discrimination in any way in administering relief, we have never

seen it. Of course some mistakes have been and are being made, but that could not be otherwise in any human dealings.

I got a letter from the American Tax payers League urgin me to write our legislators about this and that. Another from "Sentinels of the Republic" wantin me to remonstrate about lettin everybody see your income tax return report. Now I couldn't keep up with all these things I reckon we ought to do, and I reckon these fellers wouldn't pay a bit of attention to anything I'd ask them to do for us little rural runts. What do I care who sees my income tax report? Why anybody would care, unless there was something crooked about it, is more than I can see. In a little country town like this you can't keep anything from your neighbors anyhow. We don't try, we just tell em all about our business and personal affairs, same as if they were members of the family, **which they are**. All our books are open to our clerks and the public anytime anybody is interested.

A man on Candy Run owed us several dollars for two or three years. He was on relief awhile, but just as soon as he got a job he came in the other day and paid two dollars, out of his first check. Yes, you bet he could have used that \$2.00 to a good advantage, but he is one of those actively honest men. It sure made us feel good, and helped a lot more than just two dollars worth in proping up our faltering faith in the integrity and gratitude of man.

Then there is another man who owed us \$200.00 ten years ago or more. He has worked on a farm at about \$1.00 per day, bot a lot and built a modest home on it, and paid us back every cent of the \$200. He had two children, lost one and paid

Codes and Blocks

"United we stand; divided we fall"

Our country seems to have broken up and disintegrated into thousands of cliques of class-conscious and conflicting groups, each one seeking special favors at the hands of our government. Now here I am a merchant, a business man, and once belonged to the Chamber of Commerce till I saw this august body was interested, not in me and my kind, but in **BIG** business only. I am a farmer, or my dad is, and belongs to the milk association and the Farm Bureau. I was a banker till they closed our bank, and belonged with the bank crowd. I am pretendin' to be a newspaper editor, and I reckon I could mention a dozen other interests nationally organized with which I should be affiliated, if I expect to keep up with the march of progress. But somehow I can't get it out of my head that I am just a common, ordinary citizen, a genuine consumer, and a small taxpayer. My natural sympathies are with the laboring man, because that is what I am, yet a labor union is about the last place I could join because I am an employer. All of which you can

the undertaker's large bill. He has most, if not all the comforts of life, is happy and out of debt. Contrast this with the man who is making three or four times that amount, and his debts gettin larger every day. Which proves again that we all do just about as we please in this old world. If we want to live within our income **we do**. If we don't want to we don't. Most people could pay their debts, if they **wanted to bad enough**. And if everyone who could pay did, our depression nightmare would vanish as if by magic. We will never get anywhere until we get our debts all paid up and liquidated in some way or other.

I like **queer people**. They interest me. I guess if I didn't like **queer people** I wouldn't like much of anybody. Sometimes I think I am awful queer myself.

Ever notice how sympathetic the country lad is to the tenderfoot chap visitin him from the big city? How proud he is to show him around to his friends, and how modest he is about his achievements? He is apt to go plumb crazy if his city guest happens to be a pretty girl, and just as like as not will break his fool neck trying to show off before her. Somehow the atmosphere often changes when the shy village youngster visits his boy or girl friend in town. Sometimes they seem to be ashamed of him, and his country overalls.

The words "**vat dye**" doesn't always mean that the material so dyed is fast color to sun or the wash tub. Don't let yourself be deceived by this vague term which is plastered on every cheap material these days.

After April 15th Relief will be paid by check instead of the usual orders. That is sure a relief to every merchant and his creditors. This sheet made the statement months ago that all relief should be paid in cash, and even wrote to the state commission urging that method.

see don't make a bit of sense or get a fellow anywhere.

Besides citizens' leagues and associations, public officials of all classes are organizin'—mayors, school superintendents, township trustees and school bus drivers—for self-protection and aggression. Just where all this is going to lead, I reckon nobody knows. Maybe it isn't so bad as it looks, but I'd sure hate to be a senator, and be pestered day and night with some of these minority blocks. Maybe they will ultimately get into a jam and kill themselves all off, or maybe they will learn to cooperate for the common good. I see by tonight's paper that the Farm Bureau and the Chamber of Commerce are flirtin' with each other. You just can't tell what will happen. You know every day I hear somebody criticisin' some poor devil on relief, because he asks for a little help. You know I can't blame him any, because he is just follerin' the example of all the selfish blocks over at Washington who are beggin' for this and that.

I reckon there are a lot of fellers just like me who are rubbin' (Continued on Page 4)

Hints, Winks, Blinks and Chuckles

(Continued from Page 2)

complex about their humble neighbors and home stores, and men, too, for that matter. There are women who live in a few blocks of **Brant's** store who do not visit it once a year, and yet they spend good money to drive to the big city 10 miles away, almost every week. Why, bless your soul, there are folks living **London, England**, who know more about **Brant's** store than some who live in Lucasville. On two occasions a **London Trade Magazine** reproduced in full two of **Brant's** advertisements, which were read by hundreds of English people. **Brant's** have sold goods in nearly every large city in the United States, within the borders of New York, Chicago, Portland, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Dallas, and Key West, Fla.

Brant's have sold furniture for some of the finest and wealthiest homes in New York City and Washington D. C., to purchasing agents for some of our largest corporations, and even to one Mail Order House Executive, who found **Brant's Qualities and Prices** better than their own. Twice this week city people have called or phoned for our **Wheat Hearts**, and every day city folk from Huntington, W. Va. to Columbus, Ohio stop at **Brant's** for their famous sausage or top grade beef. And yet you would be surprised how many people just think of **Brant's** as another of those cross-road stores that the Big Chains ought to have driven out of business long ago, but didn't, and they can't understand why. To these people the distant pastures will always look the greenest, but stores like **Brant's** will always have the enthusiastic support of those who know, who, thank goodness, are in the large majority in every village and city. Yet a store like **Brant's** has sense enough to know that it does not have near everything to suit every customer, and is never jealous or critical of delightful things its friends find in other stores.

Last Minute Back Fence Gossip

(Continued from Page 1)

in the store, they want a rest when they get home.

Esto Davis has completed a new 14-room apartment building. The cabinet work is especially fine, but I don't fancy the dull gray color of the outside paint, which spoils it all. I do wish people would consult with me before they go ahead and make a botch of things. Now a nice soft yellow paint would have been a lot purtier. And to think I have to sit here and look at it every day. Course it is only a **Martin Box**, and I mention it here so that some of you folks down south can pass the word around among our feathered friends who are now just about ready to move back to **Lucasville** for the summer. Just tell them it is two doors south of the **National Whittler's Club Headquarters**.

L. A. Siebert of Columbus, Ohio, has suggested an up to date **Whittlers Bench**, which we hope to have made and installed by the time you get this issue. Course I can't make one big enough to accomodate all

you **Whittlers** at one time and the only thing I ask is that you home boys kinda keep your eyes peeled and whenever you see a stranger that looks like a **whittler**, get up and invite him to sit down and be comfortable, and make him feel at home. You might even lend him your **Barlow** if he hasn't got any, or if his little gold handled fingernail specimen seems inadequate to make any impression on the seasoned oak I have provided for your more energetic and skilled operations.

Somebody in the High School is an awful good printer, judging from the window card and side walk announcements.

In less than a week all the walnut meats advertised in our last issue were sold and later orders had to go unfilled. There wasn't a single call for **Sassafras bark**.

Please notice our first paid advertisement in this issue of **Baby Bear Bread**. We are awful proud of it. We have been selling **Manchester bread** longer than any other kind. These folks are a wide awake bunch. Their drivers frequently have one or two live bears in the truck which they exhibit in the various towns to please the kiddies and old whittlers like me.

For nearly a week the water was over the tow-path leading into **Portsmouth**, and many people had to drive around by **Lucasville** to cross the **Scioto**. For several days I like to wore myself out runnin up and down stairs to the telephone to assure people they could still cross at **Lucasville**, where the back water lacked about 4 feet getting over the road.

This **Lucasville** road could be raised three or four more feet in two or three low places at a very small expense to the County and State so that only the highest floods would block traffic. It is about 4 feet higher than any crossing between **Waverly** and **Portsmouth**, and is the only route open after the **Prairie** at **Piketon** and the **Tow Path** at **Portsmouth** are shut off. That is why we observed in our last issue that it was perhaps the most needed improvement in **Southern Ohio**, the least expensive of all the proposed plans for providing an outlet for traffic in **Southern Ohio**, and a most worthy project for consideration of the **County Planning Commission**. **Mr. Lafe Taylor** offered to furnish all the stone necessary for the fills **free**, and yet no action has been taken. **Dr. J. N. Thomas** in response to our comments last issue explains why, in the following letter to the editor:

"The necessity for this improvement is very apparent today, **March 18th**, by the passing of hundreds of cars over this road. **McDermott**, represented by **L. Taylor** and **Coles Peebles** came to **Lucasville** asking for cooperation in the endeavor to have the **State Highway Dept.** raise the grade of this road above flood stage. This was in the summer of 1933. **Mr. Clyde Brant** and the writer took up the question with the **District Highway Engineer**, **Mr. Joseph Doyle**, of **Portsmouth**, and shortly afterwards engineers set the grade stakes for the improvement. Then came the menace of threatened injunction. All too many improvements for the public welfare are blocked by those asking pay for easement or damage to property."