

THE WHITTLERS' GAZETTE

Official Publication of

THE WHITTLERS' CLUBS OF AMERICA

Clyde Brant, Owner and Publisher

NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS

BRANT'S VILLAGE STORE

MAIN STREET

APRIL, 1936

LUCASVILLE, OHIO

STOP AND WHITTLE A WHILE



People like these JOKES



*A negro boy, while passing through a cemetery, read this inscription on a tombstone:
"Not Dead, but Sleeping"
Scratching his head awhile, the boy remarked:
"Boy, he sure ain't foolin' nobody but hisself."*

He—"Only a mother could love a face like yours."
She—"Yes, dear, but I'm about to inherit a fortune."
He—"Yes, and I'm about to become a mother."

*Dentist's Daughter—"Well, dear, have you asked father for my hand as yet?"
Shy Suitor—"No. Every time I step in to his office I lose courage. Today I allowed him to pull another tooth."*

A country school board was visiting a school and the teacher was putting her pupils through their paces.
"Who signed the Magna Carta, Robert?" she asked turning to one boy.
"Please, ma'am, 'twasn't me," whimpered the youngster.
The teacher with disgust told him to take his seat; but an old tobacco chewing countryman on the board was not satisfied, so he said: "Call that boy back; I don't like his attitude. I believe he did do it."

THE SOUND IS THE SAME

*He was a loyal little fellow and he wouldn't let anything said against his parents go unchallenged. One Sunday afternoon, a boy friend said, "Listen to your father snoring."
"Dad isn't snoring," was the indignant reply. "He's dreaming about a dog, and that's the dog growlin'."*

Farmer—"No I wouldn't think of chargin' you fer the cider. That would be bootleggin'; an', praise the Lord, I ain't come t' that yit. The peck of potatoes will be five dollars."

*"Say, Hiram, d'jever get the sure cure fer horses slobberin' you sent fer?"
"Naw, the low down, sneaking skunks. I sent 'em \$2 an' they sent me a slip o' paper saying 'Teach your horses to spit.'"*

*"The difference between the cow and the milkman," said the would-be witty consumer, "is that the cow gives pure milk."
"There is another difference," retorted the milkman. "The cow doesn't give credit."*

DOUBLING IN BRASS

Cuttem, the barber, was talking of a man who had joined his shave and haircut club at so much a week. "That chap McMean has a marvelous growth—comes in twice a day for a shave, and every few days for a haircut."
Cuttem went up in the air when the other informed him, "Why, there are two McMeans—Angus and Donald—and they are twins."

*The nurse was endeavoring to get the history of a communicable disease from a small boy in the kindergarten class.
"Have you ever had measles?" she asked him.
Looking blank and shaking his head, the boy replied, "I don't know."
"Have you ever had mumps?"
"I don't know."
"Have you ever had chicken pox?"
"I don't know."
"Well," asked the exasperated nurse, "have you ever been sick?"
"Yes," replied the boy, smiling from ear to ear.
"What did you have?"
"Pills."*

Tom—"Will you love me if I give up all my bad habits?"
Jane—"But, Tom, how could you expect me to love a perfect stranger?"

TIP FOR HAIR OIL SALESMEN

*An Indian up in the northern part of Michigan returned for the third time to buy half a dozen bottles of cough syrup.
Druggist—"Someone sick at your house?"
Indian—"No sick."
Druggist—"Then what on earth is all this cough syrup for?"
Indian—"Mm—me likeum on pancakes."*

The Whittler's Club And The Country Store

E. W. Ellis, Columbus, Ohio

The Whittler's Club and the country store
Must needs go hand in hand;
The country store is the social club
For the tillers of the land.

I remember how, when a little lad,
In a village remote and small,
That the village store kept everything
From clothes to a rubber ball.

A great, big stove in the center stood,
With a sawdust box all 'round;
Questions of State were settled there,
With judgment good and sound.

And so if a Whittler's Club today,
Operates as they did of old,
We'll pray for the club and the country
store,
For they're worth their weight in gold.

The farmer came from his day of toil,
And the villager came, too;
There were no night clubs or picture
shows,
There was nothing else to do.

They whittled and chewed and smoked and
talked,
And discussed their crops and stock;
'Twas a friendly bunch that got along
With no disposition to "knock."

In times of sorrow or deep distress,
These men from the fields and woods,
With sympathy deep and a helping hand,
Were always there "with the goods."

With Apologies To Rube I From Rube II

Says Rube to Em one wintry night,
"Say, Em, I believe I'll write,
That guy Brant, he thinks he's smart,
I'll write a poem and show him my art!"
Rube got up steam and proceeded with
heat
And wrote a poem that was very neat.

"Rube," says Em, "I'll mail that note,
While you do the washing and bile the
soap,
And don't forget if I don't return,
To skim the milk and turn the churn,
Tidy up the kitchen and clean the rooms,
Use some elbow grease in wielding that
broom!"

Em mailed that note and hastened with
speed
To Brant's store to purchase her needs,
Em stepped in very serene and quiet.
Brant was sorting his mail to the left
and right,
He opened each letter with very much
doubt,
He found Rube's poem and yanked it out!

He jumped to his feet and gave a yell,
"Come here, Bricker, I am beat to h—!"

Cleve read the poem and gave a shout
Each clerk stood wondering what 'twas
all about.
Jim Doll became panicky while excitement
was rife
He upset the "Burnside" and escaped with
his life.

The bookkeeper, "Gladdie," who sits up on
high,
Noticed proceedings with a watchful eye,
"I think," says she, "that I would quiet
down,
Rube is not the only poet in town!"
Em, standing there with basket on arm,
heard these words with much alarm,
And thought of Rube home tending the
bairns.

Tod said, "WHITTLERS"; John said,
"GAZETTE."
Clyde says, "Boys, we'll make a magazine
yet!"
The Whittlers read it with very much glee,
And said, "Rube's poems sure get next to
me."
Em returned home a very sad woman
And said to Rube, "They're only human!"

Shavings From Correspondents

BENNETT AND BABCOCK, OPTOMETRISTS OF PORTSMOUTH, DON'T WANT TO MISS AN ISSUE

Not long ago a check came from the office of BENNETT and BABCOCK and yesterday they telephoned twice to find out if their subscription had run out. No, folks, you will get the WHITTLERS' GAZETTE as long as it is published. Once a member of the WHITTLERS' CLUB ALWAYS A MEMBER, unless you tell us to take your name off our list. Incidentally, when any of you readers need specs, you couldn't do better than go to BENNETT AND BABCOCK'S, and we ain't sayin that because they like the GAZETTE, either. You can just write it down that whenever a man or firm is interested in WHITTLERISM, they are mighty safe fellers to deal with.

JAMES G. CHAPMAN, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF., WANTS TO DISTRIBUTE GAZETTE IN CITY

He says, "Let me know when you want a distributor for THE WHITTLERS' GAZETTE IN SAN FRANCISCO. It will be a real pleasure to tell everyone that I represent the ONE-AND-ONLY WHITTLERS' GAZETTE, official publication of the WHITTLERS' CLUBS OF AMERICA. Let's go!"

Well, Mr. CHAPMAN, HERE GOES. HERE THEY COME. A few copies of the March Issue to try em out. You have more nerve than I have, and if you can put THE GAZETTE ON THE MARKET in SAN FRANCISCO you are not only a real

WHITTLER but a GENIUS. If you are successful I will make you NATIONAL CIRCULATION MANAGER.

I had three great ambitions as a boy. To be bald headed so I wouldn't have to wash my head so often, a clog dancer and a foreign missionary. The only one I realized was to be bald headed. My feet got too big and awkward for dancin, and I was too ornery to be a missionary. What a difference between the high ambitions of youth, and what most of us turn out to be.

A couple of years ago a doctor told me to drink beer and get fat. Well, I bought a case and tried my best to drink the stuff but couldn't stomach it. This winter, settin out on the back porch, it froze and busted. I happened to mention it to some of the boys in the store and they rushed out to save it, melted it and strained it to get all the glass out of it, only to find that all the flavor and alcohol had vanished. But it wouldn't do to waste it so they drank it anyway.

EVOLUTION. It used to be Pappy and Mammie. Then Pa and Ma! Father and Mother and now POP or DAD and MOM with a tendency to address parents by their first name.

I was much impressed with a definition of a christian by Charles Evans Hughes. It is "FAITH without Credulity. CONVICTION without Bigotry. CHARITY without Condescension. COURAGE without Pugnacity. SELF RESPECT without Vanity. HUMILITY without Obsequiousness. LOVE and HUMANITY without Sentimentality, and MEEKNESS with Power." That is a purty good description of a WHITTLER, too.

Honk! Honk!

Look out! Look out! Here comes a car at sixty miles or more;
If you attempt to cross the road, you'll get bumped off, dead sure!
The crazy fool behind the wheel is driving on like mad;
If he succeeds in getting killed, I'll be relieved and glad.
He pays no heed to passers-by or other people's rights;
He turns the corners on two wheels and sails past all the lights.
They say that boobs like him have killed more folks than all our wars,
And yet we all stand idly by while down the pike he roars.
I'm not inclined, as you may know, to be a man severe,
But if they'd hang him to a tree, I'd never shed a tear.
Now, understand, I'm not concerned about my worthless life,
But think how sad 'twould be to make a widow of my wife!

—WALT

Shavings From Correspondents

MYSTERY NO. 37

WALTER B. PITKIN, 2690 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY, writes: "I am INTRIGUED by the WHITTLERS' GAZETTE. I'd like to see the MARCH ISSUE. What is the charge?"

The mystery is, how did Mr. PITKIN, way off in New York City, ever hear of the BACKWOODS WHITTLERS' GAZETTE? Course I have kept no special record of NEW INQUIRIES the past month but there have been an unusually large number. Naturally I am always curious to know how all these folks have learned about us, and just WHY they might be interested.

I do not have time, Mr. PITKIN, to answer much correspondence, only in a general way thro the columns of the GAZETTE. You see, I manage a right good COUNTRY STORE, or try to—the boys and girls are doin most of it right now, and I am burdened with the executorship of my father's estate, and tryin to get out this little mag monthly. If it wasn't for the splendid, loyal help of our employes, in the store, and WALT, RUBE, WOODY and other contributors, all of em workin for nothin, I wouldn't have no store nor magazine either.

We make no charge for the WHITTLERS' GAZETTE, because I do not think it is worth anything—not enough to charge for, anyway. You see, I been a salesman all my life, but I never could sell JUNK. I suggest therefore that you do like

BUREN ROBERTS

You'd think he was from MISSOURI, but he ain't, he is from TENNESSEE and post cards us as follows: "Please put me on your mailing list to receive your magazine, and IF IT STAYS AS GOOD AS THE ISSUE I READ, I will send you some money to pay on same."

Now, that's the spirit that appeals to us. "Look Before You Leap," that's the OLD WHITTLERS' MOTTO. We accept no subscriptions to the WHITTLERS' GAZETTE, but if anybody feels like payin 50c dues into our imaginary WHITTLERS' CLUB, just to help along, it is greatly appreciated. The GAZETTE, of course, is included with the dues, when and as published.

CHAMPION CORN SHUCKER, ELMER CARLSON, APPROVES GAZETTE'S CAMPAIGN AGAINST DECEIVIN ADVERTISERS

He says, "Just received the WHITTLERS' GAZETTE today and I LIKE YOUR PRINCIPLES AND POLICIES. HONEST ADVERTISING IS ESSENTIAL TO BUSINESS STABILITY AND INTEGRITY. MORE POWER TO YOU! Would like to meet you sometime. Why don't you come down to the HUSKIN CONTEST at Marshall, Iowa, this fall?"

This ELMER CARLSON is the boy who shucked 41½ bushels of corn in 80 minutes, to win the NATIONAL and PROBABLY WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP, last fall. CORN SHUCKER CHAMPIONS ain't feted, and front paged, and pampered like golf and tennis and football CHAMPIONS. The difference is one is WORK the other is PLAY. WORK is a mere incident to life. PLAY is commercialized. I love all kinds of CHAMPIONS, you bet I do, but to me THE BIGGEST CHAMPION is the guy who does the most WORTH WHILE WORK in the world. ELMER CARLSON belongs in that crowd, and his approval of our efforts to inspire MORE HONEST ADVERTISING is reflected in his own career of doin an HONEST DAY'S WORK, than which LIFE has no greater or more lasting satisfaction. MOST MEN ARE HONEST, DO AN HONEST DAY'S WORK and ADMIRE HONEST ADVERTISING. I'm comin out, ELMER, next fall if I can and bring JOE TURNER and BILL DAYS and HARVE CONKEL and some more of the boys along.

WIFE BROKE HER NECK IN OUR CORNFIELD

HARLAN PARSONS OF HUNTINGTON, W. VA., wants the WHITTLERS' GAZETTE sent to him and his brother, JAS. M. PARSONS of BARBOURSVILLE, W. Va., and says he and his wife ROLLED OVER IN ONE OF OUR CORNFIELDS, IN AN AUTO, AND BROKE HIS WIFE'S NECK, a year ago last September, but that she is still living and hopes to get completely well. Well, we surely HOPE SO, MR. PARSONS.

MR. PARSONS says he was on his way to visit Mr. JOHN ALLEY'S CHICKEN HATCHERY. The REPUTATION of the ALLEY HATCHERY reaches out, like the WHITTLERS' GAZETTE, over a wide territory, the former at least DESERVINGLY.

“WAYS OF A WITLER”

By GEORGE F. SCHULTE
Chicago's Entertaining Author

“Some old Whittlers attribute their long life to always minding their own business.”

“In 1732 Benjamin Franklin published the first German newspaper in America (Philadelphische Zeitung). No mention was made of any Whittlers, nevertheless Old Ben made his whittlings famous.”

“The human body is said to contain more than 10,000,000 nerves. And Whittling is good for the nerves.”

“Anyway,” remarked the Village Wit, “we do come to our census once every ten years.”

“Another fountain of youth is a Whittlers' Club.”

“If silence is golden, politicians have been off the gold standard a long, long time.”

“The old Whittler says, the first line to feel the effects of returning prosperity will be the dotted line.”

“In the language of experience, money is your best friend until you ask your best friend for money.”

“Fritz, the neighborhood grocer, says you can always save a lot of time by letting the customer have the last word.”

“The New Deal alphabet jugglers overlooked the three-letter word, LAW.”

“As they say in Wall Street, ‘I'll keep in touch with you.’ Their touch system is the Ne Plus Ultra.”

“In this age of Bankers, Brokers and Bunk it is well to remember that the Nobel peace prize was founded by a high-explosive man.”

DEAD OR ALIVE

(Or PIZEN PEN RUBE)

By RUBE

Well, WHITTLIN FRIENDS, I'm back
again—

Been gone a month, by heck!
Things got so hot, I cut an run—
I'm still a narvous wreck.
I'll never be the same again—
I'm in a dad-burned stew,
A victim of my **pizen pen!**
I'm washed-up, boys, I'm thru.
Been hidin in Abe Millar's barn,
An makin rhymes all day—
Been livin on raw eggs an milk,
An sleepin on the hay.
One day last month, I hitched old Nell
An driv down to the store,
(BRANT'S VILLAGE STORE in Lucas-
ville)

A good six mile or more.
I howdy-doo'd to all the clerks,
Discussed the weather, too,
Then mosied back to toast my shins,
A shiverin thru an thru.
When I'd thawed out, I gawked around
To see what bargains they
Had listed on their bargain-board,
This bein Saturday.
Then, awful chills (but not from cold)
Raced down my spinal cord;
Nary a bargain listed there,
But, printed on that board
In letters big as all outdoors,
This-here is what I read:
"I'LL GLADLY GIVE A DOLLAR BILL
FOR OLD RUBE, 'LIVE OR DEAD!"
I never looked to left nor right—
Outen that door I went
A runnin like a rabbit does,
When hounds is on his scent.
I clim into the old buckboard
An headed straight fur home;
"DEAD OR ALIVE!" Them skeery words
Kep ringin thru my dome.
When I arriv, Em was asleep—
'Twas then somewheres nigh ten.
I snuck inside and lit the lamp;
(I'd never sleep again);
I got Em's scissors, then begun
To change my looks—oh dear!
My long grey whiskers I must lose—
My pride of fifty year;
I whacked em off, then shaved my chin—
I trimmed my eyebrows, too,

Then smeared my hair with axle-grease,
(A gosh-durned trick to do!)
Then slicked it back from off my face
An combed it more, an more,
Then gazed into the lookin-glass—
Behold! A pompy-doar!
I took my bath, an washed my feet,
('Twas Saturday, you see)
Then crawled in bed aside of Em,
Still skeered as I could be.
Fur hours an hours I laid awake
A wonderin where to go
To dodge that cussed Editor—
The dirty so-and-so!
Them things I'd writ 'bout all them guys
Kep hammerin in my head
(Joe Tracy, Walt, Vic Donahey)—
They'd git me, "LIVE OR DEAD!"
Then, jist as dawn begun to crack
I must have went to sleep;
I'd jist got throu a countin of
My forty-thousandth sheep
When gosh! What was that awful noise
That split the mornin air?
A long an loud blood-clottin whoop
That riz my greasy hair!
"They've got me, boys!" I screeched, an
then
I opened up my eyes,
An there stood Em beside the bed,
Her eyes as big as pies;
"Git out!" she yells, "you fresh young
squirt;
I'll call my husband, see!
I'll learn you how to play your jokes
On decent folks like me!"
"But, Em," I yells, "look here, I'm Rube!
I've cut my whiskers, see,
An made myself a pompy-doar—
You listen here to me!"
But while I argued, Em had fled
A yoopin down the road—
An boys, I dassant show my mug
Till that durn beard has growed!
Yes, WHITTLERS, I'm a **hunted man**—
My happiness has fled;
I can't go home fur months an months—
I might as well be dead!
My wife an dog they know me not—
I'll never write again;
But, WHITTLIN FRIENDS, they'll never
ketch
Rube of the **pizen pen!**

GET OUT THE VOTE!

The bugle sounds the call to arms!
Our statesmen, tried and true,
Besiege the cities, towns, and farms
And pour forth ballyhoo.

The candidates have gaily tossed
Their big hats in the ring;
They're out to win at any cost.
The campaign's in full swing!

The orators with silver tongues
Proclaim their paradoxes;
The radicals with leather lungs
Preach from their old soap boxes.

They promise us the sun and moon,
The earth and sea and sky,
But we'll discover pretty soon
'Twas just a "campaign lie."

The Democrats will "point with pride,"
The G. O. P. "view with alarm,"
And each will blame the other side
For ruining the farm.

There still are some—and quite a few—
That by the New Deal swear,
While others claim it may be new,
But they want one that's square.

Whatever plans they may propose
To keep the ship afloat,
There's one thing everybody knows,
They've got to get your vote.

And when the foe is put to rout
And everyone relaxes,
We'll all sit down to figure out
How we can pay our taxes.

—Walt.

TOD NOEL

He is short and fat, almost round,
His hand weighs 'bout a pound.
Doesn't know a lot in books
(Compensates for it in looks.)

Fun at all he loves to poke
Punk he thinks the other's joke.
Always jolly, never sad;
Once each year he's dad.

You can hear him puff and wheeze
When the skippers get the cheese.
The toughest old bull in the hills
Is the choicest beef he kills.

His wife cuts all the wood,
He could do it if he would.
A new axe for his wife he was going to
buy;
He ground the old one, new axes come
high.

From every crack and crevice in his blocks
Comes the aromatic odor of old socks.
Filled with cheese and putrid meat
He should keep them clean and neat.

Sells sirloin, round and brisket
Limburger to all who'll risk it.
Porterhouse, shoulder, cross ribs and neck.
Watch his thumb, he'll cheat you, by heck.

All the girls think he's a wow,
Knows the name of every old cow.
Know him well, you won't get sore,
He's the butcher in Brant's Store.

The author of this little poem says she
gets all her inspiration from the WHIT-
TLERS' GAZETTE.

MEMORIES OF '98

By Oscar Riddle

A log school house,
In the nineties late.
Where we worked our sums
On a five-cent slate.

Our benches were slabs
With no backs at all,
And we used red mud
For the cracks in the wall.

Our heat was made
By a single wood stove—
One side o' you burnt
While the other side froze.

Some hickory switches
In a corner stood,
And you got em round your legs
If you weren't mighty good.

Our teacher's name
Was Johnson Mack,
And he taught us to spell
From the old Blue-Back.

We were in at eight
With an hour for dinner
Then out at four
And not a minute sooner.

LOOKS LIKE THE PEACH CROP WOULD BE SHORT, BUT THE SPRING CROP OF POETS IS ABUNDANT

I just counted up and find I have 19 separate and distinct interestin poems contributed for this issue. Looks like I might as well turn the whole magazine over to em. It must be the weather. Now what does an Editor do in a predicament like that? WALT is back with three dandies but I am goin to dish this delicious dessert out to you one at a time, because WALT is too darn lazy to write regularly. He says, "My bosom swelled with pride when I saw myself on the front cover page of THE GAZETTE. A photograph could not have produced a better likeness."

And, of course, RUBE is back as usual with his pot of MUSH. He was sore about the way WOODY, our cartoonist, misrepresented him, and about my publishin his

letter, and the way the printers messed up the whole magazine. Now WOODY, it looks like we would have to humor him a little and picture him as he is—"With a full set of WHISKERS, and a double-barreled ADAM'S APPLE," and he AIN'T BALD HEADED, nor good lookin. I think he must be a BOLSHEVICK! But look how he misrepresented you, Woody, in his poem.

Then there are 4 poems about TOD NOEL, BRANT'S butcher, all pointed and true, but I can't print em all, one will have to do, and I think one is enough, you will all agree. The other 11 poems cover all phases of life and I'll just have to let the printer pick out the ones that fit in the vacant spaces.

LUCASVILLE BASKET BALL TEAM WINS SOUTHEASTERN OHIO CHAMPIONSHIP!

I knowed they'd do it. They had it comin to em. After bad breaks and dirty deals for three years COACH NORMAN ROET- TGER'S ability and the high quality of his team have been fully and completely demonstrated. I felt awful sorry for WHEEL-

ERSBURG who had beaten them 3 out of 5, and had to lose by a single score in the final game. It was simply tough luck for them and good luck for our boys. HUR- RAH FOR LUCASVILLE, and here is hopin they win in the STATE CONTESTS.

FLOODS, FLOODS, FLOODS!

TEN MEET DEATH AS FLOODS HIT
MANY SECTIONS!

Those are the headlines in tonight's paper, MARCH 13th. You know I warned you all to be ready for em this month and next, but here it is March half gone, and no sign whatever of a local flood. Looks like I might a missed it this month, but the less we have this month the worse it will be in APRIL.

WOODY'S CARTOON

This may be WOODY'S conception of a CITY WHITTLE'S DREAM of life on the old farm. That's about the way he would farm. Or it might be that WOODY was thinkin of an industrious big-hearted youth who was makin the best use of his time fishin and studyin Ferry's seed cata- log, while a tired horse rested. Anyway, it brings back all the interests of SPRING LIFE IN THE COUNTRY, AND IT'S A SWELL JOB.

something and really are somebody."

Answer: Herman, the little rascal, became so sick from laughing at my picture that his wife became frightened and sent for me to come and give him a hypo. I should have let him get out of it the best he could but I felt sorry for Herman's good wife who knows his peculiarities.

Other comments: Lily Larson, of Minneapolis, writes: "I am a timid girl and never liked to call on doctors. After looking at that picture of you in WHITTLERS' GAZETTE, I feel that I would be safe with you."

Answer: Fairly safe, Lily. Consult me anytime. Also I want you to meet my great grandson.

From Sally Jenkins: "Dear Doctor Marrs—Saw your cartoon which I suppose looks like you. You may be able to put fat on others but I bet you can't put none on yourself."

From Mae West: "Dear Doctor—Judging from your likeness in WHITTLERS' GAZETTE, I take you to be a well-seasoned doctor and would like you to consider acceptance as my private physician."

Answer: Yes, Mae, I'm not only well-seasoned but almost dried-up. Make me an offer.

GREAT PEORIA WHITTLERS I KNOW

Doctor Eicher, Whittler-in-Chief for State of Illinois, Cultured but Common.

Blacksmith Flesner, philosopher, scientist and world-knowledged.

Reverend Burgess, the littlest minister, mighty brain, heart big as a watermelon.

Storekeeper Crabtree, never outgrows desire to play post office.

Car Salesman Swanson, fed sparrows and other song birds all winter in parks.

Housebuilder Garland, an ardent devotee of Whittlerism and practices it daily.

QUACKS

Of Interest Maybe to H. L. MENCKEN And Others

Did you read H. L. MENCKEN'S article in The American Mercury of March, or by chance in any of the newspapers that reprinted it in condensed form? Well, if you didn't you missed something, in fact you always miss something when you miss MENCKEN'S writins.

He took the hide right off PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT, HOPKINS, and the entire "BRAIN TRUST," without the use of even a local anesthetic. As a surgeon, who goes clear to the bottom of things, MENCKEN, even if he is rough and heartless, has no equal in all America. He is the frankest and the most "don't-care-nist" writer of the age and one of the most stimulatins. When he puts the GLOVES ON, everybody else might as well step out of the ring.

I am willin to grant that Dr. ROOSEVELT is the quackinist QUACK we ever had in Washington. But Mr. MENCKEN overlooked one characteristic of all QUACKS which is the surest identification, and that is that a QUACK always makes a POSITIVE DIAGNOSIS, which if true, brands Mr. MENCKEN as a QUACK OF THE FIRST WATER.

You know I think there is two kinds of QUACKS, one HONEST and the other a two-faced scoundrel, and I am inclined to class Mr. MENCKEN and DR. ROOSEVELT in the former class and I like HONEST QUACKS better and better every day I live. Even the best of doctors admit that some HONEST QUACKS do an awful lot

of good in the world, even if they do some harm.

Everything MR. MENCKEN says may be true. I don't know. But even so it is not conclusive evidence that the country didn't need the kind of a QUACK DOCTOR he thinks Dr. ROOSEVELT and the BRAIN TRUST are. His deductions are not convincin from our HICK VIEWPOINT.

You see there are just two kinds of persons in the whole world who dare to say frankly and fearlessly what they think. One is men like H. L. MENCKEN who have earned a world-wide reputation that entitles them to say what they please, and the other is POPINJAYS like me who ain't got no standin nor responsibility. It's too bad more people can't speak their minds, like Mr. MENCKEN does.

MARGUERITE SCHRAEDER OF PORTS- MOUTH DON'T CARE IF WE DO GO BUST

Dear Mr. Brant:

"First, let me thank you for the many pleasant moments derived from the WHITTLERS' GAZETTE. The enclosed check is to cover the number of issues I may be entitled to. Honestly I have paid many times for rotten entertainment, so will consider this money well spent if you do 'GO BUST' before the next issue."

Thank you very much, Miss SCHRAEDER, and all the rest of you folks whose letters we cannot reproduce because of lack of space.

HEALTH COLYUM

By DR. W. T. MARRS, PEORIA, ILL.

Back again with a few words of helpful advice. First, on how to prevent a cold or cure it if you have one. The advice may be good, bad or indifferent, but the reader will have to pick out what he desires and leave the rest. First, throw the cold off by exercising vigorously, say run a mile or two. Also a cold bath in the lake some say has worked wonders. Discard most all clothing when undergoing this strenuous treatment. Now, on the other hand, you may be one who desires to keep comfortable. If so, you will go to bed and surround yourself with hot water bottles, hot pads, et cetera.

You may take medicine prescribed by your doctor. If you think the medicine is doing you no good you may—as most cold patients do—toss it into the discard. If you think you would feel better about it you might have a Christian Science practitioner or some non-medical healer give you absent treatment. This, as a rule, has a good deal of efficacy. About food, you may keep yourself stuffed full all the time if you desire to prolong the agony. You know someone said “feed a cold” and that, of course, helps the cold grow stronger. If the cold is not developing good and strong take plenty of quinine and whiskey; such procedure will give you at least a few more days of suffering.

Also take all the remedies and do all the things your alleged friends suggest. They may make you feel worse, but if you did not employ them it would make your friends very unhappy. There are 743—more or less—remedies for your nose, all recommended to cure or alleviate “sinus trouble.” You may keep your openings in your face plugged up with any or all of these. And for your chest and neck you may keep applied turpentine, pine tar, goose grease, fried onions, flaxseed, mush, camphorated oil, mustard plasters, tobacco, or some of the numerous ready-prepared drug store remedies. It doesn't matter much what you do you will eventually get well provided you are tough enough to start with. And, contrary to lay belief, colds do not “run into pneumonia.” They are separate entities.

Here is a letter which has me a trifle worried, i. e., I would be worried if I had not long since become tough and case-hardened. Mr. _____ writes: “A while back you printed a letter which my old

woman wrote you in which she made it appear that I had become an easy mark and that I was buyin her all kinds of fool folderols to make her look like a movie actress. She said you advised women to doodle up and they would look younger and feel spryer. I didn't pay for that swell dress with foundation works because I thought it was good sense, but simply to keep peace in the family. I don't know what else she done to her face. Used all kinds of skin feed, had her eyebrows pulled out and had her hair frizzed up. Then she said, being it was stylish to blue the hair, she would perform this operation herself.

“Well, she didn't get her blue water mixed right or else she didn't apply it properly. There she was with her hair hanging in blue, straggly strings and too good a job of plucking eyebrows—well, if I was ever disposed to use any words that a church deacon shouldn't I would say she looked like the devil. I can't take to these foolish carryings-on. I've never had my fingers manu—whatever it is. I still wear boots except to church and I grease my boots with tallow. Every spring I get my hair cut and my whiskers pruned a little. In winter my old coonskin cap is plenty good enough for me. I might state also that I take a bath in the creek every spring as soon as the water gets warm enough. Have never been sick a day. If you print this piece I hope my old lady sees it. It might do her good.”

Answer: My SOS sign is up. Can any of my million readers offer aid?

Herman Jacobs, a Peoria Whittler friend, wrote me this note as soon as he received his March GAZETTE and it only goes to show how a friend will treat you: “I see you are pictured among those guys on the cover of the Gazette. A bunch of chromos, sez me. When I got a good look at you I laughed myself sick. It does you more than justice. Your picture on this page portrays a man of dignity, culture, style, intelligence. Oh, I am not insinuating anything at all. That prominence on the top of your head—I don't know whether it indicates ideality and spirituality, as the phrenologists used to call it. It looks a little to me like—well, you know what Brother Crawford complains about so much. Anyway your picture would lead folks to believe that you look like

can run the party and make folks vote for whatever candidates they happen to favor—and in the past they have succeeded to a large degree, both in the Primary and in the General Election.

Just to show you how sentiment is now runnin a Republican that never voted for a Democrat in his life, and may not this time, predicted that Aus Taylor would be the only Republican elected in Scioto County this fall, if he got the nomination.

Personally, I do not agree and I am not ready to make any predictions and am indorsin no local candidates except Aus Taylor till I know who is comin out and until I am reasonably sure where they stand in relation to our Rural School Problems.

For years the local Democrat bosses have played horse with our politically minded and ambitious county school Superintendent—and lost—one time after another.

There is much evidence that fear of defeat this year has persuaded a group of Republican candidates that they would need the support of our county school superintendent and his cohorts and that they have taken the brand on the back and that this group will support his personal selections for office.

As a Republican I for one cannot be a party to this unholy alliance. The chances are that our wily County Superintendent is playin both parties as usual so that he may claim victory and the spoils—which ever side wins. Altho he has never at any time demonstrated any political power in Scioto County both parties seem to fear him. Fear—political—is a product of small minds and a distinct liability, whereas Abe Lincoln honesty and straightforwardness are always the surest avenues to the minds and hearts of men.

I for one will vote for no candidate of either party who to my knowledge or suspicion is the tool of our County School Superintendent. As I see it now the Democrats of Scioto County never had a better chance to win several county offices if they would wash their hands of the dominance of the influence of a man who is neither a Republican nor a Democrat but rather a Parasite that seeks to feed at the table of the victors and who will eventually destroy the hand that feeds his personal ambitions.

It's time for the honest voters of Ohio and Scioto County—those who place civic and social welfare above personal petty politics—to call a halt on "Bossism" from whatever quarter it may appear. As has been demonstrated many times there are enough independent voters to carry the election either way.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN SAID, "THE

NEXT GREAT PROBLEM OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE IS THAT OF MONOPOLY. AGGREGATION OF WEALTH WILL SET UP A WAGE SCALE SLAVERY THAT WILL BE HARDER THAN CHATTLE SLAVERY AND WILL BE HARDER TO BREAK OFF."

OF SENATOR BORAH, who will be the only REAL PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE IN OHIO ON THE REPUBLICAN TICKET, Richard L. Neuberger says in Feb. Current Literature:

"BORAH HAS LEFT NO DOUBT THAT HIS HAT IS IN THE RING WITH THE AVOWED INTENTION OF REBUILDING THE REPUBLICAN PARTY BY STARTING A GENERAL HOUSE CLEANING. THE EASTERN INDUSTRIALISTS AND BANKERS WHO HAVE DOMINATED FOR SO LONG ARE TO BORAH AS SO MANY POLE CATS AT A LAWN PARTY."

So word has gone out from the Eastern Republican Headquarters all down along the line, "BEAT BORAH IN THE PRIMARY" and our Ohio Bosses are doin all they can to accomplish that thing. No doubt they will succeed, but I for one am going to stick with LINCOLN and BORAH, because if any party ever needed a house cleaning it is the REPUBLICAN PARTY RIGHT NOW. The following candidates in my opinion are BIGGER THAN THE BOSSES of the party and will have my hearty support.

WILLIAM BORAH FOR PRESIDENT, JOHN BRICKER FOR GOVERNOR, JOHN LLOYD FOR LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR, JOE TRACY FOR AUDITOR and AUSTIN TAYLOR FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER.

At the time this is bein written, Aus Taylor is the only county candidate who has made his announcement.

**THIS OUGHT TO SET YOU BACK
AWHILE, RUBE!**

LISTEN TO THIS, WALT

OUR OLD FRIEND, ALBERT E. HEISLER, of HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA, CANADA, makes no bones about his preference. He writes:

"If all the poets since Bobby Burns' time down to the present were put together, WALT WOULD TAKE THE PRIZE. The WHITTLERS' GAZETTE may as well not be published, IF WALT STOPS WRITING. RUBE is GOOD, but WALT is 100 Percent Perfection. I show his verses to everybody in HALIFAX."

That's pretty tough on you and me both, RUBE.

er clear or muddy, high or low, or of the kind of bait used.

Now in September, the best month in the year, while he and PAUL were fishin at Bear Creek and never got a bite, CLEVE BRICKER and another gang up at PIKETON was catchin em as fast as they could handle em, which proves—? That was 5 days away from the RIGHT MOON SIGNS. But all the rest of the month, the worse the Signs got the more fish Ed. and PAUL caught. But one day ED. got 7 while PAUL, fishin right beside him with the same bait, never had a bit of luck, which proves—?

Aw, I am goin a quit. This is too deep for me. All I can get out of this is that the more you know about fishermen, the less you know about fishin, that you can't put a bit of dependence in what they or the SIGNS of the MOON SAY. I've lived with em and among em for many years, and next to WHITTLERS and HUNTERS, they are the salt of the earth. Oh yes, PAUL, what did you and CLIFF PURDY do with that boat you made a couple of years ago, that wouldn't go any way only 'round and 'round?

Now, Ed., if you expect me to analyze this fishin business next year in the GAZETTE, you must abide by these rules and regulations. First and most important is, YOU MUST FISH EVERY DAY AND EVERY NIGHT. Lots of times you never

went out when the moon sign was right. How does anybody know whether or not they would a bit good that day? And maybe since the moon shines only at night, it has no influence on their habits except after dark, when you was home asleep. Bet you never thot of that.

I want to be fair to the MOON and to the FISH and in order to know what influence is most important in this fishin controversy I would have to know all the followin facts, for each day and night of the year.

The time of day; the condition of the water, muddy or clear, deep or shallow, swift or sluggish, high or low; the temperature of the water as well as the outside atmosphere; whether the weather was clear or cloudy, calm or windy; the kind of bait and tackle used, and you would have to try every variety each day to be sure of any scientific conclusions; and a lot of other things as well as an accurate record of the signs of the MOON.

With that information I might be able to determine something or other. But if you didn't catch many, DAVE LONG would just say you didn't know when nor where nor how to fish. And if you got a basket full every day RAY GRIMES would say it was just LUCK. That's the way people are, especially Fishermen. I don't believe it is worth while tryin to enlighten em, do you?

PAUL MALLON SAYS

"THE BOSSES NEVER LOSE IN AN OHIO REPUBLICAN PRIMARY"

Mr. Mallon is a keen political observer and us folks here in Ohio ought to know he is tellin the truth in this instance.

But Mr. Mallon failed to observe that the same high-handed method of Republican Bossism in Ohio has brot the party defeat on more than one occasion when the general election came around.

Senator Fess was largely instrumental in turning a normally Republican Ohio over to the Democrats two years ago.

There is much evidence that the same "High-handed Methods" of party Republican bossism in Ohio today is serving to alienate many of the old as well as the young voters from loyalty to the party.

The "Belittling Borah" campaign from Columbus is making Democrats out of Republicans every day. The persistent unjust criticism of the Roosevelt Administration by press and petty politicians is constantly building up sentiment and con-

viction among many groups of Republicans favorable to the Democrats.

The Republicans in Ohio could have won two years ago if they had had wise leadership—and their prospects are good this year—but if the leadership persists in its present utter disregard for the interests and preferences of the rank and file of the party they are doomed to have to be satisfied with a few state officials.

Of course, all I say applies to the Democratic leadership as well, and the victory will go to the party which is able to win and hold the confidence of those thousands of Republicans and Democrats who are now settin on the fence whittlin, like me. If nobody else will tell you boys the truth—The WHITTLERS' GAZETTE aims to, and let the chips fall where they will.

SCIOTO COUNTY

What I have said about the National and State political situation applies in Scioto County. A little minority group of Republicans have got it in their head that they

MOON SIGNS AND FISHIN

COMPILED FROM ED. KUHN'S
1935 EXPERIENCE

An Authoritative Guide to Anglers Whose Ambitions Are Exceeded Only by Their Imaginations and Science

I have to go to press today, March 14th. Ed. Kuhn left a 1935 calendar (Dr. MILE'S) two months ago, on which he had recorded his daily excursions to the beautiful Scioto along with a complete record of his catch, with especial regard to MOON SIGNS. If it is goin to be of any value to the hopeful, 1936 fishermen, I must get it in print this issue, for THE SEASON IS ALREADY ON. My son, DEAN, went two weeks ago and cut a hole through the 9 inches of ice, and never got a nibble and he and CLEVE BRICKER, CHARLEY McGEORGE and ED. DUNCAN are out today in the rain and cold tryin their luck, and I know now what it will be without lookin up the moon sign.

I had two pretty good boys till ED. KUHN, CLEVE BRICKER and TOM MILLAR got to enticin em off to the river and ruined em for life. I'd like for someone to tell me what it is in the human make-up that causes an old drunken sot or a fisherman to take a special delight in leadin youths astray. You know how it is. The best of parents are helpless against their wiles.

I ain't got but a few minutes, ED., to analyze this report you gave me, and if I misrepresent anything you can correct it

in the JUNE ISSUE. You ought to a got ED. RUSSEL to interpret it for you, because I confess I don't know a thing about moon signs or fishin, except that I know that Signs or No Signs, I never get any fresh fish to eat, like I do COON from OSCAR GRIMES, and WILD DUCK and GOOSE from DAVE LONG, and EELS from Trot Line Fishermen like HOB McALLISTER and IKE THOMPSON. I'll bet CLEVE BRICKER lands GEORGE KIMBLER on that new Rod and Reel. He's weakenin every day. He and MARVIN CLARK used to get more fish than anybody nearby, but I'm gamblin they don't convert MARVIN.

Now to get down to real business, about them moon signs. Here are my conclusions from Ed.'s Record. He began fishin in April, and I reckon he was so disappointed with early fishin he quit till JUNE. It was just as well that he did, maybe. Maybe his wife got him to make a little garden or something. Anyway he went strong in June, which with September, proved to be the two best months. July was only fair, August a complete failure, with an even break in October, 4 good days and four bad ones.

So at first glance it might look like the season or the month had more to do with it than the MOON SIGNS, because there are MOON SIGNS every month. But let's examine the records a little closer. Let's take June for example. He snaked em in on 4 successive days. 10 nice bass when the SIGNS WERE EXACTLY WRONG, which proves—? However, no mention was made of the condition of the water, wheth-



PREMIER FOOD PRODUCTS

A study of scientific analyses from any unprejudiced source will serve to convince anyone that no one brand of a wide range of food products can honestly claim to be best in everything, and still less, when true value is considered.

I would be the last to make any such claim for PREMIER FOOD PRODUCTS. Yet over a period of 30 years' experience of selling many brands with careful attention to consumers' reports, repeated consumer blind tests, including the judgment of my own family of 5 who have been trained to extraordinary discrimination in food values, I can HONESTLY say that

PREMIER FOODS HAVE RECEIVED OVERWHELMING ENDORSEMENT, FROM BOTH QUALITY AND VALUE VIEWPOINTS.

This advertisement written for FRANCIS H. LEGGETT CO. by the editor, Clyde Brant.

few people who had as many things wrong with their eyes at one time as I had.

Well, to make a long story shorter, when I went back to receive the final verdict from the Good Doctor McGAVRAN he said, "Young man, we are going to get you well, if you will help us. No medicine will help you—you have simply got to change your whole routine of life. Your whole nervous system has gone to the dickens and you are traveling in a vicious circle. Now I am going to start you on A 20-YEAR PROGRAM. First, I would suggest you drop that FOOL PAPER, etc., etc. Hobbies is all right if you don't go to extremes with em, but you need more rest and recreation."

I could see the Doctor knowed as much about me as I did myself—and I knowed he was right. I liked Dr. McGAVRAN,

Dr. WARREN, and Dr. DAVIES, though one told me I ought to be shot and another that I was a young man good for 20 years or more yet. I can sincerely recommend them to any of you folks who need the services of thorough, honest physicians.

THERE WILL BE NO GAZETTE FOR THE MONTH OF MAY

Now you can see how it is. I told the doctors and my wife that you couldn't teach an Old Dog New Tricks, but I did have to agree to suspend publication of the GAZETTE for one month, the month of MAY, to keep peace in the family. I like doctors and have a lot of respect for them in every way, but I ain't goin to let em boss me and our GAZETTE very long, so you can look for me back with the JUNE ISSUE, snortin and rarin and AMENIN.

Report on Advertisin Program

For some reason we have never heard a word from our open invitation to the KELLOGG CO., and your personal appeal by letters to them to join our WHITTLERS' ADVERTISIN CLUB, two months ago. Neither did they reply to two personal letters I wrote em.

Now maybe most of you forgot to write. Maybe they just got the wrong impression of our frank, open method of tryin to encourage HONEST ADVERTISIN. I can't blame em any if they did. Maybe they just got one of those advertisin managers that ain't very sympathetic to simple, straightforward dealins with people like us Country Jakes. I know we ain't very business-like, and don't know nothin about ethics. Maybe they got such a big firm and so much red tape it takes a long time to get action on any detail, like it is with the government. Maybe the President was away in Florida or California on a vacation, and ain't never seen one of our letters yet.

Anyhow, I am convinced that if there is anything wrong, it is with us. The KELLOGG COMPANY is all right, just like I said it was. I always said if I failed at anything, it was nobody's fault but my own. So I don't want any of you folks to get sore or blame them any or anybody else that fails to respond to our appeals for cooperation. We can't all see things alike. Just remember how insignificant the WHITTLERS' GAZETTE is, how undignified it is, and how a \$20.00 page ad would look to a man who was used to spendin millions. Under like circumstances, nine times out of ten, you would turn such a

proposition down yourself. So let's keep our heads, and think this thing out together. I have not had time to hear from the other five good firms AMENED in the last issue but will report back to you next month. We sure had our nerve to hope to get into the kind of advertisin society we been aspirin to.

ANOTHER CONGRESSMAN HEARD FROM

GEORGE H. KIRKPATRICK, State Representative from KNOX COUNTY, OHIO, is interested in the GAZETTE. He says in part, "Where is the WHITTLERS' GAZETTE LEADING YOU? Is it the little leaven that leaveneth the whole lump, or the 'MUSTARD SEED' of the Holy Writ?" There follows two pages of observations on good government that is wholly in accord with our ideas and a closing invitation to hunt him up any time the House is in session and a wish for the success of the WHITTLERS' GAZETTE.

I have no idea whether MR. KIRKPATRICK is a Republican or a Democrat, but I know as long as the legislature has men like he is in it, our country is pretty safe. If the GAZETTE has any LEAVENING in it I hope it ain't of the ALUM kind. There is probably some MUSTARD and VINEGAR and PEPPER in its pages, but if so, it is used only as a seasoning to bring out and contrast and emphasize our AMENS. It takes a pretty broad-minded man to put up with the WHITTLERS' GAZETTE; petty politicians detest it, and statesmen seem to like it.

NEIL HOUSE, the driver volunteered the opinion that we had chose the Best Hotel. I don't know about that, but I felt right at home, right away, because facin us as we went in was SENATOR VIC DONAHEY'S and AUDITOR OF STATE JOE TRACY'S PICTURES, both of em old WHITTNER FRIENDS. Governor DA-VEY'S picture was there, too, out of courtesy, I reckon, because next to it was the picture of our next governor, JOHN W. BRICKER.

When I went up to the desk, I expected to meet one of those icy, supercilious clerks like O. O. McINTYRE writes about so much. He had got me about half afraid to go into a hotel. But I never met a nicer feller in my life. He asked if we wanted a nice quiet room, if we wanted double or single beds, if we was expectin any telegrams, and a lot more embarrasin but civil questions, and when I came down to leave the key next mornin, he asked if everything was comfortable and all right, like as if he remembered me, and pretty soon the bell boys and elevator girls and even the door man was sayin good morning like as if they meant it. So I can say to all you HICKS that the NEIL HOUSE is a mighty fine place to stop.

First thing I did was to go over to the State House to take that examination for writin Fire Insurance. You see, my father had been agent for The NEW YORK UNDERWRITERS INSURANCE CO. OF NEW YORK, and they wanted me to renew the agency. I have to do some things on the side, you know, to get in a little revenue to help keep the WHITTLERS' GAZETTE goin, and I'll appreciate any insurance you WHITTLERS throw my way, because I won't have any time much to hunt up business.

I was scared to death nearly to take the examination. I never was strong on examinations and I hadn't taken one for many years, and I had had little time to study up any. I could see a couple of young chaps sittin at a table scratchin their heads while I had to wait a few minutes to see a clerk who finally gave me a list of questions and some blank paper. I braced myself and grabbed a pen, and in less than 15 minutes handed the clerk my paper, which he graded right away and handed back for me to see. And I said out loud, "97½! That ain't bad for an old hill billy like me," and I glanced over at the two college-lookin youngsters, threw back my shoulders and walked out. I suspect that done me more good than any medicine the doctor gave me. You know, us old birds have to have something once in awhile to renew our confidence in ourselves.

Well, I wanted to go in and see AUDITOR JOE TRACY and his chief DEPUTY, C. E. BROTTON, and Chief CLERK EDGAR W. ELLIS, but I had to hurry on to the Doctors McGAVRAN and WARREN who kept me in their offices most all the time between 8 A. M. and 4 P. M. for 3 days.

Walkin back and forth several times daily on State Street where every other buildin is filled with doctors' offices, undertakers, drug stores, hospital supplies, etc., I was attracted by a HEALTH FOOD STORE WINDOW. And what do you reckon I saw? Right in the middle of the window was a display of "PREMIER" CANNED GRAPEFRUIT. Evidently that proprietor thinks like I do, that PREMIER FOOD PRODUCTS are RELIABLE and dependable for invalids as well as healthy folks. That's why BRANTS' STORE carries a complete stock of PREMIER PRODUCTS, which cost you no more than competitive brands, sometimes LESS.

Well, after a complete examination Dr. McGAVRAN, one of those canny, jolly Scotchmen, I'd judge, called me in to tell me what he had found out. First thing he began on my teeth. Said the x-ray pictures showed infection. That made me mad right away. I told him that is what every doctor I had seen in 4 years had said, and every dentist I went to said, "NO." I told him I was sure I knowed more about my teeth than anybody else, and I was not goin to have any teeth pulled. So he said we'd let the tooth matter drop for the present.

Then he went on to tell me there was nothin else the matter with me that he could find except bad eyes and "Reactive Psycho Neurosis and Asthenia" and he sent me over to see a Dr. Morgan Davies about my eyes. I looked up the word Asthenia in the dictionary and it seems to mean, "A disease, chronic and usually FATAL, of CHICKENS, characterized by gradual emaciation in spite of a voracious appetite. It is supposed to be due to an intestinal microorganism." Now I always knowed I was "CHICKEN HEARTED" but I never knowed till now that I had a GIZZARD. Maybe that explains everything. I couldn't determine the technical meanin of the other three words used together, but I imagine they are used professionally to mean that I was about half crazy. Nearly everybody else already knowed that.

Well, I went over to see Dr. Morgan Davies. He looked my eyes over a few minutes, slumped back in his chair, gazed at me rather disgustedly and said, "ALL MEN OUGHT TO BE SHOT WHEN THEY GET PAST 40." With which I heartily agreed. He said he had examined

A TRIP TO THE BIG CITY

You see, I had been feelin run down and puny for a year or more and the doctors around here had give me all the beauty laxatives and Jack Dempsey Iron Tonic pills they knowed about, and I reckon they got sick and tired of seein me comin so they agreed to get rid of me by advisin me to go to Columbus and see Dr. Charles McGavran. I'll tell you a little more about him later.

Well, I hate to ride on the buses so bad because a feller can't read nor write nor do nothin much but watch the road ahead and wonder if we are goin to be past that big truck before someone comin the other ways butts into us, so I took the train on the N. and W. I was goin to take the examination to write Fire Insurance so I studied a little book on Insurance goin up. I'll tell you about that a little later if I don't forget it.

Everything went along fine till we got into the big station in Columbus. You see it was below zero and the streets was covered with ice and snow, and there was a good many people travelin on the trains because they was safer and warmer and surer. Now if I took advantage of the comfort of trains in bad weather I would patronize em in good weather. It's just like havin Fair Weather Friends. You know what I mean. Will Rogers and Brisbane were always boostin the airplanes but I am old-fashioned and stick to the railroads. We need em, too.

Well, the weather was so cold and bad, nobody wanted to walk down town, and there was about 50 people rushed out to get cabs, and there was no taxies, because everybody in Columbus, I reckon, was ridin in cabs. But one came in directly and a bunch of young bucks run away out ahead and stopped it and climbed in. Another came along and we (my wife was with me) missed it about a half block. And we missed the next one. I didn't know what to do, and I reckon we would a been standin there yet like a knot on a log if it hadn't been for a clean-lookin, handsome young man about 30 who stepped up and said, "Mister, if you want a cab, you will just have to grab one away from these bums." In a few minutes another hove in sight, and he run out ahead of the crowd and with a commandin gesture stopped it right near us, but before we could reach it, a couple of other of those city go-getters was climbin in. He yelled at em, "Stand back, you guys, and let this lady in," and I wish you could a seen em all

step back and let us in. Then he shoved another lady in and stepped back to await the next cab.

Now, I'd gamble that man was some country boy who had made good in the big city. He knowed we was from the sticks and that we would be standin there till everybody else was gone, if he didn't help us out. He might a been a boy scout who had not forgot his trainin, or he might a been an officer in the army some time. Anyway he was one of those rare superior beings that all men respect and us hicks envy.

After the others got out at the Deshler Hotel, and I had told him to drop us at the

OLD JOHN HENRY

James Whitcomb Riley knew an OLD WHITTLES when he saw one. Here's his idea, WALT.

Old John's jes' made o' the commonest stuff—

Old John Henry—

He's tough, I reckon, but none too tough—
Too tough though's better than not enough!

Says old John Henry.

He does his best, and when his best's bad,
He don't fret none, ner he don't git sad—
He simply 'lows it's the best he had:
Old John Henry!

His doctern's jes' o' the plainest brand—

Old John Henry—

"A smilin' face and a hearty hand
'S religen 'at all folks understand,"

Says Old John Henry.

He's stove up some with the rhumatiz,
And they hain't no shine on them shoes o'
his,
And his hair hain't cut—but his eye-teeth
is:

Old John Henry!

He feeds hisse'f when the stock's all fed—

Old John Henry—

And sleeps like a babe when he goes to
bed—

And dreams o' Heaven and home-made
bread,

Says old John Henry.

He hain't refined as he'd ort to be
To fit the statutes o' poetry,
Ner his clothes don't fit him—but he fits
me:

Old John Henry!



— and Chesterfields
are usually there



they're mild and yet *They Satisfy*

Another Columnist Likes Whittlers

The last thing every night, no matter if it is after midnight, before I can go to bed, my wife asks, "HAVE YOU READ CLYDE MOORE'S COLUMN?" And if I haven't, I've simply GOT TO READ IT, just to please her. She thinks it is about the best and cleverest column there is. He scribbles for THE OHIO STATE JOURNAL. And the other day she sent him a copy of THE WHITTLERS' GAZETTE and it seemed to strike him just where he was the softest . . . All these columnists have their weaknesses, and if they are really GOOD COLUMNISTS, nine times out of 10 you can trace it right back to some farm, a country store or hotel.

But I sure hate to get mixed up any more with em. Just when I thought I was about ready to enter into a quiet, peaceful old age, one of em come along and ruined the rest of my life and snared a thousand or more other innocent victims. You know how it was. I tell you, boys, they are a dangerous lot. Avoid them as you would the seven-year itch. They will lead you astray and make you their slaves if you don't watch out.

The Government ought to set apart a reservation somewhere and confine all columnists thereto like they do the Indians, to live and fuss among themselves, as a protection to the rest of humanity, with a special provision that their wives could have divorces on demand, just on general principles.

COLUMNIST CLYDE MOORE QUALIFIES AS A GENUINE WHITTLES WITH THIS DESCRIPTION OF A COUNTRY STORE

"My Dear Mr. Brant:

"It was mighty nice of you to shove over and make room for me on the WHITTLERS' BENCH. Having been reared in the atmosphere of a COUNTRY STORE down in the mountings of West By Gawd Virginia, I feel right at home with the WHITTLING GROUP. I wore out several BARLOWS sitting around WHITTLING, listening to experienced old hands LYING, and inhaling the combined odors of kerosene, tobacco smoke, drying hides, harness oil, WET HOUND DOGS, and the peculiar aroma of the hunter who had been successful in catching and skinning an adult SKUNK.

"I've carved out chains, keys on rings, large hunks of my hand, and also succeeded, during school hours when I was supposed to be prying into the mysteries of history and geography, in cutting out one of those little gadgets with a ball inside.

"I still do some WHITTLING. Am at present trying to fashion a walking cane out of the remains of the Christmas tree. All those little knobs make a cane the dandiest instrument for scratching the back, when the BUCKWHEAT CAKES begin to make one itchy. Also I WHITTLE out a batch of editorial paragraphs every day.

"Thanks for sending me the WHITTLERS' GAZETTE, but please take note that I am not with the Columbus Dispatch. I'm with the OHIO STATE JOURNAL—First with the news since 1811 and still going strong! I like your homespun philosophy. It's as comfortable as a chicken dinner."

AMEN TO FERRY'S SEEDS

For 80 years FERRY'S SEEDS have been on the market. For 43 years BRANT'S STORE has been selling FERRY'S SEEDS. For three years in succession BRANT'S STORE sold more of FERRY'S SEEDS than any other store in Southern Ohio.

So it is fittin that we should celebrate this SPRING ISSUE, the season of plantin and sowin, with WOODY'S CARTOON, a subtle reference to this GOOD FIRM, on our front cover and a SINCERE AMEN in this, our AMEN CORNER.

THE WHITTLERS' GAZETTE goes into every farm home in a radius of 7 miles of LUCASVILLE, into every home in the village and to LOYAL WHITTLERS in 43 STATES—2,000 Copies. Quotin the ED-

ITOR of a Successful Magazine, "THE ONLY LIMIT TO THE ADVERTISING VALUE OF THE WHITTLERS' GAZETTE IS THE LASTING QUALITY OF THE PAPER. AS I SAY, THE THING CIRCULATES UNTIL IT BECOMES RAGGED WITH AGE."

Along with our voluntary AMEN goes a heartfelt invitation to the FERRY MORSE SEED CO. of DETROIT, MICH., and SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF., to join our WHITTLERS' ADVERTISIN CLUB, as a tribute to their HIGH STANDARDS OF QUALITY and HONEST ADVERTISIN.

Clyde Brant, Editor.

EDITOR'S NOTE. On this page from time to time the Editor says AMEN to HONEST advertisers who are invited to join our ADVERTISERS' WHITTLERS' CLUB. On the theory that a LITTLE ad in a LITTLE PERSONAL magazine is worth as much or perhaps more than a BIG ad in a BIG Publication, in proportion, large use of space is not encouraged. Quarter pages at \$5.00 per issue are preferred, but larger space at the same proportional price will be allotted if possible, when requested. No competing product in the same price range will be admitted to the columns of the GAZETTE for one year from date of contract. THE GAZETTE ALWAYS AIMS TO PICK THE BEST and will not knowingly accept any dishonest advertisements. Circulation, 2,000. Readers who disagree with our AMENS for any reason are urgently requested to write us about it.

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