

THE WHITTLERS' GAZETTE

Official Publication of

THE WHITTLERS' CLUBS OF AMERICA

Clyde Brant, Owner and Publisher

NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS

BRANT'S VILLAGE STORE

MAIN STREET

MARCH, 1936

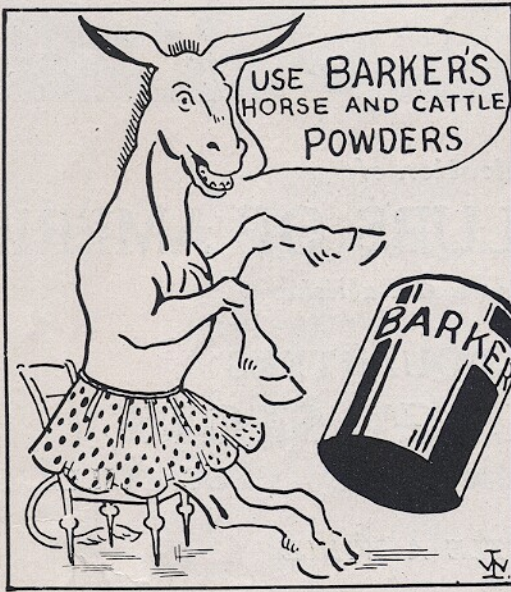
LUCASVILLE, OHIO

STOP AND WHITTLE A WHILE



THE WHITTLERS' GAZETTE'S REGULAR STAFF OF WRITERS

From Left to Right—"Woody," Cartoonist, sitting; "Rube," standing; Doc Marrs; The Editor; and WALT, Smokin 2 Chesterfields at Once



MODERN FAIRY TALES

Remember BARKER'S HORSE AND CATTLE POWDER ALMANAC? I ain't seen one for years, but I can remember when us kids always watched for them to come in to the drug store, and how we'd read em from cover to cover. OLD MAN BARKER was a psychologist all right and a keen advertiser. But I imagine even the sophisticated first-graders of today would find an OLD BARKER'S ALMANAC uninterestin and commonplace.

When I went through a half dozen magazines the other night lookin for HONEST ADVERTISERS to say "AMEN" to, I was sure surprised to find so many modern advertisers have stole OLD MAN BARKER'S ideas. The only difference I could see was that Mr. BARKER was advertisin a pretty good product, in a clever, sensible way by havin members of the barnyard family talkin to each other in human language about the fine qualities of HIS CONDITION POWDERS, while these high-priced, smart ad writers of today have changed things around a little and draw pictures of HUMAN BEINS—MEN BRAYIN like JACKASSES and WOMEN CACKLIN LIKE OLD HENS. If some of the cows and pigs would see some of this 20th century advertisin they would laugh their heads clear off.

FAIRY TALES

Course you will think I am exaggeratin, and bein too hard on modern advertisin art and literature, unless you have read one of these silly ads from start to end, which I know very few have. So to prove my point, I am goin to copy one or two of these fairy tales. One or two is all you

Barker's Horse And Cattle Powders

have to read because the rest of them are almost exactly alike. In fact it looks like the same advertisin agency had wrote about all the ads in the magazines or else they are about all copyin after each other.

"HOW BELL ONCE MORE BECAME THE FASCINATIN WIDOW"

This is copied from a LIFE BUOY SOAP AD in the Oct. Issue of The Ladies' HOME JOURNAL, page 131.

The first scene, entitled "A TRAGEDY," is a picture of a very distressed widow, gazin in a mirror and sayin to herself, "I used to think I wouldn't mind growin middle aged, old, but my friends are all drifting away. I am so lonely—afraid of the future." (Poor old soul. I'll bet Life Buoy gets her out of that before this show ends.)

Second act, depictin two women talkin, entitled "The EXPLANATION." One says to the other, "The bridge club meets next week. Should we ask BELL? We haven't seen her in ages." To which the other replies, "I feel sorry every time we leave her out. But why has she become so careless?"

Next scene. Same two women cacklin. First woman, "She used to be so attractive. Jim called her the 'Fascinating Widow,' and begged her to marry him." (Wonder what kind of soap she used then?) Second woman, "He never goes to see her now. When a woman gets careless about 'B.O.' the way Bell has, GOOD-BYE ROMANCE." (Now, ain't that just too bad?)

The next picture shows one of these last two women soliloquizin: "I've known and liked Bell all my life. I'm going to tell her to use Life Buoy Soap. 'B.O.' is spoiling her life." Now don't that sound just exactly like one of OLD MAN BARKER'S LONG EARED MULES SITTIN BACK ON HIS HAUNCHES, with a wide grin on his face tellin a lean lanky old mare that all she needs to do to get rid of that surplus, lousy, winter coat of hair, and get fat and slick, is to use BARKER'S HORSE AND CATTLE POWDERS? What the mule said had some sense, but what this Life Buoy ad says, well—it's asinine, to say the least.

(PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 11)



*— and Chesterfields
are usually there*



*... they're mild
and yet
They Satisfy*

The Lucasville Bank

January 27th depositors of the Lucasville Bank, closed by order of the State Banking Department a few months ago, WERE PAID IN FULL. There was still \$35,000 worth of assets left which the stockholders took over from which they should realize about \$20,000. If they get only \$15,000 that will be half of the money they put up in stock.

The Gazette has no hesitancy in saying that there never was any justification for closing this bank, or possibly the Otway bank, both of which paid out in full in relatively short periods. It was just another one of the evidences of the influence and power of the BIG MONEY INTERESTS wantin to get the little fellows out of the way.

There was a time in the history of our nation when the big men were glad and willing to lend a helpin hand and to encourage young and weaker enterprises. But that day seems to be gone. The policy of BIG BUSINESS today is clearly a deliberate effort to crush all competition. Petty politicians in both major parties are their allies, and willin tools. AL SMITH and HERBERT HOOVER are shinin examples.

HENRY FORD AND BIG BUSINESS

It is certainly evident that BIG BUSINESS doesn't care a rap how long this depression lasts, or how bad it gets just so they can retain their dominance and power. HENRY FORD has said that industry could put all the unemployed to work if it wanted to—tomorrow. You and I know it is true because, if under NRA a little country crossroads store could put 40 percent more men to work and survive, as it has ever since, practically all industry could have done as much or more. If it had there wouldn't have been a man in America out of work today.

No, folks, we might as well face the facts. Big Business didn't like NRA nor little banks, and it has balked like a mule at every effort to pull out of the mud of depression.

CONFIDENCE JUSTIFIED

The loyal citizens who started the Lucasville Bank never expected to make a lot of money. If they had bot stock in any one of the big surviving Cincinnati Banks in 1929 they could not get 50c on the dollar for the best and as little as 10 percent of their money back, if they had

to sell on today's market, to say nothin about the ones that went under and paid nothin—double liability, etc.

So the people of Lucasville are to be congratulated in their good judgment, and their confidence in each other. They made no mistake. They have fared as well as most depositors and stockholders, and far better than many.

A NEW BANK

Already there is talk of startin a NEW BANK, and I would not be surprised to see one opened in LUCASVILLE within a year. Several have already expressed their willingness to subscribe for stock, one man as much as \$5,000. This fool editor will take some, if he has any money when the time comes.

LAWS DON'T HELP MUCH

Surely we as a people have learned that we cannot expect any help from our law-makin bodies to protect and help us rural-ites. BIG BUSINESS won't let em if they wanted to. Laws don't do much good any how. Did you ever hear of one they couldn't get around? You can't even tax em and make it stick. ROOSEVELT has sure helped one class of citizens and that is the smart lawyers who are employed at fat fees to sidestep the New Deal issues.

COOPERATIVE SPIRIT GROWING

But there is a risin tide against the stubbornness and defiance of Big Business which it cannot suppress nor halt. There is a neighborly spirit of cooperation growing among the Rural People in nature's soil. We have long been tolerant and hopeful and patient and trustful that our interests would be protected. Now we are beginnin to realize that if anything is going to be done, that we may survive in peace and opportunity we have got to do it ourselves.

COOPERATION, Not among industrial-ists, Not among Bankers, Not between us merchants, BUT COOPERATION BETWEEN AND AMONG CONSUMERS, THAT WILL BE THE BIG BUSINESS OF TOMORROW. COOPERATION, Not of small minorities, BUT OF THE GREAT MAJORITY, for the welfare of ALL—Farmers, Laborers, Professional men, practically everybody. Even the politicians will have to cooperate.

(PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 12)

Rube Comes Back With A Wallup!

Lucasville, Ohio, February 9, 1936

Dear Editor:

I want to thank you for awarding me first prize in the contest. And now comes the surprise: I want you to make out a check to Rube and Em, indorsed by yourself, with my permission; then donate it to the WILL ROGERS MEMORIAL FUND. Then, after the check is returned to you, please file it away in some safe place until I get the guts to tell you who I am. Sneaking old "coward" that I am, I can't tell you yet. Anyhow, I want that check to put among my souvenirs. I think I was as great an admirer of the inimitable Will as you, and that's saying something. He was just about my ideal of clean American manhood. And he wasn't afraid to give somebody a good, old-fashioned "belly-laugh." In fact, that was about his chief aim in life—and a durned good service toward mankind if you ask me. Old Rube likes to do that too, once in a while; you can expect yours farther along in this letter. By cracky man, there's nothing under Heaven like a good laugh to scare away old man "depression"; or the blues, jitters or indigestion. I mean of course the sort that makes you hold onto your false teeth, tips your toupee over on one side and makes the tears roll down your jowls. Rube's motto: "More laughs, fewer doctor bills." If we'd organize "laughing clubs" around over the country, pretty soon all our good old Docs like Doc Marrs, Doc Hilling, Doc Coleman and all of them would soon have to take in "washins" to make a living. So I guess the thing has its drawbacks. Still, there'll always be tonsils and appendixes. The doctors could use them for tobacco money.

I noticed by your bulletin board Thursday that you are offering a reward for me—a whole dollar. Now Editor, you should be ashamed. You should have seen me making tracks out of that store. And was my face red! Have only been back once since, and that was to get Em's new dress. You see, I didn't have any more brains than to go home and tell her, and she's been blackmailing me ever since; wants to turn me in just to get that durned, measly little old dollar. Now can you tie that? Every time she gets het-up I have to promise her another dress. Have

only actually had to get her one so far (one of those new prints or calicos you got in a week or two ago), but that old gal never forgets my promises. If the roads hadn't been so bad I can't get down very often, I'd have been out about five dollars by this time. And it's all your fault for teaching Em how to blackmail like you yourself did Liggett and Myers and the Leggett Company.

And by the way, there were several names you forgot to call me in your "comments" on my so-beautiful and inspiring poem. By cracky, I'm surprised at the extreme inadequacy of your vocabulary. And you a big Editor! Think of it! Now for instance, there's hick, moron, nit-wit, runt, boob, flat-tire, bum, scab, half-breed, shrimp, nonentity, hay-seed, skunk, cuss, scum, half-pint scallawag, half-wit, scamp, anguis in herba, lusus naturae, ame de boue, un sot a triple etage, advocatus diaboli, and so on. Oh, yes, and a dirty so-and-so. Now see that you do better next time. Just think of all those nice things I said about you in my poem. And you'd better look up the correct spelling for graminivorous, or have your printing company do it. It was probably their fault, like the mistake they made on my poem. They took a line off the first stanza, and tacked it onto the second. Did you notice it? They durned near ruined the effect of my old-maids, teachers, brides and widows.

Now, about your beloved tricolorator, why in thunder don't you get yourself something modern? We started using a glass vacuum coffee-maker some time ago, and believe me man, it's as far ahead of your moth-eaten old tricolorator as the airplane is of the "hoss-and-buggy." You don't have to take old Rube's word for it—try one out for yourself.

By the way, Editor, you say I'm henpecked. Now it just occurs to me, that when a fellow admits to the whole cock-eyed world, including all the old Whittlers, and right in his own magazine, that he has to crawl out every morning, rain or shine, come what may, make his own coffee, and get his own breakfast, that that fellow is more than slightly affected by the sharp beak of the female species of the domesticated fowl-family himself.

(PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 16)

Apology To The Readers Digest, And An AMEN!

What Scientists has done, I mean the Real Scientists (there is two kinds, like there is of everything else). What the real scientists has done for humanity in the past ages, them boys that conceived the READERS DIGEST has done for the readin public. They are the smartest guys in the publishin business today accordin to my ideas. I wish I'd a been one of em. They are the only ones I know who give you more than your money's worth, give you just what you buy—good solid readin. I wouldn't do without the READERS DIGEST at thrice the price.

You can see that they went into the thing, not solely for gain, but with the single worthy purpose of doin a job better than anyone else had ever done, unless it was way back in the time of BEN FRANKLIN, or some other old WHITTTLER before the advertisin craze struck. They are the only successful publishers I know of who get along without advertising and pictures of Bathing Beauties. I'll bet them boys could get a million dollar's worth of advertisin tomorrow if they wanted to get rich quick. I sure am pleased that there is a few people in the world yet who take more pride in their work and products than they do in makin a lot of money.

COLUMNISTS!

WILL ROGERS always said all he knowed was what he read in the papers. Well, I have told you before that all I know is what I read in the READERS DIGEST and from them NEWSPAPER PESTS, the COLUMNISTS. Every time I read the READERS DIGEST I want to copy about every other article for the WHITTLERS' GAZETTE, and I know I've got 1,000 columnist clippins to which I wanted to call your attention but seldom did. But from now on all the GOOD ideas you read in the WHITTLERS' GAZETTE probably had their origin in the READERS DIGEST, and all the NO-ACCOUNT ones are mine or some columnist's.

You see I always figger that you have already read the READERS DIGEST and all the COLUMNISTS, and any comments or repetition here would be entirely superfluous.

But the READERS DIGEST has made a world-wide reputation in a few short years by simply frankly copyin what somebody else said, and I have begun to sus-

picion awful strong that many of these most popular COLUMNISTS, EDITORS and WRITERS owe much of their glory to their friends and OLD-TIME WHITTLERS who have supplied much of their made-over material.

I see that I ain't never goin to be great gettin facts and fancies out of my own head. I reckon nobody ever did, not till after he died anyhow, and some future writers began quotin him or stealin from him. So this once anyway I am goin to copy from the READERS DIGEST, for fear you may somehow have overlooked the following paragraphs.

FEBRUARY READERS DIGEST QUOTES ARNOLD BENNETT

ARNOLD BENNETT SAID:

"A good talker lets himself go. He does not stand back upon the order of his talking. He talks." (Sounds like he was speakin about our own DR. J. N. THOMAS or that woman I overheard in a doctor's office the other day.) "He does not fear to expose himself to the gaze of his fellows. He is not a strict devotee of logic. He is ready to contradict himself, to alter his opinions without regret." (It would embarrass me to death if I was ever illogical or inconsistent.) "He admits all the time that he is not the sole fount of everlasting wisdom. At the end of a sitting you may decide that you are a more sagacious individual than he is, but he has held you, diverted you, increased your acquaintance with human nature, incited you to thought, and above all shown you an individuality."

AND J. B. PRIESTLY IS QUOTED IN THE SAME ISSUE AS FOLLOWS:

"The autobiographical element in talk covers all the odd judgements, tastes, whims, and prejudices that may be set forth by the talker, and gives it his personal coloring; and with them go instances of personal experiences. There must be some admixtures of ideas, which give the talk form and shape, as the other gives it color."

From now on, please be warned, I am goin to let myself loose and talk. If that is all it takes to be a writer, and these men ought to know, it is as easy as fallin off a log backwards. You may not find any form or shape, but henceforth you will see every color of the rainbow in the WHITTLERS' GAZETTE. If you don't be-

(PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 12)

THEM MICE TRAPS

Seems like every time I get out a new issue my wife makes it a point casually to ask me why I don't tell you about THEM MICE TRAPS. It ain't much of a story. In fact I never thought it was worthy of space. You readers are all deep thinkers, and like the Heavy, High-brow Stuff I been writin. But maybe you would enjoy somethin of a lighter vein occasionally. It is a good thing sometimes to break the monotony or regular routine of our habits—get out of the rut, as it were. Then, besides, I won't have to be annoyed any more by my wife's insinuations. Not about THEM MICE TRAPS anyhow.

A PRETTY SALESLADY!

This is how it was. One day, about a year ago, a very handsome young lady walked into the store carryin a suitcase-of-a-thing. Several of us loafers was standin around the stove. Now if there is one thing I put my foot down on it is when one of my clerks neglects regular customers or loafers, to jump up and run to wait on some strange, purty woman, just as soon as she gets in the door. It is a good thing to let em wait a few minutes, till they get real anxious to buy somethin right quick. So I set the example and stood still, barely glancin her way. I wasn't sure whether she wanted to buy somethin or sell somethin.

SHE PICKED ME OUT RIGHT AWAY!

Well, I wasn't long in findin out. She walked straight back to our little group and I don't know how she knowed it, but right away she asked me if I was the MICE TRAP BUYER. Now Mr. JAMES B. DOLL usually looks after the TRAPS FOR OUR MICE DEPARTMENT, but on this occasion I decided I had better attend

to the matter personally. So I told her I was the proprietor, and would be pleased to give her some of my valuable time. She seemed to be a real friendly woman, and I wasn't real busy at the time.

Now, folks, I don't want to make this too long a story, but I am obliged to stick to facts and tell you all the details, because you see every clerk I got knows about this deal, and my wife has her suspicions, and there may be considerable exchange of opinions and comment between them after they read this.

SHE IMPRESSED THE LOAFERS

Well, LADY DRUMMERS don't call on Crossroads Merchants very often. The boys who was standin around talkin to me stepped back, gentlemanly-like as country menfolk do in the presence of a lady, and formed a little circle around us. Without a lot of preliminary senseless remarks, like men often indulge in, she opened the top of the valise and took out a wire, funnel-shaped thing and screwed it onto a Mason jar and exclaimed, "There, Gentlemen, is the most wonderful little MICE TRAP in the world." I resented her use of the word "Gentlemen." I was the MICE TRAP BUYER, and I could see she was appealin to the loafers standin around. And all the time the crowd was gettin a little bigger.

HER BRAVERY HELDEM SPELLBOUND

Next thing she pressed a button and lifted off a portion of the suitcase and revealed a wire cage with about 25 or 30 live mice in it. Fearlessly and triumphantly, and without a qualm, she opened the lid and placed the trap in the cage and in less than a second every one of them

(PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 14)



EXCELLENCE!

OF COURSE no two people have the same tastes or likes and dislikes. No one variety or brand of everything would please everybody, nor maybe all in one family.

But in my experience in the grocery business for over 30 years, more people have asked for **PREMIER BRAND** than any other we ever offered for sale which proves to me that not only the **PREMIER PEOPLE** but our **CUSTOMERS** as well are good judges of **EXCELLENCE**.

*This Ad Written for Francis H. Leggett Co.
by Clyde Brant, Editor*

RUBE'S PIPE-DREAMS

By RUBE

Come, all ye old WHITTLERS, an pull up a cheer
An read this durned poem—**your** name may be here.
I'm drawin word pictures of you (jist a few)—
Folks'll know what you look like afore I git through.
I live so fur out in the sticks, it is true,
I ain't never seen you to say "howdy-do";
As to what you're all like though, I've got my idee,
So I'm tellin the rest how you look, yes siree.

VIC DONAHEY

When the U. S. Senate convenes fur the day,
Who's the most pop'lar feller? Why Vic Donahey;
The Senators all gather round him, you bet,
Fur Vic has jist got his new WHITTLERS' GAZETTE;
Mr. Garner cracks down with his gavel, by heck,
But he can't git a break, fur they're up to their neck
In that durned WHITTLIN paper by Editor Brant,
And them guys must all read it—jist let Johnny rant!
The Senate will profit by all this delay,
If they follow the judgment of Vic Donahey—
Good old WHITTLIN Vic! Show 'em how! Lead the way!
(I'll bet Vic wears spats an a stiff-katy hat,
A loud checkered vest, and a purple cravat.)

JOE TRACY

There's the Auditor, too, of our good old home state,
That good egg, Joe Tracy, whom no one could hate.
Joe's did a swell job, but his deputy said
This durned WHITTLIN craze has went plum to his head—
It's upset the office—this WHITTLERS' GAZETTE;
Work jist has to wait till they read it, you bet!
I'll bet Joe's nigh fifty, an bald as a knob—
Wears red flannel drawers, and a shoe-string watch-fob.

DOC MARRS

There's dear old Doc Marrs, from out in Peory;
A finer old guy never swapped a good story—
But what does he look like? Jist wait, an you'll see—
Most WHITTLERS ain't handsome; well, neither is he.
You've heard about "Santa Claus' little round belly,
That shook when he laughed like a bowl full of jelly;"
Well, fellers, that's good old Doc Marrs to a T—
Red-faced, fat an jolly, and wears a toe-pee.

TIP

There's Tip, the old WHITTLE from up on the lakes;
If you're thinkin of humor, Tip's got "what it takes."
I'm sure he sings bass, an hob-nobs with the best,
But that guy'll never win in no beauty contest.
In my pipe-dreams I see him, about six-foot-two,
A big walrus mustache, a size fourteen shoe;
He sports scarlet neck-ties, an sings in the choir—
He'd make a good lawyer, but he ain't no good liar.

RUBE'S PIPE-DREAMS



O. O. McINTYRE

There's McIntyre (O. O.) whose map is so sour
 (One O. stands fur "ornery," the other fur "our".)
 That feller ain't foolin a smart guy like me—
 Them picturs we see ain't of him—no siree!
 I'll betcha, by cracky, them pictures we've saw
 Is of old O. O.'s butler, or his pappy-in-law;
 No guy that's as smart as "our ornery" O. O.
 Could look like that mug in the pictures—heck no!

WOODROW ISHMAEL

There's the picture man, Woody, that draws the cartoons
 (Don't look like Clark Gable, nor Bing Crosby that croons);
 But the guy ain't been born that can cartoon like him—
 A dried up little runt, but plum chuck full of vim;
 Wears a high rubber collar, an a fact'ry-tied tie
 Hook-nosed and knock-kneed, sixty year old (durn nigh).

WALT

There's Walt, our own poet; an folks, there's a guy
 That's homely as Satan, in my old mind's eye;
 The feller's all whiskers—his face you can't see;
 By cracky, I'll bet he's as ugly as me.
 But can he write verses! You bet your sweet life!
 And by gum, I'll bet he's a pip with the knife.

RUBE HIS-SELF (See February Issue)

Now here is the way Mr. Brant sums me up:
 I'm a "Whiffin Sophist," a "Lazy Old Pup";
 I'm a "Durned Hypocrite," an a "Lousy Old Sneak"—
 A "Hen-pecked Hill-billy," a "Coward," so to speak;
 "Jello-boy," "Spinach-eater," "Salad-gulper," by gum!
 A "Buzzin June-bug," "Insignificant Scum."
 Em says, "A durned noosance to have round the house";
 But to you, WHITTLIN FRIENDS, I'm jist a-non-y-mous.

SHAVINGS FROM CORRESPONDENTS

RED FOSTER OF WISNER, LOUISIANA

And now comes RED FOSTER with the most preposterous proposition, and the worst slam the WHITTLERS' GAZETTE has ever suffered. Here it is:

"Inclosed is check for \$2.00 to help pay postage. I am a would-be, jack-leg country boy newspaper writer, and I sure enjoy your chatter.

"How about lets (we readers and subscribers of the WHITTLERS' GAZETTE) having a LIARS CONTEST FOR 1936? Say the best LIE of the year to win 5 CARTONS OF CHESTERFIELDS? . . . I am quite a LIAR and a member of the Burlington Liars' Club of Burlington, Wis."

Now of all things, the GAZETTE posin as pillar of HONESTY and then some nincompoop would want to make a LIARS' CLUB out of it. You can just talk your head off to some people and it don't soak in at all. NO SIR! Mr. FOSTER, I ain't goin to have a thing to do with any LIARS' CLUB. I am strictly opposed to tellin lies, in any manner or form. But just to show you that I am a broad minded Editor, I'll tell you what I'll do.

If you will agree to manage this LIARS' CLUB on the side, and assume all responsibility, I'll furnish the CHESTERFIELDS, and make the CHESTERFIELD FOLKS furnish a like amount for a second prize if I can, and say a case of that fine canned PUNKIN from the PREMIER people and some KELLOGG'S CORN FLAKES if they decide to come along with us WHITTLERS, and give you a HALF PAGE in each Issue of the GAZETTE to appeal to the LIARS OF AMERICA and promote your morbid ambition.

Now what do you say? All you folks who are interested in this proposition write to MR. C. H. (RED) FOSTER, JR., WISNER, LOUISIANA. Don't write to me because I won't answer your letters. I want it clearly understood that I am in no way upholdin this outrageous idea, and the only reason in the world I consent to it at all is that it may get some of the LIARS OF AMERICA to readin the GAZETTE and I can convert em to be HONEST. In short if EVERYBODY was HONEST there would be no need for the WHITTLERS' GAZETTE or Churches. We

got to get the swindlers and liars into our audience before we can convince them of the error of their ways.

And one more thing, RED, if you don't do a better job than the BURLINGTON CLUB did last year, YOU ARE FIRED.

AN ADVERTISIN AGENCY WRITES US AS FOLLOWS:

"I just received the Nov. issue of the WHITTLERS' GAZETTE. I had to take it away from a girl in our filing department who had preempted it.

"There is more truth than fiction in your analysis of cigarette advertising, and I hope you get CHESTERFIELD'S advertising."

I am always reluctant to use letters and quote names. I feel sure this organization would not want it broadcast that they even approve of such an insignificant organ as the WHITTLERS' GAZETTE, but it does make us feel mighty good to know that at least a few advertising agencies like our attitude. I think most of them approve down in their hearts, but they are afraid to say so. Any time you do not wish to be quoted please make note of the fact, and your confidence will be respected.

OLD TIP FROM MINNEAPOLIS HASN'T FORGOTTEN US, NOR US HIM, OR ANYBODY ELSE

He writes: "NOVEMBER ISSUE A WHIZ. Your FREE AD to CHESTERFIELDS was best I ever read. Have read the issue from 'civer to civer' and it is a dandy. 'The Brain Truster' editorial is a pip.

"4½ years in college and yuh can't spell yit!"

That is about a dozen times smart alecs have criticized my spellin. And I might as well explain to you all right now. I never knowed a perfect speller that ever amounted to much. Spellin and Bible are the only two subjects I ever flunked in. To tell you the truth, I can't even copy a word right out of the dictionary and get it right so I have quit lookin em up or tryin to spell correctly. If I was runnin a school I would abolish all spellin classes first day and let everybody spell to suit

(PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 11)

Barker's Horse And Cattle Powders

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2)

Really, folks, this is too silly. Let's skip the next two emotional scenes. All you need to know is that Wise Bell took the advice, became again that Fascinating Widow and got JIM back.

IVORY SOAP

Now I was goin to take you back on page 5 in the same magazine and review another ad, one of IVORY SOAP, entitled, "NO LONGER ASHAMED OF MOTHER'S HANDS." It looks like the same two funny lookin women and a gullible grocer conspirin how they could get ANN married off to a cute little feller, by the subtle and potent use of IVORY SOAP.

MORE FAIRY TALES

Then I read how A DOCTOR "WORKING ON A MOUSE'S TAIL MADE A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN." Them advertisin doctors can do anything under the sun. Dorothy Gray advertised a "COCTAIL" for the face. I had just about got used to the word "HALITOSIS" when I discovered there is a new disease of the skin, I believe, called "PSORIASIS" and I reckon

somebody will get rich curin that. Your daily bath will not keep you safe from perspiration odors, you must use "MUM." One ad is headed "DANGER CURVES AHEAD. FIGURE TRAGEDY." Looks like a body's whole life would be a tragedy, if they don't read and obey these advertisers. Then I learned how ONE WOMAN LOST ONE SMILIN HUSBAND AND 79 7/10 CENTS because she failed to use Kitchen Tested flour. I think she got off dern cheap. One woman wanted to know why she CRIED SO EASILY. It was all because she didn't know enough to eat Fleischmann's yeast. If you can believe one ad, mothers are actually lettin their children get sick and maybe die, because they are so selfish they want to keep all the Lysol for their own personal anti-ceptin feminine hygiene. But one of the worst was the Squibbs Ad, "HAS YOUR BABY A WELL SHAPED HEAD?" with the inference that Cod Liver Oil would insure a perfect head. Dr. Edwards olive tablets ain't no physic, they are "BEAUTY LAXATIVES." HEE! HAW!

And I could go on for another hour I
(PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 12)

SHAVINGS FROM CORRESPONDENTS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10)

themselves. How do you like what RUBE said about you in this issue, TIP? Now I will give you or any of the other WHITTLERS he misrepresented in this poem a full quarter page to take his hide off if you want to claim it.

Advertisers, Please Take Notice!

Here is a letter from the EDITOR of a magazine who says, "You can tell this to LIGGETT and MYERS and to KELLOGG and to EVERYBODY. It's the TRUTH and you can tell 'em I said it for by golly I DID SAY IT."

But I will not use your name, FRIEND, because TRUTH is often stranger than fiction, and your statements are so unusual that I fear many would not believe you and I could not endure any unjust criticism of my friends. I never care much what anyone thinks or says about me, but I can't hear my friends' integrity questioned. Here is what this EDITOR says:

"The best thing about the advertising value of the WHITTLERS' GAZETTE, and a thing that few advertisers would suspect, is this:

"For every man or woman who gets the WHITTLERS' GAZETTE, ten people read that copy, I'd guess. This is not an overstatement. In fact I think it conservative. The copy I get is passed around among people till it is ragged.

"I hand my copy to my son, and he hands it around down at the firm where he works, and after it goes the rounds there they hand it on to someone else, who gives it to someone else, who gives it to someone else.

"If a man gets hold of a December issue in February it goes the rounds just the same as if it was hot off the press. You see TRUTH and HOMELY PHILOSOPHY never get threadbare. They never get stale. Make that kind of stuff in January and it is just as fresh in July as it ever was.

"THE ONLY LIMIT TO THE ADVERTISING VALUE IN THE WHITTLERS' GAZETTE IS THE LASTING QUALITIES OF THE PAPER. JUST AS I SAY, THE THING CIRCULATES UNTIL IT BECOMES RAGGED WITH AGE. And it is all because it is DIFFERENT, WHOLLY HONEST."

The Lucasville Bank

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4)

COULD GET ALONG WITHOUT CAPITALISTS

Now I am not advocatin socialism, nor share the wealth idea—nothin like that. Let all the millionaires, and \$200,000-a-year Presidents take all their cash and superior Brains and sail off to Europe with em. Let em keep all the factories and plants they have established all over the world to the detriment of America and American labor. I say there is plenty of brains and ingenuity left to start from scratch without a dime, and produce enough wealth in two or three years to pay for every factory and machine in the United States and have plenty left to run the Government and give everybody a comfortable living.

The point is, us consumers, us little fellows are the real WEALTH PRODUCERS. The RICH, the BANKERS are merely WEALTH COLLECTORS. We rare about our taxes, but BIG BUSINESS EXACTS a far greater tribute from Labor and Producers and Consumers than the Government does.

LUCASVILLE COULD BE WEALTHY

Just suppose for instance that every dollar of profit on the grain, produce and livestock the farmers in this community had sold, all the profits on banking and insurance business and on goods purchased in the last 50 years had remained in LUCASVILLE where it was earned and spent? Lucasville now would a been worth more than New York in proportion to its size. But Big Business even stole our bank right out from under our noses, before it had hardly got started.

SELFISHNESS ONLY DRAWBACK

Yes, I am inclined to believe that the answer to unlimited capitalism is COOPERATION between and among producers and consumers. Like every other social problem it would have to be worked out on Broad Democratic principles in justice and fairness to all concerned. Naturally it would be subject to all the weaknesses of Human Nature, which alone could prevent success. I don't know how long it would take for internal corruption and possible dissentions to wreck it. Apparently no workable perfect plan of social justice has ever been evolved. At least none has ever survived.

But I am not a skeptic nor a pessimist. I believe a better world is ahead and among all the ISMS, COOPERATION points the way to greater happiness and prosperity. It all depends upon the wis-

dom and simple honesty of the leadership with the GOLDEN RULE as a preface to every article in a constitution founded on the teachings of the Bible. First of all CONFIDENCE must be established. Emotionalism and Partisanship, political and religious, are its most dangerous enemies. We are a nation of selfish minority groups which will eventually destroy all society unless some agency, like Cooperation, can weld a large majority of us into a useful, helpful, honest purpose. A long, bitter fight is ahead.

Oh yes, I was talkin about the Lucasville Bank—DEFUNCT. As soon as the sun gets warm enough I am goin over and wash the grime off the windows, and the soap marks the boys put on last Hallowe'en. If my dad had lived he would a had it done before this.

Apology To The Readers Digest

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6)

I lieve it read the article on another page or pages, headed "FAIRY TALES AND BARKER'S HORSE AND CATTLE POWDERS," to which this is merely an introduction.

P. S. I am worried. I ain't been gettin enough protests and resentments and criticisms. There must be somethin wrong with the GAZETTE. In a year only two people have notified me to quit sendin it. That ain't natural. If some of you want to cheer me up, please write and tell me what's wrong with the WHITTLERS' GAZETTE.

Barker's Horse And Cattle Powders

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11)

reckon, but what's the use? Never in my opinion has advertisin, in general, descended to such low levels. BARKER'S ALMANAC was a credit to much of it. How much longer will an intelligent public submit to such Tommy-rot? How long can advertising survive under such a handicap? What value has AN HONEST AD in such company as this?

Anyway it is as plain as the nose on your face that I ain't very likely to get any advertisin for the WHITTLERS' GAZETTE from these clever boys who can take any dozen soaps and make you believe each one is better than the others and absolutely indispensable if you would live a long, happy and beautiful life. Isn't it a mystery how our ancestors got along at all with nothin but LYE SOAP AND GOOSE GREASE?

Editor's Comments On Rube's Palaverings

Well, it looks like I might just as well turn the whole magazine over to RUBE and EM. I'd like to ignore the son-of-a-gun entirely, but he has got everybody 'round here so worked up to find out who he is, I wouldn't dare do it. Frankly he's got my goat. Maybe WALT and RUBE is the same person, playin Dr. Jeckyl and Mr. Hyde.

Well, Rube, I wrote that check as you directed. The agencies in Portsmouth had ceased to accept donations, so I mailed it to the WILL ROGERS MEMORIAL COMMISSION OF NEW YORK, pinned to that page of the GAZETTE which announced your winning, with specific instructions to return the check to me if for any reason it was not acceptable. I hope it is too late and I get it back, so as you will have to think up some other scheme to get it away from me.

Now I can't let your Hill Billy idea of coffee makin go unchallenged. Your comments on TRICOLATORS prove exactly what I said about your gullibility, and salad eatin tendencies. I got one of them things like you say you are usin, settin in our china closet, which is a museum as most china closets are for antiques. I bought three I think and loaned Cleve Bricker one for a month, but he finally brought it back admittin it was no good and to get rid of two, I gave em to the Men's Sunday School Class for prizes, in their shootin matches. Of all the awkward, unscientific devices ever invented for brewin coffee, that thing is the limit. I kept one just to have my collection of coffee urns complete.

Now it is just exactly as I have always said. A lot of guys like you eat and drink with your eyes. Everybody started usin percolators because they could watch 'em perk, not because they made good coffee. And when these ALL glass monstrosities like you're talkin about came out muzzy loons like you fell for em, just simply because you could see the whole process, and you wanted to keep up with the other RUBES or get a little ahead of em. They might do for women, but for a HE MAN who wants coffee with a real kick to it it is an absolute fizzle.

Yes, RUBE, a lot of folks eat with their eyes and think with their feet. I sure had

you sized up about right. I oughtn't to a printed your letter, but I thought I would just let our good readers hear from your own mouth what an insignificant squirt you are. I took a big risk at that because I have said "AMEN" to the TRICOLOR CO. on the back page of this issue along with several other HONEST ADVERTISERS, and I am not exactly sure what effect your ignorant ravings will have on its reception by the "HOI POLLOI." Anyway I will knock any wrong impression you may have made into a cocked hat in our next issue when I plan to give everybody the LOW DOWN on COFFEE and COFFEE DEVICES. After that I am sure you will keep your mouth shut about things you don't know nothin about. Stick to your KNITTIN and POETRY, RUBE.

WOODY'S CARTOONS

It was quite a coincidence that RUBE would take a sudden notion to give our readers a WORD PICTURE of a few of the celebrities connected with the GAZETTE and then WOODY, way up in CLEVELAND, OHIO, would design a CARTOON OF THE WHITTLERS' STAFF OF WRITERS for the same issue, sittin around the table discussin the possibilities of KELLOGG'S CORN FLAKES joinin the WHITTLERS' ADVERTISIN CLUB. Their ideas differ somewhat, but they are both interestin from a speculative standpoint.

And what do you think of our OLD FRIEND, O. O. McINTYRE on the opposite page? WOODY was very kind to him, but you can still recognize who he is. Evidently WOODY never saw a package of BARKER'S HORSE and CATTLE POWDERS, and of course he couldn't find one in CLEVELAND. FINE WORK, WOODY, and THANKS A HEAP.

WARNING! I hate to do this. But a sense of Honor and Duty forces me to announce that we are goin to have BIG FLOODS in the Scioto and Ohio Valley in MARCH and APRIL. I thought you ought to know so you could make preparations. I would not be a bit surprised to see the catastrophe of 1913 repeated, but I hope it won't be quite that bad.

THEM MICE TRAPS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7)

mice broke their necks to get into that trap. By that time the girls out of the office had come down and joined the group and business was at a complete standstill. I think our big game hunters, DAVE LONG and ASHBY HAWK, was in the crowd, eyes poppin and nostrils dilated with the scent of the chase, noddin approval; RED KEARNS, genial gas station operator, I think, was there with his usual, but now exaggerated admirin smiles, and HAROLD MERRITT, or maybe it was his Dad, JOLLY SAM, and I can't remember now who all else.

CLEVE BRICKER, head of our FISH-IN HOOK DEP'T., piped up and remarked, "Boys, them would make swell MINNER TRAPS, better buy some, Clyde." In the hills you know everybody calls everybody by their first names. Mr. DOLL had slunk off to the other end of the store, a little peeved I think because I had stepped in ahead of him. I have thought since that I ought to a let him gone ahead and bot them.

I BIT!

Sein is believin. It was plain to see this was "the most wonderful MICE TRAP in the world." Just as fast as she would empty the mice back in the cage and set the trap, in they'd go again. The crowd was agreed unanimously. Not a one of them hill Billies would a taken a second glance at a man leadin a lion up main street but a women fearlessly handlin mice excited their highest admiration. She saw the stage was set, and the show was about over. She beckoned me slily to one side, not too far away, and confided to me that ART MOULTON AND FRANK BRANT, my stiffest competitors, had both bot a big supply, and that I ought to get in on this MICE TRAP business in an even bigger way. I ain't sayin they did, but I am tellin you only what she told me. The smallest order she ever took was 6 doz. and 3 Doz. RAT TRAPS, but I ought to have three times that many. I would be yellin for more in a week she said.

But I hadn't seen her try her RAT TRAPS and I was skeptical, because I knowed from natural experience that RATS is harder to catch than MICE is. And bein an old head at the buyin and sellin game, I said I'd only take 3 doz. MICE and One doz. Rat traps. And that's all I did take.

JOHNNIE BERNTHOLD

Well, folks, that's the STORY OF THE MICE TRAPS. Every day, for nearly a year since I bot them traps, somebody has some catty remark to make to me about em. I think I got half of em left, countin the three my wife has had set for three weeks in the basement. When I saw I was goin to HAVE TO WRITE THIS STORY, I determined to make a complete investigation of MICE TRAPS as any writer ought to do before he starts to write about anything. So I called in our oldest and most FAMOUS TRAPPER AND HUNTER, JOHNNIE BERNTHOLD, and made him this proposition. I said, "Now, Johnnie, you always been a good friend of mine and I want you to do me a favor. I know you can do it, and it won't cost you a cent. Now, listen. I got some mice traps here that everybody says won't catch mice. Even my wife says so. I want to prove that they will catch em, and I have the utmost confidence in these traps and in your ability as a trapper. I want you to take one of these traps home. I am givin it to you. All I ask you to do is to take it home, set it as a mouse trap ought to be set, where the mice is, and when you catch a jar full I want you to bring em down to the store and let folks see for theirselves."

JOHNNIE SAVES MY LIFE

Well, about two months later, JOHNNIE came in wavin his trap aloft with 6 real, plump, little live mice in it. That proves my judgment wasn't wrong. Besides, I just happened to investigate the traps my wife had set and discovered she never put a speck of bait in em. I think that eliminates her completely as a judge of MICE TRAP EFFICIENCY and entirely discredits her contention that "The Saleslady employed TRAINED MICE to catch SUCKERS like me" and that I was influenced by her attractive personality. I claim I handled the situation as business-like and as impartially and unemotionally as any Wall Street Broker, or a Supreme Court Judge could have done. I leave it to you. Some day, I may tell you about the clever Jew who sold me \$196.00 worth of needles.

I know a woman who ties a hood over the head of every fowl she has to kill so the poor thing can't see the axe descend upon its neck.

A NEWSPAPER OF 1886

WAYNE (TACKETT) McNAMER handed me an old copy of a six by eight-inch sheet published in Lucasville, October, 1886, and edited by C. A. HOOVER. There are many interestin things in this tiny sheet, yellow with age. I wonder if anyone will have a copy of THE WHITTLERS' GAZETTE lyin around in 50 years from now?

Among other things is this 1886 poem, unsigned:

If you want to make a paper that the public will declare,
The very best and brightest that is printed anywhere,
Just fill it up with lies and fun and scandal, filth and tattle,
For that's the kind of stuff that takes and tickles human cattle.

If they contend that black is white, chime in and say, it's white
And when you know they're wrong, proclaim them in the right.
And when they all unite to damn and down an honest man,
Roll up your sleeves, spit on your hands, and help them all you can.

Suppress your noblest thoughts, nor try to elevate the race,
Lie down and wallow with them in the mire of their disgrace.
And they in turn will honor you, by calling you the colonel,
And take and pay spot money for your weak and worthless Journal.

Another interestin observation, under the caption, WHAT LUCASVILLE NEEDS, is this: A BANK, BRICK YARD, HARNESS SHOP, BALLOT HOUSE and THE TOWN INCORPORATED. Well, we got em all from time to time, except INCORPORATION, and so far as I am concerned, the longer it remains unincorporated the better. The Bank and the Brick Yard have come and gone, but some day I hope to see another bank, even if it ain't no better than the last one. REUBEN WOLF now runs the Harness (or is it SHOE SHOP?) and has done a mighty good job of it. No piece of machinery could halfsole my shoes as good as REUBEN WOLF does by hand.

ISAAC JOHNSON

The '86 paper says, "Isaac Johnson has received his tools, leather and all necessary articles for the harness business, and will locate in B. M. YEAGER'S store-room." Even then, in 1886 the town of

Lucasville, which couldn't have boasted more than 200 population (it's about 1,000 now), had two barber shops, seven stores, three blacksmith shops, one broom factory, one drug store, one flour mill (Vogel's, I reckon), one elevator, and one PRINTIN OFFICE, the latter in BIG TYPE.

JOHN MILES

Among the advertisers there is one local man, J. W. MILES. JOHN MILES always was a most progressive citizen. All the other advertisin consists of appeals to subscribe for THE LOGANSVILLE MONTHLY GEM, published at LOGANSVILLE, OHIO; The AMATEUR EAGLE, at WEST TROY, N. Y.; THE CLYDE (New York) Weekly Press; THE AMATEUR GAZETTE of MILTON FLORIDA; THE HURON STAR, NORTH ROSE, N. Y.

UNCLE JAKE SHULTZ

Looks mighty like these old weeklies and monthlies had a sort of plot to promote each other's publications. The advertisin rates was 25c per inch, and Uncle Sam Coriell, the only other advertiser, used only a line to popularize his freight haulin business. In my day it was popular "UNCLE JAKE SHULTZ" who was drayman.

INTERNATIONAL FRAUD

One-quarter of a page was used to warn Subscribers that, "THE COURTS HAVE DECIDED THAT REFUSING TO TAKE PERIODICALS FROM THE OFFICE, AND LEAVING THEM UNCALLED FOR, IS PRIMA FACIA EVIDENCE OF INTERNATIONAL FRAUD." And "IF SUBSCRIBERS ORDER DISCONTINUANCE OF THEIR PAPER, THE PUBLISHER MAY CONTINUE TO SEND THEM TILL ALL ARREARAGES ARE PAID."

DEATH THE ONLY SALVATION

Looks like if a feller ever once signed on the dotted line to take a paper he was signed up for life, apparently there was no provision whereby a man was held responsible for takin his paper out of the office and payin for it after he was dead.

CONTRIBUTORS and ADVERTISERS are requested to get all copy in by the TENTH OF EACH MONTH.

The more independent a store is the better it is. The better a store is the more independent it is.

POLITICS

Our only excuse for discussin politics and political issues is to stimulate thinkin and discussion among our readers and to do our bit toward the election of HONEST OFFICIALS. We do not expect everybody to agree with us or follow our advice. THE WHITTLERS' GAZETTE IS NON-PARTIZAN, but no real WHITTILER COULD EVER BE NEUTRAL.

HONEST ABE LINCOLN

Today happens to be LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY. All over the nation he is being quoted to bolster up weaklings. I am reminded that just yesterday HERR HITLER telegraphed his best wishes to the POPE and in the next breath ordered 100 German Catholics thrown into prison. And so many political HYPOCRITES today are doing lip service to ABRAHAM LINCOLN, who will go out tomorrow and betray him and the very principles for which he lived and died.

ABE LINCOLN needs no eulogium from a popinjay like me. Suffice it to say that I am an ABE LINCOLN REPUBLICAN, and I firmly believe if he could commune with us who worship at his shrine today, he would say, "Go forth men and chase the money changers out of the temple of JUSTICE."

I READ THIS QUOTATION RECENTLY

During the Civil War LINCOLN said: "AS A RESULT OF THE WAR CORPORATIONS HAVE BEEN ENTHRONED AND AN ERA OF CORRUPTION IN HIGH PLACES WILL FOLLOW AND THE MONEY POWER OF THE COUNTRY WILL ENDEAVOR TO PROLONG ITS REIGN BY WORKING ON THE PREJUDICES OF THE PEOPLE UNTIL WEALTH IS AGGREGATED IN THE HANDS OF A FEW AND THE REPUBLIC DESTROYED."

His prophesy has been justified. How near our country came to destruction in this panic precipitated by the Republican Presidents, HARDING, COOLIDGE and HOOVER during whose friendly administration THE MONEY POWER OF WALL STREET sat on the throne and waxed exceedingly fat, nobody knows. If MR. LINCOLN feared CORPORATIONS what would he have said about our GIANT HOLDING and TRUST COMPANIES? And yet today I do not hear a single REPUBLICAN VOICE raised against them. But on the other hand it is a well known fact that the MONEY KINGS are

filling the campaign purse of the REPUBLICAN PARTY to overflowing. I said there was not one voice being raised, but there is one who calls himself a republican whom I think we can trust. That is:

WILLIAM A. BORAH

I am surely glad he is entering the OHIO PRIMARY. I can vote for him with a clear conscience. But it is easy to see that the Republican machine in OHIO, as well as WALL STREET are dead set against him. And frankly I have no hopes of his ever gettin the nomination, because the very MONEY KINGS whom LINCOLN FEARED are all-powerful in the Republican party today. And there is:

ALF LANDON OF KANSAS

Who has made the best speech I have heard, but he was too careful not to say anything that might irritate some rich friends of the party. Us fellers in Ohio don't know ALF very well. He might be all right, and what we know of him we like. But I am personally afraid he might be too much like CAL COOLIDGE, a splendid housekeeper, but too much of a homebody, and wouldn't pay enough attention to his back door neighbors over on WALL STREET. I've got an awful good friend by the name of LINCOLN in KANSAS, and he is a direct descendant from OLD RAIL SPLITTER and WHITTILER ABE. I'd believe anything he would tell me and if he says ALF LANDON is O. K., I'd be glad to pass the good word along.

NEXT MONTH, MAYBE!

I just got started this time. There is SMITH, HOOVER, FESS, the SECURITY LEGISLATION, and LOCAL POLITICS. Right now I can tell you I am for BRICKER for GOVERNOR, JOHN LLOYD for LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR, JOE TRACY for STATE AUDITOR, and AUS TAYLOR for COMMISSIONER.

Rube Comes Back With A Wallup!

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5)

Had a heck of a time with this poem. When I got it to rhyme, it didn't make sense. And when I got it to make sense, it didn't rhyme. For instance, I had to take off Walt's "red flannel drawers," and put them on Joe Tracy. Awful trick to do to a friend. Oh well, anything for the sake of rhyme. Good luck to you and the next issue of our little old mag.

Your sincere friend, Rube.

Hints - Winks - Blinks And Chuckles

WHO IS RUBE?

I have offered \$1.00 REWARD for the apprehension and identification of ONE HILL BILLY POET goin by the name of RUBE. He ain't worth that I am sure but I'll give that much to find out who he is. The following persons have been accused most often of bein him: ESTO DAVIS, JACK HOOD, MARK CRAWFORD, NELL BRICKER, J. H. FINNEY and REV. CARTER. I don't think it is any one of them for various reasons.

I asked DAVE HICKMAN if he thot RUBE ever lived on Miller's Run and he said no, "I never knowed of any EDUCATED FOOL livin out our way." They say DAVE can make anything out of iron or wood, includin a clucker for a hen, a quacker for a duck and a pair of wooden tails for a rabbit.

CHARLES McGEORGE sold three steers last week so as he could make the cash down payment on a modern FISHIN ROD CLEVE BRICKER sold him.

Mr. —, maybe I better not mention his name, it might cause trouble in the family, saw all those pretty dresses in our window the other day, and came right in and warned us that he would not be responsible for any dresses his wife might have charged for the next 30 days, but we could let her have what groceries she wanted . . . That's what makes a merchant's life almost intolerable.

GOSH! I'd like to taste an OLD-FASHIONED DRIED APPLE PIE. What's the matter with people nowadays, anyway?

ROY TRUSTY is comin down some nice day and take me to see a real collection of WHITTLIN PRODUCTS up in PIKE COUNTY.

JOHN ALLEY brought me in 12 white leghorn eggs the other day that weighed 36 ounces. When Bigger, Nicer eggs are produced, JOHN will have them. If I was goin to buy any live chicks this spring, I sure would get em from JOHN; or somebody like him who I knowed had the best of stock. He has produced a new breed, but I am too dumb about chickens to tell you about it, but I know he would be glad to tell you all about it if you go out on Route Three to see him.

THE INDIANS traded their liberties off for beads and whiskey. I ain't much afraid of JAPAN comin over and lickin us, and takin our liberty but if we ain't careful we might be tradin our liberties for mere political baubles. AL SMITH'S

LIBERTY LEAGUE knows what it wants, but do you know what you'll get?

Once a WHITTLE, ALWAYS a WHITTLE.

Think I'll try to start a WHITTLERS' FRATERNITY for COLLEGE CHAPS, so many of em seem to be interested. And if I ever get rich enough I'll employ some experts to WHITTLE out a CHAIR for every College and endow em forever to TEACH WHITTLEISM.

Most all wars are fought over money or property or to gain more power. Just remember that most all political fights are personal wars for more personal power. Don't pay too much attention to the magician on the stage, look behind the scenes, if you want to know who is pullin the ropes, and WHY.

A man kind of enjoys being gypped now and then when he knows it, but he resents bein duped behind his back, by pretenders. There is lots of difference between a shell game and a misleadin, deceivin advertisement.

All SNOBS don't live in the Big City, but the breed don't thrive good in the wide open country.

AN IRRETRIEVABLE LOSS! TOLU CHEWING GUM.

The FINEST SPIRIT of SPORTSMANSHIP in all the world is that which is manifest among TRAVELIN SALESMEN. In all my life I have never heard one knock another, or show the least jealousy when some other "KNIGHT OF THE GRIP" beat him out. Turn 100,000 more of them loose in America tomorrow and watch business HUM. A big bunch of em belong to THE WHITTLERS' CLUBS.

My wife has been wantin me to go to a hospital. She can't hardly live with me any more. Today she said, "Well, if you WON'T go YOURSELF, please send the doctor a copy of the WHITTLERS' GAZETTE, and let him read it and I think he can tell what is the matter with you." So here goes. It ain't a bad idea. If it is MENTAL, as she insinuates, it might work out that instead of sendin me a bill for \$100.00, he would, through sympathy, send me 50c for dues with instruction to keep right on writin and worryin myself to death, the sooner the better. All the Doctors around here give me up years ago.

Say, Mr. PRINTER, that possession mark (') after WHITTLERS' causes me more annoyance than anything I know of.

(PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 18)

“WISE WHITTLINGS”

By George F. Schulte
Chicago's Entertaining Commentator

The writer was born in a Saxon settlement in Wisconsin and recalls the wisdom of an old whittler by the name of Weiss. After being Anglo-Saxonized he was called Mr. Wise. His remarks were usually captioned as follows.

(Wise Wampum) “The Jack-of-all-trades is the dollar.”

(Wise Wit) “When some folks are down, they think it's all up.”

(Wise Whim) “Three-cushion billiards is one game where ivory plays win applause.”

(Wise Words) “The doctor is a living example of the fact that practice does not make perfect.”

(Wise Way) “Some folks have a walkover, and others are walked over.”

(Wise Wallop) “A good mirror tells the truth, no matter upon whom it may reflect.”

(Wise Wrinkle) “Don't be afraid to invest in a smile, it is always worth its face value.”

(Wise Warning) “Anyone who tries to lengthen his nights is apt to shorten his days.”

(Wise Whack) “The greatest book in the world is the volume of experience.”

(Wise Wow) “Some folks' idea of a fair trade is exchanging a toothpick for a lumber yard.”

Hints-Winks-Blinks And Chuckles

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17)

Does it you? Suppose hereafter we leave it off altogether. If my readers ain't got sense enough to know what we mean without that thing stuck on all the time, they don't know what they are readin anyhow.

I sure feel sorry for JOHN DOLL. The Big Trucks are batterin the concrete road south of Lucasville literally to pieces, and as fast as he fixes one place, another chunk caves in. Seems to me it would be the most exasperatin kind of work.

THE WATER WORKS. As we go to press there appears to be no assurance that it will be possible to put in a water

works for Lucasville, though there is still some slight chance. So far as I can see no one is to blame for the failure or delay in the proceedings so far.

What gets me is why anybody would want to step into the presidency of the United Statse right now, seein what he is sure to be up against.

I never heard WILL ROGERS complain about his taxes, like a lot of other rich men are doin.

I been neglectin the COLUMNISTS lately. WALTER WINCHELL seems to be taking in the advice of his many critics, because he is gettin better every day. He says, “New York is a place where the

(PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 19)

Newspapers To Be Subject Of Study Says O.S.U. Professor

We read today where Ohio State University expects to promote the actual study of newspapers and magazines in the schools. This ought to include ADVERTISIN as well. The object is to teach students how to read between the lines, how to tell propoganda and partisanship from real news and real facts, though they don't come out quite that plain right now. All they need is the WHITTLERS' GAZETTE.

Well, if the Newspapers with their cook-in schools and Advertisers don't get control of the whole program and misdirect it like they have many of our High School and College Domestic Science Departments, it sure will be one of the greatest steps in common sense teachin in the past generation. I ain't got much hopes, though. Money buys most anything it wants, except the WHITTLERS' GAZETTE and a HICK'S determination to think and live as he durn pleases. Remember how many College Professors was in that Colorado School, all under the pay of the Utilities Crowd, a teachin what Wall Street wanted taught? Maybe I got my dates mixed a little about the exact school and state, but it is common knowledge that our Educational institutions is more or less polluted with politics, high finance, radicalism, and about everything else. Seems like if an inspired, honest man does start some worthy movement, in less than no time some dirty scoundrel manages somehow to mussel in and gain control of it under cover of some misled professor or preacher, and switch the whole program over to his own personal mercenary interests.

MOST PROFESSORS GOOD

Now I ain't condemn all professors, nor advertisers, nor newspapers, no more than I meant to find fault with all County School Superintendents. The Gazette had a good many friends in the Universities, young and old. It has been discussed in more than one college and high school class. It has a few (Not many) Newspaper friends. Statesmen like the Gazette but politicians just can't understand it somehow.

The great trouble is that a little group of schemin, unscrupulous chiselers seek-in money, power or publicity usually manage somehow to nullify the efforts and

thwart the good intentions of a large majority of honest men.

Us Old WHITTLERS are a purty tolerant lot, but we got to begin steppin on these Pirates whether they come from places high or low.

Hints-Winks-Blinks And Chuckles

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18)

toasts of today are the bread puddings of tomorrow," and where neighbors Rip your Rep with Raps.

GOOD NEWS FOR CITY HICKS. Now you can have the RURAL ATMOSPHERE right in your city home, simply by puttin on one of them swell new patterns of wall paper. One in particular in delicate brown autumn tints shows the corn in the shock and the frost on the punkins almost like life. Send us your order today.

I hear JOHN BONZO can't work a zipper either and I was plumb surprised to hear ASHBY HAWK, a most skilled auto mechanic all his life, say that a ZIPPER was the only piece of machinery he had ever seen that he couldn't operate 100 percent. I had appealed in desperation to him to help me get off the one the family got on me Christmas. If they know how, they won't any of em help me for fear I won't put it on again. I'll use the scissors on it some day.

IT WOULD HAVE TO TURN OUT THAT WAY. We have done little advertisin in the GAZETTE and when we did announce a sale of Octagon and Palmolive products for FEB. 8th, that son-of-a-gun salesman never turned up. Since it was his sale, not ours, we couldn't go on with it. Here we are always talkin about HONEST ADVERTISIN and then pullin a stunt like that. That bird has got to make good to our customers, or NEW YORK is goin to hear from us. If I can't handle the case to our satisfaction I may call on you folks to write em some letters, and let em know WHITTLERS ain't to be trifled with.

What with a WILD DUCK, generous share of WILD GOOSE supplied by that deadliest of all local hunters, DAVE LONG, COON by OSCAR GRIMES and rabbits galore after I made my appeal in the GAZETTE in November, I have not starved this winter. When DAVE LONG don't get game there ain't none.

AMEN! AMEN! TO THE FOLLOWING FIRMS

CLUETT PEABODY AND CO., TROY, NEW YORK, Manufacturers of ARROW SHIRTS and other High-grade Men's Wear Products, who have courageously and persistently carried on one of the most outstanding and constructive advertising campaigns during the depression.

WOLVERINE SHOE AND TANNING CORPORATION of ROCKFORD, MICHIGAN, specialists in the tanning and use of HORSE HIDE LEATHER in the manufacture of GLOVES AND SHOES, produce the best values in the WORK SHOE FIELD that we know anything about.

NUNN-BUSH SHOE COMPANY OF MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN, makers of

HIGH-GRADE DRESS SHOES FOR MEN, "ANKLE FASHIONED," have recently incorporated a PROFIT-SHARING PLAN for their employes which promises to point the way to happier and saner relationship between employers and labor.

THE B. F. GOODRICH RUBBER COMPANY of AKRON, whose dignified advertising, merchant cooperation and quality of products are recognized across the nation as ranking among the best.

THE TRICOLORATOR CO. OF NEW YORK CITY, who to my notion make the most practical and efficient device for brewing coffee in the home.

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.

POSTMASTER:

If Undelivered Return to
CLYDE BRANT
Lucasville, Ohio
Return Postage Guaranteed

Sec. 562, P. L. & R.
U. S. POSTAGE
PAID
Lucasville, Ohio
Permit No 2