

# WHITE RIBBON BULLETIN

"NOT WILLING THAT ANY SHOULD PERISH"

Monthly—25 Cts. a Year

CASSELTON, N. D., SEPTEMBER, 1942

VOLUME XLV, NO. 8

## IT'S SEPTEMBER

It's September, and the orchards are  
afire with red and gold  
And the nights with dew are heavy,  
and the morning's sharp with  
cold;  
Now the garden's at its gayest with  
the salvia blazing red,  
And the good old-fashioned asters,  
laughing at us from their bed;  
Once again in shoes and stockings are  
the children's little feet  
And the dog now does his snoozing  
on the bright side of the street.  
It's September, and the cornstalks  
are as high as they will go,  
And the red cheeks of the apples  
everywhere begin to show;  
Now the supper scarcely over ere the  
darkness settles down  
And the moon looms big and yellow  
at the edges of the town;  
Oh, it's good to see the children, when  
their little prayers are said,  
Duck beneath the patchwork covers  
when they tumble into bed.

—Edgar A. Guest.

## THE PRESIDENT'S LETTER

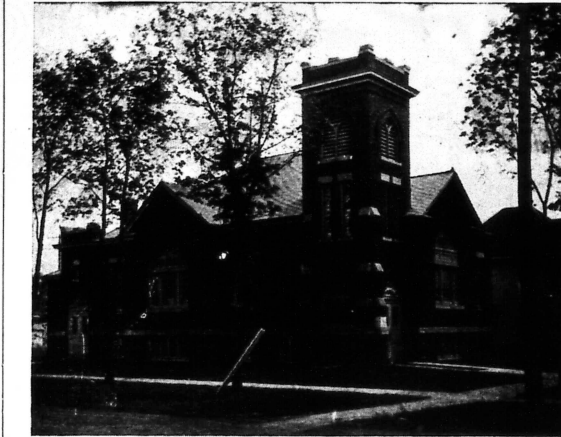
Dear Co-Workers:

Another fiscal year has come to a close and I am writing my last message to you before state convention. It has been a joy to work with each and every one; words can not adequately express my deep appreciation for the kindness and courtesy extended to me throughout the year. Our common love for a great cause binds us together in true fellowship. In a few more days, we will meet together in that little city of Grafton to give an accounting of our stewardship. It is my earnest hope and prayer that when the reports are read it will show that North Dakota is a fruitful state. If every member would truly appreciate the privilege of belonging to an organization like the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, we would never have a delinquent member.

We have gained three new unions this year, of which we are justly proud. Mott was organized early in the year by Mrs. J. W. Frisbie, our state secretary of Loyal Temperance Legion; while in the field this spring, I organized a new union at LaMoure; and since Miss Roena Shaner was in our state the union at Plaza has been re-organized. Mrs. F. T. Brooks, district president of Minot, assisted with the organization. We welcome these unions and wish for them continued growth in members, strength, enthusiasm and influence. May they be a great blessing in our state and to their own communities.

The call for our annual convention went out last month. I hope every union and district will have a delegate present this year.

It will be the second state convention to be held in Grafton and they are making great preparations for our coming. If you have not already



Federated Church, Grafton, N. D.  
Where State Convention Will Meet

done so, make reservations at once with entertainment chairman, Mrs. A. G. Strand, for room and banquet. Please, bear in mind that Grafton is not a large city and rooms will be limited. Room and breakfast is furnished to elected delegates and officers.

I know you will be as happy as I am, that we are to have a Canadian co-worker as our guest. Mrs. F. G. Grevett, who has served for seven years as "Y" secretary of Provincial Woman's Christian Temperance Union and who at present is treasurer of East End branch of W.C.T.U. and Superintendent of School of Methods (same as our Institute Department) in her province. These are just a few of the offices that she has held. She is a woman of wide experience and she has enjoyed the confidence of all those with whom she has been called to work. She hails from the city of Calgary, Alberta, where she has been very active in club work. She should be of great interest to the members of the Homemaker's clubs for she has served eight years as president of the Calgary Branch of the Woman's Institute which I understand is very similar to our Homemaker's club work.

May I impress upon every member who is planning to attend this annual meeting the importance of remaining throughout the entire convention? We owe this courtesy to any one that appears on our program and even more so to one who has traveled a great distance to be our guest at our invitation. Mrs. F. G. Grevett will give her address Thursday evening, Sept 17; you will want to hear her message.

A fine report of work accomplished comes from Miss Estelle Bozemann again this year. This is Miss Boze-

mann's third year as teacher of Scientific Temperance in Minot and Valley City Teachers' Colleges.

May I voice my appreciation to the local presidents and members of the unions of these two cities for the courtesies extended to Miss Bozemann. I deeply regretted that I was unable to contact her personally while she was here. We are all proud of the work she has done in our state and let us strive to raise the necessary funds so that she may come back next year.

Plans for the National convention to be held in Birmingham, Alabama, are well underway. Dates are October 1-6. If any one in our state plans to attend please let me know. As this will not convene until after our own state convention, more definite plans can be made later.

Will each local union report to me the name of any member lost by death this year? I have all those reported in our Bulletin but there may be some that are not reported. Please do that immediately. District presidents and state directors, please have your written reports ready that our program may be carried out without any needless waste of time. It is rather difficult to tell the story of our achievements and plans for the year ahead in the short time that we have at our state convention but if every one will come prepared to do their part I am sure we will have a happy and profitable time together. I am looking forward to seeing you in Grafton.

I was glad to note that over 15,000 signatures were secured to initiate a bill to take the sale of alcoholic beverages, including beer, out of restaurants, cafes and any place where food is sold, to be consumed on the premises, Mr. George O. Parish, pres-

## STRAW STACKS

Moulded by the winds  
Into Matterhorns and Mount Blancs—  
Straw stacks like yellow volcanoes,  
Straw stacks like the locks of Brun-  
hilde,  
Straw stacks like the udders of  
Venus,  
Straw stacks like golden butter,  
Straw stacks like the heads of lions,  
Straw stacks like the heads of Slavs,  
Straw stacks like bronze domes,  
Straw stacks like copper butter,  
Straw stacks like slag,  
From sunshine mines—  
Straw stacks.

—The late Paul S. Bliss,  
formerly of Hettinger, N. D.

## HONOR ROLL Holdfast Unions

Alamo	McKenzie
Bismarck	Nekoma
Bowesmont	New Rockford
Bucyrus	Oberon
Calvin	Park River
Crosby	Parshall
Dickey	Powers Lake
Edgeley	Sawyer
Flasher	Stanley
Fortuna	Underwood
Gilby	Wild Rose
Hettinger	Williston

## Budget Paid In Full

Alamo	Larimore
Bismarck	Makoti
Bottineau	McKenzie
Bucyrus	Minnewaukan
Calvin	Minot
Crosby	Nekoma
Dickey	New Rockford
Edinburg	Northwood
Ellendale	Oberon
Fargo	Park River
Fargo Scand.	Parshall
Flasher	Pembina
Fortuna	Prosper
Gilby	Reeder
Grafton	Rocklake
Grand Forks	Sawyer
Grand Forks	Stady. Zahl
Scandinavian	Stanley
Hettinger	Williston
Jamestown	Wild Rose

dent of North Dakota Consolidated Drys, filed the petitions with the Secretary of State and the bill will appear on the November ballot. The all important thing is to get this bill passed. There will be need of more definite organization for the campaign, but everyone can serve as a committee of one to arouse public sentiment. Mr. Parish plans to attend our convention and will explain the bill in detail. Every member should earnestly endeavor to understand the bill and how to vote so that it can be explained to other interested groups and individuals.

What doth the Lord require of thee, But to do Justly and to love MERCY, And to WALK HUMBLY with thy GOD? —Micah 6-8.

Yours in Love and Service,  
BESSIE M. DARLING.

**WHITE RIBBON BULLETIN**  
Published monthly (except July.)  
**OFFICIAL ORGAN N. D. W. C. T. U.**

Mrs. Frank Beasley  
Fairdale, N. D.  
Managing Editor

All matter for publication must reach the editor at the above address not later than the 18th of the previous month.

Single subscription price per annum—25 cents

Entered in the postoffice at Casselton, N. D. as second class matter.

September 1942

**Noontide Hour of Prayer**  
"It is always noontide somewhere, And across the awakening continents From shore to shore, somewhere, Our prayers are rising evermore."

**PRAYER HYMN**

(The following prayer hymn is furnished us by two members of the Park River union. It was sent to Rev. Jacobson of Hendrum, Minn., by his son, Lieut. O. K. Jacobson, who is with the armed forces. The song is said to be much used in Great Britain.—Editor).

**GOD BLESS OUR LADS**

(Air—"Abide With Me.")  
"God bless our lads" in air, on land and sea!  
Full well we know how dear they are to Thee.  
Where'er they go, whatever they may dare,  
God ever keep them in Thy gracious care.  
"God guard our lads" by night as well as day,  
For we, at home, for them will ever pray  
That war and strife and enmity may cease,  
And Thou wilt send us Everlasting Peace.  
"God guard our lads," oh keep them ever near!  
Make strong their faith and drive out all their fear;  
Give them a vision of Thy saving love,  
That nothing in this world can ever move.  
"God guard our lads," and though just now they roam,  
Grant us our prayers and bring them safely home.  
"God bless our foes" and cause their eyes to see  
That peace, alone, can only come from Thee.  
—E. Sparrow, Cardiff, England.

**CONVENTION GUEST**

Our guest speaker at the Grafton convention will be Mrs. F. G. Grevett of Calgary Alberta, a prominent Canadian woman who attended the National W.C.T.U. convention at Grand Rapids, Mich., last year. Mrs. Grevett was born in England and studied to be a nurse with hope of becoming a missionary, but as this proved impossible she turned to social service work. After her marriage she came with her husband to Calgary, where she has served in many capacities, all useful to the country. She has been elected to many positions of trust and honor in the social, fraternal church and temperance organizations to which she has given her time and ability. She served for seven years as Y.T.C. secretary of the Province, and is now their Director of Institutes. We are certain to enjoy seeing and hearing our comrade from our sister country, whose problems are much like our own.

**SCIENTIFIC TEMPERANCE INSTRUCTION**

Dear Co-workers:

Posters and reports are coming in—please rush them along and remember to study your State Report, where it says, "Book prizes given for posters in 7th and 8th grades; 5th and 6th grades; 3rd and 4th grades; 1st and 2nd grades." Two grades competing together.

Today there is a far greater challenge to the youth of America, than ever before, because, liquor power is more aggressive, more insolent, more dominant in politics and in government. It is spending many more millions of dollars in propaganda and promotion.

Our cause is far greater than ever before and therefore the challenge to us older ones greater—to inspire and instruct our children and youth in temperance truths. Let us teach them, not only our slogan for the Y. T. C. "A good time with a purpose," but let us teach them the harm and menace of the liquor habit and encourage them to stand fearlessly for the right, pledged to total abstinence and to help spread the information regarding beverage alcohol—the business which ruins lives, homes, property, health and safety.

Just now, much is being done to awaken Uncle Sam to the danger of the liquor which surrounds the nation's young men, who are being trained in camps or are fighting for our country. Our Mrs. Anderson has recently written a most excellent leaflet—"To Our Defenders" (85c per 100.) Get some and enclose one in a letter to each of our soldier boys.

It is not too early for each union to begin planning to raise money with which to purchase leaflets and books—to help your teachers to teach alcoholic education. We must have these to aid in teaching our beloved children and young people—and older people as well. It is time that older people awakened to the fact that brewers are busier than ever before—making beer to tempt our boys in the Army Camps.

You may have noticed this, from an article in Union Signal of April 6th. "It may be interesting to our Nation's housewives now facing strict rationing of sugar, to know that 135,531,375 lbs. of sugar and syrup were used in making beer in 1940 and 1941's drinks." There is an increase of 17.7 per cent in alcoholic liquor drinking over 1940 and 1941 this year. An average of 1 1/4 quarts for every man, woman and child in the United States per week. We must have alcohol education—be informed, and inform others.

I have just returned from the east—a fine vacation, and hope to meet many of you in Grafton, September 15, 16, and 17th at our State Convention.

Most cordially,

MRS FRED M. WANNER,  
Director Scientific Temperance Instruction.

**NOTES FROM THE UNIONS**

Grand Forks Union had a picnic meeting at the home of Mrs. George Black in August, with a good membership and a number of visitors present. Miss Florence Williams and Mrs. Percell gave vocal numbers which were enjoyed by all present. Delegates to the state convention to be held in Grafton in September were named, and Mrs. Beth Swanson, Mrs. Isabel Morey and Mrs. Susan Ferguson. The annual election of officers was held, which resulted in re-election of the present staff. These are Mrs. Beth Swanson, president; Miss Frances Wagar, vice president; Mrs. Susan Ferguson, treasurer; Mrs. Mary Mitchell, recording secretary; Mrs.

Emma Reiten, corresponding secretary.

**PERSONALS**

Mr. and Mrs. Roy W. Holand are the proud parents of a daughter, Mary Elizabeth, born July 27, 1942. Mrs. Holand is better known to our women as Elizabeth Wilder Holand, associate secretary of Y.T.C. They expect to make their home in La-Moure in the near future, where Mr. Holand will practice law.

All friends of Mrs. Nacia E. Buck will be glad to hear that after her year of patient waiting for broken bones to heal, she is now able to walk with the aid of canes, and is helping with the work of caring for the fruits of the garden at the home of her daughter Helen.

Mrs. C. F. Truax of Minot visited her sons in Seattle this summer. While there she was the guest of Mrs. Lulu Wylie Zimmerman; our former N. D. worker one afternoon, and met Mrs. Budde, who is the National Director of Social Morality. She also went with Mrs. Zimmerman to a County W.C.T.U. picnic one afternoon.

Mrs. S. O. Nelson of Northwood is spending some time with a sister in Minneapolis, Minn.

Mrs. Martin Reinholdt, who has been president of the Sawyer union for the past five years, has gone with her husband and three daughters to Athol, Idaho, to live. They have a trailer house, as she writes that those working on the defense project there who have no such dwelling must live out 'under the stars.' The Sawyer union held a farewell party and handkerchief shower in her honor. We regret to lose Mrs. Reinholdt from the state, but know that she will work for temperance wherever she is.

**IN MEMORIAM**

Passing out of the shadow  
Into the purer light;  
Stepping behind the curtain,  
Getting a clearer sight.

Laying aside the burden  
Of this weary mortal coil;  
Done with the world's vexations,  
Done with its tears and toil.

—Ruby Jordan Smart.

John F. Youngman, lately of Bismarck, father-in-law of Mrs. J. A. Youngman who was formerly president of Ransom-LaMoure district, passed away late in June at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Youngman in Dickey, after an illness of four years.

Mrs. A. J. Robinson of Stady, a charter member of Stady-Zahl union, passed away at the home of daughter in Richmond Beach, Washington, after an illness of only a few days. She had been a dependable and helpful member of the union.

Mrs. Will McConnachie of Fordville passed away in July. She formerly lived at Inkster, where she was a member of the union, and served for seven years as the very efficient treasurer of Grand Forks district W. C. T. U.

To the sorrowing relatives of all these, our sympathy is extended.

**THE FLAG**

(Editorial from the New York Times)

What's a flag? What's the love of country for which it stands? Maybe it begins with love of the land itself. It is the fog rolling in with the tide at Eastport, or through the Golden Gate

and among the towers of San Francisco. It is the sun coming up behind the White Mountains, over the Green, throwing a shining glory on Lake Champlain and above the Adirondacks. It is the storied Mississippi rolling swift and muddy past St. Louis, rolling past Cairo, pouring down past the levees of New Orleans. It is lazy noontide in the pines of Carolina, it is a sea of wheat rippling in Western Kansas, it is the San Francisco peaks far north across the glowing nakedness of Arizona, it is the Grand Canyon and a little stream coming down out of a New England ridge, in which are trout.

It is men at work. It is the storm-tossed fishermen coming into Gloucester and Provincetown and Astoria. It is the farmer riding his great machine in the dust of harvest, the dairy man going to the barn before sunrise, the lineman mending the broken wire, the miner drilling for the blast. It is the servants of fire in the murky splendor of Pittsburgh, between the Allegheny and the Monongahela, the trucks rumbling through the night, the locomotive engineer bringing the train in on time, the pilot in the clouds, the riveter running along the beam a hundred feet in air. It is the clerk in the office, the housewife doing dishes and sending the children off to school. It is the teacher, doctor and parson tending and helping body and soul, for small reward.

It is small things remembered, the little corners of the land, the houses, the people that each one loves. We love our country because there was a little tree on a hill, and grass thereon, and a sweet valley below; because the hurdy-gurdy man came along on a sunny morning in a city street; because a beach or a farm or a lane or a house that might not seem much to others were once, for each of us, made magic. It is voices that are remembered only, no longer heard. It is parents, friends, the lazy chat of street and store and office, and the ease of mind that makes life tranquil. It is Summer and Winter, rain and sun and storm. These are flesh of our flesh, bone of our bone, blood of our blood, a lasting part of what we are, each of us and all of us together.

It is stories told. It is the Pilgrims dying in their first dreadful Winter. It is the Minute Man standing his ground at Concord Bridge, and dying there. It is the army in rags, sick, freezing, starving at Valley Forge. It is the wagons and the men on foot going westward over Cumberland Gap, floating down the great rivers, rolling over the great plain. It is the settler hacking fiercely at the primeval forest on his new, his own lands. It is Thoreau at Walden Pond. Lincoln at Cooper Union, and Lee riding home from Appomattox. It is corruption and disgrace, answered always by men who would not let the flag lie in the dust, who have stood up in every generation to fight for the old ideals and the old rights, at the risk of ruin or of life itself.

It is a great multitude of people on pilgrimage, common and ordinary people, charged with the usual human failings, yet filled with such a hope as never caught the imaginations and the hearts of any nation on earth before. The hope of liberty. The hope of justice. The hope of a land in which a man can stand straight, without fear, without rancor.

The land and the people and the flag—the land, a continent, the people of every race, the flag a symbol of what humanity may aspire to when the wars are over and the barriers are down; to these each generation must be dedicated and consecrated anew, to defend with life itself, if need be, but, above all, in friendliness, in hope, in courage, to live for.—Woman's Temperance Work.



## TREASURER'S REPORT

July 15 - August 15, 1942.

**MEMBERSHIP DUES**—Edinburgh 1, Fargo 7, Frances Willard Grand Forks 5, Larimore 1, McKenzie 1, Plaza 1, Reeder 5, Rocklake 1.

**WILLARD MEMBERS**—3.

**L.T.L.**—Flasher 1.

**DISTRICT PLEDGE**—North east \$10.00, District Convention \$10.00

**SECOND MILE**—Frances Willard Grand Forks \$3.00, McKenzie 30c.

**GILBY**—In memory of Margaret Van Dusen \$3.00, in memory of Mrs. Will McConnachie \$2.00

**AMBULANCE FUND**—Grand Forks \$2.50, Frances Willard, Grand Forks \$4.00, Park River \$1.20, Oberon \$5.00, Ellendale \$1.15, Glover \$6.00, Edinburg \$6.00, Young Citizens League, Parshall \$5.37, Fargo \$1.15.

**SPEECH CONTEST**—Grand Forks District gold medal \$3.85, Grand Forks Frances Willard Union \$3.50 gold medal, Northwood \$1.00, Parshall 90c, state report sold 1. The following unions have completed their budget: McKenzie \$4.00, Park River \$4.70, Ellendale \$1.00, Edinburg \$1.00, Alamo \$11.00, Minnewaukan \$5.00, New Rockford \$7.00, Fargo \$26.00. (Makoti should have been on the honor roll as having paid budget in full some time past; our apologies).

Before this report is published we will have closed the books for the year, and the treasurer wishes to express her appreciation to the treasurers of the local unions for their patience and co-operation during these months of "getting acquainted" with the work. If you have not already done so, will you kindly mail a list of your paid members to the treasurer at once? Also please give the name or initials as your members ordinarily receive their mail so they may be sent to the publisher of W. R. Bulletin. There are complaints coming constantly that our women do not receive their Bulletins. Every effort is being made to see that your name is on the list. Will you not also consult your local postmaster and inquire if it is reaching your post-office?

Sincerely,

MRS. IVER FOSSUM,  
P. O. Box 1366,  
Fargo, N. D.

## THE WAY TO WIN A WAR

### THE DRY WAY—1917

The following is taken from Outlook of November 14, 1917. It was written by Mr. Joseph O'Dell, special correspondent for the Outlook. The facts relate to Camp Hancock near the city of Augusta, Georgia. Mr. O'Dell was commenting on the astonishing statement that "there had not been a new case of venereal disease discovered in the six weeks that the \_\_\_\_\_ regiment had been in Camp Hancock." Said Mr. O'Dell:

"The statement seemed so incredible that I went to the divisional surgeon, Col. C. M. Kellar, and verified it with my own eyes on the daily health reports at headquarters.

"Such a thing is almost beyond belief. The judge-advocate also told me that in six weeks there have been only four cases of drunk and disorderly in the entire division of 27,000 men. Naturally, I wanted to know what lay behind this almost immaculate condition.

A newspaperman, helped me considerably. "This is a Sunday-school outfit with a vengeance," he said. "Where can you get a drink? Why, old man, you will have to go back home for it! I've been here six weeks and I don't know where you could get a pony to save your life. There

was a man here last week who had a bottle in his room, but he's gone now. They tell me that if you make friends with exactly the right citizen, and he's dead sure you're not a plain-clothes man, he might get a bottle of rye for you; but it would cost from six to ten bucks and be poor stuff at that! And women? Why, there isn't a house in town, and I doubt if there is a professional in the region. The local authorities have cooperated with the Fosdick Commission and cleaned the place up as I never saw a place cleaned up before. Soldiers sometimes find what they are looking for, but it is clandestine and occasional. There is no commercialized vice. I doubt whether any city near a large military establishment was ever as clean as Augusta. I found similar conditions in Spartanburg, South Carolina. I am now convinced that something more than the climate determined the choice of those cantonments. Where liquor is absolutely banished from a region, the moral problems of the military commanders are reduced to a minimum. And I write the following deliberately about Camp Hancock; That I would rather intrust the moral character of my boy to that camp than to any college or university I know. This does not cast any unusually dark shadow upon the educational institutions of the country, but they have never possessed the absolute power to control their environment that is now held by the War Department. And it does not mean that Camp Hancock is conspicuously better than the other Southern camps."

These conditions were obtained in Camp Hancock and environs and in many other camps in the Southern States because those camps were surrounded by prohibition territory.

This was the idea of Christian people and dry fanatics as to the way to win a war.

### THE WET WAY—1941

The following facts relate to the city of Augusta, Georgia, the same city discussed by Mr. O'Dell in the foregoing column. These facts in regard to conditions in that city in March, 1941, were secured by Mr. Henry Nelson Pringle, a graduate of Dartmouth, one time superintendent of the Society for the Prevention of Crime, New York City, and investigator for various reform organizations. Mr. Pringle has personally directed investigations in more than 150 cities and towns and has secured conviction of more than 3,300 law violators.

"On the evening of March 12," says Mr. Pringle:

"One of the hundreds of military trucks to \_\_\_\_\_ training camps was that of \_\_\_\_\_, bound for Camp \_\_\_\_\_ which stopped overnight in the city of Augusta, where we inspected four lupanars, with 2 to 6 inmates, and containing at an early hour 21 of these soldiers in uniform. At one of these four houses, 8 soldiers were brought in an army truck, which waited for their return. Estimating that from 7 to 12 o'clock p. m., an average of ten men would visit each of the city's 50 brothels, a total of 500 men were exposed to venereal disease that night, and many of them later will likely be burdensome invalids in field hospitals. . . .

"Further disclosures of this survey revealed additional vices, commercialized as profit-paying occupations which neutralize religious influences; destroy youth; disrupt home; defeat the purpose of education; encourage and facilitate political corruption, disgrace city and state; burden the national government with crime costs, and weaken its power of defense."

Specific items in the city of our Social Survey follow:

24 newstands offering for sale 23 to 100 lust and gore magazines.

32 punch-board gamblers, giving patrons \$8 to \$21 on total plays cost-\$30 to \$100.

3 lottery shops, selling daily, thousands of 5c to 10c tickets (odds unknown).

200 number games, with estimated take of \$1,000,000 yearly.

44 craps and stud poker games "take," 10 per cent of wagers) mostly in rear rooms of saloons.

54 liquor licenses, liquors by the glass, all save 3 ignoring "dispensary by package" law.

Augusta is reported to be a city of 92 churches, 450 school teachers and over 700 city employees. It also is cursed with approximately 600 profiteers in vice, crime and other anti-social activities. The activities of these people cost the citizens of Augusta and Georgia hundreds of thousands of dollars and sabotage the war effort of the people of the U. S.

These conditions obtain in Augusta, Georgia, because of the fact that the retail liquor traffic and the traffic in vice are so intertwined that it is not possible to suppress one without suppressing both. Permission, protection and promotion of the sale of alcoholic beverages lowers the entire level of moral principle and sabotages good government.

—The Voice of the Board of Temperance of the Methodist Church.

## "NO LIQUOR ADS SAYS SATURDAY EVENING POST"

Despite rumor and speculation, the unqualified policy of the Saturday Evening Post against accepting liquor advertisements will not undergo any immediate change. In a letter to the Union Signal, Robert M. Fous, managing editor says:

"We have no additional statement to make about the Post's policy in regard to accepting liquor advertisements. This matter is not at the present time under discussion here, so it will be quite all right for you to reprint the statement used in an earlier issue of Allied Youth Blotter.

The following is the statement from Allied Youth Blotter, publication of the Dertoit Allied Youth organization, to which Mr. Fous belongs.

"The cost of all publication of all periodicals, be they newsgathering or literary, are met for the greater part by their revenue from advertising.

The small fee paid by a purchaser of any publication does little toward meeting expense. Due to present day conditions all periodicals are suffering considerable loss of advertising copy. Contracts to the Saturday Evening Post have dwindled, then dropped to a level of 20 per cent below 1941. In the face of these facts a change of policy appeared necessary.

"The management, with the interest of the community at heart, has been committed to a policy of refusing liquor advertising. Because of increased production costs, and because we are unwilling to sacrifice editorial quality, it was necessary to raise the price of the periodical from five cents to ten cents.

"A reduction in the operation costs in view of raising prices was impossible. Any acceptance of liquor advertising copy would have met the necessary expenses—but the Post had convictions—and no liquor advertising was to be accepted.

The increase in price will partially compensate for the loss of advertising revenue.

"The Post, with the greatest reader circulation of any magazine, with the possible exception of Life, would be a fertile field indeed for the liquor interests, for Post advertisements are readable and believable. But the management of the Post has convic-

tions to which they stand true in spite of material gain. Founded in 1728 by B. Franklin, printer, the Post has a two hundred year history and a code to follow."

## AN AMERICAN'S CREED

by Dr. Daniel A. Poling

### GOD HELPING ME:

- 1 I Will Put First Things First:  
God and country, church and home.
- 2 I Will Do My Bit And Make It My Best.
- 3 I Will Serve Where I Am Called.  
for such a time as this, freedom is not an inheritance, it is an achievement.
- 4 I Will Destroy Intolerance—Beginning In My Own Heart.  
We are Jews; we are Catholics; we are Protestants; we are white; we are black; we are first generation and sixth generation Americans—and we are Americans all.
- 5 I Will Be Unusually Alert In My Usual Activities And Duties.  
Life must go on and there must be neither neglect nor a war hysteria.
- 6 I Will "Hate No One":  
hate their vices, not themselves" for hate corrodes the souls of those who hate.
- 7 Always,  
I will conquer fear with faith; I will meet rumor with reason; I will assuage my sorrows by sharing my joys; I will make prayer my practice and service my program; I will "laugh and love and lift"; I will trust and not be afraid.

### GOD HELPING ME, I WILL.

## I MUST CONFESS

- I am the greatest criminal in history.
- I have killed more men than have fallen in all the wars of the world.
- I have turned more men into brutes.
- I have made millions of homes unhappy.
- I have transformed many ambitious youths into hopeless parasites.
- I make smooth the downward path for countless millions.
- I destroy the weak and weaken the strong.
- I ensnare the innocent.
- I make the wise man a fool and trample the fool into his folly.
- The abandoned wife knows me, the hungry children know me, the parents whose child has bowed their gray heads in sorrow know me.
- I have ruined millions of women and, if I am allowed, will ruin millions more.
- I am alcohol; do you know me?  
I am alcohol; have you ever voted for me?

"The great cause of social crime is drink; the great cause of poverty is drink. When I hear of a family broken up, I ask the cause,—drink. If I go to the gallows and ask its victim the cause, the answer,—drink. Then I ask myself in perfect wonderment, why do not men put a stop to this thing?"—Archbishop Ireland.

## BOOZE OR SHOES?

The American people spent five billion dollars for liquor last year, reliable authorities estimate. At \$5.00 a pair, that would buy one billion pairs of shoes.

One billion pairs of shoes would fill 52,630 freight cars of average size, which if coupled together, would make a train 480 miles long.

Many men, women and children are without shoes because somebody is buying booze.—The National Voice.

## "THE MASTER IS COMING"

They said "The Master is coming to honor the town today, And no one can tell at what house or home the Master will choose to stay." Then I thought, while my heart beat wildly, suppose He should call at mine? Oh, surely I must make ready to honor the Guest Divine!

And straightway I went to toiling to make my house more neat; I swept and polished and garnished and decked it with blossoms sweet; I was troubled for fear the Master might come ere my task was done, So I hastened and worked the faster, and watched the hurrying sun.

But right in the midst of my duties a woman came to my door; She had come to tell me her sorrow, my comfort and aid to implore. And I said "I cannot listen or help you any today; I look for a greater and nobler guest"—and the pleader went away.

But soon there came another, a cripple, old and gray, Who said, "Please let me rest awhile, here at your home, I pray; I have travelled far since morning; I am hungry, faint and weak." But I said "I have so much to do—some other help you must seek."

As the day wore onward swiftly, my task was nearly done; And a prayer was ever in my heart that the Master yet might come. And I thought I should spring to meet Him, and treat Him with utmost care. When a little child stood by me with a face so sweet and fair—

Sweet, but with marks of tear-drops, and his clothes were tattered and old; A finger was bruised and bleeding, and his little bare feet were cold. And I said, "I am sorry for you, you are sorely in need of care, But I cannot stop to give it, you must hasten elsewhere."

And at the words a shadow crept over the blue-veined brow; "Someone will clothe and feed you, dear, but I am too busy now." At last the day was ended, my toil was over and done; My house was swept and garnished, and I watched in the dusk alone.

Watched, but no footfall sounded, and no one paused at my gate; No one entered my cottage door. I could only pray and wait. I waited till night had deepened, and the Master had not come; "He has entered some other door," I cried, "and gladdened some other home."

"My labor has been for nothing," and I bowed my head and wept; My heart was sore with longing, yet spite of it all I slept. Then the Master stood before me, and His face was grave and fair. "Three times I have come to your door today, and craved your pity and care. Three times you have sent Me onward, uncared for and unfed—So the blessing you might have had is lost, and your chance to serve is fled."

"The poor you have always with you; they are ever in need of a friend, And as oft as ye give them food to eat, those gifts to Me you lend. Whenever you give them water, or whatever their needs may be,

You are aiding not only the little ones, you are also helping Me."

"Oh Lord, dear Lord, forgive me—how could I know it was Thee? My very soul was shamed and bowed in depths of humility. And He said, "The sin is pardoned, but the blessing is lost to thee, For in failing to comfort the least of mine, you have failed to comfort Me."

—Author Unknown.

## AN ENEMY HATH DONE THIS

He was an American boy, a youngster about twenty-two years of age. No insignia of rank decorated his plain uniform; he was a private in the ranks.

Something terrible had happened to him! There he lay, slumped down in the Pullman seat, breathing heavily, his face almost blood-red, his swollen tongue protruding slightly from between hot, parched lips. It was very evident he was poisoned!

It was not long ago that he had stood along with several hundred other young men, taking the oath of loyalty and swearing undying devotion to the flag of his country and his nation's cause. He had pledged himself to give his life, if need be, in defense of his country.

But as we looked down on him there in that Pullman seat, he was a tragic figure, infinitely pathetic. Had an enemy struck at his flag or his home in that hour he would have been absolutely helpless to raise a finger.

On the window ledge beside him stood a bottle about half empty. Very evidently it was from that bottle that he had drunk the poison which had rendered him helpless.

On that bottle was a United States Government Internal Revenue stamp!

His own government, in the face of spending a very considerable sum on his military education, had sold someone the right to sell the poison, and they had sold it to the boy in uniform!

Had an Italian, German, or Japanese administered some potent drug to that boy, leaving him in that condition, it would probably have started a riot on that train, and the "enemy alien" would have been fortunate to escape with his life.

Had some "fifth columnist" been responsible for his unmaning, the police force, the F.B.I., and all the mighty power of the government would have fallen upon and dealt with him summarily.

But it is probably that some civilian with a flag hanging in his window, licensed by the state and municipality in which he did business, sold the boy the stuff. That same civilian, in all probability, took a part of the profit from the sale and invested in defense bonds, and called himself a good citizen.

We found a newspaper with a flaming editorial against "enemy aliens," publishing a huge advertisement of the stuff the bottle contained—lending its good white space to the dubious business of persuading the boy to buy.

We know a churchman who voted to repeal a law which would have prohibited the sale!

We know a church woman who served the same poison, slightly diluted, upon her dinner table, and who invited a group of young people from the church to drink of it and thus cultivate an appetite for it.

We know a preacher who, fully aware of the terrible devastation wrought by the same stuff, never so much as raised his voice in protest.

We know an Army officer—the commander of a great camp—who did everything in his power to protect his boys from the vendors of the

poison, and was finally compelled to take drastic measures to guard them against the civilians they were supposed to defend.

A whole nation had sinned against that boy, administering the poison and leaving him helpless and debauched, in that Pullman seat.

Surely, an enemy hath done this! —The Christian Advocate.

The District of Columbia has the highest per capita consumption of alcoholic beverages in the United States.

## AN OPEN LETTER TO A DRUNKEN DRIVER

Sure, you can drive home, a'right. Don't let 'em feed you any of that bunk about letting somebody else take the wheel. Any time old Pete can stand on his two feet he can drive an automobile, drunk or sober. What's a few drinks between friends, anyway. You show 'em who's going to drive. Pile 'em into the car. That sweet little wife of yours, who's such a swell kid even if she does nag you about drinking when you're drunk. And that funny couple with you who want to take a taxicab home. Imagine! Wanting to take a cab! Pile 'em in. Step on the gas. Whoopee! Go places.

Brother, you're not the big shot you think you are. You're just a fuzzy-brained, liquored-up, obstinate fool with about as much right to drive an automobile on the public highway as a monkey from the zoo would have. I won't appeal to your reason because it's obvious that you haven't any.

I won't appeal to your emotions because they're pickled. I only hope you'll start to drive home some night, alone, when you've had one too many under your belt. Then I hope some little emergency will arise which added brain and fumbling hands won't enable you to meet.

I hope you'll have an encounter with a tree or telephone pole that will land you in a police cell and your car on a junk heap. As you sober up I hope the baseness of your continued offenses against society will be borne in upon you with sickening clarity.

I hope the newspaper headlines will scream out to all your relatives and friends and business acquaintances: "Prominent Local Man Gets Drunk And Lands In Jail." Yes, I hope an All-Wise Providence will arrange this little lesson for you. And soon before you kill somebody, as you surely will if you continue to drive when you are drunk.

—Exchange.

## JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

Is it the vacation season or the crowding of harvest time that has kept you from reporting more of your activities this month? I am truly grateful to all of you who did send in news, for without your help the inside pages of our paper would have little indeed about our North Dakota doings. I hope that next month you will find time to tell us about them.

I presume that like myself, many of you have been very busy indeed putting the fruits of your toil in the garden into cans to save for winter use. The plentiful rains have given us a splendid crop of vegetables, and the task of canning the surplus so that it may give us health as well as pleasure when the season is past, is a large one. As I have picked and shelled peas, and prepared string beans and other things for this purpose, I have enjoyed the prospect of loaded shelves, rich in the necessities for health.

Sometime, too, I have thought of other stores that we lay up for the

future, and there sometimes come without our realizing that they are there. What do we have put away in our minds, to think about if the dark day ever comes when we can no longer be busy at work with our hands? Those days have come to some of our comrades; days of enforced inaction with little to do but think. Let's keep the good things in mind, storing up in our mental cupboard shelves, words and pictures that will give us happiness in days to come. "So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."

I am proud to see so many of our unions on the honor roll for budget paid in full, and several have written me that they are so glad to read of the active work of the unions over the state. Soon a new year will begin for us. I hope very much to meet many of you at the state convention, for I know we will receive inspiration and new courage there. Looking forward to this time, I am,

Yours in His service,  
ELIZABETH C. BEASLEY

Said an inquirer to a converted drunkard. "Surely you don't believe these Bible miracles, such as Christ changing water into wine?" "Yes," came the quick reply, "you come to my home and I will show you a greater miracle, where Christ changed beer into carpets.

—Exchange.

"If you would keep your friend approach him with a telescope, never with a microscope."

—Exchange.

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## "TEAING ABOUT"

this Summer? Or, perchance, do you contemplate giving a program with tea following? Why not—and choose some of the charming non-alcoholic beverage recipes as found in the following folders:

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