

Chairman
House of Representatives
Thank the boys
Rayson 5007 7227

Mrs. P. Q. Sather,
710-15th St.

WHITE RIBBON BULLETIN

Official Organ of W. C. T. U. of North Dakota
"NOT WILLING THAT ANY SHOULD PERISH"

VOL. LVIII

MARCH - APRIL, 1954

NO. 2

SPRING SECRETS

The March Wind tries to tell me things
In little secret whisperings
But, oh, instead he shouts aloud
Because, I s'pose, he's over-proud
And gets excited
And delighted
At all the secrets that he knows—
Like where the first spring violet grows
And where the pussywillows doze
And robins nest and pansies pose . . .

I'd like to learn these secret things
But all I hear is bellowings
(The wind makes noises so absurd
I cannot understand a word),
So I must search, like fay or elf,
Each forest nook and rocky shelf
To find spring secrets for myself.

—Rowena Bennett in "Christian Science Monitor."
(Reprinted from White Ribbon Herald, Conn.)

PRESIDENT'S LETTER

Lincoln said: "Slavery is abolished. After reconstruction the next great question is the overthrow and abolition of the liquor traffic. My head and heart, my hand and purse will go into that work. The liquor traffic has defenders but no defense."

February 12, 1954.

Dear White Ribboners:

Did you wear your white ribbon today when you went out to win your new member or was it "on the other dress"? Do wear it—it speaks in silence, for you.

Grand Forks has invited us there for our state convention, and the tentative date is October 6, 7, 8. Plan to bring carloads, and as many as possible come!

The District Conventions will be the latter part of April or in May. In one or two localities the road conditions govern the date, and June is the only month that it is possible, in some years, to schedule the District Conventions.

The two Fargo Unions and friends filled to capacity the large Y. M. C. A. room, where it was my privilege to speak February 10th. My husband showed our colored slides of the Holy Land and the ladies served cake and coffee. May our W. C. T. U. prosper the more because of this fine piece of work of the Fargo Unions. The Fargo Forum printed the highlights of the talk on February 11th and 12th.

The brightest spot of today is a copy in the mail of a letter W. A. Young, Director of Temperance Education in Pembina County, sent to the ministers and Sunday School Superintendents. It asks that they make the announcement in both church and Sunday school, that they are trying to secure 40 new members for the W. C. T. U. in their county, and invites all members of the adult Bible classes and churches to strengthen the hand of the W. C. T. U. by becoming members. It also asks them to send correct names and address with their dollar dues to their local Union. At the top of the letter in bold print are the words, "Why not 188 for the State?" Thank you, Mr. Young—would that we had more like you.

Walking home from choir practice last evening, the beauty of the night was marred by a drunk man staggering from side to side of the walk so that I had a hard time to get by and escape being knocked down on the icy street. The days of prohibition were much better than this, surely. In turning to my Bible for comfort, it opens to Matthew 18-7, "Woe unto the world because of occasions of stumbling!" The Revised Version reads, "Woe to the world for the temptation of sin!" and my oldest Bible says, "Woe to the world because of offences!" In the verse before that, "Whoso shall cause one of these little ones that believe on me to stumble, it is profitable for him that a great millstone should be hanged about his neck and that he shall be sunk in the depth of the sea." Later Jesus says, "Woe to the man through whom the occasion cometh!"

Two of our liquor dealers have gone out of business. One said when asked the reason, "I couldn't live at home with my children. They are ashamed of my business."

Have you started that L. T. L. you thought about—or that Y. T. C.? You may think it wouldn't amount to much and that your effort would be wasted, but not so. God uses your small effort. Yesterday at L. T. L. a boy said to me, after reading the pledge, "How can I tell I'll keep it after I grow up?" The answer came, "A fine successful man came to speak to a lady after church in Jamestown one Sunday some years ago, and said, 'You may not remember me but I signed the pledge in your L. T. L. many years ago.'" Mrs. Bordwell said, "And did you keep it?" "Yes. I kept it and I want you to know that it helped me every step of the way. Thank you from the bottom of my heart." This clean-faced sweet boy signed the pledge yesterday and I know that with God's help, he will keep it.

Blessings to each worker.

Ruth Ottinger.

My Trip To The Holy Land

Continued from last issue.

We picked up pottery fragments said to be 3500 years old. Elisha's Springs, a fine artesian supply, flowing from times of antiquity, was alongside our parking space. The following day our first ablution was an half hour wade in the Dead Sea, a beautiful body of water. Its salinity exceeds 25 per cent, and is the densest known. The hills of Moab faced us on the opposite side, and Mount Nebo, from which Moses was permitted to view the Promised Land when he was not allowed to enter it in person, was in full view.

Climbing the barren hills to Jerusalem, the road winds in 115 curves and driving there is strictly by horn, as is everywhere in those countries. The stay in Jerusalem was divided between the Arab and Jewish portions of the city, under different governments. We were aware that these nations are still at war when we crossed no-man's land and observed the destruction that had taken place there. The holy places of the Jews, Christians and Moslems are largely in the hands of the latter who make them available for worship at stated periods or for a fee. After visiting several mosques where we were permitted to enter, after having straw sandals slipped over our shoes, we balked when we came to one which demanded that we enter barefoot or in our stocking feet. A few stayed outside. Visits in Jerusalem included places pointed out as Calvary and the Sepulchre, the Garden of Gethsemane and Mount of Olives. Some appeared authentic while others did not seem to be. On the Israel side a visit was made to the Tomb of David in a mosque that the Jews hold to be authentic. The American Colony, where Adlai Stevenson lately stayed, was headquarters on the Arab side, and the Y. M. C. A., on the Hebrew side of Jerusalem. From here, one trip took us to Bethany and Bethlehem and as far south as Hebron and the Valley of Eschol, made famous by the grapes that the spies, Caleb and Joshua, found there and took back to Moses. A picnic lunch was eaten in a grove where remains what is left of the Oak of Mamre, where Abraham pitched his tent and entertained three angels, according to Holy Writ. At Bethany, the tomb of Lazarus appears to be authentic, although there may be some question as to whether the home of Martha and Mary is the original. Not much at Bethlehem appears as one would picture it except the shepherds' field on the plains of Moab, that looked like it did in our mind's eye.

Leaving Jerusalem for the north, visits were made at Nablus, the seat of the only remaining eight families of Samaritans, who number about 300. Here a visit was made to their synagogue where their high priest exhibited their scroll of the Five First Books, which is 3500 years old, and authentic. That city is the location of the only soap factory of its kind in the world, its product being made of olive oil and only hand processes used. We were presented with a cake of Camel Brand, as famous in the Near East as Ivory

Continued on Page 5

Notes From The Unions

The Oakes Union was hostess to a district rally held at the American Lutheran Church in that city January 20th. Mrs. Chester Molm of Ellendale, the district president, was present and presided. A very timely program was arranged, with Mrs. H. J. Empie in charge of devotions. Musical numbers were a duet by Mrs. Ray Swanson and Mrs. Albert Klein; a piano solo by Kathryn Quam and a vocal solo by Kenneth Matheis of Ellendale gave an oration he has written, entitled "Alcohol and American Youth," which won first place in the state 4-H speech contest. Rev. Miller and Kenneth appeared on the convocation program at the Oakes high school at 11 o'clock the same day; there was a good attendance by the student body and the faculty. At the close of the afternoon meeting all enjoyed a social time, after which lunch was served by the Oakes Union. Both the local Union and the district president are to be congratulated upon this successful meeting and the cooperation of the school.

The Watford City Union continues to be active, holding meetings every month, and keeping posted on community affairs. When some wanted to have liquor sold over the bar in their town, the Union drafted a letter of protest to the city council, and had all the people who wished to do so, sign it. A delegation took the signatures to the next meeting of the council; the question did not even come to a vote. This Union raises money for its needs in various ways; one member sold over 50 dozen dishcloths, another crocheted pot-holders to be sold at Christmas time, and they all give "Birth-day money," in the month of their birth. This good report comes from the corresponding secretary of the Union, Mrs. Ole K. Borseth.

The Nekoma Union secured the film, "Any Boy, U. S. A.," and had it shown in the school and at Community Club meeting. The president of the Union, Mrs. George Sholy, is expected to return from a trip to Norway with her husband, in March.

The two Fargo Unions united for a meeting February 10, at which the state president, Mrs. A. D. Ottinger, gave a talk about her trip to the Holy Land last summer. Her husband accompanied her and showed colored slide views taken during the trip, as well as many souvenirs. In spite of very cold weather over 100 were in attendance. Rev. G. O. Parish conducted the opening devotional service, and girls from the Oak Grove High School furnished music. The women enjoyed the talk very much, they report.

The Bismarck district held a meeting at the Evangelical Church February 12, with the president, Mrs. R. A. Salter, in charge. The meeting opened at 10:30 A. M. with song, and Mrs. Bengstrom of Steele offered prayer. Mrs. Christie of Bismarck led the morning devotions, using Daniel 3, as the basis of her thought. A playlet was given by five Bismarck ladies. Departments discussed were Spiritual Life, for which Mrs. Christie was appointed director; Membership, Legislative, and Flower Mission. The date for the annual district meetings was set for April 6, at Steele. Miss Helen Erickson of Bismarck favored with a solo, Mrs. Bender led the noontide prayer. Mrs. Salter reported that the Union at Flasher had agreed to the noontide prayer band, thus making the district 100% in the prayer band.

After a noon lunch in the church dining room served by the hostess Union, the meeting reconvened. Song, prayer, Scripture meditation led by Mrs. Zech of Steele, talks on liquor advertising, packages of used nylons for Japan, a poster contest before district convention, and the distribution of literature, occupied the afternoon; the speakers were Mesdames Bengston, Salter, Feind, Christie, Erickson and Petchell. Miss Erickson again sang. It was recommended that the pamphlet, "Alcohol at the Wheel," be purchased and a copy given to each high school graduate. Mrs. Chas. Ryder, the district secretary, gives us this good report.

We are indebted to Mrs. O. L. Olsrud for this story of the tea held at Beach: A very successful Frances Willard tea was held in the parlors of the First Lutheran Church of Beach, Tuesday afternoon, February 16, with Mrs. Ernest Zielsdorf, Mrs. C. W. Heckaman and Mrs. G. E. Hochstetter pouring at a lace covered table decorated with tapers, flowers, and the American, Christian, and Temperance flags. Vocal solos were sung by Mrs. Lillian Harlan, Mrs. G. E. Hochstetter, Mrs. Oswald Jacobson and Mrs. Frances Beier. Mrs. Earl Palmer's tape-recorded organ solos were also enjoyed by guests. Mrs. James Cornforth, Mrs. Leo Zempel and Mrs. O. L. Olsrud gave interesting temperance readings. Members of the Wibaux, Mont., W. C. T. U. were special guests at the tea.

On Friday afternoon, Dec. 11, about forty members and friends of the W. C. T. U. gathered at the home of the state president, Mrs. A. D. Ottinger, in Valley City, for their regular meeting and Christmas party. The local president, Mrs. Chris Dahloger, served as co-hostess.

Following the usual business meeting, Mrs. Charles Atherton gave a very interesting history of several of our most familiar carols. After each description, the group joined in singing the carol. This was greatly strengthened by the accompaniment by Mrs. Ottinger on a little organ which she had purchased several years ago from Mrs. Paul Barnes. Needless to say, it supplied a most fitting background to the singing of these beautiful carols.

"Away In the Manger" was sung by little five year old Sylvia Brekke as a preliminary to the White Ribbon service which followed. This is a dedication service in which all mothers who bring their children promise to teach them to abstain from all alcoholic beverages. As an emblem of this promise, a white ribbon bow is tied on the wrist of each child. The following children were dedicated at this service. Mary Eleanor Bertram, Faith Joan Schelkopf, Linda Roseann Schelkopf, Grant Leslie Schelkopf, Kenneth Huus, Robert Huus, and Sylvia Brekke.

In keeping with the Christmas season, Mrs. Ottinger's home was gaily decorated and her Christmas lunch featured a real Christmas pudding augmented by citrus spice tea and fruit punch.

Mrs. Elizabeth Worley sent us this good report of a good meeting. It was omitted from the last issue by mistake.

Personal Mention

Mrs. Chester Molm of Ellendale is a busy lady. As well as being a homemaker like the rest of us, she teaches a class of adults in Sunday school, but says she learns more than the class. She finds it an opportunity to share some of our W. C. T. U. literature, too. Occasionally she leads the Junior Church in the basement, while the parents attend church; added to this, her work as district president and in the local Union must find her with few unfilled hours. We all know it is the busy people who do things; the others do not have time!

It was a pleasure to receive a postcard from Miss Clara Lobben, Fargo, State Director of S. T. I., who with her sister, Gertie, flew out to California to spend Christmas with their sister there. Miss Gertie had to return to her school work at Oak Grove High School, after the holidays, but Miss Lobben stayed on to enjoy the beautiful weather there till the last of February. May her visit give her added zest for her home and work in North Dakota.

Mrs. George Sholy of Nekoma writes of a delightful trip to Norway, where she and Mr. Sholy went in time to spend Christmas with relatives. It was 51 years since "George" left there, and his first visit back in that time. Mrs. Sholy is American born, and had never been there before. The warm welcome they have received, the universal kindness, the beautiful mountain scenery, after a very pleasant voyage will make this a visit long to be remembered. Her only regret was that she had not seen another woman wearing a white ribbon. They expect to return in March, for this land is their home and there's no place like it!

Mr. W. A. Young of Drayton, who is an honorary member of the W. C. T. U. and more active than some who bear that name, has entered whole heartedly into our campaign for "80 more in '54"; only he says we are putting our sights too low. He thinks we ought to multiply that 80 several times, and I am sure we can do it, if we really try. Let's!

Mrs. C. F. Truax of Minot was hostess for two of the state officers, Mrs. Ottinger and Mrs. Kemis, when the mid-year officers meeting was held. Mrs. Jacobsen and Mrs. Beasley were guests in the Hayden Williams home, where Mrs. Brooks is now the homemaker for Mr. Williams and the two little girls, Ruth Ann and Kathleen. It was a pleasure to hear them practicing their piano lessons early in the morning, before they went to school. Ruth Ann also plays in the school band.

Mrs. Rollo Winings, president of the Frances Willard Union of Arthur, and State Director of Visual Education, has been very busy during her "snowed in" months at her farm home. She has been notifying and encouraging by letter, each local Union and director of that field, of poster contests. Mrs. Winings is also Superintendent of Temperance Teaching in the Inter-Church Council of Cass County. At the fall meeting held at the Moravian Church at Durbin, N. D., she addressed the Sunday School superintendents and teachers of the several denominations represented, explaining the Teacher's Guide on Alcohol and Narcotics for the North Dakota public schools. She urged the ministers, Sunday School leaders and parents to encourage the teachers in giving due attention to this required study. We thank Mrs. J. A. Burgum for sending us this report of Mrs. Winings' activities.

It is impossible to reconcile the interests of the drink traffic with the interests of a nation.—Viscount Astor. (N. Y. Temperance Work).

IN MEMORIAM

There are stars that go out in the darkness
 But whose silvery light shineth on:
 There are roses whose perfume still lingers
 When the blossoms are faded and gone.
 There are hearts full of light and of sweetness,
 When no longer their life current flows;
 Still their goodness lives on with the living,
 Like the souls of the star and the rose.

Mrs. William J. Atchison, a pioneer resident of Cavalier County, passed from this life at her home in Hannah December 20, 1953, at the age of 75. She is survived by her husband and five children. Mrs. Atchison was a member of the Methodist Church and active in its women's organizations. She was a member of the W. C. T. U. at Hannah from its beginning, and had served in various offices, most faithfully.

Mrs. Anna M. Warren, a former resident of the Mayville and Portland communities, passed away December 28, 1953, at a Jamestown hospital, aged 81. She was born in Kansas, where she attended local schools, and later served for several years as matron at Greenville College, Greenville, Ill. She came to North Dakota in the spring of 1901, to help Mr. Fred Warren care for his family of nine children; in August, 1902, they were married. She is survived by eight of the step-children which she helped to rear, and by four grandchildren whom they also took in and reared. Mrs. Warren became a Life Member of the North Dakota W. C. T. U. in 1908; was responsible for the organization of the Union at Portland and served as its president. She was a member of the Free Methodist Church of Fargo. Rev. O. E. McCracken, who knew her in Illinois, paid tribute to her memory in these words: "She gave her life for others and in all was most unselfish; not only to her family, which she loved and cared for as her very own, but in the church and with her friends. Those who knew her in the W. C. T. U., of which she was a Life Member, will remember how unselfishly she gave time and energy to the work; she was a most sincere, devout and earnest Christian." Mrs. Martin Johnson of Larimore is the only one of the step-children who still lives in North Dakota.

The Union at Page suffered a great loss when Mrs. L. C. Warner, the secretary, was Called Home on February 4, 1954. Though she had been under the care of a doctor for some time, her going was a shock to the other members, for she had been able to attend the December and January meetings of the Union. Quiet and unassuming, she yet was always ready to do what she could to help the cause of temperance. The Warners had lived in the Page community since 1908; Mr. Warner preceded her in death last November. She is survived by five sons, five daughters and 25 grandchildren. It was said of her that she was a Christian mother, a loving friend and a gracious neighbor; one who made the world better because she passed this way.

Again our state corresponding secretary, Mrs. Brooks, has suffered a bereavement in the death of her husband, Frank T. Brooks, February 17, aged 74. Mr. Brooks had lived in Minot for 32 years, where for a time he was district manager of the Modern Woodmen of America. For the last few years his health had been very poor, so his call to the Life Beyond was a blessed release from the limitations of the body. He is survived by Mrs. Brooks, three daughters, a son, and four sisters.

We thank God for the lives of these who have gone on ahead, and extend our sympathy to all those who are lonely without them.

YOU TELL ON YOURSELF

You tell what you are by the things you seek,
 By the very manner in which you speak.
 By the way you employ your leisure time,
 By the use you make of dollar and dime.

You tell what you are by the things you wear,
 By the spirit in which your burdens bear,
 By the kind of things at which you laugh,
 By records you play on the phonograph.

You tell what you are by the way you walk,
 By the things on which you delight to talk,
 By the manner in which you bear defeat,
 By so simple a thing as how you eat.

By the books you choose from the well-filled shelf;
 In these ways and more, you tell on yourself,
 So there's really no particle of sense
 In an effort to keep up false pretense.

—The Lighted Pathway.

Reprinted from White Ribbon Herald.

The Liquor Industry's Profanation of Christmas

(This article, though late in appearing, is very worth reading. Editor.)

Now that the Christmas season is past, we are in a position to make an appraisal of what the alcoholic beverage industry is doing to the day on which the Christian world commemorates the birth of Christ.

Once a year, the ancient Romans observed a day in honor of Bacchus, their god of wine. It was a day given over to revelry, drunkenness and debauchery. This is what the traffickers in alcoholic liquors are spending millions of dollars to make of the day on which we commemorate the birth of the world's Savior.

To increase the sale and consumption of alcoholic beverages at the Christmas Holidays, the liquor industry steps up its glamorous and appealing liquor advertisements to induce the American people to stock up on their liquor supply for Christmas. Take, for example, the liquor advertisements in Life's Magazine. For the six issues preceding Christmas, its income from these advertisements totaled \$2,400,000, an average of over \$400,000 per issue. Whereas, its average income per issue for each of the previous issues of the year amounted to only \$196,000, its liquor advertisements reached their peak in the December 14th issue—25 pages of liquor, wine and beer ads., bringing Life an income of \$700,000. Most of these ads are printed in four colors, exquisitely beautiful, and never before were they bottled in such fancy containers. Samples of their masterpieces follow:

"At Holiday time there is no gift like P. M."

"A gift of rare beauty in a gleaming crystal container."

"To brighten your holidays, here is the best tasting whisky in ages, in a gleaming crystal container."

"Almost any whisky makes a welcome gift, but only onesays; To a Man of Distinction."

The millions spent in this pre-Christmas advertising of liquor are paying off. On the authority of Distilled Spirits Institute, the December sales of liquor are far above the sales of any other month of the year.

The inevitable result of all this is that drunkenness and debauchery, highway accidents and deaths—all that train of evils that follow drinking are increased at Christmastide.

It is bad enough for a business that has produced 4,000,000 alcoholics and 3,000,000 excessive drinkers in our country to be permitted to ply its trade to increase its sales on secular days, but it is infinitely worse to give it free rein to increase its sales for consumption on Christmas, thus degrading and debauching this day — By this means the liquor industry, to use the language of Scripture, "is crucifying the Son of God afresh and putting Him to an open shame."

Christ and Bacchus have nothing in common. What these liquor traffickers in alcoholic liquors are bringing into our Christmas is foreign to everything Christ came to do for humanity. Christ came to redeem, uplift and ennoble the human personality. Liquor degrades and destroys it.

Is it not time for the Christian people of America, in righteous indignation, to rise up and rescue this day which commemorates the birth of our Lord and Savior from those who are debauching it? Is it not time to do more than this? To uproot and destroy the business that has the boldness and effrontery to spend millions each year to turn Christmas into a Bacchanalia?

This much at least they should do and do now: Join the Crusade Against Liquor Advertising sponsored by the National and Prohibition Council which has for its object, not only stopping this stepping up of Liquor Advertising before Christmas, but its elimination throughout the entire year.

For information as to how to participate in the Crusade, write — Dr. R. H. Martin, Chairman, Committee Against Liquor Advertising, 209 Ninth Street, Pittsburgh 22, Pa.

Note: The National Woman's Christian Temperance Union is one of the organizations which comprise the National Temperance and Prohibition Council.

HOUSE-CLEANING TIME

Clean your house in a wonderful way,
 Let in the light of a perfect day;
 Polish the corners and clean every nook,
 Brush off the shelves and clean every book.
 And with the setting of the sun
 Say to yourself, "I'm glad that's done."

Clean your heart in a marvelous fashion,
 Wipe out hate and each ugly passion,
 Clear it of envy and greed and strife,
 Make it the frame of a spotless life;
 And when the shadows of night-time creep,
 Whisper "Thank God" as you drift to sleep.

—White Ribbon Banner.

WHITE RIBBON BULLETIN

A Word To The Wise

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The extraordinarily mild days of this month of February have been a surprise, after the severe cold of January, and the very white world that we had for several weeks is now grey and brown, with black where the plowed fields are bare again. We are glad to have it less cold, but we would like the fields to be protected from the wind for awhile longer.

I want to thank all of you who have sent me news for the paper, and especially Mrs. Truax of Minot, Mrs. Martin Johnson of Larimore and Mrs. Brock of Page, who have sent me information for our "In Memoriam" column. It is almost impossible for me to know about the passing of friends over the state, unless someone sends me word. I am always grateful to all of you who write me; I want this to be "our" paper, not "my" paper.

A poem written by Mr. James J. Scott of Lisbon appears in this issue; he sent it from California, where he was visiting at the time. Mr. Scott is a disabled veteran of World War I, who formerly lived at Lawton, and during the second world war, he did a splendid piece of work for the Lawton boys in the armed forces, by sending each of them a mimeographed paper called "This Is Lawton." It was the news of home, and the boys wrote back to him from all around the world, telling him how much it meant to them. To him, it was a good deal of work, but it was his fine contribution to the war effort and to the well-being of the boys from the home town. Now Mr. Scott lives at the Soldiers' Home at Lisbon, and continues to write. His vivid but sad picture of "The Dreamer" merits your careful reading.

Last fall at our state convention, Mrs. Glenn G. Hays, our guest speaker who is now National President, told us about how some Unions in Kansas were helped to finance their work. She spoke of the fact that many of our women were not blest with much money, and could not give liberally, but that there were a good many who felt that they could give a penny a day, each year. Those who pledged themselves to give this amount—\$3.65—were called "Rock of Ages Women," and their names were sent in and printed in the state paper. As I understood it, the annual dues were included in this amount, which in our state would also take care of the budget, the New Crusade for Narcotic Education Fund, and leave some to finance the work of the Unions. Our women considered it a good idea; perhaps it would solve some of our financial problems if it was adopted by all our Unions.

Again we have a murder in our state; a St. Michael man is under indictment for shooting another, after a drinking party. The Grand Forks Herald of Jan. 12, reported that a total of 8,380,193 gallons of beer was consumed in North Dakota in 1953. The figures are from the records of the state tax commissioner. (One wonders if this fact had any connection with the record-breaking number of deaths in traffic accidents in North Dakota in 1953.) And in 1953, the amount of beer consumed in the nation was 3,666,000,000 gallons, according to the statement of the president of a large brewing company. Americans buy more beer than soda pop; only coffee and milk outrank it, he declared. Yes, "it pays to advertise," as the liquor interests well know. (Have you written those letters to our men at Washington, D. C., to ask them to try to get us a hearing on the Bryson Bill, H. R. 1227?)

Along with the chill the above figures give us, as we realize the effect the beer-drinking habit can have upon the homes of our country, we are pained by the account of the dinner given at the "Big 4" conference in Berlin. The Herald of Jan. 29th gives the menu of the dinner and specifies the various kinds of wine and other drinks served with the meal. Was there a "hangover" afterward? Will this conference, too, end in unwise agreements?

All these considerations make us realize fully that we have more reason than ever to continue our work. Always it is our part, to "Pray and educate, pray and legislate, pray and agitate till every heart is stirred." Wear your white ribbon, and go after that new member!

Affectionately yours,

Elizabeth C. Beasley.

THREE FLAGS

Do you know the pledges to the American Flag, the Christian Flag and the Temperance Flag? Clip these out and learn them by heart for your meetings.

AMERICAN—I pledge allegiance to the Flag of the United States of America and to the Republic for which it stands; one nation indivisible, with liberty and justice for all.

CHRISTIAN—I pledge allegiance to my Flag and to the Savior for whose Kingdom it stands; one brotherhood uniting all mankind in service and love.

TEMPERANCE—I pledge allegiance to the Temperance Flag, emblem of total abstinence, self control, pure thoughts, clean habits, the white flag that surrenders to nothing but purity and truth, and to none but God whose temples we are.

Treasurer's Report

December 15, 1953, to February 15, 1954

DUES: Sheldon 7; Monango 12; Minot 4; Edgeley 15; Glover 17; Nekoma 8; Williston 30; Fargo 53; Mott 17; Watford City 45; Julia D. Nelson, Fargo 60; Prosper 19; Larimore 1; Cavalier 35; Granville 24; Grand Forks 60; Beach 25; Parshall 18; Page 17; Dickey 10; Douglas 2; Valley City 97; McKenzie 9; Bismarck 9; Calvin 18; Bottineau 30; Napoleon 2; Ellendale 19; LaMoure 11; Lisbon 20; Sawyer 8.

BUDGET: Sheldon \$6.30; Monango \$12.00; Edgeley \$20.00; Glover \$17.00; Ellendale \$14.00; Nekoma \$9.00; Williston \$39.00; Fargo \$53.00; Watford City \$50.00; Fargo, Julia D. Nelson \$85.00; Prosper \$19.00; Cavalier \$35.00; Grand Forks \$60.00; Parshall \$22.00; Page \$19.00; Dickey \$11.00; Douglas \$15.00; Valley City \$63.00; McKenzie \$9.00; Bismarck \$12.00; Calvin \$25.00; Granville \$24.00; LaMoure \$10.00.

NEW CRUSADE FUND: Monango \$4.17; Minot \$15.50; Glover \$8.50; Ellendale \$29.50; Fargo \$26.50; Larimore \$.50; Grand Forks \$30.00; Page \$8.50; Dickey \$5.50; Bismarck \$6.00; Calvin \$12.50; Bottineau \$15.00; Granville \$12.00; LaMoure \$5.50; Lisbon \$10.00.

WILLARD MEMORIAL FUND: Sawyer \$2.00; Ellendale \$4.00; Langdon \$2.00; Watford City \$6.91; Page \$2.44; Lisbon \$2.00; Napoleon \$2.00.

LILLIAN STEVENS LEGISLATIVE FUND: Sawyer \$2.00; Ellendale \$4.00; Langdon \$2.00; Napoleon \$2.00; Parshall \$5.00; Bottineau \$2.00; Granville \$2.00; Page \$2.00; Watford City \$2.00; Reeder \$2.00; Lisbon \$2.00; Williston \$2.00.

L. T. L.: Mott 2; Valley City 21.

MEMORIAL MEMBERS: Christian Knutson given by Clara Knudson, Tower City; Mrs. Anna M. Warren given by family and friends at Larimore.

WILLARD MEMBERS: 17.

STATE REPORTS: \$31.25.

LIGHT LINE UNIONS Granville.

ORGANIZATION FUND: Mrs. Elizabeth Preston Anderson \$110.00.

HONOR ROLL: (Budgets paid in full before January first.) Beach, Mott, West Fairview, Larimore, Grand Forks, Oakes, Edinburg, Minot, Northwood, Arthur, Flasher, Gilby, Langdon, Tower City, Reeder, Stady Zahl, Jamestown Lydia Wanner, Ellendale, Glover, Edgeley, Nekoma, Watford City, Fargo Julia D. Nelson, Prosper, Valley City, Dickey, Page, Cavalier.

HOLDFAST UNIONS: Tower City, West Fairview, Mott, Grand Forks, Steele, Flasher, Gilby, Stady Zahl, Glover, Prosper, Cavalier, Northwood, Sheldon, Edinburg, Nekoma, Langdon. Mrs. Howard Kemis, Treasurer.

DO YOU WISH TO CHANGE PLACES?

Should you desire to trade places with an Arab sister, besides your household duties, you will be expected to give full assistance in the harvest fields. This includes the planting, growing and reaping seasons, and the methods are about as they have been since the Stone Age. After the grain has been cut with a sand sickle—and you can do as much as a man at this task—the stalks are laid in windrows, to be later gathered and placed on a threshing floor. It was obviously done after this fashion during the Stone Age, for quite recently there was found in a Palestinian cave, a crude sickle made by attaching sharp flint edges for cutting.

When you change places with an Arab sister, you will either help carry the stalks or load them on an ox, an ass, or a camel, or in some places a water buffalo. In any event, the carrier, whether it is you or an animal is so hidden by the size of the load as to be completely covered from sight. Then, when the oxen, or other animals, tramp out the kernels, it is your job to shake the grain in round sieves to winnow out the chaff. In doing this labor you must not expect to wear shorts or any other light clothing, for custom and the burning sun decrees that you shall wear long garments, with long sleeves and have your head covered with a turban so that its long ends may give your neck and face some protection from the blistering sun. And, should you be a poor woman, you will be permitted to glean the few stalks that the harvesters have missed, after they have left the fields.

If you are anxious to change places with a woman of the East, there are many other things that you will commonly be expected to do. There are fagots to pick up and store during the entire warm season, to be used for cooking and for a small degree of comfort that may be derived from their heat. If wood is scarce, you will be expected to garner every bit of dried animal dung for fuel purposes, for the welfare of the household, its water, its heat, its table, its comfort all depend upon you. Do you want to make the change?

NOONTIDE HOUR OF PRAYER

"It is always noontime somewhere, and across
The awakening continents from shore to shore
Somewhere our prayers are rising evermore."

A DAILY PRAYER

The Morning Days

These are the "morning" days—God help us keep
The clear, clean shine of dawn within our eyes;
Help us to sow good seed that we may reap
The Autumn gold, and, dear Lord, make us wise
To use the swift glad hours of youth for Thee;
Help us keep faith with loveliness, we pray,
And give us the vision, Lord, that we may see
That Thou are walking with us day by day.
—Grace Noll Crowell.

HE WAS THERE

"It was only a handful gathered in
To the little place of prayer;
Outside were struggle and pain and sin,
But the Lord, Himself, was there.
He came to redeem the pledge He gave
Where ever His loved ones be
To stand Himself in the midst of them,
Though they count but two or three."
—Virginia Call, Author not given.

GOD SMILED

God smiled upon the earth and suddenly
The sullen lowering skies were clear and blue,
A thousand birds caroled their joyous songs,
A thousand flowers bloomed, of every hue.
God smiled upon the sea, and suddenly
Its dark and stormy waves were hushed to rest.
Calmly the splendor of the sunlight fell
In golden radiance on its peaceful breast.
God smiles upon me as I sat alone,
And then He thought of such a lovely thing,
He put your hand in mine and gently said,
"My child, forget your grief! See! It is spring!"
—Grace Bush, in Conn. White Ribbon Banner.

MY TRIP TO HOLY LAND . . . Continued from Page 1
is here. Only mention can be made of the 475 community co-operative settlements that are transforming agricultural and industrial Israel. It would require much space to adequately tell of the revelation we saw at one of these co-operatives, which are not communal, but voluntary settlements. Proceeding north, Meggido, which is the site of Armageddon, and where extensive research has been done, was on our left as the valley of Esdraelon was approached. This fertile valley will compare with any here, and grain was being harvested with combines and all modern equipment. But climbing up arid, rocky hills by auto to Nazareth, which is an Arab town of 8000, the old methods of the Arabs were found to be in use. There is little about Nazareth that one can picture as the place of Jesus' boyhood, except that statement "can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" Arriving at noon on the Sea of Galilee, a dinner of pan fish caught in the sea, was ready at Tiberias. This fish is called "mum'num" and pronounced "mum'-noom". It was delicious and is the only place in the world where this fish is found. After this came a launch ride on that beautiful lake of sacred memory, to Capernum. The night was passed on the Mount of Beatitudes where the Sermon was preached. We had a "hymn sing" here. Our hosts were the Sisters of the Convent located there. After an early Tuesday breakfast, a motor trip of 40 or 50 miles brought us to Tel Aviv, a modern, clean, well-built city that has absorbed the neighboring Joppa and Haifa in its metropolitan center of 300,000. Our TWA departure was about 11:30 P. M., Tel Aviv time on Tuesday. Our arrival home was about 1:30 P. M., Wednesday, New York daylight saving time.

How distance has shrunk in our little lifetime. Nothing has been said about the people we saw and encountered, or their customs, of the dear children everywhere.

I believe that we Americans added a little ray of sunshine to their very drab existence, especially those who live in concentration camps. They made us aware that we are all of one blood, for their problems are far greater than ours. Such intimate contacts with strange peoples, convince us that all human creatures are akin.

My white-ribbon friends know that I can tell this with more color than I can write it. And there is much more to tell!

DEPARTMENT LETTERS

FLOWER MISSION AND RELIEF

Dear WCTU Members:

I received a letter from Mrs. Chas. H. Peterson, the National Director of Flower Mission and Relief, telling of the death of our dearly beloved Mrs. Constance T. Gauntlett of Japan. She had been far from well, for the past three years; we mourn her passing, but the work goes on.

Though the parcel post rats have raised to 45c for the first pound, and 22c for each pound thereafter, please continue sending packages to: Miss Katsu Fukuda, WCTU, 360 Hyakunin machi, 3 Chrome, Shinjuku-ku, Tokyo, Japan.

Give the name of Mrs. Frances Gauntlett, same address, as alternate. Clean but discarded hose, nighties, and undies weigh so little and are so much valued in the work of the WCTU of Japan that it seems wise to send more packages there, including a few good clean dresses, skirts and sweaters or sweater blouses. Also larger pieces of woolen goods, previously washed, thus listed as "Used goods."

Be sure to evaluate everything at rummage sale prices"—the minimum—according to the advice of our postal authorities. Miss Fukuda will be very grateful for continuance of our packages. Send not less than 10 lbs., nor more than 20 lbs., per package.

The WCTU Relief Chairman for Korea has moved. Her new address is: Mrs. Hannah Nam Kung, 93 Nam Tavi Moon L Ka, Chong No Ku, Seoul, Korea.

Good clothing, large size; pencils sharpened once or twice and so marked "used" are things wanted in Korea.

Yours truly,

Grace R. Higgins, Director.

INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS FOR PEACE

Though this letter is a little late in arriving, it helps my conscience a bit to know that your Unions were supplied with the topical departmental literature early, so this was on hand for the program as scheduled. Referring to the literature, the leaflet "Cooperation for What?", though not a new one, offers a helpful contribution to our appraisal of the viewpoints being expressed at the present Berlin "Big Powers" conference. Incidentally, to me personally there is something irritating about the labeling thus of the "Big Powers" with this or that numeral; it seems a poor background for good accomplishments. At least the previous ones have not turned out well. I recall what impressed me as a valuable thought given in a letter from the Fellowship of Reconciliation: "So far as we can see, it is in these countries which are not completely integrated with the Russian or American military program, that our greatest hope for peace lies." I feel that we have something there. How about the far-reaching effects of our military units stationed in foreign countries? Visualize the same bestowed on our proud continent.

The National director has written an article called "Shall We Go Roll Our Hoops?" which was printed in the Alabama White Ribbon, and then reprinted as a leaflet; it concerns plans for universal military training, now under consideration. In it, Mrs. Broyles refers to a pamphlet prepared by the Christian Century magazine, which is a study of conscription. The pamphlet can be had from the Christian Century, 407 Dearborn St., Chicago 5, Ill. The price is 15 copies for \$1.00. The National director wonders whether anyone is sufficiently interested to order and read the pamphlet, or will everybody prefer to "go roll their hoops," as the conscriptionists and liquor interests want them to do?"

In conclusion, I want to refer to the book, "The Dagger and the Cross," recommended as a study book. It has much to offer in support of the so-called pacifist's point of view, but at the same time is comprehensive and acceptive of the prevalent opposite viewpoint. It seems that the present much talked of international or world tensions, with our own nation so tragically involved, make it imperative that our best mentality and well wishing must be concentrated upon at least an understanding knowledge of the problems at hand. What it all represents to the youth all over the world and particularly those in our own state and nation, should serve as a determining factor. The outlook is none too good, at the best.

Cordially yours,

Mrs. Geo. Campbell, Director.

SPEECH CONTESTS

I trust many Unions are working hard at Speech Contests by now. The last few years we have had Gold Medal contests at the state convention; why not a Pearl Medal contest at the state convention this year? That means that we will have to have five or more young people who already have won silver and gold medals, competing at the convention. If a Gold Medal contest, we must have five or more young

people who already have silver medals. If we work hard, we could have both.

I am looking for the little certificates which show that you have held contests; please send them as soon as you have had your contests. I have sent literature to all Unions; please make use of it. May I hear from many Unions? Thank you. "He that speaketh truth showeth forth righteousness." Proverbs 12:17.

Mrs. H. O. Hermanson, Director.

TEACHING DAUGHTER TO DRINK

(Answering an article in a magazine entitled, "I'm Teaching My Daughter to Drink.")

So you're teaching your daughter to drink,
Your bright eyed teen-ager, you say.
I'm eager to know how you've brought the girl up;
I'll question you now, if I may?

Did you give her the scissors at two,
And the carving knife, when she was four?
Did you teach her to play with the matches in hay
When she had turned five, and no more?

So you're teaching your daughter to drink!
Did she drive the car when she was six?
Did you teach her, when camping, to use gasoline
And pour it upon the dry sticks?

Did you teach her to stand near the edge
Of a cliff when she'd barely turned eight?
Did you teach her, at nine, to pat hind legs of mules
Or to juggle the best Dresden plate?

So you're teaching your daughter to drink!
Did she dynamite buildings, at ten?
Did you teach her to thrust her bare hands thru the cage
When the lions were growling? Why then?

If you've really, successfully taught her,
And have really, successfully taught her,
You may teach her to drink with success, I should think,
But isn't it hard on the daughter?

—Florence Marshall Stellwagen.

—Virginia Call.

The Future Generation

By Mrs. Joseph M. Dilks of Salem, with slogans from the YTC and Mrs. Florence Stellwagen.

A one-act playlet on Liquor Advertising, from N. J. White Ribbon.

Setting—Mrs. Ballard's living room, early evening.

Characters:

Mother Ballard, an ardent WCTU worker.

Jane, an attractive teen-ager.

Bobby, a carefree boy of about 12.

Sally, a smaller sister of 6 or 7.

As the scene opens Jane is seated quietly, reading a book;

Bobby is tossing a small ball as his mother enters.

Mother: Your little sister is in bed now, so we'll try not to make too much noise until she falls asleep.

Bobby: Mother, may I stay up and look at TV tonight?

Mother: Oh, Bobby, I don't know.

Bobby: Please, Mother, there isn't any school tomorrow.

Mother: Well I know, but—

Bobby: But what, Mother?

Mother: Well (slowly)—you know that I don't approve of those liquor ads that they have on TV. They are not good for children to see or to hear.

Bobby: Why not, Mother? I like the music they play with their jingles. Don't you?

Mother: The music is not TOO bad—that isn't the part that I dislike.

Bobby: Well then, what is it?

Mother: It's what they say. There isn't any truth to their advertisements.

Bobby: You mean they just say those things to get us to buy?

Mother: Yes, Bobby, that's right. They try to get the young folks interested in drinking.

Bobby: Why do they want US to drink?

Mother: So they can fill their pockets full of easy money, at the public's expense. You can't look at a ballgame, a fight, wrestling nor any other good clean sport nowadays without hearing them cut in every once in a while with their silly jingles and misleading advertising.

Bobby: Well, don't get so excited, Mother, because you always say they are not allowed to sell it to minors. I'm a

minor, so I couldn't buy it if I wanted to. Now could I?

Mother: No, but there is another way of looking at it, son. When a child has drinking parents, the child will usually follow in the parents' footsteps because a child looks up to his parents as an example, and usually, nine times out of ten, the child will do the same things that his father and mother do. Am I right?

Bobby: I guess you are right, Mother. You usually are. But what's this got to do with my looking at the ball game tonight?

Mother: I'm trying to teach you, right now, not to pay any attention to those misleading ads. And furthermore, I'm sick and tired of hearing those jingles on radio and television.

Jane: (Looking up from her book says teasingly) What'll you have?

Mother: (With lost sense of humor) And that will be enough from YOU too, young lady.

Jane: Oh now, Mother, calm down. I was only teasing.

Mother: My intelligent one, do tell your brother. I've learned some good slogans.

Jane: I'd be happy to, if he'll listen to me.

Bobby: (Disgustedly) Oh well, out with it, so I can see the ball game.

Jane: (Also disgusted) Give me time, will you?

Bobby: Time, she says; then the ball game will be over.

Mother: Bobby—

Bobby: I'm sorry, Mother, but I still think—

Jane: (Cutting in) "Never drink alcohol and you'll never become an alcoholic."

Bobby: Hey, that's real cute. Is that all?

Jane: "If you drive, don't drink."

Mother: Good, I wish they would take heed to that one. It's always the innocent ones who get hurt.

Jane: Here's another one. "Liquor takers are accident makers" and "Heedless today, headless tomorrow."

Bobby: I like that one.

Jane: I have another one too. "It's not the downpayment on alcohol, it's the upkeep that's expensive."

Bobby: I dont get that one.

Mother: Maybe I can explain it to you. It isn't the price of alcohol—well—we'll say, having a few drinks at a social gathering—but if they continue to drink more and more, then they become alcoholics. Then the upkeep is expensive. Not only the buying of the drinks but maybe they'll commit a crime or have an accident under the influence of alcohol, even perhaps kill somebody. Wouldn't that be expensive?

Bobby: Well, I'd call that a sin.

Mother: Where did you get all those good slogans, Jane?

Jane: (Blithely) Remember, Mother, I joined the Youth Temperance Council. Our leader taught us some good slogans and told us that they would come in handy some day.

Bobby: They sure did, Sis, and by the way, I'm missing the ball game, remember?

Sally: (Enters in pajamas and slippers) Mom, Mommy, I'm thirsty.

Mother: Thirsty? What do you mean? I just gave you a drink of orange juice before I put you to bed. Now you go right back upstairs to your room.

Sally: But I'm thirsty, Mommy.

Mother: I don't know how you can be, but go get a drink of water if you like, and then go back to bed.

Sally: Well, those people next door have their TV on so loud that I can hear everything that they are saying.

Mother: What, for instance?

Bobby: As if we didn't know.

Sally: They said beer quenches your thirst, and Mommy, I'm thirsty. Do we have any in the house?

Mother: How can you ask such a thing? I'm a WCTU member!

Jane: And I'm a YTC'er!

Sally: I know, but what's that got to do with me? I'm thirsty!

Mother: It means that I never have such drinks in this house and that these drinks contain alcohol which is a poison.

Sally: (Surprised, holds her throat) Gee, then why do they tell us it will quench our thirst?

Mother: How can an alcoholic beverage quench our thirst when actually alcohol dehydrates and makes us want more liquids?

Sally: What's that big word you said—dehy—

Mother: Dehydrate means that it takes water out of our tissues and makes them dry.

Sally: You mean, they tell stories over TV?

Mother: Yes, and that's bad. Those ads don't fool me. I don't believe in the brewers' fairy tales. Too many people are taken into their land of make-believe, without realizing it.

Jane: In other words, Sally, too many people are like the ventriloquist's dummies on TV.

Jane: I mean that too many people are like the dummy,

the propaganda being the ventriloquist.

Sally: Whats' propoganda, Mommy?

Bobby: Oh no, here we go again! Well, what is it?

Jane: Propaganda, in plain ordinary words, is misleading information. You never hear a beer ad that tells any of the dangers of alcohol, do you?

Bobby: No, come to think of it.

Jane: They think that when they put on those commercials on TV, we folks are silly little puppets or dummies and they can just push us around any old way they want to. But not me, brother—no sir-ee! I'll always say, "No thank you" because I am studying "What Alcohol is and What it Does." I really feel sorry for the people who aren't educated on the subject of alcohol. Remember this slogan—"It's Smarter Not To Drink."

Bobby: Gee, Sis, I didn't know you were so smart.

Sally: I'm going to join the Loyal Temperance Legion and see if I can learn all those big words.

Mother: Now, go get a drink of water and get to bed, like a good girl.

Sally: O. K. Mommy. But, Jane, do you mean that the TV ads that sound so cute, well, do they think that I'm going to be like a little fish and swallow their bait?

Mother: Honey, you understand more than I thought you did.

Sally (feeling real grown-up): Now I'll get my drink of water. I'm going to tell my friends that I'm proud to be an American, because Americans don't like to be pushed around. Good night.

Bobby: Good night! Now, may I please see the ball game?

Mother: I still would like to hear from Jane. I didn't know she had learned so much about the liquor ads. Now that Sally's gone to bed, tell us some more of those slogans. Bobby, do you see just how those misleading ads affected your little sister and all because she doesn't understand? Children get the wrong impressions from the radio and television. It's just like a disease nowadays.

Jane: It should not be allowed, but what can we young people do to stop it?

Mother: Jane, after you are in the YTC long enough, you will learn what to do about this serious problem.

Bobby: I suppose she'll be able to crack her whip and say, "Liquor ads go away and never come again in my day."

Mother: Why, Bobby, that's a good slogan! Jane will also learn how to write letters of protest to the law makers of our country.

Bobby: That I've got to see.

Mother: Well, don't fool yourself. That's one reason why I joined the WCTU. They are trying to get cleaner and better programs on radio and TV. Today we must be "wise as serpents and not stupid as sheep."

Bobby: How stupid can one get?

Jane: "Stupid and gullible people are hangover-hunters, without realizing it." Don't ever expect to hear the truth from a liquor ad. Here's one: "In summer's heat, it offers grateful coolness; in winter's cold, it offers welcome warmth."

Mother: How far-fetch'd!

Jane: You know, in a way they are right, because there's pretty cold comfort for the drinking driver when he's waiting for the Judge to pass sentence. The welcome warmth must come in when he gets hot under the collar for no reason at all.

Bobby: No reason but alcohol, you mean.

(Sally reappears).

Jane: Now what is it, Sally?

Sally: Mommy, Mommy, I heard you talking to the WCTU lady who stopped in last week and she said that alcohol is a crutch. Gee, Mommy, I don't want to be on crutches when I grow up. I want to play tennis and hockey like other girls do, Mommy, I'm not going to drink such poison when I grow up.

Mother: Good girl. Now run along to bed.

(Sally leaves).

Bobby: And I've learned that drinking alcoholic beverages and sports don't mix. Slogan, "Oh beer, what a bore."

Mother: Always remember that, my son, and I'll always be very proud of you. Remember that you are the future generation. Always stand firm, son, no matter how much you may be tempted to do evil.

Jane: My Bible says, "Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging and whoever is deceived thereby is not wise." Look it up for yourself tonight in Proverbs, chapter 20, the first verse.

Mother: I'm so glad "The Future Generation" in my home has learned a little about the evils of alcohol in drinks tonight and I have a slogan too, for all of you. "Keep busy doing good and there will be no time to do evil."

Bobby: Slogans, slogans. I'll be hearing them in my sleep! Well, I know one thing. I've missed the ball game! Good night, folks!

THE DREAMER

He sat with his jug
On his Golden Stair,
Dreaming of things
As though they were there.

He drank from his jug,
To continue his dream
Of mansions and servants,
And to make it seem
He was rich beyond words
In adventure and success
Of the love of a girl,
But not of the mess
He made of her life,
When she became
His wife.

And he dreamed of ships
On which he would sail;
Of tumbling waves—
The wild wind's travail—
Of the cities and countries
He would see—
What an important person
He would be!
And his faded eyes
Took on a glint,
When his name appeared
In newspaper print.

And he dreamed of his youth—
Not of wildness and glee—
But full of ambitions
And planned things to be.
And again of the girl,
Lovely and fair;
Of a happy home
And the loved ones there . . .
Not of the squalor,
And want and hate;
Not of the selfish
Neglect to his mate.

Another drink from the jug—
It slipped from his hand,
Bouncing down the stairs
To finally land,
And shatter itself
Against the wall . . .
Then his dreams faded
Into drunken forgetfulness;
And, final release
To the sleep and rest
That comes to both
The damned and the blest.
—Jim J. Scott, Carmel-by-the-Sea.
20 December 1955.

SING AT MARCH MEETING

(Tune: "She'll Be Coming 'Round the Mountain")
There's a friend we welcome gladly when it comes,
There's a friend we welcome gladly when it comes,
'Tis the dear old Union Signal,
Oh! the dear old Union Signal!
Is the friend we welcome gladly when it comes.

Oh! it's filled with information—read it through;
Tells the news about the nation—read it through.
Oh! it joins the new crusaders,
And it fights the country's raiders,
Oh! it's filled with information—read it through.

Oh! the dear old Union Signal's what we read,
So we'll read the Union Signal when we read.
Oh! we'll read the Union Signal—
And we'll heed the Union Signal,
Yes, we'll read the Union Signal when we read.

—Annie Durham Methvin

(Ed. Note: Frances Willard called the Union Signal "the letter from home.")

AMERICA SHOULD KNOW

1. The average intelligent, well-informed American hasn't the slightest idea of the vast extent of the liquor evil.
2. He has not the least realization that the drink custom and the traffic which serve it, are vitally related to practically every other evil in this country.

EASTER GIFT SUGGESTIONS

April 18

FOR CHILDREN,

Mary and Her Little Lamb (color sheet), 60c per 100;
35c per 50; 15c per doz.; 2c each
Mrs. Gray Bunny's Children
Gray Bunny Children Still Learning
Mrs. Gray Bunny's Health Color Book
20c each
Pioneer Girl\$1.00
Prayers and Graces50

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

The Heart of the Rose.....Paper, 35c; Cloth, 75c

FOR ADULTS

1954 Douglass Sunday School Lessons.....\$2.95
The Big Fishermen\$3.75
Drink and the Downfall of Nations..... .35
My Daily Declaration of Purpose (card) 50c per doz.;
5c each
Christ, the Apostles, and Wine..... .25

FOR SHUT-INS

Comfort Powders.....50c per box
Secret Service (card) 2 for 5c; 25c per doz.; 55c per 50;
\$1 per 100.

National WCTU Publishing House
Evanston, Illinois

ANNOUNCING**THE NEW UNION SIGNAL!**

The Official Board of the National WCTU voted that, beginning April, THE UNION SIGNAL will be a semi-monthly rather than a weekly magazine.

The fewer issues will contain all pertinent and important material formerly carried, but in step with the modern trend, will be condensed and streamlined.

Color will be used here and there to point out special facts and features.

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