

BEEER

THE LITTLE MAGAZINE WITH THE BIG APPEAL

5¢

Per Copy

VOL. I., NO. 1.
JUNE
1932

A Subject of
NATIONAL INTEREST

•
WET OR DRY YOU
SHOULD READ IT!

We print the following letter from Representative Hartly by permission of the "We Want Beer Ass'n.," a Washington organization that is doing much good work for modification of the 18th Amendment.

FRED A. HARTLEY, JR.,
8th DIST. NEW JERSEY

W. MANLY SHEPPARD
SECRETARY

COMMITTEES
PUBLIC BUILDINGS AND GROUNDS
PATENTS
LABOR

Congress of the United States
House of Representatives
Washington, D. C.

November 28, 1931

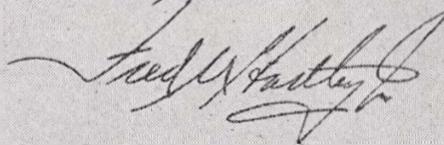
National Headquarters
"We Want Beer" Ass'n
Earle Bldg.
Washington, D.C.

Gentlemen:

In response to your recent letter concerning your desire to bring about a modification of the Volstead Act thereby bringing back "Beer" as a legal beverage, I wish to assure you that "them's my sentiments too"

You may be sure of my cooperation.

Very sincerely yours,



FAH:D

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WARREN B. CODY, Editor

Vol. I., No. 1

June, 1932

TWELVE long years this fair country of ours has endured under the tremendous handicap of living a veritable lie, a great national falsehood. The strain upon the economic and moral fabric of America has been terrific. Strand after strand snaps and our once so beautiful pattern faces ruin! The design becomes contorted, grotesque! The Master Weaver hesitates ere he cuts it down to start his work anew. It is not too late to repair the sorry mess.

According to the letter of the law, these United States of America are dry, one vast parched desert. The great River of Beer, Wine and Liquor that for many years had poured its welcome millions of friendly gold into the nation's coffers, has been dammed!

Twelve years ago, while America, wearied by months of war and diplomatic fencing, momentarily allowed her drowsy governmental eyes to close, the political outrage known as "Prohibition" was perpetrated on an innocent and trusting public. The Goddess of Liberty bowed her head and wept but the fatal die was cast. Slowly the American people awoke as from a drugged sleep. They did not realize just what had been done to them and it has taken years for the full import

of the tragedy to be acknowledged. The Public eye must now be fully open to the deplorable situation.

As we said before, the River of Beer, Wine and Liquor was dammed. A political catyclism stemmed its mighty flood but did it actually destroy the river? Did its damming choke the bubbling springs that were its source? Did the barrier that left its legal bed parched and dry force the noble stream back into its beginning and so to oblivion? No, good readers, of course not! That River had its origin in the appetite of Man ages upon ages ago. It was fed by many thousands of personal thirsts, by desires for coolness, refreshment and comfort, by the frequent need of physical and mental stimulation, by the desire to promote health, by the spirit of hospitality and by necessity of relief from nervous strain. Countless individual rivulets contributed to that mighty stream and its regrettable damming did not for a moment affect those sources. They are as active as ever adding to the titanic volume that constantly swells behind the legal barrier, overflowing the high banks and wasting its life-giving flood into illegal channels.

The Public still drinks, but not the pure, wholesome liquids of yesterday. The once clear stream now flows through the muck and filth of Crime. It seeps through the polluted meshes of Politics and is contaminated by hypocrisy and greed. It follows the dirty gutters of the Underworld, irrigating strange unwholesome gardens where fatten frightful parasitic growths that grope further and further into the heart of our social structure. Yea, the Public drinks, but the toast to Health is quaffed in Poison!!



Now, the government coffers are empty, the country is in the grip of a serious economic depression, the ranks of the army of the Unemployed swell to alarming proportions, the national aspect is one to bring a measure of consternation to the heart of the most skeptical. True, we have a lot of political

ostriches in the high places who bury their heads in the sands of petty politics and personal gain and refuse to see the storm-clouds on the horizon.

The American people are already staggering under heavy tax burdens and additional tax upon the necessities of life is little short of national suicide. How welcome some of that River of Gold would be right now! What relief



to the aching shoulders of the tax-payers and how the sparkling beverages would revive the old national spirit!

Let us consider that unwise dam that bars us from our heritage of liberty. Suppose that we should open up the flood-gates just enough to let the Beer Level flow down through the withered valley of the Law. Muchly needed dollars would immediately swell the sadly depleted governmental purse, the life-giving stream would cause once more the flowers of Industry to bloom and the barren wastes of Modern Business to grow once again the pleasant verdure of Prosperity. Ah, would that not indeed be a patriotic gesture?

Shall we allow our people to suffer unnecessary misery and our beloved government to become weak and undernourished while the wolves of the lawless boldly howl at our very door-steps and overhead the expectant foreign vultures circle nearer and nearer?

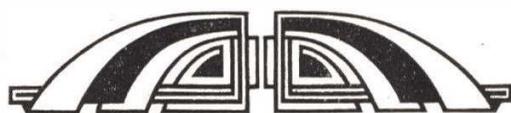
That twelve-year old folly must be undone, and now is the time. If the "attending physicians" to this invalided republic of ours think that "Repeal" would be too severe a prescription at the present time, owing to the patient's weakened condition, why not first administer a tonic in the form of "Beer"? What a stimulant that would be! Old Man Business would sit right up and take nourishment then. Legalized Beer would not only materially reduce the national unemployment distress and revive business conditions in general but would put back into our hungry national treasury many millions of sorely needed dollars and would make further taxation of the necessities of life needless.

It is to the return of legalized Beer that this little magazine

is dedicated. The return of Beer and Prosperity! Let's put an end to the Depression. Beer is a food and a tonic; it is an aid to health and if it satisfies, to some extent, the public thirst while helping to relieve our present economic troubles, what real American can deny his country this boon? When weighed in the balance, the virtues of Beer far outweigh the evils. We hope that in the following pages the reader will find answers to any questions he may have on the subject. That the realization that even in the most serious of situations a sense of humor is helpful will take the sting from some of the unlovely truths and salve the conscience of those who may take too personal an inference from them. Our creed is "malice toward none and charity for all." Can we not work together for the Public Good and help our country to regain her birthright of Liberty and Prosperity? We thank you.



THOMAS JEFFERSON knew of Beer's food and tonic value when he so strongly recommended it to the American people as a weapon with which to fight whisky-drunkenness.





LIBERTY, our girl-friend out in the harbor, has been looking very much off her feed for a long time now, twelve years to be exact. We hired a rowboat and paid her a visit the other evening. "Well Lib, old gal," said we, "Why the perpetual grouch?" Of course we knew the answer but we wanted to hear it from her own fair lips. Even so we were hardly prepared for what she snapped back. "Grouch?" she snorted, "You're a fine one to mention grouch to me! If some bozo insults any of your girl-friends ashore you up and sock 'em all over the place but you let 'em make a sap out of me and expect me to like it! Liberty! What do I stand for now? Just a May-pole for the happy rum-runners to play tag around. I park out here and watch the greedy foreigners swarm in to gobble up our gold and the thirsty

fortunates sailing off to shovel theirs into the pockets of foreign wine merchants. No wonder the American Eagle is screaming in distress and the American Public is tottering on the edge of poverty. I have been the laughing stock of the World for twelve years and I'm sure fed up. Get back there and round up all of my erstwhile boy-friends and tell 'em just what I've told you. Let's see if there is any red blood in your veins. Avenge my constitutional insult, wipe the stain of Volsteadism from my person and place me once more in my rightful niche in American society!" So spake the goddess, waving her torch hysterically and we hurriedly shoved off and pulled for shore. You know the adage about the "woman scorned," well Miss Liberty is liable to kick up a hell of a lot of fury if we don't look out. Use your own discretion.

WASHINGTON is still playing at the noble game of "quiz" and Beer seems to be "it" again. At the start of the present session they tried to tag F. Scott McBride, general secretary of the Anti-Saloon League but Mac couldn't be found. They say that they will send him one more letter and then if he doesn't show up they will sic a subpoena on him. Don't they play rough?



"Torn between love and duty" or "The girl he left behind him."



Senator Plastered says, "Of course I believe in Prohibition and shall fight for it to the last ditch but if these Washington bootleggers don't come through with better stuff I'll have a Congressional Committee look into the matter."



IT MAY be a "noble experiment" but it sure is costly. Sort of like getting married. It isn't the initial cost but the upkeep that keeps us broke. Here we are married to Miss Eighteenth Amendment and in the last twelve years she has cost us the staggering sum of \$10,984,000,000 in lost revenue alone. On top of that we have paid out a total of some \$370,000,000 for her board and keep. Some expensive baby, eh what? And what do we get in exchange? She has proved to be a rotten housekeeper. Look at the muck and crime in which we have to flounder! Our homes overrun with vermin of all sorts! Disreputable characters lounge around in our governmental easy chairs! And can she cook? Ugh! the sorry mess with which she has been feeding us would turn a vulture's stomach! We have a Reno for personal marriage troubles and we certainly should have one for national ailments. What we need right now is a divorce from Madam Prohibition on the grounds of incompatibility, cruel and inhuman treatment and non compus mentis. Let her take her children with her too, those ill-begotten offspring the Bootlegger and the Racketeer. Why should we as a nation suffer the curse of an unhappy and degrading marriage when individuals open and close the wedlock as often as they may desire? Come on, men, Freedom beckons. On to Reno!!

NOW WE ASK YOU, IS THIS FAIR?

The courts have held and no less an eminent authority than avocatrix, the comely and sparkling Mrs. Mabel Walker Willebrandt, the supreme court of the wine-grape industry, states that wine may be made in the home without legal consequence by using the product turned out by the California grape people. The agents and advertisements inform one that a choice of flavors from Sauterne to Reisling can be had. A test shows the ultimate alcoholic horsepower of these precious liquids runs around fifteen per cent. However, while arrests of winemakers using the qualified products never occur, those who deign to make home-brew are not so fortunate and frequently find themselves headed for long vacations in Government hotels at Leavenworth and Atlanta.

In short, while legal to make fifteen per cent. wine without Government revenue, it is illegal to make four per cent. beer even with it.

M. E. T.



SOUVENIR!



REMEMBER, buddies, that French beer that we guzzled by the gallon back there in '17 and '18? Lousy beer we called it then but still we came back for more and somehow it always managed to bring a measure of satisfaction. After long, hot marches over dusty roads or hours of military routine how cooling and refreshing that same beer tasted! Even up on the lines, muddy, becootied, weary, haunted by shell and gas, the little make-shift estaminets and cantines dispensed that same beer. We drank it and, though we cursed it, we learned to like it. Just as our beer at home was then superior to the French beer, so that French beer was superior to our beer of today. Near-beer! Ghastly stuff at best, rank poison after it is "doctored". Little wonder the American Legion reared up there in Detroit and shouted "We want Beer!" We didn't give America near-patriotism, we didn't expect her to be satisfied with near-heroism. We gave her the real thing! Now, America, give us back some REAL BEER and watch us go over the top after this Depression public enemy!



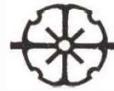
In a recent letter to the "We Want Beer Ass'n." in Washington, Dr. Wm. Gerry Morgan, Dean of Georgetown University School of Medicine said—

"I am in favor of the passage of the Bingham Bill to legalize the sale of beer because I feel that it will be useful in a certain percentage of cases, in the practice of medicine, but more especially because I am of the firm conviction that it will do more to promote a return to true TEMPERANCE than anything that has been accomplished since the passage of the eighteenth amendment. In my opinion the most intemperate section of our society today is the Anti-Saloon League. More than two thousand years ago it was said 'He that would gain the mastery should be temperate in all things. "



"This unemployment situation is hurting our business."

"Yeah, wish I'd gone in for politics."



WHILE the Nation has slowly been accumulating a mighty thirst, it has also been paving the way to a very real and serious hunger. For many months to come there will be thousands upon thousands of weak and under-nourished brethren in our midst. The bread-lines extend their ghastly shadows across our civic tranquility. The growing thunder of the storm troubles our slumber. We share and share again but the tidal wave of economic tragedy sweeps fearfully toward us. As in a nightmare we feel our feet buried in quicksands and we are unable to flee the impending disaster. One of the greatest forces that we could possibly bring to bear in the stemming of this menacing tide is the rapid return of legalized Beer. Beer would at once put into motion countless rusting wheels of industry, furnish ready employment for hosts of now destitute citizens, and reimburse our needy government somewhat for its costly lesson in Prohibition.

The following copy is taken from Senator Tydings' communication to the Baltimore Evening Sun and is a most interesting document. Since the Senator's survey of the situation it has steadily grown worse and, as the saying goes, "Figures don't lie."

"On June 30, 1931, the United States Treasury reported a deficit of \$903,000,000. The serious question of how this deficit is to be met will come before the next Congress, as will come, also, the question of unemployment and business stagnation.

The last "beer year" showed there was a consumption of the cold amber liquid in these United States of 1,980,000,000 gallons. A tax of 25 cents per gallon would yield an annual Government revenue of approximately \$500,000,000. More, if now permitted, it would put coal miners to work digging out those 2,990,257 tons which Mr. Pickett says the breweries annually required; more, it would put in use 200,000 freight cars and several hundred locomotives constantly per year, which Dr. Irving Fisher says were necessary for the transportation needs of the breweries; more, it would use up 64,000,000 pounds of sugar per year, and perhaps lessen the likelihood of civil war in Cuba; and yet more, it would employ 300,000 men who, dry Dr. Fisher says, were used annually in the brewing business, and still more again, it would pull the Treasury deficit down to a figure where it could be comprehended. But what is more important to my friend from Harford county, who sold his wheat crop for 4 cents a bushel, is that it will require 3,000,000,000 pounds of

foodstuffs per year, and, in the very nature of things, return him a higher price for any he may raise in the future.

Far be it from me to argue the moral side of this matter, for that would present the picture, no doubt, in certain quarters of Bacchus talking with Moses. However, it did seem to me that a wiping out of the Treasury deficit, ending a possible civil war in Cuba, employing several hundred thousands of men now out of work, starting 200,000 freight cars and several hundred locomotives clanking over the rails, and getting my farmer friend more than 4 cents a bushel for his wheat contained some of the elements of godliness."

MILLARD E. TYDINGS.

Washington, Aug. 24.



The wolf becomes impatient.



Presidential Bees — (Both together) "I saw it first!"

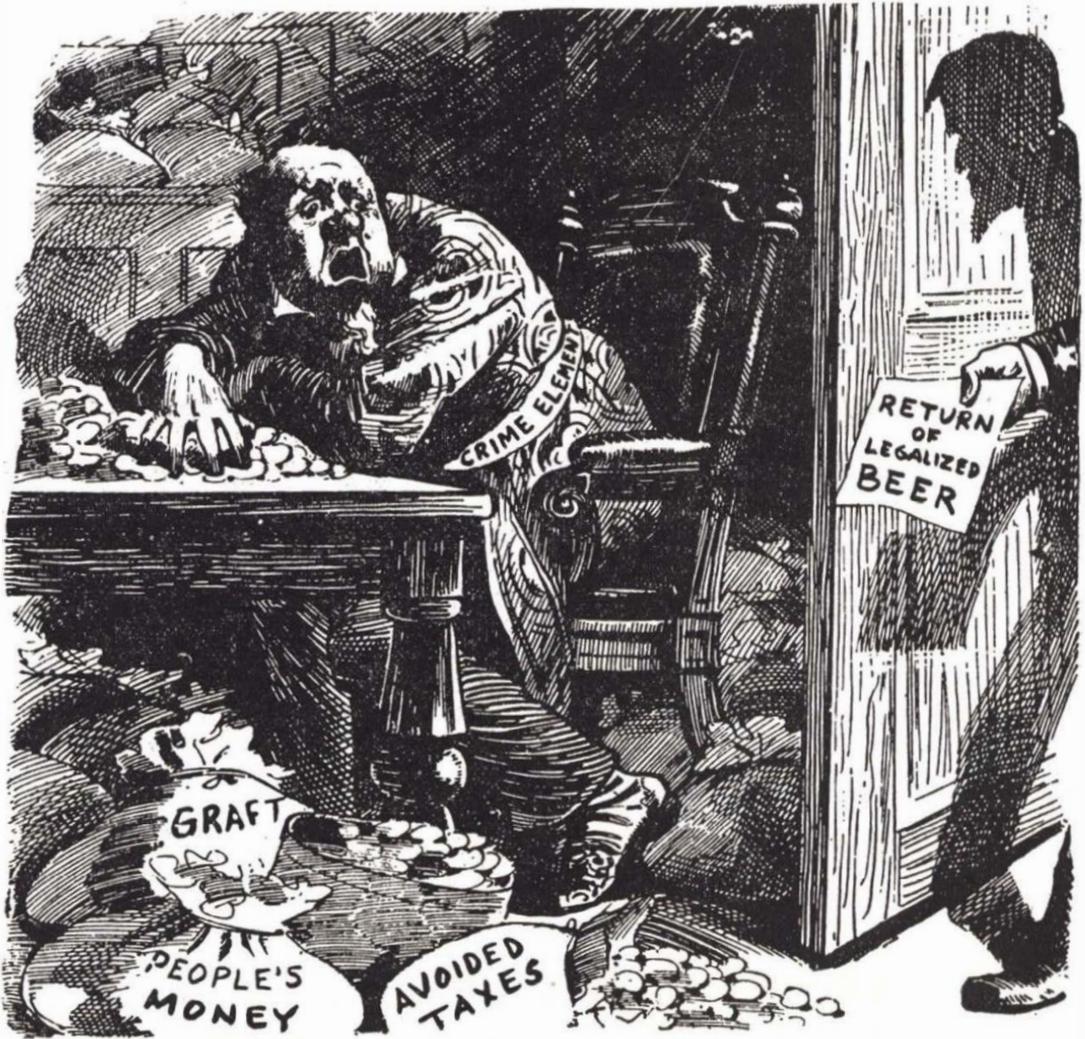


Still trying to sell us on that old wreck!

GOOD TO THE LAST DROP

That is what a nation's favorite beverage should be. If the baby cries for milk you don't give him gutter-water. Why should that percentage of the American Public that wants Beer be expected to content themselves with water or rank poison?





"Who left that door open? I
feel a draught!"



The dog in the manger
cried.

"Oh don't let 'em finish my
wonderful graft,



My gold is my comfort and
pride!"

A GREAT majority of the ardent "Drys" today are well aware of Beer's many virtues and it is not toward the foaming brew itself that their frenzies are directed. It is the fear of the Saloon that makes un-reasoning tyrants of these men and women. True enough, the old-time Saloon bred many a social evil but, think you, that in all its years of existence the Saloon hatched out one-half the crime and corruption that just twelve years of Prohibition has produced? The return of Beer does not necessarily mean the return of the Saloon, however. Why the panic?



Uncle Sam — "Well, I've brought my umbrella 'cause it looks like a spell of damp weather."

CALAMITY JANE

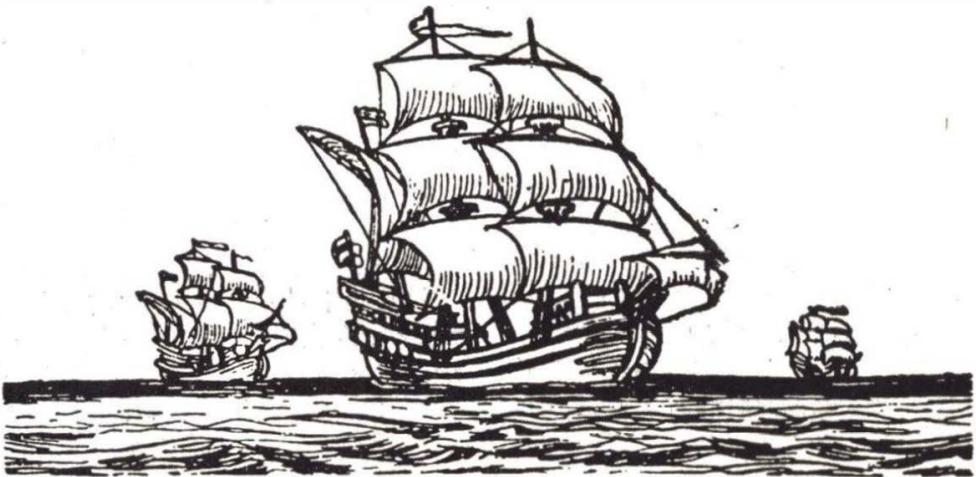
Doesn't do any good to be always calamity howling. The country may seem to be going to the dogs but hot-air won't stop it. We need the right kind of action in the right places and less moaning on the side-lines. Preach Prosperity and forget the word "depression." Bring back legalized Beer and make that Prosperity a reality. Beer will relieve tax pressure, relieve unemployment, relieve the national thirst and the Public's precious peace of mind.



OH YEAH?

Somehow or other this old world seems to be sort of topsy-turvy. We used to have some sort of idea as to the top and bottom of things and their relative positions but now —. The bottom has fallen out of the stock-market. "Bottoms up" is still the order of the day. This Dry business is All Wet. It used to be if one of the younger generation showed up at a party with liquor on his breath he was an out-cast. Now unless he shows up with a flask on his hip he is a flat-tire.

CONSIDER the Beer Gardens, the Hofbraus and family gathering places. Respectable places where one may rest and quaff a cool, refreshing glass of healthful Beer, meet friends, discuss business, entertain the family or seek congenial companionship. We do not necessarily have to revert to the sawdust-covered floor, the brass rail and the swinging doors just because an enlightened government decrees that we be given back our now forbidden brew. We now have electric refrigeration and ample facilities at home to accommodate bottled Beer in large quantities. When the tired business man or the weary laborer can recline at his ease in his home and imbibe cold, satisfying beer to his heart's content there will be little excuse for the speakeasies and the boot-leggers will soon have to seek other and, we hope, legitimate employment.



How many times have we heard some optimistic brother say "When my ship comes in—so and so—?" That mythical ship seems to be always on the way. Even when a certain measure of success is meted out to a fellow he seems to consider it as just a sort of first payment on his "ship's" promised cargo. The American Public has been waiting a long time now for its Prohibition ship to come in. That wonderful argosy laden with golden promise that was so ardently prophesied some twelve years ago. Let us cope with the realities at hand and forget that "Ghost Ship."

BEER FOR HEALTH

MEDICAL AUTHORITY TELLS SENATE COMMITTEE

WHEN the Metcalf Senate Committee was considering the Bingham bill back in January there was, of course, much pro and con argument. Some panicky savants seemed to think that 4% Beer would make a nation of invalids out of us in short order or otherwise prove harmful to our physical well-being. Dr. Wm. G. Morgan, President of the American Medical Association, endeavored to put them right on that score. He appeared before the Committee and upheld Beer as a valuable health aid and tonic. "Beer," he said, "has no deleterious effect upon the human body. I look upon it in the nature of a food, particularly for those individuals who, on account of illness, would not be able to take sufficient amounts of ordinary food. It contains many vitamins and acts as a tonic for the loss of appetite." Yes, and don't forget that Beer will also be a great tonic for the national treasury. The old governmental bankroll is suffering from a pernicious anemia that only Vitamin \$ can cure. Beer has "it," we want "it," so let's GET "IT"!!!

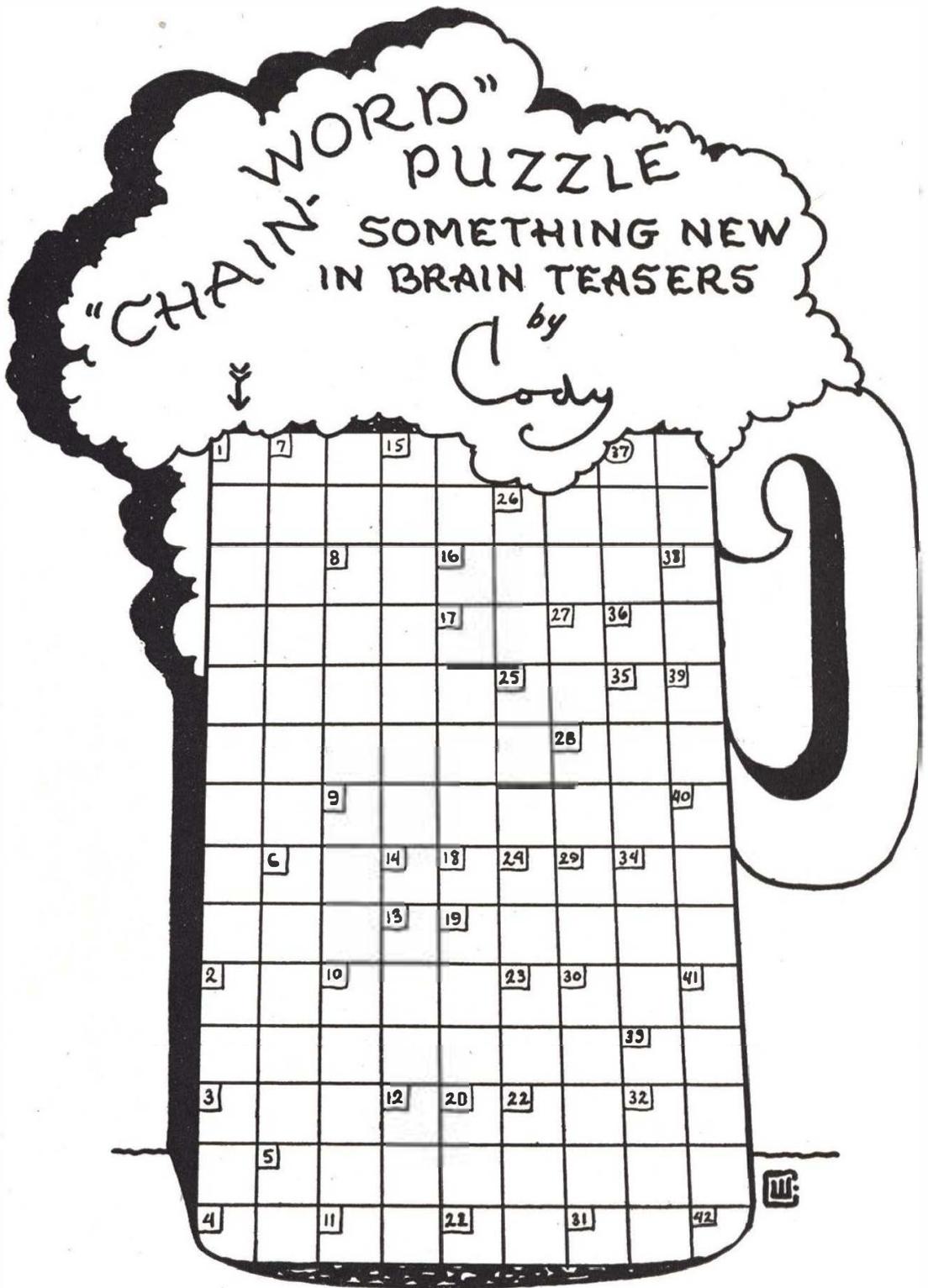


HERE'S LOOKING AT YOU

Here's to the days,
That used to be,
And the days that,
Will come some more,
When we quaff our beer,
In right good cheer,
And laugh as the Antis roar.



Beer's "Chain-Word" Puzzle Page



B EER MAGAZINE has obtained a puzzle-scoop for its readers. It is the last word in spelling puzzles, a step beyond the still popular "cross-word" variety.

In this new puzzle the solver works down and up the columns in rotation interweaving words from number to number until the squares are all filled. Try it. It will fascinate you.

●

DIRECTIONS AND DEFINITIONS

Start at Number One and work down, putting one letter in each square. Each word begins on a given number and works toward the preceding number but does not necessarily stop at the next number. In this way the words are interlocked and a chain is formed.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. A national condition that makes this little magazine possible. 2. Just this and no more. 3. Used in the opening of clogged drains. 4. A glowing coal. 5. The small fruit of some bushes. 6. Extracts. 7. The exact opposite of North. 8. What the American public seems to be. 9. Something women have to worry about. 10. What they tell us to live and do. 11. Behind you when facing Number Seven. 12. Necessary to a triumvirate. 13. Kind of elongated fish. 14. A large pachyderm. 15. One of the properties of good beer. 16. Water in a congealed state. 17. Pertaining to edible grain. 18. A brewed cousin to Beer. 19. A citrus fruit. 20. A unit. 21. To go in anywhere. 22. A fur often associated with royalty. 23. One who delves for minerals. 24. What politicians must have plenty of. | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 25. In a great or high degree. 26. Saffron color. 27. To let down. 28. Past tense plural indicative of "to be". 29. What we want after a day's work. 30. Licked by everybody but still able to travel. 31. Speakeasy-protectors. 32. Frosted over. 33. A kind of evergreen. 34. A slender pointed weapon. 35. To be in debt. 36. Citizens opposed to Prohibition. 37. A poor fish. 38. To partake of a repast. 39. At no time. 40. Poetry. 41. What we must use in the present economic crisis. |
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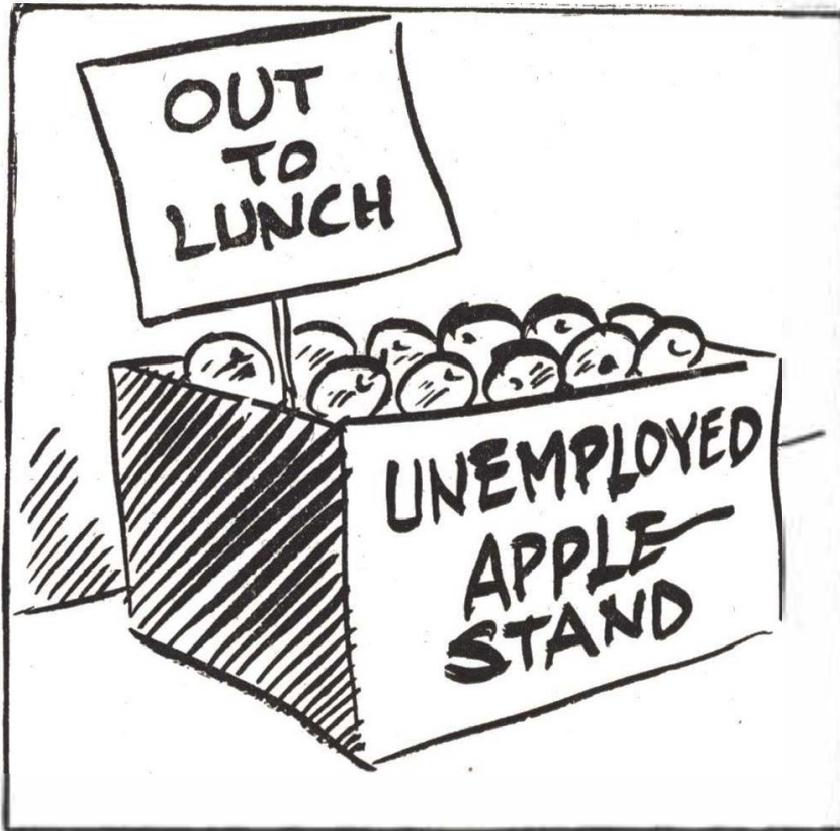
LEFT TO RIGHT KEYS—

A. From 7 to 15 we find an habitual drunkard, the kind that Prohibition hoped to eliminate.

B. The third row of squares down from the top presents consecutively from left to right, a Fall month, the oxygen compound necessary to life, and the past tense of a verb meaning to conduct.

C. From 31 to the last square we find the name of a great American poet.





We'll have victuals in the pantry,
And our pockets full of jack,
And we'll be one happy nation,
When our Beer comes back.

THE HOGS ARE LOOSE

Political hogs have been rooting around in our personal liberty for too blamed long. Ever since Prohibition knocked a hole in the fence these grunting porkers have been growing fat at our expense. It's about time Congress had a "hog-calling" contest and the Public butcher got his sticking knife sharpened up.



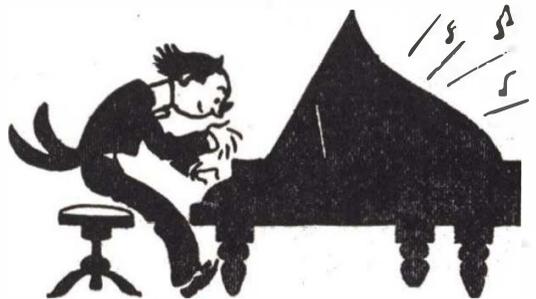
★ A Fable ★

THERE was once a fine beverage named Beer that enjoyed quite an extensive popularity. It was a very democratic beverage, reaching the poorest neighborhoods as well as the social high-spots. It brought much comfort as well as nourishment and was deemed a congenial companion and a good mixer. It was law-abiding and friendly and although often found in questionable company still managed to retain a pretty good reputation. One day, rather unexpectedly, the firm of American Liberty & Co. changed management. The new bosses cleaned house without warning and poor Beer was thrown out of employment. No job and a hard winter ahead! What a situation to face for the once care-free beverage. Little wonder it drifted into the underworld and cast its lot with other unfortunates of the new regime. Its once wholesome self became polluted with the germs of crime and it became a tool in the hands of unscrupulous politicians. The erstwhile friend of the workingman became a social outcast, an enemy. Meanwhile, the firm of American Liberty & Co. was not doing so well. Twelve years under the changed management had all but wrecked things in general. The firm was nearly bankrupt, the employees could not be trusted, and conditions were serious indeed. The creditors were holding daily meetings and finally they did the only thing left to do. They took over the company, kicked out the incompetent managers and the grafting employees and re-established things on the old familiar basis. Beer was sought out and reinstated

in a responsible position where it worked hard for the salvation of the firm. It was not long before things were back in shape again and the company was out of the red. "Never again!" vowed the stockholders and hung a sign on the door reading, "No Amendments Allowed, by order of the Public Welfare."



In days of old,
So we've been told,
They ate and drank,
All they could hold.



Some songs, like wine, grow better with age while others just get on our nerves — this Prohibition Chant for instance.



ONE WAY TO GET SOME REAL ACTION ON THE SUBJECT

You don't have to be an astronomer to see stars nowadays. Just drink a few needled beers and you are liable to see a whole solar-system.

Mother used to be famous for her home-made pies but now she seeks laurels for her home-brew. Something is rotten and it isn't in Denmark.



BACK TO NORMALCY

"—— and waiter, bring me a good cold bottle of beer."



Verily it is said that you may tell the nationality of a person by the nature of his drink. Almost every country has a national beverage. Reckon the foreigner thinks that our favorite brand of tonsil-oil is the banana variety.



When the Eighteenth Amendment swooped from the war-clouded skies and gobbled up some of our personal-liberty chicks, Beer was one of the victims. It was in bad company and had strayed too far away from the sheltering coop. Whisky, Gin and other bold liquors had enticed the mild and peaceful Beer into dangerous territory. Truly, we are known by the Company we keep. If we can get Beer back into the fold it will do much to recompense us for the loss of the rest.

BEER'S NURSERY RHYMES

Mary had a little Beer,
It made her feel quite ill.
Said she, "The stuff they sell
us now,
Is rank enough to kill."



Mary, Mary, quite contrary,
How does your brewing
pay?
Oh it bubbles and smells, but
still it sells,
And I'm fixed for a rainy
day.

Little Jack Horner sat in a
corner,
Sipping some "needed"
Beer.
He stuck in his thumb and
pulled it out numb,
And said, "It is poison, I
fear!"



Jack be nimble, Jack be
quick!! That blamed home-
brew will make you sick!!

Demon Rum it used to be,
When cities still were wet,
But Prohibition tamed the
beast,
Into a household pet.

Old Mother Hubbard went to
the cupboard,
To sample a bottle of Beer.
But when she got there the
cupboard was bare,
So she went to a speakeasy
near.





AW, LET'S CHANGE THE TUNE!



HAPPY DAYS



No more ducking into speak-easies on the way home and spending good money for bad Beer. Not even the fear of being waylaid by the old corner saloon. Pa now has plenty of good cold bottled beer waiting for him at home. He can sip his brew in comfort after the day's grind, read his paper and enjoy his home. What if Ma does hurry through the dishes and dash around to the movies? Let her enjoy herself. Happy days are here again!

We all are entitled to our opinions. This noted writer does not believe that Beer alone will help matters and says so in no uncertain terms.

Admitting We're Wrong!

THE hardest thing for a certain class of Americans to do is to admit that they're wrong. Stubbornness, as a characteristic of the mule, is never to be classified as an act of wisdom. It too closely approaches the jackass.

At a time when a so-called business depression appears to exist, and we are entering the third year of it, it behooves us to take stock of causes and find immediate remedies; even though actual hardships affect but a small portion of our population. If ever America craved definite leadership it is now. Times like these call for Lincolns, for Roosevelts, for Wilsons; and pussy-footing won't supply sinews needed in the war for prosperity.

It takes courage to admit we're wrong . . . It takes a man with a divine soul and a brave heart to say "I thought I was right, but I feel now that I was in error."

If ever this country is to completely recover from the mire of corruption, gang rule, graft and murder into which we're sinking faster and faster, we've got to return, en masse, to the Constitutional freedom our forefathers fought so bitterly to give to us. And in doing this my personal belief is that we must kick the whole 18th Amendment down stairs and out! No half way measures; no lollypop diplomacy; no sugar-coated sweetenings for both sides; and no compromise!

"We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths," said Philip James Bailey. We can't accept compromises of beer and light wines when we've taught the youth of our nation the use of and taste for hard liquor. In all sincerity, the only thing which will stop the use of gin and highballs at bridge parties, dances, etc., is not the presence of frothy steins of beer but the fact that whiskey can be gotten so easily that it will be simply bad taste to permit its presence in one's home.

It will then become relegated to medicinal use and for strong men who can stand a drink now and then . . . It will never again harm the masses. The Judges of the highest Courts in Finland are pleading with the public to abolish their prohibition laws; they claim that the morals of young men and girls are corrupted and degraded as never before in the history of Finland.

Prohibition promised us the end of crime; the emptying of jails; and less drinking. Today 35,000 speak-easies replace 7,000 saloons in New York City; and the same ratio holds good elsewhere to a large degree. The birth rate has dropped since Prohibition; our jails are more than filled; murder was never so popular; and seduction, rape and fornication have reached a stage of popularity hitherto unknown in the United States.

"In God's name let us return to the days of our fathers; and let us have the U. S. Constitution as it was a dozen years ago. We say this because we're fighting for the sanctity of the home and the betterment of our Nation."

Walter W. Hubbard, Ph.D., D.D.



POP SUDS SAYS

"Good beer and good nature seem to go together. Remember the old days when a dime would buy enough cold foaming brew to refresh a fellow and you got a darned good lunch thrown in too? Smiles weren't so scarce then and the sun shone brighter too."



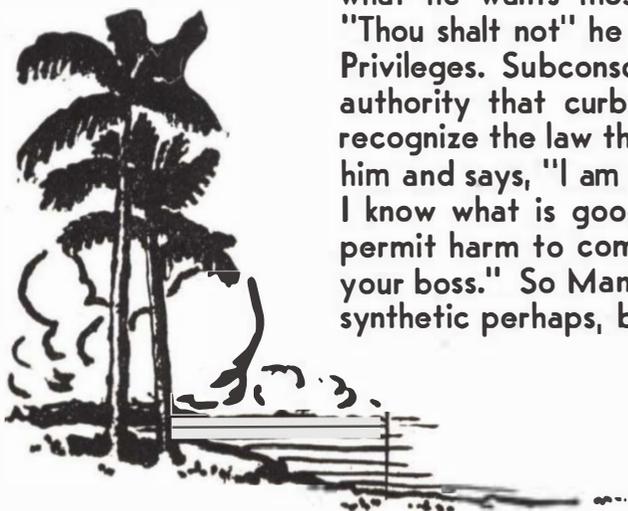
"Well Mary, you must find it easy to make beer."

"Yes mum, you see I brews (bruise) so easily."



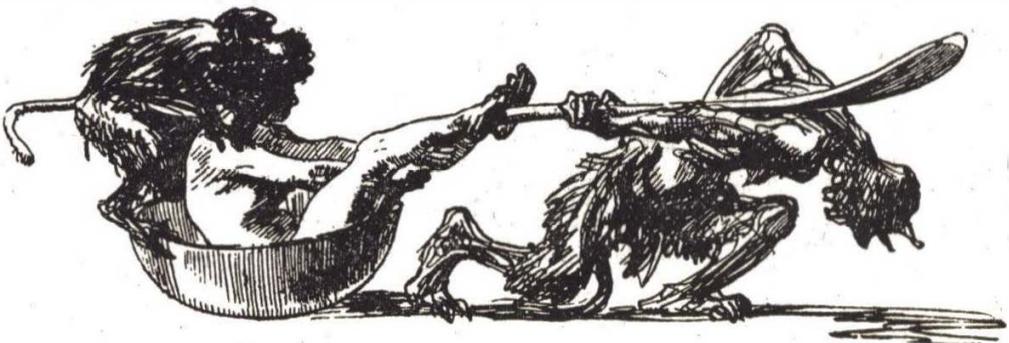
THE OASIS

Man's a peculiar beast at best. No matter what he is told that he cannot have, that is exactly what he wants most. Always in the desert of "Thou shalt not" he will seek the oases of Special Privileges. Subconsciously, at least, he resents the authority that curbs his desires and refuses to recognize the law that forbids. His ego speaks to him and says, "I am the best judge of your needs. I know what is good or bad for you. I will not permit harm to come to you and, after all, I am your boss." So Man seeks the oasis in the desert, synthetic perhaps, but ego-salve nevertheless.





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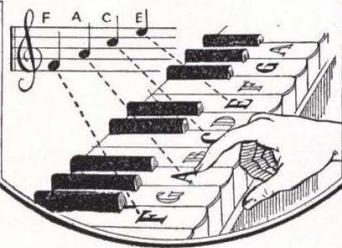
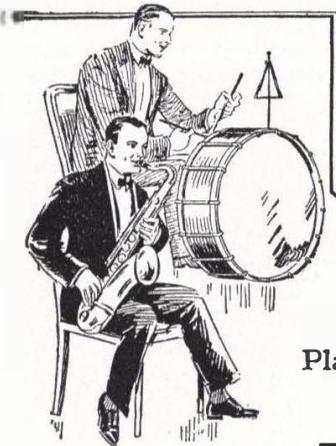
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PLAN—Memberships in the Association, in addition to Active ones as provided in its By-Laws, shall be Associate, Honorary and Life. The rank and file of the Association will be made up of LIFE Memberships at \$1.00 each. This entitles the holder thereof to membership insignia in the form of license-size, metal plate in red-white-and-blue, suitable for attaching to automobiles, to give the most widespread publicity to the slogan: "WE WANT BEER."

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