

This Entire Issue Is Dedicated To The Destruction Of Man's Eternal Enemy-Booze!

PREMILLENNIAL...BAPTISTIC...CALVINISTIC...BIBLICAL

The Baptist Examiner

The Paper With A National Circulation

Devoted to Evangelism, Missions, and Bible Doctrines.

"Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel."

"To the law and to the testimony; if they speak not according to this word, it is because there is no light in them." (Isa. 8:20).

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Deadly, Deceptive, Devilish Delusions.

"I AM AFRAID I CAN'T HOLD OUT"

These words are often uttered in answer to an urgent invitation that one become a child of God. They are the words of the fearful, of whom John says, "shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone; which is the second death." (Rev. 21:8).

That man who says, "I am afraid I can't hold out," is not only fearful and afraid, but is distrustful as well. Such an attitude shows a lack of faith in God. Everyone of us ought to be willing to say, "Though He smite me, yet will I trust Him." After all has He not done enough to merit the trust of all?

But here is a man who says, "I don't distrust Him; I am just afraid I will not be faithful unto the end. If I commit myself to Him, I want to keep myself in the center of His love, and hold on to Him with all my might." Yes, there are a lot of people, who would like to rob Christ of the glory that belongs to Him, by seeking to save and keep themselves and they think because Jude says, "Keep yourselves in the love of God." (Jude 21), and John says, "He that is begotten of God keepeth himself" (I Jn. 5:15), that one must hold out, keep himself, or be faithful unto death, to be finally and forever saved.

If salvation is contingent upon a man holding on to God, then salvation is not of God, but of man. If man has anything at all to do with his salvation, then salvation is not of grace, but of works. Paul tells us that salvation is "not of works, lest any man should boast," and reveals in another place that this is "that no flesh should glory in His presence."

What all men need to learn is that salvation is of God from beginning unto the end, that He is the Saviour, the Keeper and Preserver of men, and that men must trust Him and Him alone to be saved for time and eternity. Dear reader, have you learned the marvelous lesson of trust in God? If so, happy are you indeed. — Roy Hamilton Greenup, Kentucky.

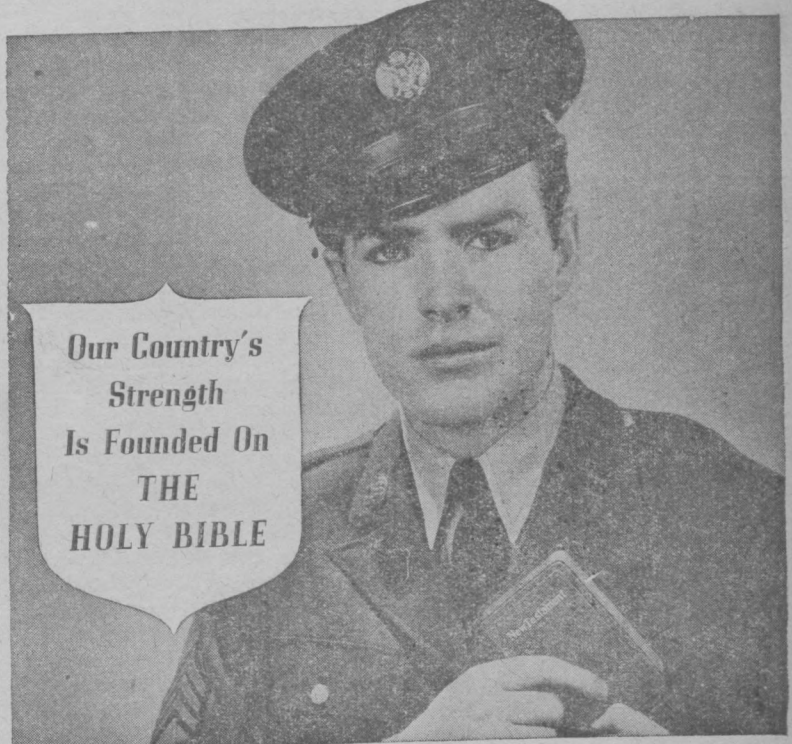
Suppose, Mr. Drinker

Supposing your child should leave its own yard
For a romp or in search of a ball,
If its mother were busy and had not the time
To step out and give it a call
Supposing some drinker should race down your street
As if he were taking a dare--
And crush the life out of your little child;
Mr. Drinker, do you think you would care?

Supposing your mother were crossing the street —
Your mother now feeble and old;
And some reckless driver should knock her aside,
Leaving her lifeless and cold.
Could you find an excuse for his careless act?
Would you really think it was fair?
Now, putting yourself in this fellow's place —
Mr. Drinker, do you think you would care?

Supposing a loved one you hold very dear
Were victim of some drinker's game;
And lay in bed just day after day,
All crippled and helpless and lame.
Supposing he never could walk anymore,
(Continued on page four)

THE ROCK OF OUR REPUBLIC



"Blessed are the undefiled in the way, who walk in the law of the Lord.
Blessed are they that keep his testimonies, and that seek him with the whole heart.
Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? By taking heed thereto according to thy word.
I will delight myself in thy statutes: I will not forget thy word."
Psalm 119:1, 2, 9, 16.

REMEMBER PEARL HARBOR

If President Roosevelt were to speak in the Englewood Tabernacle this afternoon, they would, probably, pack the house a little more than it is now. I do not know whether they could pack it much more. I would, perhaps, pay more tribute to him, and the folks would listen more attentively, but President Roosevelt will never see the day that he can stand on any platform and speak about a more important subject than I am speaking this afternoon: "REMEMBER

PEARL HARBOR!" (Applause).

STRONG DRINK

Strong drink is playing an important role in our national defense program, and I need not remind you—but I am going to—that strong drink has decided the fate of some of the most important battles of the world.

The Amalekites came down and took Ziklag. David gathered his army in pursuit. The Amalekites decided they would celebrate their victory by feasting, dancing, and

drinking. David fell upon them and took them by surprise, defeated them, and recovered all the loot lost in Ziklag.

I read in the Book of Daniel that Belshazzar, with a thousand of his lords, and concubines, drank wine and praised the gods of gold and silver, until there appeared the hand writing on the wall. That night Belshazzar was slain, and Darius the Median took the kingdom.

In 1776, we were at war with England, fighting for our independence. In the city of Trenton, New Jersey, the Hessian soldiers decided they would celebrate Christmas Eve with drinking and wild reveling. They proceeded to feast, to drink and to dance.

Washington, with his hungry, worn and ragged little army broke the ice of the Delaware, crossed the river, and came upon the Hessians in surprise and won the fam-

ous battle of Trenton, one of the most important battles of the Revolutionary War.

Strong drink the cause of the Hessian defeat.

In 1815, the most famous battle in the history of the world was fought—the famous battle of Waterloo, between Napoleon and the Duke of Wellington. Napoleon's chief general was Marshall Ney.

(Continued to page two)

Booze and Battle

Do we wish to repeat France's mistake, when Petain's only excuse for the collapse in French morale was that the soldiers were drunk? Hitler's youth are forbidden to drink; Japan, some time ago, decreased the manufacture of alcoholic beverages fifty per cent; Russia also has greatly decreased the manufacture and distribution of alcoholic beverages. On the other hand, Germany is making alcohol available to captive nations it wishes to destroy, as Japan is distributing opium among the Chinese.

There is one thing upon which we all agree: the morale which comes out of a bottle is not the morale to put into a battle. No officer ever gave a wrong command because he remained sober.

—Prophecy

The Robber

What! rob a poor man of his beer,
And give him good victuals instead!
Your heart's very hard, sir, I fear,
Or at least you are soft in the head.

What! rob a poor man of his mug,
And give him a house of his own
With a kitchen and parlor so snug!
'Tis enough to draw tears from a stone.

What! rob a poor man of his glass
And teach him to read and write
What, save him from being an ass!
'Tis nothing but malice and spite.

What! rob a poor man of his ale,
And prevent him from beating his wife,
From being locked up in a jail,
With penal employment for life!

What! rob a poor man of his beer,
And keep him from starving his child!
It makes me feel awfully queer,
(Continued to page four)

A Good Stimulant

Yes, I admit that whiskey is a stimulant.

It stimulates abnormal and vicious appetite.

It stimulates unholy passion.

It stimulates the death dyed traffic in human virtue.

It stimulates poverty.

It stimulates disease.

It stimulates depravity.

It stimulates crime.

It stimulates divorce.

It stimulates the scarlet life of the social pitfall.

It stimulates idleness.

It stimulates indifference to the wretched surroundings.

It stimulates profanity.

It stimulates barbarity.

It stimulates assassination.

It stimulates incendiarism.

It stimulates the animal and strangles the human.

It stimulates the coarse and mothers the fise.

(Continued to page four)

Partners

Said a whiskey flask to a cigarette
"I'd like to make a good sized bet
That I can get more scalps than you,
Although your victims aren't so few."

Said the cigarette to the whiskey flask,
"Well, that's easy as I could ask,
For I give kids their downward start,
Then you pitch in and do your part,
They come to you with burning thirst,
But I'm the fellow that sees 'em first;
So most of them should count for me,
I'll take the bet; it's a cinch, d'ye see?"

Then the whiskey flask had this to say,
"I never looked at the thing that way."
(Continued to page four)

More About Booze

Dan Gilbert recently interviewed a number of dry Congressmen on this subject, "Why does not Congress enact a war time prohibition?" One of them said, "Well, you see, not over 70 of the 435 members of the House of Representatives and not over 10 of the 96 Senators are dry themselves. All the rest are drinking men — and women."

From 1932 to 1937, when the net increase in income in the United States was \$30,000,000,000, whiskey sales increased 101 percent and beer sales 602 percent! Giving to churches decreased 19 percent and to benevolences and missions 28 percent! Alarming factors that enter into the question of defeat or victory.

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Remember Pearl Harbor

He was to Napoleon's army what Douglas MacArthur is to our army in the East.

The night before the battle of Waterloo opened, Marshall Ney was put to bed, drunk on Burgundy wine. He arose the next day, befuddled and bleary-eyed, and could not properly execute his orders.

Napoleon, the military genius, went down to oblivion because his chief general was drunk the night before the battle.

The military forces of the Duke of Wellington won the victory.

In the first World War in March, 1918, the Germans were pressing for the second time at the gates of Paris. Day after day the allied armies had been driven back, back back, until the Germans were right at the gates of the city itself. French refugees, pressing on ahead, had left huge quantities of wine behind them.

One night there came a lull in the battle and the two whole divisions of German soldiers, nearly thirty thousand of them, got drunk on this wine that had been left behind by the French refugees. The next day they were unable to fight and were mowed down by the allied guns in the battle that turned the tide of World War No. 1.

THE CURSE

When our present war opened, Germany and France faced each other across the Maginot line.

Adolph Hitler had learned his lesson in the first war. When Adolph Hitler went into power he said to his soldier boys, "No smoking, no drinking." These are the two things that this country encourages our boys to do. (That is right.)

Adolph Hitler said, "Boys, no smoking, no drinking."

France said, "Boys, drink and be merry; tomorrow you may die."

For eight months, along the Maginot line, French soldiers drank and reveled in unbridled lust. At one time, in one hospital, there were eight hundred and fourteen French soldiers confined with delirium tremens! Germany came around the Maginot line. The two greatest armies of modern times crashed. France was crushed.

A few days later, the Prime Minister of France, with a bleeding heart and a broken soul, went on the radio. He said,

"You wonder why France fell? She fell because her soldiers were so drunken they could not fight."

Today, France is under the heel of the Nazi.

MALAYAN PENINSULA

That little old bunch of yellow Japs in the Far East started swinging over the Pacific. One of the first places they hit was the Malayan Peninsula. They came through the jungle as if they were traveling over a super-highway.

Day by day, the British troops retreated back, back toward the strait of Malacca; while every night in the big Revelle hotel in Singapore, the British military leaders gathered, not to pray, not to plan defense, but to dance, drink highballs, revel, and have a general wild time. Today Singapore is the power of Japan.

Lady Brooks, the wife of the British Air Minister, is my authority for saying, that right up to the fall of Singapore, it was one continuous round of teas and bridge, dancing and drinking, having too good a time to be conscious of their danger.

Today, Singapore is under the heel of Japan.

DECEMBER 6

December 6th came on Saturday. It was the first Saturday following the first day of the month. It was the time, when in our armed forces, all over this country, hell in all its fury, was breaking loose.

The Hawaiian Islands were ablaze with reveling, debauchery, and drunkenness. Four hundred and ninety-three saloons were running wide open, over half of them owned by Japan. Many of these saloons gave free drinks to soldiers and sailors.

I wonder why?

It was on Saturday night and the Japanese saloon keepers were seeing to it that our armed forces were being entertained.

Military and Naval officers, and even newspaper reports, admit there was excessive drinking among the defending forces. The next morning the bombs began to fall. We, in America, were surprised the following morning to learn that everything in Hawaii was popping. They told over the radio how the first enemy bombs began to fall on Pearl Harbor.

You wondered how the Japs got there without anyone knowing it. Radio comment is that sell their very souls to the beer crowd for the sake of receiving a little revenue, said over the radio on Sunday, "We didn't know anything about it."

DECEMBER 7

Congress, the other day decorated a young man. What did they decorate him for? This young man was standing at the radio detector the morning of the raid on Pearl Harbor, and heard the planes coming while they were still one hundred and fifty miles away. He sounded the alarm, but nobody paid any attention to him. They could have met the planes before they got there, but brother, there were too many headaches and hangovers too many drunk on Saturday night to get up at 7:30 the next morning to save Pearl Harbor. We lost a billion dollars worth of equipment.

Congress will do a lot of bleeding of the tax-payers to pay for that.

In the Pearl Harbor disaster, the American Navy suffered more casualties than in World War No. 1, and the Spanish American war combined. Think of it; On Sunday morning, December 7, 1941, America had more casualties in her Navy than in two previous wars. She lost large battleships and airplanes, and great quantities of munitions and supplies to say nothing of the appalling loss of life. Now we have lost the Philippines as a result of the advantage taken by Japan in Pearl Harbor.

THE ANSWER

Your dirty, low down, wicked, diabolical liquor traffic, that runs loose in this country, with the sanction of the leadership of the nation, cost this nation more on Saturday night, December 6, than she will be able to repay in a thousand years.

BARN CLOSED AFTER HORSE STOLEN

Every saloon in Hawaii was closed in a few hours after the

Pearl Harbor attack. What's the use of locking the door after the horse has been stolen?

I wish to contrast this war with the last war in relation to liquor.

In World War No. 1 there were twenty-three states that already had state-wide prohibition when we declared war on Germany. Today, there is not a state but what sells beer, and all of them, but three, sell hard liquor. That is the difference between that time and the present.

In World War No. 1, we took on the responsibility of trying to make the world safe for democracy. Today, America has assumed the god-father role, not only to make the world safe for democracy, but also to supply all the allied nations with foodstuffs, planes, arms and ammunition.

In the World War No. 1, prostitutes and wild women were confined to the red light district in our big cities. Today, they are scattered everywhere. You have the hitch-hiking women, that hike from one army area to another. You have the tourist camps, the little squatting cabins, the trailer camps, all of which harbor these prostitutes. Prostitution and vice are a thousand times worse now than they were in the first World War when we passed a law to try to better these deplorable conditions.

UPHOLSTERED SEWERS

In World War No. 1, we passed a law, making it a criminal offense for any man to sell beer, wine or whiskey to any man in military uniform.

Now, your Government sells beer to your boys in the army camps, the same time they sell ice cream, candy, soda pop and chewing gum. And outside the camps, anyone may sell a soldier boy anything he can get him to buy. The use of hard liquor is permitted in our military camps as a special favor to the commissioned officers and every man that knows anything about life as it exists today, knows that a commissioned officer's club is nothing but a glorified "honky-tonk."

The results, my friends, is that our military reservations and our army camps pretty much resemble a slop bucket with gnats and flies and hogs around it.

I live in San Antonio, Texas, one of the largest army reservations in America.

The drinking that goes on among our armed forces there is a shame to the American flag, a shame to the American in uniform, a shame to the boys that are in them, a shame and a disgrace to the nation that permits it, and an affront to Almighty God. (Loud Applause.)

Down near Ft. Leonard Wood in Mo., is the little town of Waynesville, Missouri. I spoke in that town before the army camp was located there. They had three saloons—a little town less than five hundred people. Now they have not three saloons, but twenty-six saloons.

I rode from Aberdeen, South Dakota, two weeks ago tomorrow, with a boy from Ft. Leonard Wood. I asked him what I have asked hundreds of other soldier boys, and he gave me the same answer that eighty-five percent of them have given me. I said, "Do many of the boys drink?"

He answered, "They drink like fish; it is amazing the way they drink."

The boys are away from home, they are away from the influence of father and mother, and old friends, they know not what hour they are going to be shipped out of the country, or whether they will ever come back. Under these conditions, it is easy for a man to fall into temptation and say: "We may just as well drink and be merry for tomorrow we die."

The boy told me about the sol-

dier drinking on Monday. Two days later, on Wednesday, the Kansas City Star, dated May 13, came out. Listen to what it says about:

"BIG CITY MOVES IN"

Waynesville has a twelfth street appearance now. This, once staid little Ozark village of four hundred and sixty-eight men, women, and children, has undergone an enforced face lifting operation; and, as a result has many of the earmarks of Kansas City's old Twelfth Street, as it was in the heyday of machine politics, gambling, and vice has transformed that little country village into the scene of old Kansas City in the height of her days of the old saloon." It says further, "If you ride into the daytime, is has the appearance of an average little town, but as darkness gathers, the home front drama begins to unfold, and the atmosphere of the old west again makes itself felt. Many of the women who flocked in this area when the construction payroll of the fort was at its height, have left, and those remaining are of the type who habitually migrate from one payroll center to another."

Now, that is what your Kansas City Star under the date of May 13 had to say about Fort Leonard Wood.

SOLDIERS FLEECE

A magazine that fought for the repeal of the 18th Amendment, a paper that carries whiskey and beer ads. every time it comes out had an article in its paper entitled, "Soldiers Expertly Fleeced on paydays. Diseased harpies and thieves should be restrained."

Now, this warning was sounded not by Sam Morris, not by a preacher, not by a Sunday School teacher, not by a W. C. T. U. or an Anti-Saloon League worker, but by a wet paper in the whiskey capital of Louisville, Kentucky, where thousands of soldiers have to walk the streets every pay day night.

Think what conditions must be when a wet paper comes out with an article warning the danger of diseased women and liquor dives fleecing our boys.

You mothers and daddies out here, you who have sons in the army, you who are paying high taxes to promote our war program, listen to this: "Last pay day night, the soldiers began to drift into town shortly after dark. They obviously were quite thirsty and willing to take chances with their money at the blackjack and poker tables. New arrivals soon filled the various dives, drinking increased, boisterous gayety grew until practically all men in military uniform were in some stage of intoxication by midnight."

Let me finish the quotation: "It cannot be stated too strongly that venereal disease, on the scale reported from Ft. Knox, are a grave menace to our defense program."

Again, I repeat, liquor, wild women, and rotten, venereal diseases, practically all men in military uniform in some stage of drunkenness by midnight; venereal diseases on the scale reported at Ft. Knox, are a menace to our defense program.

I shall give you another quotation. This time it concerns Ft. Benning, Georgia. Another newspaper man went down town and went through these palces of vice and took note of what was going on. Listen to what he has to say about conditions there.

"The real fifth columnists of the community are the women camp followers who filter into town on pay days, do their deadly work in silence, and then thumb their way back home till the next pay day rolls around. The extent of their operations will not be known until the medical reports are compiled."

Now, we do know that liquor

wild women, and rotten diseases are undermining the health and efficiency of our army.

THREE MEN WITNESSES

I shall now put three men on witness stand—three of the best government officials in the nation—to talk to you mothers and daddies about the situation in the army camps. How many of you know who General George C. Marshall is?

General George C. Marshall, Chief of Staff, says, "Establishments for the purpose of selling liquor are becoming increasingly active in the communities adjacent to our army camps, and some communities there has an influx of persons of questionable reputation."

This is the situation here we have a sordid business working for the mere accumulation of wealth; working against the interest of every boy in the army, and against every man who has a boy in the army.

If General George C. Marshall, Chief of Staff of the Army, told the truth when he made that statement over the Columbia Broadcasting chain to ten million people, then ladies and gentlemen, President Roosevelt and Congress should pass a war-time law tomorrow to take care of the interests of our boys and the mothers and daddies whose boys are in the army camps; a law against this ten liquor traffic that is ruining our boys and breaking the hearts of mothers and fathers. (Applause.)

TWO MORE

Now, I want to put two more big men on the stand; namely, the Secretary of War Henry L. Stimson and Secretary of the Navy, Frank Knox.

Gentlemen, take the witness stand, look into the faces of these people here, and tell these mothers and Christian people what the situation exists around the army camps where their boys are confined.

Here are copies of letters from Frank Knox and Henry L. Stimson wrote to every Governor in America a little more than a month ago.

First listen to what Mr. Henry L. Stimson has to say:

I am addressing you and governors of all other states, call your attention to the serious danger to our war efforts, will, not may, can or might, most seriously, unless very prompt and effective measures taken to suppress venereal diseases, drunkenness among our soldiers, and our munition plant workers. Let me read a little further.

"I am deeply concerned about these conditions because I am charged with primary responsibility for military efficiency; because we must rely upon industry and industrial workers to supply munitions, tanks, airplanes, other equipment; and because I am responsible to the parents of these splendid young men in our army for seeing to it that they are surrounded by a vicious and demoralizing environment."

He says that he is responsible for the efficiency of workers in supply ammunition to the soldier boys.

As you know, many people are working out here at the Remington Arms Plant in Denver.

DENVER ARMS PLANT RAPED

Yesterday morning two ladies in the Civil Service, who are paid by Uncle Sam to inspect bullets, were boasting and laughing about how they had been until four o'clock in the morning—practically all night the night before—on a wild drunken party. One of them told how she had drunk three pints of whiskey had to keep dancing to keep in condition, and had taken pills to recover from the effects of liquor.

Now, do you know what

does out there at the Arms Remington Company makes used in the machine guns that are fired by automatic con- in the. The firing of the guns and revolutions of the propeller are so timed that the bul- are fired between the propel- blades as they revolve. Every- must work in exact precis-

either blades or guns are not perfectly, the bullets will through the blades rather between them and the ship be wrecked.

now, when the Remington Arms company has made and inspected bullets, the Civil Service em- ployees, under control of the Gov- ernment make a second checkup to make sure that every bullet is per-

that girl who, yesterday morn- ing was boasting, as she rode to plant, about her drunken party night before, is one of the that has the last look at the Col. And the bullet that may be the gun upon which your life depends, may be one of

bullets that this girl examined yesterday morning.

girl, who had been out all night on a drunken spree who is paid with the tax money from you God-fearing fathers and daddys whose boys are in the armed forces.

brother, you fling that to wind. That kind of thing is go- ing on all over this country, and it is one red-blooded patriotic American citizen that says, your Government ought to stop this hel- wild partying and drinking among defense workers. (Loud applause.)

now, brother, I am not against Government's war program, tell the pop-eyed world that man in front of you is against Government's booze program. Well, that is yours without the Government; I am not going to charge anything for that.

SECRETARY OF WAR SPEAKS

what Mr. Henry L. says: "I hardly need to re- you that among these heal- ing men of our army, ven- diseases produce more disa- bility than any other single cause."

me repeat:—"More disability caused among our soldiers by venereal disease than by any other disease."

Now, listen to what says further: "Among industrial workers, venereal disease is one of the world's most serious causes of disability and inefficiency, especia- ly in the boom towns of war indus- try."

Furthermore, it has been beyond question that vice centers are centers for the rapid spread of these infections. Three out of every four inmates of these centers are themselves infec- ted, and three out of four are infected with a venereal disease."

that letter was written by L. Stimpson, and Secretary asked the Government to do something about this deplorable situation.

PARASITES

when I was a boy back on the occasionally a preacher came to our house. This did not happen since Daddy was not a Chri- stian, and he liked to embarrass me; but once in a while a preacher would be brave enough to come to our house for dinner.

Well, when Mother started pick- ing a chicken, and found mites on it, she would call us boys in and we would rake all the straw and pile it up and burn it.

er would then take some kind of mixture of kerosene, salty grease, and a little bit of anything, and smear it all over the hen house.

Do you know what Mother was

doing, brother? She was cleaning up the breeding places of the parasites. To get rid of parasites you must clean up the breeding places.

For that reason you have never heard me jump on the soldier boys. But brother, listen, if you want to save our soldier boys from all this vice, and from venereal disease, you must clean up the breed- ing places; and the breeding places are your beer taverns, your honky tonks, your booze joints, the wick- ed dance halls, the whole liquor business that is turned loose in this country.

If the condition is as bad as Henry Stimson and Frank Knox say it is, then President Roosevelt and Congress ought to pass a law to- morrow to clean up this nefarious liquor business. (Applause.)

By the way, I wish to ask you a question. How many of you voted for conscription? Huh? In this land of the people, by the people, for the people; in this land where we the people really rule, how many of you voted to make a sol- dier out of your boy? How many of our boys voted to become sol- diers?

President Roosevelt and Con- gress, under the Conscription Act, passed that law without asking an American mother or father, any- thing about it. And President Ro- osevelt and Congress can pass a war-time law tomorrow if they wished to do so, that would close every tavern, every beer joint, every honky tonk, in the nation and clean this thing up without asking the liquor interests any- thing about it.

And here is one red blooded, pa- triotic American citizen that says, President Roosevelt and Congress ought to pass that kind of law to- morrow. But instead of trying to protect the soldiers and the moth- ers of this country from this dam- nable liquor traffic, your govern- ment today is giving your liquor traffic priority in the vital things that are denied decent law-abiding citizens. Shall I prove it to you?

Voice: "Go ahead, Sam."

DON'T SPARE THE HORSES

Brother, we are now getting into the meat of the coconut.

What time did you get up this morning?

You got up by war time.

What do I mean by war time?

Electricity is important to the winning of the war. We must not waste it. We must save it; there- fore, we are asking the hard work- ing people, who stay at home at night and who run the business houses, to get up an hour earlier, and to close an hour earlier in the evening, and thus save electricity. But, ladies and gentlemen, all over this nation, from one side of it to the other, your beer joints, your night clubs, your dine and dance establishments, your honky tonks, your liquor hell holes, running wide open, brilliantly lighted and blazing with Neon signs, these places together with your nickel in the slot machines, and phono- graphs electrically operated are drinking up ten times much elec- tricity as will ever be saved by setting our clocks ahead one hour. And not one politician, from the President down to the office boy, has ever suggested that we close these dirty, damnable dives and thus save electricity to help our boys win the war.

ONE OF A MILLION

Now, do not misunderstand me. God bless you here sits one of our soldier boys in the choir, and I thank God for that fine boy; but while he is sitting here today, there were hundreds of other sol- dier boys that stayed out last night in the dirty dives of Denver all night and later. Some of them are tied up today with wild women.

Now, do not misunderstand me. God bless you, I will do all I can to help those boys win this war;

but while we are saving electri- city, you are looking into the face of one man that is going to look President Roosevelt and your Gov- ernor and every lousy wet in the face and say,

"You stop this dirty bunch from wasting electricity." (Amen).

GIVE UP SUGAR

Have any of you bought any su- gar recently? Oh, not much? You know why? Because 27 percent of our sugar was coming from the Philippines and the Hawaiian Is- lands and the Philippines have been cut off and the Hawaiian Is- lands have been, practically, cut off for lack of shipping facilities. We are over a million tons short of sugar, and sugar is important to make high explosives. So, we are short, and how are we going to make up the deficiency?

Mr. Leon Henderson says, "We are going to ask all you mothers and daddies and folks back home to use only one-half pound of su- gar a week, and save sugar for our armed forces." If you had more than six pounds of sugar on hand when you signed your sugar card, you were a dirty, old, unpatriotic traitorous hoarder.

FEEBLE REMARKS

But listen, your dirty damnable whiskey interests in this country, already have four and one-half years supply of whiskey made up and stored away in the warehouses of this country.

Your bleary-eyed, sloppy, pot- bellied booze guzzlers have booze to last them four and one-half years. But, in spite of the fact that they have a four and one-half years' supply, your government is permitting industry to use one million, two hundred and fifty thousand tons of sugar, this year, to keep on making whiskey, so that the whiskey drinker will not go dry for five years from now.

Do you know how much one million, two hundred and fifty thousand tons of sugar is? No. Al- right, if you will multiply that amount by two thousand pounds in a ton, and divide it by one hun- dred and thirty million—the num- ber of people in America—it totals one million two hundred and fifty thousand tons of sugar; or, in other words, it would give every man and woman in America one half pound of sugar a week for ten continuous months.

Mother, you and that baby in your lap, and that little family at home, and that daddy who works hard and buys bonds,—we will ask you to keep on doing without su- gar; but you dirty old liquor brew- eries and whiskey drinkers, we are going to take care of you. We are going to see that you do not get thirsty for liquor five years from now.

Now, do not misunderstand me. God bless you we are willing to do without any sugar at all if it be- comes necessary to win this war. But you are looking into the face of one patriotic, red-blooded American citizen that will stand up on his hind feet and tell Pres- ident Roosevelt, Congress and every politician on the top side of God's green earth, that while you are making us do without sugar, we demand that you stop the li- quor industry from wasting sugar.

HARDSHIPS ON LIQUOR CROWD

I should not say the Government is not putting any hardships on the liquor crowd. I shall read you something on this subject later, but first, I wish to read from a paper, something that concerns you decent, law abiding citizens. This paper is printed down in Manchester, Kansas. It is dated Tuesday, May 12th. This is what it has to say. The heading reads as follows:

W. P. B. ORDERS CUT IN BREAKFAST DRINKS. BOARD MAKES CLEAN SWEEP OF THE

NATION'S FAVORITES, COCOA, TEA, AND COFFEE. From the Associated Press, dated May 11, the War Production Board today made a clean sweep of the nation's favorite breakfast beverages, cut- ting cocoa processing about 30 per cent, after previously curtailing tea consumption 50 percent, and coffee drinking 25 percent.

But let us read what they did to the liquor crowd. Another WPB order required that glass bottles must have thinner walls and come in fewer sizes and designs. Bot- tles for beer, ale, and other malt beverages, henceforth, may be made in three sizes only; namely twelve ounces, one quart and one half gallon.

The beer crowd is going to have to buy either twelve ounce bottles, or a quart or one-half gallon.

Yes sir, you coffee drinkers are going to have to give up 26 percent of your coffee, you tea drinkers 50 percent of your tea, and you cocoa drinkers 30 percent of your cocoa, and you beer crowd, we will have to stop you from buying little bottles.

Let me read further: "Whiskey and other distilled spirits may come in quarts, pints and half pints. This would appear to elim- inate the miniature bottles fre- quently used for individual high- ball services."

SEVERELY HANDICAPPED

You poor old sloppy, bottle su- cking individuals, we are not go- ing to let you use any more of those little bottles. You will either have to buy a half pint, a pint or a quart.

Do not misunderstand me, bro- ther, we are not against the na- tion's war program, but you may tell the pop-eyed world, the man in front of you is against the na- tion's damnable liquor traffic.

I am saying to this mother over here, you may have a lad for whom you went through the valley of the shadow of death to bring him into the world; you suffered for him, you nursed him at your breasts; he drank of the milk that flowed through your body; you prayed over him, you raised him to manhood; and you have had to give up that boy. The Government took him to make a soldier of him. This same group of national leaders that passed the conscription law, and took your son without his or her consent, will not ask the li- quor crowd to give up their booze.

My God, what have we come to?

When our Government will ask mothers and daddies and sweet- hearts to give up their loved ones, and will not ask the liquor crowd to give up their poisonous booze, that is something for us all to think about. They talk to us thru the papers about sacrifice, and urge us all to make sacrifices. If they mean what they say, why do they not stop the waste of elec- tricity; why do they not stop this drinking among our boys, among the crowd that makes our ammu- nition?

QUESTION PLEASE

There is another thing I wish to discuss. The other day Mr. Hen- derson was up in Washington speaking before the Federation of Women's Clubs. When he got thru telling how they must all make sacrifices, and stand behind the boys, the chairman said,

"Do any of you have a question?"

Thank God for one good mother that wore a little white ribbon. She stood up and said:

"Mr. Henderson, if sugar is so important, why doesn't the gov- ernment take over this four and one-half year supply of whiskey? They took over the airplane indus- try. It is nothing but right that they take over the liquor industry; but you have not heard of them doing it, have you?" She contin- ued, "Why not take this four and one half year supply of whiskey,

and use it to make high explosives and for industrial uses?"

Mr. Leon Henderson replied, "Well, the people voted on the li- quor question."

The woman got up again and said, "Yes, Mr. Henderson, the people voted on the whiskey ques- tion but they didn't vote on the sugar question. You are the one that voted on that."

Then Mr. Henderson arose, red faced and stammering, and said,

"Well, we are not going to let any reformer put over any reforms on us."

And he told her after the meet- ing,

"We will do without our sugar, before we will do without our li- quor and if it becomes necessary, we will take the half pound a week away from you."

Yes, they would take our sugar, but let the damnable liquor crowd keep on making booze. Now, do not misunderstand me. I am not opposing the Government's War Program, but I am opposing the Government's booze program."

TIRES

Here is another example. How many of you have bought any automobile tires recently?

(Voice: "Now, be careful, Sam.")

The milk man that delivers milk to your back door, when his tires wear out, can't get any more; the laundry man that gathers up laun- dry and cleans it for you, cannot get any more tires; the bakery man that delivers pies and bread to your door cannot get any more tires; the undertaker who comes to your home when death takes a loved one, cannot buy any more tires. But your big old bloated beer haulers that supply vice dens and the honky tonks of the coun- try, can get all the tires they want to keep on delivering beer to these hell holes where the trash of America celebrate every night.

What do you think of that?

Let me tell you what you ought to do. You ought to start kicking these politicians in the belly every time they come around. Your poli- ticians are afraid of the liquor crowd, but they are not afraid of the mothers and daddies whose sons are fighting this war for them.

They are sold out to the liquor crowd, and you know why. They are sold out to the liquor crowd, brother, because every year, when election times comes around, we do not ask if the man up for office is a Christian, if he is an honest man, nor do we ask if he is dry. We ask only if he is a Republican and we would vote for him if he is a Republican if he is so vile he would stink a buzzard off a dead polecat.

Or, we ask him if he is a Demo- crat. If he says, "Yes, I am a De- mocrat." You say, "Me for the party." And you will vote for him. He may be so black in character that if he should draw his finger across a lump of coal it would make a black mark.

TRUTH HURTS

What is the matter, brother. You know I am telling the truth.

If some political leader comes out and says, "I am for Mr. Roose- velt, I am for him and his entire administration." You go for him head over heels.

Then a lot of other people wi- say, "Well, the man I want is not on the ticket, so I will not vote at all." And about 80 percent of your crowd stays at home and doesn't vote.

Right? Of course, I am right. I was never wrong in my life. (Laughter.)

Brother, the hour is come when the American people must have a backbone up their shirttails in- stead of a sweet potato vine, and when the day of election comes get out and take the stand to put

the right man in office, the right men in the leadership of this country.

YOUR QUESTION

All right, away back yonder, what is your question?

"Were conditions any better under prohibition?"

That is such a silly question I ought not to take the time to answer it, but I shall answer it in this way.

For fourteen years under prohibition you never saw a liquor bill board by the side of the highway.

For fourteen years under prohibition, you never saw a liquor ad in a newspaper or magazine.

For fourteen years under prohibition, you never saw a blazing Neon sign advertising liquor.

For fourteen years under prohibition, you never saw even once a beer or whiskey sign on the wall of any building.

For fourteen years under prohibition, you never once set down by your radio and heard a spiel about liquor.

If the 18th amendment had not done any more than just the good it did by cleaning up the bill boards, the magazines, your newspapers, the radio and eating places, that alone, should have kept it in force until Gabriel blows his horn.

Today your liquor traffic is spending twenty five million dollars a year advertising their wares. You have sense enough to know that the liquor traffic is not going to spend twenty five million dollars a year without making more drinkers, and, of course, more drunkards.

Now, my friends, listen to me. We are in a great war. Our boys are called upon to make sacrifices to sacrifice their very lives if need be, but the liquor crowd is not being required to make one single sacrifice.

In closing, I wish to call your attention to several more things.

You will never know the burden I have borne to carry on this fight against the liquor traffic. You have heard me over the radio for seven years. When I first started my broadcast, I drew my salary from a little church down in Texas. I drove three hundred and fifty miles every Sunday night, driving all night long, after preaching three times, away down in the old canyon of Devil's River. We would sometimes pull the seat out of my automobile and lie down for three hours rest.

I lived in a back room and slept on an old army cot. I would preach all week, then go back to my church for Sunday services. I took money out of my salary to pay expenses. All over this country people have sat and listened to me. That is why, this afternoon, I am not afraid to stand in the pulpit and talk to President Roosevelt. I know I am right, brother and I knew it all the time I was fighting this battle. The liquor traffic crowd wrote me sassy letters, they all hate me, but God loves me, and the good people love me, and I thank God that I am able to give this testimony. (Loud applause).

This is a time of sacrifice, not of pleasure-mad indulgence. It is a time to put away all this. It is a time, my friends, when we are called upon to forget frivolities, and in deadly earnest, try to win this war.

I saw an article, two articles, that came out the same day; one came from the Philippine Islands the day that the boys in the fox holes surrendered. Do you remember it? Here is the heading,

'BOYS IN FOX HOLES EAT MULE MEAT'

Remember seeing this in the paper? It went on to tell that way back in February their meat gave out, their fruit gave out, almost every kind of food was exhausted,

and the boys in the fox holes of the Philippines were doing without quinine, many burning up with fever, and black smear. They were eating dead mules, dead monkeys, and dead horses, and when the battle was raging and the shells were flying over them, they were down in the old fox holes praying—praying loud enough for each other to hear.

The article that I read was on the front page of the newspaper. It was not written by a preacher, but by a newspaper man who said, "There are no infidels in the fox holes."

I read another article that same day that read like this:

MERRY GO AROUND

"Washington is now the gayest capital in the world. Undoubtedly there never has prevailed a more carnival like atmosphere than that which prevails in the capital city at this time. Rooms for teas, dinners, and gay parties have to be engaged a long time in advance. Men in uniform and beautifully gowned women add brilliance to each occasion."

A signal for a blackout in Washington is a signal for another party.

Two million people in America today are on the Federal payroll; thousands of them live in Washington. When the offices close, they go out to the night clubs, and to the booze dives by the thousands, to drink and dance and revel; and these thousands of Government employees are being paid with money you pay in taxes.

THIS IS NO PICNIC

Over in China and Japan, and Europe, our boys are going by the thousands. They are having to give their lives for their country. There is a young man right here in this choir—God bless him for being in church—who does not know what night the train will pull up, and he, and every boy that is with him, may be put on that train. It may take him to the West Coast, or to the East Coast, where under cover of darkness, he will be put on a ship, and that ship will plough through the waves toward the East or toward the West. Some torpedo or enemy bomber may strike that boat and the body of this boy goes down to be shark food; or he may be put in a big bomber plane, and sent away yonder over some battlefield to crush the enemy; and maybe the bullet in that machine gun, will be the bullet that came from the Remington Arms Company here in Denver, Colorado, the bullet that a bleary eyed female, drawing her salary from the government by taxation of the people, was careless in examining and because of not being a perfect bullet it will jam his gun and the enemy will send him crashing to earth.

I say that this same government that is sending four million young men, the flower of our nation, into this war inferno, ought to say to every whiskey distiller, "Give up the damnable work you are in, and cooperate with these boys by helping to win the war."

VOTE LIKE YOU TALK

I voted for Roger W. Babson and E. V. Norman on the Prohibition ticket a year and a half ago. A Republican friend came to me the next morning and said, "Well, I see you voted like you talk."

I said, "Yes, brother, and I vote like I pray." "Well," he said, "you didn't get your party elected though."

I said, "No, Mr. Republican, but what are you crowing about? Your party has not been elected to office in ten years."

And my Democrat friend came to me and said, "I see you voted the Prohibition ticket; you lost your vote."

"That is nothing," I said, "I would rather chase a jack rabbit

three miles and never see anything but his two hind feet going over the hill than to chase a skunk three feet and get it by the tail." (Loud laughter).

Brother, listen to me, a lot of you mothers and daddies out there, a lot of you boys sitting right in front of me here haven't had the Christian manhood and citizenship to stand up and talk against the man you knew was against the interest of your country. And now, brother, you are reaping what you have sown. (Amen).

PREACHER DENIED TIRES

Now, regarding this tire proposition. How many of you heard Wendell Zimmerman of Joplin, Missouri, in this Bible School? Hold up your hands. Well, he was here. Now listen, all over this country, preachers who have asked for tires, have been refused. Wendell Zimmerman went to the rationing Board in Joplin, Missouri, after one of his members had borrowed his car, and became involved in an accident that destroyed two of his front tires.

Wendell Zimmerman needs his car to carry on the fine Christian work that he is doing in Joplin. He makes a drive of fifty miles every day and he asked the board for two new tires. They raked him over the coals, and put him through the third degree, and finally said,

"Well, we will study about it a few days, and let you know."

He stepped aside, and up stepped a big old pot bellied, bloated beer hauler, and applied for four large size tires.

They said, "What business are you in?"

BEER BARON GETS TIRES

He said, "I haul beer for such and such a brewing company," and without another word, they wrote him an order for his tires.

They kept Wendell Zimmerman anxiously waiting for a week, and finally let him have one tire. Now, I want you folks sitting out there in your pews to think that over.

In what kind of light does that put on your ministry?

MOTHER PRAYED WRONG

Many a mother before she has ever seen her baby, while that baby was still being carried in the confines of her body, has raised her voice in prayer and dedicated her baby to God and saying, "If he is a boy, O God, won't you put him in the ministry?"

The ministry is the highest calling in the world. Many a mother has stood by the little crib in which her baby lay, as its little blue or gray eyes opened for the first time, and has said,

"Lord, won't you put this child in the ministry and let him preach the unsearchable riches of Christ?"

All over this country the ministry used to be considered the highest calling in the world.

Now, I find that my mother must have prayed wrong. If she had wanted me to be what is considered the highest calling in this age, she should have prayed that I be a beer hauler.

What do you think about it? Just a minute, brother. The man standing in the pulpit has the favor of God in calling people to repentance, in calling the world back to God, praying for His government, praying for His President, praying for Congressional leaders, praying God to bless his work; but he can go to the devil if he needs tires. Your old bloated beer haulers, if they need tires, brother, they can get them.

In what light does that put the ministry? In what light does it put the church where we have gathered this afternoon, two thousand of us, perhaps, coming each Sunday, reading our Bibles and praying?

Rubber is important for the on going of the church, but they as

much as say, this church crowd can go to hell, but when rubber is necessary for the disease eaten brutes, and your bleary eyed libertines, out around the honky tonks to carry on their work, then brother, they are considerate of this crowd and they get all the tires they ask for.

THIS IS WHY

Now, I am going to conclude with a little story. In 1895, down in old Paducah, Texas, a man that had gone there in pioneer days, gave his daughter a section of land, six hundred and forty acres.

She married a man she had known since they were little children. They went out to the ranch to live; a beautiful little angel faced girl came to bless their home followed in the process of time, by a chubby-faced boy. Finally the man sold the land, squandered the money, and one morning walked away, leaving that mother and those two little babies. He stayed away nine years. Two months after he went away, another little boy came into that home. When the mother was well and strong enough, she went down into old Paducah and brought some old tin tubs and went around the community gathering up clothes to wash to make a living for her babies. Day after day, month after month, she bent over the tubs washing for other people.

She washed four years in Paducah, then moved to Childers, Texas. Her two little boys would go down to the railroad dump and gather up little lumps of coal, that the old coal burning engines of those days had dropped.

In time the little girl got big enough to iron and help her mother. In a little old box of a house that women and those three babies fought the wolf from the door.

They never had any clothes to speak of, they were a hungry, half starved little family.

That woman would pray God to bless her precious babies; she taught them to love and to live for God. She would often say,

"Now, son, do not go down this street, you go over on the next street, because that old saloon is on this street, and mother doesn't want you to go by that old saloon."

SAD CHRISTMAS

In 1907 this mother took her babies to see a Christmas tree; it was loaded down with beautiful toys of all kinds—dolls and other fine presents that little girls and boys like to have. This widow with her three babies, had slipped in and sat down in the very back seat. Old Santa Claus came in dressed in his long coat. He reached up and got a little curly headed doll. The little girl got all excited when she saw the doll. Her little feet began to swing under the seat. "Mamma, is that doll going to be for me? That's the one, Mamma, I was telling you about. Is that going to be mine?"

The mother turned her face away. The doll went to another little girl.

After a while, Santa Claus got out a pop gun and brought it down and shot it several times. That little boy got up in the seat where he could see, and said, "Say, that's a peach! That's a peach! I sure hope it is mine." But it went to another little boy.

When all the toys were off the tree, they reached down at the bottom of the tree and got a little sack with an apple and an orange and a stick of hard candy in it and carried it back to the three babies.

The service closed; the children went home; the village bells rang out on the night air.

Homes were well lighted; fires burned warmly; children were happy with their toys; the fire crackers were booming all over town. (In the South, they celebrate Christmas, instead of the

Fourth of July, with fire

That woman, with the ragged children walked down the dirty road to the little boy pulled open the door and a cold, cheerless room and bed. No daddy to help him happy that night; no toys, crackers, no roman candles, warm fires; they didn't have coal that night. They sat with nothing to eat but a little sugar.

Friends, that woman Mother. That is what boys my home and what it has homes all over; the country breaks up homes and lives of little children.

You may call me a fanatic, wish, but my government never see the day it will keep my mouth shut on this question. Every man and here should this day, death or her life to the work should talk it in their place, in the street, in the class, in the Sunday school. They should write letters Senators and to their men demanding that this damnable liquor business be ended.

I am glad I am a Christian there were no hereafter, or hell or judgment, I want to be a Christian.

I am glad that I have you today. I hope God has you. Has He blessed you today? How many of you you came out to hear this speech this afternoon? How of you agree with me? (Everybody stood).

SUPPOSE, MR. DRINKER

(Continued from page 3)

No longer your pleasure share;

Just lay there and suffer and day out—

Mr. Drinker, do you would care?

How little you care for man's pain

In your reckless pleasure greed;

How little you care when someone else,

As you travel at dare speed.

But just let it strike in my day

For you and your loved share—

Then you'll slacken your speed you'll take time to care

And then, Mr. Drinker, care.

The Robber

(Continued from page 3)

And I'll thank you to more mild.

PARTNERS

(Continued from page 3)

But I must confess you truth;

'Tis you that tackles the youth—

You fill his system with smoke,

I mould him into a first soak;

We work together far too To quarrel for even a arette

Shook hands together, the bet,

And away the sauntered side

Hunting for victims far In every corner of the Partners in crime and

A GOOD STIMULANT

(Continued from page 3)

It stimulates insanity. It stimulates self-destruction. It stimulates accident.

It stimulates failure. It stimulates embezzlement. It stimulates prison life.

It stimulates the trade in