

S. P. Crouch
Caballo, New Mexico

6-7-43.

They are slaves who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak:
They are slaves who will not choose
Hatred, scoffing and abuse,
Rather than in silence shrink
From the truth they needs must think.
They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three.

—James Russell Lowell

Mr. Theodore G. Bilbo, U.S.S.
Washington, D.C.

Dear Senator Bilbo:

If I, perchance, were in your place, and you, perchance, in mine; with your boys to the service called, where the powers that be assign: and they were being worsted there by whiskey, beer and wine; and you for their protection sought; Should I your plea decline?

If you, perchance, were in my place, and I, perchance in yours, with all the law-enacting power that office now procures, nor gave protection to your boys, such as the law secures; Would I be worthy of my place? or merit forfeitures?

We do not occupy your place, nor are you now in ours: yet by the laws you help to make this traffic soars or cowers: for 'tis the vote that puts you there with sovereign right empowers that you may ban the drink that worsts your boys as well as ours.

Regardless of our politics, or how elections stand, our boys need law-protection from drink's avaricious band. So vital is this crisis now that we need understand that IF WE DO NOT SAVE OUR BOYS, THEY CANNOT SAVE OUR LAND.

Yours for saving the boys,

S.P. Crouch
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P.S. Repeal is like the wooden horse Greeks used as a decoy: we brought it in: it aids our foes our country to destroy. Unless we change our tactics soon, and saner sense employ, we too, will see our land despoiled worse than the fate of Troy. S.P.C.

N.B. We wish to appreciate and commend those who are so nobly striving to protect our boys from this legalized curse. S.P.C.