

OR almost two hours the Reverend it may well be so, for Brother Morris Sam Morris had lambasted "the will be back. damnable brewers and distillers' and had "tacked their hides to the door." Now the time had come for the collection, but instead of calling for a generous offering of "folding money," Brother Morris, as he prefers to be called, suddenly stopped. For a long moment he looked out over the heads of his audience, some 700 people packed into a country schoolhouse in McCracken County, Kentucky. Then he beckoned to a little boy and a little girl in the front row, and they clambered to the speaker's platform and stood shyly side by side.

Placing his hand gently on the boy's head, Brother Morris looked down sorrowfully at the little fellow. Finally, in a voice of infinite sadness, he asked if anyone would vote to send the innocent lad into a life of crime and degradation, probably ending in prison or the electric chair. No one would. After a brief pause, Brother Morris cradled the little girl in his arms and walked up and down

the center aisle, shouting:
"Tomorrow by your vote you will decide whether this bright-eyed angel will have an opportunity to live a clean Christian life, in happy surroundings, or be enticed into the honky-tonks by the slick-haired jelly beans and liquor dealers, to be carried to life's lowest depths and die in a house of prostitution.

The applause was terrific and the collection ample. Next day the citizens of McCracken County voted at a local option election, and the Wets won by 247 votes, a much smaller majority than had been anticipated. Significantly, of the 23 precincts outside the city of Paducah, where Brother Morris had put in his strongest licks, all but two voted dry. With some reason, the Drys hailed the result as a victory, and they have no doubt that when they try again in a year or so the entire county will go dry. And

Brother Sam Morris, spearhead of a new prohibition campaign, goes over his fan mail after a recent broadcast

Brother Sam Morris is a 45-year-old Baptist minister of San Antonio, Texas, a director of the Winona Lake Bible Conference, an associate editor of the National Voice, oldest dry paper in the country, and a lecturer who is usually billed as "The Booze Buster" and "The Voice of Temperance." He is little known in the East or the Far West, but in the South and the Middle West he has achieved extraordinary popularity.

A High Priest of Prohibition

Of all the voices crying in the wilderness his is the loudest and the most potent. He is the great white hope of the Drys, and the emotional spearhead of a prohibition crusade, well-organized and bountifully financed, which is flooding the United States with a volume of propaganda far greater than preceded the passage of the Eighteenth Amendment. If or when prohibition returns to this country, Brother Sam Morris will probably be more responsible for it than any other one person.

The Anti-Saloon League of America handles most of Brother Morris' lecture tours and gives him unlimited backing. When he refused to be a candidate for General Superintendent of the League, that organization created for him the office of National Field Speaker. He is reputed to be the best money-raiser the League has ever sent into the field.

Even the Wets recognize Brother Morris' pre-eminence. A representative of one of the country's largest breweries attended the annual convention of the Anti-Saloon League in Florida last year, listened to the rhapsodic reports of Brother Morris' exploits, and saw lantern slides and photographs which showed him talking to enthusiastic audiences of from 10,000 to 15,000 people. He reported to his company, "Sam Morris is easily the most valuable man who has entered into the service of the dry has entered into the service of the dry cause in several generations."
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The Drys Again Try Again

BY HERBERT ASBURY

Armed with reams of propaganda and ample finances, the temperance crusaders are going all out for the return of prohibition

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY HARRY PENNINGTON, JR.

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THE DRYS TRY AGAIN



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