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Prohibition

THE millennium approaches. But three more days of grace remain for the sinner to look upon the wine when it is red. When the clock strikes the midnight hour on Tuesday next it will toll the death knell of old John Barleycorn. Booze will become an outlaw by edict of the royal will of the people of Utah and will be forever banished from the state. With the passing of the saloon and the cabaret the social life of the community will undergo a radical change and it is to be hoped that the new order of things will bear out the fondest hopes of those responsible for the transformation.

Many good citizens contemplate the immediate outlook with grave concernment. Some choose to view the prospects as an impending calamity—as though the end of the world was at hand. To the unfortunate person who has acquired an all-absorbing thirst, the situation resolves itself into a matter of vital moment. He who was once the object of public censure will now receive condolences instead. Here and there will be found someone foolish enough to attempt to fortify himself against the inevitable by laying in a stock of supplies, but that will amount to nothing more than a postponement of the evil day. The use of fire-water has been doomed. It is ordained that Utah shall be bone dry and the sooner this state of affairs is reached, the better.

In times past we have honestly opposed the prohibition movement for reasons that would now be trite to repeat, but the expressed will of the majority has over-ruled our humble opinion and we accept the sweeping decision with all good grace. And while we have been able to reconcile ourselves to the new order of things, we are not altogether sanguine over the outlook. Our prohibition friends have pictured a rosy prospect, indeed, but they are bound to find some flaws in the masterpiece when the full light is turned upon the canvas. Much as it is to be desired, it is doubtful whether prohibition will furnish us with a short cut to heaven. Some of us have yet to learn that it is impossible to legislate morality into men and women. The devil will still find much to do; he will simply improvise new tricks to tempt us and persist in plying his trade amongst such mortals as are susceptible to his wiles. The fact that they drink water will not daunt him in the least.

And so we venture the prediction that the penitentiaries will still continue to do a thriving business; that husbands will still quarrel with their wives; that the young folks will still stay

out late at night; that the clubs will still find some means to promote conviviality and keep men away from home; that the divorce mills will still continue to grind; that the churches will still have vacant pews and that many of the preachers will still find themselves short in their salaries. We are even willing to wager that the Betterment League will continue to be a going concern, and that it will find plenty to do if it will only remove its blinders. But there is this to say: Prohibition will redeem many a soul that strong drink has ruined; it will put food into

GOOD-BYE, JAWN

Harry E. MacPherson.

FULL, many a full year you and I
Have glassily wandered arm in arm,
And now has come your time to die,
Jawn Barleycorn—you've done much harm
(That's what the prohibs say) and so
I guess it's meet that you should go.
So gooda-bye, Jawn!

With august presence August First
Will soon be here—ah, lack-a-day!—
When folks (or, rather soaks) a thirst,
Shall rue the wine wet night all gay;
Mere water on next Wednesday, drear,
Must cure the ills of Tuesday's cheer—
So Gooda-bye, Jawn!

Scotches, gin'rickeys, Rock and Rye,
My good pal, Sweet Tom Collins, all
The booze and beer when I am dry,
Some months ahead, I shall recall.
For Coca Cola will not avail
When longing for the old brass rail—
But Gooda-bye, Jawn!

Though cellars overflow with cheer,
(My own is somewhat damp, you bet)
I'll yearn for a seller of cold draft beer
When that is something I can't get.
The unattainable's sweet, 'stew true,
So long, I sob these words to you—
Just Gooda-bye, Jawn!!!

many a hungry mouth; it will repair many a broken heart and scatter sunshine in many an unhappy home.

This is full compensation in itself, and the very thought of it should comfort some of us old reprobates as we from time to time encounter the inconvenience of having to resort to the old-fashioned method of quenching our thirst with buttermilk or curing our colds with coal oil or peppered "speck."

Yankee Humor

THE gift of humor is the saving grace of many a difficult situation and Americans possess this admirable trait to a remarkable degree. It is traditional that no matter how dark the day or hard the going we as people are able to sift some humor out of the situation, and the fact that we are beginning to see manifestations of it on every hand leads us to believe that collectively we are rapidly recovering our customary sanity.

For instance: Our soldiers had hardly landed in France when they announced that they intended to "can the Kaiser." At first blush this intensely amused our English friends who, with their own inimitable appreciation of humor, found great delight in contemplating the prospect of the American army's expressed intention of bottling up the German war lord and hermetically sealing him in a retainer—figuratively speaking, of course. The dense Britons apparently never heard of the derivation of the term "can," as used in this sense, and the thought that it might perhaps allude to the time-honored practice of tying a tin can to a dog's tail to get rid of him never once entered their heads. All of which simply added to the sport when the Americans learned of the interpretation that had been put upon their slang.

Since then, our boys have become a trifle more explicit in their lingo and are less liable to be misunderstood. A catchy song has been improvised, entitled "Can The Kaiser," which is sung to the stirring tune of "Dixie." Here it is:

In khaki suit and army visor,
All aboard to can the Kaiser,
Look away: Look away: Look away:
Germany.
In Kaiserland he reigns alone,
We'll push the Kaiser off his throne,
Look away: Look away: Look away:
Germany.

Then I want to can the Kaiser:
Hooray: Hooray:
In Kaiserland I'll take my stand
Until I can the Kaiser.
Let's go, let's go, let's go and can the kaiser.
Let's go, let's go, let's go and can the kaiser.

But the boys at the front do not have a monopoly on improvising the humorous sayings and songs that tend to lighten the load of war. Over on the coast the Californians have adopted the following song, entitled "The Battle-Cry of Feed 'Em," a parody on The Battle Cry of Freedom:

We'll rally round the hoe, boys, and join the
ranks of toll,
Shouting the battle-cry of "Feed 'Em!"