

**“ To live simply, proudly, boldly, manly:
this is The High Life.”**

Only a large-scale decline in American manhood can account for the near disappearance of Miller High Life Beer. High Life is part of a brighter, bolder world that, through laziness, fear, and salad worship, we've forgotten. Let us help men be men again, that this brand can once again be great.

To live the High Life is to be a **man**. To return to simple, manly virtues; to a time when men didn't take themselves too seriously; when a man worked hard to create a better world for himself, his family, and his neighbor, and knew the proper reward for his efforts: Miller High Life Time.

To live the High Life is to exercise the manly principles that built a nation, kept Boris in his place, and set several land-speed records. Pursue the High Life and you put a man on the moon. Turn your back on it, and a cheap thermal-tile glue grounds your whole space program. Pursue the High Life and your oversized Cadillac consumes the road like a many-finned shark. Turn your back on the High Life? Have a nice K-car. When a once proud man loses his taste for the High Life, even his taste for football—the sport of Dick Butkus, Knute Rockne, and Jim Thorpe—waned. How else do we explain the new, sad popularity of a so-called sport like soccer? America, is that you?

We have gotten soft. Lost. Confused, we are slowly realizing that our chosen religions—Convenience, Aerobic Fitness, Yogurt—leave us feeling hollow in the way a good steak never would.

The world cries out for men to walk the Higher Path. Coffee boutiques consume retail space that might better be used by hardware merchants. John Tesh is able to have a career. Richard Simmons is allowed to live. Fitness industry stocks pay better dividends than aerospace exploration. Isn't it time for a man to reclaim control of his own destiny; to pursue the High Life in the manner our founding fathers had intended; to embrace the High Life to which each of us, by nature's grace, is born?

We will throw away our self-lighting charcoal. We will question the leather interiors and automatic transmissions of the sports utility vehicles we dare call “trucks.” We will stare down every shameful modern manifestation of male impersonation and say: you cannot kill our beer. You cannot take away the High Life to which we are entitled. Try as you might, you cannot keep a High Life man down.

Let us then assert **manliness** in all its simple glory. Let us revisit a time when elbow grease and bacon grease, like High Life, are never in short supply. Bound by honor to our brave social contract, we accept it as our duty to give the world some much-needed lessons in how to lead this High Life.

