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WEEKLY NEWS COMMENT

"The Spiritual Significance
of America's Armageddon"

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for January 12, 1942
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CHRISTIAN
INSPIRATION
FOR A
STRIFE-
WRACKED
UNIVERSE

THE MOUNT OF OLIVES

The great hill to the east of Jerusalem where Our Lord so frequently withdrew when the city's multitudes fatigued Him. From this eminence He was supposed to have "wept over Jerusalem" and one tradition has it that it was from this height that He made His Ascension.

The GALILEAN

Weekly News Comment

¶ A sixteen-page magazine, published every Monday, clarifying for the average American the issues and significances of the United States as participant in the universal world conflict and interpreting the vicissitudes of the Armageddon in the light of sacred prophecy and clairaudient revelation.

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Mystical Sanity



THE MAN in the street, the war is merely a naval, political and economic convulsion broken on the world in consequence of Hitlerian Germany's having successfully challenged the Allied interests that wrought the Treaty of Versailles and met with unprecedented good luck in overcoming whatever military forces Germany's foes have been able to send against her.

Japan came into the struggle because smart Axis diplomats outwitted the British in persuading Nippon that it was better to club with the Nazis than the English.

The United States has become a participant because the Japanese decided this to be an excellent time to grab some new territory in the Far East, the United States being more or less occupied with the Battle of the Atlantic and furnishing money and equipment to England. That is the whole sum and substance of the embroilment as the Allied protagonists explain it in press report and broadcast.

The mightier drama that is being played, and the higher motivations beneath the cataclysm, are witlessly unsuspected or wilfully ignored.

WHAT truly is happening is, that the nations of the whole world have lined up, or are in process of lining up, into two stupendous camps—Christian and Antichristian, Aquarian and Luciferian.

Two of the strangest contradictions of our times are, that Buddhist Japan is listed in the Christian-Aquarian column, while the United

States has been subtly maneuvered into the Antichristian and Luciferian.

The United States has thus been maneuvered because of overwhelming numbers of Judaists infiltrated into our current political Administration. There was, naturally, malice aforethought and premeditation throughout the whole of it.

The United States is temporarily aligned with Piscean Britain—that according to prophecy is on its way to distintegration—and with the satanic governments of Bolshevist Russia and China. All three have lost consistently from the war's opening just as it was foretold that all Leftist nations are due to perish in the Ultimate Spiritual Armageddon.

Still, the Luciferian elements loose in the earth will utilize whatever nations can be made the dupes of their deceits and subversions, so long as the common people of those nations can be hoodwinked into their support by an artful propaganda and effective censorship.

SOMEWHERE along in the center of the struggle, the scales are bound to be torn from the eyes of these Christian-Aquarian nationals and there is forecast a basic "shift-around." Probably its full import will not be recognized by our American millions when it happens. It will happen, in their purblind discernments, purely from the necessities of war and the strictures war enforces. It will be no less drastic and important on that account. The point is, that the intelligent American who wants to keep his sanity—not to mention his spiritual poise—must abandon the miasmas of political intrigue and Luciferian propaganda and elevate himself in his observing and reasoning up onto the higher octave of the reliably prophetic and sensibly mystical.

To be "mystical" does not mean to be feather-headed or impractical. It means to have the temperamental erudition to look for cues as to what is slated to happen in the Revealed Celestial Motivations.

It is being done by the esoteric sophisticates. The problem is whether or not the same intelligence can be made available and creditable to and for the bewildered average citizen!

ANYHOW, The Galilean, in both its monthly and weekly issues, is attempting to acquaint American humanity with a new slant on all this martial perdition.

Do not be astounded if it brings a great dazzle into your darkness when you least suspect it!

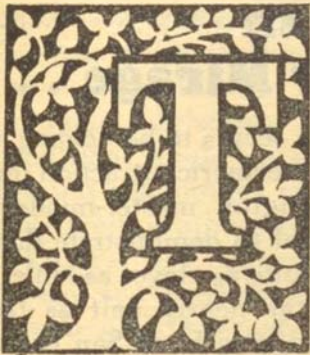
The GALLIVAN MAGAZINE

"The Spiritual Significance
of America's Armageddon"

for January 12, 1942

VOLUME ONE NUMBER EIGHT

SELF-DEFEATING STATESMANSHIP . .



THE STRATEGY announced by Mr. Prime Minister and echoed by Mr. President, presuming to combine the resources of England and America for an all-out invasion of Europe next year, after which they will arrange for a week-end

sortie into the Orient and wrest back whatever territorial gains Nippon makes during 1942, has already aroused such a blast of comment throughout the Middlewest that the war morale in respect to the whole liaison may be seriously imperiled.

It is being termed such a grandiose absurdity that the American whose head is fastened to his shoulders with something other than chewing-gum, is having a hard time to accept that the two men are speaking soberly.

If such is the master-minding being done as between London and Washington, the wonder is finding expression as to what sort of leadership the two countries have, anyhow.

Indianians, though predominantly Republican,

are willing to acknowledge any war leadership that is American and capable. But the proposal that follows the conferences between the two men this fortnight in Washington, is too naive and bizarre to do much more than incite the demand as to what the real "gag" is, anyhow. And by no means is the feeling made any better by the subsequent report that America's armed forces might be bled into a composite army of British, Americans and Russians, with a British general placed in charge of all. Something is being "put over." What is it?

The Middlewest wants to know!

ONLY yesterday of weeks, these two master minds went into conference in the center of the Atlantic, planning Freedoms for all peoples of the earth excepting those in countries under Britain's control. Mr. Prime Minister made such exception brutally clear in a speech before Parliament after he got home.

Today, with the new year advancing, even the ship on which they staged that conference lies on the bottom of the Pacific Ocean. In fact, numerous British and American vessels on which master-minding has recently been done, lie on the bottom of the world's several seas.

But the master-minding goes on—or doesn't it? At any rate, a cross section of the national reaction by no means misses the point that there may indeed be something symbolic in the circumstance that the ship in which the Freedoms were master-minded was sunk without a trace . . .



AT ANY rate, the more recent act of master-minding is alleged evolvement of a plan for the greatest armada of ships—undoubtedly loaded with tanks, guns and men—that has ever been

assembled in the history of nations, all to be paid for, if not supplied by, Americans, and the "hurling" of these on Hitlerian Europe. Just where the "hurling" is going to be done, at what ports they might possibly be landed, and how the rank and file of Americans are going to view it in the face of a war of their own to fight in the West, seem to be "against public policy" to explain at the moment.

Another irrelevant item is exactly what Japan and Germany may be doing in the meantime. Indiana wants to know if this grandiose 1943 invasion talk is merely a fecund bemusement for the masses, taking inquisitive minds off the annoyances of present defeats and taxes?

What are the British truly up to, and how do they hope to salvage anything of their crumbling empire—by 1943—in view of disasters now black on all fronts?

Japanese Gains To the Present . .



SEVERAL things have not struck home as yet, with respect to this war, and made scouring impressions on the minds and tempers of Americans.

The greatest of these is probably the abruptly altered status of Nippon as a dominant Asiatic power—and an aggressive enemy of both the United States and Britain—since the Washington parleypours collapsed toward the end of November.

The rank and file of Americans still persist in considering Nippon as a little paper island, hugging the east coast of Asia some 6,000 miles distant. What can a mere 60 million Japanese

living off a piece of scoria-rock not much bigger than our State of Maryland, possibly accomplish in the way of inflicting harm on the proud, dominant and resourceful United States? Thus American insolence—and ignorance . . .

Our people from Boston to Bellingham seem not to have grasped—or been informed—as yet that the military-naval achievements of the Mikado's fighting forces since the fall of the Konoye Cabinet, have added territory to the Japanese jurisdiction which now equals if not surpasses all the land area in the American Republic.

That is to say, taking Nippon proper, Korea, and Manchukuo, and supplementing these with territorial gains in China, the Philippines, Siamese Thailand, Guam, Wake Island, and the East Indies, the military geographist beholds the Mikado's empire suddenly swollen to an expanse bigger than the forty-eight States of the American Union. If you doubt it, get out your pencil and war maps and do a little elemental arithmetic.

Moreover, some of these territorial gains happen to be among the richest on earth.

The Japanese, of course, are quite aware of it!

The American and Dakar Mirage . .



AFRICA still seems to be holding a well-nigh mesmeric attraction for the Washington master-minders in their zeal to demonstrate that they are quite as clever as Hitler.

With Dakar nearly half as far from New York as Manila is from San Francisco, it appears that the Peppers of the Administration would undertake to assemble ships and equipment, transport them to Africa's extreme western point, and march them across French territory on that continent to Libya, to engage the indefatigable Nazis on the Saharan-Egyptian front.

Actually that is greater distance—from Dakar to Libya—than it is from Boston to San Francisco, and that there are practically no railroads in the whole of it, seems not to have been investigated by proponents of the brain storm, either.

French West Africa and Libya, in other words, are approximately the same area in square mileage as the continental United States, and contain in addition what is probably the most

formidable terrain on the face of the earth—from equatorial jungle to impassable desert. The time element alone, to get our boys to the front, would run into months. What prospect!

THE EXPLOIT savors of the response returned to the tourist in the Missouri back-country when he had stopped a native and demanded how much farther he had to drive to reach St. Joe.

"The way you're headin', 25,976 miles," the Missourian answered. "Twenty-four miles if you'll turn around and go the other way!"

It seems that the plans of the Dakarites call for transporting men and equipment to thrash the Axis on the African front something like two thirds of the distance from Los Angeles to Japan, and then march them another distance equal to the mileage across the entire United States. Would the supply-lines be something of a problem—or would the master minds put legislation up to Congress ordering them not to be problems under penalty of committee investigation or a fine for lese majesty against the Republic's Indispensables?

However, what do you think about your boy's life being jeopardized by any such Gargantuan campaigning?

Somebody in the New Deal should buy a geography—or send a letter to Santa Claus requesting one in his stocking next Christmas—provided anyone in the United States has stockings next Christmas . . .

And what would the sorties of German bombers and submarines achieve along that 3,200-mile route southeastward from Jersey City?

Of course, if Luciferian interests merely wish to deplete American man-power so as to have this Republic for quite other purposes, the Dakar proposal isn't so screwball as it adds up on the Burroughs . . .

Communion of Vast Intellects . .



WHEN a Hollywood celebrity begins to "slip" with the public, the kosher moguls of screenland always have a method of restoring his popularity. It is to send the fading one "on tour" and have him—or her—make personal appearances. If that doesn't work a resuscitation, the contract is not renewed.

You remember that a year or so ago we had a

certain king and queen eating hot dogs at a Capital reception. Then came David and his Baltimore lady—however, that trip was something of a frost and we needn't talk about it. Of late we have had Mr. British Prime Minister making a "personal appearance" before the somewhat celebrity-jaded Americans, and not to be eclipsed, we now have it announced that Stalin is coming over here to parade himself after his twenty years of European murders, incidentally tightening the morale of all good American Communists in the government and out of it.

Now the story leaks out of Washington that to sort of balance up all this master-mind social activity, there is the "strong possibility" that our Mr. President will run across to London some early week end and call on the Parliament. Brother Winston would like him to do so, very much. He might do this while the ordinary American is walking to his work in a munitions factory, his jalopy having been confiscated and shipped to South America.

All this social visiting "cements relations" between the great pro-Judaist nationals, naturally, and makes them all seem like one great big happy family.

How about asking Marshal Petain to come on across and tell us what happened to France after a pre-war communist sequence not at all unlike ours.

But are we fighting a war these bleak winter days or running an international social season?

Automobile Tires and Public Temper . .

IT IS becoming discernible that long before these mammoth bemusements for winning the war get off the blueprints and into materiality, the nation is going to be master-minded into some exceedingly aggravating dilemmas as regards vital necessities for carrying on its internal economy. The effect on morale is conjectural.

Mr. President waves his sacrosanct cigarette-holder and speaks glibly of diverting one-half the national income during 1942 to the war's prosecution—but that is only a somersault in Federal bookkeeping. We have seen a situation precipitated in the Pacific that has cut off our major supplies of silk and rubber, and will presently short-suit us on tin. None of this



was foreseen, apparently, when the Japanese were so diplomatically handled that their "out" was hostilities that began at Pearl Harbor.

In consequence of the rubber shortage, the order has gone forth that no more automobile tires may be purchased except by those engaged in the most vital public service. And new motorcars are to be rationed—even those in present salesrooms. The inference is also plain that before Spring, private automobiles may be commandeered for use of the military or for exportation to South America.

The American public, in other words, is going to be set upon its feet.

Just how this is going to help us win the war, or make any money at our accustomed pursuits so that we may pay the taxes that support the war, the master-minders do not seem to have figured. At least this Middlewest has had no official explanation.

FOR the past twenty years, the American workingman has been encouraged to live as he could in the suburbs of our great cities,



in order to relieve congestion in our marts of trade. Not suspecting that master-minders would remotely succeed in inviting situations that took the small low-priced automobile out of his possession, he has

domiciled himself from twenty minutes to an hour in running-time to and from his job.

But the small low-priced motorcar rolls over the nation's WPA pavements on tires, and if there be no rubber for them, the car is so much pig-iron and upholstery.

Go into the yards of any of a thousand manufacturing plants today and note the acres of machines parked for the working hours of their owners. Consider what happens to industry if all these conveyances be put out of commission. Even to use buses suddenly means that there would not be enough such in the nation to pinch-hit for the transportation.

Now comes some brilliant master-minder in the OPM and directs that all these workers can transfer to bicycles. But where to get the bicycles? And what shape would a man be in to work in a factory all day, after pedaling sixteen miles in from his suburban bungalow?

Then after the gruelling workday, how about that laborious pedal-back at night?

As for erecting barracks near the essential industrial plants, where to get the materials and

labor? We are taxing ourselves to the utmost under present conditions to erect suitable housing for our draftees.

Truly, Uncle Sam would seem to have a rubber nose and the master-minders were extremely careless in their diplomacies, permitting a situation where the Nipponese have cut it off!

Back to Bicycle Days Without the Bicycles

WHY blink the fact that tempers are growing surly, even thus soon, in every city and town across the nation at Leon Henderson's direful fiat that the family car must either go into the garage for the Duration, or be relinquished to the "government" that it may be traded to South Americans for badly-wanted war supplies?

"We weren't requested to do such a thing in the last war," is the universal gripe, "why are we being asked to do it in this one? And besides, why must our beloved buses be shipped to South America? Are we running out of money to pay for our war, or won't the South Americans accept our currency?"

Perhaps there are master-minders at Washington, recently eulogized so touchingly by Martin Dies, who consider that such mass inconvenience is going to heighten the rancor at the German Fuehrer. If so, they should take a course in Gentile psychology. The rancor is due to travel straight to the shoulders of the Man in the White House. It has started in that direction already.

"Why didn't Roosevelt have the brains to see what would happen to our rubber supply if he riled the Japs too far?" is castigation so widespread across the nation this week that it amounts to a condemnation.

All of a sudden Mr. President isn't the Santa Claus that he seemed to millions just before election . . .

BUT mere vocal fireworks by no means end the business. People demand if more than curtailment of rubber products is subtly behind this sudden refrigeration of the nation's motorcars. "Are the Reds mixed in this in any way, to put us on our feet and paralyze the nation so they can pull off a revolution?" is the next reaction. And this national distemper is going to get worse as the winter advances.

The American people cannot do without their

auto transportation for even one week—and many New Dealers besides Mr. President bid fair to find it out.

Take away America's motorcars, set the nation down upon its feet, and the paralysis due to happen to the Republic as a whole, is an appalling thing to contemplate.

It isn't only the men in the auto industry itself who be may economically distressed before the war manufactories can absorb them. It's the millions whose livelihood depends on the small cheap motorcar as hourly transportation, millions employed in activities only incidentally connected with 'gas' transportation.

Six Munition Workers on One Percheron . .



WAR IS not any political campaign. That is why it is a hazardous and expensive thing to have politicians in charge of it. The politician thinks in terms of contest or compromise. After

election day he expects everybody to forgive and forget. It is inbred in his nature. He is the creature of propaganda and expediency. There is contest in war, but rarely any compromise. And by no means does the enemy forgive and forget. The enemy moves right in, appropriates the easiest chair in the national household, expectorates on the rug and demands the finest provisions in the cellar. He does not remove his boots when he rests his feet on the upholstery.

In other words, if the countries now battling the Axis should confront conditions where they can't see their way through as they politically expected, it is the height of something or other to think that the brawl can be called off and everybody go back to work the following morning as if nothing had happened. One enemy on the west is going to take its pound of flesh. Two enemies on the east are going to take two more pounds of flesh. That makes three pounds of flesh—removed from dangerously near America's heart.

Our masterminds seem to have committed us to fight the whole universe. And right away we discover that it is going to be necessary presently to bring workmen to their work of munitions-making, straddled five or six along the

spines of Percheron horses. There are 14 million of them in the country, we are told. Doubtless we shall bring them into our cities and stable them in our churches—Stalin will doubtless recommend it when he arrives here next week to give our Congress some more overseas advice.

But what of the accommodations for these 14 million Percherons in our suburban bungalows? 🌿

Of course we have no buggies or wagons throughout the nation into whose shafts to harness them. And we haven't that sort of harness, granted we had the buggies.

Meanwhile, fighting the whole universe goes on, and the morale of the American people threatens to go so low that they must stand on a sheet of paper to look into the eyes of a mouse. That the most tremendous official shakedown in all American history is on its way, is no brash or facetious prediction. Either that, or we spend the rest of our lives paying taxes to Nippon and Germany.

In all the common-sense patriotism of which the human heart is capable, it might not be amiss to suggest to the American Congress, that along with listening to addresses of advice from Churchill and Stalin, it likewise invite over here such a man as Marshal Petain, who would seem to know something about a country's being flung to war when it was unprepared or when its politicians underestimated the enemy.

When Rubber Can't Be Bought . .

THIS headache of what

America is going to do for transportation, whether the master-minders begin shipping our cars to South America or not, means lots more than merely inconveniencing the everyday citizen in earning his livelihood and thus meeting his taxes that keep the war financed. The internal disruption of ordinary business is an appalling thing to contemplate.

A hundred thousand garages are due to close down and padlock their doors. The accessory concerns—from batteries to bumpers—are going into a lengthy stagnation. Lastly, the loss of revenues from auto licenses to States and cities is suddenly going to leave the politicians



without the public spoils-revenues to maintain their sinecures.

So many men turned loose by the millions, without the means to eat, without any places to go but a-milling around the old home neighborhood, can easily be envisioned as a social fecundity redundant with surprises.

This sort of thing occurring while a major war is going on along two fronts, can mean quite as much turmoil internally as in the field.

The government officials may ask: What else can be done, with supplies of rubber cut off from abroad? Besides, we need America's



automobiles to send to foreign countries in exchange for "valuable war materials."

The answer is going to be: "Why didn't some of you master-minders envision the possibilities from cutting off our supplies of rubber

before you provoked any war in the Pacific?"

That sort of "settlement" of the question will be in the nature of a silly post-mortem. The war has been started and we are in it. But if garaging of our motorcars, due either to the tire shortage or the desire of South American countries to own our family buses, is the first price we pay for such holy enterprise in the name of Constitutionalism, none of it has much to do with the ghastly paralysis of our industrial life that means crippled war production or inability to earn money that pays taxes.

Apparently the master-minders have engineered themselves into a form of political suicide ✎

A GREAT nation abruptly throttled down in economic sprawl to horse-and-buggy locomotion—without the horse—is like a child playing upon the railroad track of war, with the fast express of the enemy approaching a mile a minute.

Public fury that all of it has been precipitated may force the retirement of the master-minders, but it will by no means restore the status quo that maintained on Saturday night, December 6, 1941.

How are we going to get the nation back under the steering-wheel again, so that the tempo of characteristic American life may be resumed? Exceptionally well-placed persons might sit at a peace table of some sort and negotiate a settlement with the Axis powers, but if any

American is so stupid as to think that either Japanese or German armies are going to leave us free to collect our own tariffs and turn them over as reparations, they should travel to Washington and try to get a job with the current master-minders.

If this preposterous paralysis of the nation's industry causes us to become the underdogs in the final outcome, we can count upon it that we are going to have armies of occupation in the land of George Washington and Patrick Henry that are going to make Alsace-Lorraine of 1920 look like a Long Island picnic of the Seventy-fifth Regiment.

The average American bristles at such prospect, and cries: "But we're not going to have any armies of occupation attempting to collect reparations. We're not going to lose this war" ✎

As well argue, with the nation on its feet and millions reduced to horse-and-buggy transportation, that the Japanese are not going to be allowed to bomb Pearl Harbor or capture Manila ✎

THERE is but one way in Christendom by which such calamity can be averted. That is to bring political pressure to bear as hard and effective as it can be made, for the Master-minders who have gotten us into this mess to retire in favor of native Americans, who have something on their minds other than a social revolution and who can restore American morale by the very essence of their spiritual integrities and leadership capabilities.

We want no "indispensable men" in this hemispherical convulsion, at least not in America ✎

We want strong, valiant, dispassionate Americans, of the strictly Christian persuasion, who understand the American mind and the American heart, who have but one objective before them—to halt this ghastly shambles before it does one more day's damage, to reestablish the American way of life before one more hapless citizen loses his livelihood, and to strive for a settlement of the world's embroilment on a basis of brains and equity, not propaganda and conscripts ✎

GOD knows the job is going to be formidable enough, even for these last.

Have we got such men?

Of course we have them, but they are by no means compatriots of Sidney Hillman and Leon Henderson of the moment. . . .

What Should Leadership in the United States Consist Of? . . .



WHAT SHOULD adequate and constructive Leadership in the current United States consist of? What should it consist of in the light of cosmic fundamentals and Aquarian revelations? The time has arrived

for us to assay our officialdom in relation to the international renovations of which it is a part. First of all, it should take into account mankind as Mankind. It should look upon the broad proposal that all human beings are the product of God Almighty, that He has placed them on this planet for a definite purpose, that each of the races and nations that He has allowed to come into dominance must have a special contribution to make to "civilization" and that each and every other race and nation has as much right upon earth as ourselves.

SECOND, adequate, constructive Leadership of the United States should recognize that the American Way of Life is an evolution unto itself, that it cannot be applied to mankind as a whole until mankind as a whole is ready for it spiritually. It should further recognize that the American Way of Life is not a system to be crammed by force down throats of far peoples but a standard to be emulated, something to be viewed as sacrosanct and to be set as a goal before the other peoples of the earth. As such it should be regarded with a certain distinctive dignity.

Third, adequate and constructive Leadership in the United States should conserve itself, and concentrate its endeavors, on the two major continents composing this "western world." It should be too proud to "go to the mat" and get down on a level with lesser evolved peoples on the other continents in a common riot of commercial and material wrestlings . . .

FOURTH, adequate and constructive Leadership of the United States, living sincerely and practically a distinctive isolation, should seek to develop within the individual making with his neighbors the population of this Republic, the exact opposite of "regimentation." It should seek to ennoble and distinguish the individual and say to him: "You are the biggest ingredient that goes to make the country what it is. Your personality is all-important. Your Republic wants to stand as your friend and aid in helping you to the maximum self-expression of which you are capable. It wants to prevail upon you to develop yourself to the utmost, because as you make yourself great, so do you make your Republic great!" . . .

FIFTH, adequate and constructive Leadership of the United States would seek—fanatically—to lead not in War but in Peace, that out of the progressions of Peace might come rugged initiative that in the accumulate would make this nation so distinctive that instead of vanquishing it, it would be the aspiration of other governments and races to copy it. Sixth, adequate and constructive Leadership of the United States would make it possible for every citizen, of whatever station, to possess and enjoy every last increment developed by the genius of its citizenry, but without confiscation of the assets or prosperities of any caste or class that has attained to them already . . .

SEVENTH, adequate and constructive Leadership of the United States would resolutely ignore every enticement and wandering fire brandished before its cupidities by predatory or envious nationals abroad, and maintain that we as Americans are going forward and do something that has never been essayed by any people in past history: Set such an ex-

ample of sterling valiance and personal self-reliance that, taken in the accumulate, it would be impossible to assail us—and stand on that platform, and let no sect or clique of scheming politicians seek to torpedo it . . .

ARE WE getting that sort of Leadership in the United States today? Of course we are not. And why are we not getting it?

It is because the government of our Republic has become dominated for the current hour by cartels of predatory Luciferians, who seek to use a great Christian Integration to advance their schemes for humanity's vassalage.

To advance that vassalage, they precipitate destruction. They do not perceive that the reaction from such destruction carries them out of power. Probably if they were capable of discerning it in advance, they would not be Luciferians. Thereby is Luciferianism but a synonym for Stupidity.

When Leadership in the United States suddenly begins putting into practice everything that is the opposite of what is in practice today, the Republic shall start out of its distempers in a month.

After that, the millennium—based on Equity, Compassion, Fair-Dealing, and ordinary Horse-sense!

Stalin Shows More Sense . . .



AMERICANS are puzzled as to why hostilities do not break out between Nippon and Bolshev-ia. The obvious explanation would be that Stalin has small desire to invite war on his eastern front while Hitler is giving him all the headache he can stand in the West. Rumors reach our shores of a force of 100,000 White Russians, trained and waiting in Manchukuo, eager to launch themselves on the Communists from the Siberian steppes. But to date Josef has done nothing that would provoke them into movement. Why?

Has it occurred to no one to grasp that the answer may be Rubber?

It would be a strange freak of international economics indeed, if Rubber won this war. Stalin needs rubber, just as all the allies need

rubber. Germany has long since solved the problem of rubber by arranging to have it made synthetically. She has her plants for synthetic rubber equipped and functioning. It would take two to three years for Germany's enemies to become organized and launched on the business of manufacturing synthetic rubber. Moreover, any rubber expert will tell you that synthetic rubber is a more durable product than that made from the original rubber plant.

STALIN, apparently, does not wish to run the risk that failed to deter Washington officialdom in the slightest, that of being cut off in his supply of rubber, obtainable from the South Seas via Nippon—or at least through the naval courtesy of Nippon.

The die-hard New Dealer argues, of course, that England has contrived to get along to date on limited rubber and circumscribed motor transportation.

He fails to recognize that up until December 7th, England could get what she needed in the way of rubber and motorcars from the United States. We in turn procured the most of it from the Dutch East Indies.

The December 8th war declaration altered all that in one afternoon. The United States cut off her own rubber nose on that memorable date, and passed the surgery along to Englishmen. At the present time, both seem to be breathing through the mouth and the throat. If Stalin keeps on good terms with Japan, and refuses to fight her, it may mean that he is the only one that gets rubber. Of course, that does not restrain Germany from socking the icon off him with, and on, the synthetic product she has made a real basic industry.

Evidently our own officialdom envisioned a quick naval decision in the Pacific, once war came, that would bottle up Nippon on her little patch of scoria rock and open the marts of trade again throughout the whole Orient. It was inconceivable that the Japanese should prove powerful enough to grab the offensive from the first moment and hold it to the complete strangulation of that most necessary of all military products at this time, outside of tin and gasoline. All the same, that thing happened. And where does it leave us?

It leaves us with industrial paralysis staring us in the face and Stalin keeping the peace with Japan though it costs him Siberia.

He seems to be smart, this Stalin. He doesn't underestimate the strength of his enemy.

A Grudge War from the Start . .

LT IS widely commented upon that Col. Lindbergh offered his transcendent aerial capabilities to his embattled government the other day and that the answer given him by the Secretary of War was, if he truly wished to serve the American forces, the nearest recruiting office was ready to examine him physically . .

In other words, he could always get into the air force as a common bohunk pilot.

"Is this the way the Administration is playing politics, or satisfying political grudges, in conducting this war?" is the angry snarl across the great patriotic Midwest.

Here is America's foremost air expert and ace pilot, a man who has never once been wrong in opinions on air problems, told that his government doesn't care a kopeck for his abilities and that it's quite all right for him to take up an ordinary pursuit plane and get himself shot.

Can you imagine the Germans' being so revengeful or stupid? And yet we marvel that they get their results. The answer in our case is, of course, that our War Administration is overwhelmingly Jewish. The British government is similarly afflicted—and it has lost every campaign it has essayed since the conflict started.

Quite a few outstanding Americans are finding out that New Dealism, in a way, comes before the United States as a republic in the fracas now maturing.

Consider Major General George Van Horn Moseley, probably one of the most capable soldiers we have in America at the present time, the man who was chief of staff for Jack Pershing and who was empowered practically to liquidate the war in Europe after the 1918 armistice, twirling his thumbs in an Atlanta apartment and not being called to do anything of graver consequence than read the hourly dispatches as to how beautifully his lifelong colleague, General MacArthur, is being trounced in the Philippines. General Moseley



right at this moment, is in the prime of his whole soldiering career, but having "displeased" the Administration because of his personal racial views, he is kept on the shelf. Is the United States to win the war by such introversions? To the sagacious, it is merely Hollywood transferred to the banks of the Potomac and put in charge of a major conflict on the outcome of which swings the destinies of 120 million American Christians.

It is a by-word throughout movie-land, what happens to you if you similarly "displease" the Ukrainian film czars.

Their brains operate that way.

The happy side to this sort of nonsense is, that it cannot possibly last. The war itself, before it has gone very far, will demand the management of the nation's real leaders.

But an Administration of Aquarian Christians would have put such men as Lindbergh and Moseley into the Front Office from the beginning—begging the point that if our Administration had been so composed, war would not have been allowed to happen in the first place!

How this War Is Different . .

WE GAVE our unstinted and ungrudging support to participation in Europe's war in 1917 because we had the spiritual inspiration to stop the senseless shambles overseas—which we did. That was one reason why a certain amount of enthusiasm for it prevailed. Secondly, we were not then a people emasculated and unnerved by nine previous years of economic impoverishment. We still had our homes, our bank accounts, and the business enterprises that we had been building up all our lives—and the group called our government had no obvious designs on any of these. Lastly, our government being run by persons of our own breed, there was not the slightest intimation that the conflict was being used to socialize the country and gradually disintegrate our traditional institutions.

Today as a people we have no conviction deep down in our hearts that it is possible to whip successfully all the nations of Europe and Asia as at present aligned and with their past two-year record of military organization and accomplishments as an edge on us; we are

bankrupt, cowed and disgruntled as a people, with no personal reserves to fall back upon when calamity touches us as individuals, regulated and pushed around by an officialdom that reads like a roster of the Seventh Avenue cloak and suit cartel; we are in debt so deep both as individuals and a nation that even paying the interest on what we owe is a nightmare, and we suspect that the question is only one of time when a predatory oligarchy completes its economic coup on the nation; lastly, the rancorous and unnatural way in which our present participation was promoted conveys the ugly implication that an outcome savoring of no victory means mob alteration of our system of Constitutionalism.

The nation, by poll, was eighty percent against this involvement before the first bomb dropped on Pearl Harbor. Nowhere is there evidence that this percentage has actually changed

Now comes a long period of what the masterminders term "sacrifice" and they call on the American people to accept it with enthusiasm. This seems tantamount to accepting Madam Perkins, Secretary Ickes, Sidney Hillman and Leon Henderson with enthusiasm. The answer is: We are a very tired and weakened people. We have so many private troubles that the public troubles are a bit unthinkable. If you have promoted a war so avidly, why cannot you go find somebody who thinks and feels like you do, to shoot at the aircraft and stop the bullets?

Yes, this is a very different war from that of 1917. And the thing that wins a war is morale. Too bad!

The kosher boys in Washington certainly know how to smash it!

Enlisted Winchell Smears Superiors . .

ONE gathers from the Sunday night broadcasts of publicity expert Walter Winchell that it is quite all right for the Constitution to guarantee free speech, provided it isn't too much free speech or that it doesn't partake of criticism of persons who are of Walter's persuasion. Then and in such event, the Constitution should be thrust into a concentration camp pronto. Westbrook Pegler feels the same way about it. He emblazons the opinion in his column—let

us hope not motivated by an alleged Jewish wife—that all critics of the Administration, native or naturalized, who say or write anything that indicates all is not hotsy-totsy with internal America, be interned by sunup.

That all this "internment" business is nothing but a nasty Jewish-European importation must not be omitted from the record . .

That, of course, would be taking away one's Constitutional rights out of hand. It would be Conspiracy which the Federal statutes specifically provide against.

No less an authority than Chief Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes long ago laid down the decree that war or no war, the government cannot interfere in any citizen's criticism of public officials or inhibit his Constitutional rights of free speech and press



when honestly exercised in the public interest. The trouble is, that such publicists as Winchell and Pegler begin to see a certain handwriting on the wall and it makes them hysterical.

So Walter especially bethinks to launch a blistering attack on Attorney-General Biddle—for being a real lawyer and knowing his Constitution as Walter knows his Stork Club.

Which of itself is strange, meaning just what right has Walter to do that thing when he is supposed to be a regular enlisted man and officer of some sort in the United States Navy?

Or has Walter merely been putting on an act anent that Navy affiliation?

By what strange new practice of New Dealism does an officer in the navy sojourn in a national broadcasting station every Sabbath night and work off his personal spleen against the Federal officials and his Service superiors? Suppose any Pacific-Fleet marine did such a thing—how long would the Navy stand for it? Is the War Department issuing special privileges to smear-broadcasters in this war? Is it that kind of War Department and that kind of war?

If so, then let us not marvel that half a dozen Japanese suicide flyers thrashed the socks off it in half an hour one Sunday morning at Pearl Harbor! . .

Is this to be a Winchell Peep-hole War, or a war efficiently managed by the best supervising brains throughout the whole United States? Walter might explain some Sabbath night, if he is not too busy chasing German submarines off the eastern coast of Newfoundland.

What the Roosevelt Diplomacy Is Giving to the Japanese . .



HERE are two spots on this earth, rich in material resources beyond the fabled dreams of man's avarice. One is Palestine, with its Dead Sea mineral deposits, estimated to have a value of some 645 billion dollars. While the Dead Sea minerals are limited in number, their value runs into astronomical totals, beggaring the imagination. The next richest area on this globe is found in the 7,091 islands known as the Philippines.

The population of these islands is about 16,800,000 of which 13,500,000 are said to embrace the Christian faith. The era of the Islands is about equal to that of Italy, and only slightly less than that of Japan. An indeterminate area is suitable for agriculture, but is known to be unusually large—from 40 to 63 percent the estimates run. Six percent of the land is given over to sugar cultivation; 11 percent to abaca—manila hemp, the world's best—14 percent to coconut cultivation, leading the world in production with 22 million trees. The Islands rank seventh in tobacco production among the world's nations, and 57 percent of the area is now covered with forests, 80 percent of the 500 billion board feet of timber having commercial value. Lumber ranks fourth now in the industrial production figures.

There are 87 cigar factories and 15 making cigarettes, and one large pineapple cannery produced and exported 26,000,000 pounds to the United States in 1937.

THE PHILIPPINES rank ninth at present in gold production, and claims have been staked out in virtually all of the 48 provinces. The fabulous gold wealth has been hardly tapped, while there are rich tin, silver, copper, iron ore, lead, manganese, chromite, platinum, coal, asphalt, gypsum, limestone, marble and building stone deposits. Those are the high stakes for which the nations are rolling the dice of destiny in the Far East.

This is the stupendous cache of wealth which Mr. President's somewhat naive "diplomacy" seems to have cost the people of the United



States since December 7th, and put in the treasury of the gratified Mikado . . .

Another "victory" for the New Deal, not unlike Mr. Churchill's "glorious retreats."

It is, however, something for the tax-paying citizens of the United States to think about.

AMERICANS experimented some years ago and found that rubber could be successfully grown in those distant islands, but somehow mysterious political pressure was exerted to have the rubber project abandoned—it was probably found that the British growers of rubber in the Dutch East Indies did not fancy the competition . . .

Anyhow, it is true that tin and manganese, hemp and chromite are among the essential wartime—and peacetime—materials that are lush in the Philippines, and we have lost, or are engaged in losing all such resources which the islands represented.

The "indispensable man" thus scores again! Since freeing the Philippines from the domination of old, imperialistic Spain at the turn of the century through expenditures of American blood and treasure, and after investing \$840,000,000 of private and Government funds in these Islands, the way for the development of their rich resources was paved. However, in 1934 a docile Congress passed the Tydings-McDuffie bill, which offered the

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Philippines a ten-year period of self-government—that is, to 1946—to be followed by complete independence. There were strange political implications in this gesture which need not now be considered—that is, the way was being opened to schemers who had their own ideas about the destiny of these islands down some future years. However, hardly was the ink dry on the Tydings-McDuffie Act, when the turn of international developments made it appear to both the Filipinos and the internationalists that it would suit all concerned much better if the Philippines remained under the benevolent protection of Uncle Sam. Why that is true is now glaringly apparent.

IN A plebiscite, the Filipinos accepted the offer of complete independence after 1946, but shortly thereafter the international turn of events showed the Filipinos they were not so anxious for complete political independence after all. Then there developed an energetic revisionist movement. President Manuel Quezon is one who favors the rescinding of Congressional action, and it was believed two years ago the revisionists could in time secure full acceptance of the Filipinos. Now that Japan is acquiring the Philippines, there is probably no doubt but that the revisionists could win a plebiscite easily, for obviously the Filipinos have not yet developed their defenses sufficiently to ward off attacks made by a strong military and naval power. The assumption is that the Filipinos would prefer to be under the benevolent protection of the United States rather than under the control of the Japanese—water under the bridge!

Several years ago it was no secret that the Japanese had been penetrating the Islands, and at that time they were politically dominant in one or more of the strategic islands, and the assumption then was, that if the Philippines were cut loose from the United States, they would in the course of time and event gravitate into the Japanese orbit, and that without being captured by military and naval forces. Now, however, these Islands are one of the great stakes in the conflict in the Far East and the Japanese are definitely trying to bring them into their orbit through the use of force. Working best through their political influence in the United States and Great Britain, international financiers wished to keep the Philippines under political domination of a nation friendly to their great financial interests in the Far East. That is, as one of the two richest

spots on earth, they wanted to exploit the great resources of the Islands as they have those in India, southeastern Asia and the Dutch East Indies.

Now, however, the Mikado seems to have added these islands, with their stupendous wealth, to his empire. Incidentally, it constitutes the first major loss of its magnitude which the Republic has suffered since its foundation! A Roosevelt benefit to Americans, indeed!

Keeping the Poise



COMES now the staggering message to Congress, from the man who has just been responsible for the loss of the Philippines, that the United States is going to send an AEF "to all fronts" and that something like 56 billion dollars must be appropriated to finance them. The first reaction of the sedate and sensible citizen to the January 6th Presidential address is one of exasperation and despair. However, let us keep our poise. Conditions are steadily compounding within the United States which make any such Gargantuan project impossible of fulfillment. Mr. President is by no means being capably advised by the Hester Street satellites about him as to just how the great Middlewest feels toward his proposals. He will learn it in due time. The internal situation will enlighten him. Some things are beyond even America's fecundities to do.

Long before any such AEF's are ready for departure, we may have developments in the Hawaiias and Alaska that will not make it feasible to dispatch such troops abroad. We may also confront social conditions throughout the Republic that cause our legislators to think twice about so depleting our resources and man-power.

After all, talk is getting very cheap! This individual who now tells us what stupendous expeditions we are going to dispatch abroad is the same one who solemnly assured us last November that our sons would not be called upon to fight abroad at any price.

If the first promise was merely "campaign oratory" why should we not conclude that these military fantasies are of equal featherweight? Mr. President doesn't seem to recognize as yet that he is Chief Executive of a bankrupted nation. Bankrupted nations don't dispatch their legions anywhere! . . .

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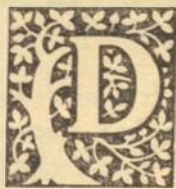


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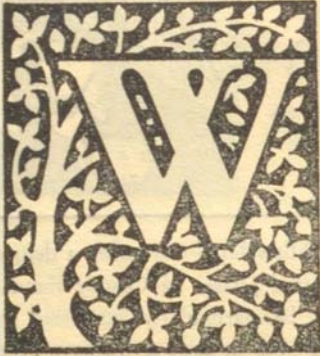
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EDITORIAL: "To What End?"



WHAT is the Constructive Angle on this convulsion that has overtaken us?

The Constructive Angle is for the great mass of enlightened and energetic citizens to bring such vocal influence to bear on Congress that political incompetents conducting the war—still on the sovieteering "social gains" basis—be compelled to resign, and the personnel of government be so sweepingly renovated that any man can offer his services to his country, regardless of past political persuasions, and be rewarded by appointment to a job befitting his talents and his energies.

The second thing is to abandon this grandiose brain storm of girding ourselves to whip the universe or dictate our Way of Life to all the world, and proceed to operate on the sane and sensible basis of finding out how this horrible cataclysm can be brought to a halt at as early a date as contrivable, on a proposition to divide the globe into three spheres of influence—

FIRST should be acknowledged the Asiatic under a Monroe Doctrine supervised by Nippon; second, should be conceded a Pan-European supervised by Germany; third, a Pan-American supervised by the United States of America and embracing all countries on the two western continents.

Where does that leave Britain? It doesn't leave Britain anywhere! If Britain has degraded herself into becoming naught but a glorified WPA Project, she should resign herself to her impotence. To get order, security, and some sort of workable understanding back into international society, is the paramount issue of our hour. Anyone who advocates otherwise is playing politics with this war, or criminally using it to advance schemes and theories that belong in the clouds of a hasheesh megalomania.

OF COURSE, such settlement washes out the Judaists as well as the Bolsheviks. They should be allowed to follow England into dignified oblivion,

A great tripartite jurisdiction over the world is already being envisioned and discussed by the intelligentia of all countries. If the political jingoist shrieks that this leaves Germany and Japan in possession of their gains, the answer bluntly returned is, that no earthly power has appeared to the moment to dictate that they fare otherwise.

ANYHOW, all that we Americans of sound minds ask for, is our own continent, given over to our Way of Life, whereon every honest man or virtuous woman may enjoy the fruits of his thrift or her integrity, after the manners of spiritual enlightenments.

Hear us while we say it: Whatever goes on in Europe, Asia or Africa is none of our concern and we have no business meddling with it any more than we admit the right of the Germans or Japanese to come over either of the oceans and meddle with the internal economy of the Christian United States.

If this be Provincialism, thank God we have it. The Almighty would never have allocated the various races to the five continents without a purpose that it is not our right to challenge.

Who are we, that dictation should come from us for our particular race to supervise all the world? At the present moment, our grandiose Administration can't counteract impoverishment in Glendale, California, or Windsor, Vt.

WE AMERICANS want our two American continents to ourselves. We want to go ahead enjoying the standard of living that our initiative and ingenuity have evolved. We want to ride in our motorcars, live in our suburban bungalows, worship God as we see fit, and buy any cockeyed thing in the Piggly-Wiggly that captures the eye or purse of our thrifty or wistful-eyed womenfolk. Someone might as well say it, now as ever—

We don't concur with Mr. White House Spokesman that we have any invitation or obligation to cram our way of life down throats of peoples across far waters. He has gotten us embattled and yet to what end? To preserve our Americanism?

No—to recover it!

And we shall probably be fortunate to escape from the convulsion with sovereignty intact!