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Liberation

A Journal of Prophecy and the Higher Fraternity

Edited by William Dudley Pelley

VOLUME III

Asheville, N. C., April 8, 1933

NUMBER 11

Facts You Should Know about Congressional Investigations

EVERY little while the Congress of the United States sets out to "investigate" something. The theory is that if facts inimical to the public welfare are brought to the surface, a national wave of indignation will force remedial legislation.

Such assumptions come from the type of mind that accepts that if something is rotten in Denmark, all that is necessary in order to substitute a sweet smell is to make a speech about it. Such speechmaking is called "telling the public the facts!"

This implies that if the public is told "the facts" it will electrically react to alter or destroy those agencies that are working a given mischief.

Those who are wise in dealing with the public, however, over long periods of time, know that such conclusions are the product of inexperienced or adolescent minds.

The public will do nothing of the sort! You can tell the public "the facts" from Christmas to Doomsday and unless its sufferings have battered it into a condition where it is yowling for a scapegoat, it will merely lift its eyebrows and say:

"Oh dear me! Now isn't that scandalous! How much did you say the rascals got away with? How clever they must have been. By the way, isn't it about time to tune in on Amos 'n' Andy?"
Cynicism? Not a bit of it!

The public has grown so calloused in the matter of governmental corruption, under a type of republicanism that has provided for no effective restraints on voracious Greed,

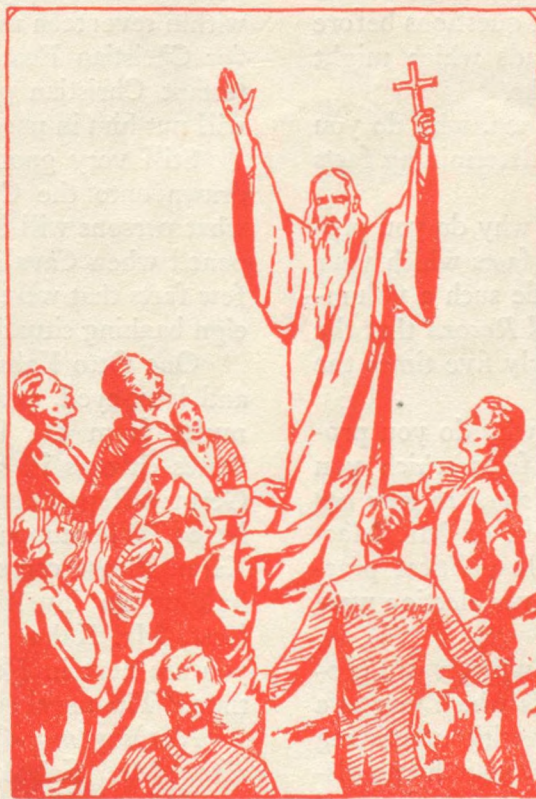
that it takes political rottenness for granted and secretly hopes to share in it ultimately itself.

THE FACTS? They are becoming as archaic and ridiculous as "the Papers" in the hands of the villains in our 1895 melodramas. Is it anything to get excited about, having the obvious narrated in unsavory detail?

And still Congressional "investigations" convene, that the public may know "the facts." The taxpayers, whose government is running behind \$5,000 a minute, submit to an expense of millions of additional dollars, that more and more of these "facts" may be brought to their attention, ostensibly as a prelude to corrective legislation.

What truly happens in Congress in the matter of these crusading "investigations?" If we are paying for these inquiries with money that our wives could better use to buy school clothes for the children, suppose we try to understand and appreciate the value of our purchases.

No need to generalize. Take specifically this new Bill recently introduced into the House by Rep. George H. Tinkham of Massachusetts, demanding a Congressional investigation of un-American propaganda in the United States. First, let us apprise ourselves of its contents, then let us see what appears to have happened "behind the scenes" in previous "investigations" which our youngsters have gone without proper school clothes to pay for. It is only three paragraphs in length, and on its surface appears quite



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commendable and harmless:

"WHEREAS, certain organizations, foundations, endowments, and associations, are attempting by disloyal and seditious propaganda and vast expenditures of money, to influence the foreign policy of the United States, and have a political platform which is a menace to the independence and neutrality of the United States: Now be it

"RESOLVED, that the Speaker is authorized and directed to appoint a select committee to be composed of five members of the House, one of whom he shall designate as chairman. The committee is authorized and directed to investigate the political activities of all organizations, foundations, endowments, and associations, which have attempted or are attempting to influence political opinion and political action by any means whatsoever, with reference to the foreign policy of the United States.

"Said committee shall have the power to subpoena witnesses, administer oaths, *send for books and papers*, to employ a stenographer, and to report such hearings as may be had on any subject before the said committee.

"The committee shall, as soon as possible, report to the House the results of its investigation, together with such recommendations for legislation as it deems advisable."

SUCH is Rep. Tinkham's bill. The irony of it is that no one seems to perceive the open insult it is to the individual members of Congress who are supposed not to be able to get such information from the resources already at their command, nor protect themselves from the lecheries of subversive lobbyists.

Now suppose we ask Rep. Tinkham and the rest of the members of Congress some rather pertinent questions before they fly into an expenditure of more funds which might better be diverted onto our youngsters' backs.

First of all, Mr. Tinkham and Gentlemen, why do you propose a measure to spend our money for determining facts that are quite well known to you already?

Second, Mr. Tinkham and Gentlemen, why do you propose to spend our money for determining facts which your Mr. Louis T. MacFadden has already made such a voluminous and volatile part of the *Congressional Record* that the public demand for it has already been nearly five times the original printing?

Third, Mr. Tinkham and Gentlemen, why do you propose to spend our money for obtaining facts which you should know in advance *you will not be allowed to give out to the public*, anymore than certain portions of Mr. MacFadden's speech regarding the questionable political practices of Kuhn, Leob & Company in the Hoover election were allowed to get out to the public?

Fourth, Mr. Tinkham and Gentlemen, why do you propose to spend our money for obtaining facts which you as a legislative body cannot act upon effectively without starting reprisals against yourselves as individuals in your home districts that will bedaub and emasculate you in prestige and ruin your chances for re-election in the next campaign?

Do these questions smack of *lese majesty*? Mr. Tinkham and Gentlemen, have you forgotten that in your official capacities at Washington you are not little Stalins, Mussolinis and Hitlers, but hired and paid servants of the citizenry?

You are forgetting yourselves, Mr. Tinkham and Gentlemen. Since when was it *lese majesty* for an employer to take a few recalcitrant office boys by their ears and shake a little of the swellhead and arrogance out of them when necessary, reminding them that after all they are only hired flunkies and should not let it slip their memories?

NOW Rep. Tinkham's Bill on the face of it is excellent. Ostensibly it is aimed at curbing Communistic activities in the United States. But let us say it passes and the Committee is appointed, *to investigate and collect facts that are already a part of the Congressional Record under date of June 10, 1932*. What happens?

There is scarcely a member of the House or Senate who is not aware by this time, and by Rep. MacFadden's attestments in the attempted Hoover impeachment, that Jacob Schiff of the house of Kuhn, Loeb & Company, financed the Communistic firm of Lenin, Trotsky, Robins & Gomberg.

The Francis Coty articles published in Paris *Figuro* gave the intimate details of Kuhn-Loeb's tie-up with Administration policies, both foreign and domestic, exerted through the Baruch-Warburg-Meyer domination of our Federal Reserve, and what Francis Coty didn't put in cold type, Rep. MacFadden did—and was politically crucified for doing so, without the public caring a rap.

Very good! The Tinkham Committee will have been sitting for approximately seventeen minutes when the great international banking house of Kuhn-Loeb cannot help but be dragged squarely onto the center of the Congressional mat for a ragging. If Rep. Tinkham is unaware that his investigation will lead squarely into the Kuhn-Loeb banking house within seventeen minutes, let him call upon The Foundation for Christian Economics to name him a select list of Protestant Christian gentlemen of unassailable character who will put him in possession of the facts that will accomplish it.

Still very good! And in the event that Kuhn-Loeb is drawn onto the Congressional mat for a ragging, exactly what persons will be interrogated? Well, we saw what happened when Cavalier Johnson of California started after a few facts that were to blow the lid off the nation in the foreign banking situation.

One Otto Kahn appeared before the Committee, suave and lynx-eyed, and said in so many words that the money mulct from the United States Government and United States citizens in return for pretty sheets of lithographed German Reparations Paper, could not and would not be collected. Whereupon the Committee said: "Thank you, Mr. Kahn. Please come around and see us again, when we are holding an investigation." Whereupon, hypothetically at least, Mr. Kahn replied: "Thank you, gentlemen. When you are next in New York, drop around and see us sometime." The usual comities, nothing more.

Nothing more? Have you noticed that almost at once after Mr. Kahn's testimony, the Johnson investigation strangely "collapsed?" Here are a few more pertinent and "dangerous" questions being asked in Washington, which no one has yet answered satisfactorily:

First, was the honorable Cavalier from California a member of a California law firm, or connected with it in any way, directly or indirectly, that was counsel for a certain great

southwestern railroad system?

Second, was Kuhn, Loeb & Company so heavy a securities holder or comptroller in that same railroad system that it could delicately suggest to its legal counsel that the eminent Senator's inquisitiveness in Washington was extremely embarrassing to its client.

Merely questions, you understand. *Nothing more!*

AND THEN consider one Bernard M. Baruch—Mr. Tinkham and gentlemen. Mr. Baruch is publicly identified with many ramifications of the Kuhn-Loeb stock market operations. Certainly no sophisticated person in Washington or Manhattan financial circles, accepts that Otto Kahn is the directing head and brains of Kuhn, Loeb & Company, whose former president, Schiff, is positively known to have financed Mr. Lenin and Mr. Trotsky. And here we find the estimable Mr. Baruch as one of President Franklin D. Roosevelt's closest advisers in the weeks preceding his taking of office. And in President Roosevelt's Kitchen Cabinet is adroitly placed one Brigadier General Johnson, closely allied with Mr. Baruch in business projects.

Also please note that one James Warburg has lately been appointed Secretary to the Treasury.

Is it irrelevant to ask the august Mr. Tinkham how far he is going to get with his "investigation" under these most depressing circumstances? And what is he and his Committee going to unearth that is not better known to thousands of thoroughly riled people across the nation, than seems to be known to Mr. Tinkham and the Congress?

WE ARE adamantly for Mr. Tinkham's Resolution. *But with certain restrictions and conditions.* We are even willing that little Sammy go without a new suit for school if the following can be fanagled:

Let a Protestant Christian organization like the Foundation for Christian Economics have the "say" of who shall be summoned before that Committee, and what questions shall be put to them, opening up the complete elucidation of the Invisible Government and who its specific directors are in this western hemisphere;

Let such witnesses be assured of a detachment of United States Marines, each Marine a Christian Protestant himself, to guard their lives, not alone in Committee but permanently thereafter when they return to their "private" affairs;

Let arrangements be made irrevocably in advance for the publication of all testimony and evidence in a chain of national newspapers without editing, or a single deletion, or suppressing of the facts brought out in that Committee;

Let arrangements be made nationally for a complete metamorphosis of the Congress, in both House and Senate, as the velvet-gloved but steel-strong domination of important dignitaries is told to the citizenry in each instance, and the complete spoliation of our institutions brought up into sunlight, unquestionably resulting in the devastating shattering of public confidence in our whole legislative system.

Absurd? Of course. But so are all these investigations that have occurred since this Depression started.

Notice, please, that in the "calling" of witnesses before such committees in the past, their identities have all been gentlemen of the money-bund, or allied with the money-

bund, or favorable to the continued exploitation and spoliation of alien banking groups, now ensconced more securely than ever with the Administration since the Bank Holiday.

Scarcely a single witness who stood outside the money-bund and its practices has been asked to tell what he knows or recommends. *Why?*

Nevertheless, Rep. Tinkham's Resolution would be excellent if it could only serve the purposes for which it is framed, on the surface. If it goes over, we sincerely hope that the Foundation for Christian Economics will be the first "foundation" to be investigated. We are not so optimistic as to anticipate, however, that any attestments it might make, or facts that might be unearthed from its "investigation" will be allowed outside the room where the Tinkham Committee meets, much less to be publicized broadcast. We would expect to be forbidden to do it ourselves "in the interest of public policy."

On the other hand, if the Tinkham Resolution goes over, what a perfectly lovely instrument for hailing into court the data of scores of institutions organized to fight the Public Enemies, raiding their premises, seizing books, mailing lists, and photostats, and learning exactly what these organizations have "against" the Invisible Government—with no guarantees provided that such invaluable memoranda will be returned intact, or in fact returned at all!

COMMENDABLE as the Resolution appears on its face, "methinks that Lady Tinkham protesteth too much." This would not be the first time that a perfectly commendable expedient has been adopted to serve purposes that are exactly contrary.

Suppression of the right of Free Speech is the next step of the predatory Invisible Government. Of course it must be done adroitly, not openly, since it would also react on those who wish to keep right along with their subversive activities. All that is necessary is to "bring in a Bill" making it legal to investigate all leagues or societies engaged in enlightening the public. Under the excuse of investigating Communism, or institutions lobbying for internationalism, it is then an easy matter to utterly gut offices of societies fighting desperately for the public good, and put such a crimp in them and their records that they are emasculated until the despotism of the Invisible Government is complete.

We have been expecting it for some time. Whether the Tinkham Bill is the opening wedge, must be determined by the celerity which it meets in passage. If the Big Powers don't want it passed, it will quietly die in Committee. If they do want it passed, then its true purposes are apparent.

Either way, it exposes itself, or rather, it exposes a condition of affairs that is already so apparent as to make its effect needlessly expensive and absurd.

Meantime, watch such "investigations" as this Tinkham measure. And it might not be amiss to write your congressman, in case it passes, asking why it is necessary to spend money that would buy your son a school suit, to obtain official facts which are already of Congressional Record, or which are stuffing the archives of the State Department.

Write him, that is, *if you still believe in Santa Claus!*
Which many times we wish that we could!

What Happens When an Angel Meets a Congressman?



HAVING arrived, invisible to mortal eye, on the roof of the Congressional Office Building, the Angel found the door that opened on the pit of stairs to the upper story. This door was unlocked. He was a fair-haired young man of majestic virility with a golden band about his forehead. The jewel on his band bespoke his rank in Cosmos. Only the clearness and depth of his eye revealed his celestial age and wisdom. He had no wings and never had possessed wings. It was his ability to travel through Cosmos with the speed of Light that had started the legend of wings on such Messengers.

Reaching the top floor of the Congressional Office Building, he realized he had to materialize for the errand on which he had come. So he found a large closet used by building attendants. In this compartment with no one to observe he exerted his powers of Creative Thought. He drew etheric particles about his Light Body. In less than a moment a grave-faced middle-aged man, no different in biological aspect from a million twentieth-century Americans, stepped out into the hallway. As he did so, several people were surprised to see a hatless stranger emerge from an unfrequented room, clad in an unobtrusive business suit. They remarked mentally on his handsome appearance and his ultra-intelligent eyes. But hundreds of handsome, intelligent-appearing men had business with congressmen daily. What was strange about that?

FIVE minutes later the Angel opened the door of the office of Congressman Brown, from the State of Mississippi. The hour was four-thirty of the afternoon and the Congressman was signing letters in his inner sanctum, marking the close of his official day.

"Your name, please?" asked the Congressman's secretary, with the mechanical politeness of the political menial who must placate constituents.

"Michael Jones," replied the Angel. "I am an expert in economics and I wish to discuss certain ways of making the Congressman's legislation certain of passage in the present Congress."

The declaration got the Angel admission to the august presence of Congressman Brown. The Angel accepted the cigar that the congressman handed him, and lighted it. Being on an earthly mission it was after his angelic character that he should deport himself after the manner of men who are mortal. To the Congressman's secretary they appeared to be two normal individuals discussing impending legislation, and the secretary gave the strange caller no more

thought, except to wonder—as the congressman wondered—why a man named Jones should possess such eyes.

"The Depression is pretty bad, isn't it?" suggested the Angel. "And it seems to be getting constantly worse despite the optimism of the newspapers. Just between ourselves, Congressman, what do you think *privately* is the cause for this distress?"

The congressman felt flattered to have a personage of such dignity and intelligence seek him out for his opinion. His chest swelled visibly.

"It is, of course, nothing but Lack of Confidence," he responded. "The minute that Confidence returns, everything will be hotsy-totsy. You'll see!"

"Confidence in what, may I ask?" the Angel inquired.

"In our grand and glorious institutions," the other responded. "Also in the fact that the present Administration has the situation well in hand and can thoroughly be depended upon to pass legislation that will save the nation in at least ninety days."

THE ANGEL tapped the ash thoughtfully from the tip of his cigar. "Don't think I'm either impertinent or radical," he declared. "I'm merely after preliminary information, so that we may understand each other adequately for what I've come to discuss. But are you sure that what the nation is suffering from is *truly* a Depression? May it not be a national, and perhaps international, bankruptcy? Isn't it barely possible that the country has come to the end of its economic rope?"

"My dear sir, we couldn't consider such an eventuality for a moment. It is unthinkable, with our tremendous natural resources. Besides, the people would never acknowledge it."

"Quite so," agreed the Angel. "But does the fact that the people refuse to acknowledge it make that insolvency any less real?"

"My dear Jones, the country has weathered the financial vicissitudes of one hundred and fifty-seven years. To declare that it cannot weather this one is to admit that our Grand Old Democracy is a bust."

"But you haven't answered my question, Congressman. To declare that the people will not acknowledge that their Grand Old Democracy is a bust, certainly does not halt an inexorable Economic Law that may be working, and does not save them from a ruin that is actually taking place. Am I correct?"

"If we went before the people and admitted such an unthinkable absurdity, they'd throw us all out on our chins tomorrow!"

"That's not a fair answer, Congressman. That's only a declaration that you insist on being kept in office whether

you grasp the fundamentals of the national quandary or not."

"I'm certainly not going to admit to the people that their governmental system is failing them."

"Why not—if it *is* failing them?"

"Do you think I want to commit political suicide?"

"**S**UPPOSE, Congressman," went on the Angel thoughtfully, "that we try to forget the personal equation. Let's take the country and its plight on its merits—if it has them. I understand there are fifteen million persons, most of them heads of families, out of work in the nation at the moment. May I ask you for an expression of your ideas as to *why* they are out of work?"

"Because there are no markets for the goods they might make."

"But there are just as many people needing just as many goods as there ever were, are there not? Why then are there no markets?"

"Because the public refuses to buy."

"And what has made the public hesitate to buy?"

"It is afraid that if it spends its savings there will be no more money forthcoming to fatten up its bank accounts anew."

"People are doing this in the face of actual *need*?"

"No, no, of course not. All of them do not possess savings. Still, we've got to face the happy fact that the banks of the nation show deposits of forty-four billion dollars."

The Angel scowled. "But just how do you figure that out, Congressman, when financial statistics show that all the minted currency in the entire nation is only *nine and one-half* billion dollars. That doesn't make sense. Where has that thirty-four and one-half billions of difference mysteriously come from?"

"Oh, evidences of indebtedness of one sort or another. You ought to know that."

"Evidences of *indebtedness*! Then it's not hoarded wealth. It's pyramided debt!"

"Since when were corporate securities considered debts?"

"I understand that corporations do not carry them on the asset sides of their ledgers, do they?"

"They may be debts and liabilities to the corporations issuing them, but when acquired by the public they become credits and assets."

"**T**HEN as I understand it," said the Angel patiently, "what people have really left in trust with banks is nine and a half billions *in currency* and thirty-four and a half billions *in the debts of business firms*."

"Put it that way if you choose."

"And how are those corporations going to discharge those debts so that their lithographed pledges become spendable assets for the people?"

"By doing business of course, buying and selling."

"Buying and selling to whom?"

"What's the matter with you? The public. Who else?"

"And what will the public use to compensate for the goods it receives in this buying and selling process?"

"Why, such money as it has in its possession!"

"I see. Then the sum-total of business volume which

can be turned over in this country in any one year is nine and one-half billion dollars, since that is the limit of all the actual money in the nation."

"Of course not. We do an annual turn-over of nearly forty-five billion dollars."

"How can that be possible when the sum of the currency wealth is only nine and a half billions?"

"Why, the people use great amounts of their securities as cash."

"In which event those corporations receive payment for their goods in terms of their own debts?"

"In a manner of speaking."

"Then why do they start the fatuous process to begin with? They go into debt to get finances to start manufacturing and trading, and having created goods, they receive payment for them by the gradual discharge of their original obligations?"

"I suppose so."

"Then they're just one hundred percent worse off than they were before they started, are they not? They have incurred a debt to create goods, and used those goods to discharge the debt. Therefore, when the transaction is balanced, *they have actually created and given the goods away for nothing*."

THE CONGRESSMAN glared. What sort of a "cock-eyed political heckler" had he allowed into his sanctum to disturb his official peace of mind? It was all most annoying. Did this handsome, strange-eyed fellow take it that he, Brown, had some sort of private cure-all for a system that certainly had worked in America for 157 years but that occasionally broke down in spots as all human systems will?

"When confidence is restored," he repeated in a tone as large as it was now sullen, "people will begin taking their money from the banks, reducing the present glut of goods, and everything will go on as before."

The Angel seemed interested, striving to figure it out. "Let me get this straight," he protested. "Let us say that there are fifteen million jobless people in America with forty-four billions segregated for the time in bank deposits—or let's call it *forty-five* billions to make the arithmetic easier. That means that every workless man now has three thousand dollars in some bank somewhere, which he is not spending until times get better?"

"Oh dear no. The fifteen million workless have only a fraction of that amount on deposit now, since they have been drawing against it for living expenses for over three years. It's those who are still working or doing business who have the bulk of the bank wealth."

"But if those who own the bulk of the banked wealth are working, there's no especial reason why they should draw such wealth out."

"No. Perhaps not."

"And the people without jobs have scarcely anything *left to draw out*. So how can industry revive its buying and selling with them? They have nothing to give in exchange for goods because no one is paying them wages. And firms cannot pay wages until industry revives. And

(Continued on Page 10)

Why the Lindbergh Crime was Shunned by Psychics



the aviator's baby.

The question deserves even a belated answer, for its logic is sound. But there are two reasons why this sort of sleuthing work is rarely engaged in by true adepts in the higher spiritual faculties.

In the first place, at the present stage of the world's cosmic ignorance, the exercise of such gifts in connection with a crime so notorious would not be welcomed as cooperation by the police, but would subject the true adept to mental and physical embarrassments that might even mean the loss of his liberty.

In the second place, those who have such gifts and know how to use them rightly, are also *savants* in the principles of Karmic Law that compel them to recognize that they have no business interfering with a mortal complication where Karmic law is in grim process of executing its ruthless fiats.

WHEN THE Wall Street bomb explosion occurred in 1920, a psychic person by the name of Edward Fischer saw the whole tragedy enacted in a time-space projection before it happened. He wrote to intimate friends in Wall Street on September 13th—

"There is a rumor that something is going to happen around 2:30 p. m. in the Wall Street district. I advise the Mission to close on that day and everybody go home . . ."

This letter was mailed from Toronto and when it came to hand shortly after the explosion, the authorities perceived that Fischer was their "hottest bet." A man who could give his friends warning of such a tragedy three days before its occurrence, must of a surety have been connected with the plot and "an accessory before the fact."

So detectives hurried to his home in mid-town Manhattan to question his relatives in an effort to learn what manner of man he was, and something of his whereabouts. It developed, according to detective magazines that later reported the case, that Fischer, a man of middle age, was given to many "eccentricities." One of these was "making prophecies." He claimed to possess highly developed psychic powers, having explained to friends on numerous occasions that

WHILE lecturing in Chicago last June, the editor of this magazine was handed a question by a woman in his audience: "Is it within your province to tell us why, with so many psychically adept persons in this country, of various degrees of talent, no one was apparently able, or saw fit, to solve the dastardly crime of the Lindbergh-baby kidnaping?" This query repeated a flood of demands that reached Liberation head-

quarters during the famous hunt for when his mother lived he had been able to communicate with her through telepathy even if she were hundreds of miles distant.

The more police learned about Fischer, the more bewildered they were as to just what connection he might have had with the blast. But one thing was certain: a man who knew about the blast three days before it happened couldn't be "passed up," whether he were eccentric, crazy, or psychically normal.

The last available address in possession of Fischer's family and friends was a hotel in Toronto, the city from which the prophetic letter had been mailed. *So the Canadian authorities were communicated with, and Fischer was traced to Hamilton, Ontario, where he was promptly arrested.*

BROUGHT BACK to New York, he emphatically denied having any guilty knowledge of the lethal blast. "I only forecast the explosion," he explained to the police, "the same as I have forecast many other things, including wars, the sinking of ships, and the death of prominent persons."

"When did you first get the hunch that this explosion was coming off?" Fischer was asked by unconvinced detectives.

"That's hard to answer," the man replied. "It's been coming off for some time."

"How did you fix the time—that the blast would happen in the afternoon?"

"That was all part of the message that I picked out of the air."

And so it went. Fischer harped away on his psychic powers—and the police harped away on *facts*. Or what *they* called facts.

Fischer's past was checked backward, forward, and sideways, but the police, much to their amazement, were entirely unable to uncover one scintilla of evidence that so much as indicated that Fischer might have been involved in such a heinous undertaking.

The *Master Detective Magazine* for May, 1932, reporting the above case and commenting upon Fischer's role in it, graciously made the following concession:

"Detectives then delved into the unfamiliar channels of psychic phenomena and learned from experts that Fischer's claim about his 'message out of the air' could very well have been true, preposterous though it sounded on the surface. In reconciling oneself to this belief, one must be convinced that there actually *is* such a thing as psychic phenomena, and that certain individuals possess psychical powers that are highly developed. You, yourself, probably have at least one individual acquaintance who has hunches, or who dreams about things before they happen, and whom you regard as a person with what is commonly known as second

sight. Fischer was like that, only his second sight was cultivated to a very unusual extent. *He was one of those rare persons who respond to certain vibrations which most people have not the sensitiveness to feel, just as the radio, highly attuned to air waves, can pick music out of the ether, whereas a chair or an alarm-clock for instance cannot.*

"Volumes have been written on the subject of psychical phenomena. It is certainly not a subject that can even be scratched in a narrative such as this. But the police learned enough about it to convince them thoroughly that Fischer was telling them the truth: that he had literally picked his message out of the air, or to put it in another way, had received a hunch."

BLUNDERING, materialistic police officials had to be convinced against their wills that there were people possessed of highly sensory powers more capable than their own deductions based on circumstantial evidence. But meanwhile, what of Fischer for having exercised his talents? He was arrested as a common felon, brought back from Canada, and generally treated as though he was an accessory before the fact. He lost time from his business; he was put to personal inconvenience and mental distress. All of what purpose? That he might have the opportunity of convincing utterly stupid and unlearned materialists that there were many phases of mortal life of which they knew absolutely nothing.

Much the same sort of thing happened in the solution of the famous Torch Murder in Michigan a year ago. Four young folk, two boys and two girls, were found murdered and burned in the wreckage of the sedan car in which they had been riding through the country the evening before. While the police were absolutely at a loss about the case, a negro named Jackson came to the police again and again and tried to convince the officials that he knew who had committed the crime, and where the gun was hidden, because he had seen the whole thing occur in a dream.

The police were eagerly willing to listen to him until they learned that he came by his information through a dream. Then they refused to even give him a hearing. The poor colored man did not see it in a "dream" of course. What he really underwent was a Time-Space-Projection—of which police know absolutely nothing, considering all persons "cracked" who accredit such matters.

None the less, Jackson kept at the authorities until, to humor him, they sent a man to the spot at which he had "dreamed" the gun was hidden.

The gun was found there and the culprit located and seized as the direct result of Jackson's fourth dimensional experience in the night.

NEARLY EVERY newspaperman who has done police work will attest that outstanding detectives are usually sleuths who get "hunches" about the solutions of crimes. Humanity, still plodding in the Dark Ages of Cosmic Illiteracy, has yet to realize that "hunches" are nothing more than a transcendent form of radio, reaching the ductless glands in the brains of those who have those hunches, transmitting a literal message either from some soul in the higher dimensions or out of the great reservoir of knowledge called Universal Intelligence.

Detectives might be appalled to know the number of times in which these hunch-messages leading them to the criminal who has committed a murder, really come from the soul of the murdered person in its discarnate condition, helping those sleuths to apprehend those who dispatched them out of mortal life.

To return, however, to the Lindbergh baby—

METAPSYCHIATRISTS of the new order are only too painfully aware of the inconvenience, distress and even personal danger confronting them, the moment they attempt to offer their services or suggestions in a case of the importance of the Lindbergh kidnapping. If they cannot reveal the supernormal sources of their information, they are at once "picked up" by our psychically-illiterate police authorities, assumed to be accessories until proven innocent, in fact often given the Third Degree in order to make them confess how they know so much about the case, and then dubiously released on the principle that "something was wrong but we couldn't find it."

On the other hand, if they do admit that their knowledge comes to them from sources other than the material, they must be cranks, charlatans, fakirs, spiritists, and publicity-seekers.

True, every case like the Lindbergh kidnapping does arouse a mare's nest of cranks, charlatans, fakirs and publicity-seekers. And that in addition causes the bona-fide metapsychiatrist to be cautious about embroiling himself with them.

The Lindbergh case presented other aspects and phases, however, than the usual run of criminal cases. It was not cowardice or the desire to keep out of the limelight of notoriety, that caused scores of psychical persons with *real* gifts to remain mute.

That the baby had expired a short time after being taken from its crib was told to many of them from the high dimensions!

This would appear like "rationalizing after the fact" if they had not privately and quietly registered that knowledge with one another, before the baby's body was found. But along with that unaccredited information went stranger Cosmic adjurations for them to keep "hands off." That when the true reasons for the baby's kidnapping came out, it would rock the nation from causes little suspected at present.

The Lindbergh kidnapping was essentially Karmic. That is to say, the audacious theft of the famous flyer's child from the safety of its crib at home, probably occurred to bring home to the dulled and demoralized conscience of the American people the depths of degradation to which their own indifference to predatory factors and influences working among them, is plunging modern society.

No other child living could have been so man-handled with such spectacular reactions in the minds and hearts of the American citizenry.

The great psychic with the wisdom corresponding to his ability may see a thousand such things happening and remain silent, seeing them as the inexorable working out of larger purposes beyond the ken of those who are personally affected or socially distraught. He is concerned with the constructive issues which may make new turns in the tides of circumstance.

Do You Know What Faith is?



OUT of the vastness of Cosmos the Psychic Antennae tunes in on a Voice. If the Word was made flesh and spake once to men, how much stronger may be its pronouncements when the handicaps of flesh are perished? If we cannot believe this, to Whom or What shall we look for authorship of commitments like the following?



MY DEARLY BELOVED: Tonight I address you on the efficacy of Faith, the substance of things hoped for but not seen.

2 What is Faith, beloved? I ask you as those who have been sorely tried.

3 Is it not true that there are those who make a great disturbance in that they have Faith and would have men to know it? that humor seizeth them that thus are they vaunters of their hopes and despairs?

4 I do tell you of their Faith, that ye may be wise.

5 Behold a man cometh to you who declareth himself: I have faith to believe that a certain event will mature of the future; what meaneth he, beloved?

6 I say he hath a certainty within himself that the winds of chance will blow him much good; he hath a presentiment that he is destined for great honors; mayhap he thinketh that he raiseth himself in the esteem of his fellows and they pay him a homage.

7 He saith to himself: I greatly desire that this event shall come to fruition; I am greatly desirous that fortune shall favor me;

8 I am bought and sold daily in body and spirit and I long for release from such unhappy bondage; I wish that I may better myself as I am bettered by event.

9 What doeth that man?

10 I say he maketh himself an altar and worshippeth thereat, calling it Faith that he wisheth for release; he maketh an altar of hope to his passions and his fears, and embraceth release because it ennobleth him.

11 I tell you he is not of faith truly; he loveth himself; he raiseth himself by love for himself; he abideth in himself and entertaineth a goodly guest.

12 The faith we have, beloved, that the world goeth on to a goodly essence, is not of love for self; we desire no rewards that enrich us in person; we have another faith.

13 The faith we manifest is love indeed, but it waiteth long and behold it is kind; it waiteth long for beauties of character to show themselves in men, that they rise above circumstance and make an anthem to the Father.

14 Still are these faiths little faiths if they include our own desires only.

15 What then is Faith if it embraceth not ourselves?

16 I answer thus: The Faith that reacheth out and upward is the positive assurance that benefits come to men through the actions of their characters in mastery over circumstance.

17 It is the opening which penury showeth to make great esteem of those sacrifices and those virtues which beggar

none, that make paupers of those only who have no light to guide them and resent that light doth find them out at all.

18 It is the desire of the human heart for an unquenchable thirst after knowledge, that those drinking are ennobled and the world lift up toward radiance.

19 Faith is not *believing* in a thing, nor yet in a person, nor yet in a doctrine; verily, beloved, there must be a reason for the faith.

20 Hear me tell you of reasons whereof Faith must be born:

21 Faith cometh of the Father, that in man there is an urge to go higher in the scale of Spirit evolution and plant the feet firmer on the mountaintops of victory, verily victory over Self.

22 It is the unexpressed desire in the human heart to so make the life entwine about the Tree of Love that the branches sustain it, that it addeth to the shade for travelers, scorched and weary from much sunshine.

23 Faith is the call of the heart away from that which is fleeting and base; it is the urge of the soul toward high mountaintops of victory over mental torment, yea even of doubtings that what is perceived cometh not from Myself.

24 My beloved, hear me: There is Faith which upraiseth, there is Faith which doth humble, there is Faith which maketh pure, there is Faith which defileth if its essence be not simple.

25 Ye do say ye have faith, but is it courage to endure? ye do say ye have faith, but is it strength to retain your sweetness under sacrifice? ye do voice your faith in Me, but is it strong purpose to follow in My footsteps?

26 There are heights to be conquered, there are races to be run, there are thirsts of others to be quenched, there are apples of discord to be removed from the lives of nations.

27 I tell you that he who hath Faith that all things work together for good, is a husbandman who maketh a bonfire of his tares of spirit, verily he burneth the scaffoldings of his errors in a pyre exceeding great.

28 I tell you a lullaby to sooth your weary spirits, I sing you a song to rest your weary feet from marchings, I speak to you in silence and say: Let your faiths be as apples of wisdom hanging on the beauteous Tree of Courage.

29 Know that men have many kinds of Faith, beloved: they do prance before the obvious, they make smoke-screens of their lecheries burning from their baser selves.

30 I speak to you of Faith as of a garment that covereth your nakedness of errors manifest, that raiseth you to accredit the arrival of true righteousness.

31 I tell you there cometh a day of Faith to all peoples when it shall be necessary for a man to say: I have no god but mine own courage, I have no goddess but my will to

perform toward my neighbors as I would have each perform unto me.

32 It is a goodly day that arriveth, it is a welcome evening that mateth with an excellent night, it is a time of rejoicing that presently cometh in with much acclaiming, it is a moment of great gladness when the righteous ones declare:

33 These things have we known of old, that man was to make his conscience his shibboleth and strike not the heels of those who limp painfully.

34 There cometh a night when men shall say: No day was ever like this day, in that men have fought the good fight for bliss of conscience and seen themselves not reproved for auguring in the service of those who ring the anthem: Joy to the world, the Lord hath shown Himself!

35 I did say of old: Arise and go hence, thy Faith hath made thee whole; what meant I by such speech?

36 Beloved, hearken: There come men to you who say, It is a goodly prospect ye do paint and yet we say it hath lechery in it, it maketh us no promise that in these things apparent is there room for self-esteem;

37 Man hath had shown him on your canvas no opportunity for giving of himself that he may know acclaim, even of righteousness directed at his brethren; he hath no opportunity to flatter himself that he hath been good, for are not all men good? how then doth the righteous man announce that he is righteous?

38 I say to you, beloved: have no trust in such, serve them with no water, give to them no countenance.

39 We have wits to believe that the evil day falleth and the righteous day arriveth, but in that day cometh no opportunity for men to be ennobled by self-praisings;

40 Man ennobleth himself in his own heart's quietness, saying: It is right for me to do this thing and in that I do it, I profit privately.

41 Faith is a shibboleth in the Great Day, beloved, in that it saith to a man: Rise up, endure, give of yourself, be ennobled, have a glad song and sing it, open a full barn and rescue the perishing with viands garnered from the Father.

42 And now I tell you more: Faith saith to a man, it is fitting and proper that ye do sow and harvest both of the substance and of the Spirit; it is proper and fitting that ye do know no harvest, however, until all who are righteous are ensconced in high places;

43 It is fitting and proper that righteousness reign *in that it is righteousness*, not because old systems or old manners call before the conqueror, Penury.

44 Beloved, hear me: Ye do call on me for Faith; I tell you it is yourselves making manifest that which ye *are* unto Eternal Time, being not cast down by rumors that ye are not, preventing no mistakes of conscience that can be corrected, uttering no writings that hold not Love Resplendent at their cores, making no preachments that do not show the glory to which the race ascendeth.

45 This is Faith, beloved: *Being that outwardly with consistence which ye have been mentally unto yourselves in private*, being always steadfast unto your Higher Counsellors, turning no man's hand against you, waiting in vain for lecheries to manifest that good may accrue, opening no doors on vengeance, permitting no briberies on truth but obstructing no man's character that he should be the thing which

he desireth within himself.

46 Faith, my beloved, is keeping tryst with yourselves in the Father's house for that which ye were sent for, making no offensives that things unrighteous have grievances against you that you do adjust by virulent practices, giving no man cause to hate you but each man cause to love you, rising up against error and slaying it but making no beseechments for untoward fixations in character that dedaub and bedevil those who utter blasphemies.

47 Truly, beloved, it taketh great patience to have Faith, for it covereth the heart as a garment doth the loins, it steppeth out valiantly and yet making no advances unto folly saying: See my great strength, am I not noble, am I not favored?

48 True Faith abideth with you always, being that part of your characters which have within them the essence of your heavenly attainments: it cometh to you as a thankfulness that ye do manifest as ye entered life to manifest.

49 Faith maketh the heart sing in that the heart repeateth the lines: I am called of the world, I am called of the Father, I am called by those who need me, I am sent of those who bless me, I take pride in my destiny, I fulfill it excellently.

50 That, my beloved, is Faith transcendent; that, my beloved, is Faith that endureth; that, my beloved, is the voice of strong harmony touching the soul with adjurations after loveliness.

51 I speak to you a true message, having traveled far to be at your side; I speak to you a strong role in that which proceedeth out of tumult;

52 I say, Have a sweet song and sing it, have a noble love and keep it, have a blessed inspiration and hold it pure of greed in your destinies.

53 The things of Spirit are the things of heaven; the things of heaven are highly merited; the bliss of Spiritual attainment is not in saying *I am pure!* it lieth in the humble thought: *I give of myself to my brethren about me, that in giving of myself I find my passage marked into the hearts of men who hold it there in reverence.*

54 Faith is a heavenly thing, it is the prize of the soul seeking to know itself utterly, it is the flight of the True Self into the era of lost doubtings, it is the march of the Spirit Valiant to a keeping of its pact with destiny with the cheek unblanched and the eye undimmed, always seeking the crownings of Omnipotent Wisdom for the acts performed in places that are secret.

55 Go ye into the world and manifest, but in your manifesting remember my words: Would ye have Faith? I say to you, have a pity on yourselves for your vauntings after auguries, after prescient desires, after cajoleries of intellect;

56 Give of yourselves wisely but give to the uttermost and in that ye give with a furious sacrifice, so do ye manifest with a consecrated motive;

57 Thus do ye partake of goodly fruits that grow within the Garden of the Father and eat a sweet meal at the summons of the Elect.

58 Hear my words and do them; I speak not in mouthings that give me empty harmonies, I speak as One who hath seen many men break their faith with themselves and know not their treacheries unto their spirits.

(Continued on Page 11)

The Liberation Scribe



THE SCRIBE is the organ of thought and opinion for members of the Liberation Fellowship and readers of the Scripts, and for the recording of developments in the field which mark the progress of the Liberation.

All readers are urged to send in their contributions. The Scribe is yours to use and to build. Address all communications to the Liberation Scribe, Foundation for Christian Economics, Asheville, N. C.

Headquarters is Receiving an Avalanche of Mail!

Over a thousand letters have been received in the last four days. By the time this is printed and gets to you it shall be many more.

Liberation history is in the making. The Real Movement is receiving its birth! The galvanism which has marked the opening of the Silver Shirt Program promises to be Epochal in its consequences.

Please, everybody, understand that Headquarters is working far into each night to supply you with the information you are so earnestly desiring. *Do not stop sending your letters!* but appreciate it if the answers are brief and to the point in the urgency of getting this gigantic program into action.

All those who are writing about their activity in the Silver Shirts would help matters greatly if they would state their appraisal of themselves in the work which they feel qualified to do, in the work they have already actually done, and to their prospective program in their separate territories as they envision it.

Wherever there is a group with a leader already functioning, *but who are not appraised of the necessary details for actual organization*, it would help greatly if all such members would sign their names together and send in that paper to headquarters. In the preliminary phases of organization it will prevent any possibility of confusion in correspondence, and save time in looking up the records of particular individuals.

The first of the *Private Manuals*, containing the complete program of action which Mr. Pelley has not been permitted to release until this present time, has just been printed. We assure you that those who will be privileged to receive them shall be profoundly and utterly stirred by what they contain.

They offer you a sublime program of action that shall bring order out of a chaotic world!

And they offer it to you with an exactness of definite knowledge which cannot be gainsaid.

There are many letters lying on the Scribe's desk at this present moment which may be of great inspiration to many of you out in the field. It is good to know that there are others who share the depth of our own feelings and who have expressed thoughts similar to ours.

It makes real the Higher Comradeship which we already know, bringing it into the light of day. A few splendid letters follow in the limited space available in this week's Scribe.

"I have read the Liberation from cover to cover. Believe me when I say that I am ready to help you in every way possible in the establishing of Posts of the Silver Shirts. Please feel free to command me at any time. I shall give my FULL time to any work which you may designate. All that I am is wholly, totally and completely for your movement. Nothing would suit me better than to be able to make the expected tour of the United States with you and labor in love for the cause—to hew the wood and carry the water.

Please rush to me full particulars of how to establish a Post. I am fired by a burning desire to help in this action for good and pledge to you and your cause, myself in any way possible to the utmost. Do not fail to command me."

"I am electrified by the outline and call to action presented in the Liberation Magazine. As a leader in the League for the Liberation I have worked hard and reached many. Please send at once the details for organizing a Silver Shirt Post.

"I am invited to the . . . meeting in the . . . auditorium tonight. I hope to lay a line that will pave the way for your hoped for advent here in the near future."

"I have read the first confidential Silver-Gray Booklet and my enthusiasm for this new social order is boundless!"

"My telephone has been busy this morning, friends asking if I had any more news regarding the Silver Shirt activity. I am ready to join up from any rank—Buck Private in the rear, or personal Chauffeur to Mr. Pelley, or carrying the flag in the Big Parade. I can muster a goodly company of picked men from all sections of . . . on short notice and, believe me, Mr. Pelley will be proud of the caliber of those who are waiting for the signal.

"With the consciousness of a *Love that will not let me go* I am marching on. God only knows where I would have been if it has not been for the Love and Truth that has come to me from Galahad College, for, as I have said before, this is the only Message I have really accepted, wholeheartedly, and I know the time is not far distant when I will know the Secret the Great Avatar is trying to bring home to me.

"With a feeling of profound gratitude that I may have some humble part in this movement, I remain,"

(Continued from Page 5)

industry cannot revive until people—who have no motive for doing so—take *their* wealth from banks and put it into circulation, purchasing goods for which they do not really stand in need!"

"Oh," said the Congressman, "I get your point. How are they to be *financed*? Well, the Federal Reserve is going to put out a new issue of Federal Notes based on sound assets."

"You mean to the jobless people who cannot buy now because they have no funds to buy with?"

"Oh dear no. To the people who have deposits in banks."

"But how will that help the situation? They are not the ones who need it."

"Oh yes they do. Because, you see, all their banks have closed their doors and those depositors cannot get their funds at all. You said you were an economist. Where have you been keeping yourself?"

"In other words, the Federal Reserve is going to make it possible for people who already have money—which they do not need—in one form, to have access to it and be able to spend it in another form? Instead of spending gold, they are going to spend paper."

"W-Well, something of the sort."

"But do the people understand that the President is merely swapping one form of currency for another among an element not especially distressed, but making no fundamental gesture to help the fifteen millions who are distressed?"

"If they don't, it's their funeral!"

THE ANGEL continued to smoke his cigar and glance thoughtfully at the Congressman. It provoked the latter to demand: "Say, who are you, anyhow? What's the purpose of coming in here and making our tried and proven industrial system look so silly? To me of all persons?"

"Because I happen to have some ideas that have resulted from the combined thinking of a great many Great Minds who see the American situation with painful clearness."

"Now we're getting somewhere. Be specific. We're all looking for good ideas to help solve this national headache."

"Well, it has occurred to me and my *confreres* that it would be a much more sensible solution of the difficulty to provide with money the workless and penniless man who actually *needs* money—and thus get the glut of goods reduced—not people who already have money but lack the slightest economic necessity for spending it."

"But how can that be done when those people have no security to offer for the loan of money? You certainly weren't thinking of *giving* it to them!"

"But if they lack any type of adequate security, how else are they to get it?"

"You tell *me*. That's the problem."

"Is it a problem? Or is it a checkmate, an *impasse*?"

"Well, it's something we must find a way around. The fifteen million jobless are getting so ugly in many cities that they're staging riots. You must have some suggestions or you wouldn't have come to see me."

"My suggestions are nothing but celestial common sense. Those fifteen millions will either starve

(Continued on Page 11)

(Continued from page 10)

to death quietly and thus perish, thereby losing the nation fifteen million potential customers for all time. Or they will enlarge their rioting until they take the wealth from the more fortunate population by violence. Thus they will adjust the balance, and *force* the present stalemate into a type of action that is lawless confiscation. Do you follow me?"

"You're talking Communism—or socialism—I don't know which. But go on!"

"NO, I'M not talking Communism or Socialism. I'm here to show you how to solve your problem. You don't know who I am and could never guess. I represent a group of Statesmen and Economists who merely have no selfish axes to grind and are not worried about being kept on the public payroll. They can thus discern issues clearly. You are facing a situation in which economic inequality will be adjusted, either by loss of human life or confiscation of moneys and goods. Why not be smart and anticipate that outcome by introducing a system that controls and diverts it in a constructive direction?"

"For instance? I hope you're not going to introduce that sacred cow of the socialists, Controlled Production!"

The Angel lifted the brows above his fine, intelligent eyes. "But since *uncontrolled* production means economic chaos, in which everyone stands to lose something, why cling to it so frenziedly?"

"Competition is the life of trade. That's why!"

"Are you sure of it, my friend? Are you sure that if you follow far enough, over enough years, that competition isn't in the final analysis the *death* of trade—as well as the death of great numbers concerned in trade?"

"CONTROLLED production means the death-thrust at profits!" snarled Congressman Brown. "The people won't stand for it. Take away a man's right to exploit his brother for all the traffic will bear, and you abolish all initiative and ambition."

"In other words, you believe that Might makes Right, is that it?"

"Theoretically, no. Practically, yes!"

"Then the Christian principles which you eulogize in your churches on the Sabbath are only so much talk?"

"Until human nature alters, yes."

"And how is human nature to have the chance to alter so long as man's right to exploit his brother is not only countenanced, but legislatively defended?"

"Don't ask me. I'm a politician, not a philosopher."

"But you are the person whom the people have appointed to solve their economic problems!"

"Then it's just their funeral that I'm not a philosopher. Anyhow, controlled production isn't the answer. That's Socialism, and against human nature."

"How long would a modern factory last, my friend, if production was not carefully adjusted to the requirements of the sales department, and all the employees considered as a unit?"

"The nation isn't a factory!"

"Then what is it? And is it the average American citizen who won't stand for it, or certain

groups of rapacious monopolists who say so—monopolists now at their wits end because they are having the ruthless demonstration made to them that their present system is fallacious and over a period of time their very success is their defeat?"

"We'd rather have absolute starvation, and utter anarchy, in this nation than submit to a system under which people are economically protected!"

The eyes of the one who called himself Jones, burned for a moment with a light not of earth. But he seemed to control himself and ask patiently: "Are you honestly speaking now for the humble citizens who elected you? Would you *dare* go home and repeat that statement to your constituents in a speech?"

Brown leaped to his feet.

"At any rate, I dare go home at this present moment and not waste more of my afternoon talking intellectual absurdities with a socialistic imbecile!"

"I think, if you don't mind," returned the other quietly, "that I'll wait right here until you come back in the morning. You see, it's on *you* that the true solution to this national emergency rests. You must be made to face ruthless facts."

Brown stalked into his outer office. "Help me to get rid of this pest," he implored his secretary.

"What pest?" cried the secretary, advancing into the conference room.

"Great Caesar's Ghost, *where's he gone?*" cried Congressman Brown. "Has he flown out the window?"

But though the windows all were closed, the chair in which Jones had been sitting was empty.

"I thought there was something queer about that bird," the menial whispered, terrified.

"Well, if he comes back again, don't let him in. Bring me my decanter, Thomas. Whether the country's bust or not, I need a stiff drink!"

How does The Angel come back, and what more does he have to discuss with Congress Brown? What is the ultimate outcome of his visit the earth? The account of his second manifestation will appear in an early issue—Ed.

What Is Faith? (Continued from Page 9)

59 It is a time to be humble, it is a time to have gratitude, it is a time to arise and go to the Father of All Love with this attestation:

60 Father, I will be true to the mission whereunto I am called; I believe I am called; I have heard the Voice and have felt the Spirit; so go I unto my calling and perform the service wherefor I am noted;

61 This is my Faith: that in the last great day I find myself renewed for my beggaries unto conscience and hostages tendered for acts of circumspection;

62 This my prayer is, Father: that I do make manifest Thy glory in myself, that I do come humbly into this arena of human service and go not out again until I have pleased Thee;

63 So praying I depart to keep my destiny, that I arise daily and minister unto Thy benevolence expressed through me to those who wander, having no knowledge that they are lost.

64 So ever be it.

65 My blessing rest with you and provide you with a pillow whereon ye take your slumbers . . .

66 Peace!

YOUR WISER ELDER BROTHER.

SPECIAL OFFER OF LIBERATION SCRIPTS

5 Titles for \$1.50

THOUSANDS of harassed people, baffled by what life is all about, are muddling forward in the blindness of despair *because they have never heard of the Scripts of the Liberation!*

These sublime, but intensely practical, messages are not sponsored by any cult. They do not mean the beginning of any new religion. They represent astounding information, the possession of which clears up for the individual some of the greatest enigmas of the ages.

Read down this list carefully. Obtain those titles you do not have, or order five copies as a gift to someone who hasn't even a dollar to spare for this spiritual material which is beyond price.

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- 1 The Divine Plan: For What do we Hunger?
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- 6 Why People are Called to Suffer Misfortune.
- 7 How Man Became an Animal.
- 8 How Divine Thought Operates on Matter.
- 10 Which Souls Make Up the Dark Forces?
- 11 How Do you Get your Individuality?
- 12 How You Come Back Many Times to Earth-Life.
- 15 Why Righteous Men do Not Fear the Unseen.
- 16 How the White Council Appoints its Ministers.
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- 45 How the Great Teacher Performed His Miracles.
- 46 How Energy Works in Performing Miracles.
- 47 The Role of Fear in the Present Crisis.
- 48 Should We Develop our Psychic Powers?
- 49 What Proofs Have We that Jesus Lived?
- 50 What Jesus Meant by Non-Resistance.
- 51 How to Understand the workings of Karma.
- 52 What is the Goal of the Human Race?
- 53 What is the Mystery of Earthly Time?
- 54 The Place of Doubt in Spiritual Belief.
- 55 What is Meant when a Person is "Spiritual"?
- 60 The Phenomenon of Human Habit.
- 61 How Experience makes for Self-Awareness.
- 62 The Hidden Meaning of Discipline.
- 182 Running One's Life on Advice.
- 183 Do You Understand Selfishness?
- 184 Do You Know How to Conquer Illusion?
- 185 The Process Known as Dying.

They Also Serve! . . .



ANY months ago, in the Thirtieth Lesson Script, there came to all Liberators a most significant message:

"Nations rise against nations; leagues rise against leagues: in the turmoil standeth My little band, flourishing like unto the green bay tree, roots far down in the golden earth of Truth; bent but not uprooted; torn, but not demolished."

And that message was received by our Recorder a twelfth-month before it was given to the *Liberators*. What a word picture it is of the very moment—of April, 1933. Amid the stress and strain of the surging tide of economic and social confusion, *Liberation* advances. Nothing appears to be able to stem its onward flow. Day by day, there comes a flood of letters acclaiming the principles of *Liberation*. In every mail, there comes support in divers forms. Subscriptions to the Fighting War Chest of the "Silver Shirts," subscriptions to the Magazine, stamps, coin and dollar bills "to help with the printing and postage" and usually blessed with a prayer for the advancement of *Liberation* as exemplified in the Christ Plan for the Kingdom of God.

Then there are the hundreds who, just now, can but "stand and wait."

They also serve!

They serve with their faith and belief in the ultimate victory of Love over Hate, of Right over Might. They serve with their attestation of the efficacy of *Liberation* principles to remodel and to remould human life. They serve with their appreciation of the Truth of the messages from our Elder Brother. They serve with their earnest prayers for the protection and guidance of our own Leader. They serve by naming those who should be interested and who have means enough to help in a material manner. They serve by seeing that their copies of *Liberation* get into the hands of like-minded Christians who will be eager to enroll under the banner of the Hosts of Militant, Liberators.

One there is among these poor in pence but rich in spirit, who has sent in *eleven* trial subscriptions, each with its duty-to-do dollar. As *Liberation Weekly* keeps faith, these seed dollars will raise crops of renewals that will lump large in the months ahead when the need will be greater than it is today. Just because you find it hard to send in the regular War Chest donation, do not be discouraged. She who has given the *Liberation* idea to eleven new readers has rendered

greater service to the Christ cause than one who writes a check for a substantial donation *and stops there*. They who give of themselves make a greater gift than they who bring gold alone.

YOU ARE INVITED!

If YOU are one of the thousands who once read the monthly *Liberation*, purchased through a Chaplain or Group Leader who is now inactive for any reason, we invite you to make direct contact with Headquarters. *Get your name on the Liberation mailing list*. Do not run the risk of missing any issues this year. Remarkable as have been the articles already published, they but mark the beginning of enlightenment that no true *Liberator* would miss if he or she but knew what is to come.

All former *Liberators* and *Liberation* readers are specially invited to renew their allegiance. *Liberation Weekly* can be had at Five Dollars for a full year by sending in One Dollar with subscription and the remaining four dollars as may be convenient provided it reaches us so as to keep a paid-in-advance status to conform with mailing regulations. **WE ARE TERRIBLY SORRY!**

We cannot fill orders for back numbers of the new series of *Liberation Weekly*. The issues of February 18 and February 25, likewise those of March 4, 11 and 18 *are completely exhausted*, so great has been the demand for complete files of this series. New subscriptions are being started with the first available issue. We print each week but a small supply over the number necessary to fill subscriptions.

DELINQUENT STUDENTS ATTENTION

The Faculty deplors the lapses in Fellowship material which have occurred since November. The magazine was revived through Faith in the Father to provide for its needs out of Universal Supply. The delinquent Fellowship material is going to be brought up to date *immediately*, in faith believing! We are putting it squarely up to those students who have remitted nothing during the last sixty days to join with us in our endeavor to keep faith with those who have been paying regularly. The Foundation for Christian Economics is a non-profit corporation. The study course barely pays its cost when charged a minimum part of overhead. If those students who were delinquent on December 31st would send in their past-due payments we could immediately print all back "Blue Lectures." Who will be the first to keep the faith?

"And now abideth Faith, Hope and Love, but the greatest of these is Love."

George S. Anderson, Treasurer.

LIBERATION is the Weekly Journal of The Silver Shirts of America, the active civic organization of The League for the Liberation, published every Wednesday by Galahad Press, Incorporated, both subsidiaries of The Foundation for Christian Economics, Incorporated. Edited by William Dudley Pelley, commander of Liberation Forces. Published and printed at the Headquarters of the Foundation at Asheville, N. C. Subscription \$5 per year of 52 issues, \$3 for six months, \$1 for two months. Entered as mail matter of the second class, November 2, 1931, at the postoffice at Asheville, N. C., under the act of March 3, 1879. Correspondents are requested not to send registered mail requiring personal return signature-receipt to either Editor or Staff Members. Address correspondence and remittance, LIBERATION WEEKLY, Box 2630, Asheville, North Carolina.

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