

Valor

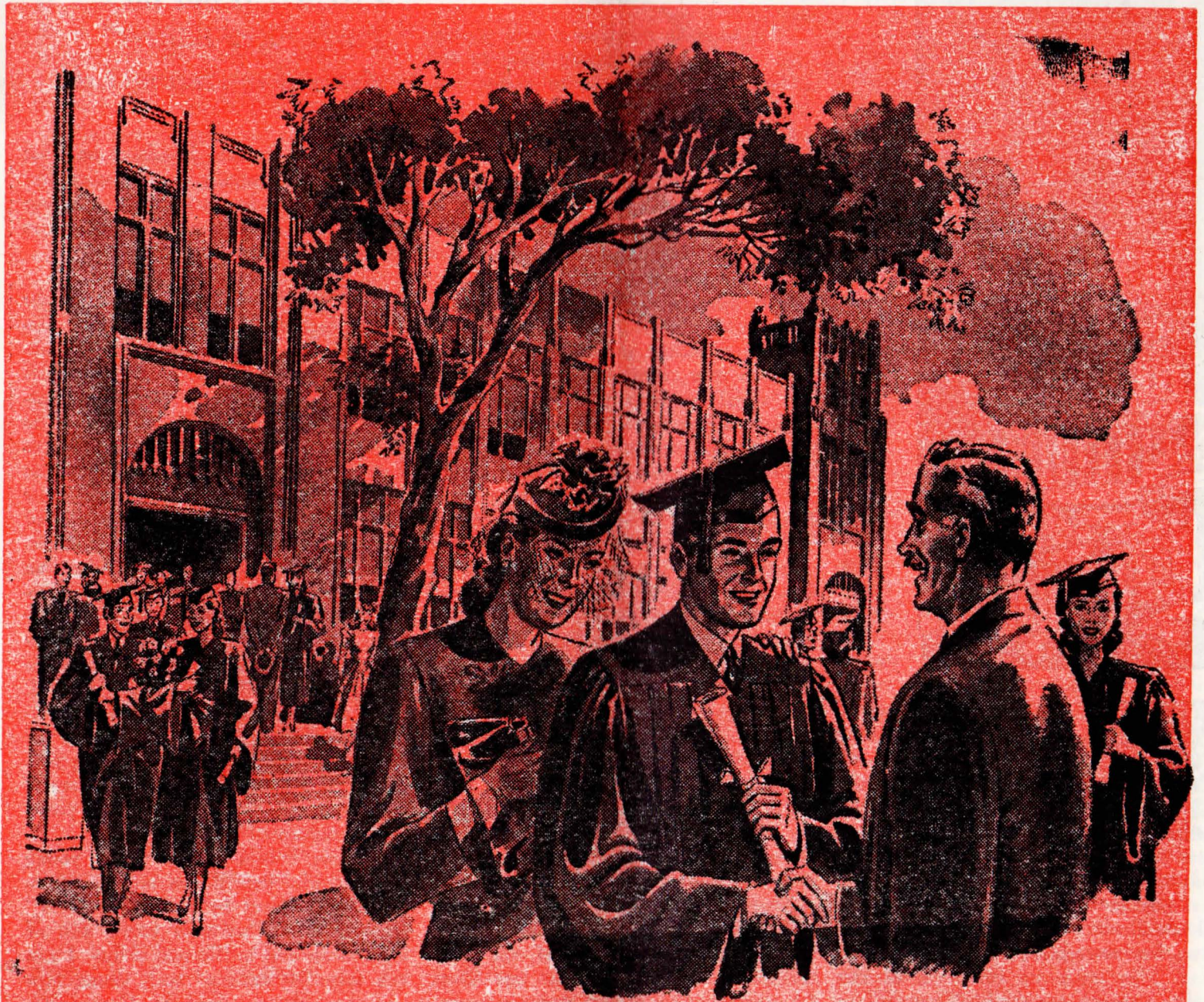
The Golden Times Weekly . . .

How to Live Life with Courage, Wisdom, and Enduring Peace of Mind through Soulcraft

Volume V

Noblesville, Indiana, Saturday, May 30, 1953

Number 5



Try to Enjoy the Great Festival of Life with Other Men--*Epictetus*

What If All this Furore Over Is First Fruits of Vigilante

ates—during the next four weeks, assumedly equipped academically to become leaders of society in the one to two decades that stretch fraudtly ahead. Again, 330 thousand of that half-million will be masculine, and 170 thousand feminine.

This, bear in mind, in a total population of citizens numbering close to 160 million—a jump of ten to twenty million since the last war, due to the purposeful influx of Displaced Aliens from Europe.

THE CONTRAST is noted not in criticism of educational opportunities in our Republic but to indicate how small the percentage of those academically trained, is required to be leaders in all lines of activity.

That a college graduate stands more than an even chance of filling a niche in the social structure that represents the highest octave of organized civic life is a common acceptance. This because his college experiences or university studies can't help but introduce him to a panoramic view of life—or rather, we might put it, a catholicity of interests—that the provincial public school graduate never contacts, nor develops.

Both Lenin and Stalin were canny enough to see that, this being so, a generous indoctrination of this small and eminent group with the virus of Marxism, might mean that they would be Communist germ carriers on the highest levels of non-Collectivist society.

So back in March of this year, Dr. Bella V. Dodd, former New York teacher, brought out in a hearing before the Senate Internal Security Sub-Committee, that the peak strength of Communist teachers in the United States could be estimated at about 1500. She said that the Executive Committee of the New York Teachers Union alone was 80 to 90 percent Communist and that non-Communist members were permitted no chance to express their opinions.

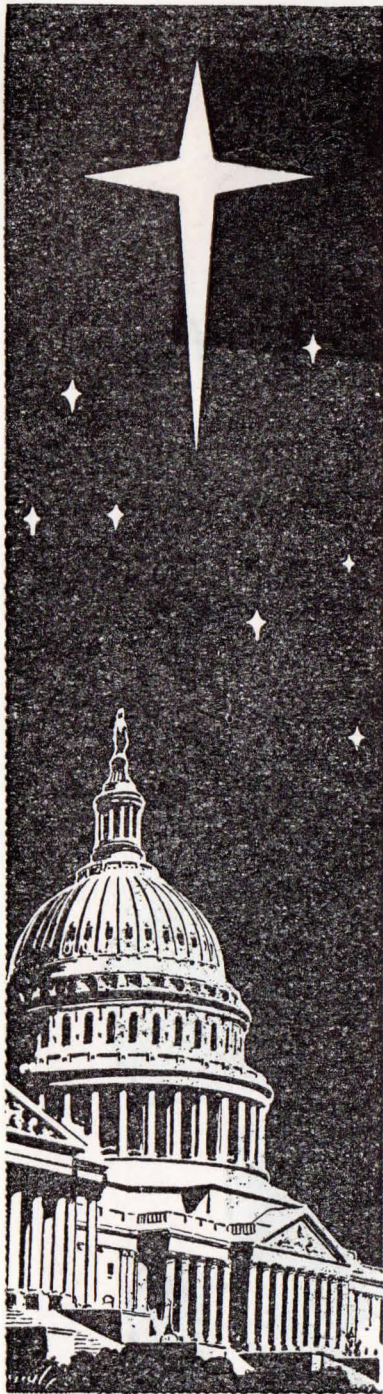
But it took Prof. William H. Withers of Queens College, New York, to give

*Isn't a Nation Aroused
Against Marxists
Precisely What the
Early "Red-Baiters"
Aspired to Accomplish?*

the senators the real low-down on what goes on academically, innoculating this half-million graduates a year out of our colleges and universities with the rabies of political collectivism.

"COMMUNIST professors," he declared, "operate primarily *outside* the classroom to subvert the thinking of American students. Communists accomplish very little damage *in* the classroom as compared to the injury they do elsewhere on the campus. They strive to curry favor with the students, pose as fighters for idealistic projects, and draw around them an admiring coterie of young people who are gradually indoctrinated. They . . . seek fields where an appeal can be made to youth on an emotional and personal basis. They try for posts as athletic directors or instructors in English, the arts, and music, where the subject of Marxism is not involved. They attend all important student meetings, sponsor student organizations of the liberal variety, and invite young people to their homes. They seek to control student councils and appoint their proteges to influential student posts.

"I have known a great many young students who were drawn into the Communist movement by faculty members," he went on. "They were young men of high ideals and intellectual ability. I can cite some 30 cases of such young men who have been ruined by Communists and who, ten years later, are disillusioned, neurotic, personally and intellectually damaged. This work was not done in the classroom."



THE FOUR weeks immediately ahead, constitute the month of June—and of college commencements.

There are 641 institutions of so-called Higher Learning in the continental United States and double that number of private schools. The total enrollment up over the past four years has averaged 2 million, 300 thousand. Men made up two-thirds of this total, women one-third. That means roughly speaking, that something like a half million new citizens, 21 or 22 years of age, will emerge from Halls of Learning—not counting private school gradu-

College Communism Pioneering Victory?

NOW THERE is another side to the whole picture—the side to which VALOR is more avidly inveighed. And this same Prof. Withers introduced it. He made an excellent statement on academic freedom in the same hearing. In response to the question whether Congressional investigation tended to destroy academic freedom, he said —

“The very essence of academic freedom is the discovery of the truth. If your object is to uncover the facts about Communism in our colleges, you are not attacking a majority of our professors because the majority are not Communists.

“It is very dangerous to assume,” Dr. Withers added, “that college teachers are a law unto themselves. No group should regard itself as beyond public responsibility. The position taken by liberals, that colleges may not be investigated, is going to boomerang. The public is not going to accept one group of society as not responsible to public opinion!”

It was precisely on this point that Senator Robert Taft of Ohio was so woefully snagged. Evidently he pulled the prize boner of the month when he stated recently that a teacher should not be fired for being a Communist unless he were actually trying to indoctrinate his students. This, as the Bulletin of the National Council for American Education points out, is his primary instruction from the Communist Party and often the very reason that he is a teacher. According to the press, Senator Taft's exact words were, “I must say, as a member of the board of trustees of a university—Yale—I would not favor firing any one for being a Communist unless I was certain he was teaching Communism or having some effect on the development of the thought of the students.”

This “boner” drew forth the prize comment of the month, in a letter which a good friend and admirer of Taft's wrote him. He said—

“If you discover a rattlesnake in the baby's crib, should you let it live until it bites the baby?”

“In other words, if you discover a rattlesnake in the baby's crib, you shouldn't kill it unless it bites the baby.”

With all this comment pro and con, and three congressional committees investigating full tilt, the lay American evidently misses in all the noise and fanfare the thing that actually is in progress—

Americans en masse, from coast to coast, are waking up to the menace of this unhallowed thing that not so many years ago assumed it had the Republic and its citizen-robots “in the bag” . . .

SOMETIMES a crusading fighter may wear such reflex grooves in his thinking—assuming he does think—that they keep him moving in one direction only and thus make a fanatic of him. And one detriment of his fanaticism is his constitutional inability to realize when he is winning, or that perchance he has won but isn't aware of it.

What is all this mighty engine of a



public opinion, so aroused that men are now suing other men in courts of law and collecting damages, when the first assert publicly that the second are “Reds” . . . ?

Marxist stalwarts that only a short decade ago were brazenly proclaiming where and when “comes the Revolution in America”, are at this moment serving time behind the walls of prisons—merely for proclaiming an ideology of violence. Colleges and schools are “getting it”, the movies have already “had” it, the next in line to feel the sting of the lash of legislative reprisal are the churches—with Methodist Bishop G. Bromley Oxnam joining the ranks of the critics of investigation, along with the Commies, Socialists, radicals and crackpots, and saying—

“These investigations are not only a threat to freedom in education but to our churches as well. These inquiries are brought by men who have sought politi-

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What You Should of an Inferiority

*Another Paper Helping
You to Understand the
Enigmas of Mortality
from the Standpoint of
Practical Mysticism . .*



in short, getting his expressions in life by adopting—willingly or unwillingly—the negative attitude.

In nine out of ten cases of the Inferiority Complexes which we examine, we find that at some time or other in the life a contact has been made with a dominant, positive, and resolute personality in each case whose mortal mission it has been to organize or mentor the souls around it that the latter may profit from the lessons of discipline or the proffers of wisdom which such organizer or mentor presents.

Such contact has been taken by the pupil in too large doses. Or, to put it in another way, the soul that has acquired the inferiority complex has not been able to assimilate the available profits from the relationship. He has not assimilated the profits available in the relationship because he has transferred his spiritual attention from the essence of the profits to the flourish or the dexterity with which the organizer or mentor has made them.

The pupil has let himself become overawed by the attainments of a spectacular personality—who has "gotten that way" largely from the fact of being a soul older in point of functioning experience—and let the voltage from such personality short-circuit his own intelligence-equipment.

Centering his attention hypnotically on the accomplishments and assurances of such an older organizing or mentoring spirit, the younger one permits the germ of discouragement to hatch within him.

"Oh, dearie me!" he cries in a sort of self-pity. "How shall I ever arrive at a state where I can deport myself with the positiveness and continual progress of

this one in my orbit who has shown himself so dominant?"

Not knowing how the superior one has "gotten that way"—merely by having lived the greater number of lives and made the greater number of trial-and-error experiments—and assuming in the sterile orthodox manner that all these things have to be accomplished in this one brief present life, the younger soul that is unable to handle such spiritual voltage bogs down and gives up.

Really, ignorance of the true life-fundamentals is behind all such spiritual exhibits, called Complexes of Inferiority!

ORGANIZERS and mentors, however, who may be responsible for such short-circuiting of the spiritual voltage of their satellites, are not necessarily all flaming leaders of society, governors of States, or past-masters in the social arts and graces. The person who may have put a bad inferiority complex in a given soul's thinking processes may have been of no higher or greater status than a bigoted or dominating parent in a hapless childhood, or a bombastic older brother or sister, or a lad in one of the environments of Boyhood whose folks were higher in the social or financial scale and overlooked no opportunity to let his school companions know it.

Nevertheless, such persons are not to be deprecated, or bemoaned, or abused, in consequence of having played such roles. The old adage has it: "It takes all sorts of people to make a world!" And all sorts of people are contained in

SUPPOSING a person suspects himself of possessing a bad Inferiority Complex. What is he supposed to do to get rid of it? Granted that all of us are more or less squeamish in facing a recognition of our life roles adequately, what is to be our conscious conduct to rid ourselves of any haunting presentiments of failure?

First of all, we must look squarely at an Inferiority Complex and know it for what it is.

An Inferiority Complex is a conclusion arrived at—and conceded privately—to such an extent that it now serves as a fundamental of the thinking, that the person involved is generally lacking in the talents, attributes, and self-assurances observed in the characters of outstanding personalities around him.

The word Inferior essentially means Lower in Rank, situated or placed lower, or being classed as a subordinate. Fundamentally it did not originate to describe people who were mentally or culturally deficient. Still, such is the use to which we have come to put it when associating it with a complex.

The person with an Inferiority Complex is lacking in self-confidence, regarding himself as predestined to failure in whatever he undertakes, and admittedly slated to get the short end of everything which he fancies desirable in life. He is,

Know about the Cause Complex, and It's Cure

a world because each one, no matter what his eccentricities of deportment or development, has something to impart to all other persons as well as something to gain by associating with his neighbors. No person, high or low, has ever come or gone in *your* life or affairs that he did not leave something with you that day by day and hour by hour you are unwittingly using at present.

Just as no group to which you have ever belonged, from the hour of your birth to the present date on the calendar, has been allowed to exist without organizers and mentors in some form, so all these eccentric or domineering or bombastic persons have been the means of establishing standards by which you are forever judging your progress with each day that passes.

Every person who contributes to the establishment of a standard, is a mentor of some sort. Never forget that!

The stricture in the person with the Inferiority Complex is, that he has his own fierce individualism to serve and inexorably purposes to serve it, but he has missed a recognition of these standards in a sort of blind envy of the ones who continually set them!

DURING childhood or adolescence, it is often impossible, of course, to escape the dominating influence of such standard-setting persons. But that is as it should be. We postulate or propose these early environments for ourselves before coming into mortality as infants. We know what is best for our earliest phases of development in the way of discipline and overlordship by those who are to compose our early surroundings. But sooner or later we find ourselves moving out of those early disciplining environments, and entering new environments that offer us other forms of increments.

We attain, as we say, our majority. We become recognized as responsible members of society in our own rights,

are listed in all the best city directories, and certainly are not overlooked by tax-collectors. If, having come up to these general civil and social standards, we still drag along the inferiority complex administered to us by some reckless personality who featured our childhood or bashful youth, we have not yet quite reached maturity. We are still dragging a quota of our babyhood with us.

"But," cries the one inflicted with such a Complex, "that may all be very well, and I agree that perhaps I am exhibiting many infantile reactions. All the same, you haven't yet answered my question: 'What am I to do about it?'"

THE THING you are to do is not to turn bombastic and obnoxious, for that would be attempting to play a mere fallacious role. People would "see through you" within the half-hour and ten to one you might end by getting your nose punched. And that would react on you by giving you a worse inferiority complex than ever. Nothing quite equals a first-class punch in the nose to extend the size and virulence of one's inherent sense of inferiority!

The thing you want to do, sensibly and poisedly, is first of all to recognize that you have been using the wrong set of standards and comparisons by which to judge yourself.

You have probably been trying to compare yourself—with your present



equipment from the lives you have lived to date—with the equipment of persons who may have lived twenty-five to fifty thousands years longer than yourself already—in spiritual functioning—and yet be standing in bodies in no wise unlike your own, so close to you that you can reach out and touch them with your arm.

Such comparisons are excellent, for general inspiration, but they can become decidedly mischievous if you keep your eye glued to them and give no thought to the achievements you have put behind you in your own right.

Has it never occurred to you, inferiority complex or no, that there may be ten, a hundred, a thousand persons a little way below you in spiritual attainments, who actually regard you at this instant precisely as you regard the fleshly disciplinarian or mentor whose attainments you now regard in a species of despair?

In your inferiority complex you have been judging yourself by comparing yourself with persons who may be far up some dizzy heights ahead of you—due to the fact that they have been the longer climbing.

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Valor

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Twelve O'clock

IT IS one of the outstanding signs that the America-is-going-to-hell pessimists are in both the wrong church and wrong pew, that Gary Cooper was given the outstanding award by the Motion Picture Academy of Arts and Sciences for "the best performance of 1952" in the film *High Noon*.

America is not "going to hell" when underlying the surface of the American character is national approval and unqualified acclaim of a movie story about as pure an offering of lambent spirituality as could be photographed on film.

High Noon, just in case you didn't see the movie, is the simple but terrific tale of a conscientious sheriff in a western town who has notice served on him that promptly at noon four professional bad men are entering the place with the avowed objective of killing him very dead. There is every rational reason why he should absent himself until such crisis in community affairs "blows over".

But Sheriff Bill Kane doesn't.

Canvassing the whole town, he fails to find anyone who will stand by him in the imminent stramash but one 14-year-old boy. Every family man—and many without families—thinks more of his personal longevity than enforcing law and order.

So Bill goes it alone . . . one against four. Even his own bride of a day refuses to assist him—only to have the head killer use her as a body-screen in a stalking match on her husband.

Not once in the whole opus did a false word, a false movement, a false precept

appear. Sheriff Bill Kane went forward to what he assumed was certain death because of the odds that confronted him.

But the thing happened that *can* happen when a man refuses to be fazed by superior odds.

All his bullets found their marks, whereas the slugs of the killers did not!

There is sacred preachment in that.

The Mexican wife of the defecting deputy who told her husband, "It takes more than six feet of brawn, and broad shoulders, to indicate a *man*," spoke a truth whose memory lingers long after the final fade-out.

The elderly retired peace officer who refused to go up against the odds, because, he said "People have to *think* law and order, Bill, before they get around to wanting it . . . down deep in their hearts, when their own lives are at stake, they just don't care," was making a speech that wasn't the truth, although the memory of that too lingers.

Kane, a harassed and buffeted man, stalked forth as the moral law of an entire community gone "yellow", *but came off adamant victor*.

The inspiration in the film story that won all awards of the past year, wasn't the perfect rendering of a perfect movie plot . . . nor yet the moral principle enacted so splendidly on celluloid. The true inspiration lies in the fact that the God-Principle within a whole citizenry—in the movie industry and out of it—should demonstrate itself so dramatically and unmistakably.



THERE is nothing wrong with a people, in other words, who approve and applaud a film story like *High Noon*. Deep in their hearts they are valorously sound.

This is not an attempt, belatedly, to review a film. It is calling attention to the fact that maybe the national pessimists are so wrong that their opinion does not even make good cynicism.

The man who recognizes his bounden duty, and does it, when every citizen is hiding to preserve his skin—which of

course never actually happens in real life—is exhibiting the Supreme Morale that is the sum and substance of all earthly experience, as VALOR and Soulcraft view it.

For precisely this Ultimate Test are all of us taking this post-graduate course in the University of Mortality.

Believing this fundamentally is a fairly good religion by which to get to heaven.

High Noon is a Soulcraft opus from its opening "shot" to its final "fade out" and the men who made it are a credit to the industry.

They are likewise a credit to the species called humanity.

And further deponent sayeth not.

Jenner on Atlee

SENATOR William E. Jenner is a fighter in the Senate for all those high national precepts for which Soulcraft stands. His official aid to obtain constitutional consideration for VALOR's editor has only been surpassed by the efforts of Senator William A. Langer of North Dakota. It's a fine thing to publish in a State whose senatorial representative is a "right" American.

In VALOR's morning mail comes the following comment from Senator Bill's Washington office, that merits national circulation—

"EX-PREMIER Clement Atlee has told us he does not approve of the American Constitution. Atlee insists that President Eisenhower shall attend a personal conference of the executive heads of the Big Powers, and that he shall come with full authority, unimpeded by the powers the American Constitution has given to Congress.

"Americans have chosen limited government. Mr. Atlee prefers a government in which the executive has unlimited power.

"Perhaps we can better understand Mr. Atlee's criticisms of the United States, and those of his party when we see clearly his political ideology.

"Admiral Leahy in his book, *I Was There*, quotes a letter he wrote to President Roosevelt on January 25, 1942, with a report that 'Mr. Churchill will in the near future be replaced as Prime Minister by Major Atlee who is the only per-

son in England acceptable to the Soviet and to British Labor.'

"Perhaps that explains why Major Atlee is ready now to bring Red China into the UN and the Security Council, even while the blood of American soldiers is being spilled today in Korea. Churchill did not oppose the sell-out to Red China. He said only that we should wait until we have an armistice first, but he would put the Chinese Reds on the governing board of the UN over our forces in Korea and Japan.

"This is the thanks we get for the billions we have given to Britain. Twice we saved her from defeat. Again and again we have saved her from bankruptcy. Now we are told to come to terms with Britain's friend and our deadly enemy, even if we must by-pass the Constitution to sell out our country."

More about the Aurameter



WONDERS bordering on the necromantic seem to be demonstrated beyond the chance of dispute by the Cameron Aurameter, previously noted in VALOR. Here, apparently, is a contrivance that measures—or otherwise indicates—things of substance not seen of eye. Thought forms, for instance.

If you mentally depict a certain object and an instrument comes along and patterns its outlines, then the assertion that "thoughts are things" holds more truth than poetry. It makes man by power of mind a literal creator of objects of substance. To prove it is revolutionary.

Following is the Aurameter portion of a lengthy letter received from the Cameron headquarters in California this past week, giving further description of the phenomena attending upon this invention that opens new fields of metaphysical possibilities—

"IN THIS case it was something which is more fantastic than usual, and in part of the research field that is filled with findings difficult to accept. What seems so fantastic to me yet is that the human aura, or call it the etheric body, or the body made up of the aka bodies of the low and middle selves blended, has extensions from the shoulders which for all the world resemble wings.

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Poets' Radio

A FATEFUL whimsy I would rhyme
About each poet's "madness",
He has a radio of sorts
That picks up Realms of Gladness.

His aerial is spun of Hope,
From star to star suspending,
His power-plant the heart of Love,
Without a start or ending.

Small static comes, its range within;
His "contact" finds all stations;
His dial-range is the Infinite,
He harks to constellations.

He turns his dial to G-O-D,
To hear sage wisdoms hoary,
Or picks up Music of the Spheres,
Or Calvary's fraught story.

Such poets! . . . Are their wits intact?
Were fox's ever keener?
'Tis hook-up with the Sacred Muse
Accounts for their demeanor.

The poet casts aside all doubt
And dial-hunts for his Maker,
While plodders plod and ranters rant
He is the bold Veil-breaker.

He spends small time with skits of gloom,
Or Mammon's crass auditions;
He seeks Eternal Broadcasts bright
That tell of angel missions.

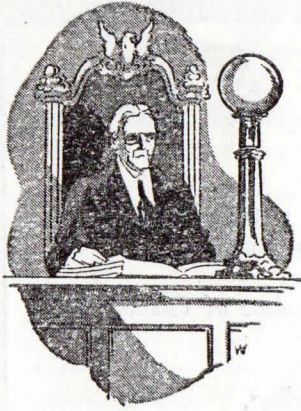
The poet's "set" has power plus
That drown-out ne'er harasses;
The plodder's "set" will get but earth
With mummers' wails and crashes.

The poet's fateful secret then
Life's "experts" may not fancy;
To sodden wits the tune-in high
Is folly's necromancy.

So, wireless of the poet's mind
Out-awes World Wonders Seven;
On Love's short-wave his verse "comes in",
Hooked up with Realms of Heaven!

—through WINCHESTER MacDOWELL





“Garden of Prophecy”

. . . Second Volume of “Door to Revelation” . . .

CHAPTER XVI

PROBABLY I was presuming too much on too slight an acquaintance, I thought.

“Is this all the stuff you require to set up a printery capable of supplying your needs?” he demanded. And his hard blue eyes under the John L. Lewis brows bored into me. It was my turn to feel jolted because it was not the reaction I had expected.

“For the present, yes,” I assured him. “What I save on costs with commercial printers will amortize that amount the first year, and the plant can grow on its own increment.”

He did not, apparently, stop to give the matter thought. He sprang up, went to his tall Mosher safe, pulled open first one door, then the other, flipped out pocket keys and unlocked an inner drawer. From the drawer he drew forth a packet of white envelopes, known in the printing trade as Number Tens. Each was a quarter-inch bulged. He counted out seven and returned three others.

“There you are,” he said curtly. “Go down and pay your bill. You’ll need the extra three hundred to pay cartage on the stuff to North Carolina.”

Each envelope, when I investigated, contained \$1,000 in bank notes.

I asked him if he had a blank note handy in his desk.

“Note!” he scoffed. “Who said anything about a note? If you’re able to repay the amount, and want to do it, you can manage it without a note. What your Liberation doctrine has done to my soul surpasses any amount of money I have in that safe.”

One night two years later, riding along

in the dark with him in his Lincoln across Ohio, he laughingly confided to me why he had acted jolted at the machinery bill I had laid down, that day in his office.

“I confidently expected you were going to ask me for at least \$25,000,” he declared, “and I was prepared to give it to you. And you brought in a bill for a paltry sixty-seven hundred! . . .”

NEVER once, in the eleven years I knew him, did I go to George B. Fisher with a Liberation proposition requiring money that he once refused me. It was he who had suggested that I relinquish everything I had in the way of holdings in the South and “come back up North among the Americans”—after Judge Nettles had begun his famous shenanigans to enforce the Warlick suspended sentence. George was the man who helped me procure the Noblesville “box factory”—and very nearly a Noblesville newspaper that was for sale at the time, and which I could have acquired had I wanted it. His home was my permanent headquarters whenever I went New Yorkward, and vice versa in respect to himself. Again and again, after his retirement from Crowell, he advanced such moneys as were necessary for my various legal fees . . . and in its proper place I shall tell of the role he played coming to my rescue when certain Asheville political characters libeled my bond on which Carolyn Thrash Dorsett had just given surety. For a considerable



time he placed his big Lincoln car at my disposal and drove me hither and yon about Great America. Taken in overall picture, he contributed more money to

the Liberation and Silver Legion work than any other convert of my acquaintance. But he was retiring and reticent of disposition, claiming that he underwrote me because never once had I ever asked for one penny that I didn’t acutely need or that was more than I specifically required.

Finally, on another night, riding with him in the dark, he likewise confided that as direct result of reading and studying the *Golden Scripts*, the prenatal veil had fallen from his memory, and he had remembered over his various lives and careers, straight back to Galilee.

It was quite a circumstance for a staid New York businessman who counted his estate in six figures, to make such attestation.

Of the raid on his home in 1942 by Federal agents, I shall tell in proper place. But it failed to fluster him, though without warrant, legal or otherwise, they cleaned out his private desk and carted away sacks of his personal papers—although in justice to the FBI it might be added that subsequently they returned them with apologies.

The last time I ever saw him in this incarnation was an afternoon in 1945 when he came into the courtroom during the Mass Sedition Trial and sat with me two hours. He had other large industrial interests in many States, and they kept him preoccupied, although his service with Crowell was finished.

One night during the winter of 1947-’48, he started across the street in Darien, Conn., and narrowly missed being run down by a speeding motorist. While not actually struck, the shock was so great on his heart that he was removed to his house in collapsed condition and he passed away next day. The years 1948, 1949 and 1950 rolled away and of a night in Anderson, Indiana, at a psychical clinic at which Mrs. Orange Beattie was the medium, I heard George’s inimitable voice unmistakably in the dusk of the seance room. He was fully materialized and I could dimly discern those eyebrows.

“Hi, Chief!” he announced himself.

"Don't worry about this hearing before Judge White at Noblesville next week. You're coming out okay."

"Georgie-Porgie!" I cried, using my familiar nickname for him. "Why in the name of all that's hallowed did you slide out on me the way you did? I need you for a long time yet, George, for the work that's still to be done."

"I know," he answered ruefully, "but the old ticker simply couldn't take it, Chief. But keep on rooting. I'll still be with you, more than you suspect."

A man only makes one friendship in a lifetime like that. Suppose Frank Fisher hadn't carried those early Scripts that noontime in the railroad station at Buffalo.

But do you know the greatest service that George B. Fisher ever really did me? Uncannily enough, it has happened since his Departure.

I TOLD earlier in these papers about the situation in the Crowell Company in result of my publishing "Seven Minutes." I had learned, via the New York publishing grapevine, that a certain official in the company had been able to go to great ecclesiastical interests in New York and obtain a loan of money sizable enough to enable him to buy stock control of the company—on the strictest understanding that never again would any of the Crowell publications publish anything esoteric, or similar to the Seven-Minute experience, contradicting theological tenets respecting the Afterlife. The instant this official had come into suzerainty of the concern, everyone who had ever had the remotest connection with that Seven-Minutes printing had immediately found himself or herself hunting new employment. Certainly I had written my last contribution for the publications with which I had enjoyed unbroken affiliation since 1917. New editors took over, making it clear to me that I was *persona non grata* even upon the premises.

George Fisher had supplied considerable irony to this situation, because when his will was read, after his demise, I learned while in jail that I had been left a generous share of his holdings in Collier-Crowell Company. And the amount was by no means inconsiderable that George had possessed.

Here then had been the despised and excoriated Pelley of Seven-Minutes sud-

denly become a sizable stockholder in the very company that had put finis, ostensibly, to his writing career.

Talk about karmic compensations.

I have letters in my files from the official who thus wrested control of the company in reprisal for the publication of the article indicating that when Fisher's bequest became known, he obviously "blew a gasket." And while George's estate was in "settlement", certain manipulations within the company carried the value of that stock per share down from 37 to 13. Why, I wouldn't know.

I lost \$8,000 in one day . . . that I certainly do know.

However, I by no means played the role of corporate plutocrat for long, as the Soulcraft work had to be financed. I disposed of the main bloc of Fisher's stocks that I held—much to the relief of the Collier potentates.

Life can be odd. Its compensations are frequently so dramatic.

At any rate, of a week in the winter of 1951-1952, a mutual friend of Fisher's and mine dropped into Noblesville Headquarters on his way to Miami, from Canada. He was going to Miami to consult Bertie Lily Candler, he said. Bertie Lily had been George's favorite mediumistic friend. A week later the Canadian was back.

"I talked with George for almost a half-hour," he declared, although it was far from as long as he'd have wished. "I know it was he, because of the topics we discussed that only he and I were aware of. And he sent special word to you, W. D., in fact two words. First, he said to tell you that had he known what he knows now about the sacred import of the Liberation-Soulcraft work, he would have left his entire fortune to it, not just a portion. But it was the second thing he told me that seems the more significant. He said to tell you that since he's been on the Higher Octaves, he's personally made certain that the Golden Scripts are absolutely and unqualifiedly authentic, that they come from the Source that average Soulcrafters assume they come from, and that you need never have any doubts that you're not sponsored by the Sacred Entities that you credit."

And he sent me Godspeed in the work as a whole.

George B. Fisher, God bless him!

All I can say is, that whenever any man sincerely strives to do the best he



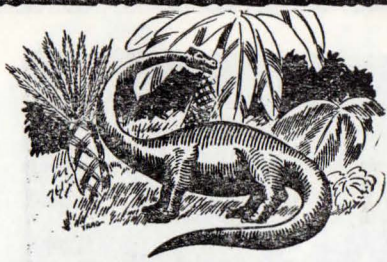
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can, with such resources as may be seemingly at his command, there must eventually be a George B. Fisher come into his life. I believe that, if I believe nothing else.

Take this, therefore, at what it is worth—

Another New York friend, in the summer of 1951, was attending a spiritist seance in Pennsylvania. He had never known George Fisher, in fact he solemnly assured me that the name meant nothing when someone using it "came through" and said to convey a message from him to "Chief." The New York informant had never known me by such courtesy title.

"He said," the New York man declared, chancing to mention it when I happened to use George's name in recounting an experience, "to ask you, 'Please, please, don't forget me!'"

God love you, George! . . . however could I forget you?

You came at the start of a significant work, and because of you it gained to national proportions.

You shall not be without your reward!

NONE of this implies for one moment that George B. Fisher has been the only donor of size to the work of Liberation-Soulcraft over the past quarter-century. If it would not embarrass persons living, I could name nearly a score whose names are written large in the ledgers of Eternity for what they have done that this doctrine might be known. In Ohio, Utah, and the State of Washington particularly have been those whose loyal generosity never once failed me.

What a Spiritual Aristocracy!

Most potent to relate, it hasn't been the actual proselyting of the work that has run to amounts so heavy. It has been the cost of legal defenses, when the crusading phase of Soulcraft has called up legal reprisals. But that is a story for another time and place.

The truly poignant reaction to these twenty-five years of labor in "the Lord's vineyard" has been—as in George Fisher's case—the serried disappearance of familiar faces in the ranks of beloved colleagues and compatriots. There was such zestful enthusiasm among those who started out in the sun of Morning, such valorous camaraderie in the conflicts and struggles of Noon. Then in Mid-Afternoon, stalwarts by the score began to drop away. It is still a long dis-

tance to Evening, but legion are those who fought through the noon-heat and, like George, are now Blessed Memories.

"Oh, for the sound of a voice that is silent,
And the touch of a vanished hand."

What a Reunion Beautiful is ultimately coming when a new generation has succeeded to Soulcraft, and the tumults of early days are but history and traditions! A Movement of this kind is more than a Reformation. It is an epic! . . .

Let's see, where was I? . . . Oh, yes, publishing *Roll-Call* in the interests of the America First Committee, and going back and forth between Indiana and Washington to check with O'Connell on that pernicious extradition.

Finally, it happened! . . .

(Continued Next Week)

The Aurameter

(Continued from Page 7)

"Those items of discovery at the hands of HRA Cameron are topped by the most fantastic find of all. In feeling around with his special instrument which measures the shape of the aura by moving back away from it when brought into contact, there was found to be above the doughnut-shaped aura, with feet so high as to be almost beyond the reach of a tall man, an aura the size and shape of a human body. A ladder was used to trace its outline with the instrument when first discovered . . . Up to this time we have lacked a true instrument for the measuring of all ages, have seen the auras and have agreed on the whole that they are there. The trouble with psychic vision is that often the visions do not agree, this sad fact discrediting the findings in a large way.

It would take a very thick book to give a complete summary of all the amazing things which have come to light since the experiments began with this type of instrument, beginning with the locating of under ground water, then the disclosure of the human aura in all its shapes and ramifications; the beam of force from the left eye which extends like a ray of light and touches whatever is concentrated upon; the beam 6 feet long from the left temple, the meaning of which I have not yet discovered; the 10 inch beam of force from the heart region

during strong emotion; the triangular fin on the back of the head which I believe is the receptor for telepathic messages carried on the beam from the left eye; the rays which can be projected from the hand as used in healing; the discovery of thought forms which can be outlined by the Aurameter; the rays and rods of force from religious objects and other objects charged by concentration in prayer; the locating of oil underground by the spinning motion which the instrument develops when poised vertically, the locating of diseased spots; the energy fields around a magnet or some kinds of ore. All these things are forerunners of wonderful new discoveries which will bring about a complete change in our belief about many things, both natural and Spiritual; as for instance, the halo, always believed to belong to Angels. Now it appears that it is *we* who have halos. Many other things have been the subject of much speculation but seemed to be unprovable, yet they now yield to demonstration and understanding by the advent of this unique new tool.

"In Mr. Long's HRA Bulletin No. 61 he wrote, 'To get back to R. R., (he refers here to the Borderland Sciences Research Associates publication, the *Round Robin*, whose office is at 3524 Adams Avenue, San Diego, Calif.) the caper of the issue is contained in a few paragraphs on pages 16 and 17. During the week of July 2nd, Director Meade Layne, writes your Director, observed in the *Round Robin* office, the operation of a device so sensitive that when one extended a hand toward it and commanded it to move away, the pointer on the device would swing through at least a 90 degree arc in the direction required; and if one commanded it to turn toward one, it would also obey. In each case a time interval of 15 to 20 seconds before the motion began. We hold that this event here mentioned so briefly and casually—is comparable to the fall of a kingdom.'

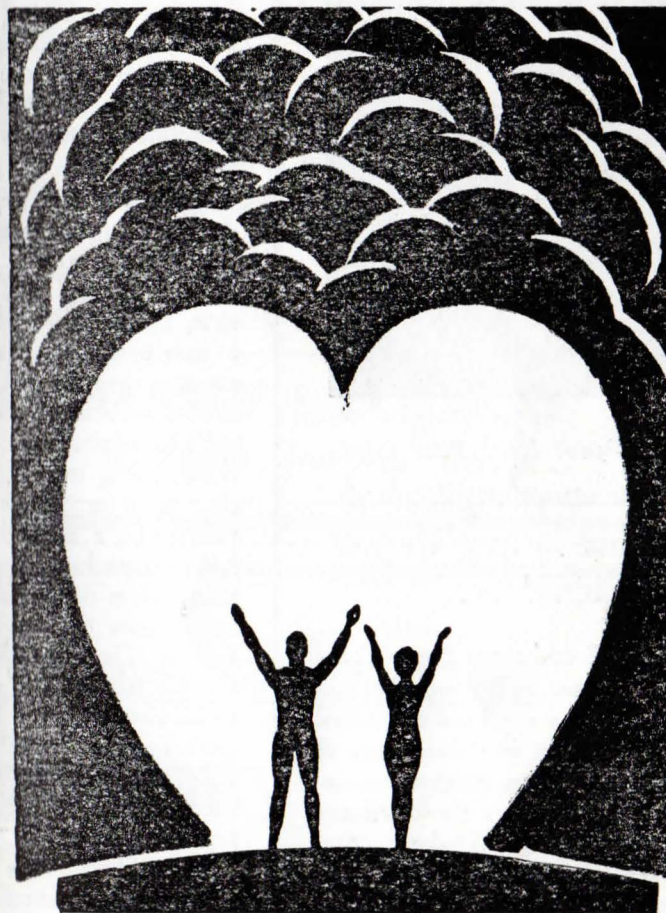
"The time lag of from 15 to 20 seconds is almost as important to the understanding of this matter as is the fact that eventually the mental command was obeyed by the hand on the sensitive instrument.

"The point that *must* be explained is the lag. Electricity and light move at a speed so great that the distance involved in this experiment counts as nothing.

"HRA V. L. Cameron called my attention to this time lag recently when he

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was letting me make a mental image of some object, then finding and outlining the thought-form object with his dowsing instrument. It would take me up to thirty seconds to make my mental vase or ball or cone sufficiently strong to be located and outlined with the instrument in the empty air. The instrument has a small pointer of metal which becomes—as HRA Cameron points out—positive through contact with the one who holds it. As positive poles repel each other, the mentally created form or object must have enough of the bodily energy passed into it through an aka thread connection to cause it to assume a positive polarization and repel the pointer of the instrument. We need the "aka" substance to contain the "mana", and the directing consciousness to dictate the nature of the form or shape.

"In using the Aurameter to locate underground water, it takes its positive charge from the bodily charge or aura of the bearer, and since the reflected rays, similar to light, returning from the stream or spring as it flows underground, are *negative* in polarity, the pointer is drawn *towards* the flow.

"The Aurameter is really a simple thing, being merely a hollow metal handle, with a delicately poised, hinged pointer on a slender steel stem. But the *balance*, and the *poise!* They required many years of patient endeavor to attain and require the utmost accuracy and perfection. There lies the secret! It is so extremely sensitive that it simply refuses to be brought to within 2 inches of anyone's body, *unless they were born with a veil (or caul)* see Webster. In this case the person is usually without the usual positive polarity.

"The first time I discovered this strange phenomenon was many years ago, while eating lunch with an old minister of the Gospel, in a restaurant. He told me he could locate water by using a forked twig, (millions can). Then he said, 'Maybe you can tell me why it is that the stick always turns *toward* me?'

"I said, 'The only reason I can see is that you must have a *reverse* polarity.' Then when I brought my locating instrument up to his chest, instead of avoiding him, it was drawn *to* his chest.

"I firmly believe the use of the Aurameter can lay bare the secrets of the mind, the locating and proper diagnosis of disease and even the location of the *Soul* as well as other spiritual bodies, but

it will also lay bare the innermost secrets of the earth, in locating water and oil deposits."

Inferiorities

(Continued from Page 5)

Suppose you pull your spiritual hat-visor down where you can't see them for the moment, and take a look at those a little below you and a trifle behind you. The world holds millions of people who by no means have attained to what you have attained. You're truly in a vast column of sentient spirits progressing up a mountainside. It's all right to give an occasional glance to what the Big Folk up ahead are doing, but you owe it to yourself to give a look back downward and realize what a vast distance—and height—you have already climbed.

ONE OF THE grandest consolations that can come to a person inclined to indulge himself in a feeling of inferiority now and then, is to recall one of the passages in the Liberation Scripts to the effect that it makes no difference whatsoever whether a person holds a position high or low in earthly station, he is considered to be of equal importance in Great Cosmos with all other souls in functioning consciousness. Cosmos, in other words, is not interested in what degrees may be written after your name at present, or what sort of a house you live in, or how much money you may have in the bank. Cosmos is interested in you because you are a particle of sentient Spirit, and no one particle of sentient Spirit has any license to say to any other particle: "I am better than you!" Sentient Spirit is sentient Spirit, and all particles are due down some far day to arrive at the same manifestation of splendid celestial attainments.

There is no such thing as Rank in the higher worlds and octaves of consciousness. There are no such things as castes or classes. There are only Spirits who are more unfolded or developed, and hence wiser, in that they have been in the functioning state of consciousness longer. They have lived more lives in the three-dimensional world of form and substance.

Everything depends on how many incursions a given spirit has taken into the state of flesh! The more incursions, the

greater wisdom. The greater the wisdom, the wider the permitted mentorship. But "all stand equal before the Father!"

No matter how lowly your station, or how you may be lampooned or kicked around at present, Cosmos never loses sight of you. This was what Christ had in mind when He said: "Even the hairs of your head are all numbered!"

THE WAY to cure yourself of a bad Inferiority Complex is to start mentoring those around you or slightly behind and below you, giving them the benefits and increments of what your worldly experiences and accomplishments have been to date—doing it however, in such manner that they like it and come back around for more. You're by no means at the bottom of any Cosmic Stairflight, for if you were, you wouldn't be dwelling as a reasonably-intelligent white person in the enlightened United States of America in the year of Grace 1953. You'd be squatting on your haunches about some jungle fire, commenting in gutturals as you gnawed the thighbone of some enemy.

Get it through your head that somewhere along in your present or recent lives, somebody fazed you with an exhibit of personality that threw your estimates of yourself all out of plumb. Your Inferiority Complex is a sort of hypnotic trance in which you've been living your life in consequence, ever since.

You've got to wash those folk out of your adolescent recollection—though the recollection is now subconscious.

It is no mere editorial-column wisecrack that the world accepts you at precisely the value that you place upon yourself! This doesn't mean that if you decide in your own mind that you're a millionaire, that the nearest bank is going to honor your cheque in seven figures.

You've got to have the cash on deposit when you write cheques, and no nonsense about it. By the same token, you must have real character on deposit when you write cheques of personal appraisal. In other words, when you put a value on yourself, it must have a basis in real character—you can't pose! But you don't need to pose! You can be the thing that you envision, and the world will accept you on that basis without half the argument that you now imagine may be necessary.

Remember, that ninety-nine out of ev-

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Soulcraft Chapels

ery hundred people are too busy at the job of thinking about themselves and worrying about their troubles, to pay much attention to you, anyhow. What you therefore take to be a bad Inferiority Complex in yourself probably is little more than a bit of over-sized self-consciousness. What does it matter, if no one is noticing it?

Take reasonable responsibility upon yourself, forget the seemingly dazzling personalities of Aged Souls far up ahead of you in the social procession, and dwell instead on the host of persons—incarnate or discarnate—who right this moment are willing to look to you as mentor.

In other words, get sane about yourself, and get the estimate of your present accomplishments in plumb.

You're the only person who thinks you are inferior, anyhow.

It's ten to one that your neighbors or associates haven't noticed it!

College Communism

(Continued from Page 3)

cal advantage in an hour of hysteria and seek to capitalize on fear in the name of Americanism. The time has come to carry this issue to the people for decision.”

But that is precisely what the “Red-Baiters” on the frontier of the anti-Communist fight a dozen years ago, dreamed and hoped would come to pass—and for it they burned the midnight oil, spent their money and their health, and in outstanding cases forfeited their freedom.

Success is turning their way, but how many of them recognize it as success, and the harvest of their toil and tears and heartbreak?

Some are still so punch drunk that they will keep on slugging long after the gong has sounded—with the Iron Curtain fallen in a mass of political if not military debris—and no more “enemies” left to battle.

NONE of which means the Battle against Subversion and Insurrection is yet won—by a long way. But it does mean that underlying the American Way of Life is a hard, sterling core of Character and Patriotic Integrity in the mass of the citizenry that is proving its presence, not to mention its reality. And due to

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the pioneering and frontier fighting of Congressmen Jacob Thorkelson and Martin Dies, Major-General George Van Horn Moseley, Robert Edward Edmondson, Gerald Winrod, George Deatherage, Gerald L. K. Smith, Martin Fagan, and gallant gentlewomen like Elizabeth Dilling, Marilyn Allen and Lyrl Van Hying, these voices, at first crying in a great wilderness, have at last reached the ear of press, public, and Congress, at least in mass enlightenment. And press, public and Congress have aroused from their lethargy—or are arousing in this crisis year of 1953—and Red Radicalism is making no more headway—not at least in high places.

It takes genius that savors of the Spirit to recognize when the one-time Lost Cause by no means is lost but has suddenly drawn the jackpot.

DR. WITHERS uttered a fine, wise, and substantial truth when he said that there is nothing wrong with our universities, colleges and schools but a small percentage of pernicious gentry who terreted their ways in, and are now called to reap the penalty of their conspirings, with congressional ferretings chasing them through the dark warrens of their Moscovite burrows and up into daylight where the hounds of the law are waiting to seize and tear them.

It's the fact that the whole nation is turning Red-conscious that truly vindicates the character and integrity of the mass American people.

No, the Reds are *not* winning out. They never were less secure, less precarious as to their futures, less able to put over a great collusion to emasculate and enslave the American people, than they are at this moment.

As for the Thorkelsons, the Dies, the Dillings, and all the rest of the one-time defendants in the infamous and Red-inspired Mass Trial—their Davidian contest against the Goliath of "Invincible" Marxism is suddenly cashing in—and paying off.

And the 641 American institutions of Higher Learning will still be graduating academic mentors for the less favored portions of the populace up a thousand months of Junes for which calendars are not yet printed.

They will not be pro-Communist mentors, by the way.

The crisis still to come will make that a certainty.



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A f t e r t h o u g h t

NEWS came up from North Carolina on May 19th that Mrs. Carolyn Thrash Dorsett, 78, the one-time affluent widow of Asheville who went my bond in the Zeb Nettles stramash, made the Transition Saturday night, May 16th, from an Asheville hospital after a lengthy illness. This was the lady who went the bond that the Buncombe County New Dealers 'knocked down' when I failed to show in North Carolina County Court because I could not, being in the hands of another set of New Dealers in federal affairs in Indianapolis. In other words, it was a case of a gracious lady going bond for me, then practically the same set of manipulators moving to get me incarcerated in another State, and grabbing the money as forfeit. The Buncombe County authorities knew that I was physically incapacitated from keeping that legal rendezvous, and took advantage of it to enrichen themselves by \$12,500. Strange to relate, however, the same gracious lady held no umbrage against me for such default. Up to within a month of her death she continued to write me the friendliest of letters, in fact on one occasion a year ago she even made a journey to Raleigh, the State Capital, to interview the Governor in my behalf.

But she got nowhere.

Such are politics in the Tar Heel State that the attitude was one of rigorously chastising her for ever having come to my assistance with bond surety at all . . .

IFIRST met Carolyn Dorsett in 1932 a few weeks after arriving in Asheville. She was a statuesque lady who lived in a beautiful home in Biltmore Forest and honored me by attending many of my Sunday evening lectures in Galahad College. Presently she invited me to a tea at that home, at which time she not only acquainted me with an entire panorama of the political situation in the State and County into which I was coming, but disclosed that as a young woman she had served as sculptor's model for many of the Grecian figures representing Dame Liberty that adorn the national Capitol.

After the death of her husband, she lived close to a beloved brother who was her constant companion but who preceded her into Regions of Light during the year 1952. Throughout my residence in Asheville the brother—who likewise was elderly—had repeatedly visited me and given me "low down" pedigree on the more notorious political characters that infested the western end of the State. He carried on a perpetual feud with this assortment, and was never happier than when confounding them.

A dramatic episode occurred the afternoon that Judge Phillips closed the hearing by Nettles, adding two years to the statutory penalty "for libeling our dear over-worked President"—that is, one Roosevelt. When it became apparent that an appeal bond would be required in a hurry, my attorneys besought

Mrs. Dorsett to ask her to go surety a second time to save me from further incarceration. But the lady could not be found. Frantically the servants in her home declared that she had left earlier that day to attend my legal proceedings. But she had not been in court. Where could she have disappeared?

It so happened that one of my legal staff chanced to go into the office of a local police court lawyer in the Asheville business section that afternoon to use the phone, only to hear frantic beatings and expostulations arising from an inner room. He listened, and knowing the lady personally, demanded of the attorney-occupant, "Isn't that Mrs. Dorsett? . . . have you got her locked up against her will?" The man, caught in apparent malfeasance, tried to palm it off that she must have gone into the room and suffered the snapping of a spring-lock, thus making her prisoner. But that wasn't the lady's version when her freedom was effected. She was smouldering. According to her version later, in the presence of witnesses, she had been inveigled to go up to the local lawyer's rooms on the bogus suggestion that she could assist me, only to learn that the Political Gang was not above restraining her until after the time-limit set for the posting of my bond. But seeming coincidence had thwarted that plot. Released, she made the County Clerk's office just seven minutes ahead of time.

MY UNDERSTANDING is, that it was a \$30,000 piece of property that Mrs. Dorsett put up as security for my bond, that the Buncombe County characters only realized \$7,000 or thereabout when they foreclosed on it—having already made arrangements with Federal prosecutors for prior rights to my person that I might be tried on a Federal charge where my chance of winning was less, but that the same property was later sold by the purchaser at such a stratospheric figure that his conscience made him divide some of his gains with the lady. The Asheville paper, of course, in writing her obituary, made it as usual an anti-Pelley smear, laid the whole blame squarely on my shoulders as a bond defaulter, saying nothing of the attempts I had been making to reimburse Mrs. Dorsett financially before her death. My files are thick with her letters, in her large and characterful handwriting, congratulating me for having gotten complete clearance on the case in Hamilton County, Indiana.

I have lost, temporarily, an estimable friend, but one could not begrudge her the Experience Beautiful she must now be undergoing.

Hail and Farewell, Carolyn Thrash Dorsett! You were as big and statuesque and fine in your soul as any stone effigy of you that continues to adorn the Capitol at Washington! I shall be meeting and chatting with you again—eventually.

May the Buncombe County politicians be conspicuous by their absence!

