

Valor

The Golden Times Weekly...

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

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Number 20



THE BRICKER AMENDMENT MUST STILL BE PASSED . .

By Rep. WINT SMITH of Kansas



R. SPEAKER, during the past 20 years, many attempts have been made to remake American laws that have to deal with the domestic and foreign concepts of our American way of life. Some of these attempted changes have been openly made, but generally these substitutions and alterations have been deceitful, deceptive, and fraudulent. These modifications, in our age-old American rights, have generally been placed in a gaudy package bound with pinkish, red, and glittering tinsel, with a motto on the outside, "in the name of world-wide humanity." But the opponents of the Bricker amendment have used different wrapping paper because when you cut through their phony legalistic phrases, we see very clearly that their package is wrapped in the clearest of cellophane. Their whole package is designed to make the United States a vassal state in which the internationalists, one-worlders can get control of the sovereignty of the United States.

WE, IN America, have always won our battles for freedom and sovereignty when we could see our enemy. But the enemy who hides behind the Constitution, while plotting its destruction, is sometimes difficult to control. These modern international Socialists and Communists who use the fifth amendment as a cloak to carry on their so-called enlightening re-

"It's not on the cards for America to relinquish her sovereignty to any global State"

forms are not always easy to apprehend.

The Bricker amendment, in simple language, is nothing more or less than an attempt to preserve and protect our American heritage.

It might be well to recall that this attempt to destroy our American heritage was started at San Francisco at the first organization meeting of the United Nations—and remember—the basic architect after months of scheming with the internationalist, socialistic, pink-fringe crowd was Alger Hiss.

THE San Francisco meeting was nothing more or less than the public stage from which the United Nations concept would be launched—and again the United Nations package was wrapped up in gaudy tinsel—to proclaim to the world an organization for international peace—but the real objective of Alger Hiss, Joe Stalin and all the Red international socialists was a backdoor entry to steal the sovereignty of the United States.

This weird organizational meeting opened without prayer so the atheists and other international one-worlders might not be offended at the mention of God's name.

Did the people of the United States elect the delegates to this organizational meeting? No. They were appointed. These delegates simply gambled with the destiny and sovereignty of the American people. Joe Stalin was not there. It was not necessary—because he had Alger Hiss there as Secretary-General. Edward R. Stettinius, one of the United States delegates, told the President of the United States that his United Nations was a declaration and a constitution.

Emphasis was used as usual by the proponents of the U. N. to show that it was basically designed as a peace organization. Korea is the tragic example of this phony concept. When this U. N. Charter was ratified, it was a blow at American independence—it was dishonoring to the sound doctrine of George Washington and an insult to the memory of the Continental Army—and above all a slave act for the American people.

Senator PAT McCARRAN, of Nevada, has said:

"I made an error which I shall regret all the days of my life when I voted for the United Nations."

THE Basic objective of the Bricker amendemnt is to assure two things: that world government cannot be forced on the American people through the back door or by using the Trojan horse technique—and to be doubly sure that the civil liberties of the people of the United States be not destroyed.

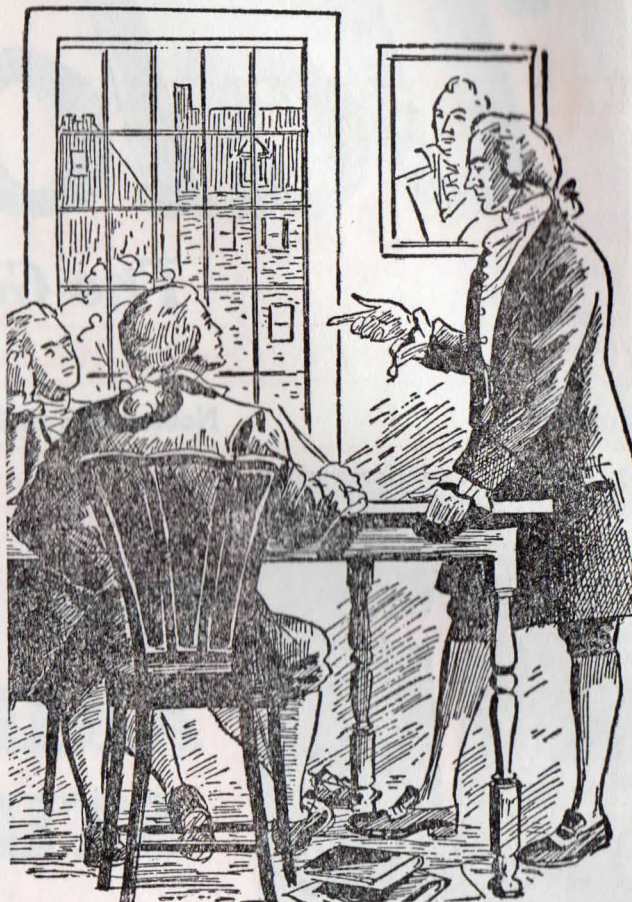
Perhaps the Bricker amendment's chief and final objective is to guarantee our basic domestic rights. It is certainly a long jump from our fundamental concepts of basic American rights—if foreign states can change, alter or compel us to change our basic domestic laws. Yet many of those who oppose the Bricker amendment say we must submit to this—in order to show international cooperation.

Our own Constitution would have never been ratified by the States if the Bill of Rights had not been added to the Constitution as the first ten amendments.

The makers of our Constitution thought the Federal Government would only be concerned with treaties concerning boundaries, freedom of the seas, right to trade with foreign nations, etc.

Article VI of the Constitution says:
... All Treaties made, or which shall be made, under the Authority of the United States, shall be the supreme Law of the Land; and the Judges in every State shall be bound thereby, any Thing in the Constitution or Laws of any State to the Contrary notwithstanding.

Edgar W. Waybright of Florida has



this to say about the intent of the framers of the Constitution:

They did not foresee that in 1848, a little man who had failed at everything, by the name of Karl Marx, would devise a scheme for a cruel world-wide dictatorship to enslave all mankind. They did not foresee that thousands of college professors, school teachers, ministers, labor bosses, writers, businessmen, lawyers, and doctors, could be led by a few sinister men consumed by the lust for power to turn the words of the Constitution upside down, and inside out, so that they would mean what the writers never intended.

They never could in the wildest nightmare have imagined that these sinister men and these well meaning but shallow thinkers could take from the preamble of this great instrument the phrase "promote the general welfare" and interpret it to mean that these words taken from the context authorized, ignoring the rest of the Constitution, the creation of a Communist, Socialist, or Fascist "welfare" state.

Likewise, the framers of this great in-

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WHERE DO THEOSOPHISTS GO FROM NOW ONWARD?

By *W. H. PERRINS*

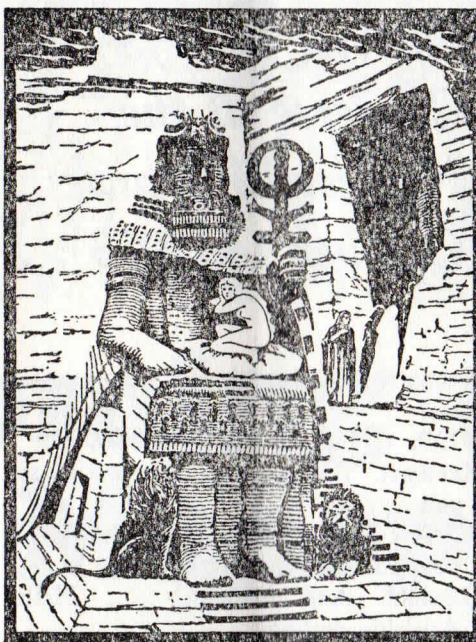
DESTINY shapes our ends—no doubt of that. And sometimes the Life Pattern is so clear that the doing of it is absolutely imperative. Joan of Arc was a case in point, a peasant girl feeling herself called to be a Tool of Destiny even though it brought ignominy, torture and death. Moses was supposedly found by a king's daughter for a purpose of destiny, and the role of Jesus in cosmic earthly affairs was so definite and exceptional that it was prophesied seven hundred years in advance.

Then there is Pelley, who surely is among the world's great ones, compelled to spend seven years in a felon's cell for a supposedly political offense.

While I do not classify *myself* among these great, yet I too have my definite urges along the Way of Destiny to do certain things for a specific purpose, and if you will indulge me I will lapse into the personal and explain . . .

I WAS evidently born to a religious-philosophic destiny, as my father was a lay preacher, my mother a tract distributor, and I received my education fairly free from church sources. However I had hardly reached my majority before I found I had to leave the English Episcopal Church and join the Theosophical Society . . . because it had a larger concept of life.

I adhered to that doctrine for twenty-five years and am still a member. But in a sense I am now going to leave that too, as far as devoting my energies to its furtherance, because I find that Pelley has the same thing essentially but from different sources, with a more practical application of it besides a newspaperman's way of telling it.



I have not "suffered"—excepting perhaps a little frustration. I am not promoting any Movement of my own or expecting to play any major role in history. I am just going to give my energies to promoting the worked of a man who has such a role—namely PELLEY. And in another sense I'm not leaving the Theosophical Society, nor the Church either. They are all doing splendid work in the teaching, development and saving divine souls.

But a man has to follow his temperament—which is, in a way, his Destiny. And because of my passion for success I have to move fast and see results.

I believe Pelley's Soulcraft is the coming mentor of religious-philosophical thought in the United States, and perhaps the world.

So I am with him, yet on my own, and loving it. I am on my own in that I have created another idea to work with his, namely NEWSPAPER SOUL-RES-

CUE, and also I have my own business, trading in oil and oil lands, a part of which I shall devote to helping Missionary Ardents to help themselves, to fulfill *their* destinies. I see no greater thrill in life than to foster the forwarding and distributing of worth-while ideas throughout the earth.

TO BE perfectly candid, the Theosophical Society is a mystical research group without any promotional ability and more or less hampered by its Indian traditions, while nearly all churches have promotional talent and use it on the essential idea—the education, development, and saving of human souls. But Pelley has the right-in-between mixture to surpass both in the not-too-distant future. However, ministers, I am at your service too, and Theosophy . . . you are just like my dear old mother, I could never really leave you in my heart and affections. As for me, as you have probably guessed, I'm no newspaperman. I'm really just a retired musician who had to learn to write and type to carry out his Destiny. I am no saint, either. I am just concerned about seeing so many ignorant, confused souls around, with some knowledge but no wisdom, most of them uninformed and all of them now definitely beyond the reach of the Church or other good influences.

That is why my hope for the world now lies with newspapermen. The Newspaper Boss with money and time on his hands but caught up all his life in the Destiny of formulating ideas in men's minds has been operating in the realm of Politics, Welfare, Vice Crusades and Racket Busting . . . mostly negative approaches. But on the positive side we have Bell and Koefoed of the *Miami*

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WHAT HARRIET SAID . . .



SUPPOSE you had seen your first baby-child lying stiff and waxen in a small white casket, accepting in your orthodox adolescent thinking that she had gone from your life forever. Suppose, a quarter-century afterward, a comely young woman walked out in fully materialized form before you, greeted you as "Daddy!" and proceeded to demonstrate by her long knowledge of your intimate affairs that she must be, beyond question, the girl-baby of that earlier white casket. Suppose, in the fifteen years that followed her original manifestation, she had similarly appeared a dozen times, *the same identical girl regardless of what medium was supplying the teleplasmic force*, but as she drew toward forty she altered in temperament, becoming profoundly religious and sedate respecting spiritual subjects? Would you accept that survival of the human personality was a fact?

Harriet's last appearance in physically materialized form occurred at the Noblesville Headquarters of Soulcraft on the evening of October 14th. So apt were her remarks that the dialogue, caught as it was on electronic tape, is now available for transcript and publishing, that Soulcrafters across the nation may be apprised of what she said.

Present were thirteen persons from the Soulcraft publishing staff, all of whom saw and heard identical phenomena and are ready to subscribe to the truth of the following discourse under oath. 9:10 p. m., the cabinet drapes parted in adequate ruby light and the comely woman who had been recognized as the same personality up the fifteen previous years, stepped forth, paused two feet from her father and the following dialogue ensued—

(Harriet Materializes)

HARRIET: This is Harriet. Hello daddy!
WDP: Hello, Harriet, darling!

¶ A Stenographic Transcript of Harriet Pelley's Converse at the Noblesville Seance October 14, 1953 . . .

HARRIET: Darling daddy, can you see me?
WDP: I can see you so plainly.
HARRIET: I'm so happy to come to see you . . .
WDP: I can see the lovely jewels on your forehead . . .
HARRIET: And Adelaide! . . . Hello, Adelaide darling!
ADELAIDE: Hello, Harriet.
HARRIET: Can you all see me? I'm so happy to come to see you, Daddy!
WDP: Yes?
HARRIET: Oh, I'm working so faithfully with you. I'm working each day. I'm always standing by, watching over you. Can you see me?
WDP: Yes, indeed I can see you, honey. I can see the beautiful jewels on your forehead . . .
HARRIET: And it's so wonderful to know that I could come home. I promised to come.
WDP: Yes, you did.
HARRIET: I promised to come, and George . . . He was with me tonight. And Daddy . . .
WDP: Yes?
HARRIET: You have a great work to do! . . . you have to help millions of souls.
WDP: All I want is the wherewithal, honey.
HARRIET: The way is Opened and the Call has Come. And we're marching



through your world and the cord of your soul to help you, and to help all mankind to know and to find his way Back Home. Every one of you is marching onward. Everyone of you throughout the universe is marching on and upward to another home, because your body, the physical flesh, will fall in a little while and you'll step out of the old shell and you'll move out into Another House, and that house that you're going to live in and occupy is not a house made with hands. But it's made of your noble deeds and your words and actions unto each other, being your brother's helper and being your brother's keeper. And daddy, that is why I had to leave you while I was a baby and come Out Here . . . to bring the glad tidings back to you and to help you help others . . .

WDP: You know how much I wish you were here, don't you, honey?
HARRIET: . . . to light them to the way of the Light and the Truth. Then I have some lovely children to help. I'm helping the babies, Adelaide.

ADELAIDE: Thank you, Harriet.
HARRIET: I'm working to help them, and helping millions of children. And we work from This Side of life to bring joy and glad tidings to all of you people all over the world. Look into the Christ's face and see His life in His eyes. Look into His soul and see Him reaching out to you, and you just pray and have the faith that the woman had when she said, "If I could only touch the hem of His garment, I'd be
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Greater Soulcraft



The Coming of Bill Manspeaker . .



FROM as far back as I can remember, I have been an indefatigable searcher for truth. I have never let cost deter me, reading thousands of books and taking courses without number. I have taken these courses in person and by mail, on any and every conceivable subject that I thought might in any way give me a little more light on what I was searching for. What I was searching for was what every human being was and is searching for, some consciously, some sub-consciously. I wanted answers—answers that I could accept as reasonable and true—to these questions—

Who am I?

Where did I come from?

What am I doing, or supposed to be doing, here?

Am I here because I wanted to be doing what I am doing, or was I impelled willy-nilly into this world without any conscious volition of my own? . .

By *HIMSELF*

IF YOU care to go into a real mental tailspin, ask yourself this great interrogation: Am I here simply because my father met my mother and they married and I was the offspring that came to them? Then carry it one step further and ask yourself this: If they had not met or had not married, *would I ever have been born?*

Well, I interrogated myself thus many times before I was 19 years old. Hoping to get the answers out of the Bible, I read it through four times. All it did was confuse me more and more. When I asked our minister to give me light on it, he dodged and equivocated—as he consistently did on the Bible's contradictions. It said in one place in the Bible that God was a Creator of love and compassion and in another place that He blessed one nation or race of people for destroying another nation or race of people.

None of it made sense.

So I kept searching, reading books, taking courses, gaining light little by little, always feeling in my heart that the answer would be very simple when it came, that I would completely understand it, that I would find the True Answer in one place. A number of times I thought I had it, only to go a little further and realize what I had gotten was simply a little more light, *but not the whole light that I was seeking.*

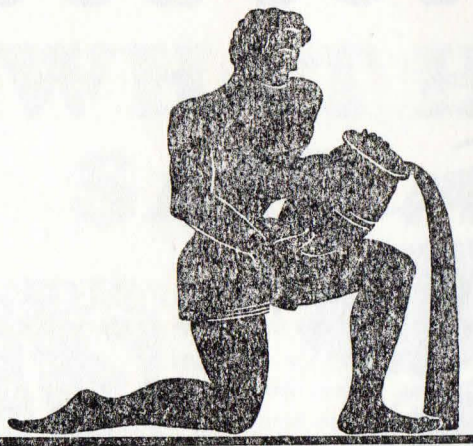
Then my next realization was, that I probably never was due to be satisfied, because there were answers to still further questions that plagued me—

Where was I going when I left here?

What was I going to do when I got there?

HOW would I do it?

AFTER acquainting myself with most of the known forms of Religion, I could reach but one conclusion: None of these so-called Religions had the answers.



Well, what philosophy did have them?

Those that had withstood the test of time had enough good in them to be tolerated and in a measure supported. But they actually *explained* nothing. Then I became aware that my own time was being shortened. I had to fall back on my own Inner Powers. Finally I decided that Jesus, our Elder Brother, had been confronted by only one job: Showing us the *way* to eternal life, the *way* to knowledge of our own powers, and that our personal responsibility amid it all was to pass along to others whatever we had discovered that seemed to hold Truth. I had long since decided that if Jesus had put His way of life into highly coded mathematical formula, it would have been deciphered in less than fifty years and people would have lived the Christ Life simply to prove that they been clever in such deciphering. The human race is like that.

This was the sum-total of my rationalizing and deciding up to January of this present year . . .

IN THE COURSE of any given twelve-month, many thousands of books would come to my notice. Some would be announced in public advertisements, some through direct mail solicitation to buy and read them.

Such an announcement reached me about *Road into Sunrise*.

I read the circular about it in a desultory way at first, then something impinged on my inner mentality that I had to have that book. I sent for it and read it. *It suddenly crashed home to me that here was Truth!*

Someone sent me VALOR. I subscribed for it. Next came a BRIGHT HORIZONS. I subscribed for that also, and on its inner pages were advertisements for books

under the aegis of Soulcraft. I ordered them. Next I got a catalog giving me all the titles of what were known as the *Soulscripts*. As well, I ordered them.

Suddenly everything I was reading under this Soulcraft category was leaving me with a most peculiar feeling. I found myself saying about this extraordinary literature, "This man is right!" But the funny part about the "enlightenment" all this literature held, *I'd always known it*. I finally decided to write William Dudley Pelley, telling him how I felt about the Eternal Verities and asking him if I could see him if I went down to Noblesville from my home in southern Michigan.

It took a couple of weeks for a reply to come back. Mr. Pelley apologized for the delay, saying that he received so many letters that it was almost impossible to answer them promptly. But in his final paragraph he stated that the whole Soulcraft Movement was growing so BIG that it was becoming impossible for any single person to mastermind it. He ended by inviting me to come along at my convenience nonetheless and he would give me what time he could. Being plenty busy myself at my own work, running between New York, New England and California, it was two to three weeks before I could manage it. Also, I had planned on setting up my own organization in Los Angeles where I could teach the Way-Showers method of positive living, and act as counsellor having had ten years intensive training in personnel work.

I had not intended to go first to Noblesville, but leave the visit until my next return from Los Angeles. **SUDDENLY AN URGE THAT WAS IRREPRES-SIBLE SEEMED TO COME OUT OF NOWHERE**. . . I must get down into Indiana without a day's loss of time. On February 4th I made it.

I knew as soon as I met him that Mr. Pelley was a man after my own heart, a man whom I suddenly saw as Christ's ambassador on earth, but a man whom I soon found was frightfully weary carrying the great load of the work he was doing. To make a long story short, we talked for ten hours that first day—and the original appointment had been for only two. We had only stopped to partake of a little food. I stayed overnight. Next day we talked for thirteen hours straight.

Then I knew beyond any peradventure of a doubt that I would never go out to Los Angeles or any other place on my own business, that my business was Christ's business, *that somehow I had a great place in what Pelley was doing*. He in his own turn seemed to have had a psychical warning that a person of my age and qualifications was to show up along this time.

With only a year or two separating us in years, as the saying goes, we *clicked!*

IHAD been interested in a self-improvement course called the Way-Showers. I had only been a day at Noblesville, hearing the Soulcraft progenitor talk, before I grasped that this strange enlightenment was the greatest Way-Shower of modern times.

As I dig deeper and deeper into the Soulcraft tenets I am more and more sold on the conviction that no man or woman can read anything that William Dudley Pelley has written in Soulcraft without the feeling—yes, the absolute certainty—that here is a man divinely guided, who has a direct-wire Up There. More than that, he writes in a friendly, jolly, breezy sort of way that makes you love the writer as well as his writings, and when you know him as I am coming to know him, you *love* him. Period.

That is it. There is no more. I think, if he had shown himself hard-boiled, that very probably I would have *paid* him just to have the privilege of close association with him, one whom I believe to be the greatest man of our age.

But he is not hard-boiled.

He is simply a man very tired with trying to make his fellowmen see a Great Light . . .



WELL, what are the problems of this personality that has founded Soulcraft? Already I have mentioned that I found him burdened beyond belief with

The Coming of William S. Manspeaker

problems of operating an expanding publishing plant, writing material for its presses, conducting two magazines, exerting an expert business sense over personnel and revenues, and trying to answer hundreds—yes even thousands—of letters from individuals, people who really need help and are coming to the only man in the world they feel can aid them, yet so busy himself that weeks would go past before he can conquer the letters.

I had not conversed long with him before my own forty years of merchandizing and personnel work showed me that his greatest problem was keeping books in print to meet the demand for them. Again and again orders would contain items that had to be back ordered. He was reaching a situation where it was becoming acutely necessary to reprint editions of the leading Soulcraft books 25,000 at a time. Printing even 5,000 copies an edition tied up funds heavily; 25,000 at a time meant investment of funds that he couldn't command. So actually it was resolving down to a sheer quandary of publishing. If the man had desired heavy money to experiment with what he could do about *selling* Soulcraft, that would have been understandable. But to want capital turnover to keep books published for which the demand constantly depleted the supply to back orders seemed to me fantastic.

Here was a man who almost single-handed had founded and brought to fruition a great Spiritual Philosophy that was penetrating every nook and cranny of the country. And what was making him old before his time was struggling to command the capital to print books that people wanted and were buying.

What should I do about it?

DRIPPING to sleep my first night of visiting Noblesville, I did a little mental talking about his problem. All problems have answers. I was uncannily awakened around 3 a. m., feeling that something frightfully important was about to happen. I seemed to be "told", propping myself up in my bed, to reach out and open the *Golden Scripts*. I did so.

I opened it to Chapter 128.

I was appalled at what met my gaze—

The Significant Chapter the Author Read--

TAKE this as your program, my dearly beloved:

2 We seek to serve humankind in ways that suffice it, in pleasurable enjoyment of principles eternal;

3 We make an errand of mercy to mankind, the suffering;

4 We open doors of understanding to those who know not God;

5 We open doors of peace to those who know not Christ;

6 This is our mission, our joy, and our reward. . .

7 Happy is the man who maketh himself to see that life is encompassed with a goodly heritage for him and his species, that he hath a mission to serve humanity, that he doeth it well.

8 I say unto you, Be circumspect in dealing with men, O ye nations, for they are children of divinity, not beasts in a pool of circumstance forever.

9 Hear ye my voice: Go forth into the market places and say, The Lord hath need of substance!

10 Thus do ye say it: We build a firmer Temple of Truth than man hath known to date;

11 We make no mock of etheric principles;

12 We enjoin the times with deeds of mercy;

13 We open the storehouses of men's characters and find in them the measures of truth;

14 We go from land to land seeking out those with the sign upon their foreheads, saying unto them: Behold ye are wise! . . . we beseech you to make known that which is known unto you, without fear or fawning, testing your principles on the rock of great utterance, standing upon that rock and speaking your knowledge;

15 Behold we say unto you, Stand forth and speak it, give it utterance mightily, come forth with the truth, let it be known among the nations.

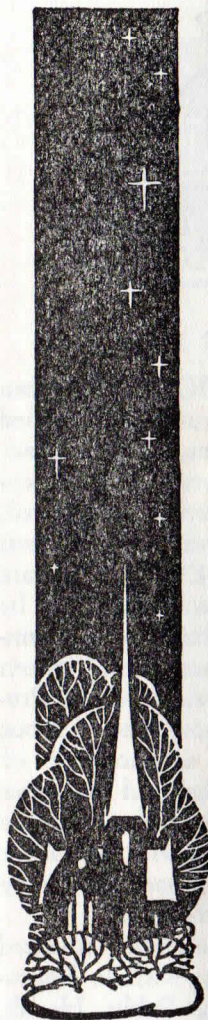
16 I say unto you, beloved, *it shall be known*.

17 Give heed unto the voice of him who crieth: I have found the Light! . . . he is of the Host which hath come into flesh.

18 I speak mightily among the nations; thus do I speak: Where are your ennobled ones? Open their mouths and give their speech utterance, plant firmly on the highlands the banners of their merit, concern yourselves with treasures which no man overturneth.

19 Go forth among the nations preaching a message of hope, of understanding, of brotherly concernment;

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Probabilities

MANY things are stirring in Soulcraft that are not expedient to proclaim openly as yet. New names, new extensions of far-reaching significance, new and bigger incorporatings, are in the of-fing. The bottleneck of correspondence in which The Recorder has discovered himself compressed has to be solved by the formation of a greater organization, in larger and more commodious buildings, the whole wrapped up in sizable financings . . . and these are on the cards. It has become self-evident during the past seven months that there is a ready market for every Soulcraft book or script that can be published.

Yet none of it is accident.

It is no chance experimenting in religious cultism that has been in process since 1950. Nearly 26 years bygone some master-intellect in a loftier dimension of Time and Space foretold everything that now is coming to pass in event. Soulcraft steps to the fore as obvious alternative to the confusion, despair, and panic that may easily accompany the denouement of the Flying Saucer sequence, when orthodox estimates of eternity are disclosed as titanic error. What has gone before has merely been preparation.

The Soulcraft books, particularly the *Golden Scripts*, have been percolating out in the past seven months to every civilized country in the world. People of other lands are writing that they cannot un-

derstand what is wrong with the United States that it fails to grasp what has manifested in its midst.

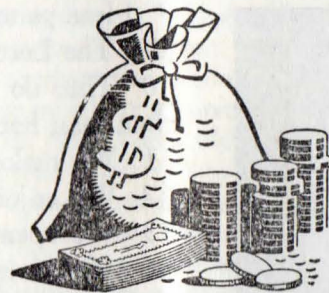
The trouble with the United States is, that its perspective is too close. Besides, the forces of misrepresentation, smear, and spoliation have gained too tragic a foothold in America for the ordinary citizen to discern the true from the false.

Time, however, will iron out these wrinkles.

There are now 51 books on Soulcraft subjects written, not all of them in print. This is a condition, however, that the new summer may correct. If not one more new title were produced, enough has now been indited to make the philosophy complete. The problem therefore is circulation . . . and personnel to pick up Soulcraft and "go to town" with it.

In consequence of what has now started to occur, VALOR may emblazon some startling headlines in the coming two weeks.

This is notice to get set for them.



That Blaine Bequest

THE CHICAGO-American for February 20th carried a headline, BLAINE FUND TO SPIRITUALISTS. The ensuing article announced, "Link with the unseen world . . . Part of the \$35,000,000 estate of Mrs. Anita McCormick Blaine may be used to explore possibilities of communication between the seen and unseen worlds. Mrs. Blaine's will, filed in Probate Court, created a trust fund of about \$20,000,000 for the advancement of thought and work in that and five other fields. Mrs. Blaine traveled to Europe in her lifetime to consult with Sir Oliver Lodge; she spent much money and firmly believed in discarnate contacts."

The projects listed as being financed by Mrs. Blaine's estate include Education, Industrial Ethics, Public Health,

the Avoidance of War, the Growth of Spiritual Elements in Life as contrasted with material elements.

Twenty millions of dollars—quite a sum!

VALOR makes the prediction that the whole bequest is one of futility before it is even probated.

In the first place, it requires no money whatsoever to "explore possibilities of communication." Contacts with the higher octaves of life are not atom-bomb projects that first necessitate expensive installations. One is born with psychical gifts or not born with them. Lavish purses may purchase publicity but not aid a kopeck in worth-while development. Five or six persons of inborn psychical attainments may gather in any living room and make contacts with dear ones, the only expense being the electricity burned in chandelier lamps.

It is difficult to grasp why Mrs. Blaine was not aware of it.

OF course thousands of feverish hands will reach for the Blaine largess, loudly acclaiming this or that. But the fact that they reach out for it attests their fallacious worth of it. To get legitimate contacts accredited by the mass public is something else again.

The Christian church will be the first to assail it.

According to religious reflexes, contact with the Higher Worlds falls within the province of the clergy strictly—God knows why. And the clergy is not prone to confess it stands in the slightest error in prescribing the circumstances surrounding the souls of communicants in the discarnate state. The clergy subscribes to the doctrine that the soul is forthwith hailed before Almighty God and judged for its merit to enter heaven or lack of merit that means sentencing to hell. How does money in vast sums affect it in the slightest?

A great volume like *The Golden Scripts* is dictated from the higher dimensions of Time and Space. Thrusting it upon the man in the street willy-nilly, granting the Blaine fortune essayed to pay for it, violates a law of Cosmos . . . in that he who receives what he does not pay for in some aspect incurs an obligation that he never escapes.

No, proving or disproving the literal-ity of the Better Hereafter has almost

nothing to do with money. Truly it's a matter of Inward Enlightenment.

The psychical research societies of today have, of course, been "taken over" by the elements crediting communication privately but fearful that public enlightenment will bring their unmasking. Unless an investigator display the attitude that "if something ain't wrong, 'tain't right", he is no investigator on the face of it. The general premise of humbug is first laid, then investigators must be found to prove it.

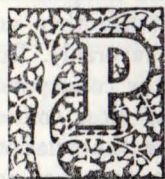
Endowing twenty Spiritualist churches with a million dollars each will achieve nothing but erecting a lot of structures stigmatized as unhallowed. Putting funds behind any medium or transcriber of Higher Lore would bring his or her undoing—in that the affluence of such, or lack of it, has nothing to do with his or her talent. But it would tend to place such human instrumentality in a false and and febrile light. And any cult that accepted the Blaine largess would quickly earn the onus of having "bought" its way into public favor.

A movement like Soulcraft grows through the loving contributions and personal camaraderie of those who have helped themselves by helping others. If a Blaine donation underwrote Soulcraft, the demand would be that its books and literature be dispensed at Mrs. Blaine's expense . . . and whomsoever profited would be forever in her debt. The Law of Cosmos doesn't work in such fashion. It's what costs you something that hurts, that counts, not what somebody hands you as a gift.

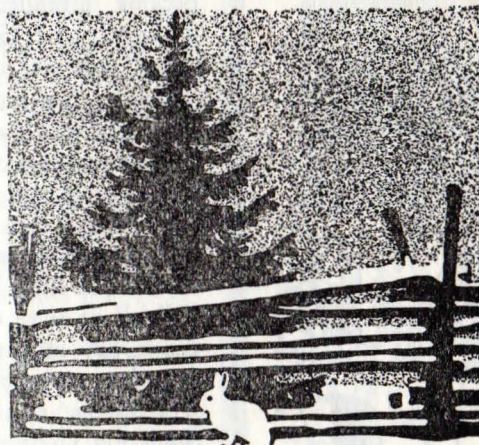
Mrs. Blaine's impulses were worthy and indicated a generous and public-spirited woman. But money for miracles?

There's a lesson in the whole of it too big for present-day psychology. It will be interesting to watch, what specifically happens as the beneficiaries of the Blaine Estate find themselves above the need for postage stamps.

Too Secret Doctrine



PERSONAGE by the name of Perrins lives in Florida—W. H. Perrins. Makes his living as exporter and real estate operator. He's along in his fifties, cleanly-cut American, and owns to the urge to



Little Things



BLEST is the man whose mentality brings
 The wisdom of God wrought of little things;
 The man who can feel and also can see
 The beauty of snow on a hemlock tree,
 Who can trace Divine Wisdom is such a thing
 As the curve of beauty in sea-gull's wing,
 And the mystery deep for me or for you
 In the tattered shape of a baby's shoe . .

That can sense the vibrations that come and go
 Through little things in Life's ebb and flow,
 Who can pause in time to hear and note
 The Spiritual Tones in a thrush's throat;
 The man who can trust in Spiritual Ear
 To the thoughts of God, who can truly hear
 Instruction Direct, without care or need
 Of church or doctrine or outworn creed.

That man is blest who can trust, expect,
 The tenets of Truth from High Source direct,
 To whom the Little Things show God's plan
 To bring to stature God's Perfect Man.
 We shall have small need for a Church or Creed
 That fail to supply the heart's dire need—
 The Need of Truth, taught with Love and Light
 To help All Souls in their Upward Flight!

—through WINCHESTER MAC DOWELL

"Adam Awakes"



The New Soulcraft Book on Romance and Marriage!

THE COSMIC STORY OF THE SEXES

HERE at last is the Fourth Major Soulcraft Book that rationalizes the Adam and Eve fable of Woman's creation from a rib of Man. The views of the Great Cosmic Hierarchy on mortal Romance and Matrimony are assumed to have been communicated by Extra-Sensory Perception, and are being published in a de luxe volume that is now proceeding through the Noblesville plant. There will be only 1,100 copies in the First Edition.

A Book Every Married Couple Should Read!

Send Your Order in Now!

**One Edition,
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Soulcraft Chapels

leave the world a trifle better than he found it—if that's possible to anyone. Early in life he joined the Theosophic Society. He read the *Secret Doctrine* and became inveigled by Blavatsky. Undoubtedly the Great Helen "had something" but was it for Americans?

Perrins has lately come to the conclusion that the *Secret Doctrine* has been altogether too secret to do the man in the street much practical good. Too many bespectacled savants merely congregating in lodge rooms and discussing what was mystical in India back in the 1890s. What had all of it to do with people living in the USA in the 1950s? While in his quandary over the practical utilities of Theosophy, someone put a couple of Soulcraft volumes into Exporter Perrins' hands.

Perrins started writing about it in a great many words.

The situation he poses as Theosophy vs. Soulcraft is the identical situation being posed by scores of other correspondents of late respecting Spiritualism vs. Soulcraft, Christian Science vs. Soulcraft, Swedenborgism vs. Soulcraft, Universalism vs. Soulcraft.

Soulcraft takes the fundamental principles in all of these—and more—and makes them interpretable to the Man in the Street. True, the Spiritualists are riven over the issue of Serried Ensoulment but that only makes the disclosures in Soulcraft all the more pertinent. And the Christian Scientists look askance at any tenets that imply that Mrs. Eddy did not have all the answers to the enigmas of the universe in *Science & Health*. But VALOR has had nothing to do with a great restiveness indicated among the adherents of all these faiths of late that they are failing to measure up to the scientific and spiritual advancements of the Twentieth Century. The world is moving along and the heads of some of these faiths too obviously resent it. They resent that their own communicants should not be gratified and satisfied with that which is offered in their sacrosanct agenda of yesterday. If the thing that does satisfy them is found in the *Golden Scripts*, ought Soulcraft to be assailed as an irrelevant trespass?

Perrins at least feels the urge to sound off upon it in respect to Theosophy where he feels most at home. VALOR has received other communications from The-

osophists both cooperative and antagonistic. It is an interesting subject to thrash out in the pages of this Weekly.

The Theosophists, Spiritualists, Scientists, Swedenborgians and Universalists are really Transcendentalists of modern type. They represent that great citizenry that worships outside Orthodoxy.

Soulcraft is Modern Transcendentalism.

Perrins is going to get his forum to extend his remarks on the whole of it. Later there will be others from the Spiritualists and Scientists.

We shall see what develops . . .



For the Record



S OULCRAFT from time to time has occasion to mention recurrent dearths of personnel for the readier transactions of Headquarters affairs. Immediately such references are interpreted as blanket invitations to all and sundry to pack up the neckties, the china and television sets and arrive in Noblesville on the next bus prepared to go to work at nothing a week—and expenses—not to mention the embarrassment of The Recorder-Interpreter who seeks a personnel that is trained and especially qualified. Which is another way of saying that it isn't merely *people* that Headquarters seeks. Willing hands and altruistic hearts are priceless but Headquarters needs *specialists*.

Solicitations for places at Headquarters average a dozen a week and indignations and bewilderments ensue when they are not accepted eagerly and favorably. But real conditions entail lengthy correspondence, negotiations, and the most considered preparations to make the relationships work out. Applicants are asked not to be offended if tenders aren't always

met with the enthusiasms with which they were extended.

If you have particular talents which you believe to be valuable to Soulcraft, Headquarters certainly wishes to be apprised of them. But adding a new name to the Headquarters staff is a serious project because so much is entailed.

It is consideration of each applicant's feelings that makes this paragraph necessary. It is *executives* that Headquarters requires, and annexing those of proper timber is not unlike a venture in matrimony.

All principals must be reasonably sure it's for better and not for worse.

Theosophists

(Continued from Page 3)

Herald moving things in a big way with Welfare, and Peale and Oursler with religious ideas, but all of the old-time churchly calibre that might re-save a Christian who has slipped but never touching a vagrant, a secular-minded man or woman, an atheist, a drunk or a hoodlum, yes nor a respectable nonentity.

Here is a new field in which the Newspaper Boss may function and promote an extension for himself and what he likes to do—write and influence people.

To start with, Mr. Boss, you first educate yourself in Pelley's ideas and way of telling them. Get his *Soulscripts*. Address him at Soulcraft Chapels, Noblesville, Indiana.

I believe it is my Destiny, in short, to acquaint brother Theosophists with the tremendous possibilities in Soulcraft and thus enhance their understandings, making Soulcraft appear what it truly is, an auxiliary to all with which they are so familiar, instead of something in the way of a cult which is competitive—which it is *not*.

Okay, we'll see what comes of it!

What Harriet Said

(Continued from Page 4)

healed." The world in which you live NEEDS HEALING. It's not the healing of the blind altogether, or the sick or the lame, BUT IT'S THE MINDS OF THE PEOPLE THAT

NEED TO BE HEALED. They need to know God. They need to know the love, they need to know the Christ Principle, and to walk in His Light. Don't ever complain of crucifixion that comes your way because everyone must be crucified some way, somehow, maybe by affliction, maybe something befalling you to test your faith and to try you. Everyone of you has been tried, and still will be tried, because Christ Jesus was tried. And just know that we will be with you and have that faith, and daddy . . .

WDP: Yes?

HARRIET: YOUR TRIALS ARE COMING TO THAT GREAT END, and the light of Our Lord is around you, because you are doing His work.

WDP: You know how happy that makes me feel, don't you?

HARRIET: You are doing His work. He has called you. You've been nailed and crucified. You've been condemned and persecuted for His sake. And He was condemned and persecuted, and all those who followed behind Him were condemned and persecuted. All great men suffer for Truth. Because Truth and Light are always dressed in darkness before they come forth. But remember, Love lifts us . . . LOVE KNOWS NO BURDEN. Have Love and Compassion. Have peace and joy in your mind and soul and follow the light of Our Lord. I will be with all of you people, as I came as a little child and I did not know the sins of your world. I'm glad I can come through back in this way and help all of you. I love you all . . .

AMH: Would you like to sing for us for just a minute, dear? Would you like to sing with dad?

HARRIET: Sing for you?

AMH: Sing *with* him.

HARRIET: I will sing for you. What shall I sing?

AMH: His favorite . . . (to WDP) You suggest it . . .

HARRIETS (*Singing*)

"Joy to the world,

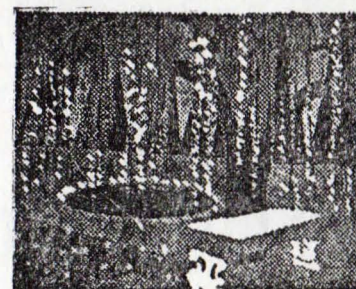
My Lord has come!

Let earth her praises ring,

Etc. . .

I have brought you joy to all the world,

(Continued on Page 15)



"My Seven Minutes in Eternity"

A NEW \$1 EDITION

The book you should read first, to understand how Soulcraft came about

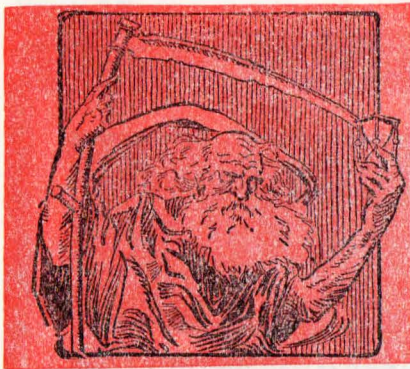
THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE ESOTERIC CLASSIC

First published in March, 1929, it sold out the magazine on the nation's newsstands in seven days. But in twenty-four years it has not lost its consolation to the earthly bereaved . . .

The Story that has had a 3,000,000 circulation

YOU should begin your study of the whole Soulcraft philosophy with the reading of this epic and understand what happened that began the recording of the monumental Scripts. Nearly three million people have read this narrative since it was first published in 1929. It marked the beginning of an era in new Spiritual Acceptances . . .

SOULCRAFT CHAPELS



COGITATIONS

WELL, I see by the papers that Will Hays died the past Sunday and knows—let's hope—what it's all about. It happened to be news to me that he died right down here in nearby Sullivan, which is a bailiwick between Terre Haute and Evansville, on the western side of our State. Somehow I'd lost track of Will in the last dozen years. On the whole he'd been forgotten but not gone. It was nice to read all the flowery obituaries in the papers, but I kept my tongue in my cheek. I'd had no small role to play in his coming up from Washington to be "Czar" of the movies—even being washpot boy for the Committee that gave him his big Send-Off Dinner at the Astor, and encountering him half a dozen times later in Hollywood. Never being given to overmuch illusion about the real status of The Great, he was still "Bill Hays the Politician" throughout that sequence of mine in silent movies. Suppose, in *VALOR*, you get the real "low-down" on the notorious "Hays Office" as viewed by one who knew most of its headches . . .

—o—

THE WHOLE Saga of Silent Movies comes back to me when I recall the circumstances under which "the Hays Office" was set up. I know more than my share about it, perchance, because Searle Dawley and I were bosom friends and Searle was Director-General of Fox Film Company in Manhattan, whose studios were allegedly responsible for Censorship originally. The whole thing went back to Fox's filming of *Cleopatra*, with Theda Bara. Already I've told you Theda's biography in these columns, how she was a nomadic extra-girl haunting environs of the Fox Film Studios in 11th Avenue and known to the studio technical staff as *The Arab*. William Fuchs—alias Fox—decided to produce Kipling's *Vampire*

and wanted a feminine lead who could do the role adequately. On a blue Monday morning, discussions going on about it on the "set" below, a propertyman or electrician shouted down from cupped hands in the trusses, "Get the Arab!" . . . My close friend Searle—with whom I later made a couple of movies to great financial profit after he ceased being headman at Fuchs—electrified at the suggestion, . . . certainly *The Arab*, she was made by nature for the part. So they sent out scouts to locate *The Arab*, and the gal was brought in. Play the Vampire? She'd have played Donald Duck in pajamas—or without 'em—in those days, so eager was she to get on the screen. To make a long tale short, they signed her on, she made the Vampire, it grossed a million, and during the next three or four fillums Miss Bara (*Arab* spelled backward) took to coming down to the studio at eleven o'clock in her limousine, and woe betide the director and property crew if they didn't have everything set to film her instant . . . Then came *Cleopatra*, and censorship, and the Hays office . . .



UNDERSTAND me, I have nothing but the wholesomest admiration for Theda. I knew her and her husband, Charles Brabin, fairly well back in the 1920's, even to the extent of occupying the same table with them at the Astor Hotel the night we threw the welcome banquet to Will Hays when he came up from the Harding Cabinet in Washington to purify the flickers. Theda was the

product of her evolutionary times in movies. In her private life a more respectable lady never lived—particularly after she hit the heights. She wedded a fine man and became almost prudish in movie discernments when the pair transferred to Hollywood. But back in those days in Fuchs Studios, it was required of her that in the name of Art she "Take 'Em Off" . . . and Theda succumbed to the demands of Art and acquiesced. And the movies in lieu of Theda, garbed itself sedately in Bill Hays. Caesar was duly edified by the sight of Cleo with 'em off, but when the opus reached the nation's screens, the Catholic Order of Decency got busy—and all honor to it—decreeing the Matter Had Gone Quite Far Enough, the "matter" being habiliments about the Queen's personality. Censorship clanked down on the flickers . . . in the persons of two old spinsters who journeyed down from Albany and gave out in prohibitions to such an extent that it was verboten to permit even a heroine rolling down a flight of stairs when she fainted at the top. Neither of those spinsters could envision herself rolling down a flight of stairs without it's being decidedly unmoral—which it would have been—and *Something Had to Be Done* about the fanatical maiden ladies. I ran against 'em a couple of times myself in my own opus starring the original Lon Chaney. They sat in the projection room like *Female Crows* and croaked "This has got to come out" and "That has got to come out", . . . till I wanted to do mayhem. Why? Because it was "immoral". It was immoral, I learned, for a hero to pucker up on a heroine's lips and stay parked more than ten seconds. It was immoral for a lady to be shown in bed, even though sedate bedclothing draped her prostrate form. It was immoral for me even to suggest that ladies' lower extremities were legs and not "limbs" in my titles. A production costing \$175,000 and taking two months to shoot, was almost wrecked by those maiden ladies who'd never had a thrill in

their lives, not even a wink from a traveling salesman. The movies had to do something about such fanaticism, precipitated by Queen Cleo. So a third-rate executive on Paramount Pictures thought up the ruse of getting Will Hays, the popular postmaster-general, to be "Czar" . .



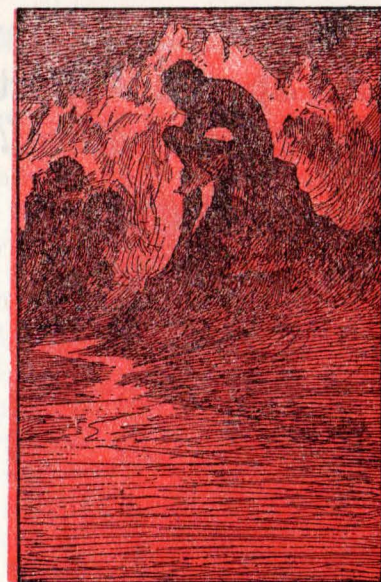
WILL would "fix things" . . providing the two maiden ladies with the rounded shoulders, whose 1898 skirts trailed in all studio scourgings, would be recalled and dehorned. And Searle and I and a handful of others should make a Big Publicity Splurge at the Astor receiving him at a "dinner" . . Besides, Charley Brabin, who swung no mean influence at Fuchs as one of their outstanding directors, was anxious to salvage his wife's reputation, and he aided and abetted it. Will was approached, the shekels jingled before his extremely sensitive auditory organs, and it was a deal. Check back on that historic dinner at the Astor and right under Will's nose was a table seating Mr. and Mrs. Charles Brabin, Mr. and Mrs. Searle Dawley—the beginning and end of the altercation that gave the movies a Czar—and W. D. Pelley and lady. It was a long throw from that celebrated night to May 29, 1928, and Seven Minutes in the Altadena bungalow . . But that table's occupants told the Real Tale . .

A DOLF ZUKOR spoke. William Randolph Hearst spoke. Bill spoke. Of the three, I recall Bill Hearst's speech the most graphically. As an after-dinner speaker the celebrated publisher was past-master. He said that movies had cleaned him out, and knowing what I did about the manipulations in the Columbia Trust Company by one Sam Untermeyer, I could agree and sympathize with him. But the sum and substance of all the oratory—to a packed diningroom holding every-

body of importance in the industry—was that Will would apply the Sapolio and Dutch Cleanser. No more Caesars beholding Egyptian ladies unrolled by Ethiopian underlings from rugs. Theda raised her lorgnette, gave everyone a defiant once-over, and did everything but take a bow. But the cordy and gritty little Hoosier waved his arms and made a rattling good ballyhoo with his vocal chords. Those of us on the Inside knew it was all a set-up to placate the Catholic Order of Decency and withdraw those two old Had-Been Romances who'd failed to catch men. The banquet broke up and a good time was had by all. Thereat I transferred to Hollywood for the practical application of such oratorical sterilization.

THE ballyhoo continued. The sacred cow of the industry became the Hays Office. The Hays office wouldn't let you do this, and the Hayes Office wouldn't let you do that. Anything that any producer wanted to do and his brother producer didn't want him to do, the Hays Office fixed it. Will Hays himself was no more "Czar" of the movies than I was Czar of Venice, but it didn't pay to advertise that fact too loudly. The man who had the money up in the biggest production of the year was Czar of the movies, make no mistake about that. Not only could those things be fixed but they were fixed. I rode up in the elevator in the Guaranty Building with Will the last time I saw him and tried to get him to assent to a certain project that was opposed by the wealthiest producer in the business. If you ever saw a job of professional stalling, it was Will's in those two minutes. I laughed and gave up. Why imagine there could possibly be a Santa Claus? He was professional fixer for the biggest producers for a dozen years—why not admit it and be honest? And when Eric Johnson came in, after the *Mission to Moscow* stunt, Will came back to Indiana and the Reds rode to town. Page Myron Fagan! . .

SO HE'S dead—Hoosier Hays. From the dizzy heights of the Post-master-Generalship under Harry Daugherty he became the chief Richelieu for Louis B. Mayer, Adolf Zukor, and to a certain adolescent degree, Darryl Zanuck. Well, well! The morning paper says as how he ruled that no screen opus should tend to



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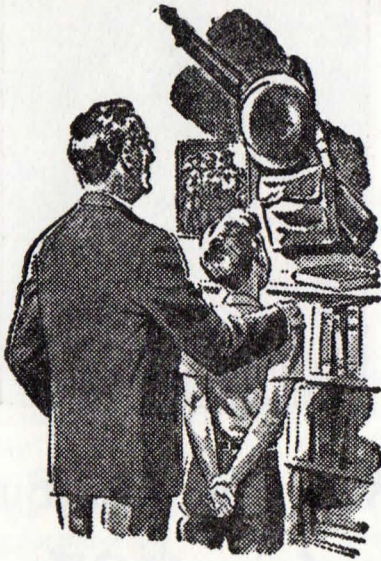
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lower the moral standards of those witnessing it. The sympathy of the audience must never be created on the side of evil. No religion should be ridiculed. The sanctity of marriage must be upheld. Loose habits must not be glorified. But let me tell you a secret. It really wasn't Will Hays who was responsible for it. *It was the Catholic Order of Decency*, and all garlands to it. Bill was its antidote. Also he was an antidote to those two round-shouldered old maids from Albany who could walk into a projection-room like queens of the blood, gasp at the scene in the second reel and by a wave of a palsied hand ruin a \$200,000 investment. Well, maybe there's a place in the scheme of things for such Richelieus. But why not be candid about it and give a great Christian Church its due? The Hays Office, when I came to quit movies in 1930, was merely a club in the hands of the more influential producers. Bill has lived his life and thought his thoughts, however. Searle has gone over, though I understand Grace, his wife, is still around. Charley Brabin and Theda haven't had their obit notices yet—that I've noticed. But there's a Bigger Banquet coming in a Greater Astor House. What sort of a speech will you make at *that*, Will? And without any million dollars jingling somewhere, will it still be worth your effort? I'll be down at the table directly in front, remember, with my left knee against Theda's. If she turns that famous lorgnette on you and gives you a real once-over, will you wave your arms a little less wildly? . . . I doubt it. Still, you did do pretty good by yourself for a Sullivan Boy who might never have been heard of, ten miles away from the Banks of the Wabash. Best o' luck, and tell Bill Hearst he made a darned good speech . . .

—THE INTERPRETER

Manspeaker

(Continued from Page 7)

20 Join ye all nations in a thrall of understanding; concern yourselves with figures that do stand upon the heights that they are the anointed ones who converse in your tongue.

21 Rigor is needed to make speech unto the lost ones, *force must be employed to coop their iniquities;*

22 Behold I say unto you, they shall be enjoined from making further mischief.

When I finished that chapter, I knew that if Mr. Pelley would consider my services, I would get under the financial load and help him solve it victoriously. My years with U. S. Steel, Westinghouse Electric, and Standard Equipment Company, where I had filled some of the heaviest positions as trouble shooter, were at his disposal. I went back next morning and told him so.

His inquiry was simple: "When can you start?"

I started February 26th.

I am a Pennsylvania Englishman, 67 years of age but expect to live to be 92—don't ask me why, I just *know* it. My earliest paternal forebears came over to the Pennsylvania Colony with William Penn. But my whole life's training, in handling men and machinery, has been vigorous preparation for helping William Dudley Pelley "put over" Soulcraft into its final phase . . . ONE MILLION DOLLARS' WORTH OF SOULCRAFT BOOKS SOLD IN THESE U. S. IN 1954. That means before next January 1st.

Fantastic?

Not at all. Not so long as the money is in America to underwrite the printing bills. I happen to know that it is, and that it can be gotten. Mr. Pelley is entrusting me with the job of streamlining the Soulcraft production of books and magazines so that they approach the sizable figures I have been treating with all my life. If I can steer Soulcraft into selling a million dollars' worth of the Pelley books in 1954, I can steer it into selling three millions in 1955 and six millions in 1956.

By that time this nation will have a public consciousness about Pelley's work, and Soulcraft be ensconced in the spiritual thinking of the country for all time. And I propose going about it by "selling" the biggest and most intelligent brains in the nation on the Soulcraft fundamentals. Our beloved William Dudley Pelley is going to be relieved of the mechanical operation of a provincial publishing plant and permitted to devote his time to editorial duties, books, electronic discourses, and traveling about the nation speaking to the people who have followed him so devotedly despite his political vicissitudes

and because of his proven perspicacities. This great nation of America is going to become "Pelley-Conscious" and those of us who mean to make it possible will find in such service its own reward.

I am discovering all the answers to the quandaries that baffled me back at 19. And 40 years of executive management in some of the biggest corporations in America convinces me that lifting Soulcraft into the million-dollar-class is really little more than constructive mathematics.

So as I write VALOR readers each and severally, they will know who I am and what I feel about what Pelley has done.

Hold me to my own vision of what I see for him and Soulcraft.

"Go ye into the market-places and say, *The Lord hath need of substance . . .*"

I'm on my way.

And I'll be meeting you.

—WILL'AM S. MANSPEAKER

What Harriet Said

(Continued from Page 11)

To sing and pray with you,

I bring to you, the light of God,
I bring to you the joy and love,

Joy . . . Joy to you,

My love, my love to my daddy too.

Joy! I bring to you,

Joy I bring to you,

My world, I come!

There is no death no more!

I come to you, out from the world
I live,

I come to guide you and to bless you
Through my Daddy's message to you

I bring you a message from heaven
above,

From my Daddy through to you . . .

HARRIET: Daddy, I dedicate this to you.

Because my message that I bring to the
people is through you.

WDP: All right, sweet. We'll do our
best. Come back, dear..

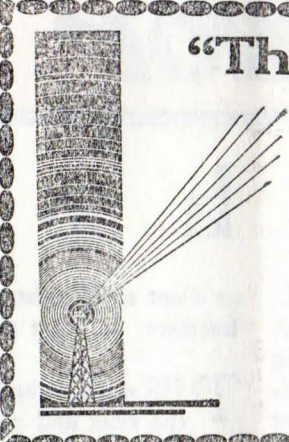
HARRIET: God bless all of you. And . . .
Goodbye!

WDP: Goodbye, Harriet. (She dematerializes) . . .

Bricker Amendment

(Continued from Page 2)

strument could never have dreamed that these same men could twist the above



"The Saucers Speak!"

For 14 months western short-wave radio operators have been taking down messages in International Morse Code from senders who assert they are stationed in Space Craft overhead. George Hunt Williamson—who made the Venus man's footprints in plaster Paris—and his co-author Alfred C. Bailey, have written a 128-page book, narrating the messages they have logged on short-wave. Send \$2 for a paper covered copy to—

NEW AGE PUBLISHING COMPANY
1542 Glendale Blvd., Los Angeles 26, Calif

quoted words from article VI to mean that the President of the United States and two-thirds of the Senators present and voting, could by ratification of a treaty destroy at one fell swoop the Constitution of the United States, every State constitution in each and every one of the 48 States of the Union, and every State and Federal law.

BY USE of the present doctrine in the area of domestic law, the President with consent of the Senate can do anything he wants to do by treaty, regardless of the restrictions and prohibitions in the Constitution. This may seem to be a bold statement, but stranger and sadder things than this have happened.

Harry Truman, by a stroke of a pen and a telephone call, caused 130,000 Americans to die in Korea—simply using the authority granted in the United Nations Charter. The Constitution was nullified because it plainly states—only the Congress can declare war.

Patrick Henry well expressed the danger in these words:

If treaties are made to infringe our liberties, it will be too late to say our rights have been violated.

Those who oppose the Bricker amendment just say "it can't happen here," domestic American laws are in no danger.

Recently the United States Supreme Court had this to say in one of their decisions:

The U. N. Charter represents a moral commitment of foremost importance and we (the Court) must not permit the spirit of our pledge to be compromised or disparaged in either our domestic or foreign affairs.

These words coming from the Supreme

Court—should warn us all—as a red flag of danger.

Secretary Dulles, before he was Secretary of State, pointed out on two separate occasions the necessity for the Bricker amendment. He said in a Louisville, Ky., speech—that treaties can change our domestic law and override the Constitution. But since he has become Secretary of State, he says the danger is unimportant because we will not do anything to undermine the Constitution. That in effect is what all dictators in history have said: "Just give me the power and I'll never misuse it."

Secretary Dulles now says the Bricker amendment would interfere with the international position of the United States. This statement leads to asking Mr. Dulles, the former associate and successor to Mr. Dean Acheson, "which is more important, the international position of the United States or the basic constitutional domestic rights of the American people?"

THE GREAT mass of the internationalists, the bleeding hearts for the down-trodden world humanity, the pinks, many scholarly unthinking degree-laden college professors, all are saying, "If we pass the Bricker amendment, we will be placing the President in a strait jacket in his treaty making power." That is just the point—he should be placed in a strait jacket if he makes any treaty or recommends one that in any shape, form or manner interferes or takes away any basic domestic rights of American citizens.

(Continued Next Week)

AMERICA is a tune. It must be sung together.

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

THE WEEK-END mail for Monday, March 9th, brought VALOR nine different mimeographic blasts for Constitutionalism, aimed at arousing America to a sense of its "peril" . . . and this was only one day's post. There are six other deliveries for the week. Never were the vigilante intellects of the country more aroused. Word seems to have gotten about that the next big investigatory gesture to be made out of Washington will be concerned with *Bigotry*. Whoever takes a strong stand in defense of his country and institutions is to be investigated—on taxpayers' moneys—for *Bigotry*. Just for your information, the dictionary defines a Bigot as "one obstinately or intolerantly devoted to his own church, party, belief or opinion." We are asked to accredit that being obstinately or intolerantly devoted to one's church, party, belief or opinion is to be adjudged as a breaker of the statutes. This is, of course, running perilously close to nullification of the First Amendment. But more potently it seems to be a gesture to break the morale of those shouting for elimination of subversive workers in the Body Politic. To smear or pillor whomsoever holds strong and effective views upsetting any status quo that the international strategists feel is to their advantage, would now seem to reach out and use the nation's vigilante committees to their own ends. Most interesting! . . .

THE MORNING newspaper for the same March 9th contained an epochal opus by Westbrook Pegler in which he predicts his personal running afoul of specified international workers in Manhattan, whose integrity he questions, and extending an invitation to readers throughout the nation to visit him when he becomes incarcerated in any of our better-known penal institutions. The joke of *that* is, if he's deliberately courting incarceration with any expectation of entertaining visitors he'd better look up his penal rules and regulations or check with patriotic people who've perhaps antedated him in his somewhat frank attestments and had the privilege of suffering in consequence. He'll learn to his discomfiture that absolutely *no one* is permitted to visit him excepting his closest blood relatives, and all he will be able to communicate to them will be assiduously screened. Westbrook will discover it's nothing to joke about, this business of being confined for daring to exercise one's prerogatives under the First Amendment. After the steel gates clank upon his person he will, in addition, wonder where all the sterling voices are, that he naturally supposed would be raised in his defense. He'll discover them

as silent as Westbrook Pegler was silent during the Pelley confinement . . . But that's not what I started to write about . . .

THIS mimeographic bombardment now . . . actually what is the crux and essence of most of it? Just to be odd, I examined every sheet more or less carefully the morning of March 9th. Somewhere down in the depths of practically every piece—with the notable exception of the Hon. Wint Smith's accusation of United Nations—ran the deep-sea undertone of this lamentable circumstance: *The Enemy has all the money, we have nothing!* . . . Oh yes? . . . Not for an instant, of course, do I concur in such twaddle. But what the "enemy" possesses that the patriots do not, is a cold, factual, materialistic, aggressive Program. *Something to be accomplished.* The vigilantes—if we choose to call them that—appear to be so busy bemoaning their own poverty, or writing reams of mimeographic yak-yak, that not one mother's son or father's daughter has yet taken sixty to one hundred and twenty seconds out to formulate any agenda of constructive reaction. No agenda, that is, but becoming "heeled" to push out tons of the same yak-yak where now they push out ounces. Somehow, if twenty thousand mimeographed masterpieces could be mailed instead of two hundred, the whole country would be saved—God Almighty knows how. Actually, the patriots haven't taken enough time out to think that far. They would seem to be fascinated with the magic of their mimeographic utterances. Extend it far enough and the "enemy" withers and folds up. (The devil he does!) Thus do we have the exhibit of convention after convention in which the Magnum Opus is Passing the Plate. Get one of these Valiants out in the side anteroom and say to him, "I have in my pocket five million dollars . . . which is yours when you lay down a concrete and constructive program for curing the ills of this body politic," and nine out of ten will visualize such underwriting in terms of accelerating the speed of ten mimeographs instead of two—and the chance to use whole paragraphs of capital letters instead of sentences. I do not write unkindly. More presumably what would happen if you got one of these mimeo-

Ideas must work out of the brains and arms of good and brave men or they are no better than dreams, said Emerson.

graphic patriots in the side room and flashed five million dollars would be a corpse expired of heart failure that needed burying on Tuesday. . . . The inherent acceptance that if you tell enough people about skulduggery they'll intuitively "rise up" is all malarkey. They'll do nothing of the sort. They'll only grow a fear-complex that makes them scared rabbits. What I'm waiting to see, is one of them with a Program. But they must spend time in jail for daring to propound it . . .