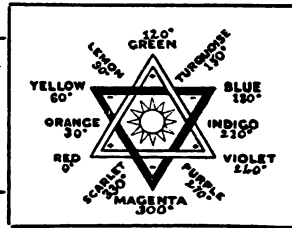


SPECTRO-CHROME

OCTOBER 1923

PURPLE 1923



VOLUME 2

NUMBER 10

Devoted to: Spectro-Chrome Therapy

Dedicated to: Service of Humanity

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Editor
Dinshah P. Ghadiali

In course of life you reach a time,
When Doctor, Lawyer, Priest alike,
Docs fail to give the sought relief,
To troubled mind or burdened heart—
Then come to me;
I help you to help yourself.

SPECTRO-CHROME.

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**SPECTRO-CHROME THERAPY
AWAKENS
JOURNAL OF
AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION**



ANSWER TO ITS ATTACK

BY

DINSHAH P. GHADIALI, S.C.T.

PRESIDENT

SPECTRO-CHROME INSTITUTE

(Incorporated)

**Central Office and Experimental Laboratory
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania**



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The duty of a journal is to be the upholder of the right, the defender of the down-trodden, the protector of the poor, the speaker of unflinching truth, the enunciator of the most exact and precise facts.

For years, however, it has been an admitted matter that the American Medical Association as reflected in the conduct of its Journal has followed a line of apparently hoodwinking policy, endeavoring to be the angel in Heaven sitting on the throne of justice to adjudicate the merits of other systems of therapy from its own standpoint of knowledge and trying to represent to the World its great superiority by whipping the skin off those differing from its doctrines.

There was a time years ago, when, in the ignorance in which the public was submerged, it bowed in solemn reverence to the dictator who posed as the benefactor of the suffering sick. At that period, the persecution with which this abominable journalism that held its stick over the followers as well as the leaders of other systems of therapy resulted in many untoward effects for those who were so unfortunate as not to gain the favor of this ugly monster. It therefore set up an oligarchy of tyranny by hogging the whole field of healing and through the assistance of stupid ignorant legislatures wove such a snare of oppression, that the victims were glad to die at the bidding of this most unamerican inhuman proposition.

The American Medical Association, in its past career, has established throughout the land a terrorizing Black Hand such as no commercial trust ever dared to dream. It is known and spoken of as the Medical Trust and by a cunning masterful affiliation with the Medical Examining Boards, Health Boards and all other so-called (Mafogany) boards it has created such a despotic administration, that even the boldest leaders of other therapies have avoided the uncanny contact of this

gigantic trust as far as practicable.

This Medical Trust through its servile Journal has attacked and ruined the life work and reputation of many great researchers whose shoes it is not wise enough to clean. It has upheld only its own damnable poison therapy and destructive surgery and dashed the last hope of many a dying person who would otherwise have been saved by its obnoxious old-time "ethical" systems and persistent dogmatic interference. The M. D. has nothing but poisons and pills, potions and plasters, blisters blasters and babboon glands, hog serums, dog serums, cow vaccines and pig pepsins, his utter dislike and inertia for progress has justly made him derided as "Doctor of Murder," "Doctor of Mules," "Mule Driver," "Money Dog" and now "Doctor of Monkey-glands" to give worn-out old debauchees the power lost by unnatural practices.

The Journal of the A. M. A. is not recognized as an impartial reviewer, but has earned the demerit of a one-sided, partial one-eyed owl. Its single owl eye is blinded now by the dazzle of the science of Spectro-Chrome Therapy and the rising respect and confidence of the ailing public its followers are getting. It stands as it were dazed and blinded by the effulgence of the latest revelation in the healing art and in it sees the utter eventual destruction of the unholy temple of lie that the followers of poison therapy and master butchery have succeeded in creating throughout the length and breadth of the country.

This Journal of A. M. A. in its foul public tactics bulldozed the Christian Scientists, Osteopaths, Electropaths, Chiropractors and others who dared differ from its unscientific attitude and now it has started similar tactics against the Originator of Spectro-Chrome Therapy, his system of healing and his positively graftless Spectro-Chrome Institute.

It published a long article deriding Dinshah and his qualifications, endeavoring also to besmirch the name of our most learned and estimable friend Surgeon Kate W. Baldwin, M.D., F.A.C.S., S.C.T., whose name is blessed by hundreds who were saved from the surgical knife through her very skillful and timely use of Spectro-Chrome Therapy. It was this brave, progressive, courageous and masterful surgeon who saved Grace Shirlow from certain, sure and inevitable death when by her clothes catching fire her torso was nearly completely burnt and her skin was two-thirds destroyed. Let any M. D., any surgeon, look at the pictures in this article and judge for himself whether there is anything in *their* system or in *any other* system—drug or drugless—that could have saved the life of this pretty child.

This burned girl was taken to the Woman's Hospital in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, where Dr. Kate W. Baldwin has been the Senior Surgeon for twenty years. When her long surgical experience plainly indicated to her that in the recognized methods of plastic surgery and skin grafting, dosing, dressing, doping and drugging, there was not a ghost of a chance for the injured girl to live through—her noble magnanimous heart throbbed to save the unfortunate patient through other means not as yet fully understood by the followers of so-called medical "science." Even at the risk of appearing unethical and unprofessional, this learned surgeon set aside all preconceived ideas, notions and methods and from the beginning started to treat Grace exclusively with Spectro-Chrome Therapy. There was no skin grafted, no surgical dressing used, no pill potion or powder administered, yet, the patient thrived and her bodily powers from within (as enunciated in Spectro-Chrome Therapy) built a new satin-like skin within a few months. Her kidneys, bowels, lungs and heart have functioned under

Spectro-Chrome Therapy most perfectly; even the temperature which went at times over 106° Fahrenheit was controlled with the precision of a chronograph and brought down without delirium or any untoward symptoms.

This girl is now in the enjoyment of health and is a live monument to the labors of the Originator of Spectro-Chrome Therapy and the devotion, skill and accuracy of its pioneer followers.

And for such gracious and unselfish service to humanity, such dutiful use of her skill as a healer and such excellent demonstration of her progressiveness as a capable and competent surgeon, this wonderful woman whose work was extolled as the most marvelous in the annals of surgery by eminent surgeons, got from the (un) American Medical Association through its obviously ignorant Journal editor nothing but ridicule and foolish derision. Such is the reward she as a Fellow of the A. M. A. received from that disgraceful publication.

But that is not all—the end is not here; the end will come when Spectro-Chrome Therapy will put an end to this Octopus, whose disastrous practices none dared to speak about openly. That poor fish submerged in the ocean of crass ignorance, bloated into a stinking carcass of the most malodorous type because of its hoary antiquity has thought fit to attack the brain power, honesty and character of Dinshah, not knowing in what pouch it was inserting its grasping tentacles.

Whatever methods the leaders of other therapeutical systems may follow have nothing in common with Spectro-Chrome Therapy and the methods of its Originator. He abhors underhand tactics, crafty policies and grafty diplomacies. He prefers at all times to speak in the open without fear of consequences, where the weal of the suffering public demands that he speak. And he spoke as follows:

COPY OF ORIGINAL

February 4, 1924,
18-05

The Editor:

*Journal of
American Medical Association,*
535 North Dearborn Street,
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

Sir:

On returning from my tour in California, my attention was drawn to an article published in your issue of January 26, 1924, under the heading "SPECTRO-CHROME THERAPY," attacking me personally as well as defaming my work and my SPECTRO-CHROME INSTITUTE.

My scientific and professional standing are so well known and recognized internationally during thirty-three years of a fearless and independent platform career that they need no vindication or justification; however, it appears that you never had the opportunity of investigating first hand what SPECTRO-CHROME is and what it does.

As an humble servant of suffering humanity and in justice to yourself and the therapy you represent, I have the honor to invite you to appoint a committee of any Seven (7) of your representatives and send them to take my complete course on SPECTRO-CHROME THERAPY with experiments and demonstrations at Hotel Manx, San Francisco California, where my next class opens on Monday, the 24th of March 1924, at 7 P. M.

I hereby agree to pay all first class traveling and hotel expenses of your said Seven (7) representatives and also to present the course absolutely unconditionally.

Furthermore, although I am known as a caustic speaker in denouncing the "Empiricism of Medical Science", I hereby pledge you my word of honor that not a word tending to derogate, discredit, disrespect, disrepute or dishonor your representatives, their profession or their therapy will be uttered by me during the entire investigation and that they will be treated as my worthy and honored guests.

The above invitation stands good for two weeks from your receipt of this and your acceptance is requested within that period to enable me to remit in advance the stipulated expenses to your bankers and make other necessary arrangements.

Yours sincerely,

DINSHAH,
President.

DPG/IGD
By Registered Mail,
with receipt requested.

GRACE SHIRLOW



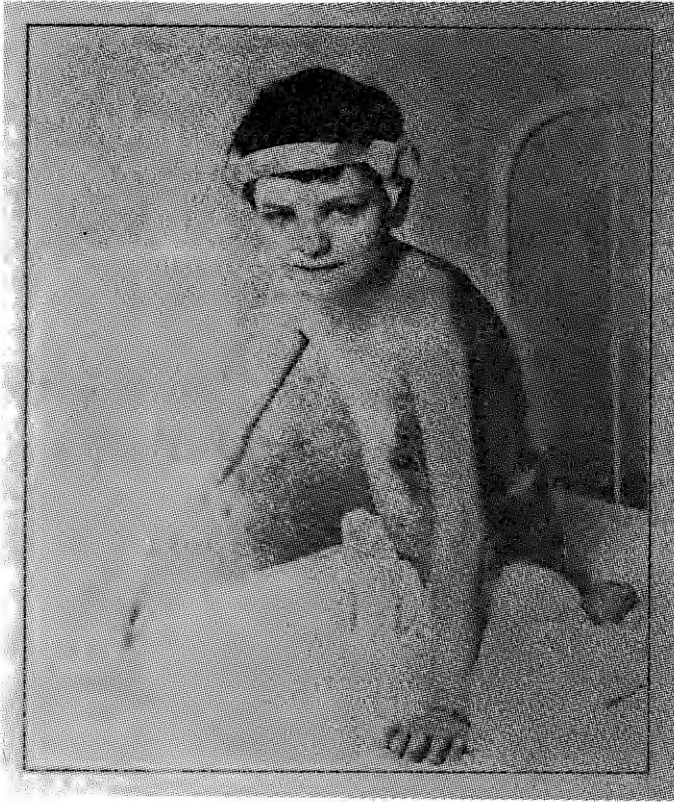
FRONT VIEW OF BURNT AREA
NOTE THE EXTENT OF SKIN INVOLVED

GRACE SHIRLOW



BACK VIEW OF BURNT AREA

GRACE SHIRLOW



THREE MONTHS AFTER
NEW SKIN GROWING

GRACE SHIRLOW



EIGHTEEN MONTHS AFTER
WONDERFUL RESULT PRODUCED EXCLUSIVELY
BY SPECTRO-CHROME THERAPY

GRACE SHIRLOW



EIGHTEEN MONTHS AFTER
NOTE THE UNIFORMITY OF THE NEW SKIN
BUILT BY SPECTRO-CHROME THERAPY

GRACE SHIRLOW



AFTER RECOVERY FROM THE BURNS
NOTE THE ABSENCE OF TENSION

GRACE SHIRLOW



AT PLAY AFTER RECOVERY FROM BURNS

GRACE SHIRLOW



THE LIVING TESTIMONY TO SPECTRO-CHROME
THERAPY

The above challenge which went by registered mail will remain as a permanent record against the cowardice, unfairness, pussillanimity and peanut-brained-ness of the most detestable organ of a cowardly trust which through covert means always endeavored to have the upper hand.

Ye Editor of the Journal of the A. M. A., you attacked my personality, integrity, character, unselfish work for humanity; I sent you a dignified request which, were *you* honest and integral, red-blooded and American, were *you* fair, just and cleanminded as well as competent, *you* would have either printed, answered or accepted; but, in quietly ignoring my gentlemanly challenge you have proved for ever your utter unworthiness to wield the sacred editorial pen.

I challenge you and your entire Medical Trust. I defy you and your whole organization to show and prove a money-making scheme or a fraud on the public such as you have made me and my Spectro-Chrome Institute appear in your dastardly attack. I have said times without number on the platform during thirty three years and now *repeat* emphatically that through me and my work your entire crack-brained edifice of drug therapy and destructive surgery will crumble to pieces and its bricks will be volatilized into molecules atoms electrons and beyonds and blown off into the place where there is plenty of sulphur and no winter!

Spectro-Chrome Therapy as taught by me is no fad imposition or fancy such as your fool article states. It has absolutely nothing in common with any other system of healing and is not an improvement on the medical art. Medical "art" is too slimy to reform. While your whole medical "science" is nothing but stupid contradictions and empiricism, Spectro-Chrome Therapy is the very essence of the unknown hence unrecognized occult sciences of ages

which its Originator researched and junctioned and presented to the World as its most humble servant.

Spectro-Chrome Therapy teaches no complications of Anatomy, Physiology, Biology, Pathology, Histology, Bacteriology, Botany, Psychology, Surgery, Materia Medica, and the like as taught in the colleges of your worthless systems and does not even touch the humbugs known as Differential Diagnoses. It is an entirely original science which has revolutionized the conceptions of the healing art and is battering down the fabric of your impotent charlatantry. Spectro-Chrome Therapy is based on the laws of the most subtle operations of Nature, whose grand secrets have been zealously treasured and guarded by the Benign Masters of Occult Wisdom and whose message for the relief of the ailing, America is now receiving for the first time. But that time is here—its inroads through the land have created a havoc in the pockets of many an old time medical practitioner who is fast being supplemented by the successful Spectro-Chrome Therapist,

I ask for no quarters or mercy at your hands, ye Editor of the Journal of A. M. A.! The owl's eye may be blinded by the glory of the Sun, but it is no fault of the Sun—it is the weakness of the owl's eye. You have *started* something—it will end not here but in the speedy disintegration of the fabric of the Medical Trust. Fight with all your might; I care not for you and your vicious tactics, for, at your hands I have nothing to fear.

Spectro-Chrome Therapy has come to stay and finally mark my words—within the next three years and less its power of Truth will throw the last monkey wrench in the cogs of your evil machinery and burst the entire engine of the repulsive Medical Trust never to recover its prior prestige or vaunted dignity and terrorizing influence.

Attuned Red Wave

(The World Through the Eyes of Dinshah)

OUR CENTRAL OFFICE WILL MOVE IN AUGUST

When from a single room office in New York, N. Y. and a six room experimental laboratory in Hillsdale, N. J., in 1921 we shifted our head quarters to Philadelphia, Penna. in 1602 Summer Street in a three floor rented building, we believed we made an important move. Later, in 1922 when we were overcrowded there and removed to 2401 North Broad Street, in our present premises which we purchased last year, we thought we made progress.

However, since the beginning of the year, we started such intensive activities that our present four floor accommodation also was found utterly insufficient and we faced a big problem.

On returning from the California tour, our needs for present and future expansions to take proper care of and house our multifarious and quickly advancing requirements, as well as accommodations for our experimental research and other machinery necessitated so much area that the President had to decide upon his next step.

Finally, looking with an eye to what Spectro-Chrome Institute will have to face soon, when the Sympathometer, Itisometer and the Slideless Spectro-Chrome Therapy Equipments go before the World, it was resolved that a big move be promptly made to avoid break-down of public service.

We purchased therefore, the large property in Malaga, New Jersey, known as the Peach estate, with an area of 75 acres, situated on the Atlantic City State Highway, 28 miles from Philadelphia, Pa., and 5 miles from Vineland, N. J. This estate has numerous buildings and houses suited

for various purposes, the main building a frontage of 78 feet facing a 700 feet lawn. There is enough acreage besides the fruit trees on the estate to accommodate the aeroplanes which will in the near future be housed there to fly the President and assistants from point to point for quick transit in the service of humanity. Furthermore, Spectro-Chrome Institute will later keep in touch with its graduates through a special Private Radio Broadcasting System in order that the various State and County Associations may be at close call with the head quarters.

Praise be to the Grand Creator of the Universe through Whose Beneficence the banner of the Latest Revelation in the Healing Art has been carried from coast to coast and when in August 1924 the Central Office will finally be transferred to Malaga, N. J. we sincerely expect to deliver better service and better results will ensue.

Amen!!!

PACIFIC COAST TOUR PLEASE NOTE CAREFULLY NEW CLASSES

The following is the program for the next two classes for training students in the science of Spectro-Chrome Therapy.

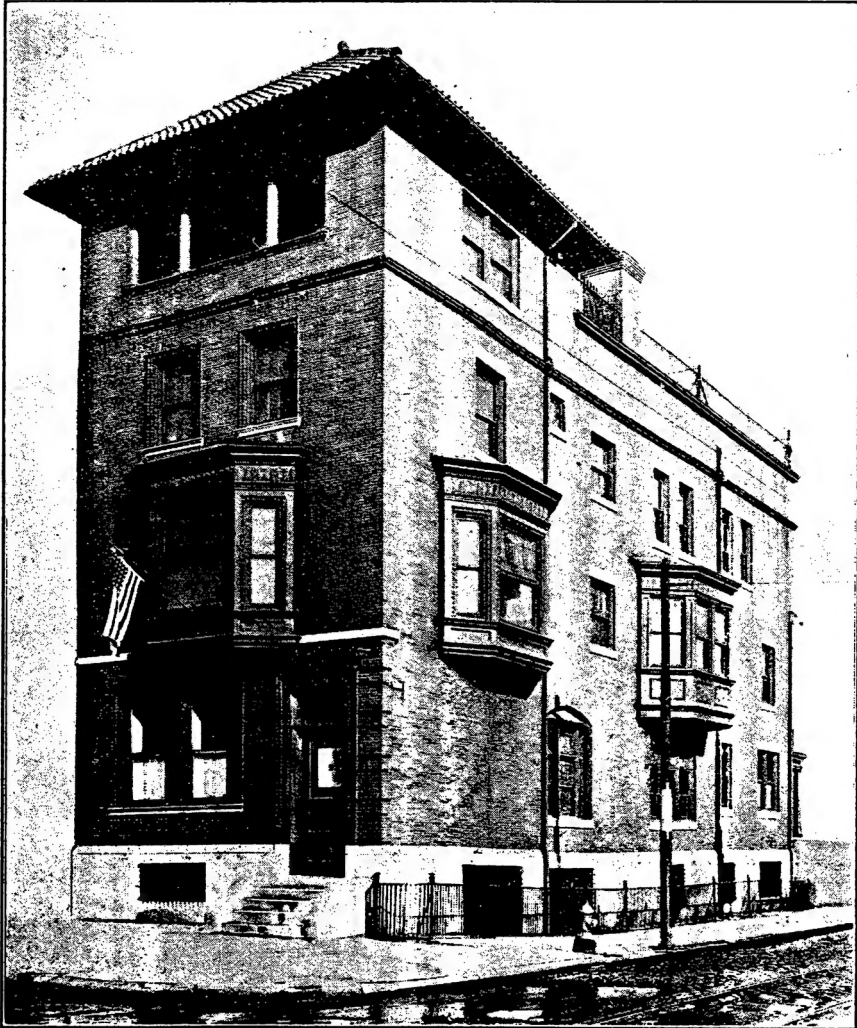
The times and places are fixed and there will be no change in the set program.

San Francisco California Class
Class Number Twentieth

1924
March

- 10 —Departure of Dinshah and his assistants from Philadelphia, Penna., 1:16 P. M.
- 11 —Arrival in Chicago, Illinois, Hotel Victoria, 9 A. M.

2401 N. BROAD STREET, PHILADELPHIA



THE PRESENT CENTRAL OFFICE AND
EXPERIMENTAL LABORATORY OF
SPECTRO-CHROME INSTITUTE

- 11 —Meeting of Spectro-Chrome Therapists in good standing and organization of Illinois Association of Spectro-Chrome Therapists, (Incorporated) Cook County Centre, 3 P. M. Hotel Victoria.
- 11 —Departure by the "California Limited" at 8 P. M.
- 14 —Arrival in Los Angeles, California, Hotel Lankershim, 3 P. M.
- 14 —Graduation Meeting of the Nineteenth Class in Spectro-Chrome Therapy, Organization of Los Angeles County Centre, California Association of Spectro-Chrome Therapists, (Incorporated) Election of Officers, Hotel Lankershim, Lecture Room 427, 5 P. M.
- 14 —Departure via Southern Pacific, 8 P. M.
- 15 —Arrival in San Francisco, California, 10 A. M., Hotel Manx.
- 15 —Graduation meeting of the Eighteenth Class in Spectro - Chrome Therapy: Meeting of the San Francisco Centre, California Association of Spectro-Chrome Therapists, Hotel Manx, Lecture Room 624, 8 P. M.
- 16 to 20—Arrangement of experimental apparati, Lecture Room 624.
- 21 and 22—Free Public Lectures on "Scientific Spectro-Chrome versus Medical Empirics," Native Sons Hall, 414 Mason Street, Yosemite Room, 8 P. M.
- 22 and 23—Public Receptions and Discussions, Hotel Manx, Lecture Room 624, 2 to 4 P. M.
- 24 —Beginning of Spectro-Chrome Therapy Course, Hotel Manx, Lecture Room 624, 7 P. M.
- April
- 5 —Completion of Spectro-Chrome Therapy Course, at midnight.
- 6 —Departure of Dinshah and assistants from San Francisco, California, 6 A. M. by automobile.
- Los Angeles California Class*
Class Number Twenty First
- 1924
- April
- 7 —Arrival in Los Angeles, Hotel Lankershim, 1 A. M.
- 7 to 10—Arrangement of experimental apparati, Lecture Room 427.
- 11 and 12—Free Public Lectures on "Scientific Spectro-Chrome versus Medical Empirics," Paulais Banquet Hall, 739 South Broadway, 8 P. M.
- 12 and 13—Public Receptions and Discussions, Hotel Lankershim, Lecture Room 427, 2 to 4 P. M.
- 14 —Beginning of Spectro-Chrome Therapy Course, Hotel Lankershim, Lecture Room 427.
- 26 —Completion of Spectro-Chrome Therapy Course, at midnight.
- The precise program for the three following courses in Seattle Washington, Portland Oregon and Salt Lake City Utah will be published later. The dates of opening the courses are May 12, June 9 and July 7, respectively.

Attuned Blue Wave

(History, Travel, Biography, Geography, Language)

FROM COAST TO COAST THE MESSAGE OF SPECTRO- CHROME THERAPY DELIV- ERED FROM THE ATLANTIC TO THE PACIFIC

DINSHAH'S PREDICTION FULFILLED

By:—KASHMIRA DINSHAH, S.C.T.
Joint Secretary,
Spectro-Chrome Institute.

Started, at last, on our way to that American paradise of beauty and romance, in whose very name there is a musical charm—California!

It was on Saturday the first of December, 1923. We went by railroad, the time and climatic conditions rendering it inadvisable to essay the crossing of the Rocky Mountains in our usual way by automobile. Father, Irene and I formed the entire party—a happy trinity, bearing the glorious message of Spectro-Chrome Therapy to the Golden West.

Leaving Philadelphia, Penna. at 10:25 A. M. on the Metropolitan Express to Chicago, Ill. we arrived at Kittanning Point, Penna. 172 miles distant, at about dusk. The Pullman porter came running. "Cunnel, we're near the Hoshoo Cove. Look out the windah, you see there are two engines to pull the train. Yassuh, pretty steep climb!" As the train rounded the famous Horseshoe Curve, we saw clearly the two locomotives laboring industriously, while at the end was visible the observation car. It was a wonderful sight. Picturesque valleys and precipitous cliffs and the mighty engines drawing the long train safely across the mountains, along the edge of the steep ridges of the Alleghenies.

Chicago, Ill. Having called a meeting of the Spectro-Chrome graduates of that city, we stayed there a day. Some other necessary business matters being attended to, we resumed our journey at 8:00 P. M. Monday, December third.

Going by the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe railroad, our itinerary included a one-day stay at the Grand Canyon in north central Arizona.

During the two and a half days intervening before reaching the Canyon, we passed our time observing the varied landscape and studying the geography of the country we journeyed thru. It is of no worth to whirl across the continent and spin back home again just to say, "We traveled!" Travel with open eyes and ears, that you may know the world you live in.

Early next morning, we passed Kansas City, Kan., coming to Newton, Kan. at 2:30 P. M. where a short stop of fifteen minutes was made. Our train, the California Limited, was in three sections. We were in the second. Five minutes behind the preceding one, each section pulled out of the station at the scheduled time. The punctuality of the Santa Fé is praiseworthy. The State line of Kansas and Colorado was crossed not many hours later.

The hour of real activity on a trans-continental train is that when the call for dinner comes. The passengers who a moment before were steeped in lethargy that even the recent Japanese seismic upheaval might not have dispelled, sprang to their feet as though electrified when the waiter came thru the train, announcing, "First call for dinner!" But the people in the rear cars were out of luck in the preliminary rush, for those in the ones ahead reached the dining salon first and

ageway, eyeing the prior arrivals impatiently and hungrily eager to pounce on their places the moment the others finished or else sadly wend their way back thru perhaps six cars to await the next call. Our car being far behind, we were thus fooled once, but only once. We became wise then and stayed back till the last summons came. The fun would begin if everyone on the train thought at the same time to use like wisdom to avoid disappointment.

One argument tending to disfavor strict vegetarianism at all times, is its imagined "impracticability" while traveling in the country of a meat-eating people. Nonsense! A person of firm principles can adhere to the truth regardless of time and circumstance. Without correct foundation is the belief that one not eating meat would starve to death for lack of other provision while on journey. Even on the train, we were able to obtain our pure sustenance sans flesh, fish, fowl and eggs. There was no lack of cereals, legumes, vegetables, fruits or nuts, either in variety or abundance. We explained our case to the steward in charge, a cultured man whose cheerful courtesy and heartfelt attention gracefully upheld the high ideals of the matchless Fred Harvey Meal Service on the Santa Fé. By his direction, there were prepared for us special dishes composed of different vegetables and other innocent products of Mother Earth, victuals as dainty and delicious as ever graced an epicure's table. Henceforth let no one think it impossible to maintain the principles of absolute vegetarianism elsewhere than at home. We have proved that it is quite easy for one so minded. But had we found it otherwise, we would have gone hungry rather than defile ourselves with a diet of blood.

At about two o'clock, on the morning of Wednesday the fifth, we awoke and looked out at the station of Raton,

N. M. The train rolled onward. The outlook appeared very peaceful. According to the travelogs which confuse New Mexico with Mexico, there should have been seen hordes of frenzied Mexicans scouring the desert in search of some new victim to elect as their President! No volley of shots rang thru the still night air. What a disappointment, after expecting such a thrilling time in that wild region where, supposedly, every man has muscular cramp of the right arm from a certain gesture toward the back belt and wooden overcoats are the fashion!

Toward noontime, we reached the city of Albuquerque, N. M. There was a stop of thirty minutes. The passengers hurried to alight for some fresh air and exercise and a glimpse of local life. Adjacent to the station was The Alvarado, a \$750,000 Fred Harvey hotel, in the annex of which was a Harvey museum containing extensive collections of Red Indian and Mexican relics. There we saw also Navajo and Hopi weavers, potters, silversmiths and basketmakers at work. Round slabs cut from the wonderful trees of the Petrified Forest in Arizona caught our attention. Aeons ago, they were arboreal giants of the usual ligneous structure. The storms and changes of marvelous Nature transformed them into colorful agate and chalcedony, amethyst and smoky topaz. The mighty sea, full of mineral salts, which rushed in and covered that forest, flowed after ages had passed, yielding its captives to the open air, the common wood turned to semi-precious stones. We touched the polished disks, admiring their flaming beauty of hue and thinking of the glory of the power that made them so.

Passing Laguna and Gallup, N. M. we entered the State of Arizona. All day long there lay before our eyes the sandy wilderness and barren hills: miles upon miles of it. Above, the sky stretched cloudless and intensely blue. Occasionally the waste was

broken with patches of mesquite and sombre gray sagebrush. There was no green, but the reddish sand and painted rocks of dull orange and blue with their suggestion of volcanic origin, formed a wild, weird picture of elusive charm. Little desert hamlets of adobe broke the monotony of the landscape from time to time. There was seen life almost painfully primitive. The continuous struggle to wrest a bare existence from the reluctant soil, soon marks with care the faces of the desert dwellers. Those people might be happy, for individuals judge their lots differently, but they did not look it. The trying sun glare and extreme dryness of the air bring early the appearance of age to the skin, so that even the children went with their countenances about as unlined as a baked apple.

It was 5:30 P. M. when we reached Adamana, Ariz., on the Rio Puerco. A few miles south of the track lie three of five petrified forests located in that region and two lie nine miles northward. There are thousands of acres covered with agatized fossil remains of gigantic prehistoric trees. On and on we sped. There were points of interest galore. A great crater 600 feet deep and 3 miles around, formed by a giant meteor, and known as Meteorite Mountain, near Sunshine; Walnut Canyon, 14 miles long, with ancient cliff dwellings; an extinct volcanic cone of almost pure sulphur called Sunset Mountain, ice caves and Black crater, close to Cliffs, Ariz. But as our time was limited, we forewent seeing these, contenting ourselves with a visit to the Grand Canyon alone. The Lowell Observatory, noted for its astronomical studies of the planet Mars, standing on a hill situated in Flagstaff, the county seat of Coconino County, is visible just after leaving the station, provided there is daylight. At 10:05 P. M. the Sante Fe junction at Williams, Ariz., was reached. Our

train was sidetracked there, staying till 5:40 A. M., when it started off, branching sixty-four miles north to the Grand Canyon.

Alight with the fire of transporting expectation, we all arose long before the rooster's call, washed ready and sat waiting, watching the approach of dawn over the silent Arizona desert. Slowly the darkness brightened into the new day's sunlit beauty. The bluish morning mist lifted from the rainbow tinted hills. Before us lay the flat, sandy, sagebrush-strewn waste. Some meandering streams lay gleaming icily, frozen solid. Skeletons of a few horses and cattle were scattered about, lending a properly impressive touch of "local color."

At 8:20 A. M., we reached our destination. Our time for departure being 7:25 P. M., there were eleven hours at our disposal for sightseeing. We went to El Tovar Hotel, located at the railroad terminus, near the head of Bright Angel Trail, at an elevation of 6,866 feet above sea level. It was a long, low structure built of native boulders and pine logs, accomodating 175 guests. The manager in charge, Mr. Victor Patrosso, was a fine, gracious personality. When he learned of our position in regard to alimentary requirements, Mr. Patrosso kindly made special arrangements for us, as El Tovar is conducted on the American plan. Furthermore, a comfortable room was placed at our disposal. Thoughtful attention, unobtrusive and therefor welcome, charms the visitor at El Tovar, another of the superb Fred Harvey institutions.

From the railroad terminus, nothing very unusual was seen. Pines and cedars reared their wavy crowns aloft. Invisible was that noted gigantic gorge we had come to see. But a short distance beyond, just by El Tovar, the vast panorama sprang into view. A stupendous chasm, 217 miles around its rim, from 9 to 13 miles

wide and with a maximum depth of 6,000 feet. A great cleft in the terrestrial crust, a sudden drop-off in the wooded mesa country. Carved out by the mighty Colorado river, huge architectural forms, weird granite titans, stand exposed to the desert Sun, brilliant with varying hues. As far as the vision reaches and even beyond, great monuments of rock loom majestically appalling. Yet this mammoth scene is viewed by looking down. In that unparalleled abyss are hundreds of peaks taller than any mountain east of the Rockies, but not one of them with its top as high as the verge. It is a terrific, abrupt hollow in a vast, arid, lofty floor of nearly 100,000 square miles. Full of a thousand lights and shadows, chaotic and mysterious, painted with prismatic colors, the chasmy stone wonder has an indescribable appeal.

In the forenoon, we took the fifteen-mile auto ride along Hermit Rim Road. From different points en route there were viewed new vistas of the Canyon with its fantastic shapes and glowing shades of color. The tumbling waters of the Colorado River, so many thousand feet below and in reality several hundred feet wide, appeared but a short leap from bank to bank. We had a group photograph of us taken at Maricopa Point, a mile and a half west of El Tovar and a mile above the rushing river, where the Canyon is ten miles wide. The picture shows us standing near the edge of the rock. By the simple expedient of two steps backward, the headquarters activity of Spectro-Chrome Institute could have been transferred to the spacious floor of the Grand Canyon of Arizona, without wasteful trouble or expense! Plenty of area for expansion, fresh country air, a healthy change from the crowded city quarters of the present Central Office—all for the falling!!!

In the afternoon, we went on the

Navajo Point and Painted Desert View drive, a round trip of sixtyfour miles, via Long Jim Canyon, thru part of the Tusayan National Forest. From Navajo Point, the nature picture was magnificent. To the north, a thirty-mile span across the beginning of the granite gorge; east or west the great extent of the Grand and Marble canyons, the gorge of the Little Colorado River and the vast panorama of that famous but seldom visited marvel, the Painted Desert of Arizona, the home of the Navajo and Hopi Indians. Our guide told us a quaint story about these people, pointing out some caves in the cliffs below.

In bygone times, the Navajos were a somewhat warlike tribe. They looked with contempt on the peaceful Hopis and frequently threw the latter into a fright by sudden descents upon the Hopi villages on the high mesas. So the clever Hopis cut dwellings for themselves out of the solid walls of the granite canyon and quietly retired into these lofty caves when the enemy was sighted, the means of access being kept secret. Thus the warlike Navajos were baffled and they went away with a look of "sour grapes," perforce contenting themselves with nicknaming their opponents the "Moki" tribe, "Moki"; according to our guide, being the Red Indian equivalent of the American "deadwood" or "ivory-head." But the happy Hopis snapped their fingers and told them, "Banana oil!"

At 5:30 P. M., an entertainment was given in the shape of a war dance by some Hopi Indians, in Hopi House opposite El Tovar. The building is a reproduction of Hopi dwellings and several hogans of the Navajo tribe. We saw the dance. The wild jazz of modern civilized life is not much unlike it.

(To be continued.)

SAN FRANCISCO CALIFORNIA OPENS THE DOOR OF THE GOLDEN WEST

The Eighteenth Class for the study of Spectro-Chrome Therapy was commenced on December 17, 1923 with 43 students.

Among them were 3 Doctors of Medicine, 3 Doctors of Osteopathy, 4 Doctors of Dental Surgery, 3 Doctors of Chiropractic, 2 Physio Therapists, 4 Nurses and 1 Graduate Pharmacist. A representative of one of the leading newspapers of the city also enrolled as a member of the class with the intention of personally investigating the truth or otherwise in Spectro-Chrome Therapy and passing the examination graduated as a Spectro-Chrome Therapist!

The attitude of the Class was very attentive and enthusiastic. From the beginning to the end, their intelligent questions and mental quickness were an inspiration to the instructor and sealed never-to-be-forgotten friendliness.

At the conclusion of the course, the following testimonial was presented by the class to the Originator of Spectro-Chrome Therapy, amidst vociferous applause:

SPECTRO-CHROME INSTITUTE

Hotel St. Francis,
San Francisco, California.

December 29, 1923.

Colonel Dinshah P. Ghadiali,
San Francisco, Calif.

Dear Dr. Dinshah:

We, the undersigned members of the Eighteenth Class in the study of SPECTRO-CHROME THERAPY feel that words are too inadequate in expressing our appreciation of the extraordinary super-university course of instruction which you have so thoroughly given us the past two weeks.

We feel that the forces that control the Universe have attuned your personal self to make you a teacher of unusual power and efficiency. The two weeks of the intensive training passed too quickly—but have left us so rich in the understanding of Nature's forces and powers and how to use them, that we are anxious to have you return to us soon for more knowledge and training, that we may be of still more usefulness to mankind.

As faithful students of SPECTRO-CHROME THERAPY, we are eager to study and apply the Attuned Colors and educate our friends to the sanest, surest and shortest method of the healing art—SPECTRO-CHROME THERAPY.

OUR WISH:

May the Powers of the Universe always be with you and speed the day to end the Medical Trust.

(43 Signatures)



The Nineteenth Class in Spectro-Chrome Therapy, in Los Angeles California, had as a student Mrs. Hirabai A. Vacha, a born Parsee Zoroastrian of India. Mrs. Vacha is the first woman of that nationality to graduate in the new healing art. Her pleasing personality attracted much attention and her inspiring presence was warmly appreciated. All success to her!

LOS ANGELES CALIFORNIA TENDERS CORDIAL RECEPTION TO SPECTRO-CHROME THERAPY

In the Nineteenth Class on Spectro-Chrome Therapy, there were 39 students.

The course began on January 7, 1924 and as usual continued each evening until its completion.

Among the students were 6 Doctors of Medicine, 4 Doctors of Osteopathy and 10 Doctors of Chiropractic; also 1 Doctor of Magnetics who had studied under the late Dr. Edwin D. Babbitt and who was therefore more than usually appreciative of the merits of the Attuned Color Waves:

This class was in many ways different from other classes. Its atmosphere was very genial and the course went through without interruption by useless catechism. The students, while eager to ask questions appeared decided to wait until the last and then realized that their "questions" were in fact answered right in the teachings; they certainly were tuned to the occasion.

During the final session, the following testimonial was presented:

SPECTRO-CHROME INSTITUTE

Hotel Lankershim
Los Angeles, California

January 19th, 1924.

Dear Colonel Dinshah:

At the conclusion of this, your Nineteenth Class of Spectro-Chrome Therapy, held in Los Angeles, California, we, the undersigned members desire to express our sincere appreciation for the great knowledge imparted to us.

The teaching has inspired us to greater efforts to aid suffering humanity and given us a practical scientific system that does the work.

Your demonstrations in the class room have taught us more wonderful Truths about God, Man and the Universe than ever dreamed of by many of us, and the beauty of it is the seeing for oneself, the actual Cause and Effect in operation which banishes all element of doubt in the mind of the student and leaves nothing to be taken for granted or on faith. The proof is shown.

Dr. Dinshah, you are a Master Mind in presenting this knowledge as proved by our interest shown every moment.

For years, many of us have devoted our time to alleviating the ills of mankind and now we feel your system fills the long-sought want that countless thousands have longed for.

We pledge you our loyalty, support and earnest endeavor to hasten the day when Spectro-Chrome Therapy will lead the world in the healing art, as it surely will.

(39 Signatures)