

Valor

The Golden Times Weekly . .

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

Volume II

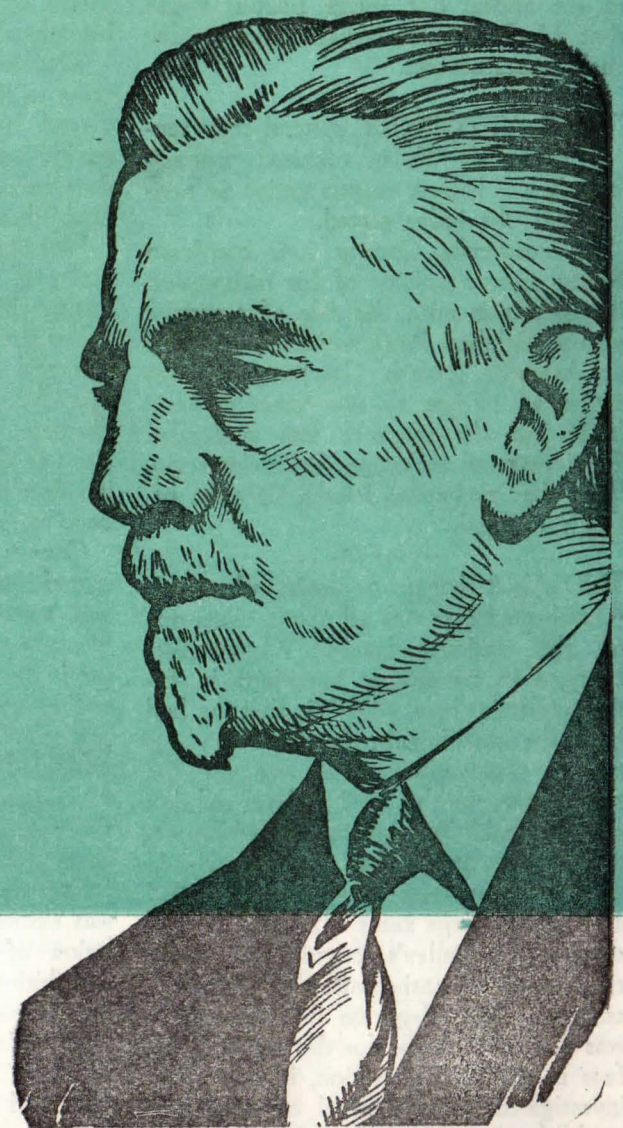
Noblesville, Indiana, Saturday, January 19, 1952

Number 12

Pelley Wins Again!

Indiana Supreme Court Rules Against North Carolina

INDIANAPOLIS, Jan. 17—An Indiana Supreme Court ruling yesterday apparently made former Silvershirt Leader William Dudley Pelley secure from extradition demands of North Carolina authorities under a 1935 conviction of violation of the North Carolina Securities Act. Pelley had published a financial statement of one of his corporations without the company being registered with the State. Attorneys had incorrectly advised him that it was unnecessary. The case had been pending since March, '51.



Return of the 62-year-old Pelley, now operating the Soulcraft Press at Noblesville, had been sought by Buncombe County, North Carolina, ever since his parole, February 14, 1950, from a Federal sen-

tence for sedition in wartime. He served 7½ years of a 15-year Federal sentence.

THE High State court yesterday denied an appeal of Hamilton County Sheriff Roland Guilkey over Pelley's release on a writ of habeas corpus Dec. 22, 1950, by Hamilton Circuit Court. Pelley at that time contended he was unjustly detained by the sheriff on a warrant for his return to North Carolina.

Supreme Court Judge Arch N. Bobbitt wrote an unanimous opinion of the court, ruling the court lacked jurisdiction in the case because the appeal had been instituted improperly.

Indiana Attorney General J. Emmett McManamon was representing the sheriff in the appeal but Judge Bobbitt wrote that MacManamon lacked authority for such representation.

THE ATTORNEY general may represent sheriffs in criminal proceedings but a habeas corpus action is non-criminal, the judge stated.

A Buncombe County jury convicted Pelley of non-registry of his corporation in connection with the sale of securities of the Galahad Press which he operated at Asheville, North Carolina. He was sentenced to one to two years at hard labor but the sentence was suspended for 5 years of probation. Pelley later violated that probation, North Carolina officials contend.

INDIANA began to learn what this celebrated case was all about, when one of the nation's leading Communists bragged in newspaper interviews in Indianapolis in June of 1942, that he had been the complainant in the Pelley Securities prosecution, as he was also the complainant in the 1942 federal sedition case. In addition, various Asheville attorneys have stated that they were visited by this Communist leader early in 1934 and offered large sums of money to find something in Pelley's activities that would close down his anti-communist publishing activities. The allegation that the money was placed in escrow for the prosecution's fees in the original action, is now being investigated, legal counsel advising that establishment of such fact would amount to criminal conspiracy against Pelley's constitutional rights.

When the left-wing Dickstein Committee had abused a Congressional *duces tecum* subpoena to seize everything at

Pelley's headquarters, and had gutted and denuded Galahad Press' offices even of furniture and rugs, accountants were put to work on his books to discover some irregularity that could be made the basis of criminal prosecution.

Finally it was discovered that two years before, when his offices were in another State, he had caused one of his monthly magazines to be printed and mailed from Asheville, N. C., containing a statement of his corporate assets and liabilities, which was a technical violation of the North Carolina Securities Act. The State Securities Commissioner had no interest in prosecuting such technical violation, and his witness so testified at Pelley's subsequent trial in Buncombe County when his arrest had been brought about.

The real nature of the prosecution came to light when it was noted that the Grand Jury had met and handed down an indictment in Buncombe County, two days before any witnesses were called to establish the facts!

However, a county jury did find him guilty of publishing the corporate statement, which was self-evident, for which Pelley acquiesced in payment of a \$1,000 fine and costs, rather than appeal. The fact that Pelley had acted at counsel's direction in not registering Galahad Press in the State merely to have a printing firm manufacture and mail his magazine, carried no weight with the jury.

County Judge Wilson Warlick accepted the payment of the fine and costs, and suspended any penal sentence for five years, on the condition that Pelley get in no more trouble, technical or otherwise, with the law.

PELLEY conducted his publishing and crusading activities against the nation's Reds with accelerated tempo for four years and eight months, when his former prosecutor, Zebulon V. Nettles, was elected county judge. In express violation of the North Carolina statutes prohibiting judges from acting in any case wherein they have had a former interest, Nettles involved Governor Clyde R. Hoey, now present senator, in the affair, and got him to substitute Nettles for the regular judge for the fall term of court in 1939, Hon. J. A. Rosseau, whose place Nettles took. Promptly Nettles ordered a *capias* issued to have Pelley brought in and "examined" to determine if he had done anything that war-

ranted the Warlick suspension being set aside. Pelley found himself in the hands of his former unsuccessful prosecutor.

Failing to find Pelley at the moment in North Carolina, Nettles caused a newspaper report to go out across the nation branding the Silvershirt leader as a fugitive from justice. No new charges substantiating such smear, were then lodged against Pelley.

Pelley went about his business outside the state until he was called to testify before a Congressional committee. Pelley's friends subsequently declared they recognized ex-prosecutor Nettles in Washington, D. C., on the date that he, Pelley, was arrested in a Congressional committee room and locked up in Number 5 police precinct. A long fight for extradition ensued, which Pelley lost.

Going back to North Carolina to make good on his bond, Pelley again found Nettles on the bench, this time the former prosecutor having succeeded in wresting an exchange from Governor Hoey with the Hon. Wilson Warlick, former justice in the 1935 case, who had imposed the suspended sentence. Nettles set the case to be heard in January, 1942.

AT THIS hearing, the Hon. Don Phillips presided, and found Pelley guilty of having violated his suspended sentence by publishing political material that spoke in a derogatory way of President Franklin D. Roosevelt, and setting up a "subversive" organization in North Carolina in the item of the Silver Legion. For such offenses, the 5-year suspension was revoked, and Pelley sentenced to three years in Raleigh at hard labor. Pelley appealed and was released on \$12,500 bail. While such appeals were pending, the Communist who had allegedly put up the money for all the questionable business, caused the Federal Government to arrest Pelley for sedition, in that he had spoken ill of Joseph Stalin in war time, while Russia was America's ally.

When Pelley was locked up in Marion County, Indiana, the North Carolina appeals were denied, and the Buncombe County court, Judge Nettles presiding, ordered his \$12,500 bail bond forfeited.

Eight years after, when Pelley had served a federal sentence for his antipathies to Stalin, and was released on parole, Buncombe County again reinstated its rights to Pelley's person and sought his extradition to serve the Phil-

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Why Religion Is Not an Opiate for Humanity

NEVER since Bolshevism gained to the attention of society, the Red has been busy spreading the doctrine that Religion is the Opiate of the Masses.

Just why it may be particularly wrong, or in any way vicious, for the masses to partake of such opiate—granted for the moment that it may be such—no screecher for Communism takes the trouble to enlighten us.

The implication seems to have it that diverting men's minds to any form or aspect of a state called celestial, removes their attention from badly-muddled problems of the present worldly tenure.

If men did not think about heavenly things, argues the Communist, they would apply themselves successfully to the ideal State's construction. Therefore to achieve the ideal State, the first requisite step is closing all the churches.

NOW this is not the place nor the periodical in which to dissect the ribaldries of Communism. Communism, as such, is merely Satanic Paradox with deadly logic behind it: the deadly logic of employing an introvert political economy to supplant one religion by another on a world-wide scale. What we are interested in observing is the philosophical possibilities in the question of a modern social State without externalized Religion.

You have to admit that the telling challenge hurled at religious-minded people by workers against the communistic order is the demand: "Do you want to live, and raise your children, in a nation throughout which all churches have vanished?"

If the auditor shrugs his shoulders and responds: "It's quite all right by me!" he is damned at once as an atheist or left-winger.

The average American, endowed with a modicum of reasoning intelligence, senses a little qualm of panic arising within him at such a prospect.

"No, emphatically he doesn't want to

The Communist Slander Refuted



live and raise his family in a nation of communities wherefrom churches have vanished! But press him to tell you why, and he will give you every answer but the right one.

He feels that a nation of communities devoid of churches is a nation of communities devoid of moral restrictions which such churches are supposed to epitomize or nurture.

He accepts instinctively that the organized church is the arbiter of Law and Order within the modern social structure. Effectively eliminate it and humankind runs riot. Some sort of religious structure must maintain, he feels, to control the unwashed masses.

A nation without churches would be a nation with ethics and scruples abandoned.

What we are interested in examining is not whether this would be exactly so,

but why it is that the average man's acceptance of the assumption is instinctive.

From whence comes his social panic that abandonment of theology would be followed by bedlam?

ARE WE not confronting the civic proposal that the average man expects the church to exercise the moral jurisdiction, and enforce the ethical discipline, which he as a simple unit in the State is aware that he cannot exercise or enforce as an individual?

Does he not, in other words, desire that the church shall function as moral parent to the offspring he has sired, instead of trusting himself to supply such tutelage as he knows his offspring may require to get it through the world with reasonable safety? Is he not, therefore, truly resenting the removal or abolishment of a public institution that conven-

Hasten the Day!



HOW WOULD the Christ Men, servants of the Higher Forces, conduct the administration of this Republic differently than it is being conducted at present? On July 5, 1929—the day after Independence Day—converse seemed to be established by a group in New York City with the intellect of the immortal Lincoln. Among the gems of the intercourse that evening, the Great Emancipator is alleged to have listed the concernments of any occupant of the Presidency, as they would be after the Machiavellians are no longer factors in any government:



"The things that should be done in the Presidency are these," the Lincolnesque Intelligence declared, "give an accounting nightly to Divine Providence of the following—

- (a) *"Have the forces under my control been administered so that love of humankind for one another has been enhanced in its broadest aspects?"*
- (b) *"Have men learned anything today from the functioning of government that has ennobled them?"*
- (c) *"Have men been taught how to stand any straighter or firmer on their own two legs, and look at one another fearlessly yet lovingly?"*
- (d) *"Have men had any examples reared before them of compatibility in administration that will unconsciously motivate the private administration of their own lives?"*
- (e) *"Have men seen anything in the future, motivated by government, that enhances their prospects and belittles their failures?"*
- (f) *"Have men known what it is to suffer in experience for their own good?"*
- (g) *"Have men been willing to die for one another, yet live for one another the more nobly?"*

Such would be the concernments of a United States President under the forthcoming order that is described as the Golden Times.

Hasten the day!

iently does his moral work for him as a parent or conscientious citizen, and releases him otherwise to follow his business and grab the dollars that enhance his affluence?

Is it not a fear that he will be called upon to do something that he concedes he is incompetent to do, that inoculates him with a "lost" feeling when it is recklessly proposed to do away with churches?

We must answer these challenges, and view this question of the church's accurate value to the modern community, before we can decide whether or not this religion-is-the-opiate-of-the-people thing is something to get alarmed at. . . Now why, from time immemorial, has externalized religion been made the cornerstone of States?

FIRST off, let us make the flat proposition that no man in his senses offers castigation of the Church as the Church. Criticism of churchianity is always and forever concerned with what may be taught from the pulpits of churches, correctly or incorrectly, at any given moment or for any set period—and seeming diatribes uttered against organized religion are directed at what appear to be subversions of that religion, not the thing in its essence as the critic must conceive it in order to offer his objections at all.

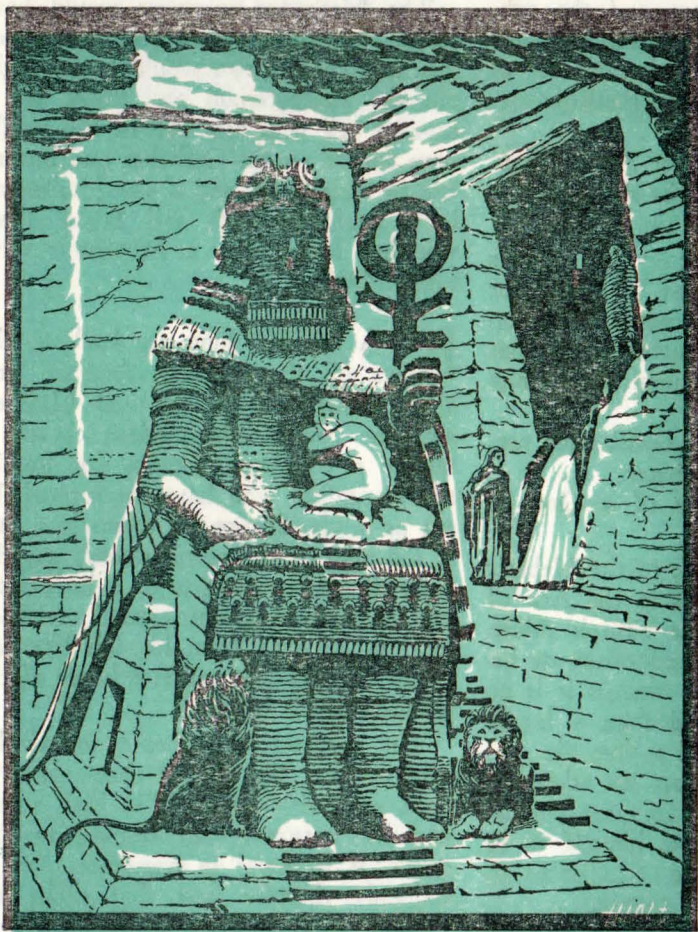
Churches or temples have always been an adjunct of any civilized State—whether they have assumed the material aspects of cathedrals or shrines in a wood—because they epitomize the Mentor-Control over humanity that is the pattern of the universe far above the mortal.

The average man assumes—vaguely—that the modern organized State "just happened," or if it has not just-happened, that it has been the evolution of human thought, striving to protect the individual or the minority against lawless encroachments of the mass.

It never occurs to Mr. Average Man that the political State may be in existence because it carries out in replica the great system of the wise instructing the ignorant that prevails throughout every octave of creation.

It prevails in the animal kingdom—and is termed Mother Nature. It prevails in the angelic kingdom and is solemnly acknowledged by the theological-minded as The Host.

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Suppose Today's Clergy Owned Vril Sticks? . .

The Original of the Ruler's Scepter Was Formidable

TO CONVEY some idea of the extent to which the original Spiritual Hierarchy was advanced over its modern prototype, the denominational clergy, consider for a moment the possession of, or jurisdiction over, such a thing as the vril stick. According to the slender details that have come down to us, the vril stick was a slender glass rod, some thirty inches long and hollowed down the center. At the top end was a most peculiar handle, or rather it was capped by a six-inch length of glass affixed in oblique slant somewhat in the shape of a cross-bar made by Spencerian penmen when they write a capital letter T.

Inside such glass tube was confined the vril ray.

The vril ray was a death ray.

How it was evolved, how it could be confined in a slender tube of glass, pertains to the so-called Lost Arts.

The lethal fecundity of the vril stick, however, consisted in the phenomenon that if it were grasped by the top-piece and pointed at some obstreperous or in-

corrigible person, the latter jack-knifed instantly and was gathered to his fathers. No morbid execution ceremony, no blood, no hysterics.

It seems to have been a simple case of: One Point and You're Perished!

The potentate possessing the vril stick had but to lift the rod and aim it an instant at the offending undesirable and slaves took what was left of him out and buried it.

That the vril stick was an Atlantean implement but that its secret was retained down into comparatively recent times—as the age of our planet now is figured—is attested by the fact that vril sticks have been recovered out of post-Atlantean Egyptian tombs, although very little publicity is given out about them.

There is said to be one of these recovered vril sticks in the British Museum, lying now on velvet in a hermetically-sealed glass case.

No one ever handles it. It is not pointed in such a way that the public—even that part of the public allowed in the Forbidden Objects section of the Museum—passes in front of it.

HAS IT never occurred to you to wonder where the tradition of Aaron's Rod, the king's scepter, or even the necromantic fairy's wand, originated? Why should the mythical Neptune once have been supposed to stick his dripping head up from the sea carrying a trident, when Neptune was half-fish and needed no walking stick?

Always and forever these very ancient mythical potentates, on land or in sea, carried some sort of rod that lay up the right forearm. Mercury had one with symbolic wings near its top, and the modern physician still uses it as a symbol of the healing profession. Why didn't some of these carry a hammer, a chisel, a pair of candle-sticks, a crowbar or a scythe-blade? But no, it has come down to us a straight, slender rod, not unlike the swagger-stick of the modern army officer.

From all logical conclusions, the thing being symbolized is the very ancient vril stick that carried the decree of life or death in its tube.

We are told, however, that it could not be pointed higher, at the lethal end, than the true horizontal, or the vril ray inside it reacted back upon the person holding it. In other words, it inexorably required to be pointed slightly downward.

Of course it was exclusively a royal possession, for whoever possessed a vril stick carried about with him the means

to absolute authority. There was no argument about it.

And let it be added here that the Vrill Ray is not a myth. Stories persist in leaking forth that already it has been rediscovered by one of the governments of modern Europe but that to date its extremely short radius of operation makes it impractical for general destruction purposes and likewise too potent for individual employment.

In the ancient days, however, the man with the vrill stick could command himself obedience.

OF COURSE that vrill stick was a material contrivance. Yet calling it to mind illustrates this point: The very ancient adepts who once headed up the first forms of social organization on this earth, who were in fact responsible for introducing forms of social organization among man-species, had Natural Vrill Sticks among their own mental and spiritual equipments.

They could, so to speak, release a form of vrill ray from their minds!

What galvanism do you suppose was at work when Peter, reported as "taking a good look" at Ananias, caused the latter to drop dead? If Christ could raise Lazarus from the dead, what screwy sort of logic would deny His possession of the converse power to make other persons devoid of life if so He chose? There is no record anywhere that He did use such power, but the power to give life implies the power to take it back.

Jesus did not need a vrill stick, for He was so far advanced in Behind-Life processes that He could command mental and cosmic forces surpassing in potency anything that electrodynamics might confine within glass rods.

But a vrill stick in the hands of Christ, on that very account, would have reposed where it very properly belonged in that He had the spiritual development not to use it.

Now to gain some idea of the emasculated offices of the modern spiritual leader, consider what might happen if a vrill stick were placed in his hands or even a knowledge of the vrill ray placed within his head . . . He calls himself a "spiritual leader" but leading spiritually is just what he fails to do.

He knows nothing whatever of great cosmic processes, great fundamental galvanisms behind life or how to operate them, great possibilities in externalized

fields of force that command the substance of Mind upon Matter. He calls himself a spiritual leader because he orates twice a week upon the Paulistic theological hypothesis.

He propagates the logic: As in Adam, all men sinned, so in Christ shall all men be exonerated from that sin.

He has no proof that such a man as Adam ever lived, or that he sinned, or when, or where he thus put a hex upon the human race. He cannot prove that there is any such hex upon the human race at all.

He publicizes what he heard some professor tell him in a seminary.

His whole philosophy of a God of Wrath is Semitic.

He harks forever back to the Hebraic idea that Jehovah dwells in the Ark of the Covenant behind the Temple Altar.

He brags about his auditorium as being the House of God, whereas it is no more the house of God than a lunch-room. God doesn't need a domicile.

Ask him to demonstrate his adeptship in spiritual process and he gives you an angered look and excuses himself to be present with a committee of ladies to arrange for a baked bean supper.

He has secured himself a job as head of a parish of people who consider that the Age of Miracles ended two thousand years in the past, and that religion consists now in talking about it.

Ask him what he knows about human beings having lived before their present lives and he will tell you that you're talking deviltry—each human soul starts its personal journey up through the worlds when its body emerges from its mother's womb—so he believes and if you challenge the truth of it, you are a heretic and should be burned at the stake.

Take the record of the ministers and priests over the past two thousand years, and consider what might have happened if they had been given vrill sticks.

The Methodist ministers would have sought out the Baptists and annihilated 'em, and the Baptists would have sought out the Presbyterians and given 'em a dose of vrill with zest. All of 'em would have turned on the Catholics and burned 'em to their socks, and if the Jesuits had been equipped with vrill sticks there wouldn't have been a Protestant alive after 1492.

IT'S A LONG, long cry back to the Days of the Princely Avatars, and their stupendous control over Nature's awesome forces. The modern church is merely a congregating-place for Paulist sentimentalists who have interpreted Jesus as a glorification of themselves, and if the man in the pulpit doesn't say the right things—or dares to do a little probing of his own in the eternal verities—let him be fired from his job like any factory-worker who makes a botch of the material to his hand.

The minister is supposed to tell his congregation the things they want to hear, and with two girls in high school and his parsonage-rent coming to him gratis, it is easier to acquiesce than to suddenly thunder fiats that shake the whole meeting-house.

Can you imagine Christ soft-pedaling His remarks because the Board of Deacons might register a complaint with the Presiding Elder if He talked on psychical research?

Spirituality, indeed!

The transmutation of chemicals, the performance of matter at the galvanism of mind, the practice of telepathy and levitation of the consciousness, the altering of dis-ease, the full anesthetization of the body's nerves to pain, the reading of vibrations to get the history of a person or an object, the understanding of the processes by which an immortal spirit either picks up the physical coil or lays it down, the continuance of intercourse with those who have vacated one octave of practicing consciousness for another—all these are of the very essence of Spirituality, or that which pertains to spirit or the non-physical.

Your modern representative of the one-time avatars, at least in the theological sense, not only knows nothing of the frailest A-B-C's of such life fundamentals but calls you a disciple of Lucifer if you attempt to learn them of yourself.

He worships the Great Christ as a
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Which of Three Reasons Brought You into Life?

Earthly Rebirth Has a Definite Purpose in Every Instance

Part Two:

AS WE probe deeper and deeper into the amazing areas of advanced psychical research, we discover that any man or woman now alive can be persuaded to divulge—under somewhat extraordinary conditions—exactly what lives they have lived in the past, and what program they decided upon to make the present life profitable.

We find out that there are three blanket reasons why any one of the earth's present two billion souls is come into his present earthly body—although there are as many reasons as there are people why they may have selected for themselves the peculiar detailed experiences making up their actual careers.

The first reason why men and women come into earth-life is a simple one, and mostly applies to souls of no great cosmic functioning: They want to go through experiences that shall profit them alone, giving them the first basic rudiments of life devoid of much social responsibility.

In other words, they are more or less cosmic children, pioneers in the great adventure of physical living, taking roles of simple human animals such as the Negroes in tropical jungles, soldiers of

fortune gaining to the fundamentals of social organization.

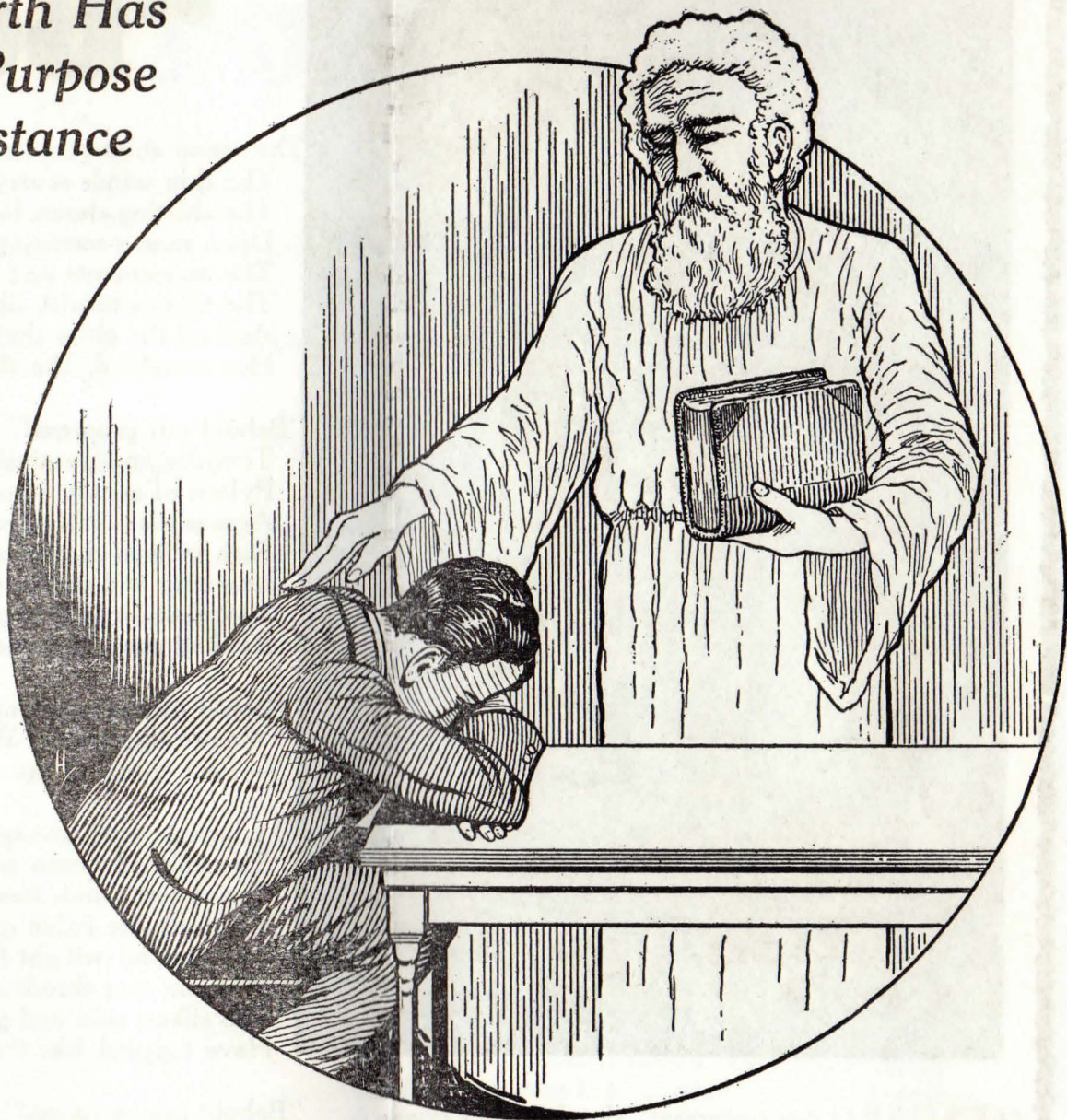
Sometimes in the higher octaves of earthly life we discover them in the more advanced races—as bachelors and spinsters, without mates or families, swash-bucklers or vagabonds, living strictly to themselves and sharing the profits from life with no one.

THE SECOND blanket reason why souls come into life is to mentor or help some loved one, or family of inti-

mates, or counsel or coach a group such as may be found exhibited in the employes of a business. Probably eighty percent of the whole human race alive in physical equipment at this moment belongs to this mammoth second class—and their peculiar problems and quandaries in executing such commissions we shall take up and examine minutely in a hundred papers ahead to be printed.

The third blanket reason why people enter the earthly tenure is because their

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“BEHOLD our progress!” the Assyrian cried,
Viewing beneath the brilliant blazing sky
His lofty towers and walls of sun-baked brick,
The brazen gates, the ponderous ramparts high,
The roll of chariots in the narrow way,
The glittering crowd, close-thronging mart and street,
The gleaming flash of spears beneath the sun,
The shaking tread of conquering cohorts’ feet;

“Behold our progress and enlightenment!
We are the people! We shall surely stand!”
—And speaking thus, they passed.

“Behold

The moon shines cold above the desert sands,
The thin winds scurry lone across the waste,
The shifting dunes long-since have rolled and curled
Upon man’s vaunting cities, Time-effaced.
The monuments and towers are o’erthrown,
The tablets tarnish like the sword-blade’s rust,
And all the glory that the past has known
Has crumbled, like the builders, into dust.

“Behold our progress!” Hear proud Egypt’s boast:
Temples and pyramids and painted stone,
Pylons of savory smoke along the blue-waved Nile,
Across the world of old for wealth and magic known.
Rich galleys clustering on the river’s flood,
Learning and wisdom cultured in her halls,
Vast monuments of power above the jeweled sand,
Ranked gods of stone, and massive sculptured walls.

“Behold our progress and enlightenment!
We are the people! We shall surely stand!”
—And speaking thus, they passed.

The jackal yelps amongst the prostrate stones,
The painted tombs no longer shrive their dead;
The desert winds besport with mummy-dust,
The gods are fallen and their glories fled;
The bats at twilight flutter forth from holes
Wherein sear shreds of human clay were thrust,
The silken sails and gilded galley poles
Have toppled, like the boasters, into dust.

“Behold our progress!” Hear the shout of Rome.
The tramp of iron legions on her stone-paved Ways;
Clatter of the chariots, thud of marching feet,
Blazing pennants crimson ’neath the dawn-mist rays.
Mistress of world and word, from pine to palm,
Art and adornment filched from every land,
Monarchs in chains behind her Triumph’s wheels,
States that paid tribute to a conqueror’s hand.

“Behold our progress and enlightenment!
We are the people! We shall surely stand!”
—And speaking thus, they passed.

Our Progress!"

The broken pillars in the Forum spill,
And shattered fragments strew the Circus floor,
The loathsome beggars loiter in the shade
Of walls whose vaulted echoes wake no martyrs more.
The brassy bucklers turn no foeman's steel,
The short keen sword no longer makes its thrust,
And all the Empire Stern that lauded Caesar's pomp
Has crumpled, like proud Caesar, into dust.

"Behold our progress!" Emperor, King, and Czar!
Navies far-flung and battle-flags unfurled;
Europe a checkerboard of blood and flame,
Armed minions mustering 'round a wounded world.
Hear once again, while red the ruin roars,
The puny voices vaunting, each to each,
Whilst on the other's shoulders thrusting blame,
Make once again the vapid, age-old speech:

"Behold our progress and enlightenment!
We are the people! We shall surely stand!"
—And speaking thus, they pass.

The dreadnaughts drown beneath the Channel's tide,
The cities flame, the lees are black with dead,
The highways shake beneath the tread of hosts
That flee the bomb-wracked heavens overhead.
Women blank-eyed, the cuddling hamlets chilled,
Where needy seek in vain Starvation's Crust,
And all the gain of hard-wrought Bills of Rights
Is crumbling, with their wresters, into dust.

"Behold our progress!" See the virile scene:
A lithesome Boadicea, stalking up the West,
Athwart America her people rear great piles
Of steel and stone that challenge Sinai's crest.
Symbols of wealth and craft, of visions bright,
Yet doth the cry of old still daunt the Master Brain,
Whilst plot and counterplot send mischiefs bleak
To desecrate the Temples of her Gain—

"Behold our progress! Sense our strength!
We are the people! We shall surely stand!"
—And speaking thus, they wait.

The killer strides across a joyous land
Where sightless Justice stoops to hold life cheap;
A slavish Press and nuisance Radio combine
To keep young stalwarts locked in blight of sleep.
Youth's hope is now no more, gone is the flame
To hold the public weal a sacred trust;
Must these: Wealth, Glory, Truth and Valor High,
Be trampled with past vanities, in dust?

"Behold our progress!" Hear the tocsin ring
From every land and race where pride has ruled;
Now brethren of the Chrystos take it up
But cry it softly as that pride is schooled.
And o'er it all a Loving Father's care
Makes mantle for the strong who richly die,
With added word, chance-heard o'er land and sea:
"Know thus that your redemption draweth nigh!"

Behold our progress? We, the people, verily do stand
And take the nobler gift of Life, although
We never see the Giver's Hand.

Behold your birthright, men of midget mien,
Lay off your tawdry coats of guile and shame,
Discern the gracious fullness of the Gift
That leaves its bounty rare, although it hide its name.
Let this your tocsin be, and this your song—
"We are the legatees of all that Time would birth,
The sands, and spires, and minarets of grief
Are blended in the Galilean Saga, not of earth.
Chrystos appeared, enthroned, acclaimed, enshrined,
Auguring the Perfect Progress, sired by Mind!"

—ANONYMOUS



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PELLEY

(Continued from Page 2)

lips' sentence. Two Indiana courts, hearing the case, absolved Pelley from having to return. Whereupon the Attorney-General of Indiana was persuaded to interest himself in the affair, and he filed the appeal to the Indiana high court, which of this date has decreed such appeal to be improper.

Pelley's friends in North Carolina and elsewhere are now interesting themselves in soliciting Governor Scott of North Carolina to absolve the State's implication in Communist designs, by tendering Pelley a pardon. The Pardon Commissioner of North Carolina has stated in published interviews this week that the North Carolina authorities are powerless to act until Pelley returns to the State and gives himself up voluntarily, "when the case will be considered on its merits."

This stipulation serves communist ends perfectly, however. It remains to be seen whether the left-wingers are powerful enough in the State to circumscribe the Governor in investigating the entire affair, and acting in the interests of justice to give Pelley delayed exoneration.

CHURCHES

(Continued from Page 3)

From mice to messiahs we have exhibit of experienced spirits, turning about and reporting the effects of their experiencings to those yet to know it, that the latter may have counsel to sustain them or

enable them to endure ordeal with a minimized physical or mental discomfort.

The politico-economic State in its seemingly organized earth-form is therefore little else than the rendering in the worldly setting of this vaster pattern, provided for instructorship down from the very highest octaves of creation with which earth-people are in touch.

"Get together in an assembled body, and someone wiser than yourselves—through longer experiencings—will come before you and tell you how the journey is to be, ahead!" Is the the sum and substance of social organization, whether it concerns angels or amoebae.

In either pure, or prostituted, or profaned forms, therein is the principle that is at work wherever there is the slightest trace of a trend toward Law and Order.

HARKING far, far back to the very beginnings of organized society on this earth-ball, we look for the pristine inceptions of Church and State and make astonishing discoveries. Before any Church or State existed there was, what we might call for convenience, a hierarchy of certain Master Spirits who by reason of having functioned longer in natural processes that made for the stronger self-awareness, were in the position to counsel and direct those spirits who had not so functioned.

When "new souls" so to speak, begin to emerge from the great ocean of Universal Spirit and become individualized, they gain to progressive self-awareness by undergoing persecutive ordeal. Every species has its so-called enemies that prey upon it, that such preying may develop a corresponding agility at physical preservation in its would-be victims.

This practice in agility at self-preservation can be enhanced, if—at the proper periods—there is some sort of explanation forthcoming as to why such program is followed, and what specific gains may come from it.

This explanation may not always be in the form of spoken words, as in the human species. It may come in demonstrations of processes made by the Group Souls of the animal species—in other words, recognizable benefits from following so-called Instincts. Nevertheless, articulately or otherwise, such profits are apparent.

In the earliest human species, these older and wiser entities formed the first Priesthood—or superlative council for

mundane demonstrations.

No doctrine was involved in those first early days. Everything was done by personal exhibit.

"See! . . . by having lived longer, experienced more, and arrived at our present state of accomplishments in consequence, we can do these things which you hereby witness. Very good, if you allow us to superintend your own experiencings in the light of our factual knowledge derived from similar experiencings antedating yours, we can save you much suffering and expenditure of energy."

This was the one colossal tenet of earth's initial Priesthood.

Doctrine appeared when the bona fide members of that hierarchy withdrew from earth-life—and mundane demonstrations over long periods—in order that the novice-pupils might be cast self-reliantly on such knowledge as had been imparted to them, and the novice-pupils wrote down the Higher Counsellings to have them available for reference during the purposeful absences of those who had been Instructors.

It was from the memory of the direct offices and demonstrations of those First Master Spirits that later generations of humankind evolved their pantheology of gods and goddesses.

Worship in temples became a sublimated form of the constant beseechment: "Come back and dwell among us, and demonstrate to us more possibilities of high spiritual achievements!"

(To Be Continued)

Vril Sticks

(Continued from Page 6)

god—and rightly the Son of God—because the Great Christ was a past-master in these items, but libels it as a species of Christian impropriety if the modern follower of Christ essays to perfect himself in the same things Christ demonstrated in His physical person.

He ignores the possibility that human souls may have lived in other bodies and times before the present life, regardless of the fact that Christ Himself attested that John the Baptist had done so.

The wisdom of the one-time great avatars has become utterly washed out, emasculated, and subverted in his hands to an impractical bedtime fable: As in Adam all men ate an apple disobediently

so in Christ have all men received pardon through Roman-Jewish murdering. Of course, along with this somewhat vague axiom, all men should try to live uprightly and give their neighbors the same sort of deal they want for themselves—but a hundred philosophers had already said the same as far remote as Hotep-Amen. It is really the miraculous spiritual attributes or faculties of the Christ that have made Him divine in their eyes, but that such attributes or faculties may appear to be miraculous only because of the modern clergy's abysmal ignorance in regard to how they may be performed, only occurs to that clergy in aspects of demonism.

IT IS because the Church has gone far, far astray in its research into the Eternal Verities—gone so far astray, in fact, that it has turned about and excoriated the Eternal Verities as being of the devil—that quite devout men of a more provable and demonstrable erudition are decrying at present its wholesale emasculation.

The modern church bases its whole inconsequential teaching on the premise that the mortal obstetrical incident is the commencement of an immortal and never-dying soul. Thus in principle does it set any old pair of besotted parents on a par with the Almighty in that they have power to give, or not give, life.

Inject the proposition that all men have lived before, and will probably live scores of times again right here in physical bodies on this earth, and the whole, great, fallacious, theological structure wobbles and comes down in debris.

That means no jobs. That means no credence of the prenatal-life under orthodox theology.

So by all means, rather than add to the ranks of the unemployed, let Truth continue to be ignored and the people be taught a sterile thing.

When they turn in dissatisfaction from a fallacious and sterile thing, the attempt seems to be made to fetch 'em back by using the pulpit for the subtleties of Communism.

Communism says that religion is the opiate of the people—Christian religion, that is—and all Christian churches should be closed. So Red speakers mount into Christian pulpits, as in the Euclid Avenue Baptist Church of Cleveland recently, and bespeak abolition of Christianity in the open name of atheism.

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Just where sense and consistency come into it all, is difficult to state.

WE ARE spirits clad in veils, striving to get cosmic instruction that shall make our experiencings understandable as we deploy up through vaster octaves of everlasting Consciousness. The Ancient Avatars made it their business to supply such instruction, not by preaching vociferous orations based on indistinct folklore-fables but by qualifying as instructors by bodily and mental demonstrations of fact.

Where are the spiritual leaders in life today whom you would want to trust

to wield vril sticks to honestly remove from life its incorrigibles that society might truly flourish devoid of deterrent influences?

Ninety-nine out of every hundred so-called spiritual leaders of the present would immediately feel an inclination to turn those vril sticks on members of their own congregations who have been recalcitrant in meeting church deficits.

The Methodists would go up and down Main Street blasting the Baptists, Methodists and Baptists together would blast the Romanists, and the Yiddisher rabbinate would certainly run amuck and

(Continued on Page 15)



.. COGITATIONS

ONE OF the rib-tickling episodes I recall in my six decades of experience occurred in a town in upper York State, where I began my commercial career at the tender age of seventeen, essaying the manufacture of tissue paper. I left high school in my sophomore year to go to this place where my father had acquired a sizable interest in a mill. The arrangement ultimately sugared off that I made the product and father did the selling, spending much of his time in Manhattan. The week I turned twenty-one, I had 103 men on the payroll—and with the exception of seventeen months when I was superintendent of an evening newspaper in southern Vermont, have been meeting payrolls since. However, among the odd assortment of human life that ate regularly because I did make the payroll in that tissue mill was a frustrated soul whose first name was Steve but whose last name I've forgotten. Steve was a core-maker in the toilet-tissue department. Core-making was messy because it involved fanning out the cardboard cores in "flats", smearing them with hot glue, then running the reverse ends into a core-making machine which rolled them up and kicked them off a mandril. This glue, positively having no scent like attar of roses, did have an annoying way of getting on the fingers, getting on the clothes, getting in the hair. It got into the hair of a character named Dan Griffen one night, by reason of his using well-stuck fingers to scratch his pate, and an hour later Dan made the perturbing discovery he couldn't get his hat off. This Steve Something-or-Other was a frustrated soul, as I indited, and though only in his twenties was already begin-

ning to fulminate against society because it was offering him no greater opportunities for making friends and influencing people than turning out cores for toilet rolls at three cents the hundred. "One o' these days," Steve had warned all and sundry, "I'll do something to wake this town up and get my name in the papers—you'll see!" None of us paid these rantings attention. It was no skin off our noses whether Steve did something to wake up the town and create publicity. As a matter of fact, it was a plenty wide-awake little manufacturing town. But Steve So-and-So, in his early twenties was developing into a smouldering fury and a social rebel. He couldn't and wouldn't stay put long enough to learn any trade more profitable than core-making. He had no folks to advance his prospects. He just smouldered and smouldered and planned and connived. And it so happened that I was the party who was first to behold the pattern of his social satisfaction when he got it . . .

o—o

OUR MILL was located down on the Flats to the north of town, and we lived in the residential section on the elevated area to the south. I usually turned out around 5 a. m., swallowed breakfast, and rode to the mill on a bicycle arriving there at six-thirty and getting all things shipshape for the arrival of the "help" at seven. We worked from seven in the morning till six at night, in those days, six days a week. The country, we thought, was headed for the damnation bow-wows industrially, when someone thought up the radical innovation of letting the "help" off at five o'clock on Saturday night . . . Anyhow, one autumn morning, practically the first of November, my bicycle was defective and I was walking down the mile-long maple shaded residential street between house and plant. Midway of the grade on the right, facing west, was a large three-story brick structure known as Fourth Street Grammar School. It had been constructed after the fashions in such buildings after the Civil War, had a large square belfry high in the center of its slated roof, and its front was bedecked with modern fire-

escapes. I came along the opposite side of the street in the silence of early morning with the sun coming up, when to my stupefaction and bewilderment, I heard a long-drawn and plaintive "Moo!" sound from the regions above my head. It was the sort of "Moo!" that any bovine emits when she is involved in a situation which puzzles or distresses her. Where in the name of seven kinds of condensed milk could there be a cow along Fourth Street in such a location that she mooed from above me? Was she up a tree somewhere? What would a cow, any cow, be doing in that sedate section of Fourth Street, anyhow? Not a soul was in sight. Most of the inmates of nearby homes were still asleep. Then the *Moo!* came again. And this time my ear traced it and coordinated with the eye . . . Believe it or not, *there was a cow in the belfry of the Fourth Street Grammar School!* . . .

o—o

A COW in a belfry! My eyes were not deceiving me, neither were my ears. She had her head lally-gagging out the west opening of the belfry and the head had horns, after the fashion of all well-dressed cows of that period. And she was calling to me plaintively to come up into the belfry and let her return to the world. How in the name of fifty-seven varieties of horned bovines had she ever gotten *up* there? The schoolhouse was locked—that I could perceive. There were twelve to fourteen flights of stairs to be negotiated, two to a floor, to reach such a height. I couldn't reconcile what I was seeing with the possibility that any cow could have followed some pinafores Mary to school the previous afternoon and made the children laugh and play to see it sit down beside Mary's desk in one of the school rooms and dare the instructor to put her out. The cow mooed a third time—and a fourth and a fifth—and a window went up near me. A be-whiskered old male thrust his head out, much in the same way that the cow was doing over the way, only higher in elevation. "Fer the love o' heaven!" was his manner of expressing an astonishment equal to my own. Then to me, "Do you see what I see?" I told him I most cer-

tainly did see what he saw. "But how did she get up there?" he wanted to know—as though I had the answers. "She must have been playing 'round the school rooms in the night," said I, "and went up to eat grass on the roof." Other heads thereupon began thrusting out of other windows, and one old lady went all out with the obsession that *I'd* been responsible for putting the cow up there. "Madam," said I, with the dignity of twenty-one, "I do not go about this place scattering cows about school roofs." But whose cow *was* it, she wanted to know? Nobody in that part of town owned a cow, that she was aware of, and she guessed she'd lived in the town long enough to know all cow-owners for miles around. Finally, with other laborers beginning to stop on their way to work, Old Whiskers in the window behind me arrived at a brainy deduction. "What cow had *help* in gettin' up there!" he pronounced. "I'm gonna 'phone the police."

IT CERTAINLY was a matter for the attention of the authorities that a cow was waking up the vicinity of Fourth and Utica Streets by continuing to bawl for help from three stories skyward. The bewhiskered one had left the sash raised and I could hear him wrestling with the incredulity of Police. "But I tell you I'm *not* drunk!" he screeched to Law and Order. "There *is* a cow in the belfry of the schoolhouse. If you don't believe it, Old Smarty Pants, come up here to the school and take a look for yourself." Old Smarty Pants, I recognized, was tall, sedate, funeralistic Chief Ross. Of course, no one called him Smarty Pants to his face, but cows in belfries altered circumstances. He promised to amble up that way when he'd finished his eggs and coffee . . . Half a hundred people had congregated to speculate on how any cow ever reached the belfry by the time the janitor of the building arrived, and unlocked the doors and led the way up two stairflights to a floor, to the last stairway to the belfry. And sure enough, there was the beast, jammed atop a wild assortment of top-floor desks which had been unscrewed and piled so that her head with the well-dressed horns was out in the belfry. It must have been an all-night job for someone—in fact more than one. Broken stretches of banister showed where pries had been used to hoist the beast so. It was a work of art, putting



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a perfectly live cow, with a body as big as a barrel, up into that astounding position. Old "Smarty Pants" Ross suddenly gave the business away in an awed voice behind us. "I been Chief o' Police of this town for thirty-two years," he declared, "but this is going to be one Halloween prank that somebody's gonna pay for." Halloween! Last night *had* been Halloween. However, we had small time to brood over it, because someone had

turned in an alarm to the Fire Department, maybe under the excited impression that the cow was on fire. The Chemical Wagon, and the Fire Engine, and the Hook and Ladder were coming. Whether some intrepid fireman would win everlasting distinction, throwing the beast over his shoulder and carrying it down a ladder to safety, was yet to be disclosed. I had to leave because I had a small brigade of employes coming to work. But

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a strange queasiness traveled with me the rest of the way down the hill at what Fire Chief Daggett had said when he contemplated the job of having to take that cow *down*. He was a well-educated fire chief, and must show he was an ingenious one, because it's much harder to get cows down out of belfries than it is to get them up, . . or maybe pry them up, as that cow had been pried. Said he, "Only a frustrated personality would think up a stunt like this!" . . A frustrated personality! It rang a bell somewhere, and the bell wasn't in a belfry that likewise held a cow . .

NO, STEVIE Something-or-Other didn't show up at his core-machine that morning, nor for any morning thereafter. He and a boy named Sutton had "swiped" old Grandma Hoadley's Jersey from a pasture out by the candy-works, so the Sutton boy owned up tearfully, and spent all night getting the beast up those stairs and into that belfry. Why? Well, Stevie Something-or-Other had declared that at last he meant to wake up that town and get his name in the papers. I suppose there's an esoteric lesson in it somewhere. He was doubtless an Old Soul, with minions under him in former lives, and making cores in a tissue mill rankled till only a cow in a good belfry adjusted values in his karma. They caught him in Oswego, brought him back, and gave him sixty days—with costs—in the pokey. Probably the pressure on his soul was eased, in that the furore compensated for his life choice of mediocrity. How did they know it had been Stevie? He'd lost his cap, or maybe the cow in a thoughtless moment had kicked it off, and it was all scabbed up with old glue from our core-machine. Old Smarty Pants had heard me tell the story of Dan Griffin who scratched his head and then couldn't get his hat off and he put two and seven together and got fourteen . . but that cow certainly did look odd, stick-her head out a belfry and pleading with passersby to come up and milk her. They got her down and restored her to Granny Hoadley, I heard, but she only gave strained milk for the balance of that winter . .

—THE RECORDER

“WHAT kind o' woman did you get, Sam?”
“Man, she's an angel, dat what she is”
“Huh, yo's lucky. Mine's still livin'”

blast Methodists, Baptists, and Romanists in the grandest display of vril pyrotechnics that ever lit up a public park on Independence Day evening.

It is a lot safer for the Methodists and Baptists and Romanists and Yiddishers to fight out their differences on Brotherly Love with their vocabularies or their fists!

Three Reasons

(Continued from Page 7)

talents and temperaments evolved over past cycles of lives peculiarly equip them to act as leaders of society—artists, writers, poets, and civic magistrates—people of great natural erudition who have the temperament to live with absolute selflessness and devote their careers to the welfare of mankind as a whole.

Of course this latter class may have loved ones and intimates in the pursuit of such careers but they are not particularly obsessed with looking after number one in such careers. They are the caste from which has been recruited the world's roster of saviors and emancipators, inspirers, and beauty-makers, liberators and messiahs.

Of course this caste is small as to numbers.

For instance, glancing back over the history of the United States of America, it is discerned that out of the millions of average folk who have lived and married and had children and perished, less than four hundred celebrities have been responsible for making the nation what our citizens of the present moment find it—and doubtless many of these have been repeat performers, exactly as Jesus told His disciples John the Baptist was the reincarnation of Elias the Prophet.

IT BOILS down to this: You conveniently forgot, when you assumed your present body as an infant, just what your previous careers had been, as well as conscious memory of the new life-role you had decided upon. Until you came to a deliberate realization that it might profit you in your present career to know about such matters, it was better that you kept your knowledge of them locked in your subconscious mind.

And there they are at the present moment.

It is by trial and effort that Life comes to know itself—what's wrong with that?

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A VERY dejected man walked into a restaurant one morning and sat down at a table. "I want two eggs," he said, "fried very hard. I want two slices of toast, burnt coal black. I want a cup of weak, lukewarm coffee."

"Are you sure that's what you want?" the amazed waitress asked.

"To the letter."

The waitress explained to the chef and arranged to get the strange patron precisely what he wished.

"Anything else, sir?" she asked, as she put the impossible breakfast on the table.

"Yes," said the patron. "Now sit down in front of me and nag me. I'm home-sick."

A KIND old gentleman was walking down a street when he saw a very small boy trying to reach a doorbell. The boy would try jumping up to press the button but couldn't make it. The old gentleman went up the steps.

"You want the bell rung, sonny?"

"Yes, sir."

The old gentleman obliged. "Now what?" he asked.

"I don't know about you, sir. I'm goin' to run like the devil."

A SYMPATHETIC friend asked the romantic boy, "Why are you looking so pale and sad?"

"I can't help it," sighed the other. "My girl turned me down when I proposed to her."

"Don't be discouraged, my boy. A woman's 'no' often means 'yes.'"

"This woman didn't say 'no.' She said phooey!"

HE WAS strolling with a charming co-ed up a country lane. The moon was very bright.

"Do you realize," the girl asked, "you remind me of Don Juan?"

"What do you know about him?" the boy asked. "He's dead."

"Uh-huh," said the girl, and continued strolling with her hands behind her.

HE TAUGHT his wife to play poker. Last Sunday morning he won back two-thirds of his weekly salary.

THE SAD, quiet, big-eyed little lady was in the psychiatrist's office.

"Now tell me," he said sympathetically, "why your family wants you locked up?"

"I'm too fond of pancakes, Doctor."

"Nonsense. There's nothing wrong with that. I'm fond of pancakes myself."

"Oh, are you?" she exclaimed happily. "Then you come over to where I live. I've got trunksful of them, . . . trunksful!"

THE ENERGETIC salesman, eager to see a big executive, finally bludgeoned his way past the secretaries at the end of a rush day at the office.

"Salesman, eh?" asked the Big Man. "Don't you realize my secretaries have thrown thirteen salesmen out of this office today?"

"Yes, sir," said the salesman. "I'm them."

THE TRAVELER said to the disobedient hill-billy youth, "Listen, don't you hear your father speaking to you?"

"Oh, yeah," said the youth, "but we don't pay attention to nuthin' he says. Maw don't neither, and 'tween the two of us we've just about got the dawg so he don't."

SAID the teacher, "Now, Tommy, if you put your hand in one pocket of your trousers and pulled out seventy-five cents, and you put the other hand into the opposite pocket and pulled out a dollar twenty-five, what would you have?"

"Somebody else's pants on!"

A NEWLY-WED was leaving for his office. "Oh, George," called his bride, "you simply mustn't forget to bring home a new rat trap tonight."

He protested, "But I brought one home last night, darling."

"Oh, yes, I know. But there's a rat in that."

THE WIFE was reading the evening paper.

"My goodness, scientists have found an old hen that had two hearts."

"Yeah," said the husband sourly, "I played bridge with her the other night."