

Valor

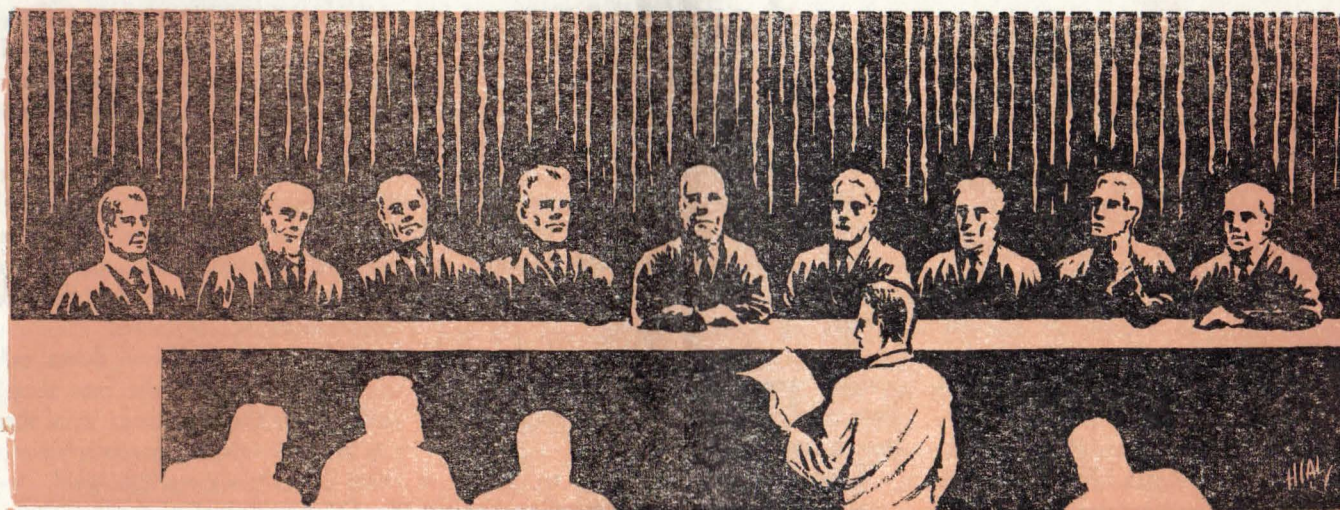
The Golden Times Weekly . .

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

Volume II

Noblesville, Indiana, Saturday, February 23, 1952

Number 17



WHAT IF UNITED NATIONS BE UNCONSTITUTIONAL?

PROMPTLY on the close of World War II, with America and the world weary of carnage, the Alger Hiss group of world left-wingers thought up and put over an audacious project.

If some sort of super-state, apparently organized to keep the peace, could be established, and *Russia maneuver control of it*, the Kremlin world thereupon—and thereafter—would have the non-Communist world by the throat.

The Smart Boys went to work, the radicals of the world got their orders, and a thing named United Nations was projected at San Francisco.

Membership in this "thing" was to be by treaty.

Fifty or more governments were supposed to send representatives to San Francisco, to get the "thing" started, but legally speaking they were without portfolio, because they could scarcely present credentials to something that hadn't yet come into existence.

The fifty or more "representatives" assembled, talked, or were talked to, and let the Hiss Crowd draw up an arrogant "charter", which still had no more force than a recipe for gooseberry pie, because none of it was sanctioned as yet, officially, by any of the governments or peoples involved.

When the stipulations of this "charter" hit the United States Senate, it was "ratified"—ratified with a sovereignty that didn't yet exist, that couldn't exist until *all* parties

had ratified. This was signing a treaty with a phantom in order that, when the stipulations of the treaty went into effect, the phantom would have flesh and blood and become alive and vital.

But signing a treaty with the Hiss Gooseberry Pie concoction relied for its authority on Article 6 of the Federal Constitution.

Now follow carefully—

What does Article 6 of the *Constitution* say?

Here it is in cold and unmistakable language—the paragraph under which U-N seeks validity:

"This Constitution, and the laws of the United States which shall be made in Pursuance thereof; and all Treaties made, or which shall be made, under the authority of the United States, shall be the supreme Law of the Land; and the Judges in every State shall be bound thereby, anything in the Constitution or Laws of any State to the Contrary notwithstanding."

What's the matter with the legal minds of the United States that they don't recognize the paradox they've allowed to be perpetrated by the Alger Hisses—and are at this moment being perpetrated by the Trygve Lies—in making it appear that the U-N Charter's provisions now supercede the stipulations of the *Constitution* of the United States? . . .

THE VITAL second paragraph of Article 6 uses the conjunction *and* twice in describing the factors that constitute the supreme Law of the Land, and on those two conjunctions rests the gooseberry-pie fallacy of the whole United Nations.

"This *Constitution* and the laws of the United States which shall be made in pursuance thereof; *and* all treaties made, or which shall be made, etc." is the express terminology of the Article.

The *Constitution* does not declare that a treaty made with any foreign power or alien sovereignty shall supercede or become paramount to the provisions of the *Constitution*. The provisions of the *Constitution* and the provisions of any treaty shall have equal and balanced authority. We might put it that the first shall have supreme authority in the conduct of the domestic business, and the second shall have supreme authority in the conduct of foreign business.



One shall not infringe upon or negate the other.

Nowhere is it specified, or even implied or hinted, that a treaty may be executed with a foreign power that negates or voids the authority of the domestic power.

That is what the Hisses of the world would have gullible non-communists believe and accept, and they have almost gotten away with it.

This nation's capability to make a treaty, relies on its *Federal Constitution* that creates it a nation. Thus in arguing that a treaty with United Nations Charter supercedes the *United States Constitution* as to superiority of laws, is arguing that by the treaty process the *United States Constitution* has the capability to void itself and commit constitutional suicide.

LOOK at it in the instance of two men empowered with office.

John Jones and Bill Smith are endowed with authority to carry on certain business of the United States, one at home and the other abroad, two different fields of activity or jurisdiction. Bill Smith, "Because I am operating outside the territory of the United States, I will consummate a document that voids John Jones' authority at home." And he proceeds to do so.

John Jones begins screeching. "Wait a minute! We both of us derived our authority from the earlier sovereignty of the People of the Nation. You can't abolish my authority at home, any more than I can abolish your authority abroad."

In the case of United Nations, Alger

Hiss Smith is retorting, "Oh, yes I can, because my treaty-making authority is just as valid as your domestic-policy-making authority. The *Constitution* says so.

John Jones replied, "Then if you lay claim to abolishing *my* authority by superceding the *Constitution* with your treaty stipulations, you are likewise abolishing your own authority giving you the portfolio to make the treaty. The authority can't exist for you and not for me."

The slick oriental strategy that the Hiss Crowd has striven to put over, has been the argument that the U-N treaty binds the Republic to acknowledge the superior jurisdiction of the U-N charter laws, thus using the stipulations of Article 6 of the *Constitution* to reduce it to a slave state under U-N.

This, in effect, is abolishment of the *Constitution*, or declaring that the *Constitution* can be abolished—or made impotent and secondary and null and void—because one of its Articles contains a treaty-making provision.

What does it all boil down to?

It boils down to the fact that U-N itself, from the American legal standpoint, is a communist gooseberry-pie proposition *strictly unconstitutional*.

Grimmer than that, if proven unconstitutional, every dollar expended under its aegis by the American government has been non-legally used.

THE FACT that the Senate of the United States ratified—or affected to ratify—a treaty instrument that carried us into a non-existent United Nations with the charter of the United Nations superceding in world authority the *Constitution of the United States*, did not make that ratification legal.

The Senate—and Congress—constantly ratifies legislative resolutions that are later declared by the Supreme Court to be non-legal. The unsavory NRA—originating in the same Snakes Nest of world Sovietism as U-N—was one of them. The Supreme Court declared it unconstitutional and it was a mere scrap of paper two minutes later.

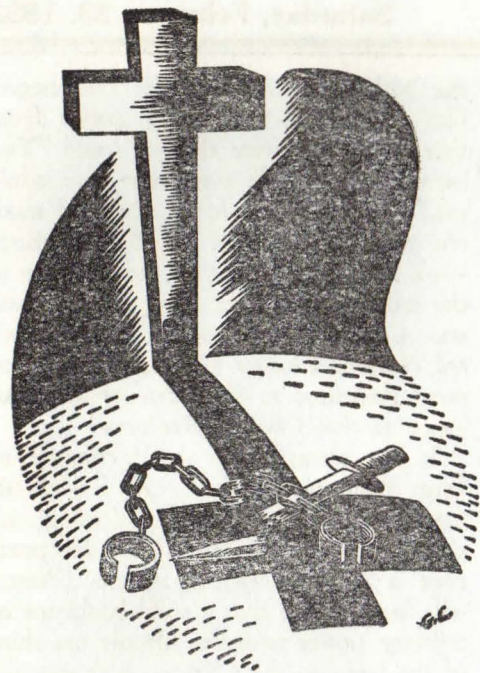
The "treaty" carrying us into United Nations has never been tested in the Supreme Court.

If the Supreme Court declares—as it must now declare—that no authority exists in the *Constitution* for the treaty-making power to extinguish its own orig-

(Continued on Page 15)

The Story of . . . UNITED NATIONS

What the Hon. John T. Wood, Republican Congressman from Idaho, told the United States Flag Committee at the Hotel New Yorker, October 10, 1951 . . .



THE STORY of the United Nations is one of the strangest, most weird, and most tragic which, perhaps, has ever been unfolded on this earth. Mothered by a universal desire for peace, almost at any price, which still thrills the soul of America, it is a strange compound of love and hate, a burning desire among the millions of Americans to banish war from the earth; while on the other hand it has well served the purpose of still more millions of an alien horde of Communists, still other millions of Socialist or near-Communist nations, with a still greater admixture of savage or barbarous peoples who have not yet learned the first lessons of living decently with their fellows, more or less under a reign of law and order.

Gendered by the American people in and honest and fervent desire for universal peace, proclaimed from most pulpits as more or less of a going concern, and almost a panacea for the reign of godliness and Christian living, there can be no reasonable doubt at this time that it was a *made to order trap for the Communists to bring into being a one-world government*, a Communist world state, and a pliable instrument for Soviet aggression.

It is all so incredible that the good people of America, not being used to oriental duplicity and intrigue, simply cannot believe that men could be so utterly false to all the laws of decent living, regard for the rights of minorities, and the great moral principles upon which this government was founded and which its people have followed for the past 175 years.

LYING, duplicity, treason, suicide, bloodshed, genocide on a scale never before witnessed upon this earth, have been practiced in the rape of Poland, Lithuania, Latvia, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Yugoslavia, Rumania, China, Tibet, East Germany, and many other smaller states whose people were either brutally murdered when they refused to bow the knee to the invader, were sent to a fate worse than death in the slave labor camps of Russia and Siberia or who are living in peril of their lives in the police states set up in those overridden countries. *And yet the Communist hordes of Russia and her satellites piously profess their adherence to the alleged principles of the Genocide Convention!*

What a strange thing it is, that the people of America, blinded by their desire for universal peace, have either overlooked this discrepancy or refused to believe it. One of the five original signers of the United Nations Charter still poses as a liberty-loving democracy, in spite of all its crimes against the minorities in the states it has engulfed.

No wonder I shudder every time I hear the word "democracy". It is now Stalin's word, and has an entirely different connotation than when Webster wrote in his dictionary—certainly no American ought ever now to use the term. I am sure I do not need to remind you that we are not now, and never were, a democracy. We are now a constitutional republic, and have nothing in common with that hated term, which has now become opprobrious to a most extreme degree.

THE AMERICAN nation is undoubtedly the smartest on the face of the earth in its scientific know-how and in its capacity for getting great things done quickly, as witness the speed with which,

starting from scratch, we armed ourselves, the rest of our allies, and even Communist Russia. At the demand of the President, 60 million workers sprang to work, and with the expenditure of almost unlimited savings of American citizens, we truly became the arsenal of the world. And we are doing it again, although our savings are almost gone and we are reaching a most dangerous stage of inflation, where our dollar is worth only about 40 cents.

But it is a tragic fact that, with all of this capacity to produce, we have been the world's most gullible Nation, blinded by our inherent love for peace, to the Communist menace which has been set up within our own borders by this spider-web thing we call the United Nations, an instrument designed by the Communist hordes to encompass our enslavement and destruction as a freedom loving people. It is my purpose tonight categorically to give the facts which support this thesis.

POSSIBLY no one could have envisaged the ultimate purpose behind this Communist plot at any single given time. It is only as the dark schemes unfold that we may begin to realize the ulterior motives present from the beginning in the ignoble birth of this international Frankenstein monster. It is no wonder that President Roosevelt, the bewildered partner of the compact, said that he did not see how it could work but that it must work. If he could see it now, he would realize that it has done so all too well—in the Russian design to enslave America for Communism.

Frequently the accumulated wisdom of the ages may be compressed into a few simple and homely sayings. Among these might be mentioned: "A stream cannot

Twilight Clear

IT RAINED this dawning in the slough of Earth,
 And life strode forth with Nature's tears in flood;
 The beggared world saw evening's promise proud
 An evil recompense of dreams and mud.
 What-ho the earth? men called as mists closed in,
 And shapes portentous loomed, to fright the weak,
 All river bounds are gone, Life's roads are clogged,
 Earth's lamps are blurred, yon mountain hath no peak!

Life's day advanced and Earth was drenched with ache,
 The ghosts of Old Misdeeds were phantoms in the soul;
 Where were the hopes that in the dawn's rose red
 Were battlements of valor as Life's goal?
 So the world Day! with struggle as its note,
 And Young Desires to search old marts of Sin,
 Where anguished plottings wracked the ribald clay
 And ghouls of hungers wailed, Pray, let us in!

We live the life and let the high stars waste,
 We run such course as malice may invite;
 We do not see each brightening in the West
 Where Afternoon is bride to Bridegroom Night.
 Up through the mists and phantoms then, the pain and joust,
 Up through the mortal hurt of loves betrayed;
 All days must end with sunlight on some peak
 Or how shall Soul behold what Day has made?

The rain-pelts pause, and halt, and breathe incense,
 The clouds seem noble up the zenith sheer,
 Come see the miracle the West has wrought,
 Behold a peace comes in, with sunset near!
 Thus at the Goal of Life the calm mounts high,
 The world shines verdant in an old sun's haze;
 What has the olden poet sung?—O Man,
 God judges not thy soul till end of days!

* * * * *

So Life itself runs out, but Calm steals in,
 I face Long Night thus oddly, without fear,
 Behold the earth-roil taught my soul to laugh,
 And sing the victor's song: my Twilight's Clear!

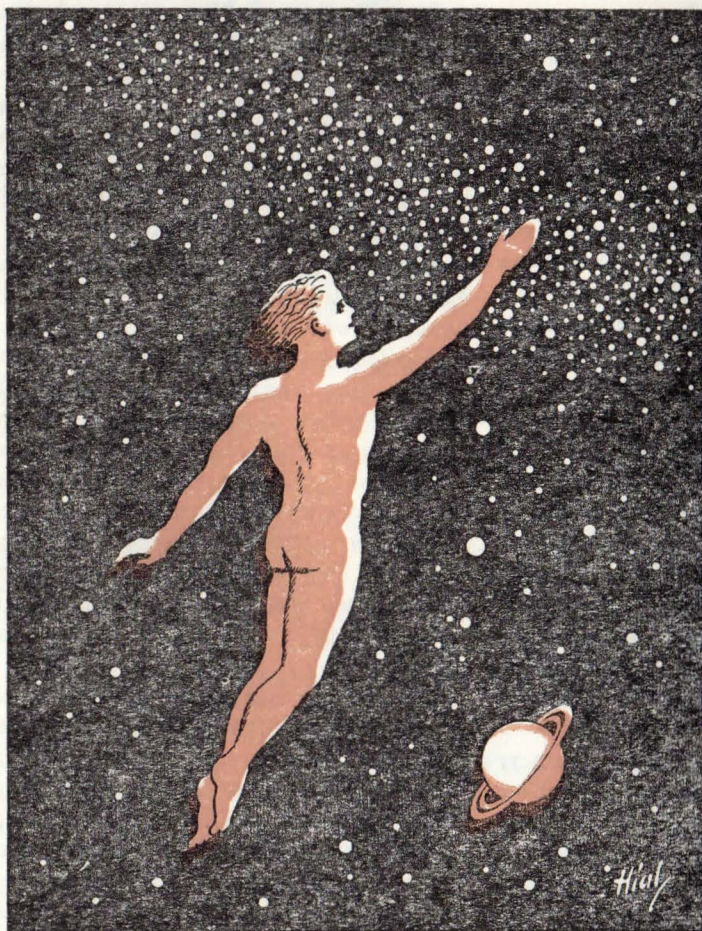
rise higher than its source"; "Like begets like"; "Men do not gather grapes from thorns nor figs from thistles"; and "You cannot make a silk purse out of a sow's ear." And with all of our boasted modern wisdom—much of which is spurious—we still do well not to run counter to the truth expressed in these homely maxims. *Contrary to its stated aims, the United Nations Charter was never an instrument dedicated to the cause of universal peace as that Charter proclaims!*

It has always been an instrument of force from its inception. And while its founders cloaked the application of power with the universal desire for peace even a cursory reading of the Charter will demonstrate that a solid backbone of military power occupies almost one-third of the body of the Charter, with speculations as to its effective use by the dominant Big Five of the contracting powers.

Power in itself is entirely an unmoral thing. It knows neither right nor wrong. The same force that might release cataclysmic destruction in the explosion of an atomic or hydrogen bomb, might conceivably run farm machinery or help in the production of crops or increase the number and complexity of labor-saving devices. In fact, this is the purpose of the atomic plant set up in my own state of Idaho. Power may be a good thing or a bad thing, depending upon the moral nature and aims of its users.

I BELIEVE firmly in the innate nobility of the soul of man. But it has seemed to be God's will that such a growth of the soul from the savage to the highest characters in a Christian community has largely followed a process of slow evolution, and while there are abundant exceptions to this general law, certainly the larger growth of nations has seemed to follow such a general evolutionary plan. Any scheme for universal peace shall probably fail unless predicated upon this fact; and also upon the additional fact that, even in more advanced peoples, selfishness still remains the dominant factor which determines their collective actions and reactions. Freedom from the bonds of the flesh comes slowly and painfully rather than by some arbitrary convention such as the United Nations; and a study of its results so far will demonstrate that it is not far removed from the reign of tooth and claw.

Ever since there were mothers there
 (Continued on Page 7)



Are You Sure that Money Would Solve Your Troubles?

*A New Series
on the Soul's Progress
Up through Cosmos*

truly graduated from the hecklements of mortal complications? Has he, in other words, left troubles behind him? The answer, probably, will be in the emphatic negative.

IT IS generally agreed that the greater the amount of the Money, the greater the Power, and the greater the Power the greater the Success. Consistently, however, the greater is the trouble visited upon the possessor to retain all three. Conversely, therefore, looking at Mr. Average American who is in a funk because his life at thirty-five to forty spells failure, we find him inclined to attribute his predicament to a shortage of fiscal resource.

He thinks that if he had Money—plenty of Money—he would be in a position to escape the quandaries which make his present life a nightmare, whereas it is acknowledged on the other hand that the more the money, the greater the difficulties to retain its possession.

So, in the face of such a paradox, we confront him with the challenge: Are your troubles truly due to your constant lack of currency?

The sudden possession of prodigious amounts of currency at forty, let's say, would doubtless dismiss certain creditors from his doorstep, harassing him to distraction at this moment. But what guarantee is such convenient or relieving dismissal that month after next, or year after next, the same doorstone will not receive a wholly new crop of creditors, rep-

NINETY-NINE out of a hundred persons, regarding themselves as failures in middle life, do so because they realize that the half-century mark is not so far distant and they are inconveniently unpossessed of Money. No average American, knowing that the assets which he has compiled by his own labor are figurable in millions, considers himself a Failure . . .

Now and then, in story or drama, we meet with the eccentric who sighs above the diamonds on his shirtfront: "I can write my check for a million dollars; all the same, I am a failure."

But nobody believes him, and the man in the street laughs at him brassily.

Such an eccentric may go on to narrate how the expression of his forces have kept a loving woman from his life. He may have caused some competitor to commit suicide and the act of his victim may be upon his conscience. Or he may have looted an orphan's fund or fired an infirmary for crippled veterans.

All of it has nothing to do with the fact that he is in possession of the fiscal power to which he aspired at twenty. Such pricks of conscience concern the ethical methods—or lack of them—by which he ascended to his status of Power.

Fellow Americans boo such declaration because of its intrinsic falseness.

The eccentric is uttering a manifest paradox.

Let's keep our thinking straight in such an analysis and not be misled by sentimentalities . . .

SUCCESS, intrinsically, is the acquisition of Power in any form.

In our present civilization, the Money Power is dominant over all other forms of power for indisputable effects and positive results.

The man who has acquired Money has acquired Power—for all practical purposes. But in acquiring Money—which is synonymous with Power to all practical purposes, and both of which represent Success, or at least absence of failure—can we say that such a person has

resenting in the financial form still other complications? Or put it in this way: Two men start out at twenty upon an equal footing. At forty-five one of them has a million dollars and no creditors; the other has no money and creditors who resemble the crowd at a ball park.

What policies has the first pursued that the second has disregarded? Let us look metaphysically for the moment at the nature of Money.

What is Money, that either a plenitude or a lack of it results in twin nightmares, though from widely separate causes?

MONEY, says the political economist, is the exchangeable symbol for produced or stored-up wealth—or cached goods derived directly or indirectly from the bosom of Mother Earth. But Money defined by the metaphysician takes a distinctly different aspect—

"Money is the practical demonstration of a man's true worth to that society amidst which he operates!"

Such definition, of course, gives us pause. We are inclined to gasp at once: "But how would that apply to the social worth of such a Personage as Jesus of Nazareth?" Great mentors assure us that the proposition holds adamantly.

It is because we cannot estimate Christ Jesus' worth to society in money—there not being enough currency in existence to compute or pay it—that we are inclined to think it blasphemy to measure such worth in money at all. So we dismiss it as unthinkable. And truly so, it is!

Yet coming down to lesser personages and their service-values to society, we are by no means thus handicapped.

Generally speaking society's way of expressing a man's worth to it, whether as a great inventor, a great physician, a great novelist, or even a great taxidermist, lies in the amounts of money it is willing to transfer to his bank account for serving it.

Those in the higher octaves cannot think of worldly money in any other aspect.

Men of true and sustained worth to society, actually serving the race in some other form than errant caprice or brilliant accident, find themselves on few Relief lists.

Outside of passing instances of friend-

ship, the services of such men are competed for in terms of financial payments. Excepting parasitical gamblers—who sooner or later are cleaned out utterly—point out a man who has accumulated a prodigious amount of money, and sagely hung onto it, and in ninety cases out of every hundred you discover individuals whom society could not have done without. This even goes categorically for bankers and traffickers in currency, since under our present system, they too supply a service which humanity respects.

Granted that the characters of such men may leave much to be desired morally or ethically, and granted further that they may put their accumulated gains to petty or inglorious purposes, the fact remains that society rewards its general servants—by the law of supply and demand, competency and artfulness—at just the value expressed in money emoluments that they represent in indispensability to the general social scene.

The great surgeon, the great attorney, the great engineer, the great chemist, "command their own fees," and no nonsense about it.

So the man always out of funds because he barely earns enough to meet his sustenance, always complaining because he cannot find work, agitating against established forms because they do not take note of him, is advertising his superfluity in a world where compensation is exact and recognition unerring.

THE TROUBLES of a man who is ever short of money—month after month, year in and year out—are not therefore due to Money in its shortage, but rather to that man's debatable worth to society in general. He has not yet made himself so indispensable in his line that securing his particular services and none other is the first consideration of society toward him, and rewarding him with money payments becomes second consideration.

The man who says: "How much can I earn?" or "How much can I screw this year from the boss?" in a species of polite labor-extortion, is forcing an issue that will backfire to his injury.

The man who has concentrated on giving such a service, or specialized in his line till none can stand beside him, worries about no payments to come from his endeavors. The laws of supply and demand are his collectors.

But Mr. Average Man, who has looked upon his work, or his job, or his current employment, as merely a ruse to get currency into his possession, is putting the cart before the horse and creating a condition that will unseat him the moment that the importance of the money exceeds the importance of his services.

Money is like a certain type of woman in this, that it insists on forcing itself on those who disregard it. This is not saying that stock-market crashes, declarations of war, tragic accidents, sudden illnesses, do not create emergencies where possession of quick cash absolves one from headaches. It is saying that when a man charts his work intelligently, or pursues his job so diligently, that society recognizes his expertness, his troubles from creditors are mere passing incidents, always adjustable, and of no lasting moment.

The average man is average because he thinks of Money first, and his indispensability to his employer or society, second.

Work as a mere means of getting money is forever the labor that puts up a battle, that fights the workman, that eludes him on the slightest opportunity and goes "over the hill" when he would most embrace it.

Work that is taken up and pursued for its own sake, to an expertness that none other can duplicate, commands compensating dollars like groveling vassals.

Compensations come automatically, according to the degree of expertness that is reached. The astute metaphysician is aware of the fact that such specializing expertness sets up a vibration all its own, that Money has to recognize and obey as a law.

Who is the workman first to be let out when slack times loom? Is he not the fellow most given to declaring: "Believe me, I'm only working here till I get a better job that pays me more money?" Whereas the man who says honestly, "I'm not working for the money, I'm working for the kick that I get from my job," is usually difficult to keep—because other employers are camping on his trail to offer him more, and steal him away!

Yes, the Average American gets the cart before the horse in this matter of Money.

The man who commands his price, has few creditors on his doorstep!

He is as scarce as hens' teeth.

Wood's Story of United Nations:

Continued from Page Four

has been a more or less universal desire for peace. For no mother, unless fired by profound family, religious, or patriotic urges really wants her sons to go to war. And even then, she does so shudderingly and shrinkingly.

There have always been efforts to preserve peace by means of union with stronger nations, leagues, balances of power, and what-not. Such may have prevented some wars. But sooner or later, selfishness in persons in authority, nationalistic or religious urges, or the desire for national aggrandizement has triumphed over the desire for peace. For there are many worse things than death; and the stultifying Munichs and Tehrans of the past have frequently been the basis for future wars. It seems inevitable that large power concentrations shall sooner or later override the rights and national aims of minority nations, until the emotional strains of the less powerful nations at last become vocative and explosive enough to result in war. And even if the minority may lose the war, there is always the chance the victor may be outsmarted at the peace table, as happened with the last war.

POSSIBLY the first of the modern urges toward universal peace originated in the fertile brain of Cecil Rhodes—who envisaged the role of Great Britain as the one power able to enforce the peace of the world. Originally Great Britain was supposed to act alone in this capacity, but later he began to comprehend the rising power of the United States was necessary to be joined with Britain to accomplish his aim. And thus originated his idea of Rhodes Scholarships, through which American young men, possessing the necessary elements of leadership—prime in his scheme—be taken back to English universities and there indoctrinated with his compelling idea of a Pax Britannica, with the aid and assistance of the United States. Hundreds of those young men have returned to America to foster the idea that the great English-speaking peoples should eventually rule the world.

And in spite of the fact that the sun of the British Empire seemingly set at



Dunkirk, this idea is still far from dead. Rhodes scholars in the United States are plentifully present in every department of public life, and are still attempting to warp the policy of this country toward a strong union of the English-speaking peoples, both in and out of the United Nations. Much of the near-treasonable policies of our State Department are as much pro-British, perhaps, as pro-Communist. Many of them are present in Congress, and one may almost always determine beforehand what their votes shall be, particularly in foreign policy.

One must never forget that the lifeblood of the British Isles is foreign trade. They cannot exist without it. The greatest opportunity for foreign trade at present exists between them and Communist China. So Socialist Britain finds it politically easy to forget her many obligations to us, even if United Nations rules did not prohibit such a restriction, and those rules do just that.

THE CHARTER of the United Nations was written by Alger Hiss, the treasonable felon, assisted by Harry Dexter White, later cited before a Congressional Un-American Activities Committee as a possible Communist, and who died shortly afterward from causes that were never cleared up; Molotov of Russia, and Edward Stettinius, who was then Secretary of State. *It was patterned to some extent upon the Constitution of*

the Soviet Republics, frequently paraphrasing the wording of that document.

A perusal of articles 43 to 51, inclusive, will reveal the fact that it was designed as an instrument of force; and the finagling of Russia in obtaining the preponderance of votes over ours, proves that she intended to use it as an instrument of aggression against us. This fact was dimly realized by the other signers of the pact, to the extent that a General Assembly had to be formed, in addition to the original Executive Council of the Big Five, wherein Russia and her satellites could be outvoted, and where her veto would not be permitted. And in point of fact, most of the deliberations of the United Nations at present are carried on in this General Assembly.

ALL THIS was bad enough, and also hopeless enough, as far as the best interests of the United States were concerned, but worse was still to come. Entirely through self-constituted authority, without a single particle of grant of power from the American Constitution, there was formed within the body of the United Nations, *self-granted powers to form one world-government*, with hundreds of subsidiary organizations, such as UNRRA, UNESCO, the international Labor Organization, the International Court, the International Economic Organization, the Atlantic Pact, the Atlantic Community, International Education Organization, International Child Welfare, the Human Rights Convention, the Genocide Pact, and many others of a similar ilk. While the Charter of the United Nations was brought into being by a treaty signed by the President and the United States Senate, certainly it was never intended that these later powers should be spawned from the womb of of the United Nations Charter, each of which by the terms of the treaty becomes the highest law in the land for this country, and superceding the laws of the individual States.

The United Nations, I repeat, was bad enough, and illusory enough, but the later inclusion of the idea of a one-world government, dominant over the Constitution, and the laws of every State of

the Union, and which even now is actively functioning, *is intolerable!!*

WE SHALL never surrender the freedoms set up for us by the founding fathers to this alien monstrosity, this malignant being we are now sorry we ever gave the right to live and function in this free America. It is our modern Frankenstein *which must be destroyed ere it destroys us!* Free America is on the march to regain our glorious national heritage, and we shall be satisfied with nothing less than the destruction of this mongrel and alien entity, *with its total expulsion from our shores, along with the Communist traitors who have gained refuge in its welcoming arms!*

Reexamination of the basic recognition of the United Nations by the United States Senate is being conducted at this time by a subcommittee of the House Foreign Affairs Committee, based upon testimony brought to the floor of the House in a debate, through a speech by Congressman Usher L. Burdick of No. Dakota, which appears in the *Congressional Record* of September 27, 1951, page 12540, and which was spearheaded by a report of the American Bar Association as to the possible loss of our national sovereignty through the later inclusion of the idea of a one-world government in the United Nations, which is superceding our body of Federal and State laws as in the California Fujii case.

Congress is becoming exercised about the increasing perils of continuing our internal affairs, free from the encroachments of this cancer, implanted within the body of the United Nations. My own House bill 5080, introduced into the House August 8, 1951, seeks to strike at the root of the matter *by a complete severance of our national fortunes from the United Nations, with all its monstrous accretions.*

Since the filing of my bill, which had seemed to focus the attention of the House, as well as that of patriotic people in every State of the Union, there have been four bills introduced into the House either seeking to withdraw from the United Nations or to pull its teeth by limiting its power to destroy the United States through the host of conventions introduced by the one-world devotees in that body, which are plainly designed to merge the people of the United States, with their glorious national institutions,

into a fantastic and unworkable world-government which, in the opinion of the most thinking and truly patriotic Americans, promises nothing for us *but enslavement to European and Asiatic hordes hungry for our wealth*, but without the slightest comprehension of the freedom we have toiled so long and with such difficulty to obtain.

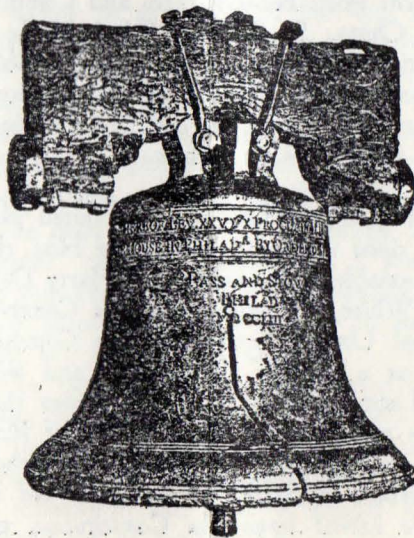
PROPOSERS of this one-world government are apt to point a similarity between the positions of the 13 Original Colonies under the articles of confederation, and the condition of the United Nations at present. But what a foolish simile this is, and how designed to point up the differences!

In the 13 Colonies we had groups of brave and adventurous peoples, who certainly had this great compelling thought in common: a burning desire for freedom from a domestic oppressor, and the will to fight and die for the attainment of those freedoms, And history records how well they succeeded in their quest of their holy grail of freedom. The less adventurous, and those who were willing to submit to oppression, *stayed at home!*

As over against this intrepid band of modern Jasons, united in the search for the golden fleece of freedom and self-expression, let us compare for a moment the motley lot, other than the United States, providing the present complexion of the alien countries within the United Nations—

Great Britain: A Socialist state, shorn of much of her former glory;

France: Thirty-percent Communist, the balance strongly Socialist.



Australia, New Zealand, and Canada: Representative democracies and worthy allies.

Argentina: A Fascistic, totalitarian state.

Brazil: A representative democracy, with socialistic or Communist leanings.

China: Nonexistent through our base betrayal.

Czechoslovakia: Betrayed by the United States; and now Communist.

Denmark: A constitutional kingdom inclined toward socialism.

Ethiopia: A barbarian monarchy.

Greece: A kingdom, leanings toward communism.

India: Problematic; leanings toward communism.

Indonesia: Strong Communist leanings.

Iran: Mulcted by the British. Tendency toward socialism or communism.

Mexico: A republic; some leanings toward communism.

Netherlands: A monarchy.

Norway: A constitutional kingdom.

Sweden: A constitutional kingdom.

Turkey: A republic with totalitarian leanings.

Yugoslavia: Communistic.

Besides those mentioned, there are other smaller states, most of which have little conception of what membership in the United Nations is all about, merely looking to it for protection against their stronger neighbors; or with strong desires to participate in American giveaway programs, which have been plentiful enough to almost bankrupt us, with little avail in increasing the national standard of ethics in the countries receiving the gratuities. Not only so, but they have become quite insolent in varying degrees in their demands for bigger and more expensive aid.

I SUBMIT that it might be perfectly proper to join with some of these nations who really desired it, and who have even a slight conception of freedom and free institutions, in some form of an international league, in which international problems could be discussed and helpful solutions sought; but to merge our national fortunes in a firm union with such, giving them the right to tax us out of 300 years of our earnings, and to surrender land and property rights to them, our freedom of speech and press, our rights to be secure in person and property against the encroachments of any state,

(Continued on Page 14)



Strange Experiences . .

Suicide Broadcast Telepathic Explosion

HOW DOES it happen that when a departing soul utters a death-cry, one person will hear it and another will not, and yet the same cry may be heard by still a third party at a considerable distance, thus proving it is not hallucination on the first person's part? Flammarion tells a strange story, under the classification of *Manifestations of the Dying*, of a young British recluse who killed himself, causing unearthly sounds from his suicide that were heard by a neighbor but not his wife. This is the episode—

“A YOUNG man whom I must describe merely S. B. was a neighbor of mine while I was living in a certain agricultural district in the east of England. He was living with his manservant at the opposite end of our village. His house was quite a distance from my home—over half a mile, and there were houses and gardens between. He was not a personal friend but a mere acquaintance. I was interested in him only as one of the heavy landowners of the district. Out of courtesy I had invited him to come and see me, but insofar as I recollect I had never visited him.

“One afternoon in March, as I was leaving the railroad station with my wife, he joined us and accompanied us as far as our door. After he had left us and gone onward, my wife said, “Evidently he wished to be invited in.” I agreed, but saw no reason why we should have done so. I thought we had nothing in common.

“However, I happened to meet him again later that afternoon and he surprised me by saying, ‘Come over and smoke a cigar with me tonight.’ I made some excuse that I had another engagement and we let it go at that.

“I spent that evening writing. It

snowed that early night, covering the ground with a powdered white. At about five minutes to ten o'clock I picked up a book to read, leaning my shoulder against one of our inside blinds. In this position I could see outside, as well as hear the slightest outer noises.

“Suddenly I distinctly heard the large gate at the front of our yard being opened and clanged shut. I then heard quick footsteps coming up our lawn-walk to the steps. At first these footsteps were clear and ringing, then suddenly they seemed muffled, as though the visitor might have trodden on spongy sod. At the same moment I had the feeling that someone had arrived on the outer side of the window and was separated from me only by the glass. I could hear the short, panting, painful *breathing* of the visitor, or whoever it was, as though he were striving to get his breath before speaking. Had he been drawn by my light which had filtered through the shutters? . . . Then this thing happened . . .

“**WITHIN**, without, everywhere, the vicinity resounded with a most terrible cry, a lamentation or long-drawn wail of horror that froze the blood in my veins. It was not just one sharp cry but a prolonged wail, which began on a very high note, then gradually grew lower and broke into moans. These grew weaker and weaker, and at length sank to sobs, and the dreadful sounds of horrible death-agony.

“My wife, in an adjoining room, had been quietly seated at her work. She too was near a window, on the same side of the house on which I sat, and only ten to twelve feet away from me on the other side a partition, *but she had heard absolutely nothing!* Overhearing my agitation, she came in and asked me the cause.

“‘There’s someone outside,’ I answered, ‘and he seems to be in some awful trouble.’

“‘Then why not go out and see?’ she demanded.

“I answered, ‘There was something so strange and terrible in that noise I just heard, that frankly I can’t face it!’

“Well, nothing more seemed to happen. We were not disturbed further and presently we retired. Next morning, this is what I learned—

“**YOUNG B.**, after leaving me that previous afternoon, had gone back to his home. He had spent most of the evening reading a novel, lying on a sofa. His man-servant and wife, the only persons in the house with him, finally retired. At the inquest this manservant testified that he was about to fall asleep when he was startled and aroused by a great agonized cry. It was long-drawn and terrible, on a high note, gradually diminishing and ending in sobs and moans. He had rushed to his master’s room to find the latter expiring upon the floor.

“The authorities ascertained that B. had undressed upstairs, then come into the drawingroom clad only in his night-clothes and procured himself a glass of water. Into this he had poured a little prussic acid. He had procured this acid by telling the local apothecary that he wished to poison a non-existent dog. Going up to his room again, he had swallowed the mixture and dropped in agony upon the floor. He had uttered the cry heard evidently by both myself and his manservant, as he died.

“All this had taken place, so far as I could gather afterward, *at the exact moment when I had heard the rush of footsteps*, the panting, and the cry of horror outside my own premises! Of course it goes without saying that our domiciles were too far removed for his literal death-cry to have reached my ears. But here is the stranger part—

(Continued on Page 13)

Valor

A Journal of Applied Spirituality, published every Saturday in the national interests of American Soulcraft, by—

SOULCRAFT CHAPELS

Box 192 NOBLESVILLE, INDIANA

SUBSCRIPTION: Per Year \$5.00
Six Months \$3.00

VOL. II FEBRUARY 23, 1952 No. 17

Brevet



LET'S GET something straight for the record.

It's because of the predicted Reappearance of Christ and His mission in the world of today—the introduction of the 1,000-year reign of international peace that is international peace—that Soulcraft and VALOR are spiritually concerned in the history and character of United Nations.

But here's another way to look at it—

If United Nations as at present constituted is permitted to run the course it has started upon, not only the doom of Christian religion is marked but the doom of freedom of all religious concept and worship is marked.

The evidence is now coming to light and being commented upon in Congress that United Nations wasn't any altruistic and spontaneous project to assure that the world would have no more wars; it was a piece of audacious Red intrigue to supercede the government of the United States with the government of a super-state in which the Communist countries wielded the dominant power.

The Reds and Left-Wingers got their U-N Charter ratified by the United States Senate. So the position now being taken by the Reds and Left-Wingers is, *the powers and stipulations of the Charter supplant the Constitution of the United States*, as well as assume precedence over the laws of any one of the 48 States, and in California an American court in the Fujii case has decided that the U-N law holds and the laws of California do not.

The next step is due to be the ratification of the Genocide Convention whereby any American who writes or speaks anything that "hurts the feelings" of any member of a minority group no longer enjoys such freedom of speech and press but can be shipped off for "trial" and sentencing to whatever part of the world a U-N court may specify. That means the end of criticism of the behavior of minority groups no matter how provenly merited.

It means, in both substance and effect, the end of the Bill of Rights in our Federal Constitution. We shall have given away our freedoms to a mob of Left-Wing aliens.

Russia being "against" religion—particularly the Christian religion—freedom to worship God after one's own conscience will get the same treatment in due course. Already it's indicated in the textbooks being put out by UNESCO—the United Nations Educational, Scientific, and Cultural Organization.

The thing is so real that it's no longer funny!

SOULCRAFT becomes vitally concerned in the whole of it because ten thousand references to the "outwitting" of it color the *Golden Scripts*, nor to mention a thousand pages of The Recorder's psychical enlightenments.

It's all a part of the dispensational contest between the cohorts of Christ and Antichrist.

It's not a mere taking of sides in a controversial political issue.

United Nations has long-since ceased being a controversial political issue—it's the Antichristian Left-Wing cohorts of the earth taking over the government of the United States.

In view of the circumstances that The Recorder's Mentors commenced talking about this international departure as early as 1929—17 years before U-N was actually formulated—he now has to correlate their expressions with the purely doctrinal teachings of Behind-Life fundamentals. The task isn't easy.

Too many people lack the type of mentality that can grasp the synonymy of the Spiritual and the Constitutional.

Soulcrafters assume that the Elder Brother is to set up His own concept of the Parliament of Man—the real Parliament—and aren't the Left-Wingers going to be surprised!

Hailing John T. Wood



LASHING up into darkened American heavens like an atom-rocket, John T. Wood, Republican Representative in Congress from the First District of Idaho—a resident of Coeur D'Alene—becomes known to the "Christ Men" of the nation overnight by his valiant sponsorship of House Resolution 5080, to withdraw this Republic from United Nations. VALOR for March 2nd will carry a photograph of this outstanding American, that Soulcrafters from the Atlantic to the Pacific coasts may become acquainted with him "face to face" and be able to identify him readily.

Dr. Wood in the House of Representatives is like a reincarnation of the late Dr. Jacob Thorkelsen of Montana—and no higher compliment could be paid him!

Born in England, coming to this country when ten years of age, Dr. Wood, Coeur D'Alene physician, has imbibed the fervent spirit of true American patriotism, and VALOR carries his speech in full on United Nations in this issue as tribute to his remarkable insight, integrity, and Christian fortitude. He is obviously the type of legislator of which these bewildered United States stand poignantly in need.

It was a great address that Dr. Wood delivered before the United States Flag Committee, and he did the citizens of this nation an outstanding service by delivering it. It is recommended that Soulcrafters read every word of it and then write the Doctor, assuring him of their unqualified support. *Such letters help!*

Teamed with Dr. Wood, incidentally, as his Executive Secretary, is John McBride, author of that outstanding book on the nation's currency quandaries,—*Money Makes the Mare Go*. McBride too, is one of those outstanding men in legislative Washington whom a man can feel elated to possess as a friend.

VALOR recommends both these personages to its national Soulcraft audience because the national Soulcraft audience will hear much concerning them in the tumultuous weeks and months ahead.

These are the days when sheer character and principle must truly identify Capital personages, in that the background against which they labor is so sodden.

Wood and McBride step into the national floodlight in result of character

spontaneously displayed. It is predicted that both men will go far in national affairs—and sterling Christ Men about the Republic will rally to their support.

The Christ Men have long awaited men like Dr. Wood and his capable secretary in Washington. Very good, they are stepping forward. It is up to the ranks of the Elder Brother to close in around them and uphold their hands in the endeavors they are making toward a renovated America.

More about both anon.

The Pounce



THE PATTERN of forthcoming events shouldn't be hard to discern.

The total of the working capital for all United States businesses is estimated to be in the neighborhood of 70 billions of dollars. It turns over about three times a year, so that the total of all commercial transactions in the nation for any given twelve-month is approximately 225 billion dollars. Very good.

Beginning March 15th of this year, the Federal government proposes drawing off by taxes something like 85 billions of dollars—which would appear to be 15 billions more than Americans possess on which to do business. This vast cache of wealth is going, in the main, to foreign countries. A big percentage is going to England, so that she can supply Dutch shipbuilders with material to deliver something like 42 new vessels for the Soviets, by which they can transport troops the better overseas. But aside from going indirectly to arm our chief world enemy, it means the withdrawal from the nation's business of its working capital—the money that goes for the payrolls.

In 1929, when the epochal Crash happened, the incoming New Dealers had the banks and insurance companies to call upon, to take government bonds in exchange for their stores of cash. This money could then be passed along to the needy millions of the nation. In 1952 there is no such cache of wealth to draw upon. When business can't operate—because it's had its dollars shipped overseas by the boatload—there would seem to be but one proposal in the offing—

Should we be overly surprised if the proposal comes from high quarters:

Since Business in private hands has

A Book that Will Alter Your Angle on Life



“Behold Life!”



SINCE every fifty years a book comes along so sweeping and dynamic and revolutionary that you never forget having read it. Your whole angle on life is altered by the thesis propounded in its pages. You look at the world differently thereafter.

BEHOLD LIFE—the entire digest of the Soulcraft philosophy—is such a book. It took two years to write and is now in its second large printing. There are 331 pages of fact and mysticism so irrefutable that you'll understand why EVERYONE who goes in for Soulcraft is automatically helped spiritually.

NOT A BOOK ON BIOLOGY

BEHOLD LIFE gives you the whole working pattern of life—from the lowest brute forms, up past man, into orders and octaves of what man will one day become. *You can call yourself an educated person after reading and absorbing this startling work!* You will find the exposition of the entire SOULCRAFT doctrine—told in language that a grammar-school pupil can understand—reconciling Theology and Evolution, and explaining a hundred enigmas in Holy Writ and Science, that have hitherto been annoying headaches to you. The world, with all its mystifying and freakish animal orders suddenly makes sense to you. *A book for children as well as adults!*

Price, Leatherette, Copy \$4

SOULCRAFT PRESS, INC.
Noblesville, Indiana

A Book that would be a Best-Seller this year if it could be marketed through the nation's bookstores



“Road into Sunrise”

*A Novel that teaches
you Esoterics in 658
pages of tense story!*

HOW long since you read a good novel? Not any old novel, but a story that enlightened and *inspired* you? Suppose you could buy a novel almost as long as *Gone With the Wind*, that supplied you with the whole great pattern of life, expounded in the lives and fortunes of its story characters? Suppose you could have a full explanation thus given you of what sort of thing happens when a person's memory is “lifted” on lives they may have lived in previous dispensations? And suppose, before it finished, it delineated for you precisely what does happen when a person dies, as compiled from data in the international psychical research societies? Could you acquire a book of value more priceless? . . .

A Two-Volume Story of Smart People on a Quest for the Eternal Verities

ROAD INTO SUNRISE is laid in New York of the present, among interesting people, against the background of its literary and publishing life. Its hero is an Indiana-born American who has made several expeditions to the Near East as an archaeologist. Its heroine is the young widow of a famous flyer in World War II. But the book's outstanding character is the modern incarnation of ancient Queen Nefetiti, wife of Ikhnaton, first monarch of the past to conceive of the universe as ruled by the One God. Here, between these, grows a drama breath-taking in its spiritual disclosures. This is conceded to be one of the truly great novels of the past year—658 pages that you'll find difficulty in putting aside, once you get into the mammoth swing of its plot. And its final chapter will overwhelm you—pay for a truly big book, and read it this winter if you read nothing else . . .

In One Volume, Cloth—\$6

Two Volumes, Deluxe, \$8

Soulcraft Press, Inc.

Noblesville, Indiana

failed to meet its obligations to the body-politic, the Government seems to be under the painful necessity of moving the private managers out and letting the federal army of bureaucrats operate all enterprise, so that the populace can eat.

This will, of course, be Communism, or at least State Socialism.

But how else can millions of persons be kept from starvation?

If a private family saves ten thousand dollars in silver, and has it for a backlog of sustenance, but suddenly starts passing it out in wheelbarrows of silver dollars to anyone who applies at the side-door and requests a portion, is it to be wondered at that such a family goes broke?

Well, the American citizen is seeing his government do exactly this thing on an international scale. And the settlement of legislative responsibility for it seems to be, in addition, turning the whole government over to the pro-Communist United Nations to operate.

When dollars aren't to be had, because they've been drained off and scattered gratuitously afar, it means a situation wherein it is expected that the public will be amenable to a fiat economy.

We must not become unduly exercised over the prospect, however. The Sacred Scripts disclose to us that such will be the method taken by the Higher Forces in Cosmos to make the public amenable as well to the truth of facts behind the economic scene and cause *hoi polloi* to harken at last to recommendations rectifying the whole of it.

The information given consistently from the Higher Sources has it that at the last moment, just when Antichrist fancies it has the situation well in hand, and the artfully set plans of Lenin and Stalin going into consummation, *a fluke occurs that backfires on the perpetrators.* A fluke, in case you don't know it, is an accidentally successful shot in pool or billiards. In popular parlance it has come to represent a happening where an intended project goes awry but unleashes an overwhelming jackpot of good.

There is this difference between 1952 and 1929, that in this current period there are tens of thousands—and perchance hundreds of thousands—of persons who have become wise in international chicane and are in a position to counteract it intelligently. In 1929, nobody “knew what it was all about” . . .

The crisis in all this foreign largess must be forthcoming, for it is inevitable. But with men of stern mentality in the scene—men like Douglas MacArthur for instance—to make the distemper vocal, that crisis need not be the long-drawn out and hapless thing that it was in the 1930's. Furthermore, we have also the indications that in the course of resultant upset, the Great Epiphany comes.

The Reds and Left-Wingers fancy the "pounce" is going to be automatic and victorious, for who is in the place to make it otherwise?

They'll find out.

If they credited such phenomena as sacred clairvoyance, they'd know the absolute folly of the course they're pursuing, because they'd see the outcome in visual prescience.

No, the pattern of forthcoming events shouldn't be hard to discern . . .

It's been a long time preparing.

We stand on the cusp of it.

Strange Experiences

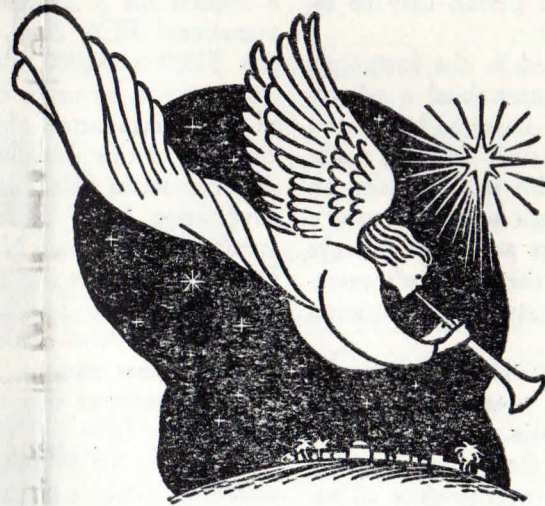
(Continued from Page 9)

"Early the next morning, on hearing of these tragic happenings, I went out upon my lawn and examined the ground about my windows. *I could find no signs of tracks either on walk or lawn.* The ground was still spotless with the finely powdered snow of the previous evening.

"The whole episode is mystery and will always remain a mystery to me. I learned full details of the affair next day, and that the cause for the suicide was an unfortunate love affair."

A GAIN and again, we have authentic reports of such occurrences being "heard" by one person and not another, although there are others within hearing distance. Further, there may be special affinity between the persons apparently causing the phenomenon and the auditor. But the more we tabulate the details of these occurrences, the more are we impressed that the auditor is somehow concerned with the dying person's consciousness.

The anecdote related in these columns last week, of the British soldier in Burma, who saw his sister when stretched in her coffin in England, advances confirmation that the dying person's consciousness may have much to do with it.



Get the True Version of the Edenic Garden
and the Missing link in a Great Book--

"STAR GUESTS"

P EOPLE who want to get the entire Soulcraft Doctrine should read the books in the following order: *Why I Believe the Dead Are Alive*, *Behold Life*, and *Star Guests*.

There are several other Soulcraft volumes treating of special subjects, such as *Thinking Alive*, *Earth Comes* and *Thresholds of Tomorrow*, but the first three named give the whole plan of life in progressive revelation.

If you're interested in Christian Mysticism these books will prove a rare treat to you. Along with the *Golden Scripts*, which have just been reprinted in an 844-page edition, the Soulcraft books offer the greatest wealth of esoteric information found in America today.

Here is everything contained in the Ageless Wisdom of the mystics plus the latest findings of modern psychological research. The whole cosmic scheme of Creation is expounded in these pages, including the infamous Sodom Era and "Fall of the Angels" resulting in the real sin of Adam—strangely tied up with the Missing Link of the Darwinian Evolutionists.

Anyone reading and absorbing these books possesses a unique education. Particularly does he understand the spiritual history of the human race. Out-of-print copies of the Soulcraft books have sold for as high as \$40 the volume. And their printing has always been commensurate with their contents.

The Deluxe Edition is now exhausted on this fundamental Soulcraft work, but 200 copies are still available in Cloth for \$3 each, prepaid. The whole Soulcraft background is contained in this esoteric treatment of human origins . . .

SOULCRAFT PRESS, Inc.
Noblesville, Indiana

A thought goes out from one brain and finds another brain, no matter where in the world the second person may be located.

In the case reported in the foregoing, B. had apparently entertained a wistful longing to know the narrator better and been rebuffed. Melancholy ensuing might have contributed to his urge to take his life. Dying, he thought of the narrator's lack of neighborliness and such thought transferred itself to the narrator's premises in the time of "passing" or vacating the physical vehicle.

These cases are becoming so numerous that we can almost postulate a certain decorum in the premisses.

People *do* express themselves to others at a distance, in the performance of vacating the mortal self. But how can their cries be reproduced, that react on physical ears? We are still studying.

United Nations

(Continued from Page 8)

whether domestic or foreign, I repeat this: We cannot, should not, and will not tolerate. I am sure no patriotic and thinking American would tamely submit to such atrocious doctrine. I feel sure every American citizen will cry out with Patrick Henry: "I care not what others may think; but as for me, give me liberty or give me death."

NOW, lest you should think some of my conclusions are far-fetched, let me quote some of the comparatively recent usurpations of our constitutional rights promulgated by the United Nations; and the result of these orders to a free people, whose tax-gathering principles are well defined, and the subject of many statutory safeguards, which alien orders shall be inevitably reflected in the taxes you will pay next year.

1. While standing by the ticker tape in the cloak room of the House about midsummer of this year, I saw spelled out the news item that the International ECA Committee of the United Nations had met that afternoon, and had decreed an annual tax levy of \$19,000,000,000 upon the peoples of the United States, Canada, New Zealand, Australia, and of all peoples, Western Europe, who are at present the recipients of our national ECA.

Within a few days, the President sent to the House Appropriations Committee a request for \$7,500,000,000 for our international ECA fund, as our share of the \$19,000,000,000 allotted to us for this purpose, by order of the international ECA committee of the United Nations. And this was done, in the face of an amendment placed in the measure appropriating funds for the continued existence of the United Nations, and passed by the House, placing a ceiling upon our contributions to this body to not over one-third of the amount paid by the other member nations. And it is well to further remember that many of the member nations have not paid a single cent into the United Nations since they were admitted, while our payments have run between 90 percent and 51 percent of the total. And our percentage has been paid. Not only so, but we loaned, or perhaps one should say, gave them \$65,000,000 for the building of their new home. So we now occupy the unique position of not only being destroyed by the United Nations, but paying them for the privilege of destroying us. In other words, we are having a royal set of horns placed upon our devoted heads, by this group.

THE HOUSE cut the seven and one-half billion to something over five and one-half billions, on which I voted "nay." A few days later, the President wrote a stern letter to Congress, suggesting that if any of its Members felt that way about the foreign-aid bill, they should immediately submit a bill to get out of the United Nations, which I did, 8 hours afterwards, as soon as the bill could be drawn.

In doing so, I remembered that the founders of this country had fought the Revolutionary War on the principle that they could not, and would not submit to taxation without representation; and it seemed to me this was just that same old principle wherein we had merely exchanged masters.

2. **T**HE constitutional right of Congress to declare war has been completely transferred to the Military Committee of the United Nations, both in foreign countries, as well as those comprised in the Atlantic Pact. Articles 43 to 51, inclusive, leave little doubt of the fact that the United Nations now has the power to order us into war at any time, without the consent of Con-

gress. What we have done in the acceptance of the United Nations is to take away from Congress the power to say when, where, and with whom, we may engage in war. In the name of the United Nations, we may bring freedom to a foreign nation; but we shall have lost our own. Moreover, our soldiers are to be denied the privilege of serving under their own glorious flag, the beautiful Stars and Stripes. They must serve under the hated spider web banner when going into battle, and its alien folds are to enshroud their coffin should they have the misfortune to be killed while serving under it. They must wear its emblem on their sleeves, and serve under its generals.

Present examples of these facts are the police action in Korea, which has already cost us 100,000 casualties and the continuing sending of our troops to Europe, to countries with which we are at peace; and which it is now decreed to continue until we have a total of 4,000,000 men serving upon foreign soil, in a war which has never been declared, and with which Congress has had nothing to do except appropriate money to charge the account to the taxpayers of this country.

And this sending of our troops abroad is plainly illegal, for the terms of the Atlantic Pact provide that only in case of actual war may troops be called upon to serve under that treaty; and there has been no aggression demanding it. In an article published in the Evening Star of Washington, D. C., recently, bearing the heading "United Nations group urges call on force such as Eisenhower commands" it went on to say: "A special United Nations group recommended today, that in case of future aggression, the United Nations should call on regional defense, such as the army of General Dwight Eisenhower, to act in the name of the United Nations."

This was one of the main points in a report by the military subcommittee of the General Assembly's Collective Measures Committee which is preparing a master plan to meet future emergencies. The subcommittee also proposed that the military-command structure be revised generally to give both the United Nations and the participating countries a bigger voice in the combat operations.

3. The superseding of the dictates of the United Nations International Court over our Federal and State laws, as in the Fujii case in California.

4. The International Labor Organization dictates much of our internal labor legislation. For instance, the Wagner Labor Relations Act was written by this body, and submitted to Congress without any alterations. The composition of this body at that time comprised about the same number of Communists or Leftists as does the general complexion of the United Nations.

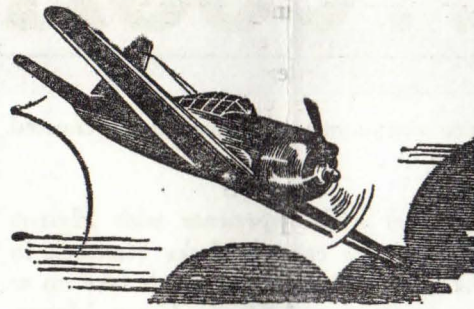
5. The International Child Labor and Child Welfare Committee, the International Health Organization, and socialized medicine are sponsored, and frequently dictated, by these committees of the United Nations, and are usually introduced into Congress later by Leftists.

6. The educational policies of the National Education Association follows the general line of those laid down by the international Education Committee of the United Nations. The scheme to pervert public education is exposed in a well documented report on UNESCO, copy of which will be mailed on request. Undoubtedly, large numbers of subversive teachers are employed in the structure of our high schools, colleges, and universities throughout the United States. The recent Pasadena case will point the fact that the situation is becoming serious.

7. Religion even is not exempted, though communism is known to be atheistical and opposed to all religion except the worship of totalitarian force. One of the high officers of a national religious organization has publicly stated that "the living of the Christian religion is not possible except in a Communist state," I may say parenthetically that I consider this the greatest example of fuzzy thinking I have ever observed. Many of the high officials of this church organization belonged, or had belonged, to from 3 to 41 subversive organizations.

8. The Human Rights Convention of the United Nations takes away the vested right of every American citizen to acquire property by lawful means and to remain secure in its ownership under American law. The recent Fujii case in California has proved that this right is now no longer secure; that the rights of citizens, States, and even the rights of the Federal Government may be contravened at the will of the International Court of the United Nations.

9. The Genocide Convention dictates that not only must nations abstain from the wholesale destruction of other peo-



ples, as occurred in some of the countries of Europe during the last war, and since the last war by Russia in the Baltic Provinces and the eastern states of Europe, but that also one cannot inflict mental harm to any other person, or any other national of other countries, or even hurt his feelings, without being liable to be called to account before the International Court of the United Nations, wherein he would be denied the rights which have always been accorded to him under American law, such as the right of trial by a jury of his peers, and the right to be tried in the court nearest to him. Under this convention, if he happened to call Stalin a murderer, even though Stalin might secretly feel complimented, he might even be taken to Russia and tried under Russian law. Thus the Genocide Convention contravenes the entire framework of American jurisprudence.

10. They have their own postal system, a most decided advantage to the free exchange of information between the Communists within our borders, and those in other countries bent upon our destruction.

11. They have diplomatic immunity from arrest, and full diplomatic release from import or export duties. No American legal process can attack them.

12. The seizure of nine cities in southern California by Military Reserve units, trained by the United States Army, and acting under the authority of the United Nations, with the immediate institution of martial law, accompanied with the declaration that all civil functions were hereby taken over by the military forces of the United Nations until further notice.

The statement was made that this action was taken for practice; and that it

was planned to seize cities on the Atlantic States in the near future.

Mayors were displaced, newspapers taken over, civil and criminal courts closed, all schools closed, and all the populations of these cities were warned to look to the commanding officer of the occupying force for further orders. Apparently the enemy is moving faster than we thought to our attempted complete subjugation.

(Continued on Page 18)

Constitutionality

(Continued from Page 2)

inal authority under the Constitution, the U-N is as dead as Pharaoh's mummy.

If a Left-wing Supreme Court should decide such a case in favor of United Nations, *it would be deciding itself out of authority for its own existence and practically be abdicating its judicial position as the Third Department of Constitutional Government!* Because it would be voiding the Constitution that gives the High Court its powers of supreme adjudication.

The Supreme Court does not thus have authority to "decide" itself out of existence. As well talk of a Resolution passing Congress to legislate the Senate and the House out of existence. Only a Constitutional Amendment, voted by two-thirds of the States, could do such a thing.

Membership in United Nations has been a phony from the start, for the simple reason that affecting the validity of the Constitution as it does, it could only have been ratified by a Constitutional Amendment passed by two-thirds of the States.

JUST HOW the Alger-Hiss conspirators have bamboozled the lawyers or legal brains of the entire 48 States by their "treaty" shenanigans, not to mention the supposedly legal brains in the Senate and the House, is one of those mysteries that pass human understandings.

What the international soviet crowd has succeeded in doing, is setting up a "paper" government, that it frantically hoped would acquire enough traditional support from members to make it actual, before the legal minds of the West woke up to what had been put over.



.. COGITATIONS

ence wasn't one you particularly courted twice . . .

o—o

MY FIRST experience with *Hystrix cristata* came at Lake Hancock in the fall of 1915—a lost-woods lake up at the southern end of the Green Mountains. My sister's husband—Paul—and I, had gone up to a cabin on Lake Hancock to pass the week-end. We toted up our provisions in the aforesaid packs, aired out the "shack", cooked supper, and played two-handed pinocle until mid-evening. Thereupon we retired. The sleeping arrangements were a double bunk, one bed above the other, filled with pine cones, pine needles and wood-ticks. Over the pine cones, pine needles, and wood-ticks, we spread our blankets. At ten to eleven o'clock we thus retired and courted Morpheus. I had courted Morpheus for about two to three hours—occupying the upper bunk—when directly above me on the roof I heard the most deliberate of foot-treads. Someone was *walking* on that roof—and I mean pickin' 'em up and layin' 'em down. Afar up in wilderness in starless dark, the phenomenon is not conducive to continuation of tranquil slumbers. "Paul!" I cried hoarsely, "do you hear what I hear?" . . . "Yeah," he returned with equal huskiness, "what the blazes is it?" I choked back my terror and declared as I could, "This place is *haunted!*" You see, at that time I wasn't the veteran in the face of supernatural occurrences that I fancy I am today. "I'll say it's *haunted!*," Paul returned, "what are we g-going to d-do about it?" He had me there. What *was* I g-going to d-do about it? All I c-could d-do about it was lie two or three feet under it and *listen*. "You know what I think it is, Paul?" I suggested after a few more minutes of bloodcurdling footfalls. "I think it's *bear!* I think either a grizzly or Kardiac is trying to snoof us out and make a meal off us." Paul agreed that it sounded like grizzly or Kardiac. We were, after all, two little city boys in the vast backwoods of primeval Vermont. Bears devoured little city boys, picked their bones clean, didn't even leave hairs of

their heads with biblical numbers on 'em for identification by survivors who came looking for 'em with machine-guns and hand grenades . . . "You know what I'm gonna do, Paul?" I whispered into the vasty dark below me. I had combed my bed for my gun-belt and found my trusty .45 the State of Vermont let me carry. "I'm gonna shoot a cupple shots at the door—if the explosions of this firearm won't scare whatever it is, away, then we might as well surrender right now and be bone-picked by sun-up." Paul agreed it was quite the heroic thing to do. I sat up in the dark and aimed at the door. *Wham!—wham—wham!* . . .

o—o

I KNEW I'D hit something, and it was not the door. A sickening tinkle as of glass or china sounded in that inky and landlost structure. I aimed blindly in dark and pulled the trigger a cupple times more. This time the sound was *plonk!—plonk!* "By any chance," cried Paul, "you're not aiming at the stove-pipe, are you? Because we'll need it without holes in it, to cook breakfast!" I retorted, "If we don't fight and save our lives now, we're not going to live to eat breakfast." Hastily in the dark, by feeling, I was nipping shells out of my cartridge-belt and reloading. But had it stopped anything on the roof? *It had not!* I heard a deliberate currying and scratching, as though savage claws were incensed to get through and finish us. Therefore and thereat did I start firing shells in all directions in that cabin dark. I hit the window-pane and it went out with a tinkle. I hit the water-pail and it went clattering. I must have hit the coffee-pot on the still-warm stove because it *bissed*. After these, I didn't mind what I hit. I pulled the trigger and reloaded when slugs ran out. But all the time that foot-treading and clawing and scratching went on, upon the roof. *Scare* it? Instead of scaring it, the belches of gun-powder made it worse. Then as we sat upright in dark, both of us, we heard the eerie thing go down the corner of the cabin and come around to the entrance-door. There it started to claw in earnest. It fully intended to dig us *out*—there was

LDLING through the encyclopedia tonight, looking up Populations, what should I stumble upon but Porcupines, or, as the French say, "spiny pigs", the name of the largest specimen of terrestrial rodents. The Latin name is *Hystrix Cristata*, in case you ever have occasion to summon a porcupine in Latin. They are stout, heavily-built animals, with blunt, rounded heads, fleshy mobile snouts, and coats of thick cylindrical or flattened spines which form the whole coverings of their bodies. Up in Vermont—where I moved in my young manhood from Massachusetts—they are more familiarly known as "hedge-hogs" . . . or "lost-man's game." You can kill 'em with a club, if you can get close enough to 'em, and having killed 'em, you can skin 'em and stew 'em. Or you can eat 'em raw, if you fancy porcupine raw. I never met a porcupine face to face until I moved up to Vermont. When I became secretary of the Green Mountain Trail Association, in 1915-'16, I had a weakness for slinging a 40-lb pack on my back and heading off into the woods for a fortnight at a time. Part of my official job was inspecting the tepees and cabins that the Association maintained along the Green Mountain Trail from Bennington to Mount Mansfield, east of Burlington. They were a day's march apart, those stopping-places. I hiked the day's march and slept in tepee or cabin as the case might be. I never actually slept with the porcupines, but that wasn't the porcupines' fault. They were perfectly willing to crawl into my blankets and sleep with me. And if you weren't porcupine-oriented, as I was not, the experi-

no doubt about it. And along with its claw-digging, it was whimpering. God help us if the door gave away! Anyhow, I just sat up there in the pitch-black and practically exhausted my ammunition. About the only thing I didn't hit was my brother-in-law himself, and that was because he was too directly under me to hit. Of course, several times I'd shot upward through the roof, and made some marvelous holes for the rain to drip through the ensuing noontime when a shower came up. Paul said, "Quit shooting and I'll get up and try to light the lantern." I held my fire and Paul got up. He got up and lighted matches—with that *Thing* scratching and whimpering and threatening outside on the very door-stone. "Holy Smoke! I heard him say, "You've shot the lantern-chimney into a mess of busted glass!" He dabbed the oily wick, however, and it gave out illumination of a sort. Then he holy-smoked four or five times. If there was anything breakable in that cabin I had not hit, he couldn't locate it. My most exquisite shot had been a slug put expertly through the shaving-mirror on the inner side of the cabin door. I couldn't have hit it so perfectly in daylight at two paces. "How many more cartridges you got?" he wanted to know. "Two," I said ominously . . .

o—o

WELL, daybreak came finally, as daybreak always comes if you wait up long enough. And careening from the riddled door, we discerned the biggest and most incredible hedgehog either of us had met in our lives up till then. It waddled fatly and insouciantly off into eastern bushes. "A porcupine!" gasped Paul. We couldn't believe it. It had cost us a shaving-mirror and a coffee-pot, a lantern-chimney, two teacups and a jar of pickles—which we dared not try to eat for fear of swallowing slivered glass. Paul had a cut in his foot where he'd stepped on a fragment of lantern-chimney in stocking-feet, and I had an empty cartridge-belt to carry further into the hazardous wilds of Vermont's Green Mountains. A porcupine! And we might have slain it with a stick! . . . You hit the biggest porcupine Nature ever made, squarely on its snout, and it gives up the ghost without a murmur. Two minutes later, you can begin gnawing anywhere about its person and it won't offer remonstrance. Oh well! I was porcupine-



Scripts in Bindings!

FIVE VOLUMES OF SOULCRAFT SCRIPTS
are now available, done in beautiful Burgundy bindings to last through the years—each volume holding 13 Scripts in the order as compiled and published . . . **PRICE \$5 per Volume**

A Complete Library of Scripts

means that you will have acquired a finished compendium of all phases and aspects of the Ageless Wisdom, expounding practically every enigma and quandary in human affairs. There will be 12 volumes of these Scripts, holding 156 discourses in all, covering eventually all the esoteric matter formerly issued in the *Liberation Pink Scripts* incorporated into the Soulcraft series with additional and timely comment.

\$25 for the Five

SOULCRAFT CHAPELS

Noblesville, Indiana

initiated. The State of Vermont was offering a bounty of ten cents a nose on the pests, because of the timber they ruined. A ring of bark gnawed from the trunk of a young spruce about twenty inches up, caused the tree to die . . . Came a night in Utah, years later, when one of the same beasts tried to get into the lowered window of my Hudson Coach in which I was sleeping. It was forty percent over the lowered plate glass when I hit it with a pillow. A pil-

low, mind you. And knocked 100 percent of it back into the State of Utah. Just goes to prove how intelligence expands with consciousness in the course of each life. Let's see, . . . I was looking up Populations . . . uh-huh, the present population of Yugoslavia is 15,752,000, but what wouldn't I give to be back with Paul in a Lake Hancock cabin in the 26th year of my age, before I knew, or cared anything about Yugoslavia! . . .

—THE RECORDER

United Nations

(Continued from Page 8)

"Upon what meat doth this, our Caesar feed?"

I WELL remember the first time I ever saw Old Glory. Upon leaving England with my parents, when I was 10 years of age, we had sailed down the river Mersey from Liverpool, and were in the Irish Sea. There sailed into view a big ship with the Stars and Stripes at its masthead. Its colors were gloriously beautiful against the glow of the setting sun. I asked my parents: "What flag is that?" They said: "That is the flag of America, where we are going." I said: "How beautiful it is." Little did I think I should be here much later in life seeking to defend Old Glory against its own citizens.

The imperial eagles of Rome, the lily banner of France, the composite Saint George's cross of Britain, the rattlesnake banner of the Thirteen Colonies, all have a connotation which has fired the imagination, and provoked the patriotic fervor of all who have looked upon these symbols as the outward manifestation of an inward and spiritual faith.

Fellow countrymen, this should not be my job at all. I am an Englishman, but many of you present tonight were born in this country. You, like Paul of Tarsus, in Biblical days, could stand before Lysias, the Roman captain, who had just told Paul that he had purchased Roman citizenship with a great price, and could answer with Paul: "But I am American born."

YOU WERE born to the purple; born into glorious heritage where every man is a king by divine right. All the enginery of our free institutions were yours for the asking. You were privileged to enjoy by birth the priceless boon of hard won freedoms, secured for you through the blood and striving of your liberty loving forefathers. The freedoms you enjoy so thoughtlessly were won for you on hundreds of battlefields.

The sighs of dying soldiers, the wounded on the pain-racked beds of countless hospitals, the fortitude and wisdom of a Washington and Lincoln, the forensic abilities of a John Marshall and a Daniel Webster, and the mighty works of numerous other wise and patriotic giants wrought the privileges which have been

¶ DO YOU believe in survival after death? Have you ever had experience with Discarnate Intelligence? If you are skeptical about survival, what evidence must you have to convince you that people do live consciously after vacating their bodies? Are you open to conviction that personal survival is a provable fact?



"Why I Believe the Dead Are Alive!"

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE SOULCRAFT SCRIPTS

Ever since boyhood, the man who was to project and found the great doctrine of Soulcraft had encountered supernatural experiences in his affairs. With maturity these increased. He got his first direct evidence of survival in his epochal "Seven Minutes in Eternity" adventure, published in the American Magazine, when he met face to face, and talked with, people whom he had seen buried in caskets. Since that episode, evidence of survival piled up in his affairs, terminating with the full materialization of his daughter Harriet, a woman of thirty-seven, who had died physically at the age of two.

Supernatural Evidence that Astounds

Finally, in 1942, the author put the whole uncanny history of his explorations into phenomena, between one pair of covers. He called this startling and entrancing volume, "Why I Believe the Dead Are Alive." It is a book that belongs in the hands of every student of Soulcraft, that he may find his own peace of mind at preserving his personality after death as well as become conversant with the whole agenda of mystical happenings that have put Soulcraft in the forefront of current thought.

¶ You can buy this book in the cloth edition, printed on white paper, at \$3 the copy, or in the India paper, deluxe edition, in Burgundy Leatherette covers, for \$4—each postage prepaid.

Soulcraft; Noblesville, Indiana

yours to enjoy, and I might here add, to defend.

THIS FLAG of ours, and I refer only to the Star-Spangled Banner, is something more than merely a piece of colored bunting. It stands for the bravery of the colonial soldiers fighting the French and Indian wars; for the drums and fifes of the Revolutionary War; for the hungry and frozen soldiers at Valley Forge; for the peace at Yorktown; for the Articles of Confederation, the nursing ring for that most glorious of all state documents, the Constitution of the United States.

It is the glorious fight of the good ship *Constitution*; the sturdy defense of Andrew Jackson at New Orleans; the matchless seamanship and naval skill of Decatur at Tripoli; Jefferson and the acquirement of a western empire in the Louisiana Purchase; the glorious epic of the western trappers and voyageurs; the spiritual gallantry of the Jesuit "black robes" winning the western Indians for Christ; the Mormon trek; the Alamo, with its glorious defense; the building of the transcontinental railroads; the Civil War, with its almost healed wounds; the death of the great and good Lincoln; our great industrial progress; the First and Second World Wars; and the present Korean episode; all are in that beautiful flag.

Our national fortunes are not ensouled in the United Nations flag. We cannot hitch our wagon to that star. Its motive power is too erratic, and its orbit is ill-determined by treacherous and ignorant captains. Straight ahead under the glorious banner which has won our hearts, and is capable of exciting our love and devotion, is our only safe course. There is no other millenium for America. We cannot become traitors to our forefathers, and cast their hard-won freedoms, and our glorious heritage into their teeth. If we do, then they have wrought, won, and died in vain. God grant that we may survive as a United States, worthy of such beginnings, determined to carry the torch of freedom they have handed to us, to the conclusion of the glorious race. We are on the march to the completion of our marvelous destiny; and in that march, we must continue to have our eyes fixed upon the Stars and Stripes before us to hearten us with the memory of what it represents in the building of America. We cannot march under a hybrid flag else our hearts shall have no song.

Thresholds of Tomorrow

By the Author of
"No More Hunger"



Here are the printed versions
of the **MAGIC CASEMENT**
series of *Electronic Discourses*
available to you in one book!

WE HAVE ready for shipment same day ordered, one thousand new volumes containing most of the prophetic material that Soulcrafters have been hearing this past winter and spring in the electronic discourses. The printed discourses are not complete as Soulcrafters heard them on the broadcasts, but the America we are going to have tomorrow after this Communist headache is laid, is described.

A Clairvoyant Picture of Changes Coming at Home and Abroad

THIS MOST recent printing from Soulcraft Press runs to 385 pages, done on India-tinted paper in the usual burgundy covers distinguishing all deluxe volumes in the Soulcraft library. If you didn't hear the **MAGIC CASEMENTS** series of broadcasts, here is your opportunity to get the meat of them. These thousand copies won't last long, so get your order on record at once.

A Beautiful Volume: \$5

Soulcraft Press, Inc., Noblesville, Ind.

T H E P A Y O F F

ROUTINE in the offices of the eminent bone and muscle specialist went along with machine-like precision. The famous doctor had a highly trained corps of assistants who directed the stream of patients through his offices.

One morning a neatly dressed young chap appeared in the reception room. In answer to the query of the nurse in charge, the youth said he wished to see the celebrated medico privately.

"Have you an appointment?" demanded the nurse.

"No, ma'am."

"This is your first visit here?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Then go in that dressing-room, remove all your clothing, even to your shoes and socks. When you have finished, a bell will ring twice. That will be your signal. Enter the Doctor's consulting-room through the door marked *office*."

"But ma'am—" the boy protested.

"Do as you're told, if you want to see the Doctor. Those are his rules. He wouldn't modify them for the mayor of the city."

The boy allowed himself to be hustled into the dressing room where he obeyed orders and disrobed. After a short while the bell-signal came and he walked into the physician's quarters, clad in nothing but beads of perspiration.

The eminent medico was seated at his desk. "Well," he barked, "what's the matter with you?"

"Nothing's the matter with me," the new arrival replied.

"Then what the blazes are you doing, nude in my office?"

"I came," said the boy, "to see if you'd care about renewing your subscription to *Collier's Magazine*?"

ISAAC KATZ had written a letter to a former customer who had strayed from the community owing Coat & Pants Emporium a considerable bill. Mrs. Katz, passing on the letter, remarked—

"It's a fine letter, Izzv, diplomatic, and to the point of beautiful courtesv. But you should not have spelled it 'dirty' with two 't's' and cockroach does not begin with it, 'k'."

GOLDEN SCRIPTS



THERE are 448 pages of them—in the so-called *Cleric Edition*—done on Bible paper and bound in limp round-cornered covers. To those who have "discovered" them they amount to *new* Sermons on the Mount, coming apparently from our Elder Brother's matchless intellect for His disciples in this modern generation. They cover every personal and ethical subject troubling spiritually hungry people of today.

*You Can Have a Copy Free
if You'll Properly Value It!*

Donations from over 300 ardent Soulcrafters have made over \$50,000 worth of these volumes available for gratis distribution. If you wish a \$5 copy sent you, merely make the request in a letter to Noblesville, Indiana, Headquarters. Address—
S O U L C R A F T C H A P E L S

DENNIS came home muddled from whiskey. In the middle of the night he was aroused by the cry of "Fire!" He arose in a daze and put his pants on backside fore. Then he went to the window and jumped out.

A friend rushed to his assistance.

"Dennis," he cried, "are vez hurted?"

Dennis looked down at his trousers. "Tis not hurted, Oi am," he lamented, "but vez kin see wid vour own eyes, Oi got one devil of a twist!"

THE EPISCOPAL rector wanted to know if his visiting Methodist brother wished to wear a surplice when he filled the pulpit.

"Surplice!" cried the visitor. "What would I know about surplices? I'm a Methodist. All I know about is deficits."

THE POSTAL Inspectors got into the little Georgia town to investigate the complaints in the local mail service.

"You the new postmaster?" he asked the general storekeeper.

"Reckon I am, stranger."

"The people 'round here all complaining their mail is disappearing—at least it isn't being delivered. You dispatched the mail that's been deposited with you since election?"

"Naw, 'course I ain't."

"Why Not?"

"Take a look at the bag. Dang thing ain't full yit."

HORRIBLE accident over in Dundee the other afternoon. Two taxis collided head on and twenty Scotsmen were badly injured.