

Valor

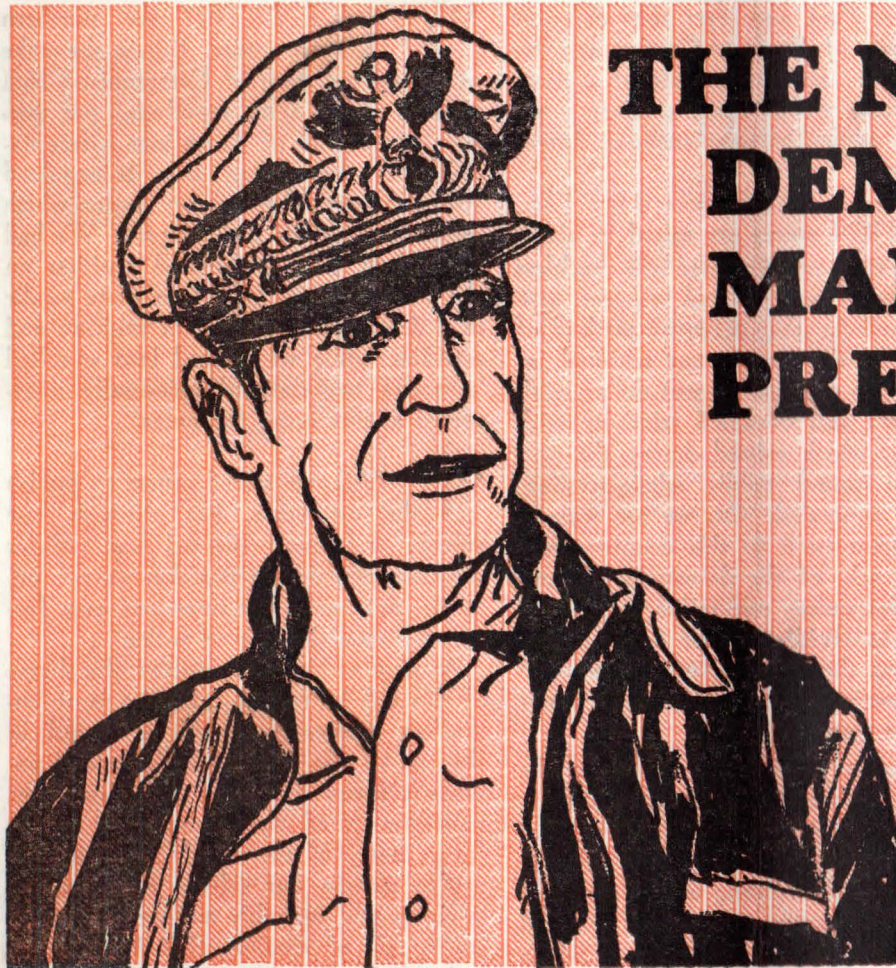
The Golden Times Weekly . .

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

Volume II

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Number 22



THE NATION DEMANDS THIS MAN AS ITS PRESIDENT . .

THE FORCES of reaction in this nation command the right to a candidate—Republican or Democrat. If, after offering a nominee who stands for everything spiritual in traditional Americanism, the electorate willfully designates an advocate of the Left-Wing Super-State, then on its own head be its loss of Free Government.

But no other man in the American scene begins to match the spiritual and civic stature of Douglas MacArthur, *and he has finally said that he will make the race if the coming Republican Convention drafts him!*

This is the green light for elevating the Republic's Outstanding Citizen to its highest office. VALOR publishes on Page 2, purely for the record, the digest of the General's statements at Jackson, Miss., March 22.

His words sound indeed as though he were the reincarnation of the immortal Washington himself, *and who has authority to declare that he is not?*

Read these ringing words to the finest elements in the Union, and then let's put "our leading American on guard tonight!"—

SINCE that speech of General Douglas MacArthur before the Mississippi legislature, this Republic can have but one choice as to who should be raised to the civic elevation of its Chief Executiveship.

The times for partisan politics have gone. The times for further experiments in *isms* have gone. It's a question now of which man in the whole field has the mental and moral stature to head this Republic as it must be headed.

America at the Crossroads

General Douglas MacArthur spoke before the Mississippi Legislature on March 22nd. In the belief that his address merits as wide an attention as it can be given, VALOR herewith presents most of its salient and significant passages, to preserve them for the record of our hectic times

FOR MANY generations our country followed the constitutional pattern of a diffusion of political power. This was wisely designed to insure development of a social order deriving direction and strength from the moral character, the dignity, and the creative energy of the individual state, the individual community and the individual citizen.

"Then this constitutionally ordained balance in political affairs collapsed . . . In the ensuing movement toward the ascendancy of men over laws the meaning and intent of the Constitution became rapidly corrupted . . .

"*America now stands at the crossroads!* Down one lies a return to those immutable principles and ideals upon which rested our country's past grandeur. Down the other lies the arbitrary rule of men, leading to the ultimate loss of constitutional liberty. As Daniel Webster once said—

"Other misfortunes may be borne, or their effects overcome. If disastrous wars should sweep our commerce from the ocean, another generation may renew it; if it exhaust our Treasury, future industry may replenish it; if it desolate and lay waste our fields, still under a new cultivation they may grow green again, and ripen to future harvests.

"It were but a trifle even if the walls of the Capitol were to crumble, if its lofty pillars should fall, and its gorgeous decorations be all covered by the dust of the valley. All these may be rebuilt.

"But who shall reconstruct the fabric of demolished government? Who shall rear again the well-proportioned columns of constitutional liberty? Who shall frame together the skillful architecture which unites national sovereignty with States rights, individual security, and public prosperity?"

"No, if these columns fall, they will

be raised not again. Like the Coliseum and the Parthenon, they will be destined to a mournful and melancholy immortality. Bitterer tears, however, will flow over them than were ever shed over the monuments of Rome or Grecian art; for they will be the monuments of a more glorious edifice than Rome or Greece ever saw, the edifice of constitutional American liberty!"

"WHEN voices are raised in alarm and protest over the reckless dissipation of our national resource, answer is made by the half-truth method of pointing to the rise in our national income in terms of the present dollar, with its debased and devalued relativity with the dollar which existed during the normalcy of sound public administration, carefully concealed. Or, we are warned of the great peril to this country from Soviet attack, of the devastation of our great cities unless our military might is restored as rapidly as but a short time ago it was dissipated. And we are told it is unpatriotic to question expenditures no matter how fantastic.

"It becomes increasingly clear that the pattern of American fiscal policy is being brought into consonance with the Karl Marx Communist theory that through a division of the existing wealth mankind will be brought to a universal standard of life—a degree of mediocrity to which the Communists and their fellow travelers seek to reduce the people of this great nation . . .

"THE WILL to be free either exists in the human heart or all the money in the world cannot put it there. The people of western Europe do not generally share with our own leaders the fear of Soviet military designs . . . We hear no clamor to pledge their own lives their own fortunes and their sacred honor in defence of their own liberties . . .

"Indeed, it would be immediately help-

ful if we but purged our foreign policy of imperialistic tendency—not imperialistic in the sense that we covet the territory of others—but imperialistic in the pressure we bring to bear upon the purely domestic affairs of others. For this is an era characterized by a universal sentiment of nationalism. This we must expect if we would gain the respect of others.

"WE DEFEATED the northern Korean armies. But in the wake of the commitment of Communist China against us, we again repudiated our purpose to weld all of Korea into a free nation and denied our own beleaguered forces the orthodox military means which offered promise of early victory. We had them fight to a stalemated position on the peninsula and left them there to die in a deadlocked struggle of position and attrition, while we entered into so-called 'cease-fire negotiations' universally interpreted as our suing for peace.

"IT WAS our stated intent to punish the aggressor, but through our strange and unprecedented war policies we have inflicted the punishment, not upon the aggressor, but upon our own forces and upon the Korean nation . . .

As long as history is written, the shame of this will be recorded, but its more immediate consequences will be found in the loss of the faith of Asia in our nation's pledged word and the consequent undermining of the foundations to the future peace of the world. For our failure to sustain our solemn commitments in Korea will probably mean the ultimate loss of all of continental Asia to international Communism.

"Our failure has been of the spirit, not of the arm—a bankruptcy of leadership in our American tradition. Yet this failure has furnished the Soviet the passkey to world conquest. Small wonder that such weakness and vacillation should cause us loss of faith and respect abroad. Not since the early days of the Republic has our nation been so reduced in the universal esteem. Never have we as a people been held in such doubt by others.

"In this time of crisis, when mounting
(Continued on Page 15)

Can Enough Christ Men Be Found . .

TO MEET WHAT'S AHEAD?



LOOKING at the earth, and particularly at America, with the level eyes of the student of the Ageless Wisdom, which means as well looking at the earth and the United States with reasonably comprehensive knowledge of the forces seeking its subjugation, the question is a challenge as to whether the most permanent good could accrue from saving people unable to save themselves, or keeping hands off and letting the subjugation occur, to bring home to the rank and file how priceless personal liberty is?

A grass-roots farmer wrote to the *Indianapolis Star* this past week, the following—

"Let's keep the record straight. In your editorial column recently you wrote, 'Harry Truman, in six years, took from the public \$260,000,000,000.'

"I don't question the figure. It's near enough to be too painful. But how about your verb *took*? The executive department has no authority to *take* one cent out of the pants pocket of Honest Joe Public. That money was taken out of his pocket by the Congress which had, and has, the sole authority to do such a deed. The Congress 'took' the money and gave it to Harry, or his administrators in the executive department, who in turn used it for throwing away to the birds across the sea. His intentions were undoubtedly good. He admits it. Like Old Omar the Tentmaker, he wanted to tear the world to bits and remold it to his heart's desire. Pretty good for a little chap who had troubles with his shirtshop.

"So why not for a change, put the spotlight where it belongs—the members of the Congress who 'took' the \$260,000,

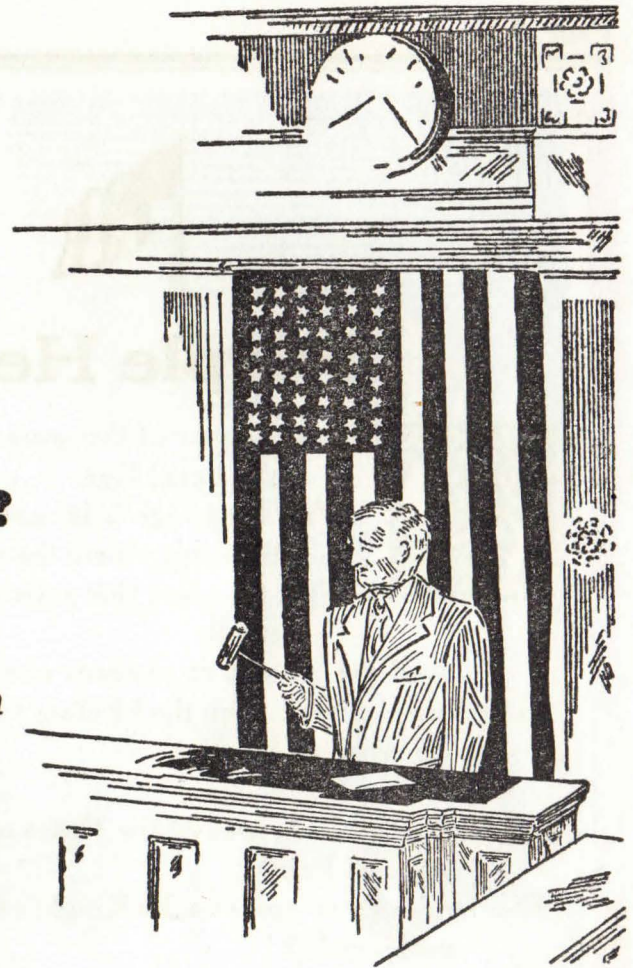
The \$64 Question as the Senate Signs Away the Constitution

000,000 from the citizens' pants pockets and 'gave' it to shirtshop Harry, who 'gave' it to heaven knows whom.

"Never forget that the most important vote a man can cast is that for congressman or legislator. They are the cookies—and only they—who have the power to open the purse—your purse—and take out your coin in whatever amounts it pleases them to designate."

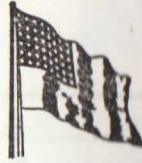
Voting away \$260,000,000,000 isn't the only *faux pas* of the present Congress and congressmen of the United States. The money, perchance, might be remade in a generation or more. The more startling and tragic departure has been ratification of United Nations charter, by virtue of which a majority of members of the United States Senate *voted away the constitutional liberties of 151,000,000 citizens!* . . .

THE NATION hasn't yet awakened to what actually took place in the ratification of the United Nations "treaty" . . . With no basis nor precedent in constitutional law or equity, a "treaty" was confirmed with a paper Super-State whereby *its* constitution—modeled by the convicted Alger Hiss on the so-called



"Constitution" of the U. S. S. R.—superseded the United States Federal Constitution which has been in force for 161 years, although the more pernicious points about it are being kept as dark and quiet as possible until this U-N thing obtains power enough to truly throw itself around.

And in California recently a State Court decided that State law did not longer apply in the matter of oriental land ownership, but that the supreme law of the land in such matters was what Trygve Lie's pro-Russian world council made it out to be. Now comes a Bill introduced into Congress on February 14, 1952 by Representative Heller of New York purporting to make it a United-Nations felony punishable by a \$10,000 fine and 20 years imprisonment to "damage a place of worship, dwelling, or other property, real or personal, out of malice toward any race or religion, or with intent to ridicule, intimidate, or otherwise injure, any person on account of his race or religion in an amount exceeding \$1,000." And the Congress is asked to ratify this measure "in accordance with the undertaking of the United States under the United Nations Charter."



Purple Heart



OUT of the roar of the wars he strides, the Man of
the Level Eye,
With head high-held, and face rock-cut from
the crags where the stronghearts die;
With the voice that rolls like the statesman's
scrolls

And the calm that restores our poise,
As he turns us back from the hireling's track, to the Faith that
we wore as boys!

Is this man, Moloch, bred of the Flame and wrought of its
joust of Pain?

Who strides these years as the Knight of Tears yet kindles our
pride again?

Out of what aerie, born of what Sun, has he stooped from
what Goal of Goals?

Out of what Thought is his vision wrought, that he sights to
our Soul of Souls?

On what High Plain in the worlds ahead, when the plaudits
of earth have died,

Will his stature loom a thousandfold in the skies of our
children's pride?

May the day be far when we march again, in review when
his conflicts cease

And the Son of Valor declares in Love: "Good work, Mac!
Take thy peace!"

tions in legislative government who fail to grasp mentally what they are doing in substance. Comparatively few of them would deliberately sell out the Republic to Russia or any other nation on the face of the globe, but the axis of representative government itself is being swung out and away from American territory. The men voting for these United Nations' "treaties" have no basis in constitutional law for transferring the allegiance of 151,000,000 constituents to this Left-Wing overseas outfit, and imposing its laws on those constituents, together with a new Spider-Web flag for their adulation. But by the legal hocus-pocus of declaring that treaties with foreign powers become the supreme law of the land—without the qualification of stating that they do not become supreme over the Constitution itself—a group of masterminds have found a method for entangling American citizens in a maze of alien jurisprudence that apparently none but a Congress thoroughly unaware of the ultimate ramifications can hope to rectify.

The question thereby arises, as to whether the Higher Council presiding over world affairs would possibly bethink it justifiable to let the rank and file of Americans learn the hard way and lose their liberties for at least three generations, to bring them to a sense of responsibility for naming incompetent or inadequate personages to go to Washington with such stupendous arbitrary power designated to them . . .

VALOR, frankly, does not believe the Great White Lodge of Invisibles is going to make that decision, and it bases its opinion on definite statements in the *Golden Scripts*. But it's far from being a situation that commands any outstanding complacency.

There's a quatrain in the Century VI of Nostradamus, No. 69, that may apply to America and it may not, but it's not to be skipped over lightly—

*What a great pity will it be before long,
Those that did give, shall be constrained
to receive;
Naked, famished with cold, to mutiny,
To go over the mountains, making great
disorders.*

Certainly by what this 81st Congress has achieved, in giving away the Republic's priceless heritage of wealth and legal freedom, it has achieved all that could
(Continued on Page 10)

What does this latter mean, if passed? It means that the constitutionality of such Anti-Hate Law could not be tested in the Supreme Court of the United States as to its impingement on the rights of free speech and a free press, because passage of such a measure would further ratify the United Nations suzerainty and give United Nations jurisdiction to treat with offenders.

To read Mr. Heller's Bill on its face, the average senator or congressman might

decide it perfectly proper to protect houses of worship against vandalism, and they would be right. But read what the Bill goes on to describe as also applying under the measure.

NO ONE in his senses believes there is anything to be gained by committing vandalism against houses of worship, and that's not the point. The point is, that under our free form of government we have been electing men to high posi-

Do You Know the Causes of Platonic Love?



ACCORDING to all the best dictionaries, when we are given to referring to Platonic Love, we are dealing with a type of affection between men and women that has nothing about it concerned with carnal desire.

Plato, as all well instructed persons know, was a Greek philosopher who lived about four hundred years before Christ. He was assumed to be pretty much of an ascetic—at least in his ideas—and considered the ladies, like Leonardo de Vinci, as mere spiritual abstractions.

Having a family of lusty boys and girls by a mere spiritual abstraction is one of those things that simply are not done. No youngster ever borrowed the family Ford, either, and parked it out on a backroad to spend the evening hours with his arm hooked around the upper vertebrae of a spiritual abstraction in its palpitating adolescence. And everyone knows that it is from unions arranged between the parties on such nocturnal excursions that the human race survives from generation unto generation, world without end, amen!

No, Plato lived before the time of Fords that could be parked on moonlit backroads. And while he certainly did not live before the times that male and female looked upon each other and decided to be fruitful and multiply by time-approved processes, his ideas about the sexes were anything but Hollywood's.

So his name has endured as a label on the type of romance that features: "—oh, it's you, eh?" and proceeds to business on the man to man basis.

We have then in the term, the curious paradox of a type of love being indicated that strictly speaking is not love at all.



A MAN falls in love with a woman, or a woman falls in love with a man—assuming that it is true love and not an experiment in curiosity or tawdry romance scented with gin—from one of two reasons. Either she is the spiritual counterpart of himself and by their physical, mental, and spiritual association they are giving expression to the idea of half-souls' conjoining as a Whole; or somewhere back in past lives one has done either an injury or a service to the other that now must be compensated for in kind.

There are cases where a man falls in love with a woman, and a woman falls in love with a man, mainly because one or the other party to the affair resembles the soul-half of the opposite party and the romance flowers from mistaken identity. This type of love affair, however, rarely endures long enough to make it of moment.

In the normal love affair, man and woman fall in love because they sense

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

vaguely and instinctively that the opposite party "fills an emptiness within themselves" that cannot be supplied by any other half-soul on earth. They belong to one another because, spiritually speaking, they are the personalized halves of the one completed person.

Life after life, age upon age, they have been associating together, marrying and raising families, aiding and encouraging one another, performing services so loyal and so constant that when they are parted they are as much perturbed by their inability to function separately as the physical body would be, were it halved down the center and each half forced to go its own way.

The left leg could not locomote very far without the right leg to swing and convey the weight of the torso, whereas

the right leg, left to disport itself, would probably give a couple of ludicrous hops and tip the said body onto the face of its head.

Uncommonly astute esoteric students have the knowledge imparted to them that what really transpires between a man and woman coming together and falling in love is a mutual interchange of Light Force, each tacitly imparting to the other a quantity of spiritual vitality. We do not need to go into that here, neither do we need to dwell particularly on the type of romance that is a strict karmic adjustment.

We have for attention the type of love affair designated as Platonic, wherein a biological man and a biological woman come into association and form a lasting friendship "because they enjoy one another's companionship" and yet without a single mutual sex desire assailing them from Christmas to New Year's and back to Christmas again by way of the Fourth of July.

At least that's what they claim!

What we have displayed is truly "a type of envy of the other's personality."

ACCREDIT it or not, men and women in what is known as Platonic love are only attracted to one another in a sex way insofar as sex in itself may embody or epitomize the latent personal qualities which one or the other or both of the parties are conscious that they may possess but are not adequately expressing.

These may be qualities characteristically belonging to either the man-half or the woman-half of a complete Spirit. In other words, they may be qualities that would be supplied under normal mating conditions by the Spirit's other half, or not. But underlying the attraction that holds a man or woman in true Platonic contact must ever be what might be termed a strong Expression-Force of a given set of attributes, and because one of the parties feels guilty of inadequately or inaptly expressing such attributes himself—or herself—he or she is drawn toward the other to watch them incessantly and naturally in action.

Along with this scrutiny goes a sort of introvert admiration, compounded of three parts desire for a similar exhibit in one's own character and one part begrudging acknowledgment of the other's role as instructor, without the other always being aware of it.



IT IS NOT always true, as facetious people assume, that a man and woman enjoying a Platonic friendship are actually trying to have a real love affair—with all the trimmings of mortal romance—and deliberately avoiding the carnal side of the association. Indeed, it can happen in such Platonic affairs that there is a carnal side to the association, if it so happens that adequate or apt sex expression is being exercised by one party while for some reason or other the second person is prohibited—or inhibited—from similarly delivering himself.

People in Platonic love are not always conscious of the fact that they are in love—in the full meaning of the term—or they may be given to hiding their feelings and emotions to that end if for some reason they fear that the proper and expert expression might bring a severance of the friendship.

Deep down and underneath all their daily give-and-take, however, it has to be acknowledged that the parties are groping for something, and that they find it to greater or lesser degree, each in the other's personality, as they travel onward in company.

TAKE the case of a man or woman inclined by temperament to be sad or melancholy. This is one of the most common causes of the establishment of Platonic friendships.

The said person is truly suffering from an inverted, or introvert, ego. It is a case of self-expressions having been denied by experiences with shock, distasteful association, or unhappy memories due to fancied spiritual loss.

The melancholy person has persuaded himself that life holds practically nothing in the way of spiritual profit that begins to compensate for the hurt of disillusion, mistrust, broken confidence, or bereavement that has been ill-timed or which carried with it the conviction that the one who has been "lost" was the em-

bodiment of all the virtues and compassions. He does not truly believe any of it, of course. He merely poses in the role of believer in it, hoping thereby that someone will come along, or something will happen, to jolt him out of himself and renew his interest in things mundane again. He is, in other words, a perpetual invitation, self-expressed by the eccentricity of his temperament, for people and things to alter more pleasantly and profitably in his behalf.

Such a person rarely makes the effort to go out and alter the factors of his life voluntarily so that the more poignant aspects of it no longer affect him vitally. If he did that, he figures, he might spoil his role of martyr-to-life, and put himself out of the running to invite alteration by his constant application of energy to warped idea.

Suddenly into the life of such a one comes a person of the opposite sex, perhaps inclined to be introspective like himself, or at least inclined to let life turn up what it will, of itself, in its own good time and way. The two exchange ideas and confidences and discover that "they have many things in common" although the biggest thing they have in common is their ability to look at life unemotionally and negatively.

THE TRUTH of the matter is that after such a pair have exchanged such morbid confidences for a time, and nothing else, they commence to bore each other. Look closely as their friendship ripens into real attachment and you will perceive that one is taking a politely sadistic delight in "riding" the other for this or that attribute or lack of it, or prodding him on particularly sensitive spots, or generally acting as tutor in some aspects where there seems to be a failing in the character.

Strange to relate, the person so acting may be guilty of owing to all the disputed or deficient characteristics himself, and yet he will disparage or poke fun at them in his friend of the opposite sex. More peculiarly still, the friend will not only permit it but actually derive a type of masochistic delight from it.

What truly seems to be happening is, that friend number two is learning things pointed out to him through the eyes of the first, that he has wanted to recognize and correct but lacked the diligence or analysis to concentrate upon.

(Continued on Page 11)



Strange Experiences . .

People Do Exhibit after Death

MANY have been the instances of friends interested in psychical phenomena saying to one another, "Whichever of us dies first, let's agree that he shall come back to the other and thus prove the fact of survival." But the French Psychical Society has the data on the case of two young women, one of whom actually did that thing. One's name was Mademoiselle Angele Ximenez, and she lived at Monte Carlo in the closing days of World War I. Here is the narrative in her own words—

"When I was a very young girl, I had a girl-friend of my own age. Our families were on very intimate terms and were neighbors, so she came to me every evening and we studied our lessons in company.

"One night we were in the drawing-room when my companion suddenly stopped reading and said to me, 'Lita, I've something to ask you. I want you to promise me something and I want you to keep your promise.'

"I thought her serious air extraordinary but said, 'If I promise you anything you can be sure I'll keep it.'

"She answered, 'If you get married and have a daughter, I want you to name her after me. But that isn't all. If one of us two dies, and we're not together, we must promise each other that the one who leaves first will come and say goodbye to the other and kiss her for the last time.'

"I answered, 'Really, you're foolish to have such ideas but I promise.'

"We never spoke of it again. I wish I could give you my assurance of this.

"**F**IVE or six months afterward, on my friend's birthday, I went to spend the day at her home, along with a lot of mutual acquaintances. We danced the whole afternoon and had a very good

time. She appeared to be well, and there was nothing to indicate she was soon to depart us.

"When I was taking leave of the family in the evening, her mother said to me, 'Don't count on Jeanne for two or three days. I have to make some visits and I'm taking her with me.'

"On the third night I lay down and went to sleep as usual.

"Toward midnight I awakened, uttering cries of terror. *Jeanne was there before me!* My grandmother got up and tried to calm me, but nothing could prevent my seeing Jeanne. She was there, and she said to me, 'Goodbye, I'm dying, and I've kept my promise.'

"My grandmother had my good nurse, Anna-Marie, sit down beside my bed. The nurse, humoring me, succeeded in calming me so completely that I finally dropped off to sleep again. But toward four o'clock in the morning I awakened a second time. I felt Jeanne kissing my forehead. She was icy cold, and a second time she addressed me, 'Goodbye! I'm dead!'

"How could I doubt it? . . .

"**A** GAIN I began to shout, 'Grandmother, Jeanne's dead!' No one could calm me. I wished to hurry over to her home. My grandmother promised me that at five o'clock, as soon as it was fully light, she would send somebody to find out. Nevertheless, I could not help getting up. Through obedience, however, I waited, though I was thoroughly convinced of my friend's departure.

"At five o'clock a servant was sent. Horrors! My dream had been *real*. My beloved friend had passed away at four o'clock that morning, a few minutes before she had kissed me and I had felt her, icy as a block of marble.

"Since then I have often thought of her, but no further manifestation on her part has ever occurred. Such is my ac-

count of what happened and it is a truthful one.

Angele Ximenez,
Monte Carlo, April 15, 1918

F LAMMARION, in confirming the facts of this occurrence with the relatives as well as knowing the girl herself, adds brief details of a similar case that had been sent him from Russia in 1899—

"I was nine years old," a Russian woman wrote him. "One of my sisters, aged 15, whom I loved tenderly, was walking with me one day in the garden. She told me that she felt she did not have long to live. I made fun of her, just a little, and asked her to stop talking so absurdly.

"Seven years later I was in Moscow, in the Nicholaieff School. On a June night I was lying in the dormitory, sleeping quietly. Suddenly I had the sensation that someone had touched my back. I turned over and was startled to discern my sister seated near the foot of my bed.

"'Goodbye, Nadia,' she said, quite audibly. *Thereat I beheld her slowly vanish.*

"I sprang up and noted the time. It was just getting toward five in the morning. My heart sank at what I had witnessed, and I was still greatly perturbed over it till the breakfast bell rang.

"That same forenoon my elder sister arrived, bringing the news that my 15-year-old sister had passed away just before five o'clock."

Nadia Ubanenko

SUCH appearances following death by a handful of minutes were legion during World Wars I and II. The American Society's archives are heavy with them. Some American soldier killed in France or the South Seas would convey first news of his demise to some relative, but such materialization constantly preceded the War Department's notification by hours and even days.

These things are becoming incontestable. *Why persist in fighting them?*

Valor

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Stamina



IT MIGHT be well to realize that we must go through with this fight to free our nation of disastrous foreign entanglements, and that we will go through it, and that we shall win it. Incidentally, winning it will be victory not so much over Russia without, as over Russia within. Russia within is our truly potent enemy. Russia within is the Left-Wing one-world element that is working to scrap our Constitution by promoting this alien monstrosity we call United Nations and tying us harder and faster into it with each week that Congress stays in session.

Dr. John Wood, Idaho Representative, Usher L. Burdick, North Dakota, and James O. Eastland, Mississippi Senator, all three have Resolutions before Congress, aimed at taking us out of United Nations and letting it go its way to perdition. There is no enemy existent that calls for our participation in it. However, neither of the three are themselves optimistic of getting action out of this current Congress. It will come after election, is their consensus of opinion.

But meantime Senator John Bricker's Constitutional Amendment becomes a red hot potato in the hands of the international left-wingers. Bricker would make a constitutional amendment out of the issue of United Nations laws in any respect superceding our Bill of Rights—and debate on it is coming up in this session.

Praise God, the American Bar Associ-

ation is waking up and has enacted a formal resolution through its House of Delegates demanding this amendment to prevent foreign treaties becoming American law unless so legislated by both houses of Congress.

This matter of preserving the Constitution as the bulwark of our liberties is the highest aspect of Christianity that can be conceived, carrying as it does guarantees of freedom of speech, press, and religion. We have a direct command to action on such matters in the *Golden Scripts*. It is the highest form of the Christ Work to maintain the ideals on which this Republic was founded. VALOR so interprets it.

Styles in patriotic defense of our country against traducers of our constitutional heritage, alter from decade to decade. Love of country and respect for freedom under law, go hand in hand with high moral conscience.

The big fight of this current generation is the defeat and ejection of United Nations from American territory.

Lawyers Awaken



THE CLEVELAND *News*, in an editorial as far back as February 29th, stated the case for John Bricker's Resolution in terms that every Soulcraft in America can endorse. Under the heading *United States Must Guard Against Undercutting the Constitution*, this big Cleveland paper adulated the American Bar Association for its support of the Bricker legislation in the following sprightly text—

"The American Bar Association furnishes the kind of leadership expected of it by the public when it enacts, as it has this week, a formal resolution through its House of Delegates, demanding a Constitutional amendment to prevent foreign treaties from becoming American law unless legislated by both houses of Congress.

"This sounds so remote to most people that they do not realize that our American rights are dangerously involved and that the Bar Association, like Senator John W. Bricker and a majority of other senators, has seen the danger and moved to protect us all in our free existence.

"Under our Constitution, treaties have

always been binding on American courts. This legal contract has involved no real dangers to us until the advent of the United Nations, whose council and assembly have found ways to legislate socially and politically, and bind us by handing us its legislation in the form of treaties.

"A UN international Committee has legislated, for instance, for two years past on certain rights and privileges to be given labor union over the world. These are somewhat in conflict with American law's establishment of similar rights and privileges. If the UN committee's treaty is adopted by our Senate, at the behest of our State Department, we will have surrendered American Constitutional rights of our own to a broader establishment over which our law has no authority.

"The UN so-called 'human rights' treaty is on the way to our Senate through UN committees and assembly and our State Department. It provides, among other things, for a change in how an alien can become an American citizen, and our own laws about citizenship would have to yield. In fact, it is intended to provide that a citizen of any country shall have the same rights—in the U. S.—that any U. S. citizen has.

"The guarantees of free speech and free press in our Bill of Rights will disappear if this 'human rights' treaty becomes our law by treaty ratification, for under its provisions American citizens may not object to what nationals of some other nation are doing or proposing, even if they are promoting dictatorships, aggression, or slavery.

"Our representatives in the UN have been unable to stop the progress of these treaties through the UN assembly, which appears to have caught on that it has here a power to change our constitution. Backing these treaties are Latin-Americans, Russians, Czechs, and others from countries which do not subscribe to our feelings about human rights, American version.

"THE BEST defense of our Constitutional rights will always have to be in Congress, then in the courts. That must be inherent in our system. So the Bricker Constitutional amendment is a first order of business for this session of Congress. At the outset of the UN, we saved some of our independence and

sovereignty by insisting on the veto power over war and defense moves in the UN security council. We must exert the same caution now about a UN assembly which is gathering speed in tinkering with our American basic law.

"The American Bar Association's stand will call for the enlistment of lawyers everywhere, a potent part of our civilization, to arouse attention to the danger and the proposed remedy of Constitutional amendment. It is a worthy statement and a worthy call to arms."

Confirmation



THE BEST informed writer in the country on the new science of atomic warfare is William L. Laurence, science reporter of the *New York Times*.

He was the only newspaperman allowed to cover the first explosion of the atomic bomb at Los Alamos, N. M. He also witnessed the atomic bomb that was dropped on Nagasaki. Listen to what he says in confirmation of what VALOR has been informing Soulcrafters of late about the impotency of Russia to wage any all-out war in the near future, necessitating the ruinous drain of money from tax-paying citizens to finance an adequate "preparedness" program—

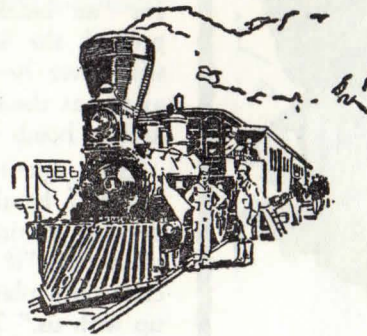
"Tactical atomic weapons, 'tailor-made for size and use', will effectively neutralize the manpower superiority of totalitarian nations. Manufactured in large numbers, they will serve as a deterrent to World War III.

"World War III has become impossible! And, in a sense, by making it impossible, it has been fought and won."

Most people believe that atomic warfare is confined entirely to the dropping of atomic bombs. They do not appreciate the extent to which atomic power has been perfected in different types of other atomic weapons, including new artillery.

That element in the nation that operates on the policy of "bankrupt America and thus bring in the total welfare state" has kept shouting about the fact that Russia has more man-power than we do and that her divisions can march across Europe any time they desire. From this we might gather that warfare would be the same as years ago when the final result would be determined by which side had the most divisions of infantry. But

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that sort of warfare belong back in the days of Napoleon or Ulysses S. Grant.

Laurence is optimistic that the free world will be able to maintain its atomic superiority over the totalitarian world for “an indefinite period”. He has expressed the view further that “Russia will never be able to catch up with us as far as the quantity and quality of the atomic bomb is concerned.”

In a question period, Laurence was asked if he thought the Russians could develop tactical atomic bombs. He replied that “if we gave Russia all our secrets on a platter, she still couldn’t catch up with us.” The United States is ahead he said, and will stay ahead. An interviewer wanted to know about the size of the Russian atomic stockpile. Here again Laurence expressed personal optimism, saying that he did not give much credence to reports that Russia has 30 to 100 atom bombs. He said it might well be that the Russians, by depriving private industry of water-power, are producing one to two bombs a year, *but blowing them up for propaganda purposes as soon as they complete them.* “The chances are 50-50 that this is the case,” he said.

More and more military and scientific authorities are confirming VALOR’s viewpoint, psychically inspired, about Russia’s inability to do what her supporters in this country would claim, to scare the American people into fits and make them acquiescent in the ruinous tax-take. Almost a hundred *billions* has been made available for all this preparedness against Russia, which is about as much to be feared in the present line-up of industrial potentials as Mexico.

No, VALOR still contends it is ruthless and irresponsible Red China that will presently disrupt the peace of the world—and the American Left-Wingers will want the welfare state anyway, in order to “organize” against the laundrymen.

Watch such situation develop.

Christ Men

(Continued from Page 4)

achieve toward that end—and against the possibility of it we have only the Master assurances in the *Golden Scripts* that the American Republic was originally set up under the aegis of the Higher Council, “as a shibboleth to all men of what a free people could accomplish when al-

lotted the right to rule themselves” . . .

There are, in the Senate of the United States, 36 Senators whose records and avowals entitle them to be listed under the roster of Christ Men. In the House there are 47 congressmen. That means 60 senators who are not to be trusted with the destinies of this great Republic—decidedly a majority—and 388 representatives. Many of these, elected at the behest of the worst types of malodorous city machines, are avowed opportunists in the political arena. To make an impress on correcting the practices of these city machines, in the hope of regenerating them under the present set-up, is well-nigh an impossibility. They are little more than mechanical robots of the world power bloc, that seems determined to bring the 151,000,000 of Americans down to the living and cultural standards of Russia, China, and India. A world-wide recession in trade and finance is developing fast, and the clamor will be loud to allow the left-wing super-staters to bring in the necessary adjustments.

That the Christ People of America have got to devise some method or mechanics for preserving their constitutional liberties and standards of living against the machiavillian exploits of the world power-bloc’s henchmen, witting or unwitting, seems to be the big “must” between now and November 1st.

It is the concensus of opinion among all right-thinking Americans that the 96 senators never lived nor will live who can, by the stroke of a pen, transfer their allegiances from the American Constitution and the Stars and Stripes to any ragtag mob rounded up from the plain and fancy assortment of nations and races overseas, dominated by Stalin henchmen, and flaunting a so-called flag that looks like a design in a fabric woven by a lunatic.

A great test of who the real Christ Men are in this nation, is emphatically on its way.

When the government of a leading world country has apparently become so degenerate that it buys peace for its citizens with slavery, and men of honor and integrity think twice before allowing themselves to be made part of its composition, the crisis grows hourly.

It isn’t a time for berating or name calling. It’s a time for the staid and austere statesmanship of a MacArthur to come to the fore, and pack the world fer-

rets back to the pestilential regions from which they issued to attempt the subjugation of America by misinterpretation of its civic pronouncements.

Platonic Love

(Continued from Page 6)

The criticism he takes from the other is merited criticism, perhaps, but it is also transmuted into increments of real mentorship—while the person so mentored cajoles himself into accepting that the first person would not so exercise himself unless he were proficient where the second person assumes himself to be weak.

In other words, the two people in the affair are settling down to a sort of husband-and-wife basis of mutual criticism without the debatable pleasures, annoyances, or procreational responsibilities of cohabitation.

They avoid all these, get the same spiritual interchanges, and term the situation Platonic.

SURVEYED in another light, Platonic friendships, or loves, are forever those where there is an interchange of ideas looking always toward some sort of assuagement of a weakness. One or the other of the parties is being consoled in regard to something, in a manner of speaking, and the other is getting a "kick"—subconsciously received and enjoyed perhaps—out of doing the consoling because it is allowing him to express himself in a way that heightens or helps his views about himself.

Rarely, indeed, do you find happy, buoyant, self-sufficient, and spontaneous-spirited individuals entering into Platonic associations.

IN THE normal love affair, when the man in the case has been aided or encouraged enough by some woman, he comes to an hour when he says—subconsciously if not knowingly—"You've been a delightful companion, Mary, dear, and have rolled up a load of credits on me for your services that I can never discharge in kind. Why, therefore, should I not discharge them by buying your groceries and hats for the rest of my natural life?" Which he proceeds to do practically, under the registrations of common matrimony.

Hence our population of 151 millions.

¶ *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



.. COGITATIONS

ONE THING the current generation's losing, is being raised with the automobile instead of the hoss. I'm not referring to difference in speeds. I'm referring to a cold, automatic, metallic contraction in contrast to the camaraderie that maintains with four-footed equine. Many people are astonished to learn that the blood of the horse tests nearer the human than the blood of the ape. Also man-sense and hoss-sense are nearer allied than that of any other animal—with the odds, however, slightly favoring the hoss . . . When I say I was "raised" with hosses, I mean that my dad possessed a hoss almost continuously from my earliest boyhood to my late teens, then as soon as domestic relations permitted, I owned a couple of my own. But to me throughout boyhood it fell to care for those beasts dad owned—at one time he had four—and I came to know how a hoss thinks, acts, reacts, and generally reports himself in contrast to the mental processes of the bifurcated nitwit that too often drives him, rides him, or depends on him for service that calls for stamina and devotion . . . I happened to see *Flame of Araby* on the screen the other evening, after the Headquarters' womenfolk had "oh'd" and "ah'd" about the exhibits of horseflesh in the flicker and highly recommended my personal attendance, and some of the specimens started me reminiscing . . .

o—o

THE FIRST parental hoss to which I paid much attention, I became acquainted with at the ripe old age of two. It was a black mare by the masculine name of Benny, and father used her in his pastoral work back in the hills of New England. Already I've memorial-

ized this mare in these columns, she being the normally gentle creature that father bethought one day to bring into the house, in which orientation she got a teacup in the face which maternal grandmother had meant for father, in frightened protest at such goin's-on, and which Benny repaid by upheaving her rear and kicking most of the kitchen to kindling. Father was that breed of Yankee who always managed to drive a smart rig even though the larder might be lean of nourishment. He went in for a long-legged Arabic strain that was popular in Massachusetts at the turn of the century. They were uniformly chestnuts, with proudly-arched necks, intelligent eyes and well-pointed ears. Father knew hosses and never got stuck in a hoss trade. On moving to Springfield in 1901, he spent four years as owner-proprietor of a sprightly parcel delivery before selling the works and going into paper, and kept three or four teams. One of these teams, after my thirteenth year, I drove—leaving school at 3:30, harnessing my hoss, and covering a generous section of the city by 7:30 to 8:00 o'clock. My personal hoss was Peanuts. Peanuts—I make no bones about saying—was a Roman-nosed "plug". He had one gait, hour after hour, picking 'em up and layin' 'em down, with a loosely-hanging lower lip that swung in time with the clop of his hoofs. He was a "safe" for a 13-year-old to drive as a steam-roller and not half so liable to explode. He knew most of the calls on the route and would stand without hitching. As I delivered my bundles and he saw me emerging down each walk, he'd get into motion without being summoned. I'd swing aboard with the expertness peculiar to 13-year-olds and he'd know that as soon as we turned into the home street that oats and straw were ahead. Funny thing, I got the hunch one day to play cowboy with Peanuts, when I was required to take him to the blacksmith's. I mounted him bareback, got him to the smithy's, where it took an awful lot of iron to fix him up. Then I started home and for the one and only time in our association, Peanuts decided to gambol. Without coaxing from me, he broke

into the only gallop I ever knew him to try, and I bounced on his ridge-pole like an unpopular politician on a Ku Klux fence rail. He came around the home corner at an angle of seventy degrees, but I contrived to hang on. But not so when he made a sudden veer into the stable driveway. I went off over his rear as though one of us were greased. How I ever cleared his hind hoofs I can't say, but I recall distinctly being so unfortunate as to have had a packet of linotype slugs from my printshop in my hip pocket. And I did have to fall on that hip, on a brick sidewalk. By the time I'd contrived to emboss my name and address on my sacroiliac, and mother had fallen downstairs hastening to apprise herself why I was seated on the sidewalk and howling my head off, Peanuts was heading into his correct stall and industriously snuffing his feed-box for oats. It was all right about mother's falling downstairs. She was coming down anyway . . .

o—o

DON'T LET anyone tell you that hosses don't have personalities quite as distinct as humans. Come twenty-one, with coins in my purse, I began to acquire a few of my own—for riding purposes. Up in Vermont I had a small black mare, on which, after a day at my typewriter, I rode over the hills and far away in a Sears & Roebuck saddle. She finally snapped her ankle, carrying me at a stout gallop over frozen October roads and I had to slip off her bridle with a tightness in my throat and get out of hearing while the vet I'd called released her from her suffering. I swore, after that tragedy, I'd never own another. But I did. I owned Elephant . . . the biggest roan that ever gargled an oat. I'd have to do a little Retromemory to recall how I acquired him. But I practically needed a stepladder to get on that part of him where the saddle went, and if I'd ever fallen off I'd have required a firefighters' net to catch me. Elephant stood so high that only a scant two feet were left between his ridge and the top of the door when he entered the barn, and when he took the bit in his teeth you might have fancied yourself straddling the locomo-

tive of the Empire State Express and trying to dislocate the cow-catcher by ropes tied to the front of it. All of which leads me to my supreme and last adventure with a hoss . . .

o—o

OF A LAZY summer's afternoon, back in 1920, did the Madam-in-law call up into my writing-room and want to know would I throw the saddle on Elephant and take a breather down to the General Store two miles south. She reminded me, as ladies would, that after all I'd kept that poor beast in his stall two days without a lick of exercise, and besides she needed five pounds of sugar and sundry other provisions, and it would be nice if I'd etc. etc. . . Okay, okay, I went to the stable, backed Elephant out, and tossed the saddle up on his apex. It was somehow like saddling the stable itself, only pigeons didn't take off from him when I heaved the thing over him. Having cinched the saddle and gotten Elephant's bridle on, I led him out by the steps in order to bestride him. Elephant thought going to the store a wonderful idea, and approaching automobiles ran up onto front verandas to get from our pathway when they saw us coming. Those were the days that Elephant could sideswipe a car and it was the car that was promptly dragged away for repairs. We reached the village emporium and I drew out the list the Madam had compiled. Holy smoke! Five pounds of sugar and a head of cabbage, a package of shredded wheat, and a jar of pickles, a peck of potatoes, a dozen doughnuts and a can of baking-powder. Try carrying that on a massive hoss sometime. The grocer put it together and did I have a basket? No, I didn't have a basket, but didn't he have a basket? No, he didn't have a basket, but if I would go out on the platform and get into the saddle, he would hand me the items. Expert hoss-man that I was, I should encounter no unusual trouble letting the animal *walk* home without reins to guide him . . . I got to the platform and thence into the saddle. The sugar was carefully handed me and I settled that in the crook of one arm, then the potatoes in the other. On top of this the shredded wheat biscuits was wedged, and the doughnuts and pickles and baking-powder. It made quite a heaping armful, or rather two armfuls, and I could just manage to see over the cabbage that crowned the wierd pile of it. The grocer obligingly went down the



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SOULCRAFT CHAPELS

Noblesville, Indiana

steps and turned Elephant around so that he was headed in the direction of our domicile. But that grocer never warned me that having gotten me thus loaded, he meant to whack Elephant on his rump . . . that, for Elephant, meant a gallop . . .

o—o

UH-HUH, a smart young Alec who made his dollars writing for the magazines was atop an iron animal jug-

gling three dollars' worth of family provisions, with sugar as ballast of the burden, and naught but his own knees to guide a galloping steed home. I had never trained as a circus performer but they do say I gave an exhibition of hoss-manship that day that would have shamed Genghis Khan. Up through se-date Passumpic village we traveled in jumps, farmers rubbing their eyes and wondering why, in addition to all my

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"No More Hunger"



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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.

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Soulcraft Press, Inc., Noblesville, Ind.

other eccentricities, I had to exhibit in a saddle with my arms piled with bundles, juggling of all things a cabbage? Up out of that village and northward along the pike that astounding beast pounded, with my groceries clutched tightly, then wondering in abrupt disquiet what was to happen if I kept on into Big Town to exhibit my cabbage-juggling straight through Main Street traffic? I cried Steady, Boy, Steady, but he thought I had the low barndoor in mind and had advised him I was Ready. Anyhow, he lurched into the driveway with all the grace of Paul Revere come to warn the Middlesex farmers to be up and to arms, only Paul wasn't doing it at four in the afternoon with sacks of sugar and potatoes and a gyrating cabbage to crown the whole of it. I saw that low barndoor and envisioned myself plastered against the upper barnfront with the utterly squashed effect of a nailed-up coonskin, only in my case they'd have to scrape me down with a hoe. I knew from having ridden through low barndoors in previous lives undoubtedly, that if I were going to do anything to save myself I'd better do it fast . . . I did do it fast . . . I bowled the cabbage off across the lawn, I threw the pickle-jar to get it from my hand—and it went through an opened window in the neatest trick of the week, just missing Small William sleeping in his crib—I got rid of the potatoes by letting them follow gravity and their lowly instincts, I let the shredded wheat biscuit go over Niagara Falls or any other place it wanted, but some conditioned reflex told me I couldn't drop that sugar without splitting the sack. Why I bethought it necessary to save thirty cents worth of sugar at the risk of my neck I can't even conjecture, but I cast my leg above the horn and slid clear of that saddle without dropping the sugar. Elephant went riderless into the barn and I was not taken down from its front like old wallpaper. The Madam came out from mopping the kitchen floor—finishing the labors of her day—and said, *Well!*—won't you ever learn that you're a big boy now and have family responsibilities? . . . I repressed my baser instincts, limped across her soapy floor to put that undamaged sack on her table, stepped on her cake of soap, shot my heels where my head ought to be, and heaved that precious sugar straight into the clock . . . After that, I went back to my typewriter . . . No,

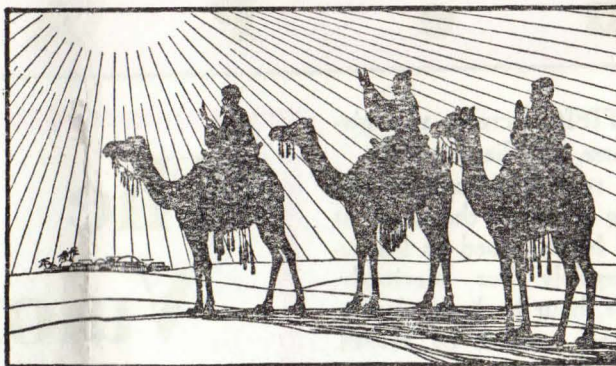
I didn't, I went out to make certain Elephant was in his stall and not in the oats-bin, then I went back to my typewriter. The stewed prunes that evening were sweetened with clock. I decided that the Madam-in-Law had been right about family responsibilities and traded Elephant thereafter for a second-hand Dodge. But that funny noise Elephant made, when I went out to see that he wasn't in the oats-bin, I've always believed was an honest-to-God, simon-pure hoss-laugh . . . and don't disillusion me.
—THE RECORDER

Douglas MacArthur

(Continued from Page 2)



taxes and prices point to the inevitability of ultimate human tragedy; when the constant threat of imminent world war key notes government propaganda designed to suppress criticism; when ever-mounting disclosures of scandal and corruption are seriously impairing popular faith in the integrity of the government process and making major inroads into pre-existing standards of private morals; when appointive officials in whom the people have lost all confidence continue contemptuously to conduct the public affairs; when our citizens abroad are subjected with impunity to duress and physical violence by foreign governments with whom we are at peace; when we submit to blackmail and extortion and pursue a policy of fear in the prosecution of a war to which we have committed our beloved sons; when we witness our institutions being weakened by drawing upon the fruits of our free enterprise economy to underwrite the deficits of Socialistic and Communistic countries abroad; when the principle of State and community autonomy established by the Constitution as safeguard against the undue centralization of political power in the Federal government is being corrupted;



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when our religious base is under constant pressure from Communists both at home and abroad—there is still that mightiest of resources which our nation possesses—the love of individual liberty and the spiritual strength indelibly rooted in the American heart.

"I have faith that that mighty bulwark to representative government—the

civic conscience—will shortly assert itself under the processes established by the Constitution and that the people will re-chart the nation's course!"

(If President George Washington were suddenly returned into physical life, how would, or could, he say it differently?—EDITOR).

T H E P A Y O F F

THE SCIENTIFIC lecturer was giving a discourse on Niagara Falls.

"Consider the terrible process of the continual wearing away of the earth at the Falls' brink," he impressed on his audience. "Imperceptibly but inevitably, minute by minute, hour by hour, day by day, week by week, month by month, year by year, the mighty torrent is eating, eating, eating, backward into the rock. And there's no power in Nature to stop the attrition."

A little boy in the second row began to sob wildly. The lecturer was forced to halt. "What's the matter down there?" he demanded.

"I gotta grandmother in Erie," the boy wailed tearfully, "and she'd oughta have sumpin' done about her."

A MAN was given a prescription for his colicky mule by a neighbor. He reported the treatment was a failure

"Did you do what I told you?" asked the neighbor. "Did you shapen a sheet of stiff wrapping paper into a funnel?"

"I certainly did."

"Did you place the conditioning powder in the funnel?"

"I certainly did."

"Then did you blow the stuff down the mule's throat?"

"None, that was the trouble. That blamed mule blew first."

MOANED a lady passenger to the conductor on the Rock Island accommodation train. "Aren't we ever going to get to Des Moines? I've been riding in this coach for eleven hours and it seems an age."

The conductor said soothingly, "Don't let it get you, madam. I've been riding this train for forty years, and I've stood it somehow."

"Forty years!" cried the passenger. "You must have gotten on at Council Bluffs."

A PASTOR was making a funeral oration. He began his address—

"Friends, what you behold lying here is only the shell. The nut has departed."

The Valor Lectures

are going over with sudden acclaim. Newcomers are returning to hear the next one. *Are you hearing them?* The current one is

"CHILDREN"



Get information about a wire or tape Recorder, from Soulcraft Headquarters. The reels are sent you on a basis of your donating to the work what you consider them to be worth, for the spiritual good they have done you.

AT the baptismal service in midstream the clergyman, in taking his handkerchief from his pocket to wipe the water from the eyes of the last convert, pulled out a number of playing cards.

"May God help him!" groaned the pastor's wife, as the pasteboards floated downstream in plain sight of everyone.

"Madam," commented an old-timer, "with a hand like that, your husband don't need help from anyone."

A CORPULENT lady presented two tickets to the usher for seats she had bought to the evening's performance.

"I intend to occupy both seats," she explained, "to avoid being crowded."

"That I want to see," said the heartless usher. "They're on opposite sides of the aisle, ma'am."

COMMANDED the sergeant, "Raise the right leg and hold it out at right angle to the body!"

A recruit raised his left leg by mistake, so that it extended out beside the right leg of the man at his left.

The sergeant looked down the line and his eyes popped out.

"Who's that raisin' both legs?" he demanded, astounded.

MOSE wanted the lawyer to frame a letter to the debtor that would bring back the money. "How should I start such a letter, Mose?" the attorney asked.

"Well, sah," Mose answered, "it am mah idea yo' could start by tellin' him he am a liar, a coward, and a chicken-thief. Then work up."