

Valor

The Golden Times Weekly . . .

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

Volume II

Noblesville, Indiana, Saturday, April 26, 1952

Number 26

THE CRUSADE GOES ONWARD

VALOR does not claim to be a political publication.

It is a journal devoted to Sacred Psychical Research and clairvoyant investigation of the unbelievably wondrous era coming presently upon the world, when the current oriental bottleneck has been broken, and true global peace arrives like sun after storm.

Is such a peace coming?

Yes, it is.

You can credit it or not, but arriving with the times of atomic energy, flying saucers, television, and quartz-lens photography of the supposed Invisible, come uncanny developments in psychical research and Extra-Sensory Perception.

Unknown to the general public—that isn't ready for it yet—contact is being provably made with Graduate In-



tellects in higher dimensions of Time and Space. What yesterday was so-called Mysticism is today becoming Science.

These master minds are apprising the psychical adept of exactly what this stramash of earth is all about. Grasp it as you can—

It is the great Erasing Period of the forces making for

universal evil. The whole world is engaging in a mighty crusade to arrive at a better and nobler basis for living and thinking, and these are the opening or preparatory sequences of the final overthrow of all global mischief.

Those forces are clairvoyantly foreseen as being cut to ribbons, routed, and permanently obliterated.

Thereat a vast warming sunlight of international tranquillity and invention ensues that lifts human life higher than it has ever reached throughout the preceding five thousand years.

ALL over this nation, the rank and file of the unenlightened see only destruction and devastation ahead for humankind—particularly American humankind. A well-nigh unpayable federal debt, higher and ever higher taxes, a Leftist power bloc manipulating our officials into deeper and deeper commitments abroad, labor troubles amounting almost to insurrection, wars or rumors of wars on every continent—how can peace and prosperity ever come from such a viper's nest of complications?

But almost universally, those who are performing the unearthly miracle of telepathic communication with Great Intellects above the mortal—and such are being done by those exploring the new science of Extra-Sensory Perception—are receiving reliable advices that the exact opposite of what most human beings are expecting, is the imminent and positive eventuality.

America is not going to the damnation bow-wows.

She is NOT going to have her critics devastated by atom bombs.

She is not going to be turned over to any oriental-dominated super-government called United Nations.

A great wave of spiritual reaction to all this supposed chicane and corruption is starting, with Russia exposed for the gigantic hoax of military menace which she is, the great house of cards which is Machiavellianism on this planet begins to collapse.

VALOR is not only exploring this new rich field of sacred psychical research; it is investigating as well such forms of reconstructed society on this planet as supercede this era of confusion and malevolence.

It is promoting *valor* and the building of spiritual *morale* in this body politic instead of resignation to bankruptcy, subversion, and spoliation.



INCREDIBLY, we are told from those same reaches of Time and Space that Extra-Sensory Perception is tapping for us, whatever man goes into the Presidency of the United States next November is not so consequential as the partisan-minded think.

It is the trend of society throughout the nation and the world that truly is to count!

There is an Ageless Wisdom behind the academic learning of earth that only the adepts are aware of. It is this Ageless Wisdom—in which the great seer Nostradamus was past-master in a previous dispensation—that serves as the reservoir of enlightenment for the Truly Wise of the present generation.

The orthodox religious-minded tie up this whole readjustment era with Great Pyramid Prophecy and the Second Appearance of Christ. And so indeed it is, only not in the pentacostal form and pattern that they've been led to assume.

Jesus Christ is a very Real Personage in the constructive supervision of what's afoot. But incarnate in life are great legions of "Twice Born" individuals serving as His ministers in flesh, charged with the brevet of seeing this convulsion through to stable spiritual reality.

The story of the whole progressive program is available through a new quasi-scientific study coming to the fore in these pre-dawn years, and called by the name of *Soulcraft*.

Soulcraft isn't a cult, it isn't a "course" in the commonplace metaphysical, it isn't any form of new religion or theological doctrine.

Soulcraft is an Agenda of Cosmic Enlightenment—for all who are ready for it.

You acquire Soulcraft by buying and reading its literature, and when you've read it, that's the beginning and end of the matter. You're as cosmically wise as any mortal on the planet.

BUT the crusade to abolish universal malevolence is at full tilt and gallop. This arousing of the Orient, the decline of Britain, the enervation of France, Italy, Germany, and ultimately Russia, along with the opposite rise of the international influence of America, are all streamers of the great Aquarian Dawn that holds nothing but wealth and benevolence for the entire human race.

This is the meaning of all global happening.

An absolutely new and novel—and utterly workable—economic program is due to become established throughout all Christendom. Communism is left behind. Socialism goes by the board. Even predatory capitalism gives way before it.

The basis for it is National Cooperativism.

Few have heard of that as yet, nor studied how far—or high—it can bear the human race.

But it's due to mushroom throughout this embattled universe.

The main point at this present stage is, that *all* humanity is not going it blind. Almost the exact contrary to what every alarmist and bleeding-heart supposes is on the stocks to crush and well-nigh exterminate the human race, is truly slated to actualize.

When the nadir of woe and exhaustion is reached, say the seers of this current prophetic study, reaction sets in.

If you're skeptical of this, if you're tired of having your expectations raised only to discover them crushed to earth by stern force of realities, read that stupendous little volume called the *Golden Scripts*.

Remember, nobody can make you wise by telepathy—not the ordinary telepathy that passes between man and man.

You've got to imbibe enlightenment through your own eyes and your own intellect. But it's now in existence for you to imbibe.

THIS is the whole message of VALOR. There isn't any other.

VALOR espouses the universal divinity in man, instead of indicting him as any worm of the dust, born in sin and conceived in iniquity.

A new heaven and a new earth are the true items on the make, and the details proving it are available as well.

Don't join anything. Don't give up one iota of your religious or moral scruple. Don't do one thing other than the

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Would Christ Sanction a Nuremberg for the Stalinists?

The Enigma of the Scourge of Cords and Whether It Set a Precedent for War Reprisals



WE MIGHT as well face it. There came a situation in the earthly ministry of Jesus when He resorted to physical force to call attention to an insufferable condition.

He came into the Temple courtyard to worship and found it crammed with hucksters. The Temple rites decreed that moneys turned into the holy treasury must be Jerusalem coinage, not the polyglot currency of half a dozen nations then in use throughout Asia Minor. Pilgrims from afar needed the service of bankers to translate their moneys into acceptable donations. So a hundred petty "bankers" supplied this service in little booths about the courtyard. Alongside them were merchants in doves, required for certain Temple sacrifices—for instance, the "purification" of every woman after motherhood required the killing of two.

Christ walked into this seeming mart of profit and in righteous indignation, staged a personal riot. Striding down the ranks of the currency-changers and poultry dealers, he laid hands on their equipment and sent them flying.

In any police court of today it would draw him thirty days for disorderly conduct.

Nevertheless, He did it.

Furthermore, His words portray that He did it in temper.

He didn't walk calmly along into the Temple and "think thoughts of sweetness and light" about the money-grub-

bing merchants outside. He did what He did with malice aforethought, else He never would have employed a scourge of cords to sting a few fundamentals while He was about it.

If we want to take the Master Life as celestial pattern, then there are times and seasons when "sweetness and light" ceases to be a virtue.

Let the sentimentalists squirm and rationalize as they may, Constructive Love finds it expedient upon occasion to resort to a scourge of cords . . .

THE THING that the sentimentalists miss in the whole of it is the patent fact that Christ in this instance—as in instances where Divine Providence employs a symbolic Scourge of Cords—wasn't thinking so much about obtaining a clean courtyard where some semblance of tranquillity and piety prevailed, as He was considering the effect on the offenders themselves.

The fact does remain, although it's badly prostituted at times and used as excuse for all sorts of infractions and abuses, that there are certain sordid and materialistic temperaments amongst humankind who don't register or retain an

impression unless it's accompanied by the sting of ropes. Such is the stage of their spiritual development. It's a subhuman, animalistic sort of reaction to authority, but that type of human nature understands none other.

It's the business of grooving a reflex in the human subconscious that's under way, which is truly the fundamental behind all lawful chastisement for error or crime of any sort. The same idea is borne out today, in the instance of the policeman's club.

Unfortunately, it can be carried to extremes, in that it often is employed upon wrong persons.

But Christ acknowledged the necessity for "treating 'em rough" upon occasion, because He did it, and there's no gain-saying it.

WHEN WE come to the larger situation of money-changers and dove sellers desecrating the temples of civilization as civilization, however, millions of similar sentimentalists are going to be shocked and perturbed to discover that this Teacher of Teachers has plenty of temper—temper in the sense of mettle.

He may be Patience Incarnate, and

CREDO

Of a Freedom Club Member

I BELIEVE

- In Freedom Under God—that man has certain inalienable rights and that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.
- In the dignity and importance of man—that the State should be the servant, not the master, of its individual citizens.
- In the American principle that whenever any form of government becomes destructive of individual liberty it is the right of the people to alter it.
- In the Bill of Rights and the Freedoms it guarantees under the Constitution of the United States.
- In the economic principle of free enterprise and the ownership of private property.

I THEREFORE PLEDGE MYSELF

- To recognize that "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty" and to be alert to any external or internal force which threatens my Freedom.
- To take appropriate counter-action in the areas of my influence against the anti-Freedom, anti-God forces of Communism and collectivism.
- To do all in my power to pass on to my children and to coming generations a United States of America blessed with new economic strength and moral vitality, honesty in government, and the principle of "Freedom Under God."

law and order. Read the 235 Chapter of the *Golden Scripts*, particularly the 14th and 15th verses—

"Alas, in the thinking of the nations no peace is of moment, neither know they love. They seek a great lechery, that each should outdo the others in strivings after Mammon. *I say that I am coming to visit My displeasure on those who would eat while the lean await a feasting . . .*"

The question is an impelling one to propound, as to whether, in the event of Stalin projecting a new war, or Mao Sei-Tung carrying his Chinese military forces beyond the borders of China, the whole Moscovite and Peiping crew should not be made to hang as high as Frank, Frick, Jodl, Keltenbrunner, Keitel, Rosenberg, Sauckel, Seyss-Inquart, Streicher, and Ribbontropp after Nuremberg. Would it be "Christian" to thus execute punitive measures against these great stirrer-uppers of nations and slayers of millions?

On the slight chance that it might gouge reflexes upon the eternal minds of the Bolshevik miscreants that prevented them from repeating on similar license in future lives, it might be justifiable.

On the cues we might take from Jesus' own conduct toward the commercial traders in the Temple courtyard, it might be analogous on a weighten scale.

But looked at from the standpoint of the Higher Moral and Spiritual Law, the conviction must come as somewhat of a surprise that actually such practices *can have no vindication*. Here's the reason why—

First, few major miscreants ever abstain from wrong-doing through fear of having their necks stretched, but even if they do, the reaction upon their mental processes is to say: "It will be all over in a matter of moments at the most."

Second, Hanging a few top-notchers is merely penalizing them for being top-notchers and paying no heed to a thousand and smaller fry down through the ranks who may be equally as deserving;

Third, putting people's bodies out of commission doesn't prevent them from returning right back into life in the next generation and showing themselves thrice the social enemies they were previously, inasmuch as they have subconscious grudges to execute against mankind as a species.

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never loses control of His ire, but there seem to be instances when His wrath can be provoked and its expressions appear terrible.

Chief among such instances is the per-

verse promotion of national carnage for individual gain. Such is the grossest commercializing of the spiritual instincts in Man to defend those dear to him and preserve whatever conditions make for

Does Initiative Affect One's Pay-Off of Karma?

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

IT WOULD seem to be a sterile business to go to a man or woman who is in a mess and expect to win their endorsement for a doctrine by informing them they probably had the mess coming to them anyhow, but as soon as they get into a state of mind where they don't care much whether they are in a mess or not, the mess will vanish.

They have the right to retort: "What difference will it make, after I have attained to such a state of mind, whether or not the mess continues or doesn't continue? You are simply asking me to do a mental stunt—so anesthetize myself in regard to the afflictions of life that I no longer sense them. I can do that now, without pothering around in a maze of metaphysics. I can, as a matter of fact, go out and get drunk. That too will put me into a state of mind where the mess no longer exists for me—and I don't have to do any work beyond bending my elbow. What I want to know is: how long must I endure this thing that has afflicted me, and why shouldn't I get relief from it while it afflicts me? Arriving at a state of indifference is no 'out' and telling me that I'll be well-loved, is a fool philosophy."

So argues the man who misses the point of karma and its discharge entirely, putting the whole plight in which he finds himself—and escape from it—into the category of attaining to a State of Mind.

NOW it is by no means a bad proposition to attain to a proper state of mind—providing anybody can say what

it is but the professional Nice-Thought Thinkers—but what we are discussing in talking about the correct discharge and vanishment of karmic quandaries is not any state of mind but a complete evolution or renovation of the character.

We are talking about viewing quandaries so objectively that we can no longer be affected by them subjectively.

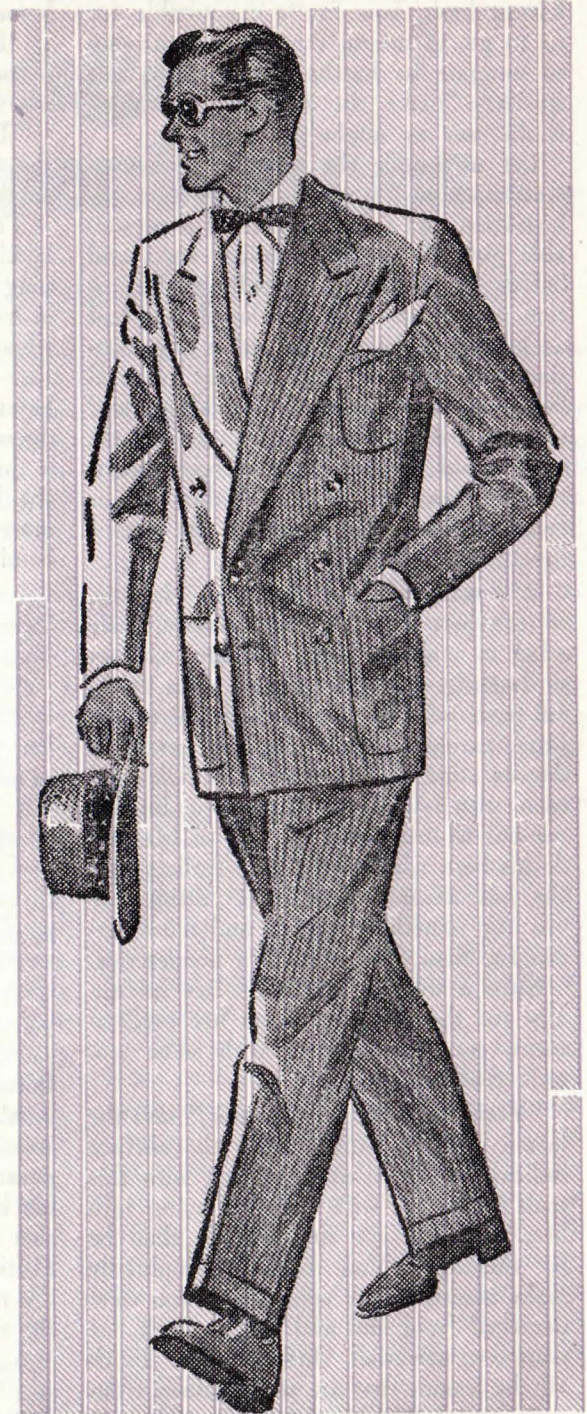
We are discussing the proposition of so imbibing and absorbing—consciously and constructively—the increments from any karmic lesson so rapaciously and amply that the character-need, causing the karmic situation in the first place, no longer is of moment.

We commonly call such absorption the Discharge of Karma.

Our karma dictates that we enter upon a given program of events, or even set of passing circumstances, because we require the spiritual profits sure to come from experiencing them. We go through with the business. The instant we have gained such profits, there is, of course, no longer need in logic for the setup to endure. So we end it.

Sometimes this finish is brought about by the little-recognized activity of our own subconscious minds. Sometimes it is brought about by the activity of the minds, subconscious or otherwise, of those persons who have been associated parties in making dilemma. Sometimes we reach a downright rebellion at circumstances and make up our minds, consciously and deliberately, that we are going to face a change. Whatever the method is that becomes employed, the result arrived at is the same.

Becoming "fed up" with any given situation means that it has imparted to us all the spiritual increment it had to impart to us.



We sense intuitively, as it were, just when we have done all that was expected of us in a given complication. We know to a hair's breadth just when Compensation is overbalancing Obligation. We may continue in the situation after such recognition is arrived at, but it will ever be under protest.

WHAT we are interested in examining at the moment is: What part does the deliberate exercise of Initiative play in Karma and its discharge? If we feel that we are in a situation that has a

karmic basis, how far is it equitable for us to go, in taking thought and striving to mitigate its harsher effects upon our spirits?—"make the situation tolerable" is the way we might put it.

Let us handle the question in a concrete pattern. Let us be specific as to illustration and take the case of a personable girl who in her younger years and before her bump of worldly sophistication was in any way developed, has had an adolescent love affair with a boy, married him upon a more or less physical basis, perhaps given him children, and then—after she has seen more of the world and life—confronted the heart-rending question as to whether she is fated to this sterile union for the rest of her mortal years?

The man may be a good sort. He may, to the best of his limited ability, have tried to make a home for her, support it decently, and do his part as a faithful husband. His shortcomings are of the head, rarely of the heart. He simply is degenerating into a stodgy, middle-aged man, with few illusions and no ambitions, content to drift with the tide of life and do his best, whereas the wife realizes that she has natural capabilities cutting her out for something bigger and more significant than mere wife to a nondescript.

Such a woman, seeking solace spiritually for the abrasions from her predicament, gets into contact with some esoteric teacher.

"Your predicament is karmic," says the latter, judging purely from the surface indications. "You made a pact with this man to be his wife before coming into life. Certainly you are brighter than he is, mentally. You could undoubtedly make something of your life if you were detached from him and free to work out your own salvation. But until you absorb all the lessons that are to be gained from your humdrum situation, it is going to continue. This man needs you to mentor him and help him. If you don't do your job by him now, you will find yourself doing it in some future life, so what difference does it make?"

"But," protests the woman, "I really don't know consciously what the lessons are that I'm supposed to learn from going on in this depressive predicament. You tell me that so long as I have need of the lessons, and so long as this man seems to depend on me, my role must maintain. But meanwhile, from the spiritual standpoint, I'm going crazy. My

home is a prison. I'm ossifying mentally. If there's spiritual gain in that, I want to be shown it. What's the matter with me, anyhow?"

"Take a month's vacation," advises the other. "Go off and get a perspective on the whole of it."

The wife does so. She visits a girlhood friend in a distant city. One evening the girlhood friend gives a party in her honor. Among the guests is a man whom the wife has never set eyes on before—at least in this life. Yet the instant he steps through the door, and is introduced, our woman under discussion feels a thrill in her heart. It seems as though she has known this man always. He is more intimate to her spirit than the husband with whom she has lived a decade.



Before an hour has passed, she realizes in alarm that she—a respectable married woman—has fallen in love with a comparative stranger at first sight. She seeks her bed that night in a tumult. She feels that it would be a form of legalized prostitution for her to resume habitation with the man she married so thoughtlessly in the romance of immaturity.

As the novelists and scenario writers say: A situation develops!

She does not return home. She sees the stranger-who-is-not-a-stranger again and again. What she imagines as her former moral code, begins to break down. It comes to her that life thereafter will never be the same if she has to put this man deliberately from her life. Perturbingly enough, the man in the case feels the same way about herself.

What shall they do?

"You'll have to divorce your husband," he suggests, "and marry me."

"But I can't," she wails. "I've no grounds for the divorce excepting that John is simply the Wrong Man."

In her despair she hunts up the metaphysician and relates what has happened.

"You probably have know this Man Number Two intimately in one of your former lives," he conjectures. "Perchance he's your spiritual counterpart. That's all quite explainable. But until your karma is discharged in regards to John, you probably won't find ways opening to divorce him and be happy henceforth with the man more adapted to you."

"But when shall I know when my karma is discharged in regards to John?" she insists. It is no adolescent romance or infatuation with her this time. She knows who she wants and precisely why she wants him.

"I can't tell you that," he responds, "seeing that it is your own affair entirely. Anything I might say would probably influence your own discrimination in the matter. I can't take your karma upon myself by making direct suggestions."

"Then what good is a knowledge of metaphysics to me?" the woman wants to know. "I'm in a mess and want to get out of it. You tell me I can't get out of it till my karma is discharged with John and I've arrived at a spiritual condition where I'm indifferent as to whether Alfred marries me or not. I may know a mass of esoteric principles, but if I can not apply them consciously to solving this situation, what do they get me? I might as well know nothing of esoterics and go it as blindly as any woman of the streets."

HERE is one of the most trite Triangle Situations that exists in human life. If it does not develop from a woman meeting the Other Man, then it develops from a man meeting the Other Woman. To tell such people, in such a domestic quandary, that so long as they rebel at remaining stifled in their domestic lives, they have karmic need for the stifling and the situation will not—or should not—terminate until they have become calloused or indifferent to it, is to give them no consolation that profits the spirit.

Besides, it is a wholly incorrect interpreting of the principle involved.

In the first place, the truly astute metaphysician would never tell such a woman that her situation with her first husband was karmic to start with.

Unless he has made deep researches into her prenatal memory, there is no way by which he knows with authority whether that relationship was karmic or not.

(Continued Next Week)



Strange Experiences . .

Manifestations of the Departed

FOLLOWING the lifelong career of Camille Flammarion, the great astronomer, in various forms of psychical research, he announced that certain definite cases which he investigated had been responsible more than all the others for compelling him to conclude that survival of soul personality could no longer be doubted. Oddly enough, many of these were not outstandingly spectacular. The case of Robert Mackenzie, the Glasgow workman, who tried to correct the report of his own suicide, was one of these. Flammarion was so impressed by it that he made a short article for *Le Journal* out of it in 1922. Here is the article—

"Researches on the nature of the soul and its existence after death must be conducted according to the same method as is used in any other science, without prejudice or preconceived opinion, and apart from any sentimental or religious influence.

"Are there, or are there not, manifestations of the dead? That is the question. I declare that there are. The *Journal*, to which I had the honor of contributing in the days of its founder, my spiritual friend Xau, having called attention to the solution of this long-standing problem, I bring before its readers one or two facts which have most convinced me of such a survival, and I defy the most skeptical of my antagonists to explain it without assuming an action by a deceased person. Let them try indeed.

"**T**HERE was an engineer who owned two factories, one in Glasgow and another in London. In his service in the Scottish factory was a lad called Robert Mackenzie, who was particularly devoted and bore a feeling of deep gratitude toward him. The employer did not live in Glasgow but in London.

"One evening, a Friday, the Glasgow

workmen gave their annual ball. Mackenzie, who had no taste for dancing, asked permission to serve at the refreshment stall. All went off well, and the entertainment was continued on the Saturday.

"On the next Tuesday evening a little before eight, in his house at Campden Hill in the London environ, the engineer saw a manifestation which he relates in these words—I had a presentiment not unlike a dream that I was sitting at a desk engaged in conversation with an unidentified caller. Suddenly Robert Mackenzie came toward me. Rather annoyed, I asked him if he did not see that I was engaged. He retired with a dissatisfied air, then came back anew, as though strongly desiring an immediate conversation. I reproached him even more rudely for his want of tact. Just then the person with whom I seemed to be visiting took his leave, and Mackenzie advanced a third time. 'What does this all mean, Robert?' I said in a tone of irritation. 'Couldn't you see that I was engaged?'

"'Yes, sir,' he replied, 'but I had to speak to you at once.'

"'What about?' I asked. 'Why this unseemly hurry?'

"'I wish to tell you,' he said, 'that I am accused of something which I didn't do. I want you to know that, and to forgive me for what they're accusing me of, for I swear to you I'm innocent.' Then he added, 'I did not do what they're saying I did.'

"'What is that?' I inquired

"He merely repeated himself. Naturally I asked, 'How can I forgive you when you do not tell me what it is you're accused of?'

"I shall never forget the emphasis of his response with its Scottish accent, 'You will know soon.'

"**M**Y QUESTION was repeated at least twice, and the reply three times in the most expressive manner. I

aroused from it all with a distinct anxiety in result of the experience. I was asking myself what peculiar meaning it could have, when my wife came rushing into the room in great agitation, an opened letter in her hand. She cried, 'Oh, James, a most dreadful thing happened up at Workman's Ball. Robert Mackenzie committed suicide!'

"I then understood the meaning of my visitation.

"'No, he didn't kill himself,' I contradicted.

"'How do you know?'

"'He just told me.'

"When he had appeared to me, I had been struck by his queer appearance. His face had been a livid hue, and on his forehead were spots resembling drops of perspiration.

"This is what had happened: Coming home on Saturday night, Mackenzie had taken down a bottle of nitric acid, supposing it to be whiskey. He had poured out a small glassful and consumed it at a gulp. He had died in consequence, on Sunday morning, in terrible agony. He was believed to have committed suicide, and I contend that was why he had come down in London to tell me that he was innocent of the accusation brought against him.

"Now the remarkable thing, of which I had no idea, is that when I looked up the symptoms accompanying poisoning by nitric acid, I found they were just about those I had noted on Robert's face.

"It was soon found that the death attributed to suicide had been in error. I heard all this next day through my representative in Scotland.

"This apparition that I distinctly saw, although in a seemingly comatose state myself, I choose to think was due to the profound gratitude of Mackenzie, whom I had taken out of a deplorable state of misery, and his ardent desire to attain my esteem.

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 APRIL 26, 1952 No. 26

Over-All Trend



THE CHIEF requirement in keeping a level head in the increasing political and economic turmoil, is to maintain a reasonably accurate "over-all picture" on universal events as a program.

The moment one becomes violently partisan politically, or fanatical economically—he loses his perspective, in other words—the program appears a bedlam. So too does the mental condition of the would-be observer. That pleasantry on the Pay-Off Page in last week's VALOR, about the man being taken to an institution in irons holds more sense than nonsense.

"What's the matter with him?" an interested citizen asked the sheriff.

"He's crazy," said the sheriff, "he's got bugs in his head."

"Bugs in his head and shackles on his wrists? No wonder he's crazy."

Violent partisanship politically, thinking that the fate of the nation rests on the election of some certain man, while shackled to some imperative economic fanaticism, losing sight of the vast major issues that are rolling forward into consummation, creates forms of psychopathia not always recognized for what they are.

Operate from the mental base that conditions are being precipitated the earth around whereunder the two billion human souls alive upon it are being sorted and classified for their major worth as characters, in result of the mundane experiences of the past two thousand years, and what's transpiring makes sense.

Keep your thinking up on a level where this great earthly tumult represents Evil in the process of destroying itself, and issues begin to drop into significant categories.

See the War as a whole, in other words, and you discern the victory.

See only some little partisan fragment of it, and it appears that society is headed for Averness in an ambulance.

Sizable Hop



DO WE wonder where China is getting the millions to acquire the tremendous munitions needful in the Korean War? Do we readily assume that for some fantastic reason, Soviet Russia is throwing them out? Comes Harry Anslinger, Federal narcotics chief, who puts a new and startling light on the puzzle. There is convincing evidence coming to light to prove, says Anslinger, that much of the Chinese foreign currency to pay for war equipment comes from profit on opium deals in Hong Kong and Macao. The golden "junk" is purchased by a Chinese soviet trading agency with headquarters at Kwangtung. This outfit buys up raw opium by the ton, in lots worth literally millions of dollars. It is processed in two or three big cities and sold in British and Portuguese markets, where the currency pays for foreign arms, metals and oil.

Alarmed by this military and political impact of the dope traffic, the United States early last year demanded that the United Nations move in fast to squeeze it off at its source. You have three guesses to decide which U-N bloc stymied it.

Britain and the British started this Chinese dope business in the last century. Now the Chinese have taken over and would seem to be putting reverse English on the nations of the West—particularly the school children of the nations of the West. And the gravy goes to settle for arms and war materiel that keeps the Korean slaughter an interminable performance.

That's Anslinger's general argument, at any rate, as he bangs his fists on the desks of United Nations stooges.

Russia has no benign attitude toward the laundrymen communists, and precious little military materiel of her own to dispartate. Furthermore, the point isn't to be

overlooked that Stalin might be building up Miao Sei-Tung to a point where Miao might become bigger than Josef. Josef wouldn't like that. And Americans shouldn't be naive enough to believe Josef hasn't thought of it.

No, Miao has his own gargantuan resources of wealth in the provinces of Lienshan, Chaoyang, Jaoping, Lien Hsien and Fengchuan and so long as the dope traffic can be extended indefinitely to the western nations, he can keep going financially until the Free Nations wipe him out.

Never lose sight of the fact for a moment, however, that extension of this Midian business may be behind much of the agitation for admitting Red China to the Lake Success snakes' nest. So long as the Left-Wing nations are getting their cuts from the global traffic, they're going to be in a place to ward off interference from any United Nations.

But the British started it, and kept China doped for three generations.

Dope, like poultry, may come home to roost.

More Trend



LULTON LEWIS, Jr. comes out with a broadcast which he calls *Revolt in America!* Listen to a part of what he says—"America has just passed through the seven most disastrous years in its economic history. This has been the only period in which living standards have declined instead of increased. And now the revolt is on, all over the country. Millions now know that a change must be made before it is too late.

"The revolt has two manifestations.

"First, it is based on morality and principle—a revolt against the graft and corruption which has become accepted in high places. Something basic and good in the American character has been touched. People do not want immorality in their leaders.

"Secondly, prodding the revolt along is the excessive taxation. Gone now is the old myth that 'we take from the rich to help the poor'.

"The average man and the poor man, who cannot pass along taxes to someone else—they know they have been, and are, the suckers! They are highly indignant. Their paychecks show them who is getting soaked.

"I believe a change in this trend will take place—a change long overdue . . ."

This declaration highlights the launching in California of Freedom Clubs, Inc., presenting the Credo reproduced in the colored border on Page 4. The advisory committee of this sudden galvanism to bring the meaning of freedom home to Americans, contains such names as Dr. Robert A. Millikan, famous physicist of the California Institute of Technology; Eddie Rickenbacker, president Eastern Airlines; Bing Crosby, radio star; Cecil B. DeMille, motion picture producer; Rupert Hughes, author; Dean Clarence Manion, School of Law, University of Notre Dame, and Fulton Lewis, Jr., who has battled consistently from the beginning of New Dealism for freedom of the air.

All of it is more "trend" in the overall picture.

For every action there's a reaction, and while the reaction may be slow in coming, it's nevertheless a law of Nature that it comes.

The only demerit in this "movement" is, that it doesn't hook up to a specific objective, to accomplish or achieve something. Merely preserving freedom is not enough. It must go beyond, and crusade for definite measures that mean freedom is going to be made something more than a pretty abstract principle. Otherwise, when its original momentum and enthusiasm is run, it peters out. Thereat the destroyers of freedom flock back, twice powerful and arrogant than before.

The enemies of freedom hook up the enthusiasm of *their* advocates to permanent political accomplishments and achievements which, enacted into law or economic changes, give the effort permanence after the tub-thumping stage has passed.

Without attempting to give advice, merely pointing out certain principles of psychology as apply to such a venture, the Freedom Clubs should come out flat-footed for definite erasements of elements that imperil freedom.

United Nations is the mightiest and most pernicious, in that it embodies clear and present danger.

In the second issue of *Freedom Club News*, the Genocide Treaty with United Nations comes in for castigation. But under the paragraph, "How It Affects Us" the sophisticate psychologist meets up with this amazing confession—

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States, any treaty at once becomes the *supreme* law of the land . . ."

Such an assertion betokens one of two things: either the promoters of the Freedom Clubs don't know what they're talking about, or they're bamboozled already by the clever left-wing publicists.

There's nothing in the Constitution that says that treaties and their stipulations *take precedence* over the American common law as embodied in the Federal Constitution. That's merely an attitude or viewpoint that's been appropriated audaciously by United Nations progenitors.

Nothing takes precedence over the American common law as embodied in the Federal Constitution. Treaties merely stand on equal footing *with* all stipulations of internal law. There's a mighty difference. Otherwise, the Founding Fathers signed away their whole freedom birthright by their article respecting treaties. Certainly they were never so stupid.

Freedom Clubs, however meritorious, aren't the answer as panacea for all the current ills afflicting the nation, despite the lustrous names on its letterhead. But they certainly are *trend* in a spectacular aspect.

However, there's also fanaticism for freedom carried to such a point that it reacts on itself and starts becoming censor on what it considers circumscription of freedom.

The real enemy is never particularly fearful of these lily-white enthusiasms spread on paper and nowhere else. What it truly fears, and won't tolerate, is forceful counter-organization. Leaders of that sort of opposition are brought to court on one charge, and tried and sentenced on another—anything to get them out of the way. They're the real danger-makers.

Again VALOR reiterates—

Keep the over-all perspective, and as reaction to corruption grows, estimate it for what it is concretely.

Money Changers

(Continued from Page 4)

Fourth and greatest, killing the miscreant is too simple a way to solve the quandary of a social enemy; *true remedy for the ills he projects is found in expenditure of the intellectual sagacity to establish conditions where his crimes are impossible.*

Even if the Great Teacher did sting a few rears with his knot of cords, the lesson we might more properly draw from it is, that it solved nothing and settled nothing—at least not permanently.

The true conclusion to draw would seem to be, that neither sentimentality nor righteous indignation maturing in any form of violence, are ever correct answers.

Alter the conditions making crime of any sort possible, and you have neither crime nor criminals.

Today, the two greatest crimes in society are, Creating the situation known as War, and creating a situation where one group of human beings are permitted to exploit the lawful gains of other human beings and wrest them away to their selfish profit.

And where are measures which can be taken to erase and obliterate both, although what they may be is not for present discussion.

The point here is, that Christ's demonstration sanctioned the use of force to coop or deter evil-doers from pursuing their ends. But the Higher Spiritual Understanding—based on true exertion of intellect—condemns any measure that fails to provide for, and encourage, the likeliest progression of spirit as Spirit.

This last is Love in its most realistic sense.

Nevertheless, in spite of recognizing it, there still will probably be several more Nurembergs before the international household is cleansed.

That too is part of humanity's progression.

One wonders why.

THE PROFESSOR, "You in the back of the room there, who signed Magna Carta?"

"Search me," the young man answered dully.

"Well, answer me something else. Who was Bonny Prince Charley?"

"Dunno."

"Then see if you can tell me what the Tennis Court Oath was."

"I don't know nuthin' about no tennis court cussin'."

"Didn't I assign this stuff last Friday? What we're you doing last night?"

"Drinkin' beer."

"What audacity! How do you expect to pass this course?"

"I don't. I just come in to fix the radiator."

California Supreme Court Rebukes Higher U-N Law



WITH THE State Department under Acheson trying every ruse in its power to effect a condition where United Nations law shall supercede American Constitutional law, the California Supreme Court on April 18th expressly stated to the contrary in appeal of the famous Fuguii case, although it found for the defendant.

A 32-year-old California law aimed at preventing Japanese from owning land, was ruled unconstitutional on the 17th by a 4-3 vote of the State Supreme Court. But the Court balked at basing its decision on the United Nation's charter.

Instead, the Court said the law had, in effect, been rendered invalid by decisions of the United States Supreme Court. The law had been the basis for the seizure of Japanese operated farms after Pearl Harbor.

Chief Justice Phil S. Gibson, speaking for the majority, said the U-N charter cannot supercede federal or state laws.

AT THE SAME time, across in Washington, Dr. John Wood, champion of House Resolution 5080, aimed at taking the United States out of United Nations by the appropriate legislation, made public copy of a State Department letter in which the administration served notice on its adherents in Congress that it wants the Wood Resolution squelched. Obviously obedient Democrats "buried" the Resolution in the House Foreign Affairs Committee. Thus is a fatal weakness in American legislative processes demonstrated, that technical procedures stymie legislation that great numbers of the electorate may desire to see debated and voted upon. Here is the letter, revealing what Doctor Wood confronts in trying to get action by the Congress—

DEPARTMENT OF STATE

September 11, 1951

The Hon. James P. Richards
Chr., Committee on Foreign Affairs
House of Representatives

My dear Mr. Richards:

Reference is made to your letter of August 15, 1951, enclosing for the comment of the Department of State a copy of H. R. 5080, "To rescind and revoke

membership of the United States in the United Nations and the specialized agencies thereof, and for other purposes." The receipt of this letter was acknowledged on August 17.

Without commenting on the technical and legal problems raised by the bill, the Department wishes to express the emphatic hope that it will receive no favorable consideration by the Congress.

The enactment of such a measure would upset completely the basic foreign policy of the United States. That policy is designed to protect the security of the United States, through support for the United Nations and for regional and collective defense arrangements envisaged in the United Nations Charter.

This is the reverse of a policy of isolation, which is espoused in the bill under reference. Our nation has discovered to its sorrow that isolationism does not pay. It did not prevent war. It did not keep us out of war. It did not enable us to cooperate with other free nations to create conditions of strength against potential aggressors. It did not permit us to attack the fundamental causes of war through international action looking toward the establishment of better eco-

(Continued on Page 15)

Crusade

(Continued from Page 2)

assiduous acquiring of truly Inside Information.

And what's the prospect for you?

You discover that the true Christ Doctrine is by no means wishful thinking on the part of self-righteous fuddy-duddies, but an agenda of strong recommendations for men of mettle, integrity, and intellect.

Wash yourself in this new enlightenment and get clean of all these confusions and corruptions. The sudden wisdom being relayed to humanity has it that Golden Times come in to cap this era of global carnage and bedlamic bankruptcy.

Watch them happen, but know the essence of them as they happen!

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.. COGITATIONS

IT'S because I traveled so extensively around Russia as I did—at least Siberian Russia—in World War I, that all this talk about the formidable aspect of Russia's great land forces leaves me cold. I don't believe the Russians have accomplished one 45th of what apologists for Russia proclaim to the earth. And I base my convictions on having worked and camped and soldiered with the Russians for the better part of 1918. Oh, yes, I know that was thirty years ago, but it requires more than thirty years to change a people's temperaments. Funny thing was, I liked the Russians. The average Russian that I met between Vladivostok and the Urals was a big, wholesome, naive human, no better and no worse than any two-legged human anywhere, and so constitutionally sociable that he rarely had the time to get any work done. It was the crowd that came into Russia and took over, that raised all the hob and got the Russians into such vile repute. Communism isn't Russian, and Russians aren't communistic, not by nature. Communism was an imported doctrine, installed by force at the hands of military mercenaries. As a matter of fact, Communism never actually took hold of Russia, or in Russia. It was a bloody oriental one-man dictatorship that took hold in Russia and still persists. Let me tell you about Russians in Siberia as I saw them and photographed them.

VVLADIVOSTOK, the big gateway to Siberia on the northwest shore of the Sea of Japan, bore a startling resemblance to Halifax, Nova Scotia. It curved east and west around Gold Horn Bay for three or four miles. When our American forces went into it in early 1918, their first commission was cleaning

up the streets to prevent contagion. Shoveling down through the filth and offal of those public thoroughfares, they discovered to their stupefaction that at some time or other, those streets had been laid with substantial stone pavings. Having the rank of First Lieutenant, with a brevet to Military Intelligence, I was billeted in what had formerly been the residence of the Commissar of Czarist Police for the Eastern Siberian District. The first evening I was introduced to my new lodgings, the most exquisite aroma permeated the premises, the neighborhood, the district, when I drove up in my *isvoschik*, or three-horsed cab. How could any locality smell so distinctive, I asked myself? Next morning I found out. The effluvia arose from the carcass of a deceased shoat lying in the gutter. A shoat, in case you don't know it, is a hog not yet attained to his majority. It had given up the ghost for reasons best known to itself but even its ghost had gotten the heck out of there, so as not to be required to whiff its own remains. It was still there in the gutter when I came to leave the place and start in-country. Nobody bethought to bury it. That would have been a new and novel idea. However, I soon gave up all notion of lingering over plain and assorted odors in this New Utopia of universe. Inasmuch as I never visited a Russian house in the next few months that didn't suggest toilet arrangements badly in need of a plumber, I became indifferent to smells. Russia had quite as many of them as China, and that was all smells, one hundred percent bad.

o—o

ISOON discovered, traveling north and west from Vladivostok, that Siberia much resembled our Western Nebraska in respect to terrain, not to mention habitations. Its "towns" were perchance twenty-five to thirty log huts, set along a so-called "street" that was merely an open mud wallow. Out behind these huts were cattle pens of saplings, in which were dwarf cattle. Scores of these communities did not even display a store. Why have a store? Nobody had money to buy any merchandise. The railway

"station" was a big two-story frame structure, painted a jaundiced yellow or mustard color. Inside, many of these did not even exhibit such a capitalistic innovation as board floors. Instead, logs had been split down the center, and the flat surface upturned, splinters 'n everything, offered as part of the hazards of traveling. A hundred logs, thus split and laid side by side, gave a cozy proletarian atmosphere beneath the feet. Up north of Khabarovsk one afternoon our peasant train slowed on frantic signaling from a wedding party, trooping down the western hill from the mosque on the summit. Bride and groom, mothers and fathers, aunts and uncles, fifty lesser relatives, expected transportation up the line. Katrina, the bride, picked up her wedding skirts along with a scoop of her tawdry veil, ran with the rest of the party alongside the goods cars with opened side-doors, gave a muscular upsy-daisy, landing somehow on the floor thereof, on her face, chest, hands, knees, anything she possessed to land on—and Katrina possessed plenty. This feminine progenitor of more proletariat, rode in the haze of love's domestic dream two miles northward, then the spot of their wanted debarkation came in sight. Did that train stop? It did not. It merely slowed to six miles an hour. Whereupon the skirts and bridal veil was scooped up again and gauging her distance to a long spread of sand alongside the tracks, the Happy Bride proceeded to join the bird-gang. I mean, she jumped—and the groom jumped after her. They jumped at the proper angle, feet first, to halt their speed as they plowed up the sand and kicked it down the necks of the persons ahead. Never shall I forget grandma picking up her aged skirts also, and doing a homing pigeon into the ozone. She doubled up, rolled three times over Uncle Herman and Aunt Olga, and flattened three grandchildren who had also jumped. Something like forty people all departed that train by jumping. Thereat the womenfolk picked themselves up, shook themselves of sand as a canine shakes his coat of water, and waved adieu to the engineer. No conductor had

collected any fares. Where would they have gotten money to pay fares? That was one generation ago—my generation. Tell me those people have changed over into an enterprising mechanistic-minded race, capable of holding their own with Americans, or even surpassing them? Feathers of the horse! . . .

o—o

ALL the way into the very vitals of the country, it was the same. Peasants would gather in my car on a siding to ask me questions through our interpreter. Were the skies blue in America, the same as in Russia? They'd been told that cows in America walked on two legs—would I use a pencil and show them how the American bovines managed it? A German passed through the fortnight before last and told them that if Russia would quit the Allies and join the Central Powers, the Kaiser, after the war, would send every Russian a supply of automobile seed so he could grow his own motorcar just like the military officers possessed. No fooling about it, you understand. This was the nation I'm asked to believe has turned into a country of miracle-men in one generation. I'll take vanilla. We'd stop at a station in early morning. The early travelers were awaiting the arrival of the station-agent. He'd finally put in appearance, coming up the platform in a furry overcoat and furrier moustache, shaking hands with each prospective patron. Took him twelve minutes more or less to make the length of the platform, produce his keys and open up. One hundred and forty-five religious holidays they had in a 365-day year—and kept all of 'em. The result, if you wanted to get anything done, you hunted down a Chinaman. Chinamen did most of the real work in Siberia. The bigger the official, the more Chinamen he had working for him, and therefore the more time they gave him to sit about and make grandiose plans. Those Five-Year Plans of the Commies in Russia. How well I know how real they've been—as *plans!* Everything is first talked out, then blueprinted, then much vodka consumed over the blueprints, then the whole works forgotten. Only now they merely kill people if the plans don't mature. The Land of *Neechevo!* Neechevo is the equivalent of the American "I should worry!" Nobody worries in Russia. It simply isn't in the creature. Tell me the Russian has gotten over Neechevo since 1918?

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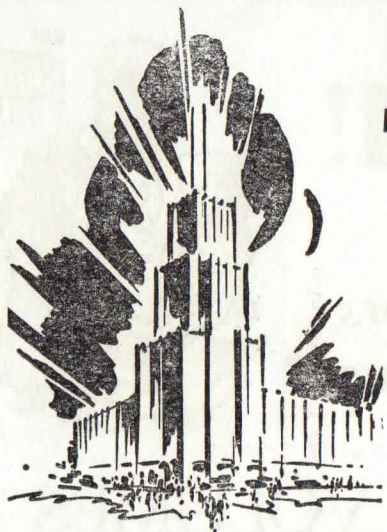
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SOULCRAFT CHAPELS

Noblesville, Indiana

BETWEEN Chita and Irkutsk one autumn afternoon I took aboard a stocky, shifty-eyed party in handle-bar moustache, who begged me, through Josef, my Czech interpreter, to let him ride westward with me as far as my train might go. Said he was a political convict who'd made his escape from a Siberian salt mine and was hitch hiking back to European Russia to rejoin his family . . . I let him ride . . . That afternoon Josef bought a salmon from a peasant woman

for ten kopecks and cooked it for our suppers. We feasted off fresh fish, then Josef cleaned up. Viles, my side-kick, and I, retired to our end of the car around 9 p. m., partitioned off from the half occupied by Josef and our political exile. Suddenly around midnight our train's emergency brakes went on with a bamb! . . . *Crash!* . . . I could have sworn that a French Seventy-Five had put a shell through our portcullis. The train stopped dead in Stygian silence.



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Across the way from me, Viles was groaning pitifully in his bunk, while out in the front of the car was arising the hottest assortment of Russian swearing that ever scorched the human ear. I did not need to know the meanings of the words. I got them without knowing. I have a picture engraved on my mind to this moment of Josef striking a *speech-key*—match to you!—and holding it high above his head with one hand while he gripped his rifle with its lightning-rod bayonet in the other. Thereupon the Czech started chortling which presently turned into belly-laugh. Had we been fired upon and our car hit by a roving band of Bolsheviki? No! . . . Josef after our fish supper, had piled all his soiled metal dishes, pots, pans, cutlery, etc., into a mammoth dishpan and left it on a bench to soak until morning. Our refugee from the salt mine had made his bed directly underneath it. Mile after mile in the jolting goods-car had "worked" the huge dishpan closer and closer to the bench-edge. When the emergency brakes went on, probably for a Siberian moose crossing the tracks, the dishpan had gone off. Three gallons of cold water, greasy plates, and assorted fish skeletons had dropped squarely on the chest of the political exile. Viles? He'd merely sat up suddenly when the dishpan hit the sleeping man beneath it, and bumped his head on the bunk above him. But only a Russian would be phlegmatic enough to make up his bed on a jolting freight-car directly under a bench that held three gallons of greasy dish-water . . . Who was he? In a book by Essed Bey, I find this—"Making his way down from the salt mines of the arctic circle in October, 1918, was Josef Djugashvili, the unemployed son of a of a Georgian craftsman and former pupil of the Theological Seminary. He was working his way back to Moscow to join Lenin and Trotsky . . ." I've got four photographs in my desk, taken of myself, Josef the Czech, and this fellow who got the fish-water squarely in the moustached kisser. People look at them and say, "This bird on the left—good Lord, is he Stalin?" Wouldn't it be odd if I had the so-and-so right there on my Y-Car with me and didn't hit him with anything worse than fish-dip? . . . Anyhow, next time you're at Headquarters, ask me to show you the pictures and tell me what you think. As they say in Russia, "Neechevo!" . . .

—THE RECORDER

United Nations

(Continued from Page 11)

conomic and social conditions everywhere.

The folly of isolationism was demonstrated when the Fascist leaders of Germany and Japan engaged in a war of aggression and very nearly succeeded in their quest for world domination. A policy of isolationism today would result in the fragmentation of the free world and would permit Communist aggression to extend its sway, step by step, over all free peoples.

It was because of the failure of isolationism that the Senate of the United States on July 28, 1945, gave its advice and consent to ratification of the United Nations Charter by a vote of 89 to 2. For the same reason the United States has taken a leading part in the creation and operations of the Specialized Agencies functioning within the United Nations system to advance the cause of human welfare and freedom. If this organizational structure did not exist today, it would have to be created. Otherwise the unity of the free world would be seriously impaired in the face of as grave a threat to our Republic as this nation has ever experienced.

Any serious consideration of a proposal along the lines contained in H. R. 5080 would come as a profound shock to the peoples of the free world. It would destroy their confidence in the responsibility and steadfastness of American leadership and thus destroy that leadership itself.

We cannot escape our role in history by cutting our ties with the rest of the world. While the United Nations system is not perfect, we should not on this account abandon all that has been built up in six years of effort. Our best endeavors today should be directed toward strengthening rather than destroying the organizations working for international security and human welfare.

The Department has been informed by the Bureau of Budget that there is no objection to the submission of this report.

Sincerely yours,

For the Secretary of State:

Jack K. McFall
Assistant Secretary

Carefully analyzed, Mr. McFall is admitting in effect that these United States are not powerful enough to maintain the peace of the world, or at least any peace that involves them, without the hetero-



“STAR GUESTS”

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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.

geneous assortment of weak-sister states composing United Nations. How America ever managed it before the days of United Nations, is a mystery. She had no trouble with her foreign policy until she deliberately intervened abroad in the first World War. Since that time her foreign troubles have been progressive.

McFall's objections, all in all, are an

exhibit of pure cowardice—disguised as State Department policy.

It is a somewhat new role for Uncle Sam, and of course cannot be ignored by our antagonists abroad.

Evidently we're hiding behind the paper strength of United Nations.

What an admission!

Stalin should tremble in his boots.

T h e P A Y O F F

A RECRUIT, on maneuvers for the first time, heard the sound of an approaching horseman in the darkness. "Halt! Who goes there?" he challenged. "Commanding Officer!" came the reply.

"Dismount, sir," called the recruit, "and advance to be recognized."

The officer did so, and got permission to proceed.

A way down the road he got to thinking matters over and turned back.

"Who posted you off out here?" he demanded of the recruit.

"Nobody, sir. I'm just practicing."

TWO inmates of an insane asylum had been given a hammer and one nail. One of the inmates had placed the nail-head against the wall and started hammering. Seeing that he was getting no practical results, he complained to his companion—

"The bird who made this nail was crazy. He put the point on the wrong end."

"No," said the other, you're the one who's crazy. If you had any brains, you'd realize the nail itself goes in the opposite wall."

A GIRL was driving in her new coupe when something went wrong with the engine. The traffic light changed from green to red, to yellow, back to green again, and still she failed to get underway. A sour-visaged traffic cop came over and put a foot on her running-board and an elbow on her door's edge. Sympathetically he inquired—

"Now just what's the matter, sister? Ain't we got no colors you like?"

JUNIOR came home from his first day at school. "Well, son," his father greeted, "how'd you like it?"

"Aw, they asked me my name and I told 'em. Then they asked me your name and I told 'em. Then they asked me where I was born?"

"Well, what was wrong about that?"

"I didn't want to be a sissy and say I was born in no maternity ward. So I just told 'em, the Yankee Stadium."



You Ought to Hear
the Recorder's Talk
on maintaining of
Prosperity

in the current electronic broadcast. The first discussion of the fundamental issues of the Christian Commonwealth began with the broadcast made for playing throughout the nation the week of April 20th. They will continue for the next 20 weeks!

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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.

THE LADY of the house was interviewing the new maid.

"May I ask your denomination?" she inquired.

"Well, mum, mother goes to the Baptist Church, and father to the Methodist. Speakin' for myself, I'm radio."

A PRODIGAL had run away from home to the West and joined the Indians. After a month of it, his father received a note—

"Meet me on the outskirts of town Saturday night. Bring me clothes and stockings and shoes. I have a hat."

PETER was saying his small prayers.

"And please, Lord, make Cyril stop chucking those stones at me every time I pass his yard. By the way, Lord, I've mentioned this before."

SMALL Elsie came running excitedly to her mother.

"Lookit, Mommy, what I found in our Bible!"

"What have you found in the Bible?"

"A leaf. A great big leaf."

The mother noted the pressed souvenir. "All right, so what?"

"Mommy, you don't suppose, do you, it could have belonged to Eve?"

THE MOTHER adjured, "Louise, your hair is all mussed up. You look a fright. Did that young man kiss you against your will?"

The daughter replied, "He thinks he did, mother. Lend me your comb."

HE AVOWED, "Sweetheart, I love you terribly!"

Her comment was, "You certainly do."