

# Valor

*The Golden Times Weekly . .*

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

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Number 11

## **THE AMERICAN FAMILY HAS EXQUISITE YEARS AHEAD**



# The Better Situation Regarding the Future



FIFTEEN years bygone, VALOR's publishers paced the national field in disclosures of identities and elements undermining the American Way of Life. Cries of "Red Baiters! . . . Fascists! . . . Patrioteers!" rent the air above North America in consequence. Congressional committees bumbled. All the "right" people were "investigated" by all the "wrong" people. Farcical trials were held, alleging that the Sedition statutes were being violated. Not only was the First Amendment ignored, but Supreme Court decisions as to what constituted Sedition were derided. Prison sentences were served out.

But the army of expose artists would not down. Year by year it has been expanding. Uglier and uglier has grown the pattern of revelations as to what's wrong with the American Republic and the world—with the vigilante press in full hue and cry after public malefactors and makers of treasons both at home and abroad. Today the average man is no longer crying "Red Baiters! . . . Fascists! . . . Patrioteers!" He is coming to realize what is wrong with his country and his government. As yet, however, he sees very little opportunity to do anything about it personally. Give him time and it may occur to him.

The point is, considered as of now, that programs of exposes of wrong-doing serve definitely constructive purposes providing they don't stop at merely being programs. Telling the American people eternally that the country is in the hands of rascals, who are carrying it to hell in a hack and thinking that because expose has been made that remedy has been applied, is merely being the public scold.

THERE are other sides to this national and world picture. They are definitely not gloomy. There are fine, true, constructive, wholesome-minded characters in this national and international picture, and because goodness is not sensational is no reason for either discounting or ignoring them.

When we probe into the Ageless Wisdom, we find it more or less a law of Cosmos that turmoil and social trouble frequently visit a nation as parts and

parcels of civic and economic housecleanings.

A truly terrible time came to France, for instance, in 1789, and focussing on events of the French Revolution and naught else supplies a picture of violence and horror we might prefer to forget. Actually it was the change-over from the social rottenness of aristocratic France to the France the world saw functioning up to the outbreak of World War I. Life in no country in Europe was more progressive or cultured than in the France that existed between the days of Napoleon and Poincaré. Furthermore, it wasn't the masses themselves who were particularly molested by the 1789 convulsion. It was the patrician parasites that had been living off an exploited peasantry till the system exploded of its own injustice.

There were two sides to the French Revolution then, the violent side that accompanied the leveling of the Bastille, with its denouement of executing an effete aristocracy, and the more wholesome modern France that was coming when she fought through to becoming the second great republic of modern times.

NONE of which is advocating revolution, or abetting social convulsion, but the whole vast drama illustrated the Passing Over, through turmoil, to a more equitable social and civic order. And to see the state of affairs when equity has been achieved is as much a requirement as recognizing the makers of confusions and sending them where the woodbine eternal twineth.

The statement has been made that we are not going to embrace Communism of the soviet order, nor Socialism of the nationalizing order in industry. What America is due to embrace next, in her climb up the cosmic staircase, is Group Capitalism as the successor to Private Capitalism.

We are coming to *Cooperation* in our civic and economic affairs.



Private Capitalism, at best, is predatory capitalism, and in an age when invention has carried us over into an Economy of Abundance, predatory Capitalism is archaic. It is archaic because it cannot be made to work.

Group Capitalism—or Cooperativism—is making dividend-receiving stockholders out of every adult in the census.

To avoid these shortening cycles between Depressions, to say nothing of the Depressions themselves that last longer and longer, the industrious American must be repaid the full value of the article which his ingenuity and energy creates—so that he can turn about and acquire 100 percent of it as consumer.

As machinery is invented, or applied to industry, it shouldn't be permitted to throw more and more people out of work—thus increasing relief rolls—but make the general working day shorter and shorter, or the average work-week contain fewer working days. Predatory private capitalism results in shortage of jobs, as machinery does what was formerly performed by hand. Group capitalism—or Cooperation—applies the benefits of labor-saving machinery or devices to the whole industrial picture, and shortens the working hours without diminishing the take-home money.

The day is in sight when the average productive worker may not labor more than two days a week. And yet for those two days he may draw more money than he now draws for five. And there need be no lay-offs the year or decade around.

THE RESULT of such a major improvement in industrial conditions throughout the nation is bound to be more time on the hands of adults to spend in family pursuits. Bear in mind that under the Group Capitalism that is coming, wives and mothers—for the first time in economic history—are to enjoy independent corporate incomes in their own rights. Today, as in the immediate past, the woman who marries either must keep on with her job and thus deny herself to her household, or forego her independent means of livelihood and live as pensioner on the largess of her husband. Under Group Capitalism and the new Christian Economy, her independent corporate in-

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# PELLEY FILES MOTION FOR EXONERATION

*Ready to Prove He Was Kangarooed in 1942 . .*



THE EDITOR of VALOR expects to win complete exoneration in the Federal Courts for the conviction and sentence imposed upon him in 1942, by his Motion filed in Indianapolis, July 1st, 1952 at 11:45 a. m. This Motion petitions current Federal Judge William Steckler to review the 1942 case, learn of the alleged irregularities permitted in its conduct, and correct sentence in the light of the Baumgartner and Hartzel case decisions handed down in 1944 by the U. S. Supreme Court. Such correction of sentence would adjudge Pelley innocent of the charges on which he paid a 7½ year penalty, with another 7½ year custody on parole, and restore to him his freedom of pen and action that he enjoyed before Pearl Harbor. It lies within Judge Steckler's judicial authority to do this, and if he demurs or hands down an adverse verdict in the matter, Pelley's attorneys are ready to fight the case on appeal straight up to the U. S. Supreme Court. There the High Court must honor its own decisions in the Baumgartner and Hartzel cases and turn Pelley loose with all stigma removed from him.

The financial backing of a dozen loyal Soulcrafters enabled Pelley to retain Albert W. Dilling, and his law-partner son, Kirkpatrick W. Dilling, of Chicago, to prosecute this vindication. Acting as local counsel in the action is George A. Henry, Pelley's Indianapolis counsel and parole advisor. The three men make a compatible and invincible team, and spent two months at preparing the documents that were filed this past week. Albert W. Dilling was former husband of Elizabeth Dilling-Stokes of Chicago, anti-Red crusader since the 1930's. Kirkpatrick is their son, 32 years old, and already headed for a brilliant career as a lawyer in his own right.

THE TWO documents filed July 1st—the Motion to correct sentence and the supporting Brief citing the law in the Baumgartner and Hartzel cases—are being made into a booklet at the Soulcraft plant and will be distributed free, one copy to every Soulcrafter in the United States, that he may know the merits of the epochal contest in all their phases. If you are a Soulcraft student or a VALOR subscriber, your copy will be along presently.

The Scripps-Howard newspaper, *The Indianapolis Times*, devoted four columns on the front page of its July 1st issue, to this celebrated action, together with two pictures of Pelley, one taken in his studio at the plant with his famous painting of the Elder Brother showing clearly in the background. But the *Indianapolis Star* reported the matter clearly and tersely the following morning, by the ensuing account—

Terming his World War II conviction on 11 counts of sedition "illegal," William Dudley Pelley asked yesterday that it be set aside.

Pelley, who lives in Noblesville, filed a lengthy motion in Indianapolis Federal Court, contending that his statements, alleged to have been seditious, were "merely criticism, perfectly warranted and justified, of the administration then in power responsible for the United States war effort."

He was sentenced to 15 years in Federal prison in 1942 and was paroled in 1950. Under Federal court rules, the motion to set aside a conviction may be filed any time.

Pelley charged he did not get the "sub-



stance of a fair trial" because one of his attorneys entered into a conspiracy with the government and because threats were made that his wife, a German alien, would be deported if Pelley were not convicted.

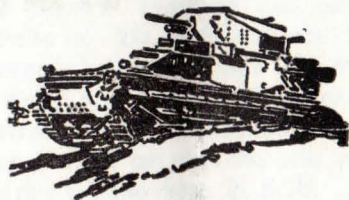
He also charged that the trial, "such as it was," was a "farce and mockery of justice" because the late Judge Robert C. Baltzell was "biased and prejudiced" and should have disqualified himself. He called the judge an assistant prosecutor."

The statements on which the indictments against Pelley were based were contained in a magazine Pelley published at Noblesville, *The Galilean*, and in a pamphlet, *We Fight for this Republic Only*.

Pelley protested that his writings were protected by Constitutional guarantees of freedom of speech and press and were not pro-Nazi, as the government charged, but were anti-Communist.

He also objected to the court's allowing introduction of "hearsay" evidence in the form of a statement about conduct of the war by the late President Franklin D. Roosevelt. He charged this evidence was "irrefutable," because he could not cross-examine the President.

In other portions of the motion, Pelley also objected to statements made to the jury by B. Howard Caughran, former United States attorney, to the effect that the Silver Shirts were "a private army" and that Pelley was its "Hitler."





# Courage Hymn



THE RISING shout of Courage rings above the griefs of years:

Let us end this pale repining at earth's auguries and fears!

Need the page of Sacred Hopings be transcribed in frights and tears?

We are cohorts of our God!

Holy, Holy, is our Dare song!

Holy, Holy, is our Share song!

Holy, Holy, is our Prayer song!

Give us Skill of Mind to LEAD!

'Tis the watchword of our earth-lives to wrest victories from defeats!  
That we raise the bruised cheek, unwhipped, the August Healing  
treats!

Let us hear the Pibroch Beauteous that the Lord of Stamina beats!  
We are cohorts of our God!

Holy, Holy, is our Dare song!

Holy, Holy, is our Share song!

Holy, Holy, is our Prayer song!

Give us Will of Heart to LEAD!

We have heard our Elder Brother preach in tender word of Right:  
As the error falls from hearts in thrall, so ends the Spirit's night!  
We shall see men find all brothers in great world-typhoons of Light!  
We are cohorts of our God!

Holy, Holy, is our Dare song!

Holy, Holy, is our Share song!

Holy, Holy, is our Prayer song!

Give us Strength of Soul to LEAD!

We are told that Lords of Battle are emerging from their tents—  
The Plains of Time are glory-sights with Mercy's strength immense;  
Christ's legions by ten thousands gather for the Strife Intense—  
We are cohorts of our God!

Holy, Holy, is our Dare song!

Holy, Holy, is our Share song!

Holy, Holy, is our Prayer song!

Give us Joy of Choice to LEAD!

From the Garden of Gethsemane rang out the tocsin strong,  
As men pay vow to Love their lips shall raise the Stalwart's song;  
They shall mount to Mansions Beauteous in a Dauntless, Deathless  
Throng—

We are cohorts of our God!

Holy, Holy, is our Dare song!

Holy, Holy, is our Share song!

Holy, Holy, is our Prayer song!

Give us grace of LOVE to lead!

Something We Should Understand  
More Sympathetically than We Do

# ALLOWING OTHERS TO LIVE THEIR OWN LIVES . .

**O**NE OF the hardest problems confronting the average mortal in day-to-day existence is how to live to himself and keep his hands and nose out of the affairs of others. This by no means refers to busybodies. It applies to normal two-legged folks going about a world in which a thousand-and-one relatives or acquaintances are continually beseeching them for counsel, assistance, or money, or taking risks or cutting capers that seem inimical to their own well-being or the welfare of society.

'Tis a hard proposition to watch a beloved intimate apparently making a fool of himself, or following a policy that has every aspect of leading straight to injury, or even to behold masses of men being hoodwinked or hoaxed, without feeling it incumbent upon oneself to interject one's own opinion or offices into the situation and try to do for the erring spirit—or spirits—the things which one's conscience or greater wisdom would command in one's own case.

What is the proper policy to be pursued when another's fate is positively indicated by his own rash acts, when certain suffering or distress is discerned to lie at the end of a given course of action, or when whole masses of society are being persuaded to endorse or support schemes or movements that have for objectives some sort of enslavement?

Is wisdom given us as a sort of trust, that we should use it to keep the next person's feet on the rails of constructive living—as we interpret constructive living—or should we adhere rigidly to the philosophy: "Let 'em live and learn?"

Cain, we recall, was one chap in history who was supposed to have put the question to the Lord in the form of the

demand: "Am I my brother's keeper?"

The trouble with the Cain and Abel story at this point is, that the Lord didn't return a very clarifying answer. The Lord, it seems, didn't have the transcendent gifts to know, Himself, who it was that killed Abel. He was a super-detective at the moment, looking for a culprit. So He had small time to bother with ethics.

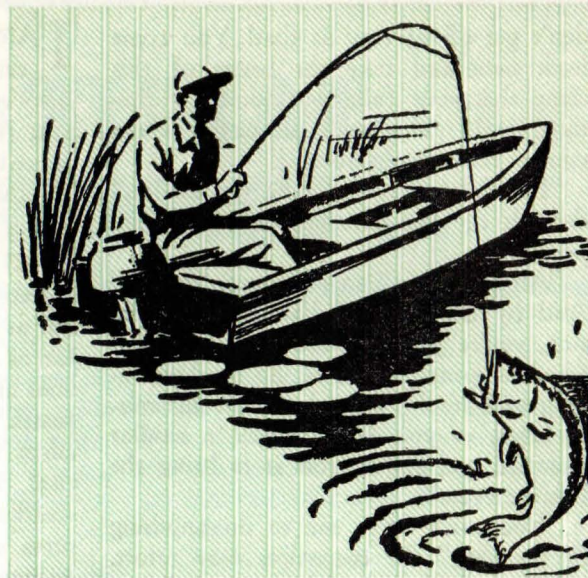
So in the hurly-burlies of life, we consider the enigma:

How far are we our brothers' keepers—if at all!

**I**F WE are without the Key to the Mystery of Life—that every mortal enjoys hundreds of existences instead of the one earthly span assumed by the Fundamentalists—we are inclined to look upon the person engaged in committing a tragic blunder and exclaim: "I've got to save him from it if I can! He's got only one life to live and he's wrecking it!"

It is second nature, and the highest type of altruism, to risk one's own neck or fortunes—certainly a friendship—to preserve the well-being of another.

But people in possession of the great secret that mortal men and women live not once but many times in physical bodies, are disposed to be more discriminating about projecting themselves into others' affairs. They do not view the jeopardies of life with half the feeling of "tragedy" that visits him who so foolishly holds that person's fate throughout all eternity is determined by what may happen to him or what his role consists of in this passing hour in flesh.



People who are aware that mortal life repeats times without number, are not disposed to view life's vicissitudes as much beyond "experiments"—trial-and-error ventures in social complications for profit that stays in the consciousness in form of permanent wisdom.

Above all, people who are truly wise in life's real essences know that if they tamper with another person's judgment, and make decisions of import affecting another's career, they as much as the person prescribed for, must be involved in the denouement and consequences.

**T**HE average Fundamentalist thinks that if he gives another man advice, and the other man takes it, and the advice turns out injurious and the party advised suffers loss, the matter goes no further insofar as the adviser is concerned. "I'm sorry that I butted into your affairs and gave you wrong counsel," he apologizes, "but I did it with the best intentions in the world and though I've been proved to be wrong—and perhaps mischievous—after all, it's your hard luck."

So the Fundamentalist shrugs his shoulders and goes about his business. He thinks that is all there is to it.

But there is more!

By no means does the one who has tampered with another's life, affairs, judgment, or sense of personal discrimination, get off thus easily.

Kismet reaches out a long hand and grabs the counsellor by the shoulder or the scruff of the neck.

"Wait a minute!" says Kismet. "You

don't get off as easy as that! You come back here and take the brunt of this thing that your fallacious advice precipitated, right along with the victim whom you so erroneously advised!"

"He didn't have to take my advice," defends the one who has done the tampering.

"All the same," says Kismet, "he *did!* And by the laws of karmic compensation, you're just as much responsible for what happened as he is. So you pay along with him! You either share his misfortunes, or you find yourself a similar situation and suffer from it to bring the balance even."

"You can't force me to do anything of the sort," the counselors may retort.

"Then the karmic debt owing will run to the end of time," says Kismet. "And you'll never be free from a sense of it."

"I'm elderly and due to die pretty quick, anyhow," says the counselor. "What do I care about paying such a debt? Certainly I can't be made to pay debts of that kind after I am dead!"

"You don't get out of paying your worldly debts," returns Kismet, "merely because you go up to your bedroom and change into a different suit of clothes to cover your body. By the same token, your body is merely a suit-of-clothes for your immortal and eternal spirit. You don't get out of paying your debts merely by shuffling off one body, because by the laws of the universe, you will presently be back in life in another, and the debt will still haunt you!"

When it is irrefutably proven to the Fundamentalist that this is so, he is abashed and somewhat terrified.

"If I'd known that I had to stand responsible and be involved myself in the outcome of the advice given to another, I'd never have given it," he will gasp.

So concerning ourselves in what seems to be the certain destiny of some other person by giving advice that alters the other's conduct, resolves to a matter of being willing to participate in the effect.

How many people would be running about, insisting that other persons do as they say, enforcing their social dictates on this group or that group, bringing their own so-called wisdom to bear on the problems of others and making their decisions for them, if they could be convinced of the certainty of having to experience in themselves all of the evil or mischievous effects of the advice if so be it such is the product?

**T**AMPERING with the career or destiny of another person by giving advice—even when solicited—or bringing about conditions compelling another's life to conform to one's own ideas of how his life should be lived, is one of the most serious things that a human being can engage in.

Yet it is regarded by the average person as quite without responsibilities insofar as he himself is concerned, and millions are guilty of it with every hour that passes. Even people who claim to be most adept in the various doctrines of mysticism will conveniently overlook transcendental warnings in such regard and press their advice on others, or make recommendations for the life programs of others, without accepting vitally the penalties involved.



Parents who try to "run" the lives of their erstwhile children after such children have grown old enough to marry and have families of their own, contribute to the commonest cases with which such Karma treats. Husbands who insist that their wives shall sink personal interests in the careers of their menfolk and have no interests or desires outside of their homes, constitute others. Employers who affect to "take a personal interest" in the personal affairs of those working for them, but who, in reality, want to superintend their employes' lives, make up still others. Reformers or political zealots who are certain that the world will be saved in a twelve-month if only society will acquiesce in applying their eccentric notions, make up a fourth class.

All such people are forever "tampering" with the life errands of other people. And legion are the instances where individuals, born into new lives, seem to be constantly in morasses of personal and social complications, for no other reason than that they are hounded by a sense of the obligations they owe to others for having tried to live their lives for them

in previous dispensations.

They are fated now to endure oceans of troubles and harassments for no other reason than that they must endure in kind for some of the follies they have previously caused others to commit in lives so long ago that all memory of the actual occurrences has been lost.

**W**HEN a man comes to you for advice or counsel—unless you are a professional attorney and he seeks the protection of your knowledge of the statutes—he is saying in effect: "I am in doubt as to what course I should pursue. That means that my powers of observation, logic, deduction, and discrimination are weak. If they are weak, then I probably have encountered this complication in order to strengthen them, or learn by trial and error a lot that I didn't know before the stricture arose. Now instead of being willing to make up my own mind, stand by my decision, and gain the loss or profit involved in exercise of my judgment, I want YOU to act in my stead. I want YOU to tell me what I should do, and because I trust you as being wiser than myself, I will follow your advice."

The average man, so appealed to, feels flattered. He is being venerated, he thinks, for his possession of attributes that are serviceable in the situation. He ignores the fact that he himself may have come into possession of those attributes because in lives long-since lived, he took the trial-and-error route and evolved his judgment through good and bad experiencings resulting. He is ready with such advice, and gives it.

The person receiving it, continues weak and vacillating. He may experience profitable results from such taking, but if he does so, he has done nothing to merit them. He may suffer serious losses or misfortunes, and blame his counselors pathetically and frenziedly. But he will not stop to recall where the deductions making up his judgment were at fault, to the end that another time he does not make the same mistakes. He is just a poor, weak, brain-strapped victim who must endure the penalties from another's decisions with no standards registered on his memory by which he can make a better decision upon another occasion.

The one responding with the advice is

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# SUPERNATURAL EXPERIENCES . .

**I**N APRIL, 1864, considerable excitement arose among the people resident in Scott's Lane, Port Glasgow, England, owing to noises heard in an apartment occupied by one Hugh McCardle, gardener, and his family. It was because of the closest examination of these sounds, as will hereinafter be described, that the Case of the Port Glasgow House received special report in the annals of the London Dialectical Society and remains notable some eighty years afterwards.

The sounds took the form of a series of heavy poundings, that were heard almost nightly for two weeks, and after rumors of them had spread throughout the town, large numbers of men and women assembled in the Lane from seven until ten each evening. The stairs, lobby, and apartment were often crowded, so that police had to patrol the Lane to keep order.

One Arthur Glendinning, prominent citizen of Port Glasgow, supplied an account of the knockings to the London Dialectical Society in the following affidavit—

"I visited the house to investigate the matter, obtaining the assistance of Mr. James Fegan, grocer. While waiting in the room for the commencement of the noises, Police Sergeant James MacDonald and a constable came in. I told Sergeant MacDonald the object of my being there, and, as he was as anxious as myself to expose what we both believed at the time to be a trick, consented to assist me.

"**T**HE NOISES commenced sharply on the dot of 9 o'clock and continued uninterrupted for more than an hour. The first sounds were similar to that of scratching on rough boards or timbers. After this scratching had pro-

longed for a time, it suddenly turned to a resonant thumping, like blows made with a heavy hammer on the floor, *under the bed*. This bed was situated in a small room directly over the main flight of stairs up to the apartment.

"Sergeant MacDonald and I at once took a candle and investigated the ceiling of the stairwell under the bed. There was no apparatus nor mechanism nor signs of any hammer being used upon the top of the stairwell, so we returned to the bedroom and made a business of crawling under the bed. Mr. Fegan stood in front of the bed while we did this. J. F. Anstruther, Esq. and a number of prominent persons were standing in various places within the room while we made our explorations. I could place a hand directly on the floorboard against which, apparently, on the underside, the knockings were being made.

"Having been informed that knocks had been given on previous evenings as affirmative or negative answers to questions, we put a series of inquiries, requesting that three knocks be given for Yes and one for No. The knocks that resulted were rapid and loud, and often were given before the question was finished. During any pause in the questionings, the knocks seemed to beat time to the song *There Is Nae Luck about the Hoose*. I whistled that tune and the knocks kept time to its beat. I whistled other airs, *Let Us Gang to Kelvin Grove*, *Bonnie Lassie*, and *Scots wha Hae wi' Wallace Bled*, and beginning always with the second line they kept exact time.

"**W**E ASKED some questions in low tones, practically whispering, the idea being that no one in the room might see our lips moving, if it were he who was working any mechanism beneath the flooring, and in every case the knocks returned answers quite as positively as though we had spoken aloud.

"As ten o'clock struck on the town clock, each stroke seemed supplemented by a sound in the wall above the level of the mattress. The knockings had moved up into the wall with the coming of ten o'clock.

"With the permission of the landlord we thereupon went to work with a pickaxe and tore up the flooring that had been beneath the bed at the spot where the knockings had sounded. There was only the depth of the floor-studding to the lath of the ceiling of the stairwell below, and absolutely no mechanism of any kind brought into view. Dust in the aperture since the floor had been laid, had obviously been there for years undisturbed. But while we were tearing up this flooring, the sounds shifted position to both right and left. At times they were the same as if a person were hammering heavily with a machinist's sledge on the edge of the hole we had made in the floor.

"**W**E examined minutely the floors, walls, and ceiling. The children who at first had been asleep in the bed, had been removed, and we made a complete examination of bedclothes, mattress, and bed-bottom. In short, we did everything that ingenuity suggested to us, or that we could think of, to discover the origins of these extraordinary sounds. Others, amongst whom were police constables and the Superintendent, examined the lobby, stairwell, and cellars. They even tried, by knocking on various spots with a hammer, to produce similar sounds, *but it could not be effected*. The sounds had a hollow bump peculiar to themselves, with which the nature of the woodwork, lath, or plaster had nothing to do."

**S**ERGEANT MacDonald, Fegan, and others affixed sworn affidavits to Mr. Glendinning's account, that he had reported the matters correctly in every detail. McCardle, the gardener-tenant, likewise made an affidavit which declared

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# Valor

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## The Constructive Slant



**A** GREAT flood of alleged psychical material is filling the mails this summer, affecting to foretell unspeakable desolations to assail the world this autumn and into 1953. One particularly active psychic has been predicting the date of September 18th as "the Great Day of World Revolution" when the Reds will rise up in all countries and take over. From Florida the predictions of another group have it that September 18th is the day of universal terrain cataclysm, with parts of the North American continent breaking off, and floods sweeping over the Midwest plains, with Colorado the only "safe" spot on which to preserve life.

Under all these predictions, and many more, the panicky fear of physical death is marked. "Arise and save thyself" is the hysterical pronouncement, and analogies to Noah and the days before the Flood are by no means overlooked.

VALOR asks in quiet astonishment, "Why be so terrified at losing the physical sheathing? Do you think you can save it by departing for a place? Don't you realize, by subscribing to all this prediction of desolation that you're demonstrating the extent of your own cosmic ignorance?"

Without bravado, Soulcrafters are utterly calm and only interested in "desolation" philosophically. That "fierce and bitter fighting" is due to break out all over the earth, in all important cities of the five continents, actually means no more to the enlightened individual than

making the Passing in the current afternoon's motorcar mishap. Suppose one does become involved in it, so what? You cannot depart life by any other route, or at any other time, than is specified in your personal natal chart. If you're due to "go out" by the bullet of a revolutionist on September 18th or any other date, you'll go out by a bullet, and if you flee Manhattan to avoid it, you'll probably be struck by the slug of a careless deer-hunter in the Adirondacks. If you're due to drown in the wreck of the Queen Mary if, as, and when an Atlantic tidal wave should rise, and flee to the Ozarks to keep your feet dry, a cramp might seize you in four feet of water in some mountain streamlet. You can't change the nature of the *method* by which you've long-since elected to Depart.

A spiritualistic control on a recent evening in Northern Indiana buzzed a whole audience by crying in the most hysterical tones that all in the audience should at once start hoarding silver dollars and food. In a time of real catastrophe, who'd want to live on hoarded food while the folks across the way were starving? And wouldn't it be natural that hoarding food would be made one of the capital crimes in the civic way?

Let's shake ourselves free from the taint of all of it. Nothing is due to happen to this world or this nation that isn't in the Divine Plan. Anything that's in the Divine Plan can't be skirted, and no one wise in his cosmic fundamentals would want to skirt it.

This is the "awful" spring and summer when the weather—largely due to atom bomb reactions—was due to play maximum hijinks. Speaking at least for Indiana, never has there been a spring and summer of more exquisite weather. Flawless days and delightfully cool nights, with afterglows to the sunset that resembled a pastoral paradise, have distinguished it so far. And while this doesn't mean that the sun can't explode in the next ten minutes and sear us all to a crisp, it does mean that stark, uncontrollable, animal *fear* too often animates people who can't fathom the great civic and economic mischiefs that are going on, and take out their emotions in catastrophic anticipations.

Suppose society, the nation, the world society of nations, the planet itself, do go into a whirligig? Is flying into a mad excitement going to halt or deter it? Remember the matchless admonitions of the

Elder Brother: "*The true prophet never prophesies of catastrophe*"—unless it be only to strengthen people in their spiritual faith. People who write to Soulcraft Headquarters, "I can't agree with you that Russia doesn't have the atom bomb," subconsciously *want* Russia to have the atom bomb so they can give their most childish terrors a joy-ride or find compensations for economic or political conditions that are bedeviling them.

As that character in Shakespeare cried, "A pox on the whole of it!"

*We're Ladies and Gentlemen Unafraid!* If we adequately know our Soulcraft we quietly condition ourselves to be of maximum service if, as, and when catastrophe may strike. But if it doesn't, we continue to do our lesser duties as we find them.

Remember that immortal line of Ernest Hemingway's: *Courage is Grace under Pressure.*

Okay, let the Pressure come. We'll be as gracious as we have light.

None of us, in the last analysis, are going to get out of life alive, anyhow. And while all the cosmic illiterates are streaming for the Rocky Mountains, let all true Soulcrafters stream eastward where their altruistic labors may be the most needful.

For 23 years the Recorder of the VALOR material has known more or less comprehensively what was on the cards for the world—for the world and himself. And he's not scared a little bit.

*Personal safety lies strictly in the vibration on which you live and work!*

How many Christians can truly qualify under that adjuration?

## Russia the Bankrupt



**L** AN economic bulletin reporting on the stalemate that is hitting the American automobile business because of the suicidal absurdity to which taxes are mounting, more evidence is disclosed of the downright silliness of becoming terror-stricken at the "might" of Soviet Russia. VALOR has taken the position that since the close of World War II, the only "might" of Russia has been in excessive population and the stockpiles of American goods dumped on her by pro-Soviet Washingtonians.

Let's look at this matter of motorcars in proof.



People who talk freely of the Russian army marching so invincibly through Europe in tanks, motor trucks, and military cars, overlook the fact first that Russia doesn't have the roads over which to drive them, and second, *she lacks the motor equipment and facilities to make such march possible.* Russia is actually so poor and so backward that very few people even own bicycles for getting about personally, to say nothing of motorcycles or motorized conveyances.

As a matter of fact, the automobile trade reports that there are only 73 million passenger motorcars in something like 80 countries of the world of which our United States has 51 million in more or less continuous operation. As against this 51 million, how many do you think there are in all of Russia, including official cars?

The number is reliably estimated at 180,000.

We have 51 million motor cars for a population of 151 million—a car for every three people—whereas Russia has 180,000 for a population of 200 million. *And remember that this last figure of 180,000 takes in the strictly motorized corps of the military!*

**GOOD ROADS** and motorcars go together, and the Russian roads are not even as modern as Mexico's. To show what a huge joke the Russian threat is, consider the machines in which the Russian delegation traveled to meet our military diplomats to discuss the Korean truce.

The chief of the Soviet group and his closest assistants journeyed to the truce talks in an American Chrysler confiscated from a Korean physician. The second delegation from Russia traveled in a battered Ford, and the third delegation traveled in a small Russian car patterned more or less on the German Opel, made from plans and machinery stolen by the Russians in East Germany. It has a 122-inch wheelbase. The only large car which the Russians make is mainly for Red officials and is called the Zis. It is a dead copy of the old-fashioned American Packard of about the style of 1932.

The question is, if the Russians were making any decent cars of their own, would they undergo the humiliation of having to drive to meet the representatives of foreign nations in cars which are either stolen or dead copies of foreign makes?

As in the case of Russia, so too with China, only more so.

In all of China, with its 400 million population, do you know that there are only 3,000 motorcars?

When the Chinese go anywhere, for military purposes or otherwise, *they walk!*

**WHEN** we look at these figures—which automobile manufacturers accept, even if the lay public doesn't—we may well wonder how our American military and congressional leaders can keep a straight face in asking for more and more money to combat the Russian and Chinese "masses" who are supposed to have more planes, tanks, trucks, and everything else than we do.

In other words, here are two countries still in the stage of foot-civilization, seeking to threaten a country in the automobile and airplane stage.

We in the United States have learned from grim experience that in time of war you can't build huge quantities of motors for planes, tanks, and cars, unless you have a heavy civilian industry making them in peacetime by trained help and tools which are simply reconverted to military uses. If Russia had any such force, it would show in the product, and her highest military delegates wouldn't be required—or at least shouldn't be required—to drive to meet our men in stolen American cars, or numbers that are copies of foreign makes. Moreover, it would show too in the rapid construction of roads on which such cars could travel.

Russian roads, it is well known from people who've paid official visits to Moscow and other points, are about in the condition of American roads for the year 1873.

Is this the country that bethinks to overrun Europe and drive the Americans and British into the English Channel—moreover, keep the war materiel coming to sustain such an attack and fight off all retaliatory measures? Even so high an industrialized and scientific country as Germany, on two world occasions, was unable to do it when she stood in the front rank of continental industrial organization.

Naturally, we can look for the same degree of bunk and hokum being broadcast about her "progress" in stockpiling the atom bomb. Even more than the auto industry, atom bomb manufacture requires the highest degree of scientific ef-



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iciency in a hundred allied lines before it can ever be estimated on a major wholesale basis.

Travelers returning from Europe this summer announce that Europeans in general think that Americans are a little bit “touched in the head” to scream so excitedly about the threat from the Russian war potential when Europeans know the Soviet situation for what it is. A Russian attack against Americans, either at home or abroad, wouldn’t give that country more than a few days to live at the most.

China in her ignorance of the social and industrial potentials of the western country, may well try an assault on neighboring countries, or even start for the Mediterranean via Turkestan or India. But if, as, and when that happens, the sophisticate among us internationally want to make sure that it isn’t being provoked by foreign agents who want to give us a bad time for what they can make out of it to Russia’s advantage.

All these terror scares of an early bomb war, bring the question to the fore: *Where are the bombs coming from that are due to destroy us*, and what are we going to do about protecting ourselves by counterattack if sheer ignorance and political illiteracy persuade any of the orientals to start anything?

No, Russia’s major expedient is to try to get control of the United States via United Nations and set her back so heavily economically that the Soviets over the next few decades can endeavor to catch up.

Go to bed and sleep with reasonable tranquillity, however, for the present.

There’s no enemy anywhere in sight on earth that at present has the resources either to launch or sustain a wholesale attack against us.

Do you see any indications of anything otherwise, excepting in the cohorts of the political stirrer-uppers who use Soviet “might” to make effective their demands for ever more appropriations?

Let’s have a little more courage and sense.

## **American Family**

(Continued from Page 2)

come does not stop with her marriage. She continues to draw her dividends as an American citizen, not as housewife or

mother, and her dividends keep accruing to her, whether married or not. She draws her dividends as a purchasing and consuming stockholder in the Great Master Cooperative that is the materials conference of the whole national economy, and entails no expense to her husband after marriage. In fact, the husband and father finds his domestic income doubled by acquiring a wife, while at the same time the wife is not affected by her husband’s ability or loss of steady employment. Every two children born to them, in addition, mean the equivalent of another adult’s dividends coming into the domestic exchequer.

All this is due to mean—along with a two-day work-week—a vast improvement in domestic relations. Parents not only will have time to give to their children, and truly get acquainted with them as they mature, but the wife and mother will not be in the frequent ignominious position of only being financial themselves as their husbands are generous. It’s the real economic independence of womanhood that’s coming, and sixty million wives are going to feel that its been worth the hectic period of industrial readjustment. No mature and equitable-minded man objects to his wife having her independent income. Women made immune from domestic beggary mean a different generation, able to apply real art and affluence to the production of worthwhile homes.

**T**HE AMERICAN Family, in other words, has exquisite years ahead of it—if the truth could be realized and the end of today’s blind upset foreseen. The economic strictures of predatory profit-seizing are going to force this altered condition in America’s domestic affairs. Handicapping the average American worker by paying him only a fraction of the value of the article he produces, and then wondering not only why he doesn’t have adequate buying power to carry him through depressions of glut and overproduction but making a mendicant out of him by his enforced status as a government reliefer—will presently be as archaic in the American Scene as African slavery before 1865.

People, in other words, are not only to have time to cultivate the esthetic values of life, they’re going to have the financial resource to maintain themselves steadily outside of the expedients of politicians. Well-fed, well-clothed, and well-housed

American children will mean a following generation in which malnutrition plays no factor.

The whole design of the Christian Economy, that forever lays the bugbear of Communism and Nationalizing Socialism, is the text of the new Soulcraft book, *There's Something Better* . . . that looks into the future and sees the "New France" of industrial prosperity and inventive genius to follow these times of the taking of today's economic Bastille.

There's not a woman in America who won't be vitally intrigued by the stipulations of the new Christian Economy—if only for her children's sake.

Let the expose artists continue their revelations of skulduggery in high places. But let's not be laggardly about looking beyond the results of their disclosures and seeing what the Golden Times ahead are actually to comprise.

There's Beauty, and leisure, and a Prosperity that endures ahead—and Time to partake of the higher things of life. And that's what we all want to hear about.

It salves somewhat the price we're being called upon to pay for it at present in malediction and confusion.

### Strange Experiences

(Continued from Page 7)

that he too knew nothing about the origin of the sounds, and seemed as perplexed and terrified as the rest.

Here again, we have commonplace occurrences *and yet an indication of a thinking entity.*

Mrs. Grove in her book, *The Night Side of Nature*, tells of a house in the village of Quercey that was pulled down completely by orders of Frederick the Great. She says—

"We cannot believe that the Voltaire-an king made this decision lightly, seeing that he first sent officers of the guard to investigate the manifestations talked about. The representatives of the king, on approaching the house, were preceded and accompanied by a military march, *without being able to discover the musicians.* But a captain who called out loudly, 'This is the work of the Devil! *had his ears boxed by an invisible hand!*'"

Are researchers in telekinetic phenomena to credit that for a discarnate to think a sound loud enough is to manu-

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facture it so that organic ears may hear it also? Again and again in these studies we run across statements made by persons out of the body, "I thought a sound that would awaken you," and it was heard by some sleeper whom it was intended to arouse.

Apparently we are dealing with a problem in physics that does not belong to this mundane phase of matter.

A CERTAIN sales manager has a very loud voice. One morning, while he was shouting in his office, the

president of the concern asked the treasurer of the company, "What's all that noise about down the hall?"

"Mr. Blank is talking to San Francisco, sir," was the reply.

"Why on earth doesn't he use the telephone?" the president demanded.

ANOTHER gem from Aberdeen. "So 'tis your fourth daughter's gettin' married the week, MacTavish?"

"Yer so richt," agreed the Scot. "And mon, I'm telling ye, our confetti's gittin' awful gritty."



## .. COGITATIONS

**I** COULD put an odd title to this reminiscence; I could call it *The Wink that Brought Death*. Would you suppose that because a man gave a wink with his left eye it would mean the wash-up of his career in mortality? Let me tell you about the first murder trial I ever covered as a fledgling newsman, back in the days of William Howard Taft. Springfield, Mass., where I'd lived my adolescence, had experienced a rash of peculiar burglaries during the spring and summer of 1911—obviously the work of a lone marauder. In the language of Americana, they were Second Story Jobs. That is to say, entrance to residences was usually gained by placing a ladder against second story windows, where sashes had been left raised for nocturnal ventilation. Sometimes the better class homes had rose trellises that offered the same illicit elevation of the prowler, who, in a tally of loot at the end of each month, took only the most inconsequential and inexpensive stuff. Silver spoons and petty jewelry seemed to attract him most. But finally, up on Round Hill, a residential terrace at the North End of the city, Martha Blackstone, a school teacher, was found dead one morning—the victim of violence—on her bedroom floor. Her spinster roommate made report to the police that Martha had arisen upon hearing a sound in the night, confronted a masked man in their second story sitting room, and been felled by a blow from his blackjack, from which she died. Petty robbery had shifted into the high-gear of homicide . . . The whole city tumbled . . .

o—o

**I** WAS filling my first job as columnist and writer of special features on *The Homestead*, a society newspaper, and the Martha Blackstone Mystery at once became my merchandise. Martha was decently interred, but a wave of panic swept

the metropolis. If the eccentric second story worker was not above felling whoever happened to accost him, who mightn't be his next victim? The sleuths of the Police Department were properly excoriated, and Inspector Daly, a portly, green-eyed plain-clothes man of the old school who had the investigation in charge, was being followed by a swarm of kid reporters even though he only went around the corner for his lunch. Would he ever get a break in the case, everybody wondered, as the days turned into weeks and no arrests resulted. Daly was one of the first men in the Department to wear O'Sullivan's rubber heels as standard police equipment, the derby hat for detectives having already been in vogue since the days of President Garfield. He never issued any other statement to us newsmen but the stock phrase, "he had the situation well under control" . . . But we news lads knew he hadn't. He was a badly worried inspector because if he didn't get the schoolteacher's slayer it might mean his badge . . . Then he got his first break. Up on Mulberry Street, in the truly aristocratic part of town, the Eccentric Burglar tried it again. You'd think, hunted as he was for the Blackstone slaying, he'd have had sense enough to lay off or move to some other metropolis. But no, just after a certain dinner-hour the lady of the house had gone abovestairs to dress for the theater, and there, squarely in the center of her boudoir, was Mr. Masked Burglar. He'd just looted all the super-Woolworth gadgets off her dressing-table. Did she advance and give the countersign? She did not! She grabbed for the portieres, steadied herself, and opened her larynx to free flow of vocal traffic. The screams she screamed could practically be heard down at Police Headquarters on Court Square, where it seemed as though Inspector Daly galvanized and came arunning on the O'Sullivan rubber heels. As for the intruder, he didn't stop to make her a second homicide victim. The window by which he'd entered was available and he used it. Seems there'd been a trellis directly beneath it that was a walking

invitation for such a marauder to go up the trumpet-vine and make himself at home. Now he went *down* the trumpet-vine and took off over a back fence. But the lady had a fair description of him to give Daly, although of course, his features had been masked. Daly got busy. And do you know what the Fates had caused that robber to do? *They'd caused a tendril or finger of that trumpet-vine to pry expertly up his clothing and hook out his watch by its watch-fob, that he'd carried in the usual small pocket, right-front, beneath his belt!* Old Lynx-Eye Daly, inspecting the trellis, found it dangling in the trumpet-vine some three feet beneath the window-ledge. Talk about Karma! It was an expensive gold watch with two lids, front and back. And in the center of the front lid the initials B-S were engraved, and on opening the back case, Daly beheld a small circular photograph of a youngish woman and a baby. The question was, did it belong to the burglar or was it part of some loot he'd picked up in his operations? Daly went upon the assumption that it was the burglar's. Sometimes in real life, things were as simple as that.

o—o

**D**ALY'S first recourse was the Springfield City Directory. If the robber were some Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde citizen, it was worth running down all the males therein with the initials B-S. He wrote off the list on his detachable cuff, and began riding trolley-cars at the public expense. There were no such things as police cars in those days. Anyhow, a nickel for trolley-fare was cheaper. And, one-two-three, Daly checked off the B-S's till he reached the final entry—listed as a street-car conductor with an address across the Connecticut River in West Springfield. He climbed the front steps of a modest cottage house on the O'Sullivan's and pulled the doorbell. Who do you imagine came to the door? Believe it or not, this being a true story, *the woman came to the door whose picture was in the watchcase!* . . . She was the wife of one Bertrand Spencer, a conductor, nights—she'd supposed—on the

King Street car-line. Spencer not being home at the moment, Daly posted a man there to grab him if he showed up, and checked with the street railway company. Quickly it was determined that Spencer hadn't worked for the company since New Year's. His wife hadn't known of the loss of his job. He'd gotten sacked, and turned secretly from a streetcar-conducting to burglary, leaving for "work" every evening on schedule and not coming home until 4 in the morning. Okay, Spencer was bagged, taken to Police Headquarters and given the business. The Mulberry Street woman identified him insofar as she could, and without any positive proof just then that he was the Round Hill murderer the Blackstone homicide was hung about his neck. The Grand Jury met and indicted him, at any rate, and had Springfield been slightly nearer the Mason & Dixon line, staid citizens of the community would undoubtedly have assaulted the local Bastille and taken Spencer out and hung him. But they didn't. They brought him to trial. And I covered that trial . . .

—o—

THE SPENCER Trial is still talked about among newsmen of the former generation back up in New England. Because the ex-streetcar-laborer put on Insanity as his defense. And I mean insanity. Quickly Daly had broken him down and gotten the details of the Round Hill killing out of him, and Spencer didn't have a chance unless he could show he wasn't sound in his brains. Then he might spend the balance of an addled life in the State institution for the criminally insane. If he couldn't show that, he was headed for a one-way trip to Charlestown State's Prison and the chair. So Spencer put on a show of what he assumed to be insanity—as the layman conceived it before the days of psychiatrists. He assaulted everyone that came within arm's reach and managed to eat his cell-block soap and foam at the lips. Quickly the presiding Judge ordered an iron grided cage to be erected in the courtroom and all lady spectators barred—because Spencer, enclosed in the courtroom barricade began exercising a fluency in profanity and obscenity that made the proceedings unprintable. When he ran out of all the stock expletives, he took to inventing new and hurling them at Judge, jury and witnesses—particularly witnesses. But Judge Long could take



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it. Privately, we news lads thought he'd long since decided that Spencer was no more insane than himself, but it was what the jury thought that counted. When he wasn't swearing, Spence further lightened proceedings by dashing his skull against the bars of his cage till a physician had to stand by to patch him up. Day after day such farce went on. The women were furious that they could not get in to hear some of it—some of

them declaring that they themselves knew all the words anyhow, so why should it be denied them to get them secondhand? But Judge Long was as obdurate. And we news lads slowly saw the jury beginning to come around to the conviction that Spencer *was* insane. Batty as a cuckoo-clock, the head jurymen was overheard to remark to a fellow juror by a lynx-eared Boston scribe. Spencer was getting away with it.

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**BUT HE** didn't. The last afternoon of the memorable trial, he raved and tore about his "cage" and ended by taking every stitch of his clothes off and giving exhibitions of concupiscences that even disgusted the hard-boiled scribes from the State Capitol. Finally Judge Long ordered the recess for the day. Spencer had to be dressed, handcuffed to two police guards and taken across Court Square to his cell in the police station for the night. As he was leaving the building by the front steps, a contemporary of mine, one French, reporter on Sam Bowles famous *Morning Republican* called out to him, "Wonderful show, Spence!" And that's where the Wink came in that turned the juice on, up the conductor's left pant-leg. Spencer was observed by all present to send a confidential wink at French. That tore it. French hied him to his desk at the Republican office and put the incident in print. Judge Long read it in the morning paper before court opened next day. Insane men don't wink at reporters confidentially. French was first witness at the trial at ten o'clock. The case closed at noon and the jury filed out. The afternoon, evening and night I thereupon proceeded to pass, was one of the most spectacular and unforgettable in my experience. The courtroom looked like an army barracks. The newsmen had food sent in, fearing not to be present when the jury brought back its verdict. They pulled off the wrappers of paper napkins and tossed them on the floor. It was 2:15 a. m. when the foreman sent out word that the twelve good men and true had become of one mind—fifteen minutes before my own newspaper's deadline for going to press. The court room came alive. Spencer was sent for and brought over. He'd practised insanity so artfully that from my own seat just to the right of his cage I could see the dilations of the pupils of his eyes. "What say you, Mr. Foreman? Have you reached a verdict?" asked the bailiff. "We have," said the foreman, "Guilty of homicide in the first degree with no recommendations for mercy!" . . .

**WAS IT** a wink that Bertrand Spencer gave at an inopportune moment that resulted five months later in his electrocution, or had Martha Blackstone herself, in spirit, had anything to do with the tendril or twig on that trum-

pet-vine lifting that telltale watch out of the burglar's front pocket? . . . I often wondered . . . Telephones being at a premium at that time of night, I had to leg it five blocks between courthouse and newspaper office as fast as I could run in the night, to turn in my story where they were holding the presses. Strange what human drama can crop up in a man's career . . . Adding to his store of practical experience . . .

—THE RECORDER

## Lives of Others

(Continued from Page 6)

flattered for the passing moment. But in offering the counsel, he is in effect taking out his cosmic wallet and putting its contents in escrow. If his advice be wrong or his counsel mischievous, the fingers of Kismet go into that wallet and extract the compensating pence!

**THE TRUE** Transcendentalist first of all views life—and all lives—from the premise that mortals are in it for the express purpose of gaining whatever it is that their characters lack, of strengthening themselves wherein they may be weak. No matter how severe the penalties that may loom for a given course of conduct, every person courting them of his own volition has the experience with them—for good or bad—coming to him.

The moment that second or third parties enter in, applying the increments of their own past experiences and deciding what they would do in similar circumstances from accrued wisdoms, these second or third parties are unwittingly filching the profit from those experiences, from those who are following the "lamented" course purposely to gain them.

The man who says to a friend, "If I were in your shoes, this is what I would do—!" should haul himself up short and remind himself, "There are no 'ifs' about it; the moment I put this person in the line of taking my advice, or acting upon it, I AM in his shoes, insofar as karmic payment for resultant losses or mischiefs are concerned."

All of which boils down to the tenet that there actually is no such thing as "being our brothers' keepers."

**WERE** we to become our brothers' keepers, literally, we would be

"keeping" brothers who stayed weak, vacillating, characterless, and impotent to make sound judgments in their own rights—spiritually anemic individuals always turning to their "keepers" for decisions, to make which themselves means growth of moral stature.

As a matter of fact, no one can be his brothers' keeper for the simple reason that no two lives are entered into, on this mundane planet, for precisely identical reasons and to extract precisely similar profits.

When you give a man advice, you tell him what you would do, were you in his place. But that last statement is a literal one—if YOU were in his place—YOU with your different cosmic background, your different strength and weaknesses, your different objectives for being in life at all.

Your brother—or your sister—is a cosmic unit unto himself or herself. Neither of them is capable of prescribing for YOU, because they are separate spirits, operating on different sets of cosmic vibrations, to derive different increments for the time being from the mortal experience itself.

You can tend to make people better and happier by living a life after your own objectives that is an ideal pattern for them to ape insofar as their own life errands may get profit from such copying. Or you can set standards for them to follow, by the illustration of your life, that are inspirations to them when they confront circumstances where your reactions to similar orientation would apply.

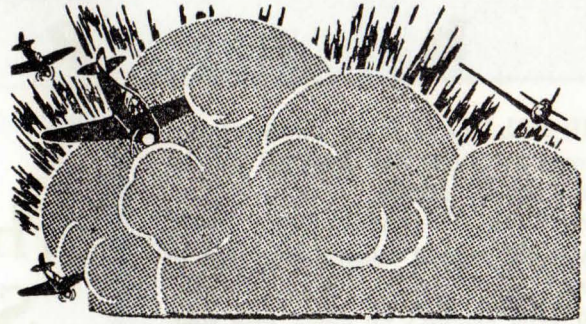
But people of all sorts and varieties fill the world because each one is in it to obtain a different thing, in his own individualistic way. And that individualism, that solitaire strength, must be developed by allowing them to make up their minds on this and that unaided, then enter upon the effects of such decisions, and garner the profit or loss that ensues.

Remember, that life itself is to develop Self-Strength, Resource, Logic, and Self-Confidence!

Of the Seven Deadly Sins of Cosmos "tampering" is the worst!

It is willfully negating the whole life-purpose, the whole earthly promise, and involving the tamperer in the other's karma just as certainly as though from the moment of giving the counsel, one person were bound to the other with strips of adhesive tape!

*After  
they've  
terrified  
you with  
Atom  
Bombs . .*



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# T H E P A Y O F F

THE RELATIVES had all been summoned around the deathbed of the Founder of the family.

"Pop," wailed tearful Sally, "we'll give you the biggest funeral ever seen in Detroit."

Son John couldn't go along with that. "After all," he argued, "dad would want us to conserve his assets. Let's not go overboard with flowers and we can write off the limousines."

"You're so right," chimed in daughter-in-law. "In these days of high taxes we should cut out all those frills for the sake of the war effort."

The Old Man reared up.

"Help me put my pants on," he roared. "I'll walk to the cemetery."

SHARON had been naughty.

"You go straight out in the backyard," her mother instructed, "and bring me a switch off the cherry tree. I think you know how I intend to use it."

Sharon went out slowly and remained out twenty minutes. Finally she reappeared. Ruefully she said—

"The tree was too tall for me to bring back a switch, muvver. But here's a wock you can frow at me."

AT a conference of Baptists, Methodists, and English friends in the city of Chengtu, China, two Chinamen were overheard discussing the difference between the three denominations.

"What make one kind no like other kind?" demanded one Chinaman in English.

The other Chinaman answered, "Big washee, little washee, no washee, that all."

THE SMALL boy asked, "Dad, why ain't a man allowed to have more than one wife?"

"My son," replied the father, "when you're older you'll understand that the law protects those who are incapable of protecting themselves."

THE TRANSPORTS stole out of Hoboken at dead of night. When the colored troops came on deck at reveille, the Atlantic stretched away on

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every side. An excited GI from the Mississippi Delta country took one pop-eyed look and screamed to his buddy—

"Mose, come hyar quick! De whole dam' levee done busted!"

SOMEONE asked Rastus if his mule ever kicked him.

"Nozzar, but he's kicked a powerful lotta times in de place Ah mos' recently was," Rastus answered.