

Valor

The Golden Times Weekly . .

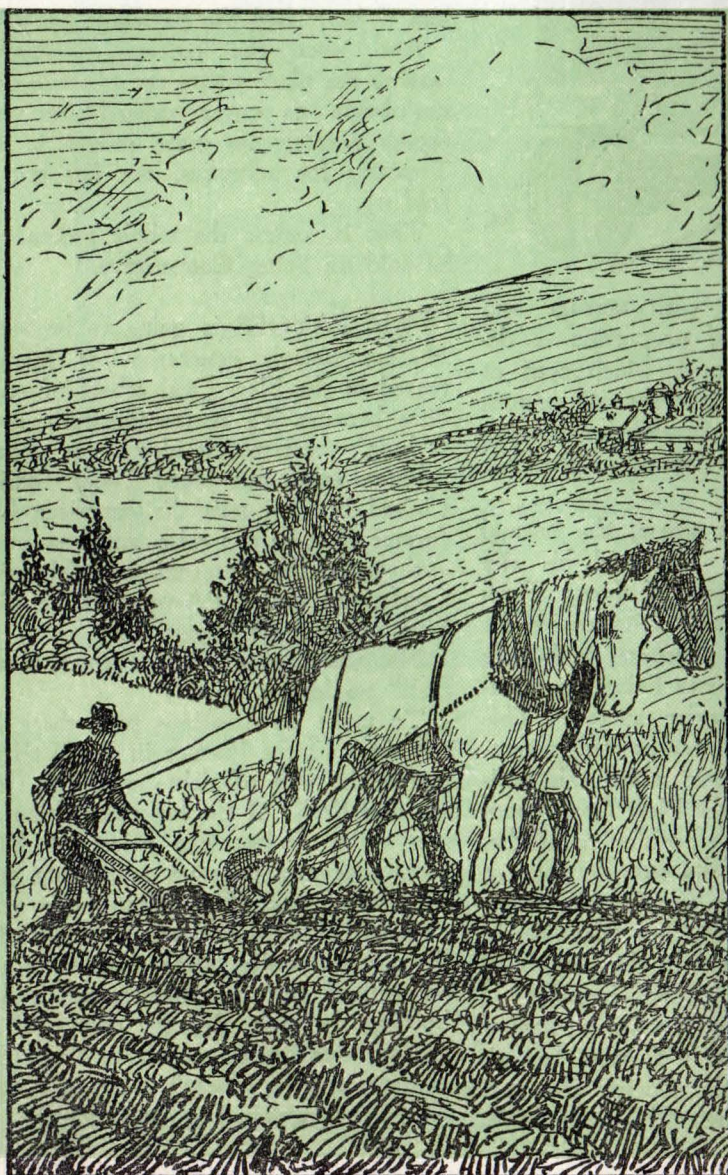
How to Live Life with Courage, Wisdom, and Enduring Peace of Mind through Soulcraft

Volume III

Noblesville, Indiana, Saturday, August 9, 1952

Number 15

FARMERS FACE CHANGES THIS YEAR AND NEXT



HERE is much about the nation's farming population that America's city folks don't grasp. City folk are reading in the newspapers these hectic weeks that a condition of drought throughout widely separated States almost approaches national catastrophe. But drought, however severe, must be at the most only temporary ordeal. Matters of still graver concernment challenge the cohorts of the Christ Government, contemplating conditions among our agricultural element. Nothing is impassable of solution and yet Christian Economics for which VALOR stands, take note of factors that politicians ignore.

To begin with, when we probe into the real farming problem throughout the country, we confront some odd surprises about the American farmer himself. Nine-tenths of our city people envision him as a horny-handed and sunburned "hick", generally past the prime of life, who displays haystacks in his misshapen felt hat when paying an epochal visit to Manhattan, and has to be protected from city slickers who would sell him the Brooklyn Bridge.

No such creature exists. It may jolt the city slicker—assuming he exists, as well—to be reliably informed that the average age of the

American farmer is 44 years. He is by no means a bewhiskered old simpleton, grown gnarled and wheezy from a life-long career of stumbling in cowhide boots behind a plow. He's a comparatively young man and practically the whole agricultural element only a few years bygone was in uniform in France or the South Seas. Iowa is supposed to be one of our leading agricultural States. It will serve as well as any in giving us a picture of the American farmer as he is. He's not only 44 years as to average age, but fully one-fourth of the 203,000 farmers of Iowa have actually been in the business of farming less than one year and a half and the over-all average experience of the farmer in that State is twelve years.

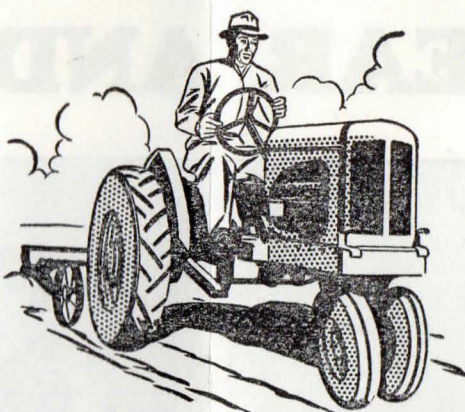
Actually the farmer element of the present is a great crop of boys in their late thirties, raised under patronage of the New Deal that has dealt out public money right and left to keep farm prices up under the many "parities". He owns a smart motorcar, generally has a home as modernly furnished as any city apartment with radio and television in evidence, with lands, barns, and the latest machinery averaging throughout the whole great midwest something like \$25,000 in total value. His net income for last year was \$17 billion dollars. He has three to four tailored suits in his closet, as many pairs of shoes and hats, and when he comes in from directing his tractors at the end of a summer's day, enters a modern white-tiled bathroom and enjoys a refreshing shower.

When he goes to Broadway, he flies there, takes in the latest shows, and remarks on the changes that have occurred since he embarked with his artillery company from Hoboken for France.

BUT unfortunately for America as a whole, this progressive young businessman has taken the place of his "pappy" since the celebrated stock market unpleasantness of 1929. His pappy, true enough, was a provincialist as well as individualist, but he had learned how to handle himself in hard times and proceed on the formula that any farmer's life was no bed of roses. He knew no such phenomenon as "the Government" flying to his rescue if crops went bad or the stock market tumbled. This sunburned son of Wars I and II has been raised in an era of political favoritism.

After a score of years of rising prices for farm land and farm products, he not only has become complacent and careless but is totally without experience in a period of declining prices. With only a dozen years of practical farm management as background, he has, without being aware of it, been living on a sort of borrowed time!

His hard-headed old man would have told him that no business which is dependent on the whim of politics is sound. Government price supports, government subsidies, and Government practices of creating scarcities through war scares, huge foreign aid and large spending, with higher and higher taxes to top the whole of it, have manipulated son into



loading himself up with acreage and machinery all out of proportion to demand for his products, which even at the present time—in the face of ruinous droughts in many States—is bringing cries from farm associations of stockpile surpluses.

To make matters worse, the normal relationship between him and his city brother is getting out of focus. Farm products are becoming too expensive for the city worker to purchase, with ever heightening costs of city living aggravated by heavier and heavier tax takes. This threatens a serious market contraction in the imminent future which this agricultural product of the New Deal school of economics is in no position to handle. The moment city folk stop buying, or federal subsidies stop coming, this smart young farmer who watches television in his modern front room in the "long evenings"—summer or winter—is sunk!

Did you know that the net income of 102,000 of the nation's farmers has already fallen so badly during the past five years that they've either gone bank-

rupt or had to sell out to the great co-operative farms?

ECONOMISTS of the new school that is coming in—with this stupendous period that Soulecraft calls "Millennial Readjustment"—point out that farms are no longer small business. The huge quantities of labor-saving machinery needed have forced farming into the class of Big Business and the highest efficiency is required to make money on any farm today. The old-time conservative farmer—whom they poked fun at in the vaudeville of yesteryear—did know enough not to go into debt too heavily in overexpanding his acreage. When drought or hard times came along in cycles, he could manage to keep afloat if he raised and sold enough to maintain the interest on his mortgage. His son is spinning into town in a bright and shiny motorcar, but like everything else he owns, it could all be taken away from him if he missed the payments.

And when the federal government reaches the place where the tax-take does not begin to cover expenditures and there's actually no more money in the Treasury for subsidies, son has got to fold up.

That is, unless the whole nation can be sold on going Cooperative.

THE PAYOFF is going to be worst for today's generation of farmers reared in the New Deal school of economy because it's temperamentally soft. It hasn't the remotest idea about what it takes to sweat out Hard Times. Stalin's United Nations tells the American boy-farmer what he can raise, and how much—through the International Materials Conference and OPA—and if he disobeys, government largess halts.

No, the days of "the Farmer in the Dell" no longer exist.

To make an atrocious pun, these are the times of the Farmer in the Well instead—the well of debt—with the Cohens and Kellys of the big cities going on semi-strike against the prices of beef, veal, eggs and potatoes and using protein substitutes. The minute one item goes out of sight and out of pocket for the city housewife, some cheaper item is substituted and our boy-farmer is left holding the sack. But the payments are coming due on his expensive farm machinery and he doesn't dare vote any-

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NATION BREAKING OUT IN RASH OF CALAMITY PROPHETS

*Few See Current Trends as Prelude to Golden Times
Promised by Humanity's Infallible Elder Brother*

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Golden Scripts

CHAPTER 83

KNOW Beloved, that I have said unto men: Let your ways be of good report, let all your paths be peaceful, let your manners be appropriate to your station and status.

Men have said unto me: Master, we go to and fro calling on Thee, we go down into the depths and testify for Thee, verily we are of great speech concerning Thee; why therefore cometh Thou not in men's hearts as we have prophesied?

I say unto them: Truly have ye prophesied, but from whence came your prophecies? Did I not say of old, Many shall prophesy in my name? and was it not said of old that those who came prophesying were prophets?

I tell you, beloved, prophets are of two kinds: Those who prophesy concerning the world because they have a

Golden Scripts

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humor that the world hath done poorly by them, therefore do they offer woes; and those who prophesy that their Lord reigneth and it is He who sendeth them . . .

He who serveth sayeth: Behold all things work together for good; he who ranteth saith: Behold all things are abominable, lo the times are evil, therefore eschew them.

Makers of calamities are never prophets; behold it is the law *that no true prophet foretelleth destruction . .*

Thereby shall ye know the false prophet from the true.

The true prophet telleth of goodly works: he singeth a song of gladness whereat is a song of rejoicing: he saith unto the multitudes, Behold your Lord reigneth and all things that ye see are excellent, except yourselves and the evils that ye do.



HERE are the days when VALOR receives mail by the basketful, containing a plethora of prophetic manuscripts all having the same tenor. As though they stemmed from a common source, or one original calamitous monograph, they are heavy with predictions of the Four Horsemen riding presently, or atom bomb war and oriental invasion, of utter extinction of the North American continent and the American Republic,

and the end of all things secular that the Kingdom of Heaven may come in.

A curious feature about these manuscripts is, that their voluntary prophetic writers all seem to be suffering from the same heebie-jeebies, all rely on the doleful utterings of long-ago Isaiah, Ezekiel, Daniel and St. John of Patmos, plus their own trimmings affected to be received clairaudiently, and all solemnly assert that almost everybody in sight must die physically before the earth knows regeneration that pleases orthodox Provi-

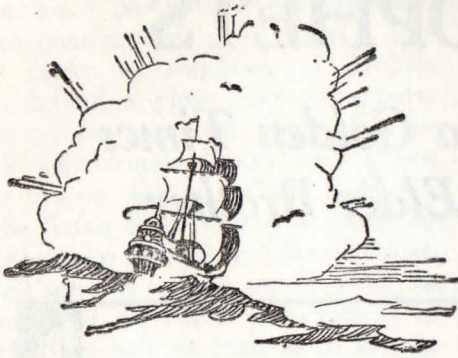
dence.

To read page after page of these mimeographed forebodings as a continual literary diet would make a shambles of intelligence and a rubbish heap of stammas. The whole human race is headed for the damnation bow-wows and there is no good anywhere that the Lord need give a tuppence worth of notice.

How do such people get that way?

Well, the whole 83rd Chapter of the GOLDEN SCRIPTS makes it fairly clear.

(Continued on Page 10)



"In Spirit and in Truth"

By Samuel Harden Stille

MINE is a Viking Heritage,
Blue eyed and fair—
A race born of the Arctic Seas.

I revived the blood of Europe—
Raised the Anglo-Saxon Standard.
I handed the pen to King John
As I reached for the headman's ax—
He signed the Magna Charta.

I sired the Pilgrims of Old England—
Led the Huguenots of France.
I frowned on despots
Ruling from ancient thrones—
I spurned their chains—
And steered my destiny
On a Westward course;
When the Mayflower sailed.

I feared neither wind nor tide
Nor the growl of an angry sea—
I knew my dream; I knew my men
As I sailed and sailed
By the light of stars
In search of a world
Where I could build anew.

Long ages passed it seemed,
Fears and doubts were purged
By nights and storms
Leaving naught but truth and hope—
Then out of the dark deep mists
God lifted a continent
Where I anchored my ship
And made her fast to Plymouth Rock.
There in the name of God and man,
I drafted the Mayflower Compact
Ere the Pilgrims went ashore.
I sowed great dreams on Virgin soil
And out of the woodlands grew
My colonial commonwealths
Dedicated to Liberty or Death.

I gave the sword to Washington—
Camped at Valley Forge.
Issued the Declaration of Independence—
Wrote the Constitution,
And the bill of rights—
Built a Court Supreme.

Wrote the Emancipation Proclamation.
Spoke at Gettysburg.

I drove covered wagons
And conquered the plains
As I conquered the sea.
I lifted the torch of science
To light the inventor's path;
I shaped the wheels of industrial life.
In my wake great cities grew—
And ere the world was aware
Built a Union of Federated States
United in a common cause,
A giant among nations.

I am a stranger to defeat—
I know no master; own no slaves
Brook no class hatreds—
Build no temples; write no creeds.
I am the Spirit of America.
I am Individualism—

Mine is a path of equality,
Where all are equal before God
And the law of the land—
Where souls and dreams
Grow and bear their fruit
Like a tree by a living stream.

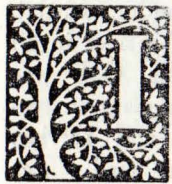
Under Old Glory,
My inspired symbol—
I am set to conquer new tyrants;
Derelicts adrift on seas of change.
Higher I lift my torch
To light a new order
Wide as earth.

Mine is the eagle's path,
And I spread my wings
For greater flights—
To unconquered heights—
With an eye that's fixed
On the Viking's star
That will shine
Until the end of time.

So may it be,
Great Lord our God,
So may it be.

THE COMMIE MENACE IN OUR ARMED FORCES

Second Installment of Senatorial Testimony of an Insufferable Condition in Our Military . .



IT WAS Senator Styles Bridges, Republican, of New Hampshire, who made the discovery in January of last year that Josef Stalin actually had his satraps in the official ranks of our United States Army—supposed to be warring on Communism—and brought it to the attention of the Senate. Never in the history of any country had so insufferable and treasonable a condition existed as winking an eye at stooges of the military enemy functioning as officials within an embattled army. Why would they be there excepting to transmit military secrets of operations promptly to the enemy?

And yet the newspapers of the nation gave Senator Bridges' protest almost no publicity and "selling the nation out to the Reds from within" went on with only a passing worried expression on the faces of policy makers.

Following is a continuation of the Bridges revelations begun in these pages last week, that Soulcrafters may appreciate the depths of infamy from which their country is permitted to suffer—

With this episode of the Army's records on subversives in the congressional background, the House Military Affairs Subcommittee went into its open hearings.

The first hearing on February 27, 1945, had as witnesses Assistant Secretary of War McCloy and Major General Bissell, Chief of Intelligence, United States Army.

Mr. McCloy submitted for the record both of the secret directives, that of February 5, 1944, and the one that displaced it on December 30, 1944. In the case of the February directive, one paragraph was excised.

After this Mr. McCloy proceeded to a discussion of the Army's policy. At great length he told of the difficulty of establishing the facts in the case of suspects and how it had finally been concluded that each case must be judged on its merits. Important also was the question as to whether or not it could be conclusively shown that the suspect did, in so many words, believe in the overthrow of the Government by violence.

"The Chairman. Then, if I understand you, if a man said he was a Communist, or if there was some evidence that he was affiliated with the so-called Communist Party, you would not necessarily hold that a man belongs to a political party that favors overthrow of our present form of government?"

"Mr. McCloy. We cannot take that position in the light of the great confusion that exists in the judicial tribunals of the country as to whether that is a tenet of the Communist Party or not."

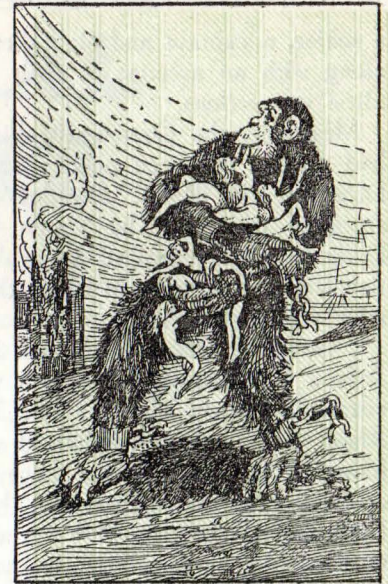
Again, on the same point:

"Mr. McCloy. If he said he believed in the overthrow of the United States Government by violence, then we would not commission him. If he said he was a Communist or a member of the Communist Party, we would weigh, with double strictness, the other factors to determine in the end whether or not he ought to be commissioned. That is what we tried to say in the December 30 letter."

To the question: "In this directive of December 30, 1944, you very clearly provide a person might be a member of the Communist Party and still be commissioned as an officer in the Army of the United States?"

Mr. McCloy replied: "Yes; that is so."

Upon the conclusion of Mr. McCloy's testimony, Major General Bissell appeared as a witness. He was asked this question:



"THE Chairman. As I understand you, there is not within your knowledge, any officer of the United States, no man now in the Army holding a commission who is a Communist?"

"Major General Bissell: That is correct."

Almost immediately after this hearing the Chicago Tribune published a dispatch from its Washington bureau, which was, in effect, a reply to the contention General Bissell made at the hearing.

The dispatch read as follows:

"Evidence was disclosed tonight which appeared to contradict the testimony yesterday of high War Department officials that no Communist has been given an Army commission.

"The names of 10 Army officers, about whose Communist connections there can be little question in the light of official records, have been obtained by the Tribune and turned over to a member of the House Military Affairs Subcommittee investigating the Army's recent directive permitting the commissioning of Communists.

"These names were obtained in a brief preliminary investigation which indicated the presence of a large group of Communists holding Army commissions. An Army intelligence officer estimated the number at 'at least 500.'

"The Communist Political Association, successor to the Communist Party, has boasted that it has more than 10,000 members in the military forces. Inquiry indicates that many of these hold highly confidential posts involving what the Army calls sensitive duties."

The dispatch then listed the names of

a major, a captain and eight lieutenants along with an account of their communistic connections.

Meantime, the Communists themselves had greeted the open publication of the December 30, 1944, directive with a shout of triumph. The March 4, 1945, *Daily Worker* published an exultant article by Earl Browder in which the Communist leader declared:

"Appearing before the House Military Affairs Subcommittee February 27, Assistant Secretary of War McCloy and Major General Bissell delivered a deadly blow to the ancient Red bogey. They confirmed the information that the Army has removed the rule, * * * that Communist opinions or affiliations should act as a bar to promotions in the Armed Forces, especially to officers' commissions and special services."

Ten days later, Representative Hugh DeLacy, of the State of Washington, a Congressman whose sympathies and affiliations were well known, introduced into the *Congressional Record* a "Statement in support of Army order regarding criteria for judging loyalty in granting commissions and in making other Army appointments, March 1945." This statement said:

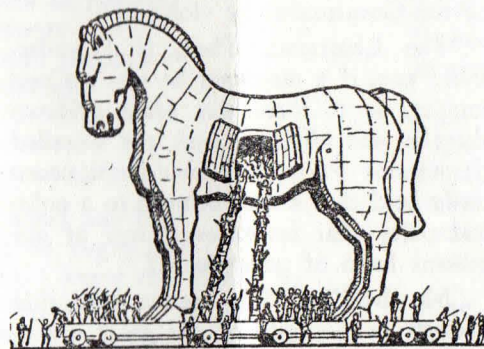
"With regard to the questions of rendering Communists and Communist sympathizers eligible for Army commissions, we support the War Department position as reported in the press that in granting commissions and making various other Army assignments the basic consideration is not the propriety of the individual's opinions; but his loyalty to the United States."

Many of the signers of the statement had publicly shown their loyalty to the Communist cause over a long period of time.

Among the signers were Paul Robeson, central figure of the Peekskill riot, who has just had his passport revoked. There was Frederick Myers, a member of the New York seaman's branch of the Communist Party. There was Howard Fast who has just finished (September 1, 1950) a prison sentence for contempt of Congress, and John Howard Lawson, who is in prison now for the same offense. Rockwell Kent, more recently president of the International Workers Order, was one of the signers, and so was Donald Ogden Stewart, toastmaster at Communist dinners. The list included

Grant Oakes of the United Farm and Metal Workers who was also a director of the Communist Abraham Lincoln School in Chicago. Another Communist-controlled labor boss was Julius Emspak who, a few weeks ago, in July 1950, was cited for contempt of the Senate. There were scores of other names.

On March 13, 1945, the House subcommittee held another open hearing and Major General Bissell returned as a witness. Since at the previous hearing he had replied in the affirmative to the statement that there was no one in the Army holding a commission who was a Communist, the subcommittee's attention was at once directed to this phase of the subject. The chairman read off the list of names which had already appeared in the *Chicago Tribune* and other papers. General Bissell was then asked to tell the committee what he knew about these men and their political affiliations.



"GENERAL Bissell. The allegations made against these 10 officers in the news stories were not new to the War Department. Except for a few statements, known by the Army to be unfounded, the press stories are, generally speaking, a rehash of information previously available. * * * All 10 officers were commissioned many months before the War Department's December 30, 1944, directive was issued so that it could have had no possible bearing on the action taken in these 10 cases. Seven of these 10 officers have been commissioned for more than 17 months."

In its March 1, 1945, dispatch, previously cited, the *Chicago Tribune* had not only listed 10 officers but had given with each name a considerable amount of associational detail. Lt. Irving Goff will serve as an example. The *Tribune's* dispatch said:

"Lt. Irving Goff, present assignment

unknown. He was a speaker at the Communist Workers' School in New York City in 1941 and the *Daily Worker* publicized his talk. He went on record in the official Communist daily as protesting against the imprisonment of Earl Browder, February 22, 1941."

General Bissell had this to say about Lieutenant Goff:

"Lt. Irving Goff voluntarily enlisted at Washington, D. C., on December 10, 1942, and sailed from the United States early in 1943. While serving overseas he was awarded the Good Conduct Medal. After more than 6 months' service in an active theater of operations, Goff was commissioned a second lieutenant in recognition of his abilities and service. While serving as a commissioned officer he received a commendation for meritorious service while an enlisted man for saving the life of a civilian at the risk of his own. On May 27, 1944, he was promoted to first lieutenant overseas."

Representative Elston questioned General Bissell about the names, of which Lieutenant Goff was one:

"Representative Elston. You seem to take serious exception to newspaper articles which have set forth the records of certain officers before they were commissioned. Is there anything in any of those newspapers articles that is untrue?"

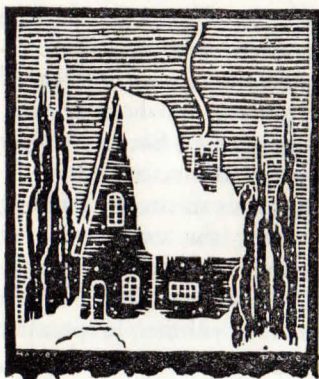
"General Bissell. Many of them were not true upon investigation."

"Representative Elston. Which were not true?"

"General Bissell. I would have to take it up item by item to do that, but these same allegations were made and had reached the War Department, and the War Department had investigated each one of them and found they were not based on fact, or, it did not establish disloyalty or did not prove that the individual advocated the overthrow of the Government of the United States. * * *

"I investigated all the allegations individually that were made in the press. I do not feel it is desirable or that you would wish to try these officers charge by charge, based on newspaper articles when they are not here to defend themselves. * * * I do not feel I should go into specific questions with regard to the individuals unless they are given an opportunity to defend themselves."

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK



SUPERNATURAL EXPERIENCES . .



THE HAUNTINGS in Calvados Castle in Normandy, slated to become in time the most celebrated in all of Europe during the past century, began toward the end of the year 1875 and kept on into 1876. Previous installments on this page have told how they started and what precautions the owner of the property took to make certain that no local pranksters contributed to their supernaturalities.

Occupying the castle premises with him at the time were his wife and son; his son's tutor, an abbe; a housemaid named Amelina; a coachman, and gardener. Meticulously, night upon night, during November and December, the owner set down in a diary all the weird manifestations his premises were generating.

"On Sunday, November 14th," the owner's account went on, "the Abbe's windows, though securely closed, were opened during Mass. He had locked his door and taken the key with him. No body could have gotten into his room. During Vespers, another of his windows opened. Barring or fastening them was useless.

"Then, inexplicably, throughout all of Monday and Monday night the premises were entirely normal. Not a rap or cry anywhere. Had the spirit or spirits decided to give up?

"At 2 o'clock in the morning of Tuesday the 23rd I was to learn how futile this hope was. I was awakened from a profound sleep by dismaying knocks in the passage and other noises right there in my room, but my sudden and painful awakening did not allow me time to find out their true nature.

"On going into my wife's room, however, we had cause for real dismay. Everything on her toilet table had been thrown into the most mischievous con-

fusion. Up to now, no serious damage to anything portable on the premises had been attempted, but we might almost have decided that the haunting entities were growing infuriated and meant to demonstrate their real potential malice toward us . .

"ON FRIDAY the day before Christmas, when all the domestic servants were at noon table, we were called up to the Abbe's room. Here now was damage of graver sort. His heavy bed had been upturned upon its side, the bedclothes and mattress spilled off, and when we started to right it, we discovered his writing-stand had first been shoved under it. It would have required two strong human beings to transport or lift these articles of furniture. We resettled the room and the Abbe locked it. He was absent during most of the afternoon but on going up around 6 o'clock, he discovered the confusion had been duplicated, only this time his writing-table had been piled atop the dismantled bed instead of buried beneath it."

The Abbe's room, it now appeared, was singled out for either mischievous or malicious manifestations, as though his presence in the house was particularly resented.

On Saturday, Christmas Day, at noon, when all the servants were downstairs at table, sudden pandemonium broke out in the prelate's quarters plainly heard by all below. Anxious to learn what new outrages were being perpetrated, the household staff went up, had the Abbe unlock his door, and beheld fresh vandalism. His heavy armchair had been levitated off the floor and perched upside down atop his desk. The couch was bottomsided up, and odd chairs were piled everywhere on tables and bed. In the evening, about 9 p. m., the distinct sounds as of a broom sweeping the second floor passage were audible, and as the owner and servants hurried up, the broom itself was just reposing itself in a corner, *no visible presence apparent*.

Nothing happened during Christmas night, but on returning from High Mass the next day—which was Sunday—the Abbe went up to his carefully locked room to report almost at once that the cushions of his couch had disappeared. This was the first time that articles had been removed from the premises and presaged graver disturbances. If the Invisibles could subtract soft cushions, what more valuable properties might they not appropriate?

(To Be Continued)

Farm Changes

(Continued from Page 2)

thing but the Democratic ticket, no matter what he sees happening to the nation in other respects because of its communistic subservience to United Nations.

The crisis comes when the Treasury is unable to raise the cash to meet all the commitments that a tax-happy Congress irresponsibly voted. Farmers, foreigners, veterans, investors and depositors will have to wait their turn in line as the Washington politicians—Republican or Democrat—strive to extricate themselves from one commitment after another. And in the background is a venomous lot of predatory aliens bethinking to step in with Communism as the solution when the American people actually feel the pinch of hunger because of inability to buy daily nourishment.

That's going to be the electric moment when The Christian Commonwealth must come into its own. Read the new Soulcraft book *There's Something Better* and you'll learn what the "something better" is.

August 20, 1953 may well be considered the deadline on the whole of it.

But forget for the present the work-gnarled, red-necked farmer of 1905 vaudeville. It's his New-Deal-raised boy going about his pappy's acres in a sport-shirt who must pay the shot for 20 years of fallacious economy.

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Eager Minds



SOONER or later visitors to Soulcraft Headquarters bring up this question for discussion—

"What is the perplexing factor in the Soulcraft Doctrine that makes people either embrace and espouse it instinctively and give it an allegiance that nothing appears to shake, or seals their minds tightly against it and even makes them bellicose when more intensive examination of it is suggested to them?"

Again and again chaplains have commented upon the discovery that given an audience of twenty-five new people, ten will find nothing in it that appeals to them, ten will prove themselves to be more generally combative—in a sense of argumentative—than antagonistic, while only five will return for more of its enlightenment, out of which possibly two will come to wear an earnestly shocked expression and cry, "This is the thing I've been looking for all my life!" These final two will become Soulcrafters "down to the bone" and their allegiance endure through decades of years.

Two out of twenty-five would seem to be a discouragingly low percentage of gain, meaning that two and a half thousand people seemingly must be combed to build up a chapel of two hundred persons.

However, let's look at the matter in a somewhat different light.

In the first place it's well to recognize that Soulcraft is *not* a new competitive religion, nor a sect, denomination, or cult soliciting new members. If this last

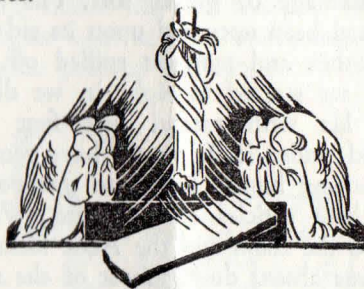
were the case, a great program of membership and church construction could be blueprinted and pursued, and evangelical conversion made a membership fetish.

Soulcraft represents a new theological Reformation of sacred doctrine generally;

It "points up" what is truth and what is error in man's Twentieth Century spiritual beliefs by the irrefutable logic in its expositions, and makes sense and substance of the situations men confront in mortal life;

It doesn't necessarily depend upon the dramatics of an outstanding personage's career to gain converts. Thus it eliminates emotionalism coming from adulations of some epochal character.

Acknowledging this clearly, therefore, sheds light on reactions from novice audiences.



The indifferent first ten in a new assembly of twenty-five prospects are wittingly or unwittingly "looking for something to join" that by the mere act of *joining* solves their material or physical quandaries and leaves little else to be done by them personally. Certainly they are not looking for anything that makes them think independently, or asks them to exert themselves and help the muddled world by first of all helping their own muddled selves;

The second ten are in mortal life under protest of some sort, in other words they resent being in it—or rather, they resent a condition within themselves that has made a return to earth-life necessary—and their combativeness is a subconscious ire that any doctrine has been confronted that assumes to find them out in their spiritual deficiencies or holds a mirror up to them so that they can identify themselves analytically;

The third five have intelligence, character, and constructive discernment, so Soulcraft makes articulate for them the great fundamental truths they have long recognized but have been confused and confounded by an unsympathetic

worldly environment. Two out of these five have their moral responsibilities developed to a point where they feel called to display a rigorous self-honesty and proclaim by allegiance to Soulcraft their uncontestable spiritual attainments.

The first ten are mentally indolent and morally evasive; the second ten are masqueraders and self-deceivers; the third five are souls who are back in life taking post-graduate courses in peculiar aspects of living and acknowledge it, whereas the ultimate two are more or less ready for permanent departure from the earth-plane, having gained to a general state of consciousness wherein no aspect of existence can unduly upset them.

Soulcraft isn't for the mental lazybones, because it requires grey matter to comprehend it. It isn't for the character-dissemblers, because nothing aside from the educative rigors of life itself is going to make moral stalwarts out of them. Soulcraft is for the final five who want their own experiences and convictions made articulate in order that they may weigh themselves with accuracy and face the query as to whether or not they're getting what they came into mortality to get.

Divine Providence has so composed the earth-scene that all become educated in the end whether they approve of being educated or not. And people classify what they are, or rather, *where* they are on the great celestial upgrade by their reactions and responses.

You want to know what a person's progressions are, spiritually?

Observe his reactions and responses to Soulcraft.

Healing



HICH brings up another vital point.

The complaint is a constant one from a peculiar segment of would-be Soulcrafters, "If Soulcraft would go in for healing, as say, Christian Science goes in for healing, it might become invincible. But it makes no open gesture to aid in the cure of bodily ills. Show me how I can get rid of my arthritis by taking up Soulcraft and I'll give it my unqualified support."

Here we have two propositions that call for careful discriminatory thinking.

In the first place, how can any stu-

dent of this irrefutable doctrine know whether it treats of Healing or not until he has gotten into it and mastered it? In the second place, of what worth is a doctrine that effects to make its field of operations a therapeutic area for souls whose physical abnormalities are the product of incorrect doctrines from the beginning?

The Soulcraft tenets advance the hypothesis that bodily disorder of any sort—barring falling off stepladders or plunging out of apple trees—is abnormality or subnormality. Nine out of ten people don't know why they're on earth and manifest no desire to learn. Ninety out of a hundred are suffering from a deficiency of vitamins, caused by the adulterated nature of commercialized foods. Their minds are completely out of gear and they expect a miracle worker to come along, lay omnipotent hands on them, and say "Arise and walk! . . . no matter whether you continue to carry a mind around that's out of gear or not." Their bodies are out of gear because they're not being properly sustained as to daily nourishment. To say, "Here's a doctrine that lays hands all over you and hoists you out of a sick bed in jig-time by reading forty-one pages," would not only be declaring a lie, but doing things for people they should be doing for themselves. To say, "Read Chapters 83 and 104 and you won't need a sufficiency of Vitamins B and E," would be another form of metaphysical fakery.

Taken by and large, as you find them across Great America, there is no run of the human family that suffers less physical distresses than Soulcrafters. But they make no fetish of it. They take it as the natural order of existence.

In two and one-half years there hasn't been a single case of illness among the workers at Soulcraft Headquarters. Such a record is exceptional.

Barring the deteriorations attendant on legitimate age, being ill is generally a matter of "wanting to be ill." True, the want is often buried deep in the subconscious. But it is there.

If you don't wish to be ill, *you need not be ill*, harsh as the recipe seems to the sentimentalists. Get upon what Soulcrafters call "the Christ Vibration" and along with intellectual harmony goes physical harmony.

An interesting case of "wanting to be

ill" came to Headquarters attention of a recent evening. A plump, energetic, personable Ohio lady who had been indefatigable in Liberation and Soulcraft work since 1934—even meeting her husband originally at a Liberation gathering—was suddenly seized with pernicious anemia. Her plumpness waned, her energy lessened until it almost disappeared and she couldn't rise from her bed, her personality became querulous and her body pain-racked. From 145 pounds, she went down to 97. Her physician told her he'd done all he could for her, and the "end" was only a matter of time.

The night the doctor thus pronounced her fate, her husband withdrew to his room, locked himself in, went down on his knees, and besought divine guidance. In a flash—having followed the proper formula—he arose from his knees and came from that bedroom with an altered expression.

Two things were wrong with his wife—

She was poisoning or starving herself to death by eating coal-tar products and processed foods;

She was in mental revolt at having to live in an apartment over a family that refused to maintain sanitary conditions and rid themselves of a colony of termite ants that came up in cohorts through the flooring and wouldn't be dislodged.

Deficient foodstuffs and a plague of ants!

In a debilitated state caused by malnutrition, the lady's mind was in revolt at the vermin infesting her kitchen and cupboards, so she "took time off" to indulge in pernicious anemia.

Without telling his wife what had been disclosed to him while at prayer—which had merely been putting himself into an opened mental condition so that invisible mentors could get through what they had to tell him—he first made an investigation of the market of "natural" foods and put his wife on a program containing proper vitamins. He sought out and purchased a small picture-book house on the edge of town where they could live by themselves and keep their premises as sanitary as they wished. Despite the expense and inconvenience of having to move the domicile while the Madame was next-door to death, the thing was done.

Milady began to improve overnight.

In three months she was up. Today she is her old vivacious self, energetic and



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magnetic, her anemia vanished wholly. And her doctor had given her up to die. What had been the truth of the situation?

In an improperly nourished body she was in mental rebellion at the slovenly habits of co-tenants, and would have ejected herself from life rather than go on enduring them. Where does Soulcraft fit such situation?

It fits just here: It was the Higher Enlightenment received through Soulcraft that compelled the husband to "withdraw into his closet" and pray in secret—in other words, credit openly that Invisible People did exist and actually stood ready to assist when they could obtain a clear channel.

Soulcraft itself didn't attempt to play doctor in this specific case. It gave the higher over-all therapeutics of following the proper technique to procure the counsel that effected the cure.

And generally speaking, that's why there's so little recommendation in the Soulcraft tenets respecting Health.

Credit the Higher Powers operating Behind Life and you don't remain long ailing.

Debatable Prophets

(Continued from Page 3)

The 6th verse says specifically, "Prophets are of two kinds: those who prophesy concerning the world because they have a humor that the world hath done poorly by them, therefore do they offer woes; and those who prophesy that their Lord reigneth and it is He who sendeth them."

ONE OF the most inspiring things about the entire 257 chapters that compose the GOLDEN SCRIPTS, is their healthy, wholesome, inspirational reassurances from the Great Teacher and Master Prophet Himself, that by no means is universal extinction the near-fate of the human species, and that just because great groups of recalcitrant Luciferian spirits have come into the earth's aura and incarnated to act as current satraps of the One-Worlders, by no means does it follow that the Lord is deciding to burn down the whole mundane house to get rid of some Things that presently will try rushing back into the woodwork.

The Great Teacher indirectly says what Shakespeare once put in the mouth of a dramatic character—

"A pox on the whole of it!"

True prophets foretell the high, wonderful, beautiful things that are due to actualize on earth—and they would seem to be plenty. But do you find the modern soothsayers of calamity prying into these?

They haven't one idea in their nogginns about the high, wonderful, beautiful things that are due to actualize on earth, because it means *work* to buckle down and learn of them. Furthermore, it goes against their temperaments. To be "holy" is to be austere, they think. To be prophetic is to see burglars under every bed and six-legged things in every sugar-bowl. Now come the atom bomb and the flying saucers. One spokesman for God has turned up the "flying roll" in the 5th Chapter of Zechariah and says it's what the radars picked up the other morning over Washington, D. C. and likewise the "ephah" of prophecy. An ephah is a Hebrew dry measure equal to little more than a bushel. This ephah, by some miracle of twisting words, spells a major part of the universal destruction.

The queerest part of all these prophets who get direct word from the Deity on all these matters, is the fact that the Deity never lets them in on the scientific or racial reasons for these many phenomena.

Nowhere are the machinations of the world power-bloc transmitted in any detail. By no recourse to moral intelligence does it dawn on these God-spokemen that maybe the flying saucers and their diminutive operatives are coming into the offing to *help* the Prince of Peace bring in the Kingdom.

No, they must all be enemies, and promoters of the "woes" . .

They want woe, these Calamity Utterers, and they're going to have woe, and anyone who challenges them is a "disbeliever" and headed himself for the bottomless pit.

Aren't they going to be surprised if, looking back a hundred years hence, their programs of calamity have utterly failed to come off?

Aren't they due to be outraged by the perfidy of Divinity if the Prince of Peace comes in and takes charge without any serious atom bomb war or very much worse happenings than a few major earthquakes caused by geologic pressures on the earth's crust which any seismographer could expound in a matter of

twenty minutes?

What if karmic readjustment arrives from national or international violations of grammar-school economic laws, creating situations where those responsible for the commercial shambles have to get out in the night, toting suit cases with neckties dragging?

THE TROUBLE with these God-spokesmen is, they've never had opportunity to learn through G-2 or Secret Service training that it's only a little handful of marplots who've kicked all this cosmic dust in the eyes of earnest and unselfish humanity. They attribute to the whole human race, dire sins and shortcomings that are little more than natural reactions to malevolent conditions on the parts of poignantly ignorant people.

People generally *aren't* wicked and unregenerate.

If the average man seems selfish in "getting his while the getting is good" it's only to seize what he can for dependents whom he loves, and whose welfare is Interest Number One in his life.

People in general are striving to do the best they can with odds against them that they can't handle. They look to the wise to do the things that they in their ignorance can't do for themselves.

And the wise have an obligation to supply it.

What other excuse, pray, have they for being on earth and repositories of such wisdom?

You want to know how great evils are cured? Well, the Chicago conventions illustrate the process. For generations common voting men have respected and revered the institution of the nominating convention. Along came inventors and perfected television. Along came wise alecks and set them up in the balconies of those convention halls. Suddenly every voter in the public domain found himself an attendant at those Chicago proceedings.

"Is *that* what goes on!" most exclaimed in dismay.

Shocked and disillusioned, they went forth with vague looks in their eyes and wondered for the first time what lay ahead for the country.

But such things have been going on for generations and the country has managed to survive them. It's simply that the average voter hasn't known about them.

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Now when he learns, he thinks calamity is imminent.

Millions will probably stay away from the polls this coming November, seeing neither necessity nor responsibility at voting for one of two men committed by the jackanape methods that went on in Chicago to the same international program.

In a new order of society coming after economic collapse, the nominating convention will be abolished.

The invention of television will largely have been responsible.

However, the prophets of doom would far rather see God Almighty hurl thunderbolts on the roof of the convention

(Continued on Page 14)

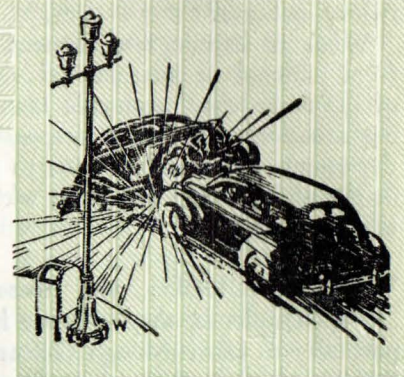
... COGITATIONS

IDON'T like to brag and I'm knocking on wood, but just to show that the thing can be done, I've driven over a million miles in this man's country since 1917 and never had a motorcar accident. Maybe I've got a specially capable guardian angel. Maybe I'm just lucky—although thirty-six years behind a motorcar wheel is a long time for one's luck to hold out. But in all the car messes in which I've participated, some other person has been at the wheel. I did have a flivver run away with me once while standing in front of it, after I'd cranked it. But that could scarcely be called a driving mishap. Once in early morning down in southern Virginia, it was a tragedy that a hound dawg came running out a gate, skidded, went under my wheels and was never the same dawg afterward; in fact he never was a dawg afterward by any standard. Then again, driving slowly along a Washington, D. C. street in 1938 sunset, a little colored boy came running diagonally toward me with head turned backward, watching companions whom he was daring to chase him. I saw we were due to contact and stopped. He didn't see me stopped and kept on coming. He struck my left fender so hard that he bounced back into the car tracks. But I had witnesses that *he'd* run into *me*—which somehow fell in the category with man biting dog. Those are the only three incidents where anything unhallowed happened while the car was within my personal jurisdiction. No, all the mishaps that have Come Suddenly when I've been carried over the ground by reason of a gas engine under the hood, have happened when I've been passenger in the right-hand front seat. And the queerest of these happened down in Alabama . . .

o—o

IT WAS in 1934 when I had Silver Ranger Headquarters in Oklahoma City. It fell within the order of personal business that I get across to Asheville, N. C. chop-chop. My own car was in the repair shop. My private plane was in California. Trains between Oklahoma City and North Carolina meant detour-

ing around by Chicago. I had to have a car and have it in a hurry. Chap by the name of Moon—or something like it—said he had a car that wasn't being used, and nothing would please him more than chauffeuring me to Asheville. How quick could he leave? Twenty minutes, sez he. This was a man after my own heart. I said for him to get his machine and pick me up as soon as I had my bag packed. I packed with both hands and feet, used shears to clip off dangling neckties, and reached the curbing as Moon turned the corner. I took a long look and gulped. Was this a car? It ran on four wheels and had a name-plate on the radiator that said *Hupmobile*. Are you old enough to remember a Hup? I'm old enough to remember a whole flock of Hups, if they remotely resembled the mechanical freak this fellow was steering. It had two seats, with leather cushions, springs poking through both. Its windshield held three glass spider-webs caused by boys throwing baseballs at it, or faster cars popping trap-rock at it disdainfully in passing. It had a collapsible top—after the fashion of yesteryear's "touring cars"—with several slits, as though angels equipped with bowie-knives had flown on the same highroads and cut it at random to check on who was riding thereunder. As we left Oklahoma City and headed for Tulsa, Moon "opened 'er up" to a sickening 37 miles per hour. And do you know what I saw happen with mine own eyes? I saw the sides of the hood lift to right and left like the wings of a plane as the wind got under 'em. Up they came levelly, having no lag-hooks to hold them down. And every bolt in that whole motorcar was loose and told the world about it. Some motorists, I soon perceived, heard us coming and either turned off on detours or pulled onto greensward and stopped dead till we passed. It was exactly 1,000 miles by speedometer, across to Asheville—if Moon's Hup had had a speedometer—which it didn't. Moon's Hup had been built originally with a speedometer, but like many other features of Moon's Hup, it had rattled loose and been lost off. Moon never



stopped and went back for items that rattled loose and were lost off. As a matter of fact, Moon's Hup made so much noise, churning up to 37 mph that he could have lost off his differential and never been aware of it. I wasn't so sure it hadn't long-since happened. And the lug actually thought he had a Car. I could tell the proud way that he stepped on the gas and hang the expense. We stopped for radiator water every ten miles, for a blow-out every twenty, and for gas every fifty. I may have taken faster, noisier and costlier trips in a mechanical contrivance in my time, but Moon was having a grand motorbust, charging me nothing for the use of the crate, and who was I to knock the poor goop's altruism? Before we'd reached Fort Smith, everything about me was as loose as the bolts on Moon's Hup. We'd killed several chickens, and run over a goose—that had too much grit in its carcass to go back and salvage it for eating purposes, granted I'd been in a mood to pick off feathers and fry it for lunch—tangled with a farmer's wagon hauled by mules, and skidded so many times that I decided Moon did it because he liked the sensation. Here was a crate that probably had been driven off a wrecking lot, and I'd drawn it for a ride of a thousand miles. If Moon had ever taken it to Hollywood, he couldn't have sold it to Mack Sennett. And the third day we got into Alabama and started up a long grade to a hilltop at the blood-freezing speed of 45 an hour . . .

o—o

THAT'S when my accident happened.

Moon was a grim, lanky fellow who had a mannerism of traveling with elbows high on either side like his hood-flaps. He gripped that wheel like a Russian spy gripping a briefcase stuffed with

atom bomb secrets, hoping to get them to Moscow before it rained. Forty-five miles an hour he'd raced that mechanical junk yard to get momentum up that grade. And half-way up he began to spin the steering-wheel 'round and 'round without that Hup responding. "Hey, what's the matter with this thing?" he asked me, puzzled. I could have told him what was the matter with this thing but forebore—he was riding me gratis, I say, out of the kindness of his heart. But when I saw that steering wheel spin like a dishpan in a current in flood-time, I knew it was only a matter of seconds before we were due to take our last skid. The moron's steering-gear had broken and he was asking me questions. Do you think it occurred to him to stop the car? I doubt if his brakes had worked once, anyway, in the past four years. We were rushing up a grade at 45 per hour, the last semblance of control departed, and a five-foot ditch on either side of us. I inflated my lungs to yell at him but never made it. *Crash!—crash!—crash!*—sounded all about us. Glass shattered, cushions flew through space, tools hit me in the back, and Moon came down on top of me from the left-hand seat where the whole exhibit had somersaulted. We'd stopped, fortunately, with two wheels spinning, like the steering-wheel which Moon continued to grip. "I guess we had an accident," he remarked in some astonishment.

o—o

I SPAT out pieces of the carburetor, felt something warmly liquid ooze down my leg and hoped it was only gasoline, and made sounds to Moon to get off me so I could remove the corner of my suitcase from my right eye. He was sitting on my left hip with a dazed look, marveling at what he was holding, and that his "beautiful Hup" was bottom-side-up. "You guess you've had one!" I gurgled . . . "Oh, oh, oh!" he groaned, it'll cost me all of twenty dollars to get this car fixed so it'll ever run again as beautifully as she was taking this hill." "Listen," I said, "please hold your feet still, because it's my personal face they are in. Also be advised that I'm stopping the trip to Asheville, right here and now, because I've had enough. You're a dear fellow and your heart's in the right place, but just at the moment I could travel to Asheville dangling head-downward with my feet caught in the guy-ropes of



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SOULCRAFT CHAPELS

Noblesville, Indiana

a hot-air balloon and feel a lot safer." I hit him with the tire jack and he made to extricate himself by climbing through one of the slits made by an angel with a bowie-knife in a top that was now all slits. I squirmed free from a couple of tire-chains with last year's mud in them, fished my suitcase out of the general dilapidation, and got up to the road crawling on all fours. A Ford was coming up the hill from the south and I meant to flag it down and be taken to the first

railroad station if it meant detouring by way of Winnipeg to reach Asheville. Moon had gotten out and was walking around and around that junk pile, still gripping that steering-rim with both hands. I flagged down the Ford, in which sat a sympathetic adult in a hunting costume, explained what had happened, that there had been no casualties, and could he get me in to Scottsville to catch the 5 p. m. train northeastward. "Sho, sho," he assented, in the warmhearted hospi-



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talities of the South . . . I tossed Moon a \$20 note, which he estimated would repair his feelings if not his Hup, and the Ford went into "high" . . .

WE HAD reached the top of the hill and the long down-grade showed on the northern side. Again I was the Innocent Hitch-Hiker sitting in the right-hand seat. "Accidensh will happen," consoled my new-found friend, "but me, Ah jush doan have 'em. Yo' wash me get yo' to the 5 o'clock train." I looked closer at my new chauffeur in the hunting cap. His eye held a daze that was worse than Moon's when the steering-gear had turned freely in his grasp. Had I possessed a sense of smell, which I told last week about losing, I would have attested that he reeked of Alabama corn. I looked at the back seat of the Ford. The back held a mournful-eyed hunting dawg and a shotgun—probably loaded. Moon had been given to a certain recklessness in driving, but this hunter was plastered. "Listen," I chattered—having had almost enough for one day—"down at the bottom of the hill I see an underpass. Unless my eyes deceive me, the road narrows to go into it and the walls are cement." My hunter-friend sho-shoed me as formerly. "Yo' jush wa'sh me make it, neat ash a button!" He was stepping on the accelerator to negotiate that downhill stretch. "But, gosh-all-mighty, man," I wailed, "suppose there's a car starts through that culvert from the opposite side!" . . . "Think nuthin' of it," he assured me, "sh-speed we're goin', we'll knock 'em through it backward." Such was his psychology. I'd climbed that grade with a nut. I was hurtling down the opposite side with a drunk. And we certainly hurtled to get down that grade. All four wheels of the flivver came off the ground. We only hit roadway to bounce. I could finally see through that culvert, and sure enough there was a car approaching on the opposite side. I shut my eyes, prayed, and was sure I'd meant to be killed in Moon's Hup, but having escaped, this Ford was seeing the job was done totally. But the crash never came. My intoxicated Samaritan never dented a hub-cap going through that one-car culvert and the car on the opposite side had halted to give it right of way . . . Hunter Man pulled up alongside the 5 o'clock train that would get me in Morrisville at 8 p. m., and

sprawled flat on his face, insisting he carry my bag aboard the Pullman. I got into Asheville at 9 that night—to find a telegram waiting me there from Moon. "HAVE DISCOVERED WHAT MADE STEERING-GEAR GO WACKY," he confided to me via Western Union at twelve cents the word, "BALED-HAY WIRE AROUND STEERING-KNUCKLE HAD RUSTED AND BROKEN." . . . For a week thereafter I aroused in dank perspiration from nightmares at what might have happened had that loaded shotgun gone off in the back of that Ford. Don't tell me there aren't such parties as Guardian Angels. I know because I've kept my own so busy . . .

—THE RECORDER

Debatable Prophets

(Continued from Page 2)

hall and cook all delegates to a worse crisp than the July weather sought to do, had it not been for air conditioning . . .

THE REASON why Soulcraft is discovered to be different from any other agenda of spiritual tenets offered the human race to date, is this selfsame aversion to continual howls of calamity.

The Prince of Peace says this is His planet, and His world, and His great free Republic on the North American continent. He's tolerant of these childish mischief-makers, just as He's tolerant of the antics of the wilted delegates at the nominating conventions. But His plans for wholesale reconstruction don't seem to include agents with satanic packs on their backs, going to and fro in society and blasting down malicious individuals like an Army flame-thrower cleaning out a nest of Japs on Okinawa. However, that's what the prophetic God-spokesmen would do if they had their way, because of their own moral and intellectual little-ness. It's in them to do it temperamentally, so they don't have much trouble mimeographing it and sending it out in bales.

Oh well!

The Soulcraft tenets come to humanity and say, "Stop sobbing your hearts out in terror and concernment, you good people, and see this Prince of Peace for what and whom He is. He's your Friend and Helper and Counsellor. If He declares that no such frightful things are in prospect as the Calamity Howlers proclaim, why not credit that He knows

sacred clairvoyance far better than they, "whom the world hath done poorly by"?

A definite program of regeneration of all the nations is just around the corner, but all the trash and clutter of archaic and erroneous things must be cleared reasonably aside before it can become established. For one thing, our present economic system, based on the prevalent sufficiencies of gold as a metal, has got to go into such a jamb that humanity's willing to listen to a more equitable and sensible method for transacting our affairs by the cooperative program.. It never could accrue in ten thousand years so long as the economic system based on gold continued any semblance of working successfully. People are too deeply grooved in tradition—and who can blame them for that? So sensible and courageous Christ People should welcome the economic crack, and let it demonstrate to the power-bloc's satraps how little they know about the forces they're manipulating, or trying to manipulate.

After all, sooner or later it's the big courageous master-souls who *know how* to whom the power to direct affairs must eventually come, by the very extremity of the circumstances. And they can't function until the situation grows so bad that all rivals are proven and rejected as incompetent.

As for the whole human race perishing in forthcoming cataclysms, how about the fact that 150 years hence there won't be one single human being on the globe's face who won't have perished physically?

What's the difference between perishing en masse or perishing one at a time—if all perish in the end?

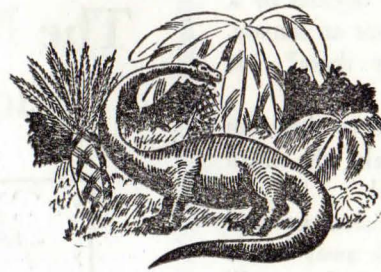
Why not develop a saving sense of humor—the lubricant of Divine Love—and grow more wholesome-minded and individually valiant?

People who insist that God is the old, grouchy, Hebrew Jehovah, going to and fro with a stuffed club held behind Him, looking for mortal recalcitrants to belabor, may be rendered speechless if they make the discovery that maybe God is better represented as a young man in the full bloom of high youth, with a sun-star for a jewel in the middle of His forehead.

And He may be forty times more compassionate and understanding of poor mortal frailties than ever was the Elder Brother.

Isn't it, in the last, more or less in one's personal viewpoint?

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T h e P A Y O F F

A NUMBER of visitors were being shown about an insane asylum by a guard. The guard pointed out an inmate. "You see that man over there? He thinks he's the Lord."

One of the visitors decided to check on this. "Did you actually make the earth in seven days?" he inquired.

The inmate looked the visitor up and down. As he started to walk away he explained, "I'm not in the mood to talk shop."

"GET READY to die," declared the burglar. "I'm going to shoot you."

"Why do you think it's necessary?" the householder asked.

"I always said that when I found a man who looked like myself, I'd shoot him dead."

"Do I look like you?"

"You certainly do."

"Shoot!"

THE WILD-EYED man reported, "Doctor, I'm horribly afflicted. The ghosts of my dead ancestors perch on top of the fence-posts all around my garden after dusk falls each evening. I can look from my window and count at least a dozen sitting there, waiting, waiting, waiting. What *can* I do about it?"

"If I were you," the doctor advised, "I'd sharpen the tops of the posts."

THE GIRL student was trying to freeze out the young man who wanted to marry her. She said—

"Circumstances compel me to decline a marital alliance with a man of so little pecuniary resource."

He stammered, "I don't get you."

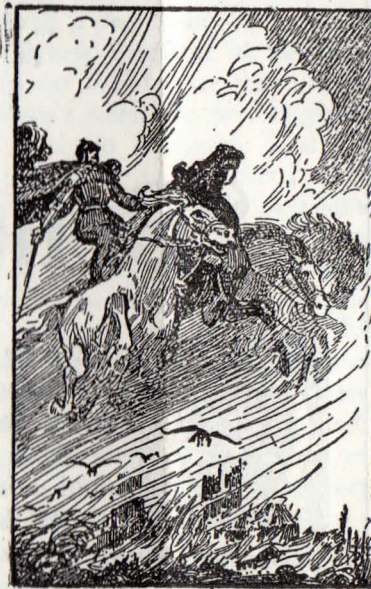
"That's just what I'm telling you," she retorted.

LITTLE Johnnie, in the country for the first time, saw the milking of a cow.

Now you know where the milk comes from," the farmer's wife remarked.

"Sure," said Johnnie. "You feed her breakfast food and water, then drain her crank-case."

The New Autumn Program of Electronic Broadcasts of Soulcraft



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of the
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Attend or Start a Chapel

THE FOND wife asked, "How did your speech go over, Henry dearest?"

"Terrible," he groaned. "It sounded like a caterpillar in felt slippers romping across a Persian rug."

THE CALLER said, "Good morning, Mrs. Smith. I'm from the gas company. I understand there's something in the house that won't work."

"Right, he's upstairs."

THE YOUNG bride said to the mar-ketman, "I want to buy some oysters."

He asked, "Large or small, madam?" Faced with an unexpected decision the bride hesitated a moment.

"Well," she reasoned, "they're for a man with a size 15 collar."

NEXT to being shot at and missed, nothing is quite as satisfying as an income tax refund.