

Valor

The Golden Times Weekly . .

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

Volume III

Noblesville, Indiana, Saturday, September 20, 1952

Number 21

FOR THE TRUTH LET US BE GRATEFUL . .



AS the situation is throughout the earth, little by little the truth concerning it comes out. It's nowhere so fearsome as it's painted.

To show what a program of chicanery and fraud is being perpetrated on us as Americans, let alone by whom, let's review the steel strike of recent settlement.

Strange that during that strike, little word was given out by the Washington Crowd as to how phony the Russian threat was. Since the labor boys were putting more squeeze on the politicians than the Kremlin, the Marxist menace got a welcome respite. But once the settlement was reached, we were in another crisis—or mighty close to it. There had been a loss of 18 million tons of steel from the labor controversy and shutdown, which the Big Brass said would take eight months to make up.

That loss of 18 million tons seems a costly and dangerous business to the Man in the Street, but nobody commented on the fact that just prior to the calling of the strike the steel dealers of the nation had found business

so poor that they had stockpiled 15 million tons for which there was no demand, despite the armament program and gift-shipments abroad. To listen to the statements given out by Washington, one would assume that the ending

of the strike came luckily because warehouses were bare-floored of steel. Actually, the research of the various economic bureaus shows that there were 400,000 tons on hand for which there was still no call.

400,000 tons is an impressive pile of tempered iron.

Truth to tell, the strike came as a godsend to most of the steel industry, stuck with inventories that couldn't be moved . .

HAS ANYONE ever given you the cold facts about the American nation's capacity to produce steel? Listen—

At the beginning of World War II, that is, 1939, the rated steel production of this nation was 52,800,000 tons a year. By the time the Korean War was made to start, so we could have another armament program to keep the United States in prosperity, this had been increased by new construction to 100,563,000 tons a year.

By the end of this year 1952 the rated capacity is expected to be 117 million tons, and 120 million tons by the close of the coming June!

(Over)

What's so tragic about the loss of 18 million tons of steel in the totalitarian Phil Murray strike of a few weeks ago, when the industry can still produce 99 million tons, with no wholesale buyers but the government? The motorcar industry? Demand for cars is so sparse that Detroit is working on half-time. Nobody's got the ready cash to buy the high-priced buggies with the flashy chromium fronts. Auto dealers from coast to coast aren't sleeping so well in nights of the present.

And yet the steel industry was persuaded by Washington to increase its plant investment for construction last year by \$3 billion, 400 million. And this at a time when the steel companies of Germany and the continent are going begging for export orders, but couldn't get business because ready American money has been garnered by the tax-politicians and been blown up in smoke. This year the Germans alone will produce the sizable amount of 16 million tons of steel.

As a matter of cold fact, the United States is so overbuilt for the making of steel that it can have nearly a hundred millions tons left over for domestic purposes, after all military purposes are met, including the consumption of shells for the Korean War.

The steel industry hasn't even been nicked by the lost production in the strike. Any "losses" it may have suffered can be caught up in less than a month.

No, the nation isn't running any particular military distress because Philip Murray made things easier for the steel companies . . .

LITTLE by little the truth about Russia is coming out.

In the editorial column this week, VALOR prints a statement by Carlton S. Proctor, president of American Society of Civil Engineers, to the effect that he has reason to doubt that Russia has ever perfected any sort of atom bomb at all—that if any atom explosions came off in the Soviet, they were mishaps while the Reds were experimenting with uranium. And he's president of a society numbering 30,000 and worked in Russia in 1930 on the big Leningrad Dam.

The major question before every American today is whether Russia is strong or weak? The major question before the Washington Politicos is whether they can persuade Americans that the Soviets have everything and we have nothing, so as to

continue the armament program for prosperity purposes until after Election. It's noticeable that whenever another European country runs out of money, it revives the threat of Communism and a strong Russia threatening to overrun them if we don't ship them a new boat-load of dollars.

Now just how strong is Russia?

With the exception of the MIG jet plane, which is a steal on the English make, practically every so-called powerful military thing the Russians are supposed to possess has been seen by exactly nobody.



Recall that at the beginning of the Korean War, Naval people stated that the Russians "probably" had 200 new-type, long-range submarines. Where they built these, lacking harbor waters on a warm-weather front, nobody stopped to ask. It was given out that these new Soviet marvels surpassed even the last types of German submarines. The week of August 9th the Admiral who had been in charge of the Nazi submarine fleet at the end of the war, said all this was a joke and a hoax. But even if it weren't, the American and British navies now have effective ways of locating submarines under water and giving them the business so that submarines are more or less washed up in any war for a long time to come.

On August 4th the Associated Press sent out a despatch, relating an interview with a Russian soldier who had just made his escape into the western zone of Germany. This disillusioned individual gave the following facts—

"During his years in the Soviet Army after World War II, little consideration or care was ever shown for his welfare and there were no pleasures whatsoever in his life.

"The report quoted him as painting a picture of troops underfed, lacking ade-

quate medical attention, and occupied from early morning until late at night, with little chance to see anything of the world about them.

"This Ukranian, captured by the Germans during the war, had been in forced labor in Germany, been liberated by the American troops, and then joined the Soviet army. His postwar military service had been in the Soviet Zone of Germany. His report said that on Sunday, supposedly 'free days', the Soviet soldier had a full schedule of activities, including work and compulsory sports. The main object of the intensive daily schedule is to keep him completely occupied, leaving no time to think what goes on outside his camp. *The authorities are afraid the soldier will see the better life of the Germans and that he will tell the Germans of the miserable life in the Soviet Union.*"

Is this rebellious and disgusted type of individual the soldier that the Washington authorities would have us believe is in a position to stalk across Europe and destroy the balance of power of the whole world?

Our own intelligence reports have consistently said that Stalin will never dare allow his Red Army to leave Russia, for if he should do so he would only lose it and face an internal revolution with nothing to protect him.

AND NOW comes no less a personage than General Eisenhower himself, late leader of the NATO cohorts in Europe, and strips the mummery off the European armament program by telling the American Legionnaires in New York, the week of August 23rd, that World War III is *not* just around the corner and that Russia has absolutely no intention of starting a war which she knows she can't win. "Uncle Joe" is too cagey a customer to "stick his neck out," according to commentators on the Eisenhower announcement, and gamble on anything as remote as Russia's potential for victory in the present condition of the world's affairs. It seems that a little rationalizing is being done with respect to the type of thinking which has been so voluble in Washington and which has been pumped at the American people in such an hysterical torrent. But what a callous and cynical reversal of the Soviet-fear that had been built up to reach its zenith at the height of the Berlin airlift.

(Continued on Page 15)

Do We Stand on the Cusp of Major World Alterations? . .

NONE THING the malodorous world-planners can't take into calculation is the possibility of God Almighty interfering in affairs of earth by either slow or precipitous alteration in features of terrain. In other words, Nature which seems to conduct the life of earth in such an orderly manner, may be motivated by influences the illiterate layman too little credits to make basic changes in the set-up of the earthly oceans and continents. And that may effect changes in the international lineup.

There is no doubt but that something is afoot on the floor of the Pacific Ocean. The current newspapers are publishing wirephotos of the newest volcano which has become active on San Benedicto Island, 780 miles south of San Diego, Cal. Smoke clouds are puffing up to a stupendous height every 20 minutes. Whether the sudden activity of this new volcano is indirectly responsible for the program of California earthquakes now current, is problematical but not unreasonable.

Furthermore, it is noticeable that the Gulf Stream is altering its course in the Atlantic and the heat zone moving steadily northward.

ALL over the world this past month, reports indicate that abnormal weather played an important part in commodity markets, in retail sales, and in social conditions. In New York City so far this year there has been an excessive temperature of 8.25 degrees above normal already. Many parts of the United States have been declared "disaster areas" because of excessive heat and the lack of rainfall burning up crops. In a large part of Europe, a similar situation

exists, particularly in reference to feed crops for cattle. In France the efforts of the Pinay Government to bring down prices have been more than offset by Nature burning up crops. The same situation maintains throughout the Balkans and the great Ukranian area of Russia.

What is the cause—not to mention the meaning—of such fundamental happenings? Is it just a climatic movement that will end this year, is it due to the weight of the growth of the Antarctic ice cap, is it electronic disturbances in the earth's atmosphere caused by the detonation of atom bombs, or is it part of a known program of alterations foretold of old as occurring in the Times of the End?

One thing we know positively, that the heat zone of the world is moving northwards and will continue to do so for

many years to come. As this heat belt climbs toward the Arctic, it has powerful effects on agriculture, fishing, industry and even basic political changes. The warm streams of the Atlantic are moving faster and farther northward each year and revolutionizing marine life.

Take Greenland as example. Cod fishing in Greenland was practically unheard of, not so long ago. Today, the movement of the heat zone is multiplying cod-fish catches in Greenland by leaps and bounds. On the other hand, in areas like our southeast seacoast, the seas surrounding England and Newfoundland, the fish catches are declining steadily. Dr. Hickey of the University of Wisconsin finds that several animals which in the past have had a breeding range from Iowa to New Jersey have extended that breeding range a hundred miles into Canada. *The*




world's glaciers are all melting fast and soon will all be converted into water to add to the volume of the Northern oceans.

What the average layman doesn't know is, that practically no new snow or ice is manufactured at the North Pole. Apparently both were created in result of the fall of the last vestiges of the Great Water Canopy that once covered the earth, of greatest volume over the Equator. Archaeologists as well as geologists tell us that in the Beginning, the earth-day was only three hours in length, meaning that the earth as a globe spun three to four times as fast as at its present rate of 1,000 miles an hour eastward. This resulted in tremendous centrifugal force being exerted on everything not attached to its surface, particularly liquids. Just as a fast-moving carriage wheel throws water away from it, so the earth-ball threw the oceans away from it to a point of balance in Space, creating the famous water-canopy which early man in Miocene times found himself living beneath. Genesis tells us that in the first edenic days "a mist went up and watered the ground." No rain fell. Human creatures would perforce have gone naked because of the insufferably moist hot-house condition. Then as the earth slowed down perceptibly—something like a tenth of a second every hundred years, the days grew longer but the centrifugal force of the spin decreased. No longer could this vast amount of liquid in the sky remain suspended and it sheered off in volume toward the poles. At just the right moment when it had moved far enough north and south so that suspension could not be maintained, it crashed earthward. Being furtherest removed from the heat of the sun—because of the globe's tilt—it proceeded to freeze and give the world its succeeding glacial ages.

Now the earth has slowed down to a point where nothing but lighter-than-air clouds float in the sky and the water-canopy has gone completely. But we're approaching the aftermath of all of it by the glaciers and polar cap melting in the Northern Hemisphere, while it increases—again because of the earth's peculiar tilt—in the Southern Hemisphere. This is bound to result in an ultimate alteration in the axis of the earth.

UNHAPPILY this upward trend in temperature is accompanied by a drop in rain precipitation. New Yorkers

Golden Wedding



O NOW we stand upon this sunset crest,
 To taste the golden fruitage on Love's Tree,
 Folk say, "She's looking spry today. Well, well!"
 Pray what are gasps at Beauty's fades to me?
 Are we sweet beggars crouched in ragged clay
 That we must gauge our troth by crinkled brow?
 Do we not feel our childhoods' thrill at morn,
 As keen as any dawnbreak in the Now?

When has the change come, dear, since once we paused
 In freighted youth on long-lost country walk,
 To sit in grass of greener years, breeze swept,
 And marvel that an ant ran up a stalk?
 Is not the robin's call at sunset, clear
 As any note that childhood's ear might mark?
 Is not our world the same, its fond skies blue,
 Our winter's snow as hushed in evening's dark?

Is not all food as friendly to our taste,
 All spring smoke sweet in scent on April night?
 Is not our love of June made richer yet by Time
 When mellowed by the burns of autumn's light?
 Men say, "They're growing old!" What jest to spring
 That age is other than mere bend of spine.
 I am the lad who loved you once, made rich
 By what Life's memories show me now was mine.

What then has changed but much-worked sinew lean,
 That still finds daylight's tasks a thrill to do?
 Or rather, has the change not subtler been
 That my heart's love is richer now for you?
 We go down autumn glades, 'neath scarlet leaves
 To where the haze of years fades off in mist,
 So has our journey run, 'twixt all Fair Hills,
 Past blurred . . . 'Twas all a Lovers' Tryst!

who have suburban homes are particularly aware of this. One hundred miles off Long Island the fish population is practically disappearing. Across the great American middlewest, farmers are discovering that only farms with artificial irrigation hold possibilities of prosperity.

Montreal, in the 1880's, expected a total snowfall of at least 130 inches, for

as the snowfall goes so goes the rain precipitation in the summer. Now the Montreal expectation of total snowfall is only 80 inches. One of the great beneficiaries of this northern movement of the heat zone is Canada, which in previous periods had remained frozen in its middle North throughout a large part of the

(Continued on Page 10)

Do You React by Instinct When People Need Help?



MORE reams of blah, balderdash, and blither, have been written about Helping the Other Fellow than upon any other subject that concerns human life. The arguments for Helping the Other Fellow range all the way from the "service" of the professional altruist—who makes a career of assisting other people's business—down to the Christian axiom that we get out of this life about what we put into it, and to the exact degree that we exert ourselves in the interests of others we shall ultimately find ourselves repaid in kind.

There is nothing particularly commendable to be said of the professional altruist, who goes to and fro in society seeking whosoever requires the Helping Hand—or who the professional altruist decides needs the Helping Hand. He is dealing in other folk's complications and troubles as a business, just as some men undertake to sell rubber-heels to aid people in walking more comfortably and others advocate insulated walls for the home so the neighbors won't be overly edified by sounds of breaking crockery when the Great American Family engages in a brawl. Of course the professional altruist expects to get paid for what he does, just as the rubber-heel merchant or the compo-board dealer expects coin for his wares.

If the professional altruist didn't make a career of other people's troubles, he would doubtless make a career of broomsticks, carving knives, odorless automobiles, or skinless bananas that anyone may grow in the cellar of the home. He is, in other words, a commercializing merchant, and should be regarded as such.

The fact that he counsels widows in their investments, takes up the taxpayers' fight for lower power rates, or helps small children over crosswalks in front of school-houses, no more entitles him to adulation than the man who takes clocks apart to find out what makes them run backwards, or the man who contracts to

Another Paper Aiding You to Understand Why Life Is What You Find It . .

drive the cockroaches out of your plumbing for four cents the cockroach, or the lad who hustles new industries for the Chamber of Commerce and fills the town up with new sash-and-blind mills, pickle works, or factories making gas-masks.

THE person who goes to and fro in the earth seeking opportunities to cast his bread upon the waters—that after many days it may be returned to him—may not be a merchant but assuredly he could be classified as a private banker, loaning of his substance without security in the expectation that sooner or later his loans will be repaid with interest—merely because he has foregone any security.

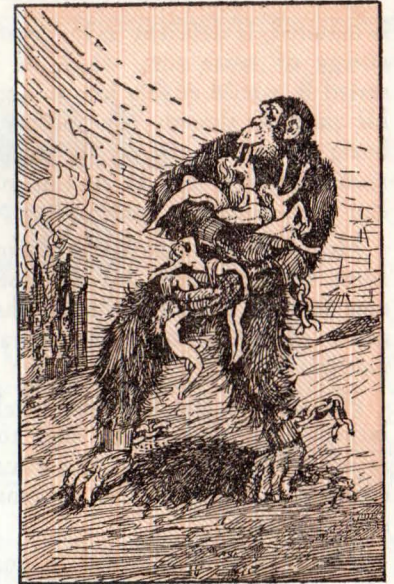
In any event, he is fundamentally interested in gain.

He is baiting a sprat to catch a mackerel and calling it Brotherly Love.

The man who casts his bread upon the waters, confident that after many days it will come back to him—with some sort of increment added—is not concerned in the question of helping his fellowmen; he is concerned in the matter of helping himself.

Helping oneself is entirely bona fide when it is honestly and openly engaged in. But when it is camouflaged with a sticky sentimentality and called something else, the exercise hoodwinks the party engaging in it.

What we are interested in considering for the moment is the item of Helping the Other Fellow for the sheer sake of seeing him helped, not because we are expectant of the slightest returns to ourselves beyond that of the spiritual gratification resulting when we share the happiness which we have been the means of bringing to him.



Let us look at this subject and analyze some new angles with which personal compensations have nothing to do.

A PERSON, for some reason or other, signals that he needs assistance. He may have fallen down a coal-hole where he faces the prospect of dying of slow starvation unless someone pushes a ladder down to him in a hurry—and uses the lungs that are in his chest to make noises that mean ladder brought with minimum lost time. He may have grabbed hold of the rear appendage of some strange four-footed beast at a circus and requires a whole tentful of assistance to aid him in letting go. He may have bought a run-down boiler works, only to discover that he needs more money for machinery to make noises than he estimated was to be required when he prospected the project. Or he may have lost his savings and his health and finds himself succumbing to malnutrition in a packing-box cottage down across the railroad tracks with no fuel for the stove. These are dilemmas inviting contributions of additional strength or resource from those with whom he is immediately in contact.

On the other hand, the appeal for assistance may take no more serious form than the earnest request from a harassed executive that the person at the next desk do some errand that conserves his time or energy or enables a given point of accomplishment to be reached by a point on the face of the clock.

No matter what the nature of the predicament, the cosmic process at work reduces down to this—

The man who perceives himself to be the victim of a complication where help

is required, is deficient in his command of energy of some sort, which, if he possessed it, would enable him to accomplish his purpose though not another human being existed in the whole world. This sounds at first like an asinine platitude. But wait. There is more to it.

He indicates that he is deficient in force to accomplish his purpose, whatever it may be, and whether the inadequate energy be muscular, moral or financial.

He says to his handiest neighbor or intimate: "I want more force to use in satisfactorily controlling this situation or escaping my plight. Can I commandeer some of yours?"

The person so appealed to, may comply with the request or he may not. Nine times out of ten if he complies with the request, he feels a pleasant glow of elation which cynical psychologists have described as "buying a benevolent feeling" whenever the help is of a practical or substantial nature.

But no benevolent feeling is being "bought" and here is the crux of the matter—

What actually is happening, is, that when another appeals to any one of us to help him, and we supply the force that he thereby admittedly lacks, we are, for the duration of the act, stepping into the role of omnipotent Deity ourselves and feeling the same sensation which it is said the Deity feels in expressing Himself in divine love toward the world!

An appeal comes for help. The person making the appeal thereby identifies himself as deficient in the energy-force he requires to control the situation or accomplish a given labor. The person receiving the appeal, and loaning or contributing the force that is lacked, is truly "playing God" in a petty mortal measure to the individual in the dilemma of personal, moral, or financial weakness. And the sensation of great inward satisfaction that results in the breast of him who has thus generously complied, is only called "satisfaction" for want of a better name, or for want of a correct identification as to what it is in essence.

AFTER ALL, why should it give us any particular elation to do a good deed or feel an inner glow at having helped some unfortunate fellow mortal out of some particularly bad predicament? Why should it give us any feeling at all? Some mysterious force must be at work that is different from all other

forces ordinarily operating in human affairs.

The cynic says that all good deeds are done as the result of self-pity. People who have suffered themselves are quickest to detect suffering in others and ameliorate it if they can. Thereby they are living their own rescue vicariously. The gratification that is felt is merely an inverse form of relief at having escaped an ugly dilemma, also vicariously.

That's what the cynic says, and fancies that he has solved the enigma and uttered something profound.

The more plausible explanation is, that those who have suffered greatly have thereby opened themselves to a great in-



flow of the God-Force, or are sensitive to it. Their spirits have been rendered malleable to receive it and transmit it.

So when one comes along who particularly needs their ministrations, they substitute for the Deity whose beneficences they express, and pour out on the weak or hapless one the mortal degree of power that God pours out celestially, when people in fixis make known their appeals. In stepping into God's place for the moment, they step likewise into His sensations—or it amounts to that.

Cynics declare that men and women do kindly acts in order to experience a "benevolent feeling" but they stop right there in their analysis and neglect to define what a "benevolent" feeling is, where it comes from in the first instance, and why it exerts the pleasurable sensation that it does on the one experiencing it.

A "benevolent feeling" is naught but the "God-feeling" brought down into the mortal circumstance and partaken of by the spirit-soul in flesh whenever it does an altruistic act toward those deficient in energy-force to carry their projects to successful termination.

God is mercy and aid in their original cosmic concentration, and when we have said that, we have said the decalog. Rudyard Kipling once wrote a most famous story under the title: "The Man Who

Played God." But the man in Kipling's story merely sought to exercise extraordinary political and military power over a village of Indian natives.

Any person can "play God" in truth, any hour of the day or night, merely by attempting to exercise the Almighty's exhaustless mercy and aid—which is the only form of force that is essentially divine.

Helping the Other Fellow should have nothing of sticky sentimentality about it, therefore.

Literally as well as figuratively, it is stepping up transiently into the role of God!

Small wonder that humans marvel at it!

Rain Robbers

THE RAIN-MAKER has been celebrated in song and story by all peoples as either a miracle man or tribal fakir. But in this Twentieth Century the scientific seeding of clouds to create rain, usually with the help of aviation, is a very practical performance. However a phase of it is appearing that manifests serious consequences.

Actually the great General Electric Company has a major research department concerned with the art of creating artificial rain. As the heat zone moves northward from the Equator, one of the areas to feel it most has been Southwestern parts of the United States. It is little known to the lay public that today in the Southwest there are 400 million acres under contract to artificial "rain-makers". Now it is becoming apparent that this constant cloud seeding is basically altering the weather in the balance of the nation to a serious degree. Rain-makers, in fact, are approaching the status of "rain-robbers."

The same amount of rain is going to fall, respecting the country as a whole. But it is possible to steal rain from one area by constant cloud seeding in another district.

The "rain-makers" have almost created a permanent low-pressure area in the Southwest. This causes a large amount of hot air from the Gulf of Mexico to move up to the Northwest and Midwestern parts of this country. All business in the Midwest, even outside the production of food, is affected by tropical temperatures that formerly were in

(Continued on Page 14)



SUPERNATURAL EXPERIENCES . .

IF ONE were to take a poll among newsmen of the nation as to what they considered the strangest case in the record for the year 1951, a majority would undoubtedly name the utterly mysterious thing that happened on the night of July 1st to a Mrs. Mary Reeser, aged 67 years, in St. Petersburg, Fla. While not lying precisely within the field of psychics, it does have its esoteric angles pertaining to the composition of substance in Matter. The thing that happened to Mrs. Reeser was this—

She apparently fell asleep in her chair in the living room of her apartment around 9 p. m. She was wearing a rayon nightgown and a housecoat, with her feet in slippers, and was accustomed to smoking a late cigarette.

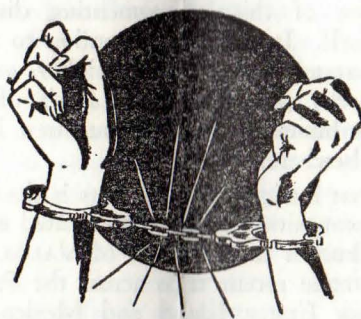
At 8 next morning a telegram came for her and her landlady took it up. When the landlady clutched the Reeser knob on the hall door, she uttered an exclamation, because the knob was too hot to hold. The startled and frightened landlady summoned some painters working nearby, who found a bar and forced the door open. The macabre scene that met their gaze transfixed them.

The walls and ceiling of Mrs. Reeser's living room, starting from about four feet above the floor, were coated with a greasy, sickening soot. But in the overstuffed armchair where the widow had last been seen dozing was only a residue of oily ashes, in the center of which reposed what looked like a human head the size of a grapefruit, but with hair and flesh completely burned away. In the chair as well were a few pieces of what was later identified as spinal vertebra, and a lump of charred tissue tentatively identified as liver. On the rug before this chair was a woman's left foot,

with skin unburned and still clad in an unscorched satin slipper, and the heat-eroded coil-springs of the chair.

Nothing else was left of the portly widow, the former wife of a Lebanon, Pennsylvania physician, who weighed about 175 pounds. But here were some of the stupefying features of the death—

THE WINDOW sashes had been partly lowered throughout evening and night but no smoke had poured through them that anyone had noticed. Certainly none of the other tenants of the building had been aroused by effects of fire. Yet there must have been some kind of fire because the wall paint nearest the chair, and the floor for a couple of feet from the chair, showed faint signs of having been scorched. On the other hand, the evening's St. Petersburg newspapers lay on the reading table at arm's length as Mrs. Reeser had apparently discarded them after reading herself sleepy. They, the most inflammable material in the room or vicinity, and exposed nearest to whatever blaze had obviously destroyed the woman's body in complete incineration, showed not a sign of scorch.



There were other weird features connected with the woman's death. Quite a way distant on the window-sill stood two candles, in sticks. The wax had been completely melted down on these tapers but the wicks were intact and showed no char. Electric light plugs and fixtures in the soot area on the walls had melted, but base plugs lower down had not. No

fuses had been blown, however, and the electric current was on and working. An electric clock had stopped at 4:20 in the morning but resumed its running when plugged into one of the baseboard sockets.

There was absolutely no evidence of gasoline, kerosene, or other inflammable liquids on or near the death scene; while the air of the room was still intensely hot, there was no other evidence of fire in the room excepting the charred remains in the chair, *with the head shrunken to less than child-size.*

There was no record of any smoke during the night, no flame crackle, or any nauseous or unusual odor escaping from the room.

What earthly causes could have led to such complete destruction of the comely widow, the mother of an adult son? Police called in, determined that there were no signs of intruders during the night. She could not have been consumed by any freak lightning because the records of the weather bureau showed that St. Petersburg had enjoyed clear weather the night of the 1st. It couldn't have been an electrical induction current, caused by faulty wiring, because the wiring was intact as proven by the restarting of the clock when the plug was transferred to a lower socket. Even the FBI, asked to investigate the case because of its uncanny nature, could offer no explanation, particularly for Mrs. Reeser's shrunken skull.

Some aspect of terrific heat had apparently concentrated on the widow's body and consumed it without firing the extremely inflammable chair in which she sat, and the loose newspapers lying on the nearby table.

It was a Dr. Wilton Krogman, of the Medical Department of the University of Pennsylvania who ultimately cracked the case—or at least advanced an hypothesis that was generally accepted by FBI and police and coroner.

Mrs. Reeser had perished of spontaneous internal combustion!

(Continued on Page 14)

Valor

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

Box 192 NOBLESVILLE, INDIANA

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

VOL. III SEPTEMBER 20, 1952 No. 21

Cataclysm



TAKE NOTE that prophecies and psychical predictions for almost a year now have been giving direct implications of a titanic upheaval in the western Pacific, which not only was to have major bearing on the transaction of international affairs in the Far East but was to raise large portions of submerged terrain in the world's largest ocean, that in the nature of affairs should become added to the continental territory of the United States. Large portions of sunken Lemuria, in other words, were to rise again above the ocean's surface. As these dried and became inhabitable, the United States stood to gain in mastodonic stride to double and perhaps triple its present mileage, which with an estimated population of nearly 300 millions was to make this Republic the greatest nation in importance on the globe's future surface. God Almighty may have strange Plans in mind for the United States.

VALOR is not uttering new predictions, it is commenting on predictions already made widely. But that such a thing may be starting is not outside the realm of possibilities.

Krakatoa, a volcanic island in Sunda Strait between Java and Sumatra, on the night of August 26, 1883, was the scene of a 36-hour volcanic eruption that destroyed half its area. Inactive for over 200 years, rumblings had begun beneath it the previous May, culminating in a series of explosions in which rock and ash were expelled, and dust 20 miles high got into the currents of the stratosphere to be carried around the earth. Literally "the sun was darkened and the

moon did not give her light". Krakatoa has never been inhabited since.

What effect on the economic, military, and social condition of the whole world such repetition would become, is something for conjecture only, but let no Christian disdain or discount what Divine Providence could perform in the event It took a directly supervising hand in lifting purblind humanity out of current doldrums.

Nostradamus is positive of the occurrence of a vast Far Eastern cataclysm which he says comes "on a 10th of May" as he estimated it, that apparently matches the description of submarine activity "in the time of the end", the tidal wave from which should roll over Japan, Korea, and far back into the Mongolian Plateau. Geologists know that only from such major cataclysm could "the sun and the moon be darkened" for any appreciable time. By the same token, and from the same cause, the Chinese millions could be "unseated" to push their fight for racial survival toward Persia and the Mediterranean. The *Golden Scripts* themselves have not been lacking in ample references to "the seas rising up" and "the mountains trembling".



None of this is augmenting disaster for itself. It is calling attention to what can happen when God Almighty, or the Hierarchy presiding over earth's affairs, decide humanity must pursue new interests elsewhere.

What intrigues Soulcrafters is the coming composition of the regenerated earth. Men known to the editor of VALOR who have made recent trips across the Pacific between Easter Island and Mexico, declare that the floor of the Pacific is moving upward so fast in places in that area that in clear stretches of water strange formations of what seem to be ancient city structures can be discerned.

The greatest mistake the materialists can make is to assume that the current contours of the globe and its continents are ever to be as they've always been known.

One thing humanity can always count upon is *Change*.

Before this is all over, the present continents may scarcely be recognizable in the Golden Times. Let's give more thought to it . . .

No Surprise



HIS Weekly scores again in its long-standing contention that the Russian Bear is a poor stuffed creature, badly moth-eaten, little more to be feared than the effigy of Genus Ursus outside the nearest furrier's. In Chicago on September 3rd, belief that Russia does not have the atom bomb was voiced by no less a personage than Carlton S. Proctor, president of the American Society of Civil Engineers. Proctor disclosed his views as the convocation of engineers, greatest meeting of the profession in history, got under way there.

Atom explosions in Russia were just premature blasts, in Proctor's opinion. Three such explosions have been announced from the White House. There has been no corroborating scientific testimony. The President just said so, and the Administration thereupon stepped up its arms program to sit on the lid of economic concussions.

The Russians don't have enough teamwork and cooperation to make an atom bomb, said Proctor, a New Yorker, who worked in Russia in 1930 in construction of the Soviet's largest dam east of Leningrad.

"The Russians have brilliant physicists and mathematicians, brilliant pure in theory," he continued. "In jet propulsion they are probably ahead of us—in theory. But theory alone does not produce an A-bomb, or an army, or morale."

As for Joe Stalin deciding to throw his All into the contest of Europe and roll over the continent like a gigantic bulldozer, no less a one than General Eisenhower now breaks the news to the American Legionnaires that it's mostly a rumor. As per the article on Russia in this week's VALOR, if Stalin ever let his army get west of the Iron Curtain, he'd have to start running the other way, because it wouldn't come back and he'd have no military force to keep his people in suppression.

Surpassing strange, however, that General Eisenhower didn't discover the start-

ling information he imparted to the Legion recently in New York, before we set up NATO and spent so many billions abroad to contain the Moustached Lad in his political dotage.

Bit by bit, however, the phony nature of the whole Marxist setup leaks out.

The latest model of the Russian Bear doesn't even walk like a man. Doubtless it lacks the vitamins.

Viewpoint



AN ELDERLY California Soulcraft writes the Recorder in a vein that contains food for thought for many VALOR readers. It refers to the mental hiatus that seems to afflict the public at large in these pre-dawn months, contrasted to its attitude toward spiritual values for ten, fifteen, twenty years bygone. Writes he—

"The field is removed from your personal contact. True, you have visitors, but, for your use, their analysis of 'local' conditions, is not quite what you need. Another matter, which you also recognize, is the type of water which has, and now is flowing under the dam, is much different than when you had personal access to the Field. The 'thinking'—or perhaps non-thinking—of the people is far different than when you started your 'term' and since to the present. For your program, directed as you wish it to be, you should know what is demanded through your contact with people. This contact is denied you as of the present.

"As I view this your quandary is this; how many of your clientele recognize that you offer them the instructions as how each, individually, are to acquire the knowledge to 'lead' by their command, their own soul's Spirit, and that no one else can do that for them. The only method, at present, left open for you to attempt that clarification for them, each one, is outlined in the sentence in your above referred to letter.

"It can be said, in Truth I think, that if you knew the Field personally, you would have no quandary; how to gain that knowledge is a quandary..

"There is a lull, Chief, in the minds of the people! This 'lull' has many facets; these facets to me, may be totally different in Spiritual analysis to you. In total it's like the lull before a sensed coming Storm, and so considered by individuals. A "waiting" minus a knowledge of the

"coming". Indifference, fear, hope, don't give a damn, I'll get mine, taxes, damn the politician, the war, prices, and on and on; yet underneath it all is a grim restraint, and in those restraints if you could meet it in the Field, you would find your solution.

"Chapter 217 completely explains the 'today' mental attitude of 'the people', and verse 39 explains their 'lull'. That Chapter you understand, yet, could but you take only one fast swing around the circuit, you would know the present thought for what it is, and know the profit thereof for the benefit of all, and have the present day key to show it and prove it to them. Perhaps this September you will have that opportunity. I pray you do.

Sincerely, G. D.

The Elucidata



BOOKMAKING at the Soulcraft plant this autumn has its ups and downs. *Something Better* was practically finished when its author decided to rewrite and republish certain sections. This will delay the delivery of the book, but better a slight delay than an imperfect or inadequate product. Meantime a smaller volume has come from the press that nine out of ten Soulcrafters will greet with acclaim.

It has been named *The Elucidata*, a Latin term signifying data which elucidates.

The Elucidata contains 56 pages of pocket size, expounding 100 terms commonly used in Soulcraft or the GOLDEN SCRIPTS that in the past have sent students to their dictionaries. In short, it's a brief glossary of the heavier words, mostly of technical nature, that turn up again and again in the Soulcraft text. Containing alphabetical index in the back, it enables the puzzled or confused student to turn at once to the lengthy definition of the word or term on which he desires official enlightenment. Such words as *Karma, Clairaudience, Teleplasm, Discarnate, Avatar, Fixation, Affinities, Dispensation, Divine Afflatus*, and 91 others are herein explained in detail.

The book is printed on Soulcraft's usual ivory paper, has been bound in burgundy leatherette, and fits in the pocket.

Chaplains will find it of particular



"STAR GUESTS"

A Book that will give you something to think about so long as you are alive! . . .

MORE and more the evidence mounts, indicating that human life may not have originated on this planet but come here in spirit form from another heavenly system. Such is the disclosure of the Ageless Wisdom. And the manner of humanity's coming, and the reasons for it, explain a hundred enigmas in sacred Scripture.

Are you subconsciously troubled by worry about Death? You will lose it upon reading STAR GUESTS. You can't understand the massive doctrine of SOULCRAFT without reading it.

Clothbound: \$3.00

SOULCRAFT PRESS
NOBLESVILLE, IND.

"I Don't Squander Time Reading Novels . . ."

replied a recent correspondent who had the big Soulcraft story, *ROAD INTO SUNRISE* called to his attention. He went on to say, that what spare time he had for reading must be given over to the most serious esoteric study only. This was commendable, but what difference does it make whether "the most serious esoteric study" is presented in dramatic story form or the deepest of philosophical books?



"ROAD INTO SUNRISE"

A 658-page Story Dramatizing the Eternal Verities

shows you how the greatest principles Behind Life work out in the lives of modern people. It is a stupendous book, almost as voluminous as *Gone With the Wind* or *Anthony Adverse*. You can buy it in one volume or two, on white paper, clothbound, or in deluxe leatherette. It costs you \$6 per copy—\$8 deluxe—but you'll realize why when you read it . . .

SOULCRAFT PRESS, Inc. Noblesville, Indiana

You Can Now Get the Soulscripts Up to Volume Six . . .

There are 13 Weekly *Soulscripts* to each Volume in the order of their publication. Each 13 is bound in a beautiful cover of burgundy-colored leatherette. The Sixth book in this series of Sacred Esoterics has just come from the bindery and can now be shipped same day that order comes in. There are six more volumes to come, making 12 in all or 156 Scripts to the collection. There have been 88 issued to the current week, making 68 still to come. This means the *Soulscripts* will continue to be issued until approximately December 1, 1953. Price \$5 per volume.



SOULCRAFT CHAPELS

Noblesville, Indiana

help in instructing students. It will become a standard Soulcraft book and sell up the years.

Include it in your next order.

World Alterations

(Continued from Page 4)

year. Crops could not be grown, and mining and industry were next to impossible. The effects of Nature making a large part of the northern world hotter are of far-reaching influence, not only in food production but in utility systems and our ability to labor as human beings. Records show that the average American in a temperature hovering around 90 degrees lacks the normal energy to complete a day's work.

Alas and alack, we are facing the circumstance as well, that as Canada becomes less and less icebound, and more and more fertile to the northward, so does Russian Siberia across Bering Straits. The Soviets have only a 400-mile belt at present reaching across from Vladivostok to the Urals, that is cultivatable in the summer season. South of this belt is the Gobi Desert, as arid and non-productive as our own Arizona. North is the Arctic ice and frozen polar seas. If Nature gives Russia warm-water ports, the whole shipping and naval situation of the world must be altered.

IT IS believed now by electromagnetic engineers that the globe actually is naught but a huge ball of pure iron, covered with a pulverized crust about 32 miles deep. It is this pure iron composition that makes the planet so magnetic and supplies its gravitational pull on everything upon its surfaces. But it is within the thickness of this 32-mile pulverized crust that all the volcanic and seismic activity occurs which so disastrously bedevils the living creatures striving to maintain existence upon its outer coating. The notion that the further we burrow into the earth the hotter the temperature becomes until the deepest interior of the globe is molten, is true only relatively. It is the friction of this centric iron ball working against the outer pulverization that creates the heat we witness in volcanic activity. The theory is a comparatively recent one, but electromagnetic measuring devices seem to substantiate it. The iron core responds to greater magnetic influences in the higher

and farther skies, and the coating of pulverization slips and slides in consequence. Thus do we have earthquakes, in the "faults" of construction in this loose outer coating, where the coating slips hither and yon or folds over itself.

Whether greater wits in higher dimensions could forecast mathematically exactly how long it would take for given earth-slowings to produce alterations in this surface pulverization, or ice meltings, and thus change the nature of continents, is a fascinating conjecture but would seem to be logical. The "Times of the End" might also be the times when certain readjustments are inevitable in respect to terrain deployments.

Man's progress in scientific invention—due to the great ancient mechanicians born back into this age, finally perfecting nuclear fission—may also have been calculatable, and the Coming of the Flying Saucers, or intervention in earth affairs of denizens of other planets or solar systems, can have been known in advance—even motivated.

So even the Budapest speech of one Rabinovich, now widely circulated across America and causing no little consternation and ire in many quarters, may take its place among the compounding accumulate of racial sauces—apple and otherwise—of which we have had a surfeit in recent years. The GOLDEN SCRIPTS carry the whole account of what is due to happen. "The enemy subsideth and endeth in vaunting," says the sacred text.

All of it adds up to the massive circumstance that "a new heaven and a new earth" may be in the throes of making right before our eyes.

None of it means that we should passively resign ourselves and let all manner of evil and wickedness reap its harvest. But that "our deliverance draweth nigh" may be in process of demonstration even in the activity now transpiring on the Pacific Ocean's bottom.

Whatever happens, happens for improvement of the whole vast international arrangement . . . such is the definite promise we have made us again and again. And it means a greater America than ever!

Many of us may be coming back to an earth-world that we scarcely recognize, in our next immediate incarnation.

As one adept lady Soulcrafters in her 81st year recently expressed the valiant sentiments of all Soulcraft adepts, "I can hardly wait for it!" . . .

That's the spirit that gives life profit.

Announcing the Soulcraft . .

"ELUCIDATA"

(Pronounced "E-loo-see-day-ta")

A POCKET GLOSSARY OF 100 TERMS THAT PUZZLE SOULCRAFTERS

No more running to the dictionary to learn meanings of words while reading Soulcraft literature. With the pocket-sized ELUCIDATA to hand you turn to its Index and find in a matter of seconds a carefully prepared explanation of the ten-pound word that baffles you . . .



56 Pages Burgundy Binding

One Dollar the Copy : Ready for Mailing

Soulcraft Chapels

Another Free Book!

"ALL ABOUT SOULCRAFT"

96 Pages of Information on Every Activity and Angle of the Doctrine

FOR YEARS Soulcrafters, chaplains and students alike, have needed the whole story of Soulcraft contained in one pair of covers, small and compact, that could be handed to inquiring friends for their understanding enlightenment. Now this vital and handy little volume is available. Like the Golden Scripts, it will be supplied without cost, in reasonable quantities, to any and all who will use it for bringing to the spiritually illiterate or purblind what they most need to know for their "peace of mind through Soulcraft."

Send to Soulcraft for Copy Now!

.. COGITATIONS



PEOPLE living and functioning on the higher mesas of Light don't, of course, see Death as we mortals see it. They see its effects on our emotions—when we're deprived of the daily and hourly association in the flesh of some particular person we love very much—but feeling tragically aggrieved at the prospect of someone living in a cellar being permitted to come upstairs and live in the parlor or on the roof, doesn't seem to be their idea of a matter to feel sorry about. Life in mortality wears the aspect of being submerged in an hypnosis of a sort, the hypnosis of being convinced that the current tenure in flesh is the only phase of conscious expression that exists, and, as the saying goes, when it's over "we'll be a long time dead". Of course we'll be nothing of the sort. We'll be out of this area of organic manifestation anywhere from a few months or years to a small item of 200 to 500 years—out of this cellar of Consciousness and up in the Parlor. Then, if we happen to have good reason for doing so, we'll go back down into the cellar of earth-life and "live it over" for the sake of profiting from our mistakes in the last, or a whole lot of last lives. Viewed from the angle of those already Up in the Parlor or on the Roof, however, it's not to be wondered at when we find them a trifle indifferent about the item of one coming up from Down-cellar. The Wise Ones happen to know, or have access to the knowledge, of precisely how long a period of solar time a given person is supposed to remain Down in the Cellar, and go the head of the basement stairs—in nine cases out of ten—to meet him. All of which means that the real show of grief, if anyone were disposed to indulge in a purely natural and rational process, ought to be when the Soul bids adieu to the friends up in the Parlor and descends into the Basement to wander around down there amid the ashes, trash-cans, and garden tools as an apparently helpless infant, or growing child, or adolescent, or even hypnotized adult. When one spends twenty to thirty years in all phases of psychical research, as I've done, and witnessed the thousand-and-one phe-

nomena that make existence up in the Parlor of the dimensions the true existence, his real concernment isn't at losing the bodily mechanism so much as getting the job performed satisfactorily for which he's descended into the Basement in the first place. Take the various cases of members of my immediate family in illustration of what I'm saying . . .

o—o

MY LITTLE five-foot mother was as orthodox during her last period of earthly sojourn as only a woman could be who'd married a young Methodist pastor and had co-responsibilities for the spiritual health of the parish he was supposed to service. Mother followed me in most of my types of research excepting that of the possibility of earthly return or Repeat Existence. She looked askance at that. I recall sitting with her in a restaurant in Massachusetts one noon-time, lingering over coffee and conversing about this Doctrine of the Return of the Soul. She was then 74 or thereabout and lived to reach 81. "No, sree!" she declared vehemently. "When I come to die I'm going to be *finished* with this earth. Whether I get to heaven or not, I can't say. But one thing I do feel—the place I'm going to, isn't on this earth-ball. I'm



going off to a distant star, where my real spiritual home is, and I'm going for *good*." Her chin was tilted at a ninety-degree angle and she pushed the crockery about to give emphasis to her conviction. Well, she passed, as I say, at 81, while I happened to be undergoing the educating experiences of that infamous Mass Trial in Washington D. C. in 1944. The noble Marxist representatives who were



pursuing that particular bit of un-American fol-de-rol, intercepted my sister's telegram about her demise and refused to let it be delivered to me until the afternoon of her funeral. Under the circumstances I could have paid the expenses of a marshal and gotten leave to attend the burial services, but John Rogge's argument was that to have one's mother perish at 81 under those circumstances "would have gotten me sympathy with the jury". The jury did learn subsequently what a piece of spiritual rudeness had been perpetrated by this guardian of the public political morals, and I had sympathy pressed down and running over, thus showing how Marxists can frequently defeat their own ends by displays of their own twisted cussedness. But that's digression. Mother was interred and to all intents and purposes, "gone home to her star". *Only she wasn't*. Within three months—so they told me later when I arrived home—she was "coming through" a medium-friend in Indiana and begging the folks there to "thank Melford"—Adelaide's husband—"for what he'd done for her in her closing earthly hours." She added that if she'd ever dreamed she could find life so pleasant "in her new spiritual body" she doubted if she'd have clung to her old physical equipment for so long. Of course, that was her own inhibited viewpoint, for her date of Going Upstairs had been fixed undoubtedly before she ever came into this Vale of Tears as Gracie Goodale, back in Danvers, Mass., in the 1860's. But that's how she felt about the metamorphosis, and she continued to "come through" as regularly as conditions were propitious, usually in association with my oldest daughter Harriet. When one continues to have audible and tangible associations with those whom the world considers very dead indeed, Death itself suddenly loses all horror and becomes just

an interesting episode in any friend's eternal career. And you'd be surprised how much the loss of horror in regarding Death, reshapes one's whole philosophy in respect to appraising or estimating the situations of earth itself. True, the days do grow more and more valuable—for getting life's mission achieved—as one's own life-span runs out, but the ordinary emotional pressures and morbid dreads at the death-state no longer are deterrent factors in daily and hourly thinking. One begins to think of The Passing as one might regard the day of release from a prison sentence. One is going "outside" into the real Free World. And if one happens to have learned clairvoyantly of the imminent Passing of another, however beloved, the effect is almost one of loving envy at their good fortune—as we might feel if they were going on a Grand Tour of Europe with all expenses paid . . .

o—o

MUTSY apparently has temporarily abandoned her expectations of traveling hither and yon, flying-saucer fashion, among the stellar luminaries. Or maybe she's waiting for me to come Upstairs and be her traveling companion. Could be possible. I mention it all in passing. Because the quandary often arises, when one is apprised of the imminent demise of given persons on this side, to what extent one has the right to apprise such people of the coming experience? Unless extraordinary circumstances indicate that I should reveal it, I usually keep silent. The question was once put to me, had I known of the demise of our beloved Roy Zachary in result of the 1949 Seattle earthquake, would I have warned him to stay out of Seattle that day and continue on the earth-plane? My judgment would have had it, *that it was not my prerogative to trespass on his karma*. If Roy was not supposed to Return Upstairs via the heart attack brought on by the earthquake, his own guardians and helpers would have kept him from the experience—or his own subconscious knowledge would have taken him elsewhere. My studied conclusions after a quarter-of-a-century "among the dead", have it that none of us have any right to hold people down here in the Basement whose moment has arrived to Go Up on the Roof to see the real universe through eyes of the discarnate. I'd have been doing Roy a disservice to attempt it. No one in his senses, who's had any intimation of the freedom of the life above the

The Unabridged Edition of the **GOLDEN SCRIPTS** IS BEING DISTRIBUTED!

The Great Project Is Done

THERE are 844 pages of them—in the new *Unabridged Edition*—done on Bible paper and bound in limp round-cornered covers. To those who have "discovered" them they amount to *new Sermons on the Mount*, coming apparently from our Elder Brother's matchless intellect for His disciples in this modern generation. They cover every personal and ethical subject troubling spiritually hungry people of today.

You May Have a Copy If You'll Cherish It!

Donations from over 300 ardent Soulcrafters have made over \$50,000 worth of these volumes available for gratis distribution. If you wish a \$5 copy sent you, merely make the request in a letter to Noblesville, Indiana, Headquarters. *Address—*

S O U L C R A F T C H A P E L S



organic, would willingly hold any association in the latter's circumscriptions. So, for that matter, there actually are no "dead"—How I love that immortal axiom of the great Quaker, William Penn; *Death cannot kill what never dies*. It's all a hoax, of which we're victims, this loss of this cloying physical equipment—made strictly for cellar occupancies—as the "terminus of everything". Fiddlesticks! That's only an obsession that the Hebraic dominies have succeeded in sell-

ing to the human race, not being any higher developed in spiritual eschewments themselves. "It's all unhallowed!" they exclaim, fearing it themselves in that they've been against comprehending the pattern of life from the first. And now they—and their fellow obsessionists—are filling the world with their mass jitters over prospect of things "that are coming upon the earth". Coming upon the mortal "cellar of earth" they should the more properly describe it. To me, my so-called



Why I Believe THE DEAD ARE ALIVE!

NO MATTER what your views may be on the After-Life, hold them in abeyance until you have read this challenging volume narrating most of the supernatural experiences undergone by the Recorder of the SOULCRAFT SCRIPTS, practically all of them attested by witnesses, then deny or refute continuity of existence if you can . . .

Here are three hundred pages of "true ghost stories" that carry a stupendous significance. If they had happened to you, would you have reacted to them any differently than the Author, taking him into his role of the present?

\$3.00 the Copy

SOULCRAFT PRESS, INC.
NOBLESVILLE, INDIANA

"dead" are all over the place every hour of every waking day, and just because I don't visualize them or bump into them doesn't prove their non-existence. Unhallowed? That's only the prelate's notion based on deepest ignorance. Listen to what one of them, Father Melchior Inchofer, wrote on an earlier occasion about the motion of the earth about the sun—

"The opinion of the earth's motion is of all heresies the most abominable, the most pernicious, the most scandalous; the immovability of the earth is thrice sacred; argument against the immortality of the soul, the existence of God, and the Incarnation (of Christ the Son) should be tolerated sooner than an argument to prove that the earth moves."

I'm afraid I'm too far in the vanguard of spiritual exploration to give much credence to such purblind croakers. And I'm not going to stop anybody from Going Upstairs if their time has come to be released from this Mess, where the Father Inchofers hold the Iron Curtain down on Thought and Truth. You see, I know what it's like, Upstairs. This Cellar of Mortality is a pretty wretched imitation . . . However, I'm stuck with it for a little time yet, and so are most of us . . . oh, well! . . .

—THE RECORDER

Rain Robbers

(Continued from Page 6)

the moderate temperate zone. It is creating extremely humid conditions from New York to Canada and heavy precipitation on the Eastern seaboard. But it means drought through the Midwest and changeable temperatures through from Ohio to the Rockies.

Not everything is attributable to the atom bomb experiments, as so many would like to think.

Strange Experiences

(Continued from Page 7)

IT IS a little difficult to credit that a human body, once ignited, will literally consume itself—burn itself out as does a candle-wick—guttering in the last remnants of melted wax. When a human body burns it gives off an acrid, evil

odor, especially if burning free or in the open. In a crematorium the heat necessary to consume a cadaver reaches 2,000 to 3,000 degrees Fahrenheit. Yet here was a woman more or less normal excepting for excessive weight, who had apparently fallen asleep in her chair while enjoying a late evening cigarette. Her nightgown, highly inflammable acetate, could have become ignited by the cigarette, burst into flame and caused instant death due to suffocation. Once the body became ignited, almost complete destruction would have resulted from the burning of its own fatty tissues. In this case, the absence of scorch or damage to furniture was explained on the theory that heat liberated by the burning body rose to form an insulation of hot air which darkened the upper walls and ceiling but never came in contact with floor-rugs or newspapers on the table.

Dr. Krogman found a positive precedent for the Reeser woman's death in the celebrated demise of the Countess Cornelia de Baudi Cesenate in 1731—used as the basis for the mysterious burning described by Charles Dickens in *Bleak House*, chapter 32. Also the *Annual Register* of the Royal Society of London in 1763 reported the case of an elderly woman, drink-sodden, who was found in her squalid tenement house one morning almost totally consumed in similar fashion. The *Register* reported that "people were amazed that surrounding furniture had sustained so little injury . . . the featherbed, her clothes, and bedcoverings were safe but the walls and everything in the room above four feet were filmed with a queer sooty blackness and the room was reeking with an overpowering evil odor."

It was generally supposed that internal combustion had taken place in these cases, the bodies being consumed and the skulls shrunken by reason of burning the water out of them, by a process in which no outer flame was produced. Question: Could such inner flame burn without oxygen? If so, how? *This would seem to be violating one of the fundamental natural laws of combustion.*

To think that a 175 pound woman could burn to utter ashes while the volatile edges of an evening newspaper offered themselves for catching fire within two feet, poses a problem bordering on the supernatural.

The case has attracted wide newspaper and magazine publicity. It is something new in physical endings.

It belongs in the record.

Being Thankful

(Continued from Page 2)

The whole world is at sixes and sevens, chiefly because it is over-produced and has too much of everything—everything but ready cash. The one fester spot that is a fester-spot is Soviet China, where fighting the Korean war has become a wage-paying trade for the Chinese workingman. With the whole world overproduced with goods, and no buying-power left because the politicians are stripping the consuming public of currency in the form of confiscatory taxes, an era of troubles such as the earth has never known, now threatens. Never in history has clever machinery produced so much. It's a complication that contains the seeds of a different type of revolution in itself. People all over the universe are suffering in land after land of superfluous production—Russia excepted. It makes ripe conditions for the Cooperativism of the Christian Commonwealth pattern.

But of potential enemies great enough to inflict serious military damage on us, we have none. Not one exists on this planet. China can spill South and West into Burma, Turkestan and Iran in a sheer war of ravage for the sake of survival—because her myriad soldiers must be given employment. But when the crisis arrives in that, it will be a slaughter of the pitiable and stupid.

Sooner or later the making of guns and death-dealing weapons must come to an end because wars are too expensive to fight. The armament preparedness programs that now elect candidates on bogus prosperity platforms shall cease to operate.

What happens then—universal Communism?

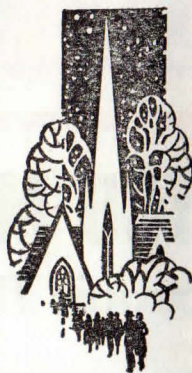
Only if we're stupid enough to let it.

The truth of the whole matter is, that the world is in much better shape for enduring peace and permanent prosperity than at any time since the heyday of the Roman Empire. And for such truth we are grateful.

But we still have the type of alarmist with us who can't see the Forest of Peace for the trees . . .

THE LOQUACIOUS old lady said to the parachutist, "I really don't know how you can hang from that silk thing. The suspense must be terrible."

He answered, "No, mum, it's when the suspense ain't there that it's terrible."



"Marching Spires"

The Stories of the THIRTEEN CIVILIZERS

DO YOU remember the unique magazine, "Little Visits with Great Americans", published under the Soulcraft auspices in 1941? It had run to something like 40 numbers when the Recorder was prohibited from furnishing further manuscripts. But two volumes of numbers had been collected and bound under the titles of "Bright Trails" and "Cabin Smoke" . . . The third volume was about to appear under the title of "Marching Spires" when the Soulcraft work went into holiday. Now 340 copies of "Marching Spires" have been completed in deluxe burgundy bindings and are available to those who want to make their shelf of Pelley Writings as complete as possible. "Marching Spires," the life-stories of the Thirteen Outstanding Civilizers, contains entertaining 36-page biographies of the following early celebrities—

JOHN COTTON	- - - - -	1585-1652
LORD BALTIMORE	- - - - -	1580-1632
INCREASE MATHER	- - - - -	1639-1723
LOUIS HENNEPIN	- - - - -	1640-1681
COTTON MATHER	- - - - -	1663-1728
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN	- - - - -	1706-1790
DANIEL BOONE	- - - - -	1735-1820
JAMES OTIS	- - - - -	1725-1783
GEORGE ROGERS CLARK	- - - - -	1752-1818
ETHAN ALLEN	- - - - -	1737-1789
ROBERT ROGERS	- - - - -	1727-1784
PETER SCHUYLER	- - - - -	1657-1739
THOMAS PAINE	- - - - -	1737-1809

There are 340 copies of this book now available, done in leatherette: **\$4**

SOULCRAFT PRESS, Inc.

T h e P A Y O F F

More Epitaphs

SIDNEY SNYDER, buried in Providence, R. I., rated another epochal epitaph—

The wedding day decided was,
The wedding wine provided;
But ere that day did come along
He'd drunk it and he died, did.

IN SKANEATTLES, N. Y. someone tried to be funny, let us hope without malice—

Underneath this pile of stones
Lies all that's left of Sarah Jones,
Her name was Briggs, it was not Jones,
But Jones is used to rhyme with stones.

HUNTINGTON, W. Va. works a little politics into the inscription to be read by posterity—

"Here lies the body of J. Wesley Webb,
a firm believer in the Lord Jesus Christ,
the Methodist Episcopal Church and Jeffersonian Democracy."

MEDWAY, Mass., offers an epitaph that turns medical—

Beneath this stone, a lump of clay,
Lies Uncle Peter Daniels,
Who too early in chilly May
Took off his winter flannels.

SARGENTSVILLE, Maine, carries domestic infelicities beyond the grave with this—

Beneath these mossy stones do lie,
Back to back, my wife and I,
When the last trump the air shall fill,
If she gets up, I'll just lie still.

HATFIELD, Mass. thus immortalizes a village scold—

Beneath this stone, now rotting clay,
Lies Arabella Young,
Who on the 21st of May
Began to hold her tongue.

IN A Burlington, Mass. churchyard is the following—

Sacred to memory of Anthony Drake
Who died for peace and quiet's sake;
His wife was ever scoldin' and scoffin',
So he sought repose in a twelve-dollar coffin,

ARE YOU MISSING THEM?
Electronic Broadcasts of Soulcraft



Fourth Address
SEPT. 28th:

"PROJECT UTOPIA!"

Come and Hear the Golden Scripts Expounded

Chapter by chapter the Recorder intends to take up significant sequences of the *Golden Scripts* this fraught fall and winter and interpret them in the light of maturing national and international event.

Prophecies are about to be fulfilled that you will want to have made clear and inspiring to you as they happen. The fourth discourse is upon the subject: *The Situation As It Is* . . . Don't miss it!

Attend or Start a Chapel

SOUTH DENNIS, Mass., lies on the Atlantic coast and a father erected this stone to a sea-faring son—
Of seven sons the Lord his father gave
He was the fourth to find a watery grave,
Fifteen days had passed since such sad end occurred,
Then was his body found and decently interred.

BAYFIELD, Mississippi, holds a cemetery with another classic—
Stranger pause, my tale attend
And learn the cause of Hanna's end;

Across the world the wind did blow,
She ketched a cold that laid her low.
We shed a lot of tears, 'tis true,
But life is short—aged 82.

THE CLERGYMAN remarked to the mother w . . . baby son had just been christened, "My dear Mrs. Johnson, rarely have I seen a baby better behaved at a christening."

"That's what training does, your Reverence. His father and I have been practicing on him with a sprinkling can, every night for a month."