

# Valor

The Golden Times Weekly . . .

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

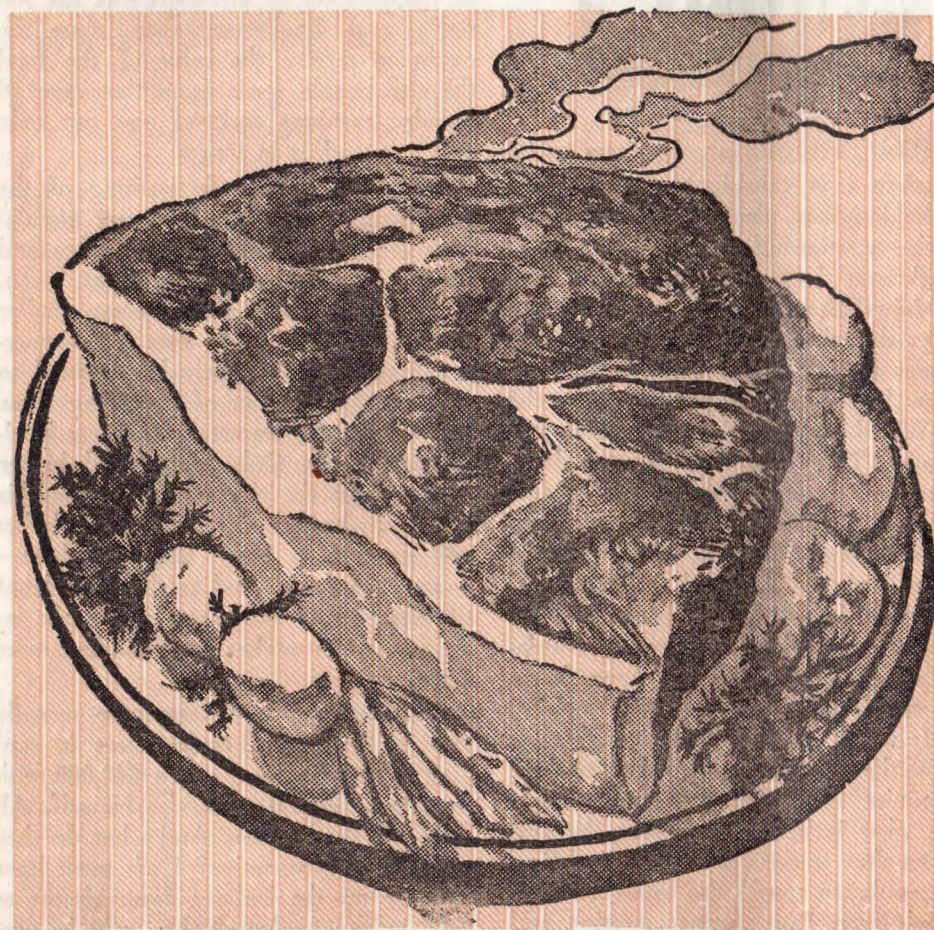
Volume III

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Number 3

## FOOD!

### Golden Times Economics Mean New Solution to Problems of Hunger



**L**ET'S HOPE that these raucous prophets of doom show signs of running out of words, paperstock, radio time and breath of life—and the sooner the better. A great and beautiful time is ahead for humanity and it's high time that constructive thought was paid to it.

Aquarian auspices to build a new and truly *civilized* order of life—in a United States that is presently to possess a population of over 300 millions—an economic order based on the soundest and advanced principles of Co-operation is to supercede this traditional period of indus-

**A**MERICANS are wearying to the core of a dour roster of terrible things ahead for humanity.

Ten years ago it was a timely and patriotic thing to tell the grim truth about the alien agents and marplots weaseling into strategic places in government. Today that sort of thing is hysterically archaic. The nation is everywhere aware of the existence of scoundrels and wastrels, but the bullfrog chorus dies hard.

Now it's the timely—and Christian—thing to tell of the times of unbelievably good fortune ahead for our Republic and the world.

*For they're coming fast on the heels of an earthwide collapse and unmasking of Communism!*

**W**HEN the final military convulsion has been surmounted and the Christ Men come forward under

trial and financial turmoil. In this Aquarian Economic Structure, incredible as it may sound to persons reared in the ancient school of the Economy of Scarcity, Food is apparently to become quite as much a civic provision for the human race as cities and towns of this current closing Piscean period make provision for a plentiful and free supply of pure water.

Such a renovation has to come in, due to the very problems presented by increase of population, diminishing land areas given over to agricultural production, but most of all the gradual emancipation of heavy labor from the soil due to improved farm machinery.

One thing which the average layman doesn't realize is, that time doesn't stand still in economics. An America with a population of 100 millions—as it was at the turn of the century—can't be the same type of America that it will be at the close of the century with a population of 200 millions. Halfway through this century we've acquired a population of 150 millions, with 50 years—or at any rate 48 years—still to go. The total land area of the continental United States in 1940 was 3,022,387 square miles. It shocks the average American to learn that all China in Asia, is only 3,760,339 square miles, while China proper is only 2,279,134 square miles.

Figured territory against territory, for living purposes, *the United States is bigger than China proper by almost a million square miles.*

**C**HINA, however, already has a total population in 1948 of 463,493,418—almost three times our current population, on a million miles less territory.

Such populations, with their probable increases, considered against tillable territory, have to be looked at and taken into consideration, for they are the real pressures that make or unmake governments. Certainly they dictate what the physical living conditions in a country shall be.

Incidentally, while we're on the subject, Soviet Russia at the present moment has a populace of 211,384,985 on a total area of 8,473,444 square miles. However, vast reaches of this area are either barren desert or arctic ice. Square mile for square mile it is doubtful if Soviet Russia has as much tillable land, in what might be called Livable Climate the year round, as the United States—and it is

required to support 63 millions more persons.

The quandary of how to feed such millions constitutes one of the major problems of real statesmanship. There is a direct relationship between the nourishment of a nation physically and its initiative and national energy. Americans have become the race they have, because they have been more than normally well-fed under their Economy of Scarcity. Had China been nourished man for man as Americans have been nourished man for man over the past 161 years, the Chinese today would be the dominant nationals of the earth! . . .



**T**HEN THERE'S another item to be taken into consideration in America's holding her place beneath the sun. It's the question of farm labor.

Back over the past century and a half, the United States was filling up with a highly desirable and valuable peasant citizenry from Europe, tough, industrious human beings who migrated from the Old World to escape its exhaustions and tyrannies. These and their progeny drifted gradually west and south, and became the backbone of our great resources-developing labor. With the whole political picture in the Old World shifting, however, these hardy basic laborers are no longer coming. And the second generation has no liking for going upon farms and performing grubby, backbreaking toil. It wants to center in cities where it enjoys the diversions of tightly-packed community life. However, physical life being what it is, and requiring the sustenance that it does, an increasingly urban population upsets the whole economic apple cart. Even farmers sowing and gathering their crops by tractors and other machines, don't solve the problem. And for this reason—

Let's say for explanatory purposes that a half-a-million tractor operators can raise enough food for 200 millions of

people. How will 199-1/2 millions eating such food acquire the finances to pay for it? Figuratively speaking, the 199-1/2 millions shall have congregated in the big cities where their intersocial activities, considered productively, fall in the class with taking in each other's washings. Yet they must send the value of foodstuffs out from their laundry economies to the half-million laborers running the tractors. But the laborers on the tractors by no means receive the sum-total of the payment so supplied by the city folk. No matter how much food their tractors produce, they themselves get only an infinitesimal share in "wages" . . . True, they can perhaps live better than their city brethren cooped in the tenement warrens of congested cities, but by no means can they return to those city folk anything near what the latter are required to send to the countryside for sustenance.

In another fifty years, we would envision the farmer-employer of labor—in tractor-seats or anywhere—as the nation's real banker-capitalist, since he ought to receive the value of the food the city people remit from their mutual laundry earnings and yet pay out only a fraction of it in wages.

Of course he can do nothing of the sort, because with increased city populations the cities are sprawling further and further into the agricultural areas, meaning that the latter are growing smaller and smaller. Not only does the farmer-employer have constantly less ground to till, but the problem of procuring those laborers for the tractor seats grows harder and harder. Only higher and higher wages tempt the city worker to quit his electrically-heated flat and fine clothes and go out to labor long—or short—hours on a farm. And as the farm labor situation grows worse and worse, the individual farm worker is demanding more and more.

One Indiana farmer-employer recently visiting Soulcraft Headquarters is running a Hoosier farm worth \$40,000 with three male employes besides himself. All three are family men. And what do they want for compensation? Each must have a house on the Indiana farm almost as good as the employer's. He must be provided with a cow and a pig, a free motorcar to travel to the nearest city when he or his family feel like it, together with free gasoline for its tank, and receive around \$200 a month in cash-money be-

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# Are the Methodists Espousing Communism Without Knowing It?

**T**HE Indianapolis Star "lays the Methodists out in lavender" in a recent Sunday editorial directed against the utterances and recommendings of some of their leading bishops. This editorial deserves a wider reading than is afforded by *The Star's* Hoosier circulation. It is Indiana's greatest newspaper and is currently publishing some of the finest spiritualized editorials appearing in any American newspaper today. Here is its arraignment of the Methodist officials—

**T**HE OFFICIAL organ of the Methodist Church in America, *The Christian Advocate*, on January 24 this year featured an article by Bishop A. Ward. In this article the Bishop states, "The New Testament tells of Communism which was practiced in the early church in Jerusalem. There are sincere Christians today who believe that humanity would be better served by a social and economic order in which natural resources and major processes of production and distribution are owned and controlled by the people (meaning, of course, the government) . . .

"They believe that the Communist Party can make progress toward these ends more quickly than can other political organizations. They believe they should work for a Communist order which provides these and other things. But they can never accept the philosophy of atheistic, materialistic Communism and its implications. They repudiate totalitarian control and forcible regimentation . . .

"We might do well to differentiate people who might be called Christian Communists and Communists of the Moscow type."

**N**OW let's examine this ridiculous statement for a moment. In the first place the New Testament does not tell

of *Communism* being practiced in the early Christian Church. The *communalism* described in the Acts was a voluntary sharing of goods that had nothing to do with Communism which is a political philosophy formulated by Karl Marx and Frederick Engels in 1848! Obviously the Bishop does not know what Communism is or what the Communist Party seeks to accomplish or what a Communist order means in human society. If he did know he could not possibly use "Christian" and "Communism" in the same breath.

The *Communist Manifesto*, the bible of Communism, the source of Communism, the inspiration of Communism described Communism thus: "The theory of the Communists may be summed up in the single sentence: Abolition of private property . . . This . . . is called by the bourgeois, abolition of individuality and freedom. The abolition of bourgeois individuality, bourgeois independence and bourgeois freedom is undoubtedly aimed at . . . In a word, you reproach us with intending to do away with your property. Precisely so; that is what we intend."

Now what is Christian about that, Bishop Ward? And what is Christian about this? Karl Marx, father of Communism, wrote, "The democratic concept of man is false *because it is Christian* (italics ours). The democratic concept holds that each man is a sovereign being. This is the illusion, dream and postulate of Christianity." Does Bishop Ward or any Methodist or other churchgoer who agrees with him believe Christians can support a system that declares war on Christianity?

"Christian Communism" is a contradiction in terms and it is surprising that a high churchman in the Methodist Church does not know it. Communism calls religion the "opiate of the people" and the kind of "tolerance" of Communism that Bishop Ward preaches will



certainly turn it into an opiate that will dull and destroy the soul of Christianity. The "Communist order" sought by the Communist Party which "Christian Communists" support, cannot be achieved without "totalitarian controls and forcible regimentation" and every leader of the Communist Party from Marx to Lenin to Stalin to Eugene Dennis says so loudly, repeatedly and without apology. If the good Bishop did not read these books and speeches before commending "Christian Communism" to his flock he is guilty of a terrible mistake. If he did read them and still tolerates "Christian Communism" he is either not a true Christian or he is a very blind one.

**W**HAT did Jesus Himself have to say about the profit system, which the "Christian Communist" condemns and which Moscow Communism would destroy? In the 24th Chapter of Saint Matthew we read the parable of the "talents." A man traveling to a far country turned his money, in "talents," over to his servants, "to every man according to his several ability," not, as the Communists put it, "to each according to his need." Those two servants who traded with the money left them and who made a 100 per cent profit he commended with the words, "Well done, thou good and

## Minutiae



FOUND the item in a journal sear,  
 A weekly paper from New England town;  
 A hundred years bygone its news was fresh  
 And told amid the goin's up and down—  
 "The spring comes early to the state this year,  
 And winter's freeze gives way to April's green;  
 Above a Main Street lawn this afternoon  
 The season's first white butterfly was seen."

Hail, tiny life! Because you thus did pit  
 Your dauntless fluttering vim to April's chill,  
 You left a record up a century's scroll  
 That thus you lived, and did your insect will.  
 What did you do? You dared essay to wing  
 When all your world said No!—the times weren't apt;  
 'Twas not bug sense to venture Main Street's waste  
 When sod and shrubs and wings in chill were wrapt.

Yet thus the valor of immortal strain!  
 You never know what eye would mark your flight,  
 You never dreamt that up a hundred years  
 I'd note this exploit of your life tonight.  
 Somehow, I like to think, 'tis valor's creed,  
 That as I dare, I too shall wing from sod,  
 Let fluttering forth in chill be fame enough  
 To make an item for the Eye of God!

## "REVITALIZING OUR TIMES"

### The New Volume about General MacArthur



PRICELESS book has appeared in the nation's *Revitalizing a Nation*. It's a statement of the beliefs, opinions, and policies embodied in the public pronouncements of General of the Army, Douglas MacArthur. It is published by the Heritage Foundation, Inc., 75 East Wacker Drive, Chicago 1, Illinois. The captions are by John M. Pratt and the introduction by Norman Vincent Peale. It states, in concise and dramatic form, what the ideals and expressions of the General are, for the regeneration and resurgence of the United States.

Incidentally, it costs \$2 per copy—but is worth it.

However, on Page 30 of this book, the General pens a reply to the New Prime Minister of Japan, Shigeru Yoshida, answering the Prime Minister's letter extending his felicitations to MacArthur for the General's part in formulating the new Japan. In recommending that Japan follow the United States in the establishing of civic principles, the General makes this fecund statement—

"The preservation, inviolate, of the economic system, based upon free, private, competitive enterprise, alone maximizes the initiative, the energy, and in the end the productive capacity of the people."

Regardless of the fact that VALOR is unreservedly in favor of Douglas MacArthur as the nation's next Chief Executive, it is in no spirit of criticism or disagreement that this journal postulates a problem to the General—

You belong, Sir, to the same generation to which the editor-recorder of the *Soulcraft Scripts* has belonged, and come to sunset maturity;

But, General, are you aware that the economy of the United States and the world has undergone a decided alteration since we have been living our lives?

We have passed from the Economy of Scarcity to the Economy of Abundance. An Economy of Abundance means that

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faithful servant." The one servant who buried his talent in the ground for safe keeping he called "wicked and slothful," and he said, "Cast ye the unprofitable servant into the outer darkness."

Can a Christian be a Communist?

Communism is the anti-Christ. It is a doctrine of Godless materialism that seeks the destruction of Christianity. How can a supposedly Christian bishop maintain that Christianity and Communism have something in common when the Communists themselves say that Christianity must be destroyed before Communism can win the world?

Former Communist Whittaker Cham-

bers wrote, "The Communist vision is the vision of Man Without God. It is the vision of man's mind displacing God as the creative intelligence of the world."

Can a "Christian Communist" live without God and still be a Christian?

Many of our churchmen plead for a regeneration of Christian fervor and a new spiritual and moral resurgence of the Christian faith. If Bishop Ward's views are well accepted in his church, and similar views are accepted in the organizations of many other churches, may we suggest that this moral and spiritual regeneration of Christianity start from within the Church and not from without.



## How Romantic Love Is Viewed in Realms of the After-Life . .

Consider the subject in this manner—  
The universe must have some cementing Force within it, and through it, to make its units coalesce together—or perhaps we might say, some Vital Principle to keep it in motion.

The whole world of materialism as earthly men know it being only Energy—that is, a form of motion by etheric substances manifesting at various rates of speeds—it follows that if this force behind motion were withdrawn or halted, the whole universe would fall apart in the flash of an eye and the Cosmos would return to its original state of pure consciousness—quiescent and formless.

Think of it in this way: think of a barrel of oil that has become impregnated by a spark of fire. It flames up and burns as long as the oil endures under conflagration. Now the burning oil is not fire, although fire results when the oil burns, and the result is combustion when oil and fire meet. Take away the oil and there would be neither fire nor combustion in the strict sense of the terms.

Love might be likened to the oil in the barrel. If the barrel were miraculous and could be replenished in some manner, the fire would burn on forever and men would accept that fire in this instance was a contingent part of oil when confined in a barrel.

It might even become a principle of physics that when oil was poured into a barrel, continuous fire resulted. In time, learned professors would deliver lectures on their own astuteness in discovering the connection between barrel,

**L**OVE, we learn, is pretty much a misnomer when commonly applied to that attraction which man has for woman, and woman has for man, in the maturity of their years when they come together as wife and husband, or mistress and lover.

Love is ordinarily estimated and appraised as an affection, and the two terms, Love and Affection, have become so closely intertwined and synonymously used that there is today almost a breach of etiquette in trying to think of them as having separateness of meaning and individuality of essence.

Love is that term which those in the higher octaves of Cosmos—or those in the more complicated dimensions—apply, not to sex attraction with its ramifications in emotionalism, but to the Great Forward Movement of divine life in propagation and propellation which keeps the universe in form.

It is Cause and effect in one—a constructive pulsing, beneficial Force—in

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

that it takes all things and brings them into harmony, one with another.

Most of us have gathered from previous instruction how the Divine Law exercises to bring about harmony in all—and throughout all—the created universe. This is true love of the highest type. Because there does accrue harmony of a sort between two individuals who bring their lives into the one alignment by exercising the emotional and conserving factors of the sex relationship on one another, we call the sex attraction a variety of Love.

After a fashion, this is erroneous. To speak of the sex attraction itself—or even the motives and causes behind it—as being true Love, is both fallacious and damaging to the concepts of Love in their purity of application.

oil, and fire.

This is one of the cardinal principles of physics, observable since there was a race, that given certain factors for human psychology to work upon in the field of observable facts, the human brain will at once begin to tell how things came about, and rest content on the results of observations.

Now liken the barrel of burning oil, inexhaustible in supply, to the universe materially created, but put your definition of Love in terms of the combustion resulting when the oil supply is boundless, and you get a more or less workable analogy for all present purposes.

Love in its essence is not so much a principle or condition as it is a state of Force!

It is an attempt on the part of the Universal Idea to keep the universe burning, so that it will not extinguish and the sublime holocaust that is Life turn into the smoke and ashes of the blind and inarticulate consciousness from which the whole emerged in the first place.

**L**OVE therefore is a force making for a condition!

You may read this glibly and accept it as a platitude, but you will be making an expensive blunder if you do. Give it a bit of thought!

People all over the universe continually find themselves in what they term love-troubles. They are not really much, of course. They simply do not understand what Love itself is.

They would interpret it as a condition, whereas it is the Force that Makes for the Condition.

There is a world of difference.

If all of us could consistently translate Love in terms of "the Urge to Sentience" or the pushing and pulsing desire to be aware of self and grasp the fecundities of the Cosmos through the means of the many senses, we would have as apt a definition, perhaps, as can be described in the language of mortals.

Instead, consider what we do.

We confuse Love with the state of feeling amorous, miscall it Romance, use it interchangeably with Affection—or habits of thinking and living reduced to the sentimental status—and generally conceive it as being anything that has an altruistic or sentimental urge.

The universe has benefited from Love as the great impellation toward Sentience, and we might say "has gotten an

agreeable sensation from being alive" if such a thing is possible to grasp.

Love is therefore wrongly interpreted from the cradle to the grave, and the race goes on from error to error concerning it, magnifying its potencies and powers all out of proportion to its original significance.

We should try to think of Love in this regard: that it is the impellation behind All Force in Circumstances, generally called by science, Energy.

We come closest to the truth of understanding it when we consider Love and Energy as synonymous.

Love is a dynamic aggravation in Cosmic stuffs that produces materiality—no more, or less!



Now taking up the various forms of its manifestations in the guises of the misrepresentations that men allot to it, the first form which we encounter which overshadows all other forms is the Sex Attraction Principle called amorousness, or romantic devotion to a sentimentalized idea transcribed in terms of sex adoration.

Adept students of Cosmos ultimately come to grasp that men and women do not "love" one another in the correct root-meaning of the term, anymore than they could give life, or impelling force, to one another by the simple fact of being in contact.

You cannot "love" a person, because love is not a bestowal of anything other than primal energy toward a condition or result that makes for some sort of function in sense-awareness.

Love, therefore, can't be used as a verb. It is strictly a noun denoting a Force of Creation—or rather, behind Creation—which impels toward materiality.

A mother might be said to "love" her child in that she has supplied it, to a degree, with the life factors of energetic physical equipment.

But "loving" it in the sense of pouring out sentiment or affection, is so wrong

a notion—and indeed the use of the word Love is so grievously prostituted—that the true meaning of the term and the process has become a lost concept.

A man can't love a woman, in the correct Cosmic sense, because he is unable to supply or contribute one iota of that dynamic Energy, or sentient precocity of Matter, that makes her what she is when he takes her in his arms.

He may feel passion for her, in the sense of desiring her as his physical partner in the processes of procreation, legitimately or otherwise, and out of such continued cooperation may come Affection—or rather, perfect alignment of habit and opportunity for mutual service. But all of it is merely acting or behaving as the carrier or agent for the Primal Force of love, which of itself—and otherwise independent of the principals—does the real physical creating. For a man to say "I love this woman" is equal—in the Cosmic interpretation of the term—to say, "I am the original Force which brought this woman into being."

Even though he be the father of the woman, and speaking of her as his daughter, he could not be employing the term correctly.

**N**OW the Sex Attraction—or rather, the attraction which the sexes have for each other—seems on examination to be twofold in nature. Perhaps we should put it that it is made up of independent halves of interest, impelling toward propinquity and mutual consummation of biological function.

The first half is Spiritual.

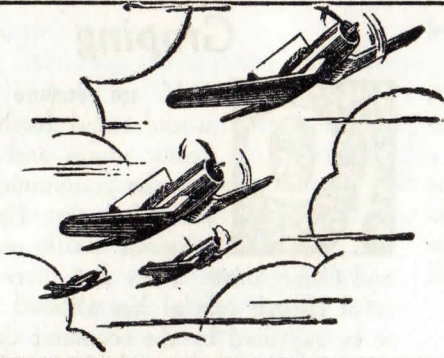
In other words, underlying any attraction which a woman has for a man, or a man has for a woman, there are first of all the inexorable karmic relationships of their psyches involving one another in their careers up the worlds.

This holds and is inescapable regardless of whether or not they may be equipped with adequate vehicles for physical expression.

The Life Principle is working out by two people recognizing one another subconsciously as having had prenatal associations, and they are coming together in current life-cycle to work out such problems in their destinies that they may be voluntarily concerned in unknitting,

Although mankind little dreams it, this is the biggest factor in sex attraction. Most assuredly it accounts for the vari-

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# Strange Experiences . .

## Manifestations of the Departed



ONE MORNING in July of 1944, I left an island in the Southwest Pacific, scheduled flight to Majuro Island in the Southern Atoll of Majuro, and I was at the controls of a Billy Mitchell bomber—B-25. My co-pilot was Lt. Harold Downer of Black River Falls, Wisconsin, and quite a buddy. Suddenly he turned deathly pale and I asked if he were ill. He gave me no answer and I had to ask again.

"No," he returned finally with shaking voice, "*but beside you is the image of a man. It's Col. Bond, and I'm not joking.*"

Now Col. Bond had been killed about three weeks before. He had collided with a Navy plane, south of Roi Island in the Marshall Group. I looked over at Downer and demanded—

"What have you been drinking, Lieutenant?"

"Nothing, Captain. Honest," he replied.

"Tell it to a chaplain," I said. "Suppose you take over the controls and give me your liquor. I'd like to get hopped along with you."

He merely sat in a silly stupor and stared at me. After a while he asked—

"Would I have any reason for lying to you, Edwards?"

"Maybe not," I still joked. "Am I looking a hole in him now? Here, take over for a while."

"You're a hard person to convince," Downer said. But his body was a bundle of nerves . .

I DIDN'T know what to make of him. I didn't want to turn back and have him released from my crew, but something might have to be done. I asked myself, was it war nerves, liquor, or was he cracking up? I was puzzled.

I looked at him again. He was still pale and shaking.

"See here, Downer," I said, "we've both been through a lot. Maybe we can get a rest-recuperation furlough. I'll touch the Old Man on the subject when we get back. Okay?"

He continued to smile queerly.

"Captain, I'm not joking," he insisted. "He's still here—Col. Bond—and right beside you. Honest, he is."

I shook my head back and forth, thinking to myself, Boy, this is not all right.

*Then I distinctly felt a hand laid on my right shoulder!*

I looked to see if Downer could have done it, but to my own amazement he couldn't. I turned and looked back at our crew members. They were talking and laughing behind us.

Sort of shaky myself then, I reached and unsnapped my throat-mike and headphones to release their pressure. I glanced at Downer again.

"Did you just feel anything?" he inquired sharply.

I had, but determined not to admit it. I said, "All I feel, Lieutenant, is like getting on a big drunk."

"Don't kid me, Captain. You know you felt something. It was Colonel Bond who touched you. I notice you're not smiling now. Why not? You know I'm right, now. Don't be sore at me." He spoke this all rapidly.

I said, "Great relief, Downer, Old Buddy—right over there is Majuro. Pleasant sight, isn't it?"

"You're not kidding me," Downer said. "You know I'm right."

"Is he still with us?" I asked.

"Yes," Downer said. "*He is!*"

I HAD CALLED Majuro Tower for landing instructions and as I was forming the traffic pattern to the left, wheels down and locked, pulling back on my throttle and letting down on my wing-flaps to stall my speed, all of a sudden Downer yelled—

*"Pull up, Captain! Pull up!"*

A fighter plane was making a dead-stick landing right under us but from the opposite direction. I never saw this plane until Downer called. I reopened the throttles, barely escaped crashing the fighter plane, and once again circled for the pattern to land.

Now I was the bundle of nerves . .

As we landed safely and were taxi-ing up, Downer said to me—

"It was Colonel Bond who beckoned to me, Captain Edwards. The moment I looked to see what he was pointing at, and saw that plane, he left. He's not here any longer. Thank God he came along!"

What answer could I make?

WE OFTEN talked of this incident later but never understood it. Had the two planes collided, we would certainly have been killed. No part of it made any sense to me until I started work at Soulcraft Headquarters after leaving the Service, and began reading the literature I was helping to print.

Now, Harold Downer, wherever you may be, someday we will see each other again, and I'll do the explaining.

I know now that the light-body of Colonel Bond rode with us, perhaps sensing that a crash was ending our flight and our lives which it wasn't then time for us to experience.

ROBERT EDWARDS

STRANGELY enough, when General Walker had been killed early in the Korean War in a jeep accident, the flyers bringing his remains home to the United States told a weird story, paralleling that of Captain Edwards above, of his phantasm being seen in the main cabin of the B-29, near his flag-draped casket.

Evidently they keep on flying, these airmen officials of ours.

Flying forever. Let's hope.

# Valor

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## Strange Tragedy



CLEVELAND bus was proceeding through a crowded business section. On it was a 20-year-old youth, smoking a cigarette. For some reason peculiar to himself, it amused him to touch the lighted cigarette-tip to the braids of a Miss Annabelle Frankie that were hanging over the seat-back before him. She protested and he made an argument out of it. Miss Frankie, incensed, went to the driver of the bus and reported the mischief. The bus driver, a woman, pulled up alongside a traffic policeman and asked him to come aboard and remove the obnoxious youth.

The traffic policeman's name was Stinchcomb. He was 55 years old and had been 30 years on the Cleveland police force. He came aboard and accosted the boy—whose name was Lawrence Goldsby. In a flash of temper at being thus threatened with arrest, Goldsby reached for the policeman's gun, jerked it from the holster, and shot the traffic officer dead through the head. Thereupon he turned the gun on Miss Frankie, shot her dead as well, and pulled the trigger twice more. The third of his victims was a Mrs. Helen Garrison, aged 50, and William J. Powers, Chicago lawyer.

It was all in the nation's newspapers for Tuesday, May 13th.

Powers lived two hours after the shooting.

"I was just mad," Goldsby told the Cleveland police late Monday afternoon. He stated he had grabbed the policeman's available .45 and started shooting

because the girl passenger had reported his singeing of her hair.

And who was this William J. Powers, thus drilled through the head merely because he was a "innocent bystander"—on that bus and in the line with the youth's fusillade of slugs? He was counsel for the Soulcraft Recorder in the famous—or infamous—mass sedition trial in Washington, D. C. in 1944.

Hail and Farewell, Bill Powers!



This tragedy calls to mind Thornton Wilder's famous novel, *The Bridge of San Luis Rey*. Wilder traced out the lives of all the persons who had been upon a certain bridge in South America when it collapsed and carried them all to their deaths. All, according to the author, had completed their lives and were ready for the "passing" . . .

Bill Powers walked into the Recorder's affairs in the early months of 1944 from Chicago, and volunteered to defend him from the Rogge' assault on the liberties of anti-Communists. The Recorder's daughter Adelaide closed a deal with him. He gave up his Chicago practice for almost three-quarters of a year to live in Washington, D. C. and make daily appearances in Judge Eicher's court. He and Gerald Winrod's attorneys, the Jacksons—father and son—were practically the only lawyers at the infamous mass sedition trial who were not appointed by the court and who received compensation from the defendants. Powers took a leading part in defending your Recorder for 119 court days.

Now a maniac's bullet in a crowded Cleveland bus has erased him from mortal existence.

Queer how life's contacts turn out.

Powers dropped all Pelley matters with the conclusion of the mass sedition trial and returned to his Chicago-Detroit law practice.

One wonders at what the karma was, that worked out in this sad affair.

Verily, the *Bridge of San Luis Rey* to the life.

Happy hunting, Bill.

Now you know "what it's all about" . .

## Groping



ONLY an insane person would stand forth in the public places and stigmatize the communicants of the Methodist Episcopal religious faith as Reds and Communists. Here and there a powerful church official has allowed himself to be captured by the economic delusions of the left-wingers and "been taken for a ride" up the alley decorated with the flags and bunting of the Hammer and Sickle. The editor of VALOR knows something about these gentlemen, being the son of a Methodist pastor, raised in the Methodist faith, and in 1917-1918 being retained by the Methodist Church to proceed into the Orient on a survey tour of Methodist Foreign Missions. The late Bishop Fred Fisher was known in the closing years of his life to be a Red sympathizer. The editor knew this Centenary head personally and wrestled with him on the points of Red doctrine for many noons over New York or Detroit lunch tables.

But the rank and file of Methodists constitute a citizenry as zealously American as any denominational membership in the nation.

How do their officials "get that way"?

*Because they're groping for something they can't designate in fifty words, and taking Communism as the nearest approach to it!*

They're groping for a more equitable economic order, where depression doesn't follow wild production in periodic regularity.

What they're groping for, accurately, are the tenets of The Christian Commonwealth—which is about as far from the tenets of Communism, or even Socialism, as the national temperance movement was once removed from Al Capone's brand of Prohibition.

Actually, of course, the Methodists are playing around in Economics because orthodox Christianity doesn't carry the correct answers doctrinally to the problems of our times. For that matter, neither do they carry the correct answers to the fundamentals of the After-Life and Soul-Survival.

But the odds are nine to one that when The Christian Commonwealth principles come to be searchingly understood, the Methodists will embrace them harder and faster than any other theological sect in



the American Scene.

For one thing, the tenets of The Christian Commonwealth, based on the farm cooperatives lifted to the national scale, demand not one shred of alteration in the American form of government. No tamperings are necessitated with the constitutional First Amendment.

All of us are striving to escape the fatal bankruptcies embodied in industrialism become an uncontrolled epidemic. Something better and sounder is on its way in. And so it's a healthy sign that the Methodists are groping.

Blessed are they who seek, for they may find.

## MacArthur

(Continued from Page 4)

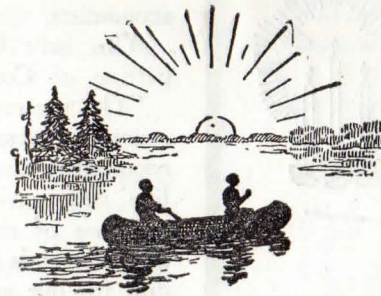
we are now so equipped with machinery for doing the nation's work that if *every-one* were put to work at them, the needs of our people wouldn't only be swiftly supplied for any given period but the people operating those machines would be receiving wages only enough to buy a fraction of that production.

Have you any answer to the problem, or solution for the quandary, General, when a given number of persons operating machines receive only a pittance of the value of the goods turned off? Have you solved the headache of who is going to buy the remainder, and with what?

The American wage-earner is likewise the American consumer, is he not, General? His wages are figured as part of the cost of the goods his machine delivers. To them is added the cost of raw materials and overhead—which includes selling expense. If the amount paid to the employee in wages is only one-third of the total cost of manufacture, let's say, no patriotism under heaven can provide for his rebuying or acquiring more than one-third of the amount of the goods coming off the belt-line. And in all the hard-headed sense for which you're famous, what is to become of the other two-thirds which no one in the public domain has the wherewithal to spend to get them?

This excess of production—for which there is no market because the machine operator en toto is the buying public en toto—has to be burnt up, plowed under, or given away in federal charity. It constitutes the glut that gestates periodic depression with a certainty that can be

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figured. The old, wild days of uncontrolled producing and hence “swallowing of losses” are gone, General. The new order of public official in our children’s day must come from the ranks of the economists.

This isn’t Communism—or any suggestion of Communism.

“The preservation, inviolate, of the economic system, based upon free, private, competitive enterprise” would seem to us like your saying that the preservation, inviolate of the efficient American military, demands that we retain the Gatling-gun for our armies and the Liberty motor for propeller-driven aircraft.

You would be among the first to demand that our military arm keep abreast of modern invention. Should not our economy as well keep abreast of modern invention?

We have launched into an era of multiple and ubiquitous machinery, every new unit of which is releasing more and more workers from jobs and hence from Friday-night pay envelopes. Suppose the day comes that 95 percent of our manual labor is all performed by machines. Where is the American public’s buying capability coming from to possess the necessities of life? Five percent of our people can draw pay envelopes for running those machines, meaning that five percent can go on living.

We are working ourselves into one devil of a hiatus industrially, General, and the quandary takes precedence over everything but Communist invasion.

As good Americans, but in all sober logic, where is our present industrial trend taking us?

We respectfully request you put your intellect to work on it.

### **Tomorrow’s Food**

*(Continued from Page 2)*

sides. All this the employe demands and receives—else he will throw up his tractor-seat and join the ranks of the unionized machinists and munitions workers in Indianapolis, total non-producers insofar as any necessities for maintaining life are concerned. In result, the farmer visitor to Headquarters announced he was cutting up his farm into house-lots, making a financial real estate killing, and moving into Indianapolis himself to go into the real estate construction business.

Sooner or later, the whole vast army

of the real estate operators and munitions makers are due to quit work for lunch but find restaurants empty. Why? Because there’s no food. Farmers can’t make their farms pay, considering the multiplicity of additional households, motorcars, and television sets they must provide to get the help that their grandfathers got from Europe at a cost of \$2 a day, with working hours from 5 a. m. to 7 p. m.

It’s a fine thing to thump the tubs about “the glorious old Stars and Stripes” and free enterprise and initiative. But economics exist and operate inexorably in quite another department of humanity’s activities . . .

**SOONER** or later, in a highly civilized State, with populations increasing as the life-expectancy period extends further and further, the nation as a nation must come to face the problem of “Where is the food?”

This means that a balance must be struck between the absolute needs of the eating population and the available tillage area and cost of harvesting crops from it so that the flow of edibles to the congested urban areas strikes intelligent and workable balance.

Communism and collective farms are not the answers. That’s dividing up the land for contingents of slaves to till—who’ll quit and go over the skyline the minute the overseer’s lash is removed. Socialism and dividing up the wealth—or the real estate garden plots, with each man tilling his own—aren’t the answers, because generations of city-bred people won’t do their own farming, granted they receive little plats of land sufficient to grow their own foodstuffs. That’s what China has been doing the last two or three centuries, and getting nowhere, with famines taking off vast sections of the population every little while wholesale.

No, *the answer lies in a system of Intelligent Cooperation*, where the needs and resources of a whole nation are figured, and it is then more selfishly profitable for a man to aid with farming or food raising than to live in a pocket-handkerchief city apartment and take in the washing of his fellow tenant across the hallway.

Under such Cooperation, attractive incentives are offered the individual to produce, but it’s the United States Department of Agriculture, under the consti-



tutional Secretary of Agriculture, who receives the vast total product and functions as distributor.

What actually seems to be ahead, is the whole United States turning into one gargantuan Farm Co-op, with all members profiting as their interests appear. And even our restaurants, eating houses, and markets are bound to alter and improve under such wholesale civic supervision.

But—and here's the shock for those not clairvoyantly endowed to see the changes which the population problem and the labor problem are due to bring about—maybe the citizen of the future will repair to his favorite eating-place and consume what food he wants *without its costing him any more than it costs him at present to step up to a drinking fountain in the public park and procure himself a draught of pure, free water!*

**F**OOD free? The thought is electrifying. Wouldn't that be Socialism with a vengeance?

No, it would be the Farm Cooperative Idea worked out on the higher national level, whereon all stockholders and participants in the Co-Op got their meals under an Economy of Abundance to which all contributed, precisely as in the old days the farmer's wife and daughters prepared the elaborate repast at noon for all the hired men and fed them as part

of the arrangement under the Economy of Scarcity.

Did the ownership or management of the farm alter because the hired men received their rations enabling them to go onward and complete the toil which the farm as a whole represented?

**I**NSTEAD of caterwauling a long program of calamities and catastrophes which aren't slated to happen excepting in excitable imaginations—which assumedly face the United States—let's look as sane people at the solutions which an intelligent populace of the future, under the leadership of the Christ Men, are due to espouse and embrace, to make the next 1,000 years here in these United States the most wonderful in which to live, that the mind of undernourished man can now conceive.

These things are coming in because increase of populations, along with diminishing farm revenues and inability to obtain agricultural help, are going to force them.

Not a single amendment to our present governmental statutes is required to effect them.

We're still due to have a "free economy" with proper rewards for initiative, ingenuity and industry. But in sheer self-survival it's got to become an intelligently adjusted economy, so that money and goods flow evenly and without obstruction and glut producing periodic depressions where everyone who fancies himself "wealthy" discovers he's lost his shirt and his gains have been only temporary.

Yes, the time has arrived for cessation of all this caterwauling about doom and destructions. The time is here for level-eyed looking into the imminent future clairvoyantly and discerning where these great social and economic pressures are taking us.

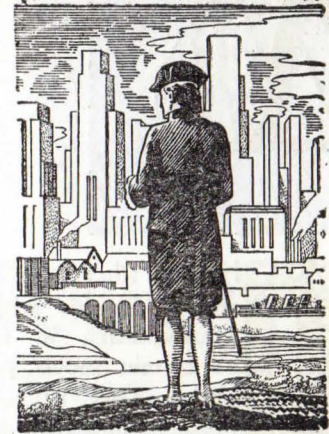
Man may beat the spiritual law and the moral law—for a little time. But man has never yet beaten the economic law.

The point is, that America is due to find sensible and civilized ways for caring for the sum-total of its citizenry economically. Communism is making false inroads because the weightier class mentally of our populace isn't turning its energies to constructive ways for remedying national distempers.

The Christ Men have the answers.

They're the principles of Christ in action.

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## .. COGITATIONS

**H**AVE what I call Credulity Trouble with my grandchildren in respect to certain movie personalities. They cannot understand how their grand-sire, passing his sunset years in a small Indiana town, can possibly have known the screen celebrities he describes. The eight years he spent in Hollywood, from 1922 to 1930, making sundry screen productions—21 in all—may have been the most colorful in his high-voltage life, but the children turn a fishy eye when he tries to convince them that Hopalong Cassidy's right name isn't Cassidy at all but Boyd and that in former sinful years their own grandpop played the unhallowed game of poker with him and Wallie Berry and Walter Long and Dot Reed at Grant Dolge's in North Hollywood or that Joan Crawford isn't Joan Crawford at all but Lucille le Seuer and that "Gramp knew her when" she was a boisterous maiden in studio rompers, just out of the Chicago chorus, who delighted to come at him on the run from behind and try to sprawl him and rub his face in the greensward behind Eddie Eccles' office at M-G-M. I saw Joan in *That Woman Is Dangerous* at the local cinema the other night and what that gal has made of herself over the past 30 years brings my hat off in admiration.

o—o

**T**HINKING back over my screen vicissitudes . . . Already I've told of Theda Bara and something of Lon Chaney—although I propose to tell more in this paper. But there were others. Henry Walthal, for instance, Little Colonel in *The Klansman*—but Edgar Allen Poe to the life. I was Henry's press agent for nearly three years, which function seemed to necessitate attending various Holly-

wood parties and helping him punish prodigious quantities of Bourbon, which usually inspired him to recite *The Raven*. When Henry, three sheets over, was inspired to recite *The Raven*, you were inspired to hear something worth hearing. Thereupon we repaired to the top of Sunset Mountain to watch the sun come up on California morning, usually with two other fellows, and apostrophized the solar orb with *Sweet Adeline* sung in the dampest of barbershop harmony. Mack Swain, another of my clients, was the big hombre who ate the licorice shoes in Charlie Chaplin's *Gold Rush*, also doubling on occasion as the huge Frenchman with the fierce whiskers in many of Charlie's best pantomimes. Chester Conklin, whose cat-pelt moustache carried him to comedy fame; Huntley Gordon, of the husband wife team with Irene Rich; Niguel de Brulier, remembered by the older generation for his effective work as Christus in Valetino's *Four Horsemen*; Jack Holt, with whom I often shot billiards at Casa del Mar; Tom Mix, for whom I wrote *Ladies to Board*, grossing more millions than any other opus he ever made for the silents; Blanche Sweet, Betty Compson, Lew Cody, Harry Landon, Colleen Moore, Mary Astor, Buster Collier. Dick Barthlemess, Hoot Gibson, Anna May Wong, Sessue Hayakawa, Tommy Meaghen, Alec Francis, all these I enjoyed a Howya acquaintance with, back in those halcyon days. The most sporting of the lot, meaning the best little trouper of the bunch, was Betty Compson, I thought. She was the gal in the original *Miracle Man*, who migrated Hollywoodward and wedded Jimmy Cruz, the director. I'll never forget an afternoon when she was starring in my *Lady Bird* . . .

o—o

**I**T WAS a flicker written against the background of Mardi Gras, and she was supposed to be a dancing gal in a New Orleans dive where the northern city slickers came to absorb juleps and local color. Incidentally, Betty was a dancer and I cast her to do a Paris Apache number with some big hombre whose name escapes me. Part of the fi-

nale was to be swirled till she went dizzy, then lifted off her feet and tossed contemptuously over a table in the back-ground out of sight. Of course there had been a delightfully soft mattress spread on the studio floor beyond ye table, out of sight of ye camera. Between shots, however, some squeamish property-man had wondered who could have left a perfectly dangerous mattress where players might stumble over it and break ankles or necks which would cost ye studio damage suits. So most thoughtfully he picked it up and put it away in ye property room. We came back from lunch, turned on the glims, and resumed the business of afternoon shooting. Ye Big Brute went into the finale with Betty, tossed her over ye table as ye script provided. But alas ye mattress was waiting to receive her not. She landed on hard Oregon fir, barking more than pretty elbows and knees. Ye property-man was hunted down, taken out into the back alley and had his neck broken for his thoughtfulness in striving to save his employer jeopardy . . . But Betty batted not an eye. Plenty of mercurochrome was applied and back she went on the set, doing the same thing over again with the mattress restored . . . Talk about trouping!

o—o

**S**OMETIMES, however, things were done maliciously that might have spelled tragedy. That brings me back to Lon . . . We were making a picture in Fort Lee, N. J., across from Morningside Heights. A publicity man who kept his brains in his feet so they might occasionally get exercise, conceived the brilliant notion that what we needed to publicize a flicker about Tennyson's *Holy Grail* was a publicity contest for the handsomest man physically in New York, and when he had been chosen—with the cooperation of all the Bernarr MacFadden publications—he'd be given a part in the picture. There was also a little item of earning a \$1,000 prize but who ever saw a physical culture freak who thought about money? All he wanted was a chance to wriggle the biceps for the feminine element, and the competition was a sell-out. Out of it came one

Joe Balamo, a young Italian-American from Brooklyn, whose name I'm misspelling purposely to save him present-day embarrassment. Joe was winner hands down—six feet-two of phenomenal physique, but unfortunately with the size of his head badly outranked by saidiceps. Joe likewise was naive—as young Italian-Americans born in Brooklyn have occasionally disclosed themselves to be. Somehow he acquired the idea that “getting a part in the picture” meant co-starring with Lon Chaney, or something of the sort. Anyhow, he banked the \$1,000 cheque and came around to the studio next day in “civvies” to “begin his screen career”. His disillusionment started when, instead of being assigned a dressingroom, he was ordered into the chairs along the wall with extras who were to grace a commonplace restaurant scene. Joe did consume prodigious quantities of food on normal occasions, but this was scarcely stardom. Four days later the conditions of his “contract” were thought to have been met by assigning him a role as Policeman who had to chase Chaney up a back fire-escape in Harlem. Joe didn't see the slightest class to these roles, particularly displaying of his boa constrictor muscles. He wanted to mount somewhere in pink tights, and, after flying through the air with the greatest of ease, come to grips with Chaney, the villain of the piece, and strangle him till his eyes popped. Again and again Joe heckled the director for parts that should display his MacFadden development. It was finally the director's eyeballs that began to be disarranged—in exasperation. After two weeks of sitting about the set, waiting to be given business that meant a contract with Hollywood when his grandiose development was permitted to break upon the screen, Joe began to get nasty. He'd been promised a “prominent role” in the opus, hadn't he? The picture was practically finishing and scarcely a square inch of cuticle had he displayed. The director had to do something or the producer face a law suit. He was a very hard-boiled director, whose name I withhold. “I'll fix the lousy wop,” he vowed finally. “If there's one thing this *Holy Grail* needs to pep it up, it's a physical culture freak appearing in pink tights in a Fifth Avenue drawing room.” He'd never approved of the physical culture contest, anyhow. “Dismiss the cast for the day,” he ordered the Assistant Director. “Tell Adonis to get into his loveliest pink

tights, and you light up the big drawing-room set.”

o—o

THERE were other instructions given—chiefly to the cameraman, to go through with a fake cranking without film in his camera. Then the property-men were instructed to rig up a block and tackle, in high overhead trusses. When Joe came from his dressingroom,

he paused to wobble muscles and “limber 'em up.” Thereat all the mummery of filming a perfectly bona fide scene was begun, under full Kleigs and Cooper-Hewitts. “Joe,” the director briefed him, “I want you to jump in through the balcony window where you've just made your escape from a passing circus-parade. You're looking for the dirty scoundrel who's ruined your sister. But

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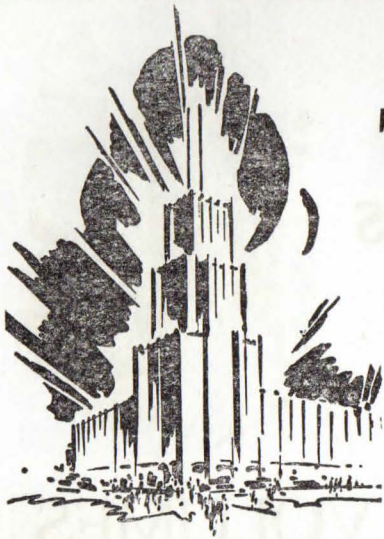
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a rope that you step in, catches your foot and trips you. See that you put your foot in the noose lying there on the floor. We'll explain the rest of the action later." . . . Joe was going to be starred in movies. He was happy at last. The cranking begun. He came through the window like an Italian gazelle leaping from crag to crag, all spotlights "frying" him. He placed his foot in the noose. The director gave a signal. Forthwith four property-assistants began pulling on the cable. Joe had his foot jerked from under him, but before his head hit, he was off the floor. Joseph, in fact, was going up! In reverse! He was pulled out of the harassed director's hair by one ankle. Straight up into the trusses he was hoisted and the end of the cable fastened to a stanchion. The director thereat shouted "Kill 'em!" meaning that all lights had the switches pulled. "Now all of you go home!" The cameraman in stantly picked up instrument and tripod and called it a day. Joe was hung by one foot high in the superstructure. The lights went out. The director and workmen departed. Joe bellowed, he shrieked, he kicked and he swung. There was nothing for him to grab on to rescue himself. He'd been hoisted by his right leg and therefore had no employment for his left. High over the snazzy drawing room this left leg fell outward at an angle and was perfectly useless as a leg. Apparently he was due to hang there all night. It was Chaney passing through the outer hall who overheard the howling and made it his business to investigate. Chaney would. He picked me up en route. It was the first that I likewise had learned of the director's grim maneuver to cure Joe thereafter of cinema aspirations . . .

o—o

BUT TRY lowering a 190-pound Adonis down from the trusses of a movie studio, especially when he's terrified and disillusioned and weighs about ten pounds more than any would-be rescuer. Lon and I got the cable unfastened, but it hadn't been over long and Lon happened to be clutching it. All of a sudden it was he who was going up! Joe was coming down. It was simple hydraulics. They passed each other in mid-air, although their heads were in opposite directions. I screeched at Joe not to unfasten himself or it might be Chaney who came down and broke both legs. He saw the point and I got hold of what

rope offered and started to pull to rescue Chaney. Thereat it was Joe who was whipped off his feet again, going up as before. It wasn't a bit of fun for him. He was doing it twice. Lon hit the floor and yelled for me to help him lower Joe, but Joe had hold of the outer cable by this time and was lowering himself. But he couldn't get enough free rope, with Chaney and I not daring to span it out for fear of its slipping from our hands and the poor Italian doing a head-dive to the floor. Excitedly we gave each other much gratis advice in the semi-dark, but neither of us getting anywhere. When we finally got the poor dago down, he had a sprained ankle and Lon had his palms bruised. Balamo was going to sue the director as soon as he could get a lawyer, but Chaney strongly recommended his returning on the morrow and having the pleasure of pushing in the director's face. He, Chaney, would help Balamo push. . . We took Joe across to the ferry in a cab and he hobbled up the elevated for Brooklyn, and out of my life. It was, however the meanest trick I ever saw played while I was in pictures, because we might have come back to the studio next morning and found Balamo dead. However, think I can get Pam or Winkie to credit all such bilge? You don't know my grandchildren. . . Ah, movies!

—THE RECORDER

## Love in the Afterlife

(Continued from Page 6)

ous ill-assortments and incongruous unions which we see occurring all about us that are otherwise so inexplicable, and the results of which in Drama fill plays and books with what society is pleased to call "plots" . . .

The Second Half of the motivation behind Sex Attraction is less idealistic. It concerns the strictly biological and very little else.

Society exhibits a weird inhibition about referring to this blatantly or promiscuously for the very simple reason that it is not generally interpreted and understood—not so much the biological process in any of its physical excentricities of production as the faulty analysis of the urge behind the parenthood.

Furthermore—and here is something that adult mentality must face—there is the Oversoul concernment in the perpetuation of Desire, or unending response to the Polarity vibration.

# "STAR GUESTS"



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We must treat with this ingredient for the thing which it is.

FOR THE physical strain to be perpetuated, so that souls may have the adequate and unending supply of mechanisms for reincarnational use, there must be an incentive to copulation.

This is commonly called Desire.

Desire may start as a blind glandular craving, but it is ever provoked and strengthened in exact ratio to its extern-

al arrestment or frustration.

Here is one of the greatest mysteries in Cosmos, as to why this should be so. Speaking strictly of the biological urge for the moment, and ignoring the karmic instincts, a particular man wants a particular woman—or a particular woman wants a particular man—with approximately the degree of desire that a strength of prohibition exists in some phase between them.

(Continued Next Week)

## T h e P a y o f f

EVERY morning for months he had paused before the beggar on a busy thoroughfare and silently dropped a dime into his hat. Now as he dropped the coin he apologetically announced—

"Sorry, old man. Afraid I won't be able to help you much more. Need all the dimes I can rake together. You see, I'm expecting to take a new wife."

"What!" screamed the beggar. "Getting married at my expense!"

THE CONCEITED young man had been in the hospital overly long and had been extremely well looked after by the pretty nurse.

"Nurse," he cried finally, "I'm in love with you. I've got to tell you. I don't want to get well."

"I have my doubts that you will," she responded cheerfully. "The doctor saw you kissing me this morning and he's in love with me too."

THE NEW young schoolteacher was having her first meeting with the school board in a remote mountain section. They were discussing the school and its program. Finally she asked—

"And what are your usual modes of punishment for unruly pupils?"

"Waal," the board chairman drawled. "You try moral suasion fust. If that don't work, you just feel free to use capital punishment."

THE ANGRY father demanded, "Didn't you promise to be a good boy?"

"Yes," the young hopeful admitted, "I did, sir."

"And didn't I promise you a thrashing if you weren't?"

"Yes, sir. But seein' I broke my promise, you don't have to keep yours, dad."

A GOLFER, no matter how poorly he played, was never heard to swear. One day an opponent remarked upon this fact.

"Yeah, it's true I don't cuss," admitted the fozzler. "But lemme tell you this: Every time I miss, I spit. And wherever I spit, the grass don't grow again no more."

## You Ought to Hear the Recorder's Talk on humanity's Ending Poverty

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



## START A CHAPEL!

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

THE PORTLY man was trying to get to his seat at a circus.

"Pardon me, madam," he said to a woman. "Did I step on your foot?"

"Possibly," she returned. "All of the elephants seem to be accounted for down in that ring."

INQUIRED the political exhorter in Kentucky, "Can't the Democrats of this town get together?"

"Get together!" exclaimed the man with one ear in court-plaster. "It takes eleven deputy sheriffs to keep 'em apart."

SHE TOLD her persistent suitor. "My father takes things apart to see why they don't go."

"Why bring that up?" the young man demanded.

"So you'd better go."

THE LITTLE daughter of a newspaper editor came home from Sabbath School with a fancy colored gift card.

"What's that you've got?" her father inquired.

"Oh," said the child indifferently, "just an ad about heaven."

THE CHAPLAIN preached a forceful sermon on the Ten Commandments, leaving one private in a serious mood. But eventually he brightened.

"Anyway," he consoled himself, "I never made a graven image."

THE NEW curate asked, "Ah, Mrs. Smithers, what did you think of my sermon this morning?"

"Perfectly marvelous, Reverend. So instructive. Fact is, we really didn't know what sin was till you came here."