

Valor

The Golden Times Weekly . .

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

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WE CAN MEET OUR PROBLEMS, GIVE US TIME . .



LOOKING at America with calm judgment and clear vision, its people have no more wrong with them than at any time in the past. They are no "dumber" as a people than in previous generations. They are quite as spiritual—though by no means so theological—as their forebears. But two great strictures in their national affairs they have yet to grasp as a populace—

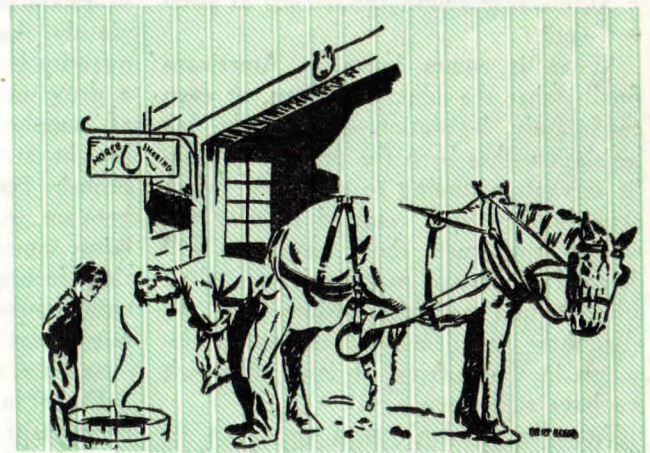
First, in their political affairs they are suffering to see their officials get away from them and forget they are servants;

Second, they have passed from an Economy of Scarcity into an Economy of Abundance but its significance hasn't dawned on them.

Both, however, are remediable.

As the rank-and-file arrive at recognition of these two strictures, cures may be introduced changing our fortunes in a twelve-months . .

FIRST, again, get it firmly fixed in your mind that "there is no human problem without its human solution." Second, again, lay it down as a principle that no matter how complicated na-



tional affairs seem to become, they concern ordinary two-legged individuals, and are projected by and solved by, three-meal-a-day folk without a living exception.

Even the President of the United States can't prevent his whiskers from growing, and is required to shave every morning like the nation's lowliest blacksmith. Even the First Lady of the United States feels concern over what wretch may marry her daughter, and undoubtedly after washing her hair—at least when she's home in Missouri—"can't do a thing with it."

Senators, Congressmen, and even tax-collectors uniformly love their wives, experience flats occasionally on their motorcar trips, and have particular pests in their hair whom they devoutly wish would go far, far away and conveniently drop dead.



We're a nation of *human* beings, all thinking our thoughts, doing what seems advisable to do at the moment. Too often the rank and file of us get the weird notion that "Washington" as the source of all our troubles, is composed of giant intellects who've descended upon us in Flying Saucers from Venus. If it actually got home to us that they've actually descended on us in mortgaged flivvers

from Windsor, Vermont, or by railroad passes from Little Rock, Arkansas, we might feel less in awe of them. And it might make us angrier when, upon being elected to office, they conclude they have been elected to play either God Almighty or Simon Legree by fiat and annoying presumption.

The answer to it?

The day is coming when no statute made in the Halls of Congress, or no Directive issued from a Bureau, is to have recognition as law, until it has gone in referendum to the electorate and been ratified by majority vote.

DOES that sound far-fetched at present?

When it comes home to Americans finally, that the silly, pernicious, or even confiscatory legislation—particularly tax legislation—has been the product of public servants assuming to play God, when actually they were retained to play the role of hired men, those Americans will demand a sharp martingale on their schemes and activities. More than all else, those Americans will demand a cessation in the making of laws, of which we have sufficiency.

Actually we don't need two-thirds of the laws now on our statute books.

And no statute should become law until a majority of the voters have passed upon it and agreed to abide by it.

Paying 531 men to proceed to the nation's Capital and work in a factory making laws, laws, and more laws, or passing appropriations, appropriations, and more appropriations, all tending to restrict us, harass us, supervise us, and bankrupt us, will one day be looked upon as a malady of civics as nonsensical as malodorous.

Furthermore, any Senator or Congressman who wouldn't be willing to submit his measures to a confirmatory vote of the people, is in Washington on monkey-business . . .

Give Americans time. They'll fix it . . .

AS FOR arriving suddenly in an Economy of Abundance, we'll come to effective alterations in economic affairs to meet that too.

Too many Americans still carry their reflexes from the days of the blacksmith shop—a good honest calling—but try to make them fit an Age of Nuclear Fission.

This morning at eight o'clock, a ten-acre pasture to the west of Soulcraft

Headquarters in Indiana, was a mass of sod and weeds. At 8:15 the owner and son went to work at it with two tractors. It is now 3:30 o'clock and the big tract is totally plowed and waiting for tomorrow's harrowing, then for planting. In the days of the blacksmith shop it would have taken those two men with Percheron horses a week to plow that land. Another week would have been required to harrow it—two days to seed it. Ten acres of fine corn will result from three days work and ten gallons of gasoline. And the labor bill nil.

All over Indiana, Illinois and Iowa the same thing is happening. Corn will be produced so quickly, cheaply and copiously that without supervision as to quantity it may easily become in August a drug on the market. Under the law of supply and demand, it might be bought at the most for a few cents a bushel. But parity prices must now be kept up, to assure the farmer that he receives something like the sum for his one time fortnight of work with his Percheron horses—and the parity deficiency must come out of federal appropriations—another name for taxes.

Down in Indianapolis last month the department stores voted to keep open two evenings a week—to boost sales. The stores and their warehouses were crammed to bursting with goods—all wildcat production. The public had run out of money to buy the goods; too much gone for taxes. The stores are up against it. The expedient gained nothing.

Over in Anderson a factory goes on a twenty-hour week. This is the same factory that four years ago borrowed government money—meaning tax money—and doubled its plant and production. No reason in the world why production needed doubling. The proprietors merely thought that running a small plant and making money, meant that running a plant double the size would make double the dividends. But it hasn't worked out.

All this is Free Enterprise, a fine-sounding word. But free enterprise that's too free, to the point of runaway production, means glut, stalemate, depression—in an ever shortening cycle. Which means calamity all over.

What are we coming to, in all of it? *Like it or not, we're coming to Cooperative enterprise on an ever expanding scale—which is production for consumption.*

THE POINT is, horse-and-buggy days are as archaic as the log cabin and flintlock musket. The blacksmith shop has long since become the community service-station. We may bemoan the passing of the \$3-a-week house servant and the \$20-a-month hired man, but that was a jetpropelled plane that just passed overhead and the hired's man's son is the pilot in the nose of it.

The thing to remember is, that the Communist assumes that as Capitalism digs its own economic grave, Collectivism takes over.

Nothing of the sort!

Cooperation takes over—and engineering in production of life's necessities as engineering is imperative to build a safe bridge.

We can work these problems out, as we put the quietus on the political mugwump who aspires to play Providence and sit upon Sinai handing down his decrees. If some Moses or other doesn't come up and get them, he hands them down anyway. But one of these decrees will eventually be his last.

When he's bankrupted the nation—in an Economy of Abundance—there won't be lacking the social engineers who say, "Let's forget profits, stop taxes, and send the economic freebooter where the woodbine eternal twineth. But let's not lose our heads over it. Let's do it calmly, dispassionately, and by knowing where we are going. There's nothing wrong with the American Republic that American brains and ingenuity can't fix. And for every human problem there's a human solution."

Man may live by the profit motive but there are profits and profits. Some of them are spiritual. Certainly man lives for some other reason than paying taxes.

Millions of Americans are thinking these things. Some are expressing them.

We Americans aren't going to the damnation bow-wows, and neither is our country. We're going to take account of the stewardship of our so-called Messiahs one of these blue moons and put auditors on their books. Mayhap, as well we shall put auditors on their souls.

Watch the Great Wheel turn.

Those of us able to see a little farther into the Golden Future than our brethren are not dismayed. When the time arrives for the Trouble Shooters, the Trouble Shooters will appear.

That too is on the program!

Give it time.

MORE ABOUT MOSLEMS WORTH KNOWING

Sponsor of Congressional Resolution to Take Us Out of United Nations Tells of 400 Million Religionists Who Might Stop Stalin Cold

LAST WEEK VALOR gave you an over-all picture of the situation in the Near East, where—according to Dr. John T. Wood, Republican Representative from Idaho—400 million Moslems wait to take up religious cudgels against Stalin. In a great speech in the House of Representatives, with remarks extended in the *Congressional Record*, Wood begged for the gesture of international friendship toward these people.

This week VALOR gives you the remainder of the Wood discourse, concluding enlightenment upon this fraught situation which every Soulcrafter should file away in his mind—

The Soviet Union seeks to deprive the Christian world of the friendship of this great reservoir of manpower, the enormous reserves of natural resources, and the strategic areas lying along the Soviet Union's "under-belly." They are not exactly fools. This Nation will live to rue the day we permit Soviet Union strategy to convert the believers in Islam from loyal friends into bitter enemies of Christendom. When that becomes an accomplished fact this Nation will drop into the lap of the Soviet Union like a ripe plum. It will be too late to call out the fire engines after the house has burned down. *Our common sense should tell us that, should it not?*

The believers in Islam have as yet not lent themselves to sovietization. The inherently deep and genuine religious fervor of the followers of the Prophet has so far precluded any possibility of the acceptance by them of Communist-bred atheism. They have so far resisted contamination of their political, social, and economic systems with the virus of Communist-incubated atheism with a fortitude worthy of "spiritual Spartans." Islam remains immune to atheism.

Islam has truly set an example which the Christian nations of Europe, and the North and South American continents would do well to follow. "He who knows not the way is a dangerous guide." Let us abandon the insidious leadership of United Nations, that international incubator for Communist-bred atheism, and follow the example of believers in Islam. *Islam and Christianity have common aims.*

MOSLEMS are well aware of the fact that communism is now waging relentless war to exterminate every religious belief on the face of the earth, except Marxism, the mother-father of the "religion" these atheists call "communism." Marxists throughout the world are dedicating their lives, by word and deed, to imposing their atheism upon the entire population of the world as the only concept of religious worship their credo will tolerate. Communism IS atheism.

Wherever the hammer-and-sickle flag already flies, the populations are prohibited and prevented from worshiping God. Religious persons are persecuted regardless of their respective religious beliefs. This prohibition is enforced upon all countries which come under the control of the Communist-bred atheists in the Kremlin or their agents in other countries. Their cruelties recognize no limitations.

In the words of the immortal Gen. Douglas MacArthur, who, with a look into the future, stated on this subject:

"This evil force (Communist-bred atheism) caused many Christian nations abroad to fall, and their own cherished freedoms to languish in the shackles of complete suppression.

AS IT HAPPENED THERE, IT CAN HAPPEN HERE."

In all these countries churches, cathedrals, and mosques have been desecrated beyond my power of description, or your



power to imagine. The peace-loving memberships of religious organizations and congregations have been infiltrated by Communist-bred atheists dedicated to the task of destroying them. Religious organizations and congregations are dispersed and prohibited. Their spiritual leaders are exiled, sent to prison for life, tortured, and many are put to death. *Communism becomes "religion" to all Marxists.*

I cannot too strongly emphasize that Communist-bred atheism recognizes no distinction between the church of the Christian, the mosque of the Moslem, or the temple of the Buddhist. The Communist-bred atheists are motivated by blind hatred, a demonic hatred, for all forms of the worship of God. *Communism is the activated anti-Christ in action.*

Believers in Islam will never willingly consent to the surrender of their inspiring and compelling faith in God to gain the doubtful benefits accruing to the millions who have accepted the spiritual sovereignty of the Communist-bred atheists. The preponderant majority of those who have already surrendered, unfortunately for Christendom, have been Christians, not Moslems. Take note of that fact, please, if you will. Where "ignorance is bliss," in my humble opinion, it is not "folly to be wise." To the contrary, it is very necessary to be "wise" to what is going on in the world if humanity is to survive as a society composed of free men.

Lunacharsky, the official spokesman for all Marxists throughout the world, stated the attitude of the Communist-bred atheists toward all religions—Protestantism, Catholicism, Islamic, and all

Missing in Action



WE WERE lost in spree of a grisly sea
 In the dusk off Fundy's Bay,
 When a worn screw broke on our groggy boat
 With Newfoundland in the way.

Or we fought the Big Blow around the Horn
 With our mainyards smashing free
 But the pounding tons of that witches' night
 Pried our stalwart hatches three . . .

Or we smelled the stink of the China Sink
 Where we calmed off Charlotte Bank,
 Where that yellow burst hit us broadside first
 And heart gave a scream, and sank.
 We went drifting far on a soapy spar
 To a bastard sampan's yell,
 With a boom and flare and a curdled prayer
 For that voyage we took through hell.

Or we knew the feel of the Tamil's steel
 When the Vennar's flood swirled high,
 And we dared the suck of the slobber muck
 In the Mekong's human sty . . .
 Oft we tightened belt at Martaban's head
 For the death flats of Malay,
 And we gazed from Rass, on Gamin Pass
 On our final Kashmir day.

We had stomached the milk of the Khirgiz mares,
 We had slept on Gobi's wastes,
 We had fled the roar of the scrofa boar,
 We had learned how brourdou tastes;
 We had seen the eyes of the Sirdir's prize
 Where she screamed at flaming stake,
 But she spilled our lives to the pooga knives
 For her boss; the Khoond god's sake.

Or we prayed for sun and the day begun
 Where the low palms fringed the sky
 And the thin-nosed Kird, with a sacred word,
 Made his pact that we should die;

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others—when he issued the following proclamation as an irrevocable platform in their program:

"We hate Christianity and all Christians. Even the best of them must be regarded as our worst enemies. They teach brotherly love. What we want is hatred. We must know how to hate, for only thus can we conquer the world."

AT THE end of the last century the Moslem world observed us championing the cause of Philippine independence and sovereignty. The Philippines were demanding their liberty and freedom from the rule of the decadent Spanish Empire of that day, after the surrender of Spain in the Spanish-American War of 1898. *Emancipation appeared hopeful.*

The Moslems of the Philippine Archipelago, as well as the entire Moslem world of 400,000,000 souls scattered across half the world, were none too certain about our sincerity and integrity. They were mystified. They had never before experienced or witnessed chivalry extended to the vanquished, nor did they believe that governments could be unselfish in their treatment of the weak and defenseless in their part of the world. *History emphasized their doubts.*

The Moslem world waited with bated breath to learn what would ultimately be the outcome concerning the plea of the people of the Philippines for independence and complete sovereignty. When this Nation returned their government to the peoples of the Philippines our stock rose to great heights in the opinion of the Moslem world. We returned to the peoples of the Philippines a government of highly trained native officials and a standard of living for the nation never before attained by any country in that area of the world. This Nation had carved out for itself a place in the affection of the 400,000,000 Moslem people. The people of the Philippines had been the victims of oppression by their alien rulers for centuries. *Had we come as their liberators only?*

It is not difficult to understand the confusion which exists today in the minds of Moslems everywhere. These devout aspirants for their liberty and freedom now observe us turning against them, even using United Nations as a bludgeon to beat them into submission. They now see this Nation making common

cause with their oppressors and exploiters, within and without United Nations and its numerous agencies, *using words with mortal effect instead of bullets.*

It is no wonder that they ask, "Can we believe our ears and our eyes?" The Moslems cannot bring themselves to believe that the wonderful people whom they have long admired and loved are one and the same Nation which now joins with their predatory masters to rivet their shackles more strongly. Believe it or not, they find it extremely difficult to reconcile themselves to the reality of this chicanery.

To these noble Moslems, if they will lend me their ears, I passionately reply, *"We are the same people, but we have temporarily lost our soul. We have surrendered that soul, to that illegitimate brain-child blasphemously baptized United Nations, together with everything which formerly had earned for us your love, friendship and sincere respect. This unwanted offspring of questionable parenthood has set itself up illegally as the totalitarian dictator of the conspirators who secretly plot to employ it to rule the world."*

This excessively articulate tempest in a teapot to avoid vulgarity is, however, breeding a brood of needless and unjust wars. The futile vocal fury of United Nations serves only to aid and abet the selfish aims of the strong against the weak. That oratorical merry-go-round only gives comfort to the enemies everywhere of God-respecting people.

EVIDENCE is daily mounting that this Nation is more confused than the peoples of the East who are looking to the West for counsel and guidance. Confusion stalks the land and muddles the minds. The explorative intellect of Americans worthy of that title is unable to get a true picture of what is taking place. They have no place to turn to learn the truth.

The kept-press of the Nation is not permitted to tell them the true story. The other agencies for informing the public upon issues which vitally affect their security and welfare are controlled by the forces which mothered United Nations. This great heresy of "one world" has not yet infected the thinking of grass-roots Americans despite the extent to which it has been injected into
(Continued on Page 10)

Missing in Action

(Continued from Page 4)

But we cut through night and raced like light
Where the fakirs yowl and swirl,
To be first in race and death-hound chase
For love of that Biskra girl.

Oh, the sweep and stride of the world was wide
And the sea's great spread was green
Where we beat the wind as the Jap flak dinned
On the wings of gasoline;
And we yanked the stick of the Saber quick
Where the height the blood congealed,
To shoot down steep for a million feet
For a Splash in paddy-field.

But the war's Red Track and the Long Way Back
Were the wages paid for Love;
For the heart taut-nerved and the flag well-served,
And the lambent Tryst Above!
Do you say we "died" in our dauntless youth
As our deaths we met at Noon?
We declare we answered the Roll-Call High
To Reveille's sweeter rune . . .

But we're coming back for the pay we lack,
In all earth-lives yet to be;
When you'll meet our wage on a different page
Than the ledgers earth-eyes see!
For we met the challenge of life with Pain,
And learned to be hard and staid;
To be Giant Lads, in the High Clan's plaids,
From the heights of the Unafraid!

* * * * *

Oh, you can't crush Youth in the Press of Life
And not give it courage cold;
And you can't put lads on the Strong Men's jobs
And not make them adult bold.
They'll be Coming Back, in new Dreams of Youth,
In the roles of Master Twelves,
To disclose to earth the great Judgment stark,
"SOULS ARE TRUSTED WITH THEMSELVES!"

What You Should Know about Physical Obstacle



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

PHYSICAL handicap, we are told, can come about from many reasons. But in the main it is assented to by the parties who suffer it, though they may not be aware of it consciously and often wonder if the handicap is worth its cost in conscious mental distress. Their subconscious minds tell strange, strange stories, quite at variance with those that are repeated to friends who are solicitous after their handicap.

For instance, it is likewise being found out that if a person has had such a bad physical malformation in a previous life that the mental reflex stays in the Eternal Mind, it will react to that same reflex on again finding itself in flesh and cause the molecules of the body to perform a similar handicap in the present life. The reflex problem is deep, deep. It represents the vagaries of the subconscious at their worst. Quite likely too, where such reflexes have resulted in a stiffened leg, or a carcinous condition of the organs, the person so afflicted may bring the subconscious reflexes up into the conscious mind, see the absurdity or viciousness of them, and cast them over in a moment. Then humanity will witness one of those "remarkable mental cures" especially if the realization of the reflex comes at a time of great emotional strain or under the stimulus of great excitement.

The problem of lost bodily members, however, is a far different problem. Time was when men believed that the Law of Compensation was so positive that if a man poked out another man's eye in one life, it was certain that he would suffer his own eye being poked out by that first victim in another life period. But such absurdities are largely done away with, in this age of refined thinking upon such matters. Frequently it does happen that

men who kill other men in one life will suffer a violent death themselves in future existences to make the Cosmic Equation balance in their own esteem. They may even be killed by the man whom they formerly deprived of his normal life. But in the main the law is again one of selection.

The person physically handicapped by what appears to be an irretrievable loss, will not feel his handicap so badly if he can only grasp the fact that it may by no means be in the nature of a penalty being paid for something wrong that has been done. It may be nothing more serious in its cause than the desire of the afflicted soul to hold itself to a sort of balance in its development, so that it can make progress in other directions. And that progress is usually far greater than the afflicted soul consciously dreams.

It is a law of the universe, and Nature, that when a person is deprived of a certain bodily member that physical energy supposed to be supplied the body in all its departments must find an outlet. In nine cases out of ten this energy is applied to the remaining member and the strength or dexterity of it is doubled. Or the energy translates to quite other members than those afflicted.

This too is another delineation of the law of Balance. Perhaps a soul decides subconsciously, or in the Eternal Mind, that it wants to develop one organ or member to the exclusion of another. It can deliberately sacrifice the specified organ that would otherwise consume the wanted energy and apply it exclusively to those parts which have been under special consideration for more of it.

Does this seem necromantic? Higher Mentors know the vast numbers of times in which such alterations, or balance-strikings, occur and are not disposed to be sentimental over them, no matter how heartless or callous the indifference to physical dexterity may appear.

It is all a matter of what the soul particularly desires to get in a specific existence. And after all, what matters it, when we consider the number of existences which every soul has lived or will live? Of course to those whose philosophies contain no knowledge of the multiple lives which every mortal person enjoys, aeon after aeon, this physical handicapping seems harsh and God seems very cruel in their own particular case. Oh if they could only know that they have arrived at their present condition of their own volition, what a world of altered thinking would ensue!

The multiple life principle solves all the enigmas which human life produces, because it is a fundamental fact of the universe, and its mosaic is so cleverly and closely woven that it could not be otherwise than actual.

If you are handicapped by the loss of any physical member, do not be especially cast down. You are getting increments in other directions, or you are holding yourself in a balance, which you can never fully realize until you come to view your mortal experience from the splendid vantage-point of the uncircumscribed "hereafter" . . . which may not be one-half so tragic as the very condition from which you are ostensibly "suffering" at present.



Strange Experiences . .

Manifestations of the Departed

IT IS not often in psychical appearances of the dying, that they touch the beholder substantially enough to be felt, or address him in a voice loud enough to be heard. Yet Admiral Peyron, Treasurer of the French Senate in the early Nineties, was reported to the French Academy of Psychical Science of having so manifested himself to *two* persons in such sensory manner, both living far apart. A Monsieur Noyen, Cruiser Captain in the French Navy, made the following report to the Academy—

"On a night in January, I had gone to bed in Toulon. I had barely had time to fall asleep when I *felt* someone awaken me. Standing near my bed was Admiral Peyron, with hands in his pockets and an expression of rueful whimsy on his face. He was standing close enough to the bedside so that he could press my overhanging shoulder with his knee. It was this pressure of his complete tangibility that had brought me back into wide-awake state. Suddenly he spoke and I heard his audible voice distinctly.

"'Goodbye, Petre,' he said. 'I have come to say goodbye to you.'

"What he was doing thus in my sleeping chamber at that hour of the night and how he had gotten in, so startled me that in reaction I sat up in bed. A candle had been left burning on the taboret near my bed's head and by this time he was as clearly visible as anyone in flesh.

"As I made to get up, however, the Admiral's figure began to look unsubstantial and frightened me. I was aware of being fully awake but not certain that my senses weren't playing me tricks. I glanced at the clock near by. It was only a few minutes after eleven. I had not been asleep so long then.

"When I glanced back at the Admiral, however, he was no longer present.

"Dismayed and no little upset, I sank

down on my bed, striving to comprehend what it was I had witnessed. Eventually I stretched full-length on my bed, hands behind my head turning the features of it over in my mind. What had the Admiral meant, he had come to say goodbye to me? It did not occur to me to think of him as dying or dead . .

"**T**HE CLOCK registered that fifteen minutes passed without anything happening. I must have closed my eyes with sheer drowsiness, when against my upper right arm came a renewal of the pressure. Instantly my eyes flew open.

"There stood Peyron a second time. He looked annoyed at something, as though he had expected me to respond or at least acknowledge his presence. What did one say to such a tangible apparition?

"'I have come to say goodbye to you, I told you,' he repeated.

"'Why goodbye?' I demanded. 'Where are you going?'

"But he failed to supply the information. He had started to say something in reply, I thought, thus proving that he could hear in his phantasmic condition, when what appeared to be a cloud began to form before his face. It caused the face to go out of formation. The whole head followed suit. Then it extended to the neck, shoulders and torso.

"The figure of the Admiral appeared to turn into vapor before my eyes. Presently even this vapor was no longer visible.

"Shaken, I stayed awake the remainder of that night.

"Had this man, whose aide-de-camp I had been five years before, just passed out of this world? Furthermore, if he had been able to so materialize that he could twice awaken me by physical pressure and address me so that I had heard his words, why had he not been able to

maintain such tangible form until we had conversed and he had explained the visitation? I continued upset until the following evening.

"In the late afternoon the newspaper was delivered, and there on the front page in headlines was full report of Admiral Peyron's demise the previous evening. For the sake of accuracy, I should report that earlier that week I had learned of his illness. He had been indisposed at Luxembourg Palace, where he was then living.

"**W**ELL, it was convincing proof to me of the survival of the personality following the change called Death, but here is the oddest part: Ten months later I chanced to encounter one Monsieur Goyne, a naval engineer, who, like myself, had formerly been a member of the Admiral's general staff when he had been in command of the Mediterranean Cruising Squadron. Naturally we spoke of our departed commander.

"He said to me, before I had any chance to tell him of the visit of Peyron to me, 'I had the strangest experience the night the Admiral was reported to have died. I had been only a few minutes asleep when I felt someone touching me. I opened my eyes and saw our Commander in my bedroom. Before I could recover from my astonishment, mixed with no little fright, he spoke to me and I heard his literal voice with my ears. He said, 'My dear Goyne, the time for our parting has come. All must go this way. Thank you for all the service you have rendered to me. And now goodbye!'"

"Then it was that I told M. Goyne of my own experience. Insofar as we have been able to learn, however, we were the only two of the Admiral's former staff to whom he thus manifested."

E. P. NOYEN,
Cruiser Captain.

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Don't Like It



SOULCRAFTERS visiting Headquarters this past week from the great steel centers of Pennsylvania, report a far different picture of the steel situation than described in newspapers. In the first place, the rank and file of the steel workers weren't in favor of the strike, and are boiling mad at Truman for not using the Taft-Hartley Act.

The Taft-Hartley Act, in case you're not aware of it, would have required a poll of the steel workers before the men could go out. If a majority vetoed it, there would have been no work stoppage. The men wanted the Taft-Hartley poll to show their disfavor of a strike, but the union leaders went ahead with it to enforce the closed shop.

The steel workers feel that Truman played with their bosses as against themselves. They had no beef over wages, and were satisfied with work conditions. But the union bosses, in further grabs for power, brought about conditions where the men were ordered out. This meant disruption in earnings. And it meant government seizure and control.

The men are against government seizure and control and are promising to take out their spleen on the Democrats when election day comes.

As for steel itself, there is no shortage—even with the preparedness program going full tilt. In fact, there is more steel than consumers can use.

The men feel they have been made pawns in a cross tilt for totalitarian pow-

er and their sympathies are with the steel companies.

Such is Unionism under Fair Deal economy.

"Don't waste any tears," the Pennsylvania visitors cautioned, "over the plight of the poor down-trodden steel laborer. He's far from being poor. He draws the best wages he's drawn for twenty years. Industrially speaking, steel workers have the world by the tail and a down-hill pull. What they like least are current "Truman Taxes." Maybe because they cramp the steel workers in buying new television sets. Go from one end of west-ern Pennsylvania to the other and count the television aerials."

Sad case, when men are perfectly satisfied to work but their unions say they can't.

Something needs fixing.
Something un-American.

Crime Pays Off



THE ECONOMIC history of civilization has shown that when a people are taxed more than 25 percent of their earnings, taxation has reached the danger point. It is reached not alone economically but ethically. When taxes become exorbitant, reasonably honest men turn to shady practices to retain their own honestly gotten gains.

According to FBI figures, there were committed in this country this past year 1,882,000 major crimes. This is an all-time high and proves that an anti-social virus has attacked the Americans.

As Baxter's Economic Research Bureau reports: "In our so-called civilization today, the able citizen with ability and worldly goods must not only fight the strong-arm criminal; he must also fight the predatory politician in charge of his government. . . Sure, there are headlines when a robber, forger, or white collar defaulter is caught, and much is made of the slogan that 'Crime does not pay.' But our studies show that a very small percentage of men are caught, or money stolen ever recovered. And this fact is constantly becoming more evident in the insurance rates for various kinds of protective insurance. This is society's 'dividend' for its current insane policies."

Perhaps you're not aware of it, but the prohibition bootlegger is coming back.

The four largest liquor companies paid a little more than one hundred million to the Government in taxes last year, but the excise taxes collected from these same companies ran to a billion and a quarter dollars. Distillers carry whiskey in their inventories at 28c to 30c per gallon. In 1942 the Federal tax on this whiskey was \$6 a gallon. In November of last year an additional \$1.50 was tacked on. The tax of \$7.50 a gallon on 30c whiskey is opening up the bootleggers' stills. In Atlanta, Georgia, as late as October of the past year, 42 persons lost their lives and many more were blinded by poisonous concoctions. It's the old story of men—not willing to buy legitimate whiskey because taxes are too high—turning to moonshine stuff.

Congressman Celler estimates the loss to the Federal Government by this switch on the buyers' part in the following comment—

"Getting back to the 20,000 illegal stills knocked off by the government last year—just how much did the Government and taxpayers lose? If these stills operated just one day, at the present rate of \$10.50, we lost \$7,100,000 in taxes. If they had operated 90 days, it would have been \$639,000,000. . . We do know that a responsible government official said that for every still seized, 10 others were kept operating at full blast."

And the same law of diminishing returns is working on the tobacco industry. You pay 25c for the ordinary brand of cigarettes. Fifteen cents of that cost is taxes. You should buy the pack for a dime. The result is, men are going back to "rolling their own". Something like 380 billion cigarettes were formerly smoked a year. This year the drop is more than 7 percent and steadily going lower. Smokers are beginning to smoke to the ends of the butts. The tobacco business is at a new low on account of the drop in daily purchases. Taxes are responsible.

The law of diminishing returns has finally set in.

Well, let it work. It's going down the line. Definitely the Administration is earning the electorate's hostility. The automobile and the oil business both are feeling the lack of buying power on the part of consumers who must labor two to three months per year free, to keep up an increasing bureaucracy, toss money to foreign parts, and pay for a preparedness

program that can't win a second-rate war with Korea.

But don't bet too much that it means a Republican victory at the November polls. It perhaps means more than that. This is 1952.

It's our Economy of Abundance that's at fault. You can't mechanize a nation, doubling its productive machinery—as we have since 1938—and expect its goods production to be absorbed by a consumer public that draws only a fraction of the cost of those goods in wages. Somehow, somewhere, the money has to be put in the pocketbooks of those workers to acquire the sum-total of the goods produced or shut-downs and fresh depressions are inevitable.

The nation is now in another buyers' market, with dollars drying up, and storehouses choked with goods.

Crisis is inevitable.

The Left-Wingers hope to change the whole crackpot system into a slave economy. Of course, they themselves expect to be the taskmasters.

But surprises are seen in store.

Cooperative production is the ultimate answer but Americans haven't discovered it yet. And the politicians will stave off Cooperation to the last bitter moment, because it means that their racket stops permanently.

All of which is saying that the body politic prefers to learn its lessons the hard way. But it learns them.

Read the *Golden Scripts*.

Vacation



WELL might it be announced, "This 3 months of silence comes to you (on the electronic recorders) by courtesy of Soulcraft Chapels, Noblesville, Indiana." Meaning that Soulcraft discourses to public audiences are officially suspending until the first Sunday in September—the 7th. Thus is an issue being met squarely and frankly this year, that seems dictated by the circumstances.

Frankly, Soulcraft students do so much distant visiting during the summer months that Sunday-night audiences in chapels suffer.

The greatest—meaning the most momentous—autumn in the history of our country lies at the end of this pleasant summer that's to hand.

Suppose we get set for it.

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Make Moslems Friends, Says Wood

(Continued on Page 5)

our political, social, and economic systems by the conspirators against our way of life.

Americans at the grass-roots level have not altogether forsaken their priceless heritage. They are not all followers of that false god mistakenly called "United Nations."

We must all seek Divine intervention so that Christians and Moslems can again march shoulder to shoulder under the banner of the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man. Christians and Moslems must help each other to avoid aimless wanderings in the morass of those dangerous bypaths under United Nations' leadership, which only led us so far to the brink of national destruction and spiritual oblivion. It is still not too late to reverse this perilous trend.

Christians and Moslems, marching into the future side by side, can lift all humanity above the pitfalls and obstacles which plague their paths. Humanity will rise like the fabled Phoenix out of the flames. Continuing in the direction of our former greatness, we will rebuild the world as a house of worship worthy of our enlightened spiritual understanding.

Christians and Moslems can remake this world into the impregnable fortress for mankind's freedom, for all peoples everywhere. May God speed the day of that achievement. *Only with His help can we reach that destination.*

THE PRESENT hour finds the Moslems entering upon a Twentieth Century Islamic renaissance. The great spiritual forces now awakened and released will make a great contribution to the progress of mankind. The Islamic world is turning to the Christian world for cooperation and collaboration. They are seeking the friendship and collaboration of the West. They truly trust that it will not be unduly denied. The West will prove itself unworthy of its part in the sacred trusteeship of mankind's spiritual mission if it treats this appeal with indifference. *Or worse still, becomes an accomplice of the oppressors of the Islamic world.*

If as a result of false pride or ignorance we turn away from their out-

stretched hand we shall live to regret the folly of that act. They may need us now, and we may be able to help them. The time may come when we may need them, and they may be able then to help us. Reciprocity as the basis for our international relationships has been merely a mirage.

What are we waiting for? Permission from United Nations? The world will learn sooner than it expects, that United Nations is a one-way godless avenue leading into a dead-end street insofar as the welfare of humanity and the peace of the world are concerned. Let us turn back while we may. It will soon be too late. *It is later than you think.*

That great patriot, the illustrious Congressman from Texas, Mr. Ed Gossett, stated recently before this House in an important message delivered for all his fellow citizens:

"America should covet the friendship and understanding of these ancient and honorable people. We need to recapture their friendship. If we do so, it may prove the deciding factor in preserving world peace."

Another illustrious Member of this House, Congressman DORN, of South Carolina, favored you gentlemen recently with an address which will prove to be one of the classics in the archives of this Congress. In that address, Congressman DORN stated, and I quote from his address:

*"We have adopted a dangerous policy in the Middle East and I want to discuss that very frankly. Nearly every Arab, every Moslem with whom I have talked hates communism, but he will join Russia before he will join the United Nations and the United States in their ill-advised policy in the Middle. * * * There is a nationalist movement in Egypt today, in Iran last year, and today in Morocco. I will tell you why. It is because the Arabs and Moslems do not like our Middle East foreign policy. * * * A man told me in Karachi (Pakistan) that the President of this country made a*

speech last year in which he stated that we needed to unite all the religious peoples, and that he enumerated them, but left out the Moslems. * * * We need these people on our side to fight communism, if necessary, because they know how to do it. They are good people who have always looked upon Russia as a threat. Now they fear United Nations and the United States."

The Honorable and Eminent Ambassador from Egypt, His Excellency Kamil Bey Abdul Rahim, stated recently in an address given by him at Princeton University as follows:

"The people of the Near East are anxious to encourage closer cooperation with the Western democracies. They are naturally opposed to communism, but owing to their disappointment in the Western policy, they are moving in the direction of neutrality in the conflict between East and West."

CHRISTIAN and Moslem collaboration can stop communism dead in its tracks. Only then will it deteriorate, disintegrate, and disappear. There is no other defense against the aggression of Communist-bred atheism. It will grow, and grow, and grow unless Christian and Moslem collaboration immunizes man's mentality against this malignant disease which now threatens civilization's survival. The true "virus" of civilization's malignant disease is Marxism.

The "symptoms" of Marxism are easy to detect, once the many "isms" they assume are exposed. Communism, bolshevism, socialism, Fabianism liberalism, and many other "isms" at first blush tend to obscure correct diagnosis. Ergo, Marxism is the sow and these "isms" are its suckling pigs nursing only upon the "milk" of Marxism. Marxism is the disease itself, the basic origin of these "symptoms," that which is the cause of these effects. We must not become the dupes of Marxists, selling "poison" under false labels.

Inherent in every Marxist "ism" is the Communist-bred atheism officially ordered by decree at the top levels, as the official "true" religion after the extermination of Christianity, Islam and recognized practices for the worship of God.

The 800,000,000 Moslems and Chris-
(Continued on Page 14)

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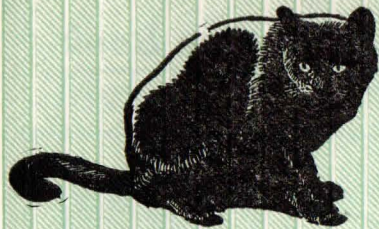
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.. COGITATIONS



LOOKING back on those boyhood days when I drove team for dad in his parcel business, I might say with accuracy that during that sequence I encountered my first mystical experience. It was not a mystical experience that the American Society for Psychical Research would record in its annals but to my boyish imagination it loomed large among general occult conundrums. It involved no less—nor more—than a cat. It was a rangy and somewhat nondescript cat, and no households advertised in the newspapers when it turned up missing, granting it belonged to any one in our neighborhood. This cat vanished. It vanished very suddenly, and I might add dramatically. It vanished so suddenly and dramatically, in fact, that had I then known about Camille Flammarion I'm practically certain I should have written him an account of the occurrence that he might include it his books like *Death and Its Mystery*. But before I narrate under what circumstances this feline went into the fourth dimension, I must lay a bit of background by describing the Hubberts . . .

o—o

THE HUBBERT family, in a manner of speaking, were neighbors of ours, and as a family were unique. There was Papa Hubbert and of course Mamma Hubbert. There was also George, the oldest son. George was eighteen to twenty at the time of the episode I would narrate. Thereafter, in a gradual descending line from George who was eighteen or twenty, came a plain and fancy assortment of Hubberts, masculine and feminine, down to little Fillmore Hubbert, aged seven months. Believe it or not, Papa and Mama Hubbert had been married a matter of two decades and they had seventeen offspring to show for it, counting this George who was the oldest. Mama Hubbert could absolutely be

relied upon to create one new Hubbert a year—or in a little more than a year—and it was usually a boy and then a girl in astounding alternation. Alice was the oldest girl, a year under George. Then came Charles, who sat across the aisle from me in grammar school and was my very close friend. After Charles, the little Hubberts were merely a jackpot of children. Funny thing, I never remember seeing them all together in one place. I assume that they did gather in one place upon occasion, for they must have eaten meals. But they certainly never went anywhere en masse. Another odd circumstance, they all resembled their mother—Mendal to the contrary notwithstanding. She was a portly, dark-eyed woman, soft of voice and manner, whom I always thought of as closed behind a blind somewhere having another youngster. Her husband was chunky, blue-eyed, and light as a Swede. But the whole jackpot of Hubbert children were brunettes. And the paternal Hubbert clothed, fed, and housed this jackpot by conducting a pickle business, at which the aforesaid jackpot worked . . .

o—o

WHEN I say pickle business, I mean that Hubbert Senior had a sizable yellow building at the back of his residence wherein he bottled pickles, catsup, chow-chow, wash bluing, ammonia, and sundry other condiments and laundry accessories. He sold these products to the city grocers, delivering them himself in an old "democrat" wagon drawn by a white mare that was principally hairy feet. He bought the stuff wholesale somewhere, meaning in barrels. He likewise bought bottles by the gross, and labels by the thousand. Bringing these into rapport with his multitudinous offspring, he managed to turn out cartons of goods for sale at retail. Those were the days when children—particularly boys—worked for their fathers and no nonsense about it. And got nothing for it but the privilege of being sons. George Hubbert didn't work for his father, however. He could earn real money toward the family up-

keep by laboring in a nearby machine-shop. But Alice and Charley worked for him—and so did the jackpot. All but little Fillmore. His age of seven months was considered too tender to press him into the pickle industry. But they were good respectable people, and old man Hubbert paid his taxes and kept out of jail. He likewise kept all of his seventeen offspring out of jail—which is more than a lot of fathers succeed in doing today. Nonetheless, the pickle business did interfere greatly with my camaraderie with Charles when I wished him to engage with me in sundry boyish pursuits. "Can't," he'd sigh, "gotta go home after school and help my old man with an order of chow-chow"—or catsup or bluing, or ammonia as the case might be. Charley was always and forever "filling an order" for pickles or catsup, or chow-chow or bluing or ammonia, and the only way I could pry him loose and thus enjoy his companionship was to offer to go with him to the backyard shop in such spare time as I had, and give him a hand. Thus I come to the nondescript cat that went into the fourth dimension.

o—o

THE CAT definitely did not belong to the Hubberts. Food was at too great a premium in the Hubbert menage to waste it on an animal. Where the cat ate, when it did eat—was a mystery of cat life not recorded in even the voluminous encyclopedias of domestic fauna. But one thing was certain, there was *something* about Hubbert's thumbnail pickling works that particularly appealed to the cat palate, and the ragged grey mouser was forever hanging 'round. Old Man Hubbert had been known to heave bottles at it and break them when he missed, because I saw him miss several times before I solved the problem in the quaint and mystical manner. All of which brings me to a certain Saturday morning in mid-winter when I wanted Charley to go bob-sledding with me. Of course he couldn't go sledding till the current batch of pickles, catsup, chow-chow, bluing, ammonia or what-not was


properly and punctiliously bottled. "Okay, I'll help you," I volunteered. We were presently alone in the little rear building, surrounded by open barrels of pickles, sour and sweet in bulk, and crates of bottles and stacks of wooden boxes. I distinctly remember it was a winter's morning, and cold, because all the doors to the yard were shut. Tightly shut. If they hadn't been shut there would have been no mystery to haunt me in adolescent years as to Where That Cat Went. A fire was burning in the big pot-bellied stove and from time to time Charley would arise from the bench where we were packing pickles—pressing them down into bottles with none too sanitary hands, I regret to say—and put wood or coal in the stove. Charley was thus engaged when That Cat showed up from nowhere. It came along the pickle barrels with tail up like a periscope, lifting its feet daintily in the manner of cats whether of the alley variety or otherwise. It sniffed me, looked up at me, mewed. What on earth was it, in that pickle shop, that made the place edibly attractive? Could it be the sweet brine? I decided to pick up the cat and test it out on the various Hubbert products, arriving at solution by process of elimination. No, it decidedly did not like pickles, sweet or sour. It did not like chow-chow. It did not like catsup. I tried the bluing on it. No, it did not like bluing. Nothing remained but the carboy of ammonia. Could it, by any chance, be fascinated by ammonia? Ammonia, I knew, had a definitely pungent odor—its odor, in fact, was almost asphyxiating when smelled at close range. I can recall precisely the position in which I was standing, holding the cat under one arm and applying its nostrils to this and that. Not in the least dreaming that I was letting myself in for anything, I unscrewed the stopper on the ammonia carboy and bent over with the cat to let it whiff the contents. But the instant I held its pink nose over the nozzle of the ammonia carboy, *that cat exploded!*

o—o

WHEN I say exploded, I mean disintegrated. It gave one sharp yap never before heard on earth or in heaven and I was holding nothing resembling a cat. I was holding nothing resembling anything whatever. That cat had given a sharp electric lurch with its unearthly yowl, and my arms were empty. I had

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shut my eyes in organic reaction. When I opened them, I looked for the cat. What had become of it? Charley came around a pile of cartons. "What was that?" he cried. He meant the cat's occult screech when that ammonia had stung it. I tried to explain. At length I did explain. "Let's find it and see what happened to it," Charley suggested. We began to look behind barrels and firkins, to overturn cartons, to pull aside crates.

There were only two doors to the place and neither had been opened. The windows were closed tightly—because heat cost money and the Hubberts had none to spare, the cost of producing children being what it was. As we looked under every bench-table, in every nook and cranny, an awn of fright began to steal up my spine. *That cat wasn't on the premises!* No, there was no cat-hole, no loose board, no cupboard, no aperture big



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enough for a cat to get through. And yet it was no longer with us. “Cripes!” gasped Charley. I agreed with him cripes. “But you were holding it, you say?” Yes, I had been holding it till its nose came in contact with the nozzle of that carboy. Then in a fraction of an iota, I was no longer holding it. Old Man Hubbert came in—but I noticed particularly that no cat went out before he got the door shut. “What’s a matter?” he inquired. I said, “I was holding your cat, Mr. Hubbert, to let it smell some of your best ammonia and it was like an electric shock went through it—then all of a sudden it wasn’t with us.” Charley nodded. “It musta exploded, Paw,” he offered.

COULD a nondescript feline give such a spring of surprise at the odor of ammonia that it landed in the Fourth Dimension? That cat had landed *somewhere*. Old Man Hubbert had to believe us—when he too had looked in all the places Charley and I had looked, and no feline turned up. No, it wasn’t up in the rafters of the shop, because the shop had a ceiling. I went home and told my folks about it. Father looked at mother askance—whatever askance might be. Then he looked back at me. “Are you trying to suggest the supernatural?” he demanded. I said, “I know I had that cat in my arms one minute and when it gave that awful squawk I didn’t have it in my arms the next. And when I opened my eyes, it wasn’t there. And it wasn’t in that shop. If you don’t believe it, ask Mr. Hubbert.” Father made a face. “I shall positively not inquire about the disposition of surprised cats on Mr. Hubbert’s premises,” he pronounced, “but you go right over and bring your mother back samples of the labels of the brands of pickles Mr. Hubbert puts up.” . . . I did as I was instructed. “Now, Gracie,” he then told my mother, “you know what *not* to do!” . . . How was my little mother concerned in it, past, present, or future? I marveled all through boyhood, just as I continued to marvel at what sort of antic that cat had cut when it found its nostril surcharged with ammonia. My firm opinion was, that the cat on sniffing that ammonia had occultly levitated itself to the Land that Is Fairer Than Day—and it wasn’t a particularly religious cat, either, that I knew about. Of course my commonsense now tells me that father

was of the opinion it has levitated itself into one of Mr. Hubbert’s open pickle barrels and that had finished the cat to stay finished. Could have been. We didn’t look *in* any of the pickle barrels. There were several standing around without covers. Anyhow, mother made certain she never let the grocer bring her any of the Hubbert brand of pickles—and if any of the Hubbert Jackpot of Offspring ever found the cat impersonating a pickle, they never told the Ultimate Consumer. On the whole it was a mysterious cat-astrophe. But volumes on the supernatural have been written on less. Don’t I know! . . .

—THE RECORDER

Moslems

(Continued from Page 11)

tians marching behind the Crescent and the Cross can become an irresistible force. There is no other force known to man which can now immobilize the aggression of Communist-bred atheism.

The Father in heaven of Islam and Christianity is a good God. The forces of righteousness can always count upon His help if they help Him in caring for His children here below. The two great religious groups of the world, collaborating in the service of God, will not lack for Divine assistance. God will aid in preserving a climate on this earth which will not preclude nor inhibit worship of Him by those who recognize and accept His spiritual sovereignty.

The Christian churches must invite, *not merely await*, the collaboration of Islam in this program. The Christian churches must go more than halfway in creating this conference. The Christian churches were guilty of errors of omission through the ages even though they were not guilty of errors of commission. It is their Christian duty to plan a program for such collaboration. It calls for top priority by all.

In their all-pervading belief in God the Moslems will join their Christian brothers at a round table to sift the ashes of civilization in the attempt to find a spark of spiritual dynamism. The power of belief must vanquish unbelief. Those now in the service of God must resist the anti-Christ.

I must emphasize before closing, absolute necessity for the two great religions

of the world to develop a united front against the forces of Communist-bred atheism. United Nations has failed because its prenatal concept was irreligious. United Nations cannot succeed in this struggle, or anything, because that "house which is built without God" can "avail" nothing, and United Nations was thus built.

The world's "present danger" invites concert by the two great religious groups in a holy crusade. Communist-bred atheism is on the march, it has taken the initiative. The right of the individual to worship God is on the defensive.

The two great religions must take the offensive, or perish from the face of the earth. God has never helped those who will not help themselves. God-hating, God-defying spiritual barbarians, operating through United Nations, have already made great headway with their vigorous program to achieve a total religious black-out for all humanity forever.

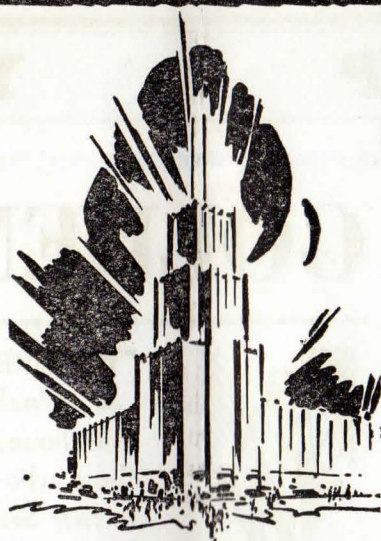
GOD WILL now have to move in upon the scene and remove the wreckage from the tracks so that the human race may continue its progress towards nobler political, social, and economic achievements. The human race should brook no further interference with its progress, or delays, from Communist-bred atheists. We truly owe that debt to posterity.

Any intelligent approach to the problem must recognize that the basic considerations go deeper than political, social, or economic factors. The spiritual aspect of the problem is of paramount importance. The salvage of our civilization, and the salvation of the human race call for a religious crusade by collaboration of the two great religious groups.

THE DOCTOR said, "I suppose, Mrs. Johnson, that you've given Sam the medicine according to instructions?"

"Well, doctah," the colored wife answered, "Ah done mah best. Yo' says give Sam de pills t'ree times a day till gone. But I done run outa de pills yesterday and he ain't gone yit."

LAST Christmas, before their marriage, she gave him a book entitled *The Perfect Gentleman*. This Christmas she says she intends giving him a copy of *Wild Animals I Have Known*.



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T h e P A Y O F F

HE HAD returned to the city newspaper office after weeks spent with some arctic explorers. When he had put down every conceivable item of expense he could call up, and multiplied it by two, he still was many dollars short. A helpful collaborator suggested that maybe one of the sledge dogs had died and he could put the cost of it on his account. Sure enough, \$250 went down. That left him sundry other monies which his stewardship must take into account. The reporter scratched his head meditatively and then had a brilliant inspiration. His last item for the exploration expense he had drawn was—

"Flowers for bereaved bitch—\$50."

TWO MEN in a car had gone through a traffic light. The cop pulled them over.

"Sorry, Officer," the driver apologized, "but I happen to be a doctor's assistant and I'm taking this passenger to the insane hospital in a hurry."

The passenger puckered up his lips at the policeman. "Oh, my darling," he begged, "kiss me, kiss me! Tell me you still love me."

They got away with it.

THE GUEST began banging on the table. At length the waiter took note of him.

"What's the matter?"

"Over forty minutes ago I ordered a half-portion of duck. Why don't I get it?"

"Trade's poorly today, sir."

"What's that got to do with it?"

"We're waiting for another customer to give a duplicate order. We can't go out and kill half a duck."

A NEGRO minister, given to the use of big words, was called on by a committee that informed him that his preaching was growing unsatisfactory.

"Don't I argify and sputify?" demanded the minister.

"Uh-huh," agreed the chairman of the committee. "Yo' argifies and sputifies all right. Reverend, but yo' doan say wherein."

GOLDEN SCRIPTS



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SOULCRAFT CHAPELS

THE TRAFFIC cop had motioned to her to stop.

"How long do you expect to be out on this trip, lady?"

"What do you mean by such a question?" she demanded indignantly.

"Well, just in case you're not aware of it, there are a couple thousand other drivers would like to use this street soon's you get through with it."

THEY WERE bristling with vocal fury.

"Colored boy," said the first, "I'se gwan back yo' up against dat wall. I'se gwan loosen all yo' teeth. I'se gwan plaster yo' nose all ovah yo' face. Den I'se gwan black both yo' eyes—*et cetera*."

"Black man," retorted the other, "yo' doan mean *et cetera*. Yo' means *vice versa*!"

THE TRAIN passenger rummaged in his pockets while the conductor waited.

"Guess I've lost my ticket," he said ruefully.

"You couldn't lose a ticket a yard long," the conductor cried, nettled.

"The heck I couldn't. You don't know me. I lost a bass drum once."

THE PROFESSOR of astronomy had shown the pretty co-ed all through the observatory and patiently explained the workings of each instrument. At last she commented—

"I understand perfectly how a new star might be discovered, but what puzzles me is, how in the world do you clever people ever find out its name?"