

# Valor

The Golden Times Weekly . .

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

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Number 10

## CHRISTIAN ECONOMICS AND THE 1953 WOMAN . .



LET'S NOT blink the fact that the alterations in store for this nation over the coming four years are due to have profound effects on the life of the American woman. As deflation grows apace, she is bound to be caught between the horns of a dilemma.

With the nation badly over-produced and employment at a premium, there is bound to be less call for her services in the business world. The very opposite of a war-time economy gives signs of coming in.

On the other hand, if she be married, never will her man have greater need of her help financially. If she be not married, her competing with men who have dependents is due to be resented to even greater degree than it was during the depression of the 1930s. Unless someone or something come to her rescue, she will suffer to greater extent than her masculine



industrial counterpart.

Now the American woman is the smartest, best-dressed, and most affectionate of her sex among any of the races in the world today. She has been man's loyal and efficient ally over the past three to five decades in the ups and downs of the nation's business. Twice when major war shook the land, she played her part nobly and courageously. She is, in the language of our times, a "right person" . . . she carries on . . .

Which means that she by no means deserves to get "the short end of it" when bleak economic stalemate sweeps over the land in these current convulsions of our hectic economy.

Of course she does not require to get the short end of anything as Christian Economics is adopted in this country, and what we call a "Cooperative Economy" regards each citizen as a consumer who must have the purchasing power made available to make certain he—or she—gets his or her pro rata share of the nation's created goods.

As matters are conducted at present, the industries of the country pay people to work for them, charge a percentage for labor up to total productive costs, and then wonder why it is, at the end of any given year or period, those same workmen are only able to buy back a fraction of what their hands have manufactured. Always there is over-production, or unsold goods stacked up in stores and warehouses, causing shut-downs and depressions. The workmen—who in a great country like the United States are the only real consumers—are able to buy back only such amounts of those total goods as their wages or salaries have represented in the cost of the items created.

So long as that situation maintains, the nation is ever going to be confronted with stalemates and depressions.

**I**N THE last peace-time year of 1948, goods and services in this country totaled about 246 billion dollars. Yet the actual cash-money paid over to all those engaged in producing this \$246 billion of goods—paid in wages and salaries, that is—was only \$116 billion. So that left \$130 billion of produced goods for which there were no buyers. There were no buyers because the workmen received less than half the value of those goods in wages and salaries, consequently half the goods and services that made 1948's in-

dustrial activity were either given away to foreign countries, or sold at bargain sales, or left to spoil. Anyhow, the millions of laboring people didn't get them. They got only half of them because they could only turn about and buy the proportionate amount that their year's wages represented.

So long as the private citizens of any given nation constitute all the consumers that exist for what is created, this same shortage is going to show up, year after year—bringing inevitable hard times.

If anyone says, "Sell this surplus abroad," that is short-sighted view to take, because other countries must turn about and ship us goods in payment. Who is going to buy these foreign goods so sent us in exchange for our surplus? A little thinking reveals that those foreign firms expect the great American people to buy them. But the American people have already exhausted their wages and salaries paying for the half of the goods that were not sent abroad. Foreign goods coming in, only make the economic situation worse.

It is upon such a stupid system that Communism grows and flourishes.



**W**OMEN who make a business of understanding the new book, *Something Better*, will be quicker than their men folk to grasp what a gigantic evil is cured swiftly and permanently by changing the country's industry over on to the Cooperative basis.

Cooperation isn't Communism, or Socialism, or Collectivism. Cooperation is the business of regarding the country's citizenry as a whole, and saying, "Here are 147,946,000 human beings on the great census roll of America. They make, all together, 246 billion dollars' worth of goods each year. If those goods were all distributed through gigantic State Coop-

eratives on a credit system that allotted each man, woman, and child a cooperative buying power of \$1,646.35, then each man, woman, and child would receive his exact pro rata quantity of the total goods created in America for any given year. If he or she wished to get busy and make more, that would be up to him or her, according to his sprawl and ability. But the resources would be at hand for each citizen to acquire his proportionate share of what has been made by the nation's citizens as a whole. So there would be no glut or over-production of goods at the end of any year, compelling industries to shut down until it is somehow disintegrated or disposed of, for free, to foreign countries.

*When the women of America, either married or single, make the discovery that each and every one rates Cooperative dividends of a minimum \$1,646.35—thus enabling them to acquire and consume their proportionate amounts of all that is made in America in any given year—they are going to demand this altered state of industrial affairs and get it!*

**T**HOUSANDS of Americans may want to know, if such terrific deficiency in buying power exists, what has become of the amounts of goods left without buyers in the past? A little investigation quickly shows what happened. Manufacturers and retailers have been encouraging the country to plunge into installment buying. An impelling item in the week's news, says that the great department store of Hayne & Company in New York encouraged its patrons to buy all they wanted for Christmas gifts on credit, to be settled for in "easy payments" throughout the coming year. But what are these patrons doing but spending their proportion-of-the-cost wages and salaries in advance of earning them? Not a dollar increase in buying power has been added to the individual employes' pay envelopes. As they meet the installment payments for this or that, they have proportionately less to spend for their regular bills or daily necessities.

The bill for installment buying—spending the earnings of the future with no assurance they will be forthcoming—has now plunged the private citizens of this nation nearly \$300 billion into the hole, and the amount is increasing.

As if this wasn't enough, taxes are also increasing year by year, meaning that  
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# WE MIGHT AS WELL FACE IT . .

## *The Atomic Age Brings the Christian Commonwealth as a "natural" . .*



WE HEAR a lot about nuclear fission "remaking our civilization", but it's generally an abstraction to us. Men have found ways to release the energy in the atom—particularly the uranian atom—and we visualize eventualities strictly in terms of possessing a more powerful military bomb than any other nation. In the backgrounds of our minds we think of nuclear fission mainly as a protection for us, in the event that anyone attacks America.

*Actually, there no one to attack America! We are living in a world where the United States of America is supreme!* The best that the propaganda authorities can call up is poor, wheezy, backward, strife-torn Russia—that is supposed to put fantastic numbers of airplanes in the skies and wing over to New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and other east coast cities—not forgetting Washington—and mess up the whole American Republic any night, whilst we sleep peacefully in our beds.

Behind the scenes it is known that the whole thing is diabolical propaganda—to keep our wartime economy going. Russia happens to be in such atrocious shape that she has dug pits in the main roads leading behind the Iron Curtain, so that the western nations can't come in. But by the same token, the same pits obstruct the Russian "military masses" from coming out.

We have no enemies in the entire earth capable of challenging the United States.

Atom bombs indeed! . .

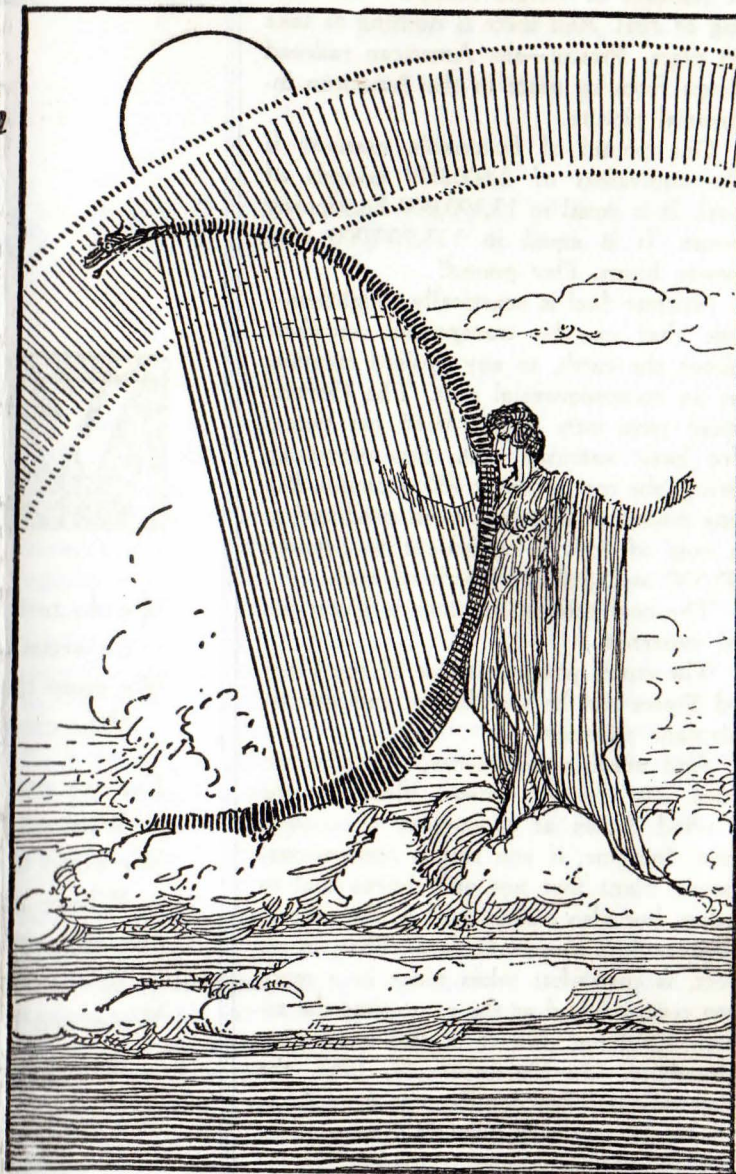
IT IS in an entirely different quarter that we should envision the denouement of nuclear fission. When VALOR declares that nuclear fission is due to alter the entire course of America's economy—and make Christian Economics a *must*—it is dealing in the sternest of economic facts. Why?

Because nuclear fission, not understood as yet by the general public, is due to revamp the whole economic picture of American life, starting with sources of fuel and power . .

ARE YOU aware, for one thing, that the coming of nuclear fission for power is due to bankrupt every railroad in America? That is something to think about. Railroad securities have always been considered the finest form of investment security. But not so, when nuclear fission for power comes in.

You want to know why?

One pound of the new fuel—atomic energy—has a potential energy equivalent to approximately 1,300 tons of coal or 200,000 gallons of fuel oil. This new fuel is comparatively weightless and of



very low cost—it can be transported easily and economically to any part of the world in a suitcase in an airplane.

*This is due to give the railroads of our Republic the knockout blow, because atomic fuel will displace coal, coke, and other fuels which now constitute 35 percent of the railroad freight and nearly 20 percent of freight revenue.*

The coming of atomic fuel means a complete reorganization of powerful labor unions in the mining of coal and the running of railroads—as their importance declines.

There is going to be no further need for John L. Lewis and his obstreperous coal miners. We are no longer going to need coal.

Within five years the railroads of the United States are going to lose their bas-



ic resource of freight receipts—the hauling of fuel. And there is nothing to take its place. Presto!—the American railroad drops from its place in the American industrial picture.

One pound of fissionable uranium is the equivalent of 2,600,000 pounds of coal. It is equal to 13,390,000 horsepower hours. It is equal to 133,900,000 man power hours. *One pound!*

Nuclear fuel is practically weightless—one that can be transported anywhere about the earth, to any desired location, at an inconsequential cost. The Government pays only about \$3.50 per pound for basic uranium ores, but processing brings the cost to about \$35 a pound. But one pound of uranium, even produced at a cost of \$35, is equivalent to between \$7,500 and \$10,000 worth of coal.

The coal mining industry is going out of existence!

The entire power-resource of the United States can be sent hither and yon by airplane shipment.

And uranium shipments, so made, can turn any electric power plant in the United States at a fraction of current cost. Imagine, if you can, a conventional power plant that not only burns coal to ashes, but also creates fuel in the process—*more fuel than is burned!* That, in effect, is just what takes place in a modern reactor. And at the same time the reactor is doing this, it is also generating electricity. On December 20, 1951, the Experimental Breeder Reactor near Arco, Idaho, achieved the world's first production of electricity from a nuclear reactor—when four bulbs were lighted. The following day, the external electrical supply to the building was disconnected and the entire power load carried by the reactor-boiler-turbine-generator system. This included such as pumps and fans, and power requirements for its machine shops.

Electricity through atomic power is no longer an idle dream. *It's here!*

And the cost is so low as to toss every hydroelectric plant in the nation into bankruptcy—every hydroelectric plant making commercial electricity by the old expensive processes, at least.

It isn't a matter of "throwing men out of work" in the old industrial sense. The atomic fission industry, once established as to reactors, requires only a fraction of the number of workers and employes now laboring to obtain power. You can't

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## The Harvesters



WE STAND 'mid the windrows of harvest resplendent  
And gaze on earth's largess with sweep lacking  
fear!  
We know the High Dictate why changes are holy  
And wait the Great Trumpets as Glory draws  
near.

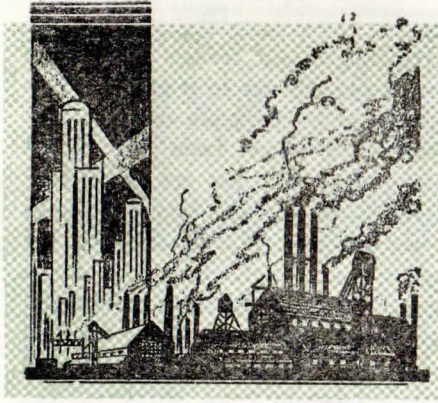
We do not wince brevet, we know its rich splendors,  
So seasoned that humans no limits presume,  
We snap the Salute to each monarch in apron  
Who crowd on earth's Wheat with Bright Love on his plume.

For we are the Reapers, sharp-sickled of Christus,  
Who come to earth's yield with the might of the Meek.  
We coop a blind mischief with twine of White Precepts  
Where men in their languors the fallow fields seek.  
We play out the Drama, long-authored of Cosmos,  
We work out Toil's maelstroms unshocked of alarms;  
We scorn the dulled tool in the threshings of Croesus  
And fill the Lord's Barns on Eternity's farms.

We speak not the tongue of the Gross-without-Knowledge,  
We know not the wrack of the heart weighed by pride,  
Commissioned by Deity, eternally reaping,  
We glean up the worlds in Millennial stride.  
Though earth-fields be hectic, a frenzied hiatus,  
We vision those Summits where Stronghearts arrive . . .  
Who merit bestowal of Badges of Masters  
But those whom strong reaping has thus made alive?

So sing us no sagas of pygmies in stramash,  
Or call the brash roll of the idler in guile;  
The Lord of the Harvest provokes but a largess  
For that which is Fate to be threshed by the mile.  
The Reaping is fashioned, the Pattern is rigid,  
The Lord of Event holds all wages in thrall,  
We do what is bargained, the richness to gather,  
To EARN the Salute of the Lord of Us All!





*Paragraph Sign-Posts toward  
the Golden Times, that he  
who runs may profit . .*

## *“Roads into Sunrise”*

### *Brown Landone Survives . .*

**S**PEAKING of eerie events . . Of a day the past fortnight the Recorder at Headquarters felt a queer urge to look up the prophetic measurements of the Great Pyramid a la Brown Landone, who reckoned the colossal pile to contain time-predictions for the present day from cubic and not linear measurements. That Davidson had made a colossal blunder in his linear measurements had been proven by event. Humanity did *not* quit the Truce in Chaos on May 29, 1928 but on September 1, 1939. Nothing whatever happened anywhere throughout the world on September 16, 1936 but plenty happened on December 1, 1941. A wholly new interpretation of the Pyramid chronology began to be disclosed as the findings of Brown Landone were examined. Nothing can be expected to happen on August 20, this year, either, because humanity will have by no means traversed the King's Chamber by that date. Then, while the VALORS containing the notice of a series of articles on the Pyramid figured by *cubic* measurements were in the mail, arrived a letter from Portland, Oregon, from a psychical group headed by one Dr. Wustrow who said: "Brown Landone appeared in semi-materialized form to our group of a recent evening and said to convey to you his good wishes. He is disposed to labor with the Soulcraft students to arrive at the truth of sacred matters. The Great Pyramid is a colossal prophecy in stone but not as men have envisioned to the moment." All of which is highly gratifying. Soulcraft's compliments to Dr. Landone. He graduated from his body in Florida a couple of years ago, but if he can give us the correct cues on Great Pyramid interpretation, he will have gained to a place of especial esteem in the hearts of all Soulcrafters . . Articles on the Great Pyramid's significances will be resumed next week, figured according to Dr. Landone's *cubic* mathematics . .

### *Try a Pyramid After Breakfast . .*

**S**PEAKING of the Great Pyramid, comes a strange announcement from the BSRA people of San Diego, headed by Meade Layne . . In the *Round Robin* under date of December, 1952, Meade includes reprint of a strange article from the *Psychic News* of London, in which the information is offered that there is something definitely mystical in the very *shape* of the Great Pyramid. If you will construct a little Pyramid on exact proportions to the "Altar to the Lord in the Land of Egypt", even though you make it of nothing more substantial than cardboard, gluing its edges together with Scotch Tape, you will find the mystical little box, by the very nature of its shape and proportions, to evince uncanny properties. Meade says: "Writing in *Radiesthesia pour Tous*, one M. Pommeret asserts that by keeping a razor-blade under such a paper pyra-

mid, made in the right proportions *and with one side facing north*, he was able to use the same blade for several years without sharpening. He obtained this information from friends in Czechoslovakia—where good blades are scarce—and says he knows several people who have attained similar results. He suggests a pyramid having triangular sides of  $6\frac{1}{4} \times 6$  inches for the preservation of meats and fish. There is something "mummifying" about the very shape of the Pyramid, not hitherto known to conventional scientists. How explain the fact that placing such a cardboard box, proportionately made, on the head, results in queer mental disturbances and distressing effects? Here is a field that traditional science would scoff at, and yet "there is something to it." VALOR will reprint Meade Layne's article next week and you can try the experiment for yourselves . .

### *Staff of Life Collapses . .*

**P**EOPLE by the name of Webster, living at Raikes Farm, Beverly, England, are getting the heebie-jeebies over phenomena suddenly occurring in their rustic home. All of a sudden and for no known reason, bread vanishes in their humble larder. But it vanishes in a most peculiar—and apparently fourth dimensional—manner. No matter how many loaves of fine bread the Webster woman bakes, to put it aside in her pantry means that the whole inside of each loaf mysteriously vanishes. They go to cut the loaf and find that there is naught but the shell of the crust . . the entire interior of the loaf has disintegrated. They call in policemen, they call in clergymen, but still the unfathomable disappearance of the interior of their loaves continues. They put the bread in crocks where neither mice nor air can work mischief, they're sure of that. Presto, absolutely hollow loaves of bread. Take the same loaves across the street to a neighbor and nothing happens to them. Bring them back to the Webster house and their insides disappear. It is getting on the Webster family's nerves and making quite a sensation in the district. Over here in the United States loaves of bread similarly disappear but not from behavior of poltergeists. Why the peculiar phenomena, is the question challenging British psychical experts. What does a discarnate find of value in the interior of a loaf of bread? But there it is. The thing happens. Reminds one of the story of the English missionary in India who couldn't keep a basket of fresh fruit on the table. Someone or something from a higher dimension would snatch it into the Invisible while diners watched, apparently eat it, and then pitch the stones and pits back at those assembled about the board. Poltergeists appear to be obsessions personified. Undoubtedly in the Webster case, some discarnate is getting a kick out of the fact that he has found a way to



perplex the physically living. To Soulcrafter there would be nothing miraculous about it excepting the peculiar form of manifestation this bread-loving Discarnate deigns to pursue . . .

*One Sniff and You're Done . . .*

**F**ROM the Other Side comes protest on protest that in all this Atomic Explosion stuff, we are polluting our atmosphere with radioactivity. One Discarnate asks, "Suppose you knew for a fact that your government was filling military bombs with cyanide germs, taking them two miles up into the air and setting them off. Would you think such a thing Progress?" . . . Radio activity projected out of atom bomb disturbance is regarded as far more deadly to the human race than cyanide or typhoid. Germs exploded in stupendous quantities from high overhead might have serious effects on a foe, but in the atomic instance the attacker has to breathe the same air, so he is as vulnerable to the effects as the attacked. The whole thing boils down to the fact that whereas Man was supposed to discover Atomic Energy at the start of this Aquarian Age, he was not supposed to use it for destruction of his species, and God intends to inflict severe penalties on men for thus violating the moral law. When mutations begin to breed children who are monsters, our authorities may take thought as to whether the reckless thing they have done is feasible? Atomic radioactivity does not merely "evaporate" onto the atmosphere. It has to go somewhere. And on whose head it falls, suffers accordingly. The news is conveyed to us that a general atomic war would poison all civilization. Worse and more of it, this pernicious radiation is by no means confined to our own planet—it effects other satellites of the solar system and brings Flying Saucers into our stratosphere to antisepticize our atmosphere . . . God seems determined to STOP human beings exterminating each other . . . Apparently He means to do it by rendering all military activities atomic and then demonstrating to man that the assailants suffer equally with the assailed. When they grasp that fact, they may employ a little sense . . . Future conflicts will tell.

*The Wheel Turns Over . . .*

**N**OT generally noticed in the items of Christmas largess was the retiring Mr. Truman's official pardon of the two congressmen May and Thomas. May, as

perhaps you recall, was convicted for being mixed up in the wartime munitions racket. Thomas had given the business for allegedly padding his congressional expense accounts. However, VALOR has plenty of reasons for concluding that he was given the business for having been a member of the Committee Against un-American Activities and writing that celebrated Impeachment of Madam Perkins. Perhaps you recall Madam Perkins. Many regarded her as the Anna Greenberg of the Roosevelt Administration. Anyhow, J. Parnell Thomas "took his pen in hand"—in a speech that nobody would have heard about, had not Pelley of Asheville made it into a book that filtered into every corner of the nation. But was J. Parnell happy about that? Later in Committee, he tried to bite Pelley's ear off for circulating a speech in whose contents both concurred. However, bigger fry than J. Parnell have had their chaws at Pelley's ears and Pelley looked on J. Parnell's ear-chawing more or less with grim humor. Now J. Parnell gets a "Bless You My Child All Is Forgiven" benediction. Uh-huh. In which VALOR on the whole is inclined in charity to concur. J. Parnell's real indiscretion was in making enemies of both sides . . .



*Do Arabs Bite? . . .*

**N**O NEED to be puzzled by what seems to be a wave of anti-Semitism sweeping through the grim chambers of

the Kremlin. VALOR readers more than eight years old will see in it an open-and-shut propaganda program to woo the Arabian world away from the West. Something eventually has got to be done about Jerusalem and the Kremlin thinks it has the answers. Nobody believes for a moment that the Kremlin actually is anti-Semitic but so long as the Arabs are managing to stagger along without a television-set in every tent, the rank and file may fall for it.

*Good Stuff, Henry . . .*

**H**ENRY McLemore, columnist who specializes in humor in all its branches, scored a highlight the other day with this—

"The United States should be ashamed of itself. Deeply, deeply ashamed. As the strongest nation in the world it has compromised with countries that have done nothing but kill its children. For the United States to lose one man to China, which we can overwhelm at any time we choose, is selling out an American family. For the United States to take even the slightest back-talk from Czechoslovakia, which it created, is a sign of physical degradation in Washington . . . I am supposed to write light and humorous things but sometimes I get so mad I can't do it anymore. This country has never been put to a test and I think it's about time it was. The United Nation sits in solemn conclave and seems not to care if two or three or four thousand men die while they are talking. There is a lot of difference between going down to a dining room where food from various nations is served, and climbing a hill against machine gun fire . . ."

You should have remarked incidentally, Henry, that food from such various nations is awful stuff, and generally not worth eating at that.

*Get to Like It, Ron . . .*

**C**OMES out *Time Magazine* for December 22nd and romps and stomps all over Brother Ron Hubbard of Dianetics for being this and that, all without benefit of the AMA clergy. Trouble seems to be, there's no clip for the wholesale drug industry in the Hubbard recommendations, and that, of course, is the unforgivable indiscretion. Talking with one of the Dr. Koch attorneys from Chicago recently, the lawyer reported that the imminent doctor, now on a dignified

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# NUMEROLOGY FOR EVERYONE . .

**L**ET'S pick a series of names at random, just to prove the accuracy with which Numerology works out. For instance, take such a well known personage as Theodore Roosevelt . . every-one over thirty years of age became acquainted with both his character and temperament, so checking on them through Numerological significances should carry its own conviction.

The one-time Teddy's name chart would work out somewhat in the following totals—

	5	6	6	5			
T	H	E	O	D	O	R	E
2	8		4	9			
	6	6	5	5			
R	O	O	S	E	V	E	L
9	1	4	3	2			

The top line of digits, added horizontally, totals 44, which in turn resolves to an 8. Teddy in his Inner Expression was therefore an 8, the digit usually recognized as representing worldly success.

The bottom line of digits, added horizontally, totals 42, that in turn resolves to a 6. Six is interpreted as being the number standing for mental leadership and the highest demonstration of sociability—generally known as the Good Luck number.

Add these Inner and Outer Expression numbers together and the result is 14. This resolves in turn to a 5. And Five is the dramatic change number. A Five-Personality is in life to orient himself to kaleidoscopic alterations in affairs. He will go from one spectacular issue or circumstance to another, adapt himself to each, and "ride the whirlwind" gracefully and successfully.

Now what about Teddy's birth-path?

**T**HE FIRST Roosevelt in public life was born on October 27, 1858. October is the 10th month; he was born on a 9-day; the year of his birth adds to 22—a master number in itself, by the way, but which reduces to 4 for figuring

life-courses. So the total reckoning of his natal date comes to a 50, which in turn means 5 . . . This casts him additionally for a career in public life of "riding the whirlwind", living the Strenuous Life veritably.

Notice as well the prevalence of 5's and 6's in his Inner Expression—dramatic changes on the Good Luck octave. There are twin 9's and twin 4's in his Outer Expression, implying leadership inclined to the field of mental pioneering. The professional Numerologist would look at Roosevelt's numbers—even though the name of the personage to whom they belonged were concealed, and pronounce at once that here was a dramatic temperament, who must assuredly ride high in the annals of his time, adapting himself with uncanny facility to whatever crisis he encountered—and the higher and more spectacular the role, the better he would like it . . .

**N**OW let's turn to another personage with whose character all Americans are sufficiently familiar to decide whether Numerology checks up . . . Abraham Lincoln. As every schoolchild is aware—or was, before the coming of UNESCO—he was born on February 12, 1809. Well, here's the chart of his Inner and Outer Expressions—

	1	1	1	9	6		
A	B	R	A	H	A	L	I
2	9	8	4	3	5	3	3

The total of the digits representing his Inner Expression is 18, which in turn—adding horizontally always to arrive at the lowest significance—becomes 9. Any-one with a 9 as Inner Expression evidences the very highest octave of Spiritual Demonstration and Exercise. The total of Lincoln's Outer Expression numbers is 42—which resolves to 6 or the Lucky Worldly Number. He would, in short, represent to the trained Numerologist a character of highest spiritual tenor who successfully expressed it in his contacts with the world and society.

Looking at his Life-Path, we find that February 12, 1809 adds to 23, which re-



solves in turn to a 5. So he follows a life-plan not unlike Theodore Roosevelt's. Dramatic vicissitude, spectacular position, challenge to constant crisis—fated never to be able to sit down quietly in life and live provincially—that was Lincoln's role, even ending with a manner of death that was a 5 in its ultimate.

If a blotter were placed over the name of this personage and only the numbers indicated, the accomplished Numerologist would declare this to be the numerical chart of a high spiritual character, who was to have uniform happy luck in achieving the objectives of his life, but that they would be hectic and whirlwind objectives, leaving him small calm or quietude in the nature of his career.

**S**O FAR we have called up examples of Presidents. How about a writer of feminine eminence like Harriet Beecher Stowe? She wrote, you'll recall, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. Let's investigate dear old Aunt Harriet's number-chart. Here's the set-up—

	1	9	5	
H	A	R	R	I
8	9	9	2	
	5	5	5	
B	E	E	C	H
2	3	8	9	
	6	5		
S	T	O	W	E
1	2	5		

Harriet resolves to a 6 Inner Expression, Beecher to another 6, and Stowe to an 11—or 2. This gives us 41, or our old figure 5 turning up again, disclosing the woman's inward and temperamental flare for drama and the spectacular. In her Outer Expressions, the three names add

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# Valor

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## The Future

**S**OULCRAFTERS are confronted by biased or perverse individuals who declare, "It's no use for you to talk to me any further about these so-called esoteric principles. I do *not* believe in Reincarnation and nothing you may say to me will alter my opinion." Or they take another tact and assert: "The Christian Commonwealth Idea may be all very fine, but if you mean to take from me my prerogative of skinning my neighbor before he skins me, you're going against the Constitution. The Constitution gives me the right to get the best of my neighbor in a trade or business if I can, and if he can't take it, that's just his hard luck."

What actually are such people saying?

VALOR prefers to believe they're saying that they want Experience and not Precept to teach them the eternal verities.

The chief reason that certain persons present such a frosty front to Reincarnation, of course, is because they recognize the truth of it so overwhelmingly that they simply don't care to think further about it. You can be certain they're covering up identification of happenings in their most recent lives that they would be compelled to acknowledge if they turned about, unsealed their memories, and acquiesced to this universal fundamental.

The more rabidly a given person "fights" the idea of Reincarnation, the more evasive is he showing himself about recalling obligations he's in life to repay. Let him alone with it. He knows in his

heart that Reincarnation is certain. But he doesn't care to show the mettle to stand up to what he's supposed to pay off.

The Christian Commonwealth critic is in another class entirely.

What he's confronting in his Eternal Subconscious is the fact that he must acknowledge his debt to society in the person of "the other fellow", and the realization galls him. He doesn't want to acknowledge obligations to *anyone*. He may translate it into terms of "skinning his neighbor", but what he truly means is, that he's tired of academic moral precept and wants to see that eternal verities work out in confirming event before he will subscribe to them.

Presently he's going to confront an internationally sterile situation industrially that is due to break him, because he's not intellectually malleable.

The Atomic Age will discipline him in respect to international quarrels, because those who use atomic weapons are due to suffer just as greatly as any foe on which they're turned. Look at it in the same ideology of every shell that was shot off in two recent world wars prescribing parabola and returning to explode among those who discharged it from their guns. How many shells would have been discharged at the enemy in the two recent World Wars if always they came back to their starting-place and blew the original gunners into fragments? Men in great armies would have been committing suicide.



Now the times seem to have arrived when God Almighty intends to show man that internecine wars are suicide indeed.

But in the industrial sense, men by the thousands, and tens and hundreds of thousands, are going to be rendered workless by nuclear fission developments.

How are they due to subsist? Machines driven by nuclear fission are going to do most of the labors of earth-life for them.

Apparently Progress consists in finding

ways to put all men out of gainful occupations.

Men will be brought to face altruistic Cooperation by the very extremity of their development. Then what?

Skinning one's neighbor indeed! When it becomes evident that "skinning one's neighbor" is employing a knife and slicing up one's own cuticle where will the "joys" of competitive activity come in?

Atomic fission is due to bring man face to face with his own soul. And Circumstance is due to break these hardheads.

They're not hard-heads, of course. They're just the ignorant and brain-strapped. Let them learn by Experience. That's the way they want it, and that's the way we should let them get it . . .

None of it alters the program that's imminent.

## Mail



AY VALOR, in the kindest and most tactful fashion possible, pass along some counsel concerning mail to Headquarters?

Mail to Soulcraft goes on local arrival into Post Office Box 192 at Noblesville. It is collected every morning by special messenger from the plant. At 10:30 all letters are opened by the Recorder personally. A list is compiled of remittances, and a roster made of the letters received in any given mail of any given day. When the Recorder has apprised himself of all communications addressed to Soulcraft, the letters are sorted as to various departments. Thereby, when a later letter appears which reads, "Two weeks ago I mailed you remittance for such-and-such books and they have not yet come to hand," it is only necessary to check back at the specified date to know that such order never arrived.

What Americans afar are not aware of, is, that the retiring political Administration has been callous and indifferent about the delivery of mail outside First Class. Newspapers, magazine, and books seem to be considered anathema by the postal authorities, put into the mail principally to bedevil federal employees. Ireful letters have been written Soulcraft Headquarters about subscriptions that should have started weeks previously—only to be followed by a letter of abject apology, stating that *four issues of VAL-*



OR all came to hand in one delivery.

Again Soulcraft Headquarters emphasizes, that since the establishing of VALOR, it has never failed to go into the post office two days in advance of its date of publication. That it stays piled up in mail bags for weeks at a time is by no means peculiar to this publication. All magazine firms are similarly bedeviled.

All of which means that if you subscribe to VALOR and fail to get it promptly, your United States Post Office is responsible and not the publishers.

*Soulscripts* are another matter.

*Soulscripts* are prepared and mailed as regularly as possible, but in event of lengthy visitations to Headquarters, commanding the Recorder through causes beyond his control, they may frequently be delayed. Not being dated publications, they are sent out as issued.

But one thing about this Headquarters mail is important—

*Please don't address company business to individuals*, and please don't send Registered Mail to the Recorder personally unless there is some outstanding reason why his signature is desired. A "Personal" registered letter sometimes lies in the local post office for one to two days because the Recorder cannot make a special trip to the post office—his plant duties being what they are—to sign for it. Mail addressed to individuals is held for those individuals unopened and where company business is involved, Soulcraft cannot be responsible for what disposition is made of such communications.

The Headquarters mail is a formidable problem. Executives and stenographers to answer letters are not only at a premium, but TIME to do so has to be reckoned. A great pile of letters may be read by the Recorder on opening, but with continual sheafs of manuscripts demanded by the typesetting machines, the hours in the day that can be given to responding to individual inquiries is source of continual embarrassment. Eventually all letters are answered, but they have to be taken in respect to the gravity of the matters with which they treat.

Running a popular publishing house in these hectic times is a headache at best. The government—which demands its taxes the promptest—makes every move as difficult as possible.

Don't hold Soulcraft responsible for the lassitude of a callous political administration which wants nothing of you but your taxes and votes.

## Christian Economy Is Down-to-Earth, Says Pearson . .



TWO DAYS before Christmas, George Berta and I returned to Noblesville after making a 7,800-mile motorcar trip through the Western States. We had

traveled in a total of 13 States, our route forming almost a perfect triangle if you were to draw a line from Noblesville to Los Angeles, from there to Seattle, and then back to Noblesville. As stated in VALOR, our trip was primarily for the purpose of making a survey for Headquarters. However, the laying of certain groundwork for the shaping up of the big *Something Better* promotion was the prime objective of our personal effort.

During the four-week trip we not only met with most recording groups within the vicinity of our route but contacted scores of Soulcrafters who have important roles to play in the big program which is developing for all of us. Along with the above contacts, we made as thorough an investigation of the Cooperative Movement as time permitted, endeavoring to determine its disposition in giving us real cooperation in the promotion of the Christian Commonwealth as embodied in the book, *Something Better*. Although our travels only took in the Western part of the nation, we feel we covered enough territory to give us a cross-section of how Soulcraft is shaping up throughout America. In this report we want to share with all readers of VALOR the basic points brought to light during our survey that bear on the working out of a scouring program for Soulcraft for 1953.

1. The *Something Better* promotion is enthusiastically welcomed by Soulcrafters as an avenue for displaying leadership ability and as a goal for applying the spiritual fundamentals to the practical phases of society.

2. The Cooperative Movement—with its 6,000,000 members—is disposed to give us real cooperation.

3. The nation is fast becoming receptive to the presentation of a Program that offers workable and equitable tenets for achieving lasting security and prosperity. (over)



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

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

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

SOULCRAFT CHAPELS



# "MARCHING SPIRES"



## The Stories of the Thirteen Civilizers

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

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

Soulcraft Press, Inc.

THE printing and release of the book, *Something Better*, has given Soulcrafters a new perspective for activity. Heretofore, much frustration has been experienced by all in trying to share with others the fundamentals of life as presented in Soulcraft. Many communications to Headquarters and expressions to us on the trip have given voice to the general exclamation that new people just don't seem to grasp the material. "We want to share with others, but they just don't seem ready for it," has been the crux of the lamentation. "Sure, here and there are individuals who can comprehend the doctrine, but how can we sell the nation on Soulcraft?" they would add. Now, like anchors having been aweighed to ship, we have a charted course with splendid harbors in the offing. *Something Better* has given them the necessary new perspective. Briefly, it is this—

Those who have been able to grasp the fundamentals of Soulcraft to date, and those who will readily grasp them in the future, are those who have incarnated in life to perform leadership roles. By and large the masses of people have incarnated into life to learn by experience. Instead of batting our heads against a stone wall, so to speak, and vainly attempting to give them the fundamentals of life intellectually and spiritually, we have incorporated those same fundamentals in a program of Christian Economics which are made understandable and communicable to the average, struggling, groping citizen. In a nutshell, such goal and avenue of approach is afforded by *Something Better*. At last we have the medium for selling Soulcraft to America on a wholesale basis! Is it little wonder that Soulcrafters are genuinely enthusiastic?

IN PROMOTING any program the first step is to determine what group or set of individuals would be the most receptive to the ideas propounded. The Cooperative Movement stands head and shoulders above all other groups and organizations as being the quickest to grasp the true worth of the Christian Commonwealth Program. Realization of this fact has led us to direct our immediate efforts in this field. The results within a short time indicate that real cooperation is forthcoming. There are nearly six million members of cooperative or-

ganizations and our goal is to place a copy of *Something Better* in the hands of each member. To date we have the second largest cooperative store in the United States displaying copies of the book on its book rack. We have any number of additional stores and cooperative groups lining up for real assistance. In the cooperative movement we have basic Americans whose thinking is already on the right track and who readily grasp the need to recognize and put into practice the further steps as presented in *Something Better* in order for the cooperative principle to truly function. It is not difficult for them to expand the cooperative premise to take in the economy of the entire nation. The initial effort for Soulcrafters throughout the land, each in his respective locality, is to do his share in placing copies in the hands of the mentioned six million members. Where managers and directors of cooperative setups can be "sold" on *Something Better*, their cooperation in the dissemination of copies will give much impetus to our promotion in a short time.

Six million members! What an enlightened force to be directed by the author of the Christian Commonwealth in putting into practice the precepts of Our Elder Brother!

Make no mistake, America is ready for a Square Deal. America is ready for a program that will forever erase the causes for periodic depressions, confiscatory taxes, and perpetual insecurity. On our 7,800-mile trip we talked to countless Americans from all walks of life and we could have spent hours detailing the workability and golden future of the Christian Commonwealth. An economy held together by wholesale mortgaging of the future by its citizenry and the perpetuating of a war emergency, with its resultant colossal public debt, is fast being recognized for the fallacious structure that it is. As mentioned in *Something Better*, the average citizen is desirous of three things: an adequate and reliable security through employment, real security and protection in property rights, and peace of mind. The Christian Commonwealth offers all three overwhelmingly in workable structure. All we have to do is make it available for the citizen's enlightenment. The people are waiting for its presentation. In the Cooperative Movement we have our first big door through which to reach the nation.

Reports coming in from all over the



country indicate we have gotten under way to a splendid start. Within the next few days we will have ample copies available for supplying your current needs. Facilities are being lined up for the sizable printings that will be necessary as *Something Better* commences to take real hold.

Much assistance is being worked out to give you real aid in promotion. Communicate to Headquarters what progress you are making. Cooperation by all of us will insure success.

1953 gives every indication of being the Transitional Year of witnessing the change from the archaic and materialistic functioning of society to an order premised on the constructive and spiritual.

It's a privilege to be alive and part of this particular period. Let's measure up to the task which we have come into life to consummate.

*Melford Pearson*

**Atomic Energy**

*(Continued from Page 4)*

cross out businesses now employing millions, hire back only a few operating hundreds, then expect the nation's economy to continue as we know it today. How are those millions now engaged in mining, oil production, and basic transportation, to exist?

A WHOLLY different economy is called for, but its installation must come swiftly and reliably. Changing from private ownership to Marxist or Socialistic ownership isn't due to provide one extra man with work. You can't take hundreds of thousands of John L. Lewis' cohorts, no matter how perfectly unionized, and make expert reactor constructionists of them in a twelve-month. Besides, so much labor is not usable. Something must support them or their families, and reactor-power origins simply don't require heavy numbers to operate them.

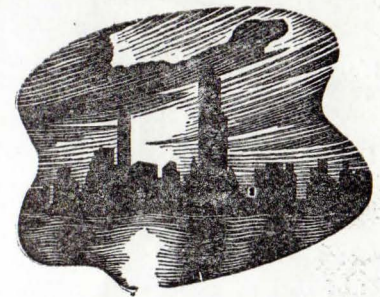
It was one thing to invent the dial telephone and thereby throw 30,000 phone-girls out of employment in a city

of 5 million like New York in the 1930s. It was bad enough on the girls as human beings requiring economic substance to exist, but they could and did find other employment. But symbolically speaking, in nuclear fission humanity is confronting the reverse of that situation. Call it that there will be 30,000 jobs and 4,970,000 human beings with no more pay envelops coming to them. A crisis of major proportions confronts the whole civilized species, but the nation or the earth hasn't awakened to it yet.

That is why the Christian Economics of Cooperation is an arbitrary prospect. Christian Economics of Cooperation considers the mass of the citizenry no longer as dumb, toiling, exploited "working classes" . . . It looks upon them as proprietors of the Great Industrial Scene, drawing proportionate dividends from the securities all hold according to their contributions. If machinery driven by nuclear fission reduces the work-week to less than one hour per person, and 90 percent of the world's work is done by machinery, a different Plan of Living lies in prospect.

Blink it, humanity cannot.

The fairly sound prediction has been made that in another 25 to 50 years, steam railroads will be as archaic in this nation as the suburban electric trolley car is now archaic. The whole profession of railroading will disappear. The whole profession of mining—or transporting fuel for the operation of railroads and power plants, will disappear. Gradually the gigantic and world-wide oil production business will taper off operations. People will travel to and fro almost exclusively by air, with electrically-driven motorcars for short hauls. Nuclear fission, aviation, and electric broadcasting of power for motorcars will require only a handful of the nation's workers as compared to millions deriving pay envelops from present old-fashioned industries. We can't go back and "un-invent" atomic energy. Christian Economics and Cooperation is a *must*—because inventive genius, pushed by the military, has wrought basic alterations making it the only pathway for humanity to travel.



**"Twilight Clear"**

A Book of SOULCRAFT POEMS

DO YOU want to own a very beautiful book of the original poems published in VALOR the past six months?

We have 750 copies done in blue leatherette on deckle-edged paper with tinted headings, containing . . .

44 POEMS

with cover stamped in gold. As long as they last they may be acquired for

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SOULCRAFT CHAPELS  
NOBLESVILLE, IND.

The challenge remains, are we going to make transfers intelligently and painlessly—through knowledge and cooperating effort—or must we make them the hard way, stupidly, perversely fighting something that can't be avoided or averted?

Arouse yourself to what the coming of atomic power means industrially and you grasp why the Golden Times are inevitable . . .

The headache is to bring them in without shock.

THE Doting mother asked, "And did my sweet angel learn anything in school today?"

"Uh-huh."

"Do tell mama what it was, precious."

"I learnt two kids not to call me Mama's Little Pet."





## .. COGITATIONS

**W**ELL, the Christmas of 1952 is a memory, and I believe at sometime during the week I received a Christmas card from almost 100 percent of Soulcrafters. They were, by the way, uniformly Christ cards—as I mentioned last week. Probably the biggest “kick” I got out of the great gorgeous roster of them was one signed, “FATHER PELLEY.” It was relayed to me by a dear mediumistic lady in southern Michigan. Father had appeared to her, I gathered, and made the request that she prepare the card and send it along. The selection showed the winter scene of a Christian church, *all windows lighted!* On the front of it she said he had prompted her to write, “Looks natural, doesn’t it?” And signed his name. Inside I read—

Sincerely wishing you  
A JOYOUS CHRISTMAS  
followed by

A GLAD NEW YEAR

SON: God Bless . . .

I in my time

You in your time . . .

FATHER PELLEY

The Yuletide remembrance from the Light Planes came through the same friend who had previously relayed a protesting appeal from Dad, not to use him too roughly in my *Cogitations*. The reason was, that “it hurt” . . . What he doubtless was trying to convey was, that my too-personal narratives of life as a small boy under his tutelage, were causing most of VALOR’s audience to put him down as an economic ne’er-do-well, leaving the pastorate for newspaper work, then the Gardner store of the stuffed goat episode, then the Springfield Parcel

Delivery, then the paper-mill in York State. Truth to tell, he was striving to hold his own against competitive economic circumstance and support his family in all respectability. Withal, he was a very intense and sincere man, my father, and my debt to him for the high, fine principles he instilled in me has always been beyond my repaying. After all, much sympathy and credit is due him for having had to raise *me* as a son. I do not recall that I ever expressed any velvet-pant tendencies, and what I could not hatch up in the way of messes to make him old before his time isn’t worth writing on paper. My esteemed grandson Winkie, visiting this plant on occasion and leaving it generally in all phases of ruin, is but repeating on the traditions of his grandsire—verily. I got thinking of dad, and the frenzies of concern into which I from time to time plunged him, and recalled to mind the most hectic afternoon when between him and mother they doubtless wished I had been born to wear pinafores . . .



**B**ELIEVE it or not, *Uncle Tom’s Cabin* was responsible for starting off the events of that one representative day. I had arrived at the years when I could make out the lengthier words. Particularly had I been impressed with the episode of the bloodhounds snooping Eliza across Ohio ice-cakes and making her thereafter a Buckeye celebrity. How did it feel to be snooped by bloodhounds? I talked it over with my youthful partner in hijinks, one Cecil Thomas, who lived in the house a hundred feet up the road. “What we should do,” said Cecil, “is try it out for ourselves.” I wanted to know if he were actually suggesting bloodhounds, and where were we to obtain the proper number of snoofers of that breed? “Well,” says Cecil—a boy with an odd cast in one eye that betok-

ened no good to the neighborhood decorum—“they don’t really *have* to be bloodhounds. We can get Old Man Richard’s rabbit hound, and little Miss Greenwood’s Airedale, and the two Whitney boys have got a Beagle. And if we watched real carefully we could swipe the big St. Bernard belonging to the Partridge’s. That ought to make quite a pack of bloodhounds. You’d know you was being chased all right, if they all got baying after you at once.” Thereby I gathered that he, Cecil, had not a thought in his head of learning by experience how it felt to be bayed by hounds and brought back to negroid servitude. This was further confirmed when we had rounded up all the neighborhood dogs by reason of raiding his family larder of a large package of liverwurst, and after several bad dog-fights in which the Beagle licked the Airedale and the Airedale licked the St. Bernard, Cecil escorted me down into the north pasture where reposed an abandoned dumpcart, amidst dank weeds. “Now,” ordered this brilliant progenitor of ante-bellum drama, “get off your clothes!” I gulped and frowned. “Get off my *what?*” I demanded to have confirmed. “Your clothes, all of ’em,” he instructed, “because you got to be nakkid in order to be made a Negro and have the hounds pursue you.” Sheer curiosity compelled me to divest myself of my garments, to see how Cecil meant to accomplish it. And he soon showed me. Cecil had earlier made the discovery that the old gudgeon grease around the hubs of the dumpcart, when scooped out with the hands and applied to the person, gave the sootiest of negroid effects as though by magic. So, as a miniature Adam, he coated me. The dogs stopped fighting long enough to look puzzled at what was transpiring, but when Cecil ended by rubbing my bare feet and ankles with the liverwurst, they got the idea expertly. If I was to be a diminutive male Eliza, with or without ice-cakes, I must have proper applications of the liverwurst to my soles to give the hounds their olefactory cues as to what direction I had taken. So in addition to being smeared with old dumpcart gud-



con-grease, I got smeared also as to liverwurst. I probably was the most olefactory specimen of the human race that was ever led to the edge of the big swamp north-east of our neighborhood—which was to do impromptu service as the Ohio River—and turned loose to live *Uncle Tom's Cabin* in real life. I used the basic episode a long time ago when writing *The Fog*, but I never wrote in *The Fog* how extremely pungent I was in such role of Fleeing African, age seven-and-two-thirds years, or what the aftermath of the experience was . . .

-oo-

“NOW this swamp is the Ohio lowlands,” said Cecil, “and I’m Simon Legree. You start across the River and I’ll sick the dawgs onto you, then you’ll know how it feels to be a black man escaping from penal servitude with four-footed beasts intending to tear you limb from limb.” He didn’t use such erudite terms, of course, but I got the idea. And started. Of course it wasn’t any human victim our collection of canines was interested in apprehending. It was the fleeing liverwurst. The hound-dog took me for a human deer, the Airedale for an escaped burglar getting away with the Greenwood spoons, the Beagle cast me in the role of rabbit and the St. Bernard was sure I was an Alpine traveler in distress who must be rescued and carried in his big jowls to a hospice for the night. Anyhow, I had the livest passal of pooches coming fast on my trail that ever splashed joyously through a swamp in all degrees and tones of dog-throated resonance. And when I actually heard them baying to overtake me, Eliza and I had everything in common excepting a black pickaninny hugged to our bosoms. I was a fleeing exhibit of rampant axle-grease flavored with liverwurst, and the swamp was full of stumps, snags, and treacherous water-holes. But long before the dawgs overtook me I had become a very ill young un. You see, the heavy coating of axle-gudgeon had closed all my pores. It was truly a dangerous predicament, but Harriet Beecher Stowe hadn’t mentioned a line about Eliza’s pores and the dawgs were gaining. I went down on my stomach in an extremely treacherous water-hole, retched atrociously, and started to cry. The dogs got me all right. The trouble was, all they went for was areas adjacent to my feet, ankles and shins. As for the rest of the

stuff that made me African, they weren’t having any—probably fearing to get their own pores closed. Simon Legree Thomas reached the spot, saw what was happening and fled in panic to father. And mother overheard . . .

-oo-

IF YOU don’t think a New England mother in the prime of her maternity couldn’t negotiate a half-mile of swamp despite stumps, snags and bog-holes, you don’t know the breed. She scattered those dogs like feathers in reverse of a run-away vacuum cleaner and stooped to pick me up. Then she did her own reversing and held me at arm’s length. “Where,” she commanded in stupefaction, “are your clothes, young man?” As a mere afterthought, she added, “And what in the name of seven kinds of African hoodoo have you got all *over* you?” I tried to acquaint her with the cricumstance that I had axle-grease and liverwurst all over me. She made a contemptuous sound only distinctive of mothers beholding their young in such a general application of highly pungent goo, and next I remember, I was back in the farmhouse kitchen and was being washed. Do you know *in* what? I was being washed in *kerosene* . . . Father got plenty of it somewhere. It took seven waters, with soapsuds, and four kerosenes, but underneath it all I returned to the Caucasian persuasion. “Now,” said father, “the only way you can square yourself for all this nonsense, is to take this basket of raspberries down to Miss Pomeroy’s house in the village and collect thirty-five cents in payment for it.” He had been picking the raspberries to fatten out his exchequer when mother had come in from across-lots with something in her arms that was neither flesh, fish, nor fowl—unless you spelled fowl with a “u” . . . Anyhow, weakly I arose from those many waters, suffered decent habilaments to be draped upon my person, took the basket contritely and started toward the village. Cecil, of course, was nowhere to be seen. Rumor had it he had started abroad—to avoid reprisals in respect to that Thomas liverwurst. I approached the village across a Causeway—or place where the highroad separated two sizable ponds of water. The twin ponds connected through a culvert walled in an arch-way with stone. And I was fairly in the midst of the trip across when a thunderstorm broke. Talk about making it a Day! I had but one

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

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recourse to avoid the downpour, and I took it. I skidded down the north roadside embankment and took refuge under the culvert. The pond water was only two feet deep and several big boulders gave standing room. And whom did I find in the viaduct ahead of me? I found Cecil—by no means gone abroad—the Whitney boys, the Richards young one and the two Partridge lads, together with most of my late four-footed friends of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. And I had 35¢ worth of the most luscious raspberries in East Templeton. Two hours by the clock, and dad decided he'd better go looking for me. Naturally he passed overhead while I was arguing with Cecil that the 35¢ for my berries could *not* go to replenish the liverwurst in the Thomas menage. When poor Dad got to the village and learned that his Personal Juvenile Headache had not been seen since the storm, he naturally concluded the wild waves of the ponds had done a Galveston Flood across the road and I was probably snagged at the bottom of stumps in the pond to the south—I seemed to have a propensity for being snagged when water was about . . .

-oo-

I HID in the culvert until dark, not feeling enough self-confidence to go home and tell him and mother that their second generation had compromised on the Thomas liverwurst by eating the raspberries—all of 'em. Indeed, I found that the acid in the berries helped a lot with my nausea from playing Slave in the Dismal Swamp. Poor Pop! That 35¢ meant a lot to him. Getting home finally, I went up the backshed roof and into my trundle-bed beneath the eaves and there affected to be peacefully sleeping when mother came hysterically into the room looking for rope from the four-poster mattress with which to help drag the pond for my missing remains. She screamed and dad came up the stairs seven at a leap. I was no good as a slave in a dismal swamp, I was no good as a seller of raspberries. But all in all, I was good as a live son for several years yet to come. And I have been so ever since. . . I should make sport of Dad for all that he suffered raising me. Much obliged for the Christmas Remembrance, Dad. I hope your Yuletide Upstairs was as nice as mine was, down here where small boys get strange ideas, all for the purpose of Experience . . . —THE RECORDER

## The 1953 Woman

(Continued from Page 2)

more and more of that inadequate buying power—only \$116 billion at present whereas it should be \$246 billion—is going to be earmarked for the government to spend on all sorts of armament schemes abroad, nuclear fission experiments, and the underwriting of the Super-Soviet United Nations.

Someone must begin to get their backs up and call a halt to all of it.

*The women of America can do it!*

Every American wife, mother, or single woman should read the simple and easy explanations of this vast national headache and how to cure it, contained in the 302-page book, *Something Better*. The woman who can explain *Something Better* to the nearest man is going to have an edge on him that leaves her the real boss of the employment situation in America.

The Great Deflation Period that's ahead, due to our having arrived at another period of over-production and glut, needn't cramp or distress any woman or working-girl in America—providing she knows her *Something Better* and makes a stand for it when the New Crash comes.

The new crash—called Deflation—is due to bring precisely the beneficial readjustments that put an end to this insolvent condition of America, for all time. No Soulcrafter is afraid of it, because he understands perfectly what's operating and why.

It means the induction of The Golden Times for this Republic.

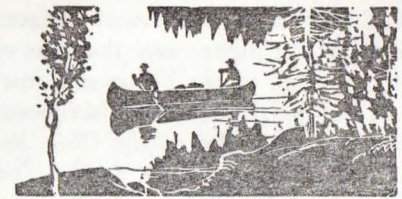
There are 30 million married women in this nation, and 12 to 15 million spinsters, divorcees, or widows. Turn them loose on this great cooperative benefit and they can actualize it.

The 1953 Woman has the future, her family, her youngsters and her menfolk, in her own shapely and capable hands. Watch what she does with it.

AN ELDERLY woman was escorting two little girls around the zoo. They came upon a cage of storks.

"These, dear children," she said, "are the birds that brings the babies."

One little girl looked at the other little girl. Then she whispered, "Do you think we'd better tell the dear old thing the truth?"



## Behold Life

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on  
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¶ You need one book in which the entire pattern of mortal life has been expounded, so that you understand whereof the Soulcrafter doctrine treats of it. *Behold Life* is such a book. Now in its Second Large Printing, it gives you the true background for all mortal processes—331 pages of a new interpretation for all sentient existence . . .

**\$4 Leatherette \$4**

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Don't worry  
that America  
isn't coming  
back in  
a big way!



¶ That the United States is seen clairvoyantly as emerging triumphant from this current bottleneck of politics and economics, is described in this valuable volume of 320 pages.

¶ You will discover *Thresholds of Tomorrow* to be a God-send to your peace of mind . . .

**\$5**

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**Roads into Sunrise**

*(Continued from Page 6)*

lam in Brazil, came in boiling one day from the golf course where he'd been making holes-in-one with the Big Shot AMA-er. "Lay me personally down \$100,000 on the line and the AMA will fully endorse your cancer cure as the discovery of the century," was the proposition reported, "because if you don't, you are going to be branded the biggest fraud and fake in the country." QED: No hundred grand for the recommendation, no indorsement, and Koch is a fake. That's how it's set up these days, boys and girls, and just between ourselves you can be told now that there isn't any Santa Claus. But to get back to Ron . . . *Time* says that he says that everybody walking around in run-down heels these days is really about 74 trillion years old. Which busts all adding-machines and doesn't give room enough on a ream of white paper for the ciphers. You're handing 'em too big figures, Brother Hubbard. Now if you'd said 867 billion, their dear simple minds could understand it, because they do seem to grasp the size of the public and private debt. Anyhow, you seem to have broken into the realization that human beans do live more than one life. But again there's no AMA clip in that, so human beans *don't* live more than one life. "Jordan Road sho' am hard! . . ."

**Numerology**

*(Continued from Page 7)*

up to 58—which gives 13—which gives 4. In her Outer Expression she was the mental pioneer, the ideological technician, the explorer in the intellectual. What could more accurately describe the authoress of a novel that changed the history of a continent?

Mrs. Stowe's natal date was June 14, 1811—putting her on a 22 life-path, or the 4 intellectual-pioneering number again. She would have a venturesome and valorous career as an authoress and a woman, particularly in some form of expression that involved intellectual crusading.

So you see what can be learned in advance about the "insides" of various persons by determining the digits of their

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names and birthdays. Do a person's chart briefly in advance of acquaintance with them, and you have most of his potentials disclosed to you.

The odd part about it is, that such descriptions almost never turn out inaccurate. Let's look, in our next paper, at some instances where the subject didn't tell the truth about christened name or

birthdate and was exposed in consequence by his own numerology . . .

*(To be Continued)*

"YES," said the fond mother to the neighbor, "Genevieve is very smart in school. Right now she's taking French and Algebra. Say Good-Morning to Mrs. Jenkins in Algebra, darling."



## T h e P A Y O F F

BOTH the photographer and the mother had been unable to make the four-year-old sit still long enough to have her picture taken. Finally the photographer prevailed upon the mother to leave the room a few minutes, during which time the picture was successfully snapped. On the way home the mother asked,

"And what did the nice man say to mother's little darling that made her sit so still?"

"He thed, 'You thit thtill, you little brat or I'll knock your lousey block off.' Tho I that thtill."

THE MOTHER demanded sharply, "Tell me, young man, who ever taught you to use that dreadful word you just spoke?"

"Santa Claus," the incorrigible replied.

"Santa Claus! When did you ever hear Santa Claus swear like that?"

"I wasn't asleep when he fell over a chair in my bedroom Christmas night."

WITH a grinding of brakes the motor cop pulled up his cycle and climbed over the fence.

"Sonny," he addressed the small boy he confronted, "have you seen an airplane come down anywhere around here?"

The boy shoved his slingshot into his blouse.

"N-N-No, sir," he stammered, "all I was shooting at was that empty bottle on that rock."

THE SMALL girl asked her mother, "Mommv, when I grow up will I have a man for a husband who's like daddv?"

"Of course, dear," said her mother.

"And if I don't get married will I turn out anything like Aunt Susan?"

"Perhaps you might, yes."

"O Lord, ain't I in an awful mess!"

THE MOTHER demanded, "When that naughty Jones boy threw stones at you, why didn't you come to mother at once, instead of picking them up and throwing them back?"

"What good would it o' done, mom? You couldn't hit the side of a garage."

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