

# Valor

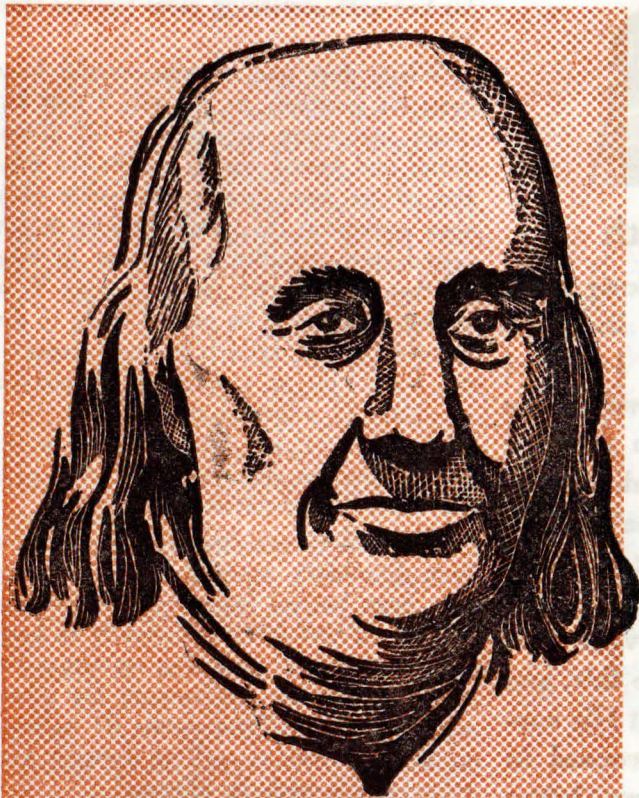
The Golden Times Weekly . . .

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

Volume IV

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Number 12



FRANKLIN: Born Jan. 17, 1706  
Died April 17, 1790

## FRANKLIN WAS THE ORIGINAL AMERICAN . .

WHEN we pause to give it thought, however, it comes home to us that if we sought to select one early American who embodied all the attributes and virtues that made the original American character notable—for thrift, self-reliance, common sense, civic pride culminating in colonial independence, worldly sophistication and utter lack of sanctimony coupled to a deep spiritual nature—Franklin stands out as the well-nigh ideal prototype of the Founding Fathers.

Most of us are familiar with the anecdotes of the runaway Boston apprentice landing in Philadelphia, sauntering down a Quaker City street munching a roll and encountering Deborah Reed—whom he subsequently married—getting a printing shop and making himself important as a publisher in the vicissitudes of Pennsylvania, so that he was later a member of the Constitutional Assembly, ambassador of the Colonies to France, and the outstanding patriarch of the Colonial set-up. But when we truly give it consideration, it comes home to us that, all in all, *Franklin symbolized the composite character of the men who established the independent American Republic.*

Looked at numerologically, the "chart" of Franklin's name reveals an interesting combination of digits and significances. His Inner Expression adds to 25, that in

**S**ATURDAY, January 17th, is the anniversary of the birth of Benjamin Franklin. He entered into his Revolutionary incarnation on that date, in the year 1706, putting him in consequence on a 5-Lifepath numerologically. This 5-Lifepath occurs over and over in the annals of the Founding Fathers. It stands for the Great Dramatic Change number, entering upon and participating in whole series of dramatic occurrences for the sake of the lesson in Orientation to new conditions and new environments which they afford . . .



turn adds to 7, the digit representing Spiritual Exploration. And if any man in the Colonies explored in Spirit, it was Philosopher Ben Franklin. His Outer Expression adds to 47, which adds in turn to an 11—the Genius Number, or smoothest facility in accomplishing worldly pursuits. But 11 adds in turn to 2, and 2 added to his 7 Inner Expression gives us his over-all character of 9. And 9 is the Great Number of Spiritual Teaching.

Such a character, on a 5 Lifepath of worldly alteration, would be Ben Franklin's description to perfection. Actually he was a great Spiritual Teacher, albeit his teachings followed the line of political liberty as an American birthright . . .

**B**UT THERE'S this we want to understand about the times of Ben Franklin in respect to concretions of wealth. He was known as the great Apostle of Thrift, and the adages of Poor Richard are heavy with adjurations to Save a Shilling and Have a Pound.

In Franklin's day and times, society was wholly lacking in productive machines as robot workmen, creating wealth by application of mechanical power to belted wheels. Every artisan performed his creative labor by hand and "got all there was in it"—excepting the expense of supporting his apprentices. Wise Old Ben knew the value of the adjuration, "Waste Not, Want Not," of Industry, Frugality and Assiduity. The market for created products, made without mechanical repetition, was always a consumer's market. Artisans labored at producing precisely what neighbors or customers desired, and no more. Further, the artisan's earnings were regulated strictly by his industry and talent.

The people of Franklin's day, in other words, had never heard of over-production and glut. Depressions never came on the Colonies due to excessive stockpiles of finished goods for which there were no customers—because in the last analysis the men who had made them were the persons expected to acquire them. Franklin would have seen through that fallacy at once, had it been an arrangement industrially of his day.

No one in his senses declares that machinery hasn't made goods better, and more plentiful to the masses, thus raising the standards of American living. But when machines become so universal,

not to mention so ingenious, that they supplant workmen by thousands and tens of thousands, the economic order must be overhauled in the interests of human survival. In the day that machinery performs 90 percent of the world's work, by what magic is 90 percent of the industrial population to live? Is 90 percent to be supported in idleness by the 10 percent of workmen engaged in operating the machines, or shall some system be devised by which working hours



### Franklin's Faith

**"I HAVE lived for a long time, and the longer I live, the more convincing proof I see of this truth, that God governs in the affairs of men, and if a sparrow cannot fall to the ground without His notice, is it probable that an empire can arise without His aid? . . . 'Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it.' I firmly believe this, and I also believe that without His concurring aid we shall proceed in this political building no better than the builders of Babel." . . . Benjamin Franklin.**

for all are shortened to 10 percent of the present employment of all? And if they be so shortened, shall rates of payment be increased nine times? If they are increased by nine, wherein is the advantage of having the machines—from the dollars-and-cents' standpoint?

These are major challenges.

**T**HE GREAT American public has come upon days when panics, depressions, and stalemates of industry happen in closer and closer sequences. The Economy of Franklin's day was that of

Scarcity. The Economy of the nation he helped to found is, 160 years later, one of Abundance. It is making and unmaking political parties. It is producing heavier and heavier convulsions civicly that jeopardizes the very integrity of the Republic itself.

To think of the United States and her people as being three-quarters of a trillion dollars in public and private debt—something like \$18,000 per family—with greater and greater sums being used to prime the economic and industrial pumps every year and keep the whole from collapse, would have sent Old Benjamin to his bed with something more painful than gout.

What, does one imagine, would have been his reactions to this year's new Indiana legislature, whose first bill introduced and passed was to double the salaries of its own members—whether they were present at the term's sessions or not—and next consider a measure to vote another huge bonus to all Korean War soldiers . . . all to be passed along to the populace in a sudden major property-tax bite. This at a time—as expounded on VALOR's editorial page this week—when the total of non-productive workers in America reaches 100,123,600 with the nation's population 147,946,000.

What, does one imagine, would have been Franklin's reaction to an economy that must borrow from the future at the rate of \$85,000,000,000 annually to keep national industry operating on armament and thus provide employment for otherwise workless millions—some 47 millions of them, called as well to support two other people each in idleness?

These are great questions of the utmost public moment that are not altogether the result of any conspiratorial bloc, bringing them about with malice aforethought. They become of consequence because a proficiency in productive creation has far surpassed our intellectual proficiency in treating with the issues arising from economic fundamentals.

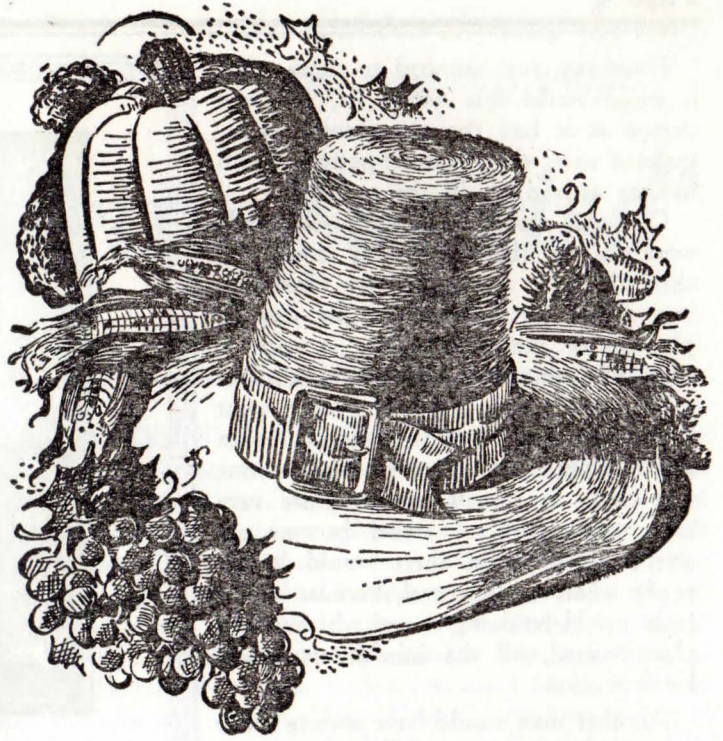
However, just as the vicissitudes of Franklin's time made great statesmen by the very nature of their demands on men's emotions, so the vicissitudes of our own times must make great analysts by the very nature of their demands on men's longevities.

The nation still has its quota of mod-  
(Continued on Page 10)



# Suppose You Had the Job of Remaking the World

## *What Sort of a Place Would It Be? . . .*



**T**HE POLITICAL unit that we call our nation, as well as the display of organized life that we term our race or species, is composed in the main of human beings who classify into types, and who insist by their behavior that their types shall be preserved. Yet they gripe at mortal life as they find it, not discerning that the reasons why complaint comes to them so easily, have to do strictly with themselves and not with the scheme of society of which they are the parts.

The average person, without much awareness of the fact, is suffering from ten handicaps, each keeping him average—

First, he has never provided himself with much of a blueprint for his career, giving "head and tail" to it, and proceeding toward some kind of premeditated success despite any obstacle thrown in his pathway;

Second, he lets himself be deluded by the belief that most of his troubles are caused by a continual shortage of money, whereas money would come to him unsolicited if he would give his vocation his first concern, and identify himself therewith as a specialist;

Third, he doesn't accept his marriage as being in a separate pigeon-hole from his Will-to-Power that takes him into what he aspires to achieve—something that would have happened anyhow, if not with one woman then with another—but lets his marital handicaps alibi his lack of initiative and enterprise;

Fourth, he makes his children what they are, by the example he sets before them daily and hourly, but uses them as

butts of his animosity and spleen if he can't get power and social recognition outside his home;

Fifth, he doesn't recognize that his mediocrity is a subconscious willingness to repay his obligation to Cosmos by accentuating and preserving his type, but that the time arrives in every career when he is expected deliberately to break away from type and develop an individuality apart from common pattern;

Sixth, he is easily crushed by misfortune or criticism because he fails to recognize that his sensitiveness is Nature's way of indicating that he has reached the place where he should abandon loyalty to type and venture on his own;

Seventh, he let's powerful personalities influence him because he is subconsciously aware of his own deficiencies, and yet is not quite ready to stand up to a conscious responsibility for the karma that he might create in stroking in his own right;

Eighth, he shrinks from ordeal because he has not yet developed equilibrium so that ordeal cannot retard him spiritually, and he hates to acquire the equilibrium, resentful of the energy-expenditure which heavier responsibilities will exact from him;

Ninth, he has not yet attained to that understanding of higher Cosmic laws where he perceives that fundamentally there is no such thing in life as a "mistake," and that no matter what experiences his career encompasses, they hold

permanent profits if he will but admit it.

Lastly, he wants the world readapted so that its conditions cater to his weaknesses, or indulge him in his deficiencies, instead of admitting that he is expected to meet standards that have been introduced into organized human affairs for the general elevation of all, by Great Mentalities who behold the advancement of the human race by cycles.

**I**T STANDS to reason that when the solitary human being finds fault with a prevalent system of affairs, he's is attesting in substance that it does not accord with prior findings of his spirit, or does not serve profitably the dictates of his career at the current moment.

The average person fails to grasp that the world as it exists, is not to be remade according to his personal desires or caprices.

What the average person needs to do, is to set about understanding why conditions of which he disapproves are what they are, what specifically has made them, and whether the friction which results when his character clashes with them is an indication that he is behind or ahead in the Human Procession. A given person can find quite as much profitless fault with society because he is operating ahead of its mass tempo, as he can complain because he seems to be left behind in the social procession without anyone beside his wife weeping many tears about it.



Have you ever stopped to think what a weird world this would be, if every person in it had the opportunity to re-make it after the character-pattern which he has arrived at, in the present?

One man would have the world made workless, so that everybody could lie abed till eleven a. m. and even after arising, spend the balance of the day in physical or mental apathy. In such a state of things, society would disintegrate and the race perish of human want within a twelve-month. Another man would reorganize society so that no one was called to remain in one place very long, and universal travel become society's motif. Soon there would be no profit whatever in travel, because everybody would be doing it and wherever the place visited, all the inhabitants would be in motion.

Another man would have society made over so that humanity followed one universal religion—of course according to his own spiritual observation—and the element of inquiry disappear forever. This would mean that spiritual concepts would forever remain static and crystallized, and men would have no different views at the end of any ten-thousand-year period than at its beginning. Making the world over to suit the dictates of one person, would result in a world wholly without variety and the constant daily comparison between temperaments that makes for spiritual and mental aggression.

People who persist in remaining in a funk until the world is recognized along lines of their own notions, are disclosing that they have missed the very kernel and essence of the entire Life Scheme; the unfoldment and expansion of individuality in the solitary case through the frictions that are manufactured as temperaments in different degrees of attainments act and react on one another, either by force or in the nature of example.

That it takes "all kinds of people to make a world," is not an expression of philosophical resignation, but a method of indicating that one has grasped what the Creator sought to achieve by projecting the mundane universe at all.

Mark Twain once put it that "Differences of opinion make horse races." Differences of opinion are demonstrations of differences of temperaments and dif-

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## No More Frontiers?



**W**E'LL not take the oxen nor ox-cart,  
The axe we will leave behind;  
The plow that furrows this virgin soil  
Will be of another kind . . .

Material things we shall need not,  
Burdened, we will not be,  
Through etheric spaces we will go  
Where physical eye can't see . . .

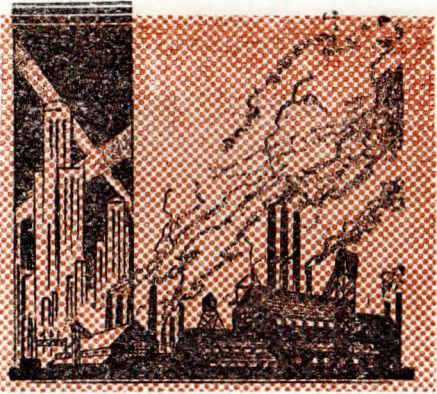
We need not a time nor any place  
But a Mind that is serene,  
To travel safe on these frontier roads,  
Perhaps it sounds like a dream . . .

Thoughts are things with power wrought,  
The tool with which we explore,  
And test its strength with divine intent,  
As in hoary days of yore!

Out we embark into misty space,  
Vibrant with things unknown,  
Only our Thoughts and no map we take  
To make our journey Back Home . . .

ANONYMOUS  
(A Soulcrafters)





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

## “Roads into Sunrise”

*“Only Money Now” . .*

THE MORNING headlines say: *Ike to Send Two Top Aides to Study Europe's Needs.* The irony of this isn't the fact that it's Dulles and Stassen who are going, but that matters are becoming so excellently fixed up in Europe that few real needs exist to be studied. In other words, the job is completed in Europe but the American economy can't stand it. We must have countries to “aid” or we face another great stalemate in our own affairs. Germany and Japan, our former major enemies, are reported as being the two countries on earth who have practically “recovered” from the effects of World War II. Having geared our fallacious economy to a perpetual Do-Good program abroad, and the saturation point of aid having arrived, the new President has to send emissaries abroad to hunt for more needy to help. The real man-bites-dog news for the headlines would be, *Churchill Sends Top Aides Here to Study America's Needs.* The latter Top Aides mightn't require to go further than the U. S. Treasury Department, which is now so hard up for cash that it is offering 2½ percent for money on 14-month notes.

Europe's Needs have long since fallen in the class with the burned-out householder whom the neighbors fixed up with donations of furniture and clothing because of his wife and ten children. A belated donor met him on the street and offered to send across a case of canned goods. “No, thankee,” the impoverished one returned, “I'm only taking money now.”

*Post-Wringer Developments . .*

THEN AGAIN, after we've gone through the Wringer and gotten our economics straightened out, there's the helicopter to consider. The nation's first scheduled helicopter passenger and freight service is slated to begin between New York and Los Angeles this year. Forecasts are made that within the coming 20 years, machines that can rise and descend vertically will be carrying 6,000,000 passengers a year. The present-day helicopter carries at the most, 18, but Sikorsky, father of the helicopter idea, foresees the day when they'll be as big as DC-3 transport planes. Another aircraft pioneer predicts transoceanic flights in helicopters carrying 300 passengers. That doesn't seem so far-fetched when we consider that less than 15 years ago, no rotary-wing plane had made a successful sustained flight. Today the helicopter is a battle-tested vehicle, rescuing downed pilots behind enemy lines and flying wounded men from the front to aid stations. The Whirligig, of course, can bring great changes in living habits. City workers can go up to their garage-park on top of their skyscrapers, start the Whirligig prop, and be 300 miles away in a few minutes as the crow flies. How far it would be if the crow had to walk and tote an empty gasoline can, is quite another headache . .

*Step Onner . .*

MOTOR TREND MAGAZINE informs us that the race for more horsepower in the auto engine practically has no limit. It foresees the 200-horsepower engine of today's most expensive motorcars as commonplace in the average family bus of tomorrow. One manufacturer is already working on a 440-horsepower engine as standard equipment, giving 150 miles per hour as “ordinary” speed. Imagine what's going to happen when the high school sophomore goes home from the dance behind a 440-horsepower engine with a top speed of 150 miles an hour! Famous last words, “Step Onner” are then going to mean business. Time was when 50 mph was Burning Her Up. Now the car going 50 mph is holding up traffic, and the average car in open country goes 70.

When we get 440-horsepower motors at 150-mile speeds, the horse-and-buggy thinker wants to know what shall be used for roads? Certainly nothing we possess at present can stand this traffic. Besides, where is there to go, at any such speeds, excepting Eternity? . .

*Picking 'Em Up . .*

IT WOULDN'T occur to the 150-mile-an-hour boys that long before the 440-horsepower flivver is perfected, it may already be archaic in respect to fuel. In the new air age, motive power won't come from diminishing stores of earth's petroleum but from atomic energy generated into electric power that in turn is broadcast as radio programs are broadcast. You throw an ignition switch on your bus, and instead of taking a speech out of the air by Congressman Withers, you take motive energy to get you to his funeral—if he's dead—or to get you to your own funeral if he's not. In other words, you tap into broadcasted energy that is a Federal Service under the Millennial Regime. And of course, with free electricity the source of locomotive power, phenomenal speeds are merely a matter of gears—no vibration to knock the motor-propelled jallop into mere bolts and nuts. How much cost? Probably nothing, as stated, excepting what may be paid at the source, for license to own the vehicle that draws upon it.

*Better than Ever . .*

AND WHILE we're considering air travel, did you know that despite some of the major fatalities to big passenger transports we've had lately, according to statistics you're taking less chances of dying in a big passenger transport traveling high in the stratosphere, than you are in the common Pullman or family motorcar? Scheduled commercial airlines of the nation set a new safety record during 1952. Their fatality rate reached an all-time low of .38 of a passenger death for every 100,000,000 passenger miles. Of course, statistics are mighty



little consolation when the left wing has lost an engine and the contraption is descending bottom side up. Old Uncle Mose, colored, described it when he remarked, "If yo' has a wreck on a train, thar yo' is, but if yo' has a wreck in an airplane, whar is yo'?" . . .

*Sound and Fury . . .*

**WHAT YOU** don't hear about, under past practices of the DJ, are the anti-trust suits launched with a maximum of publicity-ferocity and then nothing more ever heard from them. For instance, that savage onslaught the other month on Dupont. The Justice Department accused the company of conspiring with six other companies to fix prices, discounts, and terms of sale on wood finishes. Comes now President Greenwalt of Dupont's and says that the Justice Department has withdrawn it but made no public announcement of its action, in contrast to the sound and fury accompanying its filing. It has been a practice of the Justice Department under recent administrations to hurl criminal charges far and wide, then at a later date make no admission of the fact that lack of evidence has compelled it to withdraw them. This makes it appear to Mr. John Q. Public that the Justice Department is certainly a stirrer-upper, yes siree, and hot on the trail of them thar plutocrats. We'll see what happens when Mr. Brownell takes over . . . He should have enough bona fide suits to instigate without trumping up phonies.

*Goons, Too . . .*

**WRITES** a canny Pennsylvania Soulcrafter by no means in 4-F . . . "Note what you say in VALOR about plans of the Administration to tax the Co-op's. Here is the pitch, which somehow I think you miss: There are business concerns of considerable size, a number of them set up legally as Cooperatives, that do *not* divide their profits. They have grown fat at your expense and mine, and are Cooperatives in name only. Several years bygone, Fulton Lewis, Jr. exposed them . . . There are, then, cooperatives and Cooperatives, and the best cooperatives of the constructive type function as does any successful private business. They by no means buy for \$10 and sell for \$10, for there are all the usual expenses of wages, salaries, rents, and supplies, just as in private business. What the constructive types do is to re-

turn profits to members *after* the books are closed. Guard against undue sentimentality in discussing co-op's. They have have their goons too, just like the big phony labor unions . . ."

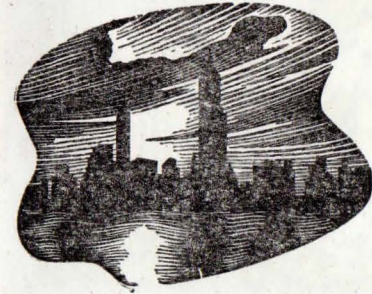
Hint to the uninitiated: If you want to learn all about the Co-op's, try to sell them a book espousing themselves.

*Well, Well, Gentlemen! . . .*

**THIS** may be significant and it may not. January 13th, Paul Harvey devoted several minutes to a plea for building up our spiritual foundations, and said that the current meeting of the Eisenhower Cabinet men was opened with prayer for Divine Guidance, Ezra Benson making the Invocation. Benson, as most Soulcrafter's know, is an Elder in the Mormon Church.

*Candor . . .*

**A**NENT the commutation of the Rosenberg spy sentences, indeed why kill the small fry merely because they are small? Major George Racey Jordan has long since come out before the un-American Activities Committee, and upon the Fulton Lewis Jr. broadcasts, and stated flatly: "I can tell you that in March of 1943, a full year before the Red spy ring got into operation, I sent a shipment of 420 pounds of Uranium to Soviet Russia. And in the next year, before the Red spies got to work, I sent along three more shipments of Uranium, plus large quantities of Cobalt, Thorium, Cadmium, and heavy water, all critical materials in the manufacture of the atom bomb. More than that, I sent along to Russia the technical information and know-how for making the atom bomb, blue prints for the construction of plants to produce it, and the very scarce materials with which to build the plants. I did all this as an American Air Force officer, under orders . . . The only part of my story that has not had definite verification is my telephone conversation with Harry Hopkins, in which he ordered me to send through a shipment of Uranium ahead of a half-million pounds of high-priority Lend-Lease freight, which had piled up at the Great Falls, Montana depot." Major Jordan has, of course, long since been absolved of any intentional treason to his country, in that he was unaware of the import of the materiel that Hopkins was ordering him to send to Stalin. "I had no idea what 'Uranium 92' was used for," Jordan de-



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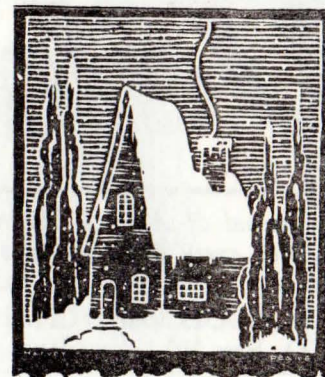
clared to United States Senator Bridges in reporting voluntarily on what Tax-and-Tax-Spend-and-Spend Hopkins had ordered done, "until I found a memorandum about it in one of the hundreds of patent leather suit cases, full of documents, which were being flown to Russia in a steady stream. The words 'Manhattan Engineering District—Oak Ridge' were meaningless when I found them on a blueprint."

If you recall the circumstance, there were valorous native Americans who went to the Federal Penitentiary, not for assisting in this traffic but for striving to expose the White House Crowd that were engaged in it. And while the small-fry Rosenbergs are commuted, the traducers of Harry Hopkins are still in parole custody of the government that refuses to release them.

Try to figure it out.



# STRANGE EXPERIENCES . .



**F**ROM Cleveland comes report of the following Strange Experience from a Soulcraft mother—

"Several years ago, when our son Jacky was about seven years old, an odd occurrence happened. He was suffering from a touch of bronchitis and I had a cold as well. The lady across the street from us—I'll call her Mrs. F--- likewise had been ill in bed for about two weeks. Her husband worked second shift at night and looked after her when home.

"This particular night, about 2 or 3 a. m., Jacky had gone to sleep easily and all the rest of us were sound asleep when he started calling me. At first I thought him dreaming and didn't answer until I realized he must be wide awake. I went into his room, where a small nightlamp was burning, and asked him what he wanted. He cried, 'Mr. F. is in this room!'

"I thought he'd merely been dreaming something about our neighbor and suggested he go back to sleep. But he still insisted that Mr. F. was in the room. I asked him where? He pointed to the southwest corner of the ceiling. There was some sort of misty haze up there in the corner of the room, true enough, but on account of my own cold and drowsiness I didn't feel like investigating. I merely said to Jacky, 'Okay, so Mr. F. is up there; now go back to sleep.' Satisfied that I hadn't seemed to feel alarmed about the neighbor's presence in such a queer location, Jacky did as I directed.

"**A**BOUT 7:30 next morning, Mrs. F., whom I supposed to be sick in bed, came over looking like an escapee from a psycho ward. Immediately my concern was for the condition of her health. With that fixed stare in her eyes she informed me that she'd just found her husband dead. I thought her delirious and tried to remind her she shouldn't be out of bed, that she was acting like

my Jacky had acted during the night. *Then it dawned on me that Jacky must have seen Mr. F. at about the time of his passing out of this world.*

"I returned across the street with Mrs. F., and found that her husband had gone, true enough. He showed a beautiful, peaceful smile about his lips and not a trace of struggle about the bedclothing. Looked as though he'd merely forgotten to take another breath.

"Now comes the \$64 question: What made my son see him during the night, for we hadn't been particularly friendly with the F. household. Certainly the boy and Mr. F. hadn't been at all well acquainted . .

"I learned that when her husband had not fixed the furnace at his usual time, nor brought her medicine, Mrs. F. had arisen and gone into his bedroom to investigate. Thus she had found him lifeless.

"I prefer to believe that Mr. F. tried to make some sort of contact, to give a farewell note to someone upon finding himself thus eased out of his body, and no one but our Jacky was closely enough attuned to the two planes to notice him in his Light Body and tell us about it on this three-dimensional plane.

"Incidentally, another bit of interest in connection with the relationship of our two families . . Mr. and Mrs. F. had had a son killed in Italy during World War II, sometime before Mr. F.'s transition. That son of the F.'s happened to die *on Jacky's birthday*. Wonder if that meant anything, or if the coincidence had anything to do with causing Mr. F. to appear to the neighbor's boy because he remembered the similiarity of the dates?"

**A** LITTLE incident out of my life might be interesting in the light of Soulcraft Teachings regarding our Pattern known to us before incarnation in this physical world.

My sister and I were both born in this country, though of European par-

ents. (They became American citizens before our birth). However, we were taken to their country of birth when ten and eleven years old. Both went to school there and returned to this country later, at different intervals.

Mother's family held a deep belief that any young girl could know her future husband through a dream if she fasted the day before St. Andrew's Day—a religious holy day to those of her particular church.

This fast consisted of not eating anything until evening before retiring for the night when some dry toast, well salted was taken, but nothing to drink. All the girls in mother's family had done this and had seen their future husbands.

One sister of hers—an aunt of mine—was engaged to be married, wedding plans all made and the day not too far off when this Fast Day mentioned rolled around. Auntie thought she'd keep it, as she hadn't heretofore, though everyone was sure she'd dream of her present fiance. They were much in love.

However, she dreamt of someone else, a chap that had passed on previously; but before the wedding day came, this aunt caught cold, became very ill through pneumonia and passed on before her wedding.

We assume the dream was accurate, as she did not marry the fiance of this physical world . . one can only speculate whether or not she did 'get together' with the one that preceded her into Realms of Light.

When I was 13 years old, I too kept the fast. I saw two men in my dream: one we all knew, another was a stranger. I could only describe him as "resembling B-----" an aviation pilot, friend of a friend of ours.

Yes, years later, I married "the stranger".



# Valor

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## Better Think about It

**T**HERE is a breed of citizen whose "hard-headedness" sends him into a dither at many of the figures proposed in *Something Better*. He raises the question, If the various State and Federal Co-op's "made everybody a shareholder", so that they drew sustenance dividends of approximately \$1,646.35 each whether engaged in industry or not, wouldn't it mean nothing more nor less than that those engaged in productive industry supported gratis those not so connected?

Ask those same men, "But isn't the government doing it now?" and they will look at you quizzically and ask what you mean . . .

Here's what you would mean, had you the actual figures before you, as the author of *Something Better* had the figures before him—

In September of 1952, there were 2,622,000 non-producers on the Federal payroll alone. In the armed forces of the United States the last of the most recent September, our youth in uniform numbered 3,700,000. The State and local governments, taken the country over, had paid attaches engaged in non-productive work running to 4,170,000. Early in 1939 those living on veterans' pensions numbered only 842,000; but in this present year of 1953 the number has expanded to 3,166,000. Those living on public assistance, old age and survivors pensions, railroad retirement, railroad unemployment, state unemployment, state disability, aid to dependent children, aid to the blind, aid to the disabled, general

assistance and Government work projects numbered 11,670,000.

All these sums add up to a total of 25,329,000 people, either producing nothing or adding nothing in the form of wealth. The result is that no American can actually afford to be successful during 1953, because he has so many non-producers to support that a good part of his money will be taken from him.

However, to these 25,329,000 non-productives should be added 60 million minor children, only an infinitely small percentage of which are engaged in gainful occupations, bringing the figure of non-productives up to 85,329,000. What the percentage of wives and mothers who attend to their homes and have no outside jobs may be, we cannot compute. If we said it was one out of every two, another 14,794,600 dependents must be added to this 85,329,000 since that is the number of home-tending wives as shown by the vital statistics as to families. The total is therefore is 100,123,600 Americans dependent on someone other than their own paid efforts for sustenance.

And there are only 147,960,000 Americans on the census rolls.



So as matters stand today under our so-called Free Enterprise, 47,822,400 productively employed adults are furnishing the means of support for 100,123,600 including minor children.

This is equal to saying that at the present time, under our exploitive economy, one man in three is supporting two other persons, whether related to him by blood, marriage or otherwise.

The Christian Economy would be honest about the arrangement and put everyone on a self-respecting dividend plan, cooperatively.

## Out of Kilter



**M**ORE AND MORE it's becoming evident from developments abroad that NATO is a flopperoo. De Gaulle has just kicked out most of its teeth by insisting, among other things, that command of French soldiers shall repose with a Frenchman. He's obviously Nationalist, but no one berates France for espousing that heresy. Some \$72 billion we've tossed away on a Europe that does nothing but hate us.

The reason?

Peter J. Celliers advances a fairly comprehensive answer in the current *Pathfinder*. Says Mr. Celliers—

You, as an American, are committed to defend half the world against Red aggression, and even more—some 70 nations—against misery and misrule, ignorance and disease. That is the burden of world leadership thrust upon our people in the past ten years. Its cost this year alone will take more than \$1,500 from every American family—87 percent of your taxes go for war or peace efforts.

We have spent \$72 billion on our allies since 1940. We have spent multiplied millions more to gain their friendship. But the hot wrath of Russia's "hate-America" campaign is often mild compared to the cold scorn of many of our friends. And it is our fault—for trying to sell a system instead of a principle to supplant the Communist "religion" . . .

We duck reality by blaming Red propaganda. It was no Communist who said, "I do not believe the American nation has the experience, sagacity, or self-restraint necessary for world leadership."

It was no decadent intellectual who wrote, "It is not what separates the United States and the Soviet Union that should frighten us, but what these two dehumanizing technocracies have in common."

It was a lifelong liberal who remarked that "the United States must begin to think of allied nations as something other than barbarians waiting for the privilege of being carved in the American image."

**A**FTER listing dozens of reasons why everything is out of kilter with the whole American concept of foreign aid, *Pathfinder* ends the Celliers' article with this:



"To build 'little Americas' in Europe, Asia, and across the world is not to liberate—merely to substitute different restrictions, another mold. So before we straighten out the world, we must first get ourselves straight. We must know that under any system of democracy there can be only one foundation: *men who are truly free, inside themselves . . .*"

The real trouble with the situation is that America is polyglot, while other countries are strictly racial and nationalistic. We bring together a hodge-podge of ideologies from a dozen different races and expect they are going to think and act alike. And we let the Bureau of Internal Revenue, the FBI, the orthodox newspaper and the corner cop, shove us and scold and intimidate us from breakfast to Christmas, and can see nothing wrong in all of it as an export which other nations should avidly cry for. Our charities for others are matters of drunken politics based on the coldest-blooded of strategies and then we wonder why other nationals don't wax emotional over them—and us. We send the riffraff of radical politics to represent us abroad, let them throw around cash like intoxicated seamen, and wonder why the thrifty of foreign lands fail to respect us.

And in London a young woman mounts a soapbox and screams, "We Want No More from America for Arms . . . *Why Ruin Britain?*"

**MEN** who are truly free, inside themselves!

How many Americans are truly free, inside themselves? After the brow-beating of intimidation that occurred in this country in connection with World War II—for instance the spectacle of the Washington Mass Trial—what can other nationals think of us when we prate of our insistence on constitutional liberties?

What about the Pelley conviction in Federal Court in Indianapolis in 1942—for exercising rights of free speech and a free press that the Supreme Court had specified in the Baumgartner and Hertz cases?

In the Indiana papers of January 13th appeared this—

"*Steals Own Car, Held for Trial*—William O. Fallon, 27, entered a plea of innocent in Federal Court in Milwaukee today when he was charged with stealing his own car. Fallon was charged

with taking his own automobile away from Federal agents who had impounded it for unpaid income taxes. He admitted it, but said that the car had been seized illegally. He was ordered held under \$500 bond for trial."

Export that one to Italy, Bessarabia, and South Africa.

Yet despite it all, we *are* leading the world in all material pursuits. What we need on top of all of it is the true Christ Decorum in our public relationships.

Maybe, after we've gone through the wringer in proper millennial fashion, we shall emerge with a lot of the un-American riff-raff eliminated and present America to the world in some other aspect than American stenographers for the aid agencies abroad driving about in \$3,000 cars, driven by their own chauffeurs.

Out of kilter?

Much, much.

### Fate



PLUG for Robert Webster and *Fate Magazine*. It's now been published for 32 months by the Clark Publishing Company at 806 Dempster

Street, Evanston Illinois, and it fills a startling and gratifying place in Americana. Mr. Webster subtitles it, "True Stories of the Strange and the Unknown." Actually it's popular psychical research of the most entrancing kind, and fits in with the tenets of Soulcraft as to text in the most profitable manner.

VALOR is in editorial correspondence with Mr. Webster, who suggested an exchange of reader lists. VALOR couldn't do that, for names sent to Soulcraft are inviolate to their possessors for religious reasons. However, VALOR can unhesitatingly recommend *Fate* to those Soulcrafters most particularly interested in psychical phenomena. It only costs \$3 a year of 12 numbers and carries 138 digest-size pages of prime psychical material.

The more magazines and publications of *Fate's* high quality the nation possesses, the more creditable and respectable these higher cosmic expoundings become.

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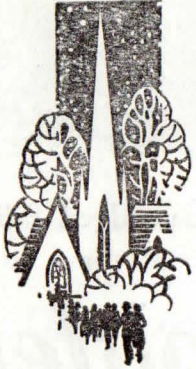
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# "MARCHING SPIRES"



## 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.

## Your Remade World

(Continued from Page 4)

ferences of temperaments are living expositions of where each person has attained in cosmic unfoldments.

A person, remember, has the unfoldments, the temperament, and the opinions which he does, strictly as the result of the ordeals which he has experienced. The more ordeals, the more experience, the more experience the more unfoldments, the more unfoldments the broader and finer the expression of the personality.

The world isn't a market where only one line of goods is to be sold and naught else. The world is a bazaar where every kind of goods may be acquired—if one has what it takes to procure them.

All of which isn't saying that if the streets of the bazaar are befouled, we shouldn't join with merchants and customers in cleaning them up, so to make their condition spiritually sanitary, or, if gangs of cut-throats descend upon the bazaar to despoil all and sundry, we should not do our parts in supporting some sort of police force that protects the individual in possession of his goods and moneys.

We are discussing certain "systems" against which mediocre people constantly cavil because they have tried no analysis to determine what the true purposes are, which such systems endure to serve.

AS A MATTER of fact, when we come right down to it, the world doesn't need a Making-Over. The world needs a sagacious Understanding of why its components are what they are. It's the Mortally Visiting Individual who truly needs the making over. Or rather, he needs to have it pointed out to him that by his own lack of proper self-qualification, he is acknowledging that he is a misfit in such section of the world or society as he may be occupying at any given instant.

The sensible thing then, is to drop the notion of wanting the world made over to suit the cosmic gradation of the individual at the moment, and begin considering what is wrong with one's own personality that it doesn't function smoothly in Things As They Are.

After all, the world does contain individuals by the scores of thousands who haven't a single gripe to make at life,

who wouldn't change society in the slightest iota, and who get along swimmingly with all prevalent systems as the true sophisticates. The very existence of these people demonstrates that it cannot be the features of the world that are at fault, since if it were so, no one would be satisfied with any aspect of it, anywhere.

So it all boils down to this: The Man Who Gripes, is the man who has done little or no thinking about himself, and yet would penalize the world for not slowing down its tempo to his insufferable mediocrity.

What right has any one individual to expect that something like two billions of other human beings would do such a thing? Can you name one other human being, outside of your own family circle, for whom you would be willing to do it, yourself? Why then expect all other human beings to conform to you? Think on these things! Start the epochal business of giving yourself a good overhauling. Start from the premise that the world has pegged you to date for about what you're actually worth to society, but you're going to stop your griping at it, and make yourself over.

Remember, that which hurts, educates! And self-analytical thinking can become the most painful thing in life! Don't start turning your world upside down. Start out turning yourself upside down! Climb out of mediocrity without tooting any trumpet! Don't worry that folks won't note it for themselves!

## Ben Franklin

(Continued from Page 2)

ern Franklins—just in case it occurs to you to wonder about it—but it will take the increasing dolours of crisis to bring them to the fore and make their policies of moment.

FRANKLIN was poor at twenty, rich at forty, world famous at fifty. His life was lush with these experiences because he wasn't afraid to enter wholeheartedly into the challenges that the quandaries of his times flung forth. No one more than he was aware of what the penalties were to be in event the Revolution was lost. "We'd better all hang together," he cautioned, "because if we don't, we're all going to hang



separately." As a wisecrack it was grim. However, we venerate him because we regard him in the retrospect of the years. We have had, in other words, the chance to evaluate him.

He would have been, we have every right to expect, an avid reader and constructive critic of *Something Better*.

Perchance, if the truth could be known, he might have had more to do with the tenets it expounds than the least among us remotely suspects . . .

### General Groves Speaks His Mind : .



**BITTER** four-point indictment of our foreign policy as militarily impossible and leading inevitably to economic collapse, has come from Lt. Gen. Leslie R. Groves, retired. To save the country for ourselves and the coming generations, Groves said, we must put the United States interests first, stop wild spending in Europe, get out of the United Nations, and draft men of the stature of General MacArthur to draw up a long-term policy.

"We have been voyaging without compass or rudder," he said, "and the only thing we are sure of is, that if we continue, we shall run out of fuel, or founder, or run aground and be destroyed."

Groves was wartime head of the Manhattan Engineering District which produced the atom bomb. He spoke at the twelfth annual forum of the New York Society of Chartered Life Underwriters at Town Hall.

"We are weakening ourselves economically and militarily, with no assurance that we are gaining any real strength among our European allies," he told the insurance men. "There is no one in our government who has displayed any sign of being willing to tell the European nations in clear-cut definite language that the end of our economic and military aid is coming, and that it will come on such a date . . . Perhaps in buying time (against assumed war with Russia) we have just postponed the day of reckoning but that is the program of the Communist Manifesto for the destruction of free countries."

As for the U-N, Groves noted, "it has always been very solicitous of Russia. Could this be traced to the influential

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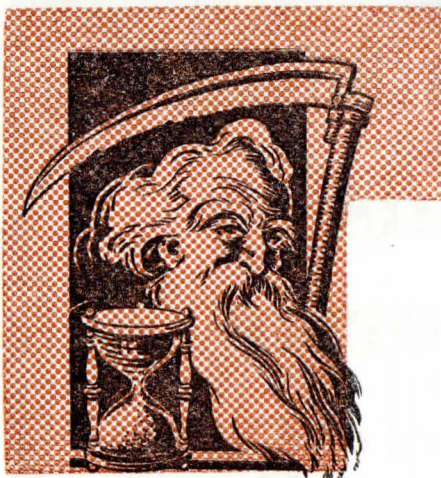
role of Alger Hiss, the convicted perjurer, at the U-N founding conference in San Francisco?"

Groves said that "even a peace made by the U-N would be completely overshadowed by the damage done by the Soviets through the instrumentality of world organization." Then he added these ringing words—

"General MacArthur should be put in charge of our Far Eastern Policy and a conference of MacArthur and other top Americans, even if they are not popular in administration circles, should draw up a major policy program that would end spending.

"The alternative is bankruptcy. And  
(Continued on Page 15)





## ... COGITATIONS

**T**HE CHINESE have an adage, "The journey of a thousand miles begins with one step." I never run across it in the adage books, one of which turned up in my recent Christmas stocking, that it doesn't bring back my epochal adventure on Mount Shasta in northern California. I hope I haven't told it before in these COGITATIONS, but if I have, stop me. . . I'd heard all sorts of stories about Shasta being haunted by the spirits of old Lemurians, so on one of my first speaking trips up the West Coast in 1935 with a man and woman companion, I stopped in Weed and took a close-up view of the old, snow-covered, extinct volcano. It had been approximately noontime that we'd gotten to Weed. The month was October, close to November, and the day dark and lowering. The scent of new winter's snow was in the air. I stood on the main stem of Weed—which is the nearest village to Shasta on the northwestern corner—drank my view of what the old mountain afforded, straining my eyes to catch sight of an extinct Lemurian. But nary a Lemurian could I distinguish. A be-whiskered native came sauntering past. I addressed Old Whiskers. Was there a way to get closer to the mountain by motorcar? . . . "Yep," he told me, "you go north on 99 a piece and turn off on the Hunting Crik Road that runs east. You kin go right up on the mounting's back side." How far was it? Wal, some folks called it thirty-five mile to get up on that thar back side and go over the eastern ridge to McAllister. Others called it thirty-four. Personally he'd allus leaned to thirty-three. You could pause

to hesitate if you wanted, up at the fork on the east side and 'stead o' turnin' to McAllister, you could bear to the right and come back down into Shasta City. Or words to that effect. . . I consulted my companions . . . Did they want to encircle Shasta on the East Side and come back down into Shasta City, which we'd left a dozen miles south of us. They agreed it was worth the trip. If we got right up on the mounting itself, we might meet an extinct Lemurian face to face, better still, perhaps give him a hitch-hike. So we started for Hunting Creek, found it, and bore eastward. Presently we came to a turn-off road that ran due south up a slight grade to the mounting's eastern slope. It looked like a more or less private road, with bars at its entrance to keep the cattle from roaming into the highways and wandering off to Oregon. Robert got out and opened the bars to let us through, and put them up behind us. We bade goodbye to the world and began a long, winding, tortuous motor route . . .



**I**T WAS mid-afternoon before we got to the MacAllister Fork and took the right-hand woods-road along the mounting's southern slope to bring us down into Shasta City. But by that time we were far up on the edge of the tree line—meaning that line where the perpetual snow-cap began. Shasta is 14,162 feet toward heaven, but you must climb up on the snow-cap to realize how far beneath you've left human beings. You see, what I was actually after was to check as I could on those Lemurian

stories, to get the "vibration" of the great peak. If I ever drew right close to an extinct Lemurian with my psychometric left arm, I'd know it without an Aurameter to prove him. Incidentally, since leaving the Hunting Creek Road, down in the north valley, we'd passed only one farm house, and that looked deserted. We were up in raw forest. And I mean raw—great, lordly fir trees growing close to narrow, winding, forest road that had already encircled the peak completely on the east, brush scraping the Duco sides of Old Betsy that was beginning to bump and groan on the rocky hummocks. No vibrations of extinct Lemurians anywhere about as yet. Just forest. And through the taller branches the occasional glimpses of the year-round snow-cap. Did we want to park Old Betsy, get out and climb upward toward the crater? We were considering it when we rounded a woods curve and saw before us a "wash", a "draw", a defile formation squarely across the motor-path where a freshet had evidently plowed down through the forest in the summer and left an empty cut like the banks of a waterless brook. But old motor tracks showed where a car earlier in the week had succeeded in dropping down the eastern bank, crossing the dozen feet of bottom, and successfully shooting up the western bank. If we got a running start, we should undoubtedly succeed in similar fashion. My two companions grabbed their seats, I raced my engine, down the east embankment we grunted, across the bottom and up the—no, we skidded! Betsy veered sideways with front wheels just topping that western embankment's edge. To keep from turning over, I yanked into reverse. That tore it. We were down in the bottom of that draw and the harder I raced my engine, the deeper my rear tires dug into the silt and gravel of that wash. Not to put too fine a point upon it, we were three easterners stuck up there at the bottom of a wash on the south slope of Shasta and not a chance in the world of getting out under our own power. In sliding back to keep from overturning, we had ruined the wheel-track up that western embankment. The



trio of us climbed out and surveyed the Situation . . .

-oo-

**I**T WAS not a nice Situation to survey. Looking at the dash-clock, we saw it was now a quarter to four. Darkness would fall early, despite the height. But most disconcerting of all, *it was commencing to spit snow.* We were marooned ten to fourteen thousand feet high, in a damaged backroad around Shasta Peak, without a lick of food in our car and nothing for protection from chill but October top-coats. That the road was abandoned, without another car having gone over it for days, was all too apparent. In fact, another car mightn't go over it again that year. The lady of our party had kept track of the mileage and we'd traveled 31 miles from Weed. To get back to Weed we'd have to travel another 31 miles but without mechanical conveyance. Not to put too fine a point upon it, if we ever expected to see Weed again before Spring, we'd have to *walk.* Walk 31 miles. Moreover, we'd be compelled to abandon our luggage in Old Betsy, brought all the way from Asheville and New York. The spitting of snow turned into huge feathery flakes as we debated it. If that kept up all night, it meant that long before the hike was finished we'd be scuffing through snow two feet deep—it comes down that way up on Shasta, I learned later. Robert cried in the forest silence, "Oh, hear the freight train! . . . Wonder where *that* can be?" I didn't respond freight train my foot, but I greatly desired to respond freight train my foot because city slicker that he was, albeit extinct Lemurian hunter, what he was taking for the hoots of a freight train were the long-drawn howls of timber wolves! Undoubtedly they were very wild and reasonably hungry timber wolves. I'd heard that long-drawn bay in Siberia . . . "We'd better start walking," I said.

-oo-

**T**HE JOURNEY of a thousand miles begins with one step! . . . We took one step, although our journey back to Weed, and Help, and Civilization, and tow-cars, was only 31 of those thousand miles. We took two steps, three, twenty, a hundred, a thousand. And when we'd taken a thousand we'd only traversed half of one mile. Meanwhile it got dark and the huge feathery snowflakes thickened. Robert ahead, breaking trail for the

lady, paused when we'd gone four miles—or 10,560 steps—and bent over a formation on the ground. "There's been a Percheron horse up here since we drove in!" he exclaimed. As a woodcraftsman he was an A-Number-1 asphalt-pusher. A large circular ball of snow had been lifted off brown sod beneath, within the hour. But no Percheron horse had been responsible. Without the slightest doubt a nine-foot grizzly bear had done it—I hadn't been secretary of the Green Mountain Trail Association, back in Vermont, not to know bear tracks and about how to measure the size of the varmint by its spoor . . . Now was the time that our lady companion's Fifth Avenue shoes began to melt apart and disclose the manila cardboard of which they seemed fashioned. We'd come up from Sunny California the day before, bound for Portland and Seattle, all in the throes of balmy Indian summer; we hadn't motored about the country for a speaking trip clad in mackinaws, brogans, surtouts, spencers, cardigans, wrap-rascals, and Wellingtons. We had an esteemed and highly respectable lady with propensities to traverse snowclad Shasta in nylon stocking-feet because she couldn't avoid it. As she weighed a comfortable 150 lbs, carrying her out bodily was going to be difficult. But Robert and I made the playground cradle of our hands and tried it—with grizzly bears snoozing somewhere and leaving as big as hooves of Percherons in fresh snow. That was about the time she and I agreed that we'd better Send Out a Call for Help . . .

-oo-

**W**E SENT out the Call. Within a matter of minutes it was picked up by a party down in Weed, who tossed food, a shovel or two, and a Savage rifle into the back of his jallopy and started around the Hunting Creek Road to follow our route and rescue us . . .

-oo-

**I**T WAS Robert who saw his headlamps first. It would be Robert. He'd seen the grizzly bear track first and heard the timber wolf freight train "whistle" first. "Gosh, look at the weird light ahead!" he exclaimed between pantings at helping tote the lady. The headlights of the flivver cutting through 80-foot firs made weird slits of vertical radiance through the ever-thickening snowflakes. "Holy Smoke, it's a Ford!" was his next excla-

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mation. We backed into the brush and it came alongside. "You folks lost?" its driver greeted us above the noise of his engine. I gave him to understand that by no manner of logic were we wandering around in Shasta forest that time of year and night, picking horticultural exhibits for centerpieces in dining rooms. I likewise mentioned that rather than hear him refuse to drive us down with the lady in her nyloned condition, I'd buy his jallopy and add a bonus for the popgun. "I'll drive you down," he assented, "because that's why I come up." When he'd knocked over a lot of incipient firs to get his hood pointed back toward civilization, he proved to be a Nice Boy with a strong face, maybe twenty-five-or-six, in a Mackinaw and hunting-boots and a wholesome manner. "Funny thing," he volunteered, steering around snow-cushioned road boulders with one hand while he produced a generous bag of bakery doughnuts with the other, "I'm a machinist down in Weed. I was just slickin' up to leave for home when somebody come up behind me sort of, and sez,

just as plain as day, 'Get up on the old MacAllister Road and bring down three people who've had their car go sour.' Say, by any chance you three didn't come up here, did you, lookin' for them Lemurians?" . . . It was my turn to jolt. What did a 25-year-old machinist know about Lemurians? . . . 'Oh,' he rattled on in consonance with his flivver, 'a cult of fakirs down in the Bay District wanted to boost mail-order metaphysics few years back so they hired a bunch o' Hollywood actors and brought 'em up here, rigged out like Arabs, to be sighted through telescopes and boost their racket. That's how all that applesauce about Lemurians on Shasta got started. But so many innocent people were coming up here and losing their lives on the mountain from being chewed by the grizzlies while lookin' for them Lemurians, that I read up on 'em.' . . . "Then you don't think there *are* any extinct Lemurians on Shasta?" I inquired. Our youthful rescuer answered: "I was born in Weed . . . lived just under the hang o' the mountain all my life . . . hunted with

my dad over every square foot of the peak and crater. The only Lemurians, or trace of Lemurians, we natives ever saw on Shasta were Hollywood Lemurians brought up at price of five bucks per day." . . .

-oo-

IN OTHER words, there wasn't any Santa Claus, although I'd earlier begun to suspect it. But what a cruel and dangerous hoax to play on the susceptible! People had died on Shasta in result of it. I mentioned about one more or less notorious metaphysician relating in his book how he'd made the fire-warden's cabin just in time, under similar conditions, using its phone to acquaint his wife with his safety, after an extinct Lemurian had led him *inside* the mountain, but turned him loose to shift for himself after displaying the ancient treasures its innards held. "Horsefeathers!" cried our native. "He must be a bigger mouth-artist than the Hollywooders. There ain't a single fire warden's cabin anywhere on Shasta nor one little mile of telephone wire outside the village of Weed itself." . . . Yes, it does jolt your faith in human nature to be told there isn't any Santa Claus, and extinct Lemurians really come from Hollywood casting offices and authors who write cultist books about their telephone conversations down from Shasta had better visit the big heap under the conditions I had, and bone up on the place . . . Later that night, the tow car from a Weed garage got Old Betsy out of the gully just in the nick of time to keep her from being snowed in for the winter. We pulled out of Weed for Portland next morning and didn't look backward once to see a single Lemurian. Extinct is correct. It means there ain't no such animal. Anyhow, that's what our Nice Boy claimed . . . Sorry! . . . —THE RECORDER

FIRE had broken out in the opera house. The leading man went out to curb the audience from panic.

"Ladies and gentlemen!" he cried in stentorian tones from the stage. "Do you think that if there was any danger, I'd be here?"

The panic subsided.

"DARLING," he cried, "as I just kissed you, love was born!"

"Okay, wipe the birthmark off your lips." . . .



bankruptcy for us will be not only in financial matters but in American liberty and in the preservation of the American way of life."

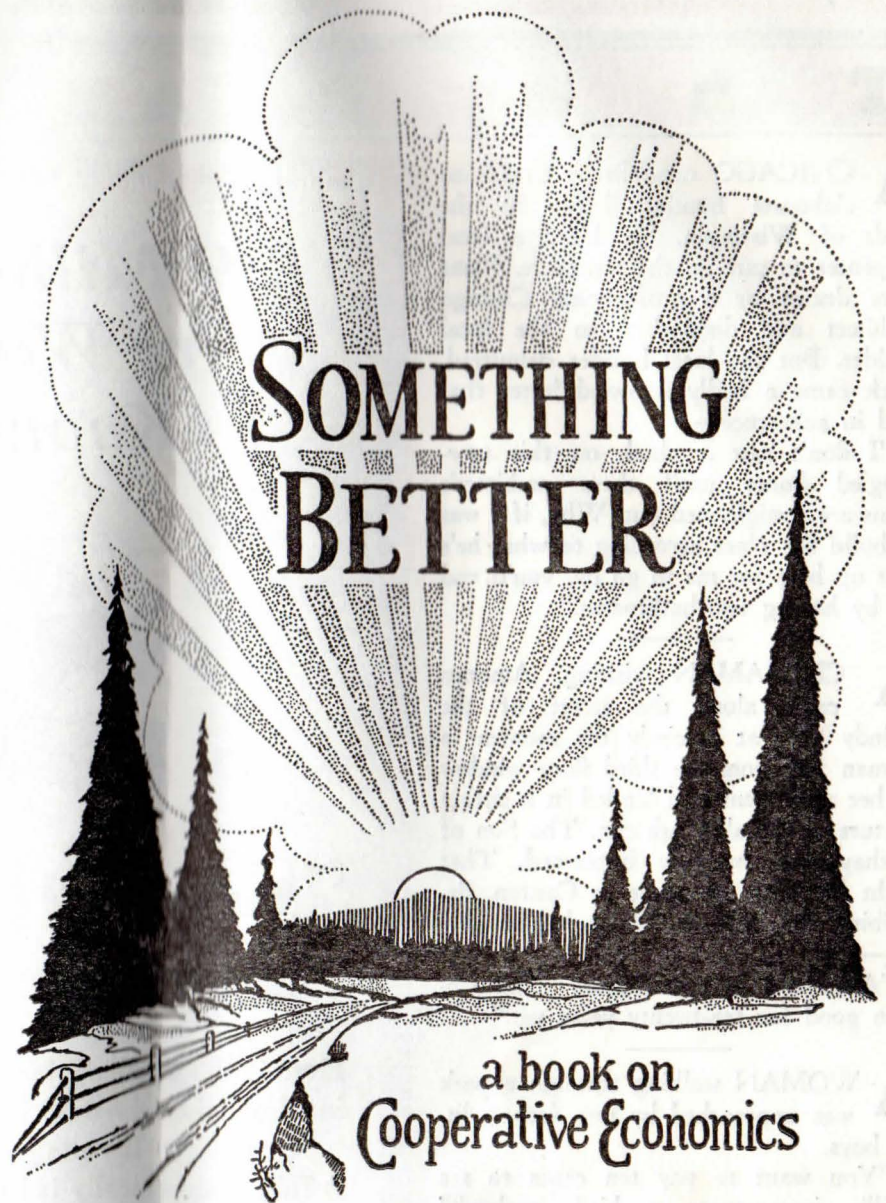
In commentary on General Graves' arraignment of our foreign policy, Dr. John T. Wood, erstwhile Congressman from Idaho, demanded—

"**H**OW FAR we have gone afield since Bryan's time! Under the guise of a simple and rather foolish cliché that the world has contracted since the development of the airplane and jet bomber, and that the oceans have become simply land-engirdled lakes, we have surrendered the birthright of our liberty and independence, willed to us by the founding fathers. We have bartered our integrity for a cheap and pitiful simulacrum of freedom-loving America; and we are pitifully cringing, hat in hand, to these same time-serving and decadent peoples our forefathers migrated here to escape, hoping that in return for the gifts of our billions, they may please to give us the boon of protecting themselves. We might never expect they would help us; they would much rather trade with our enemies, as they are perfectly willing to accept pelf from either friends or enemies. How far we have sunk from the high standards set by our founders!

"It might have occurred to at least some that the narrowed oceans are as much of a menace to our enemies as to us; that if we are as willing as were our progenitors to defend ourselves, depending upon the God by whose will this Nation was founded to lend us the strength of His right arm, while we in turn bend every effort to improve our defensive position, we have every reason to believe not only that this provides the safest and most secure means to protect us from our enemies, but also that if we persist in spending ourselves into bankruptcy to arm an unwilling and uninterested group of impotent and disheartened allies, we are following the most certain course to national catastrophe.

"A former president of the United States well said:

"It is better to be the free and disinterested agents of international justice and advancing civilization, with the covenant of conscience, than be shackled by a written compact which surrenders our freedom of action and gives to a military alliance the right to proclaim America's duty to the world."



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## T h e P a y o f f

A CHICAGO capitalist planned an elaborate hunting lodge in the wilds of Wisconsin. He hired a local carpenter to put up the structure. Plans were drawn by a professional Chicago architect and dispatched to the local builder. But the local builder demurred. Back came a badly scrawled letter that said in substance—

"I don't saw a plank on this new-fangled house until these architect's plans are straightened out. Why, if I was to build the place according to what he's sent up here for me to go by, you'd end up by having two bathrooms."

A CHINAMAN visiting America came along the street of the Windy City at precisely the moment a woman fell from the third floor window of her apartment and landed in a sitting posture in the alley ash can. The Son of Cathay was properly impressed. That night he wrote his uncle in Canton, describing the incident. He ended by saying—

"Americans so extravagant. That woman good for ten-twenty years yet."

A WOMAN walking through a park was approached by two frowsy little boys.

"You want to pay ten cents to see Willie impersonate a bird, ma'am?" asked the first.

"What kind of bird? Does he caw like a crow?"

"No ma'am. For ten cents he eats a worm—right before your eyes."

AN ARIZONA man hanged himself to his bedpost with his suspenders. The coroner's jury brought in its verdict—

"We find that the deceased came to his death by coming home loaded and mistaking himself for a pair of his own pants."

AN UNDERTAKER wired a man that his mother-in-law had just died. Should he bury, embalm, or cremate her?

"All three," the man wired back. "Take no chances."

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