

# Valor

*The Golden Times Weekly . .*

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

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Number 14

## DON'T MAKE THE ERROR OF BELITTLING JOHN Q. PUBLIC



THE REASON this cynicism has maintained in the past wasn't because John Q. Public was deficient in his IQ. It was because he was uninformed or misinformed as to what was being foisted upon him in the sacred name of national welfare.

It was a poignant circumstance that the average American, up to 1933, had learned that—for all working purposes—he could trust his government. Government statements were official statements. That Government should suddenly alter in character and propagandize him and bamboozle him, was unthinkable—until he learned about the nonexistence of Santa Claus by bitter experience.

There are two kinds of dumbness, therefore: the dumbness that comes from deficient intelligence, and the dumbness that results from inherent honesty and tendency to trust the word and deed of those in duly constituted authority when the wrong men are in official command . .

IF THERE is one thing distinguishing the average American, noted emphatically by the world traveler familiar with other lands and peoples, it is his native intelligence. Taken by and large as well, the second thing distinguishing him is his native integrity.

Mr. Average American is generally "on the beam"; he is also honest as a species, in that he considers the other fellow is dealing in sporting squareness with him until he discovers to the contrary.

To call this naive integrity "dumbness" is a cynicism that does not pay off—as many a current politician has



FAVORITE pastime of the intellectually arrogant is to indulge in cynical pleasantries regarding "the Dumb Public." Not so long ago it was the Harry Hopkins type of New Dealer who confidently claimed that the Public was "too dam' dumb" to protest its predatory program . .

discovered to his loss. There is the larcenous type of "wise guy" that considers anybody and everybody "dumb" who is gullible enough to repose confidence in him or them. Fraudulent check-passers often make the remark boastfully, "Anybody who's fool enough to trust me, deserves to lose." What such larcenous individuals are really doing is attesting to the honesty of the normal average person.

It seems to be a phenomenon of human nature that men taken en masse are rarely deceitful. Deception, fraud, and dishonesty are individual departures from the moral code of society as a whole.

When therefore you deprecate, underestimate, or belittle John Q. Public for either his gullibility or his "dumbness", it isn't Mr. Public you're assaying so much as your own self. You're expressing your own reactions to this or that in life.

The intellectual values involved may not be what you assume they are at all.

You're judging the intellectual values of others by your own.

**H**AS IT ever occurred to you that when you try to conjecture the effects of this or that program on society, but have your doubts about society possessing the mass intellect to grasp, somewhere in the background of your thinking is a mental picture of a person or group whom you visualize as "society".

Just as the axiom holds that when a cynical man starts running down womanhood, he is unquestionably running down one woman in particular, so when the intellectual American begins running down the IQ of his fellow citizens there is a subconscious picture in his mind's eye of some individual or knot of individuals whom he nominates to stand for the inhibited human mass. It may be a group of rural loafers on a country-store platform to whose asinine or provincial arguments he listened while on his vacation two years ago August, it may be a phalanx of bargain-hungry women who made wrecks of his store-stock when he ran a merchandising emporium the year his second child was born, it may be a group of delegates to that political convention with whom he shared hotel rooms the year that Dewey's Moustache lost the election. By a queer process of psychology it usually is some group for whom the critic has spiritual dislike.

When he thinks of the "dumb" public, instantly this disliked or disdained group flashes uppermost in his thinking.

If you want to test the truth of this, start writing a speech to be delivered before a "cross section of humanity"—no particular caste—and take note that you will unconsciously envision some coterie of personalities in your present or past acquaintance to whom you will shape your statements. If you envision a plutocratic ensemble of bankers and financiers as coming out to hear your masterpiece, you will write one sort of speech; if you envision an ensemble of erudite college professors, you will write another; if you envision a tableful of wisecracking newspapermen as being your prospective audience, you will instinctively shape up something snappier than the others.



But you will envision a group as a group, and when you consider the phenomenon named The Dumb Public you will recall from the maze of general personalities that alcoholic plumber who came to fix your bathroom last autumn and went back four times for tools, or the stupid cook your wife hired when you lived in the Highland Avenue house—whose idea of preparing any kind of food from cabbage to ice cream was to boil it—or the group of erotic nitwits who "went" for Swami Hangupmyhatti's doctrines year before last and thought he'd ascended into glory when he'd merely decamped to Central America with the society's funds and the blonde wife of the tubercular stockbroker. Whatever spells dumbness outstandingly in your recollection, you seize upon to represent the mental opaqueness of society at large.

You never envision society as being composed of all the brilliant and happy people you've known or met.

But you never ask yourself, why not?

**A**CTUALLY a cross-section of the intelligence of today's society can be said to be personalized by passengers in a given train-coach, speeding anywhere between Pittsburgh and Denver. If you made a canvas down one side of the coach-seats and up the other, and asked person on person his occupation, domestic status, or social rating, you would have fifty or more people who truly offered you American life as it is.

Your first man is a traveling salesman for a big Chicago paint house, "plenty smart" as to general business conditions but chafing under loss of a heavy wager that Adlai Stevenson would win the November vote joust. In the seat behind him is an underpaid school teacher, going out to Los Angeles to get a brother out of jail—if she can—because he took liberties with another man's wife; her worries are all about Cecil or the radical innovations of UNESCO which she must espouse to keep her job. The four men behind her in the double-seats, playing rummy, make a quartet of deputy-sheriffs enroute to Seattle to bring a defaulting banker who's lost out in his extradition fight; all their mental exercises have to do with law enforcement. The pretty little woman with the two nicely behaved children across the aisle, is the spouse of a YMCA Secretary traveling happily to Phoenix to receive in person the legacy of her husband's aunt's will, which is going to enable them to buy the nice Smithsonian residence up on Elm Street and live in it henceforth, instead of the cramped apartment they've had to occupy since the husband got that secretarial job. So on, *ad infinitum* . . .

Which among the whole car full of American intellectual specialists in this or that, constitute the particularly *dumb*?

Probably the truly dumb one in the coach is that rat-eyed wop goon, going out to Denver to help foment a strike that will enrich his racketeering boss back in Pittsburgh.

**J**OHAN Q. Public, try to remember, is the man sitting next to you in the restaurant, the bus, or the barbershop, riled at paying Truman taxes the same as you're riled, knowing the cost of living is too high, but as perplexed as you are about expedients for bringing it down, holding to his own religious or political views because he's been

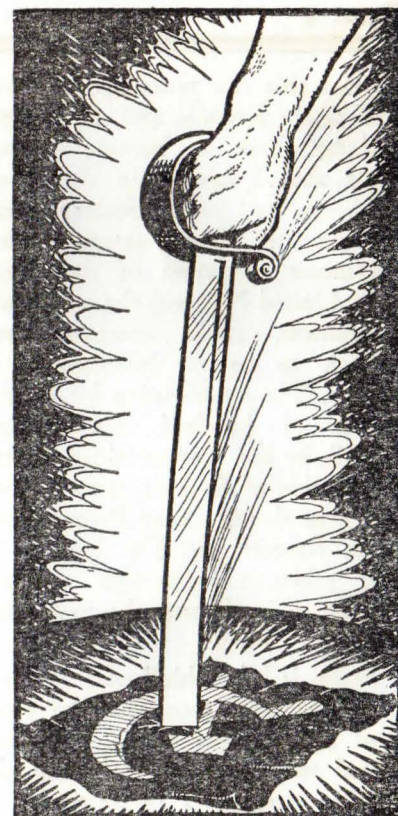
(Continued on Page 10)

# Crack-Up of Russia Indicated in German Unification . .

## WAS THE MENTOR RIGHT OR WRONG?

From the NEW LIBERATOR, May, 1930, Page 41

**“R**USSIA and China are not going to fight. They are going to combine. And the day is close at hand when the petty squabbings of interdependent European nations will be swiftly ignored in the mightier menace of a new influx of Goths and Huns battling at the gates of Europe. I believe that in the face of this menace we shall see the setting up of the real Parliament of Man!” . .



**T**WENTY THREE years bygone the foregoing was uttered in a clairaudient discourse between a High Spiritual Entity and the editor of VALOR, the converse occurring in a New York apartment. The Roosevelt regime that was to recognize Soviet Russia, had not then been elected—although the Mentor had indicated that such was to happen in another part of the colloquy. Hitler had not come into power. Kai-Shek was the dominant factor in great China, and Kai-Shek was known to be a Christian.

The 23 years have run their courses and Russia and China are together—in the Korean War. What is meant by “a new influx of Goths and Huns battling at the gates of Europe,” is controversial. Most certainly the present United Nations is far from being any real Parliament of Man, although by renovating and altering its premise, it might ultimately become such.

The point is, that 95 percent of the prophetic utterings included up across the years in the Liberation-Soulcraft intelligence, have been uncomfortably accurate in their essence.

Very good then, what is being stated at the present time?

While it would be violating Higher Confidences to reprint the precise phraseology—filled as it is with private alludings to the Editor-Recorder's current earthly sojourn—the substance is clear—*Russia as an integrated Soviet nation*

*has been used as an international instrument to advance the worldly aggressions of Antichrist, but having now outlived such usefulness as an epicenter, she is slated to be abandoned to the hopeless miasma of karma she has incurred, while the Antichrist concentrates its attention on bolder global moves, possible through international suzerainty of the United Nations . .*

**T**HE SITUATION in Russia, in other words, has grown so bedeviled that she can no longer serve Antichrist's purposes effectively and will be allowed to plunge her own way to reconstruction. Stalin has over-reached himself on a dozen fronts, been hypnotized by his own fallacious propaganda, and no longer commands the support of those great internationalists who found him useful originally to advance their world designs.

Moreover, to bolster and sustain our own American economy, we have poured generous sums into Europe to rehabilitate our former enemies, until at this present writing in 1953, Germany is fully recovered economically in her western portion. While this recovery has been in progress, Eastern Germany has been demonstrating the fallacy of Marxism and gone from bad to worse. As 1953 opens, it needs only the appearance of a Strong Man in Germany again, to unify Eastern and Western Germany back into one compact Reich. There are some 49 million people in the West German Republic, and the number who have escaped

from Communist East Germany is so great that only 18 million remain there. They're coming over at present at the rate of 1,000 a day.

Stalin, instead of being the irresistible and autocratic military genius, is actually so weak that he is helpless to halt this exodus of Germans. He sends his Red Army into East Germany and his own soldiers desert, rather than serve further under him. The situation is now so bad that he has to dig deep pits in the high-roads under the Iron Curtain. But pits to keep the Free Nations from coming in, likewise keep the Red cohorts from coming out. The moment West Germany enforcedly takes over East Germany, the hoax of the vaunted Red Army strength is revealed. That, barring its effect on our own military Preparedness Program, introduces the earth to the extent to which its political leaders have swindled and deceived it.

**T**HIS is the showdown slated for '53. Americans must stand up, as they can, to the disillusion of the degree to which their own past political leaders have bilked them. Red Russia isn't the military menace which the propaganda has contended, and never has been such a menace. That benighted Red wight, Ti-

to, was able two years ago to thumb his nose at the Kremlin and the Kremlin did nothing about it, because it couldn't. That should have been the tip-off—in 1951—as to Josef Stalin's weakness. However, the Korean stramash prevented premature revelation of that weakness, until United Nations, the new Antichrist Instrument, could command strength enough to be of international consequence. The contribution by Russia of a couple of hundred English-originated MIGS in the Korean skies, maintained the illusion of Russia's fantastic *strength*, and kept the American Preparedness program functioning. The Korean "struggle," taken as a diversion, was purely a gesture to implement the new Antichrist United Nations.

Stalin is left behind now, in the whole of it. Smarter men than he ever was, used him for the advancement of their global megalomanias. Belatedly an anti-Semitic purge gets under way.

It is nothing of the sort.

Actually it seems to be the closing movement of the Russian Saga to achieve two objectives: Get help from the Arabs to sustain a tottering Red regime, and, the international contribution of a stupid man discarded, to the enactment of the Genocide U-N Treaty, that no reprisals may legally be taken against these internationalists when all their Luciferian works stand out in light of day . . .

**A**LL THIS bilge about Stalin's Red Army issuing from Moscow and overrunning Europe is a bitter laugh to military authorities aware of the facts. Any army, as Napoleon once declared, "moves on its stomach." It has to be backed up with an inexhaustible delivery of supplies—daily food as well as munitions—which means railroads.

One of the odd things the American public has yet to learn about this Red Juggernaut's mobility is the fact that Moscow is 1,000 miles from Berlin and that the railroad gauges change measurement. Freight cars of goods running on Russian gauges can only go to the borders of Poland. Then they require transfer to the narrower gauges of Germany and Europe. If any such transfer depots were possible of operation—what would the Allied bombing aircraft do to such transfer-points? Josef would be stopped cold!

(Continued on Page 14)



## NOTE OF THANKS

for the Golden Scripts



THE TRUTH I now would know, cost what it may  
To watch the Light along the Upward Way,  
Up from the darkness of past deep despair,  
Up from the earth, up through its ether  
And its air! . . .

And so I toss so-called Religion out the door,  
With all my preconceived ideas I hold no more,  
And then in vast humility on bended knee,  
I ask, "Dear God, what Plan is Yours for me,  
For I would know, that I may serve in peace sublime  
What service you would have me do  
In place and time? . . . "

\* \* \* \* \*

I now perceive Thy teachings, Golden Scripts,  
Brought down to me, transcribed from sacred lips,  
The answers to the Where, the What, the Why,  
To learn that I am child of God on High,  
That Love which is supreme and all-complete  
And free to all who seek  
The Mercy Seat! . . .

In humbleness, with nothing in reserve of earth  
But only honest, loving quest from birth  
To serve His purpose and the workings of His plan  
And sing His music to my fellow man,  
May I but work within the vineyard of His Light  
To help my brother's soul  
In Upward Flight! . . .

My tears oft blur the Scripts in view,  
My gratitude beyond all words to you.

In reverent and profound sincerity,

WINCHESTER MACDOWELL

## Who Are Familiar Spirits and What Makes Them So?

**H**OW OFTEN do you hear some overly pious person exclaim when Psychical Research is mentioned: "I never concern myself with such matters. I try to be a strict Christian and follow the Bible's instructions. The Bible states that we are to have no traffick with Familiar Spirits. If Psychical Research and Spiritism were not wicked, there would have been no such prohibition inserted in God's Word!"

Being slightly nettled by the somewhat lofty and priggish rectitude implied, you ask the person: "Then how do you get around the adjuration of St. John?"

"What adjuration of St. John?"

"The adjuration in which he states that examining Spiritism is quite legitimate and commendable under certain conditions. Don't tell me that anybody who is so conscientious in obeying the Biblical stipulations, is not aware of all that the Good Book has to say upon these matters!"

The fundamentalist will commence to blink his eyes at that, nervously finger the divan cushions beside him, and debate within himself whether you are about to catch him in some sort of trap. He will finally ask in wary disgruntlement: "What adjuration is it, to which you refer?"

"St. John instructed the early church fathers: 'Test ye the spirits, to see that they be of God!' Now in all common-sense, the implication is plain that if on testing the spirits we find that they be of God, it is all right to have traffick with them. If spirits are not of God, no one would want traffick with them anyhow, Bible or no Bible, in flesh or out of it."

Your fundamentalist will soon begin to evince a lack of interest in the subject. The fact of the matter is, that deep down in his soul he is scared to death

*Familiarity with all kinds of psychical phenomena is chiefly of value in a study of The Ageless Wisdom insofar as it establishes beyond all doubt the fact of soul-survival. With that truth proved beyond question, scores of allied mysteries clear up. Psychical phenomena is of small value otherwise . . .*

of psychical matters, or anything relating to the so-called supernatural. Somewhere he has heard that the Bible "frowns" on human beings mixing up with the discarnate folks, and its prohibitive attitude suits his fright-complex right down to the ground. Push any of these people further, and you will discover that they have done no investigating about what Psychical Research is or isn't, do not know what breed of spirits metaphysics concerns itself with at all, have never opened a book on the matter in their whole lives, but once when they were thirteen years old they went down cellar in the twilight after apples and saw a queer old figure moving among the barrels, that looked up at them startled and as promptly vanished like a flag that is furled.

And along comes St. John and counsels them, or they think he does: "It's much more comforting to your general peace of mind to let the whole business alone." They would have felt equally as pious and "obedient to Christianity" if St. John had likewise adjured them never to go into the cellar after four in the



afternoon unless the place is well-lighted or there is someone with them.

**B**UT THERE is no getting around the fact that the spiritual, mystical, and esoteric authorities—and authors of all ages—have steadfastly warned against having traffick with one breed of spirits that are designated as "familiar" even though squeamish fundamentalists see no difference between them and "those that be of God."

The person who has a "familiar spirit" is by no means in the same class with a person who, in the olden language, had a devil or unclean spirit, though many unlettered fundamentalists think that as well—if it can truthfully be said that they think at all.

A Familiar Spirit must in all common-sense be a spirit that is familiar with a given person—that is, over intimate. This reduced to everyday language means a spirit that is always hanging around and giving demonstrations of itself like a misbehaved child, trying to put its ten cents' worth into every mortal situation, disturbing the guests in the spare room by appearing in their chamber after one o'clock and screaming "Raspberries!" at the top of their spiritual lungs, and generally trying to operate on the mortal and fleshly octave when it might better employ itself with business on the octave to which it belongs.

The Familiar Spirit is the earthbound soul of housewives' gossip and fable, who mischievously or petulantly stays around in worldly conditions and makes existence a hell on earth for those who awesomely indulge it, by attempting to run their lives and affairs for them from the



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discarnate condition on the esoteric hocus-pocus that because they are discarnate they are thereby all-wise. The Familiar Spirit, in other words, is naught but the "psychic kibitzer"—to use the popular term for people who look over the shoulders of pinochle players and advise them which cards they should play—who gradually begins to emasculate the mortal person's judgment and initiative by doing his thinking for him and making up his mind.

That is where the real evil comes in, "harkening unto familiar spirits"—in that over a period of time the earthly person listens to the counsel of the familiar spirit as to the voice of God, or their own common-sense judgment, and becomes just a mortal stooge for some discarnate entity "who gets a great kick" out of seeing earthly people physically obey its thinking projected from another octave.

Particularly are persons who take up the altogether mystical business of Automatic Correspondence, so-called, plagued for a period by such psychic kibitzers.

St. John knew what every investigator in the metapsychical knows: that too often these psychic kibitzers are openly atheistic, or don't even know half so much about spiritual matters as mortal people, or have personal axes to grind, or some temperamental reason for subverting Truth.

If they can gain the ear, or the pencil, of some novice student and impress upon him that they are God's literal voice speaking to him, they can transfix him under a sort of hypnosis thenceforth. And that either tickles their vanity or serves their purpose of philosophical subversion.

**SPIRITS** that be of God, as St. John expressed it—that is, spirits who recognize the sacred responsibilities in such aspects and demonstrations of supra-consciousness—never cut up such hijinks. They perceive that the most sacrosanct thing in earth-life is the integrity and expanding self-reliance of the mortal person, gleaning maximum self-profit by making up his own mind on this or that as the experiences of mortality supply him with judgment and discrimination. They also realize that using inter-octave communication to talk about lost cats, lost rings, lost profits in last month's business, lost sweethearts, and in cases, lost

morals, is cheaply profaning a stupendous and fecund process—fecund in the transcription of celestial laws and processes that could become known to worldly persons by no other method.

To exercise all spirits into the same laundry-hamper, clap down the lid, padlock it, and ship the whole works to the dry-cleaning establishment known as Orthodoxy—or perhaps to the dog-pound where the contents is asphyxiated—is like saying that it is a wicked and unmoral thing to have paternal grandfathers because a forebear of the previous generation is down in the family annals as having drunk hard liquor, married three women, and finally been hung for killing a tinker.

Even St. John, like the ancient authors on religious matters, had more sense.

**IT IS** a despairing thing for an esoteric teacher to find himself having relations with a novice pupil who has let himself fall under the hypnosis of some kibitzer thus discarnate. The teacher—having long-since trod the same pathway and learned the pitfalls—recognizes certain signs and tendings in the material which the novice starts to receive. "Be careful of Mischief!" he warns.

Instantly, however, there is a feeling of perversity in the pupil.

"This teacher of mine is just jealous," thinks that novice to himself, "that I'll suddenly show a psychological development that surpasses his own. Or maybe I'll learn something ahead of the time that he aspires to teach it to me himself."

So the bilge starts to come over the Miraculous Pencil. "You are the reborn soul of Saint Lizzie the Great," announces the psychic kibitzer. "Nevertheless, in all things you are to obey the Voice that is now addressing you. Dare to disobey it, or pay attention to the envious warnings of your instructor on the earth-side, and unnamable horrors will befall you."

"Who is this talking to me?" ventures the novice in such communication.

"This is the Angel Squeezelebug, who has condescended to take your training in charge."

"Oh, my goodness!" thrills the novice. "I'm talking with an angel! Yes, yes, angel. What is it you wish me to do?" "Go down to the corner drug store. Ask for a man named Blatz. You'll discover

(Continued from Page 10)

# NUMEROLOGY FOR EVERYONE . .



THE PURPOSE of these papers has been, not to make professional soothsayers or fortune tellers out of VALOR's readers, but to supply a simple and easy technique for gaining to the complete character-summary of the person whose christened name and correct birth-date is supplied us. Numbers of queries have come in, since this series started, asking what the procedure is when a person has not been "officially" named—that is, when there has been no formal christening to determine the name-designation. The answer to that is relatively simple . . . The name appearing on the doctor's birth certificate has undoubtedly identified the small human being who has started this earthly travail, and if that can be determined, the formal religious rites can be ignored.

Familiarize yourself with the significances of the various numbers and you have a Key to Character put in your hands on any person who confronts you, providing he truthfully confides to you his birth-name and birth-date. You will discover from practice that the results are infallible . . .

WORDS themselves vibrate to definite significances, we find. Take the word *STOP!* as an instance. It figures out to a Seven. Seven is the number of negative turmoil, frustration, spiritual inhibition and durance. On the other hand, the word *Start!* figures to a Six. Six is the "lucky" number. It is the best number in the whole roster of Nine numbers. It holds adventure, intrepidity, rich experience in its essence. It opens the door on good fortune and profit.

There is an excellent example of profitable Numerology in the figuring out of, say, the United States of America as example. Look at the significances in this numerological setup—

3	9	5	1	5
UNITED STATES				
5	2	4	1	2
		2		1

The Inner Expression figures out to a 23—which resolves to a 5 . . . the number of dramatic vicissitude, change, restivity, action! Its Outer Expression adds to an 8—the "worldly success" number, particularly in wealth. Whoever has an Outer Expression totaling an 8, has "the world by the tail and a downhill pull" in respect to materialistic and financial dominance. And yet, 8 and 5 total 13—which in turn resolves to a 4. And this means Intellectual Leadership, Inventive Skill, Mechanistic Pioneering. As for the word AMERICA, what a rich mine of revelation lies in its Numerology . . .

LET US look at it—the word *America* of itself is fateful. The "chart" of the name works out as follows—

1	5	9	1
A M E R I C A			
4	9	3	

The Inner Expression of the American Soul, or the Great Soul of our nation considered as an entity, totals to a 7—which means turmoil, frustration, spiritual inhibition and durance, . . . spiritual experiences for the sake of the expanded consciousness they give. The Outer Expression totals to a 16, which again resolves to a 7. But the two expressions, inner and outer, give us 14, that in turn give us the resolved figure 5.

The Numerological essence of America is *Change*—Drama, Alteration for alteration's sake, vicissitude holding spiritual enhancement. No one could be a true American and remain a provincial, a stick-in-the-mud, a reactionary. The very Numerology of his country will not permit it.

Or take George Washington, "Father" of this Volatile Republic. Let's look at his Numerology with the idea of translating his name and birth-path significances into estimates of character . . . The numerals involved are—

	5	6	5
G E O R G E			
7	9	7	



1	9	6
W A S H I N G T O N		
5	1	8
	5	7
	2	5

Washington's Inner Expression was the total of 32 . . . that resolved into that fateful 5, the great "change" or dramatic number that distinguished the Continental Fathers almost universally. His Outer Expression totaled to 56, which might be considered the Genius Number of 11, in outer contacts—which decidedly was correct in his life as we have had it reported to us—but which in total additions has the Father of his country coming into the worldly tenure on the 7 vibration . . . frustration, turmoil, and spiritual increment to the nth degree.

And wasn't that the career of the man from first to last?

WASHINGTON was born February 22, 1732—putting him on a One life-path, the path of self-reliant individualism. He was indeed the Pioneer and self-sufficient venturer, first as a surveyor in youth of the Virginian wilderness, later the lonely and dominant figure at the head of a war that seemed hopeless of success. Nobody could "get close" to him spiritually, he had no confidants or spiritual cronies. Though the center of society and civic activity, he was temperamentally the Isolationist—austere, aloof, restrained, pursuing his solo way without bids for the sympathy or acclaim of his fellows.

What a fateful Karma, a man with a 5 Inner Expression, on an 11 Genius world performance but the life-path of the explorer and pioneer! Small wonder he never displayed any of Abe Lincoln's humor or unbent himself "to be one with the boys". With that Numerology he was prevented.

Do you get the general idea?

Then our series comes to a close . . .

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## Congestion

**M**URRAY D. Lincoln, president of the Cooperative League of the United States, stated some pertinent facts in a speech a few months ago before the Ohio Council of Churches that might well have come out of *No More Hunger*. Talking on the subject, "Plenty—Pattern for Peace", Lincoln called attention to some startling figures respecting Food and Congestion of Populations.

"Whenever people talk about overpopulation to me," he said, "I ask them what parts of the world they consider to be overpopulated. Invariably they mention countries which are hungry. Usually they cite either India or China.

"I wonder if those people remember the statistics on density of population. For instance, China has 103 persons per square mile. Yet Holland, with all its wonderful food and plump, happy people, contains 717 persons to the square mile. That's more than six times the population density of China, and yet no one has said that Holland was overpopulated.

"England and Wales have 718 people to the square mile. But India, whose famine is commonplace, has but 261 to the square mile.

"Overpopulation then has become another name for hunger. When food becomes available, talk about overpopulation immediately disappears.

"Our gains in food production in the United States have far outstripped our population growth. It is that fact which has led me to believe that the surest way to reduce a surplus of population is to

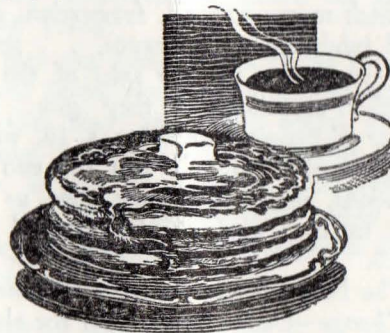
create a surplus of food. That proves out in many ways. One of them is, that when you move a peasant economy—which is almost entirely rural—into an urban pattern, the size of the families in both sections drops. It also means that once food production becomes ample, labor and resources are released to industry."

These comparisons of population per square mile for the various countries are fascinating, and taken in consideration of *Something Better* furnish food for thought. For instance, the population per square mile of our own country in 1790 was only 4.5. In 1900 it was 25.6. In 1920 it was 35.5. The last census showed it to be only 44.2.

Our most congested "State" out of the whole United States is the District of Columbia, which has 10,878.3 persons per square mile. Rhode Island has 674.2. Massachusetts comes next with 545.9. New York, despite Manhattan Island, falls far down the list, with an average of 281.2.

However, before this century ends we may be looking at an American population of 300 million—that is going to insist on eating three times a day. Land being what it is in the United States, where's the food coming from?

Along with a confiscatory and non-workable tax rate, we'd better be thinking about such food for our children's sake . . .



## Teamcraft



**COMPETELY** revised—almost a completely rewritten—*No More Hunger* is in process of printing at the Soulcraft plant, with all the valuable experiences and lessons derived from the New Deal totalitarians being taken into account. Scattered liberally through the book is the shorter and easier word for Cooperativism, *Teamcraft* or the technique of humankind working together,

by teams—which is the very heart and percussion motif of the Christian Commonwealth.

Some surprises are turning up in the marketing and distribution of these Teamcraft books, by the way.

It is being found that the likeliest sales field for *Something Better* is the industrial plant whose Management or employes are seriously contemplating the shift-over to employe ownership. A copy of the book put in the hand of the employe gives him the working education he needs for an understanding of what, in the ultimate, is being arrived at. Employer-owners seriously considering solving their Labor and Taxation headaches by making their industry cooperative—which is the next step above Profit-Sharing—find it to their advantage to underwrite the comparatively moderate cost for which the paper-covered edition can be bought in quantities.

The deal for the Cleveland Pneumatic Tool Company cooperative, reported in last week's VALOR, went over, by the way . . . and the newspapers report the employes as being "jubilant".

Heavy quantities of *Something Better* sent into Cleveland's heavily congested industrial area must only bring other companies into following suit. Soulcraft is making special prices to industrialists for the book in heavy quantities to pass out to employes, so that the significance of today's Teamcraft trend is thoroughly understood . . .

## On the Beam



**THIS** issue of VALOR goes to press, with the article concerning Russia on Page 3, the Indianapolis newspapers appear with 8-column headline announcing the digest of John Foster Dulles' first "report" to the nation as Secretary of State. *The Indianapolis Star* for the morning of January 28th heralds it thus—

### RUSSIA NEAR COLLAPSE

Thereat follows Dulles' controversial surmise that the Kremlin's odd behavior of late, expressed in its anti-semitic purge and behaviors in East Germany where people are pushing out from under the Iron Curtain in such hordes that Stalin can't stop them, is based on the Soviet's internal collapse.



This is the same high and mighty Russia, take note, that Dulles' predecessor had remarked as so invincible with armies and atom bombs that it was going to roll over Europe like a Red bulldozer unless we sent millions to countries likely to find themselves in its path. Berlin is so far from Moscow—about as far as Dallas is from Detroit—that Stalin can only supply less than 300,000 Red soldiery to police the 18 million Germans residing there. Now comes this belated anti-semitic "purge" . . . which Soulcrafters should regard with tongues in their cheeks. The minorities involved may be entirely earnest about getting out of Bolshevism while there's a chance, but the motive for the business is something else again.

VALOR is willing to wager it will all come crystal clear when the new 1953 session of the U-N starts up.

However, it doesn't require John Foster Dulles to tell us that the Soviets are finished. Maio Sei-Tung is reported as grouching at the lack of military support his dear Uncle Joe has given him, the rape of Austria—on whose assets parasitic Marxism has been living—is nearing its end, and West Germany has now reached such a degree of strength that the new unification of East and West Germany is only a matter of weeks. When that happens, the balance of power among the continental nations is restored, but with Britain left a third-rate power.

Apparently the internationalists behind Stalin have concluded it's time to let him crack up because they're frying their eggs in quite another skillet. The whole center of global direction shifts to the United States epicenter.

Put only Americans on guard, watching that, . . . day and night!

### More Teamcraft



EVER has Soulcraft experienced such a reaction of enthusiastic interest and activity as is resulting from the Recorder's request for paid copies to go to names of prospective readers in the little, out-of-the-way, off-the-beaten-track places. The shipping department has been joyous with plenty of work to do, and uniformly these lists are being filled and the books going into the post office the evening of the day received.

This is showering America with copies of *Something Better* like the sprays of so many skyrockets. Along with it, Soulcrafters feel a personal responsibility toward such relatives and acquaintances, to see that they in turn suggest others who would profit from knowing the book's contents. It is a typical Soulcraft campaign—to put this book over early in this year—in which all feel they have a personal role.

*Something Better* has already surpassed in sales anything published by Soulcraft in the past 15 years and according to indications these sales have but begun. Every name to whom a paid-for book has been shipped, is being sacredly classified and filed, constituting a wholly new index of names for solicitation in the Soulcraft tenets, both practical and spiritual.

To those Soulcrafters in position to help in contact with industrialists—who may be interested in seeing that every man working for them gets a *Something Better*—copies of a "Chart" Book entitled *To Teach by Doing* are being mailed this week . . . and will continue to be mailed to any desiring one. Just a notation that you may be able to utilize one, affixed to your next letter to Headquarters, will bring you one.

A recently deceased (physically) Soulcrafters who has already come awake on the Higher Side, succeeded in establishing his first clairaudient contact with *Something-Better* comment of a recent evening. Said he in substance—

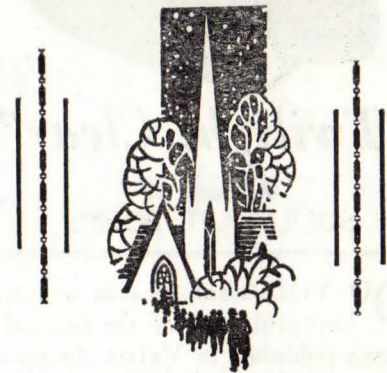
"As I see the Christian Commonwealth program from this new angle, it's not going to be necessary to explain every pica-yune procedure and detail of how this or that is due to work as this technique of cooperativism shapes up. In fact, keeping the whole program on the broad lines of the beneficent ends being sought, is the better plan. When the thing realizes, of course, the finished regime will be compounded of many minds and many ingenuities. What confronts all of you at this juncture is acquainting the nation with the fact that there is a better way of handling its commercial and economic affairs, so that support is put behind you to give you standing with responsible public officials. Then as crises rise, you will have opportunity to do the things you now lack time to explain in detail."

Not bad counsel.

And the situation is not without its occasional humor.

"My group," one chaplain wrote, "has

## "MARCHING SPIRES"

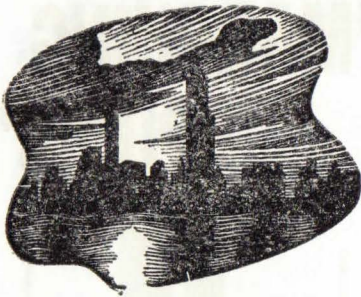


### The Stories of the Thirteen Civilizers

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.



## "Twilight Clear"

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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

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SOULCRAFT CHAPELS  
NOBLESVILLE, IND.

been clamoring for the Christian Commonwealth principles for the past ten or more years. Now that you've come right out and shown how beginnings can be made in a general energizing of the Co-operatives, half its members act scared to death."

That's good news. Shows they're being jolted.

The next Big Development is securing the wherewithal to put "Teamcraft" (of Soulcraft) on the air. That can be done in 15-minute electronic broadcasts first, local sponsors being secured in every town that has a local station.

All in all, this nation seems fated to hear much, much, about the Christian Commonwealth this year of years. And as interest arouses in the economic, the spiritual phases of Soulcraft come in for attention by reaction.

We're going places. We certainly are.

## John Q. Public

(Continued from Page 2)

schooled in their principles since boyhood and it's difficult for him to alter "for light and transient causes". But he *will* alter them if sufficient provocation dictates.

And always remember this: *You, to him in turn, are John Q. Public in your own right!*

You, in other words, are part of the public that he in turn considers to be so lamentably dumb.

Do you hold *yourself* to be lamentably dumb?

Suppose that all of us readjust our ideas.

THE AVERAGE American is a reasonably dressed and energetic specialist in his own line, pursuing his occupation with competitive diligence, probably enjoying his worries over the Misus and two kids, carrying a certain amount of credit-paper with his bank, who probably finds Westbrook Pegler the most popular columnist in the newspapers. He's more or less clean-cut in his contours, shaves every morning, knows his way about the polls of his precinct, and acts as chairman of a committee in the Chamber of Commerce.

Who says he's so dumb?

If you're not selling him on *your* particular idea, either it's because you have not presented it brilliantly enough to win his attention, or his current life-situation is antagonistic to it and espousing your ideas means commercial, domestic, or social distress. Naturally he shrinks from it.

Disparaging, underestimating, or belittling this reasonably alert American specialist in his line—or substituting a group of grocery store rustics, or cooks, or plumbers, or esoteric cranks—is but doing your own self a disservice. And this isn't alone wholesome, constructive, and positive thinking . . . it actually happens to be the truth.

Predicate your public reclamation program on those fifty different travelers in the Pittsburgh to Denver railroad coach, and unbeknown to yourself you'll be addressing *America*.

They're pretty grand people, taking them by and large.

Aren't you typical of most of them, yourself?

## Familiar Spirits

(Continued from Page 6)

him drinking pink soda-pop. When you have located him, tell him to stop messing around with Joe Hamfatt's wife or it will be the worse for him! Hurry, hurry, or he'll be gone!"

So—anxious to do the Angel Squeezele-bub's bidding, or the bidding of any other angels flitting around in the vicinity—the novice drops the pencil, jams his hat on his ears, and hastens to the aforesaid pharmacy.

"Our soda-fountain hasn't been working since October," says the druggist. "And besides, this is a Gentile drugstore. We sell drugs, not ham-sandwiches, automobile tires, or pink lemonade."

Back comes the disillusioned novice and picks up the Pencil, all out of breath and not a little puzzled. "There was no one in that drugstore but the druggist," he reports to "Angel" Squeezele-bub.

Blandly Squeezie responds: "We knew that, of course, when we started you out there. It was merely a test, to find out the extent of your willingness to obedience for vaster missions ahead."

Whereupon a shot of poetical bald-erdash of a seemingly "profound" esoteric motif is transmitted.

And from the kibitzer's standpoint, the novice is "hooked" . . .

Of course, since Joe Hamfatt was not at the pharmacy, it must have been a test. Why else should an angel dispatch a poor, trusting mortal upon sterile errand?

The teacher could have told the novice that angels don't flap around, hurrying automatic-pencil writers out to drugstores, or don't give themselves names, or don't submit pupils to tests that are blatantly labeled.

Instead of being any Angel Squeezele-bub, the motivating consciousness at the other end of the psychical phone-line is probably the physically non-clad soul of a gent by the once-worldly name of Grump, who departed this vale of tears by jumping through a second-story window for being caught in a chamber of an erring woman's husband.

He is more or less ashamed to face his own relatives in his proper octave for his enforced graduation out of earth life, and is hanging around the octave of mortal consciousness hoping that sooner or later the silly novice who is harkening to

his "angelic" kibitzing can be persuaded to take a sock at his ex-mistress's husband, he, the said Grump, not being able to do it, being physically without his fist,

**T**HE INSTANCE is exaggerated, of course, but the substance should be clear.

Grump has become a Familiar Spirit—or he becomes a familiar spirit, in the exact ratio that the bullheaded novice-pupil keeps on taking his dictated instruction, whether it comprise chasing out to drugstores looking for soda-drinkers who aren't there, or inflicting his vaporous or banal "psychic discourings" on a calloused world in the form of publishings which nobody reads but the proof-reader.

Earnest and sincere students have permitted themselves to become so obsessed by hypnosis of this origin, that cases are known where women could not go downtown for a shopping trip of an afternoon without getting the "mentor's" advice as to whether to wear the black hat or the red one, and men have lost their All financially, consulting the "spirits" and taking their advice to buy Mousetrap Common instead of Limberger Preferred or the other way around—which would have netted them a fortune.

Probably the psychic kibitzer handing them the counsel is an ex-stockbroker by the name of Phool who committed suicide in the first year of the panic because he too had loaded up on Mousetrap Common, and lost his shirt, and now wants to see as many fellow suckers as possible be denuded of their torso-garments likewise. Only he never reveals himself as such. His name in the psychic writings is forever Saint Something-or-Other, or the Angel Bowsprit, or Azusa, or Mugwump.

A plague upon all of it!

**T**HE EARLY church fathers knew their business when they instructed all novice Christians to steer as far as possible from discarnate advice givers who from peeve or outright mischief might have played ducks and drakes with the faith of early-church children. And the esoteric adept of today knows his business when he tells the novice psychic: "Don't accept anything of your new 'mentors' that savors in the slightest of practical advice in material matters. Real counsellors will supply you with the laws of worldly processes and then expect you

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## A Beautiful Volume:      \$5

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*Soulcraft Press, Inc., Noblesville, Ind.*

to figure out their application for yourself. Anything else would tend to rob you of judgment, discrimination, character, and initiative. And 'Spirits that be of God' are not such moral bandits! Be calm, sane, and non-inhibited in your spiritual recordings. This great psychical process is to counsel you in matters *not* of earth. Keep it up on that level, and

the whole grist must turn out profit!"

**A** MOTHER said proudly to her neighbor, "I felt sure our Johnnie would be promoted in the Army, and sure enough he has been. I wanted to hear he'd been made a Major, but fancy, on New Year's day we got word he'd been made a Court Marshall."



## .. COGITATIONS

**I** NOTICED the piece in the paper the other morning about one of the three remaining Civil War soldiers dying in Los Angeles. Only two left in this whole nation! And I can recall when we had Civil War veterans with us as plentiful as American Legion members of today. In fact, I had the odd fortune once as a small boy to talk with a very old man who could remember in turn when the land held multitudinous veterans of the Wars of 1812 and even the American Revolution. The contact occurred in the middle Nineties, at which time my elderly friend was around 95. I think it was personal contact of such nature that brought home American history so graphically to the children of my generation. They'd talked with the men who'd been part of the history of this country and who'd fought their battles—and won them—on strictly American soil. In fact, back in the Nineties, when my recollection began to pick up, the veterans who decorated the graves on Memorial Day, thousands of them, often had little or no grey in either beards or hair. Those were the times when the GAR was a power in the land, and every city and town, in New England at least, had its Post. The members *marched*, not rode, in all the Memorial Day and Independence Day parades, and when they beflowered the graves in the local cemeteries on Decoration Day forenoons, they were honoring comrades who had Gone Home after being their personal comrades and fellow citizens. Which causes me to digress a moment upon the patriotic exhibit of Pug's nose . . .

**W**HEN I entered the Springfield public school system as a pupil at the turn of the century, one Elias Brookings was principal of the grade school in my district. Elias was a stocky, bald-headed dignitary, given to sombre grey suits, soft kid shoes and flat-topped derby hats. But more than these distinguished Elias. His face was uniquely disfigured by reason of the bridge of his nose being flattened. It was in consequence of this that the youngsters of our bailiwick referred to him as "Pug." Of course it was forever done behind his back or beyond his hearing. And yet it was Pug's flattened proboscis that brought the Civil War home to me as something that seemed to have occurred just day before yesterday. Pug had lost the bridge of said proboscis by reason of a Johnny-Reb slug striking him squarely in the face at the battle of Malvern Hill. It couldn't have been a direct hit or there would logically have been a hole in the back of Pug's head. And there wasn't. But it had been hit enough so that Pug's countenance was never the same thing afterward. My understanding had it that the said Civil War having cost him such facial adornment, he immediately lost interest in active bellicosities and came home to Springfield to teach patriotism in the school. But it was worth at least a two-bit admission to hear Pug relate



the details of the Malvern Hill argument as part of the Memorial Day exercises in the school over which he principaled. Of course he always stopped at the point where the nose gave up the fight before he did, and such parts as he could find were interred with military honors. Malvern Hill, just in case you are unaware of

it, was an eminence near the James River, southeast of Richmond, Va., where on July 1, 1862, the Confederates under Lee were defeated by the Union Army under McClelland. Pug could give every development of that battle, advance by advance, shot by shot. He would do so in stentorian voice, slightly hoarse with reminiscence, and waving arms, but we small fry advanced step by step along with Pug's brigade, and whanged volley for volley until our collective noses exploded into remnants also, after which we gave up the war and went home for the day. To think that I'm as old today as Pug was at the time of these dramatic military recitals—with all the school-room windows open on lovely May sunshine, brilliantly colored bunting and flags draped around, and the nostalgic scents of New England lilacs mingling with the odors of blackboard chalk and woodwork! Tempus does fugit!

-oo-

**Y**ES, the wars of our history were real because we knew the men who had fought them—which of course made history real. Another Civil War veteran, who by a queer coincidence had also suffered casualties at the Battle of Malvern Hill, but at the opposite angle from his proboscis, was Old Man Clark whom I knew in another New England community where I owned and ran the newspaper. Old Man Clark hadn't left part of his face on Malvern Hill, he'd left his right foot, in consequence of which he wore an artificial appendage which caused him to limp and use a cane. Certainly when the Malvern Hill scrimmage was terminated, there must have been an extensive assortment of human spare parts scattered 'round, for it's reasonable to suppose that other military characters left hands, arms, and on drastic occasions, heads. Old Man Clark was not short, stocky, and bald of pate, given to academics and the uplift of the young. Old Man Clark was what was described as "a long drink of water" that spouted at the top, and he wore a calico shirt and overalls the year around. Usually a shape-

less, black hat was jammed at a rakish angle atop hair that had been fiery red, and he was good for a tirade against Jefferson Davis any hour of day or night. He saved every newspaper clipping that described hapless economic or social conditions below Mason-Dixon Line and gloated over them to neighbors. Was any local visitor known to have originated south of the Ohio, Old Man Clark put the hex on him and glowered at him, even stomped about in his wake ready for disparaging remarks about Lincoln or the North. Sometimes Old Man Clark "took his pen in hand" and wrote scathing denunciations of Lee for what he did to John Brown at Harper's Ferry—and expected me to publish them as news. He too brought the war home to me because he assured me that on many occasions when serving on a Washington detail, he'd seen old Abe Lincoln. But especially was Old Clark bellicose about calling the 1898 scrimmage with Spain a war. And that led him almost into fisticuffs with one Georgie Bixson, local chief of the Spanish War veterans. Gradually as the GAR veterans died off, the Spanish War remnants came to the fore in patriotic affairs. Which situation led to the sudden and dramatic wind up of Old Man Clark in a manner which certainly excited the approbation of the Small Boy element . . .

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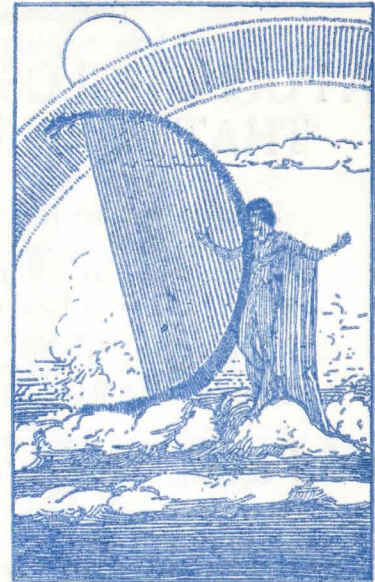
IT WAS an exquisite New England Memorial Day, quite a spell before the first Great War opened in France. The veterans of all wars were going to hold a parade, meeting at GAR hall, marching to the cemetery to military music, decorating the graves, then reforming and marching to the Civil War monument up the Center where the local congressman would make them a speech. Then the big Civil War cannon was to be filled with black powder and shot off without cannon balls. This salute was to end the ceremonies. Old Man Clark had always led this parade in earlier years, but as he aged and his missing foot slowed him up, the soldiers generally decided it was time for the Spanish War boys, represented by Bixson, to head up the local phalanx of the nation's defenders, both Civil and Spanish. The parade would get along faster. A couple of years before, Old Man Clark had nearly ruined the civic obsequies by the wooden foot coming off right in the middle of

Main Street opposite the public library—and the parade being thrown into riot till the Commander got his artifice adjusted. Furthermore, his language during such adjustment had been nothing for the ears of small children to assimilate . . . So when Old Man Clark arrived at Grand Army of the Republic Hall, the news was broken to him as gently as possible. Of course he gaped speechless, as this intelligence crashed home to him. After all he'd suffered for his country, from Malvern Hill on, *this* was history's method of repaying him, was it? Denying him parade leadership! Tears flooded his embattled old eyes, but from rage, not self-pity. Squids who rode hobby-horses 'round San Juan Hill, calling themselves soldiers! . . . The Committee sought to assuage his feeling by graciously informing him that he could have the honor of touching off the big boom of the cannon after the congressman had finished his speech. But Old Man Clark wasn't having any. Off up Main Street he limped in high dudgeon—and I can see him going in my mind's eye yet. George Bixson got his warriors of all ages into some semblance of order, barked out Spanish War commands, the military band struck up and the parade was on . . . with Old Man Clark a page that was closed . . .

-00-

BUT IN a pig's eye, it was closed. Old Man Clark boiled up Main Street in his wrath and disillusion, until he came to the junction of Center Street, that wound under magnificent oaks and maples to the monument on top. Of course, the accoutrements for the terminating gun had been provided in way of black powder, wadding, and presumably matches—or maybe Old Man Clark had matches of his own on his person. But he'd conceived a fiendish way of squaring accounts with the Spanish War whippers and a thankless Republic generally. He'd show 'em whether he'd been a cannoneer at Malvern Hill, and whether he had forgotten how to load a gun and fire it. Probably the idea came to him when he noted the area around the hill-top monument more or less deserted, the community's citizens being down to watch the parade or decorate the graves . . . Anyhow, the thing that Old Man Clark did, bringing the war home much too graphically, was to discover first that the balls of the croquet set over on Sophia

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about so long as you  
are alive! . . .*

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## Soulcraft Chapels

Hoadley's lawn exactly fitted into the muzzle of the famous old Civil War piece, then to possess himself of the balls and roll a couple of them into the said muzzle. Ramming them home with a charge of the available black powder behind them, he wadded them with newspaper and used said matches on his person. The Bixson small fry had only gotten his parade as far as Charley Wheeler's lunchroom when a sizable boom! sounded from the hill to the northeast. In fact, all window-glass rattled and a woman on the second-story veranda over Orrin Parmalee's drugstore had something hit the hook of her hammock, split into forty wooden pieces and drop her with a thump to the veranda floor. The parade stopped—at the combination of the boom and this Bridges woman's scream—and went out of formation, not realizing for the moment that Old Man Clark had contrived to get the same result of two years before, only this one was more serious. Two years before, nothing but Old Man Clark's leg had come off. This year, judging from the Bridges woman's

yells, an Innocent female's head had come off. And while a detail of men went up the side stairs to see what damage had been done, another boom came from the direction of the monument, and two croquet balls described a neat parabola, entered into the village with gunnery expertness and chose the windows of the post office to go through after mail. The veterans of a former day's carnage began to get the idea that their town was under fire. With two test shots and a whole can of black powder, Old Man Clark was getting the range and he meant to tryout whippersnapper Bixson's soldiery and see what manner of mettle composed it. Such was his Idea. He missed the steeple of the First Baptist Church, and he missed the belfry on the Public Library. But he did not miss the front plate-glass windows of the Valley National Bank. When he'd run out of croquet artillery he'd appropriated a barrel full of trap-rock that had been left adjacent to a new patch of sidewalk near the monument. This stuff, rammed home, properly wadded and fired, had the scin-

tillating effect of shrapnel being showered on our peaceful village, assembled to decorate the graves of the dead. If it was allowed to go on, there would be graves to decorate manufactured on the spot. Old Man Kidder, foremost plate-passer and mortgage-forecloser, had been in the bank figuring his percents, when the front of his institution was counted a direct hit. You never saw anyone move so fast to get elsewhere. In fact, when the fourth or fifth boom went off, everybody along the parade route decided they'd better get the 'ell out of there—and everybody went at once. It was to be noted in my journal next day that Congressman Whoozis had not been in the line of fire and yet he too failed to tarry—worse luck. Someone had the brains to get up to the cannon and discover who was taking such liberties with the artillery properties. Sheriff Crafts arrested Old Man Clark for disturbing the peace, having discovered the doughty gunner of Malvern Hill sitting on the lower step of the monument sobbing in rage, bafflement and defeat because his powder had run out . . All of which is recalled to me by the third living veteran of all the Malvern Hills, expiring in Los Angeles. By the way, it was Bixson who had a heart attack when he fell downstairs, helping to get the Bridges woman lowered to the walk, and he expired later that afternoon . . Uh-huh, those Spanish War whippersnappers were soft, soft.

—THE RECORDER

## Russia Cracking Up

(Continued from Page 4)

Still, that's not Josef's only headache.

The moment his troops moved out from under the Iron Curtain, his own soldiery would discover the extent of his bilking in respect to the conditions maintaining in the "west" as against those of "celestial" Bolshevia. It would be like coming out of a poisonous swamp onto hard, firm ground and into pure air.

But from the military standpoint, Stalin's moving of his "great" army out of Russia proper is a physical impossibility.

People in Europe know these facts, and are about as fearful of Josef as of a kitten under a stove. But the American military doesn't want Americans to know what a hoax the "great" Bolshevik

menace is, because they would rebel at vast sums of their monetary treasure being shipped abroad, and the Pentagon would not be able to keep our screwball economy going on war orders and compounding congressional appropriations.

Suddenly the whole picture in 1953 clarifies.

Abandon Stalin and forget him. Let his brutal and unworkable empire crack up. The new epicenter of Anti-Christ activity is United Nations—and the whole substance of United Nations centers in that Genocide Treaty.

Get the whole Christian world to rise in indignation and cry that this slaughter of Semitic elements must halt, and the Genocide Treaty goes over as though it had been greased. Once let that Genocide Treaty become supreme over Constitutional Law and whosoever fulminates against Antichrist is lifted out of Ohio or Missouri or Nevada, and transported to Bulgaria for fatal elimination.

Thus does Antichrist aspire to become invincible as universal *Fear* is disseminated throughout the earth . . .

It's a gamble worth trying for.

**I**T WILL come to naught.

The pro-Genocide elements, long before the machinery turns over for their protection, are predicted as being revealed for whom and what they are. West Germany and East Germany being politically United, Stalin being run out of Europe, Czechoslovakia and Poland liberated, the Korean War deflated, the truth about the colossal chicane that has been practiced by Antichrist comes out.

Because it can't be kept secret.

The unification of Germany is the first Big Step—with the complete reversal of the balance-of-power situation as it now exists. As our *Golden Scripts* express it—

*"The enemy retreateth and endeth in vauntings . . ."*

Russia today is just as big a bluff as she has been throughout the years since 1933. Only the most stupid leader would have spread himself out all across eastern Europe, all over Asia, now throughout the Levant down to Africa. It sounds formidable in the propaganda, but the true military leader knows that such extension of forces spells disaster that has wrecked every conqueror in history—Ghengis Khan, Napoleon, and Hitler. He can't enforce his decrees at such distance.

# "My Seven Minutes in Eternity" . . .

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He can't control his own cohorts. And he can't back up his forces with the required industrial potential—his own country having the lowest standard of living in Europe, just as his average soldier is the least intelligent.

Here is a particularly choice bit, culled from a report on just how far the dismantled plants in East Germany and Czechoslovakia aid Stalin in strengthening his military machine—

"As soon as World War II ended, the Russians started dismantling the 300 industrial plants in East Germany that had any potential arms value. Among these was the Zeiss optical plant at Jena, the Meissen porcelain plant, as well as paper, synthetic fuel machines, textile and other plants. The world-famous Zeiss plant was 70 percent dismantled. From former German prisoners of war it has been learned what the Russians did with this dismantled property, and how they handled it. Large numbers of cases, containing optical machinery, are even today seen lying in open fields about 100 miles from Moscow. Heavy machinery was carefully handled by the Russians, lest it

would fall, while delicate, sensitive electrical equipment was carelessly and criminally thrown over the side of trucks and allowed to fall to the ground. The destruction was so gigantic that the whole dismantling gesture was defeated insofar as permanent increment to the Soviets was concerned. And this roughshod dismantling went on for about a year, until the Russians realized that this method of uprooting capital goods was netting them no gains, while the loss to the wrecked German industrial plants in East Germany was posing a problem of unemployment disastrous among the conquered peoples. All that was truly accomplished, viewing it from eight years later, was to get Russia venomously hated by the methodical, thrifty and machine-oriented East Germans. No plants have been transferred en toto to Russia. They lie scattered all along the railroad right of way from Poland to Moscow. This is Soviet "efficiency" which is supposed to be a military threat to universal Europe."

Keep this pattern in mind, and much in the daily news from here on out, will commence to make sound sense to you.

# T h e P A Y O F F

**T**HE CLIENT thumped his crutch on the floor as he confronted his lawyer.

"This bill is outrageous!" he stormed. "I never heard of such extortion. You're charging me four-fifths of what the jury awarded me for damages."

"But I furnished the skill, the eloquence, and the necessary legal learning," protested the attorney.

"Yes, but I furnished the case itself."

"Phooey! Any nitwit can fall down a coal-hole."

**T**WO beginners were playing golf. One shut his eyes and with lusty swing sent his ball coursing down the green where it bounded directly into the cup.

"You made a hole in one!" exclaimed the other.

"Oh, sure. I can do that any time I please."

"I'll bet you can't—on one condition."

"What's the condition?"

"You've got to do it with your eyes open."

**B**URNS and Allen say they got their biggest laugh with this—

Gracie set it up by saying, "My sister opened her new swimming-pool last night and we had the greatest fun diving."

"Yes," Burns said, "that's great sport."

"Uh-huh. We'll have even more fun next week when they turn in the water."

**T**HE LATE John Barrymore had ordered a hat sent home from a celebrated Hollywood haberdashery.

"And the name?" the clerk inquired.

"Barrymore," was the chill reply.

"Which Barrymore, please?"

John surveyed him coldly. "Ethel."

**"W**HAT did you think of the fight last night, Joe?" one boxing fan asked the other.

"Fight!" scorned Joe. "If the Missus and I hadn't done better'n that of a Saturday night, the kids would have booted us."

**"I** SUPPOSE your home town is one of those places where everyone goes down to meet the train?"

"What train?"



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