

Valor

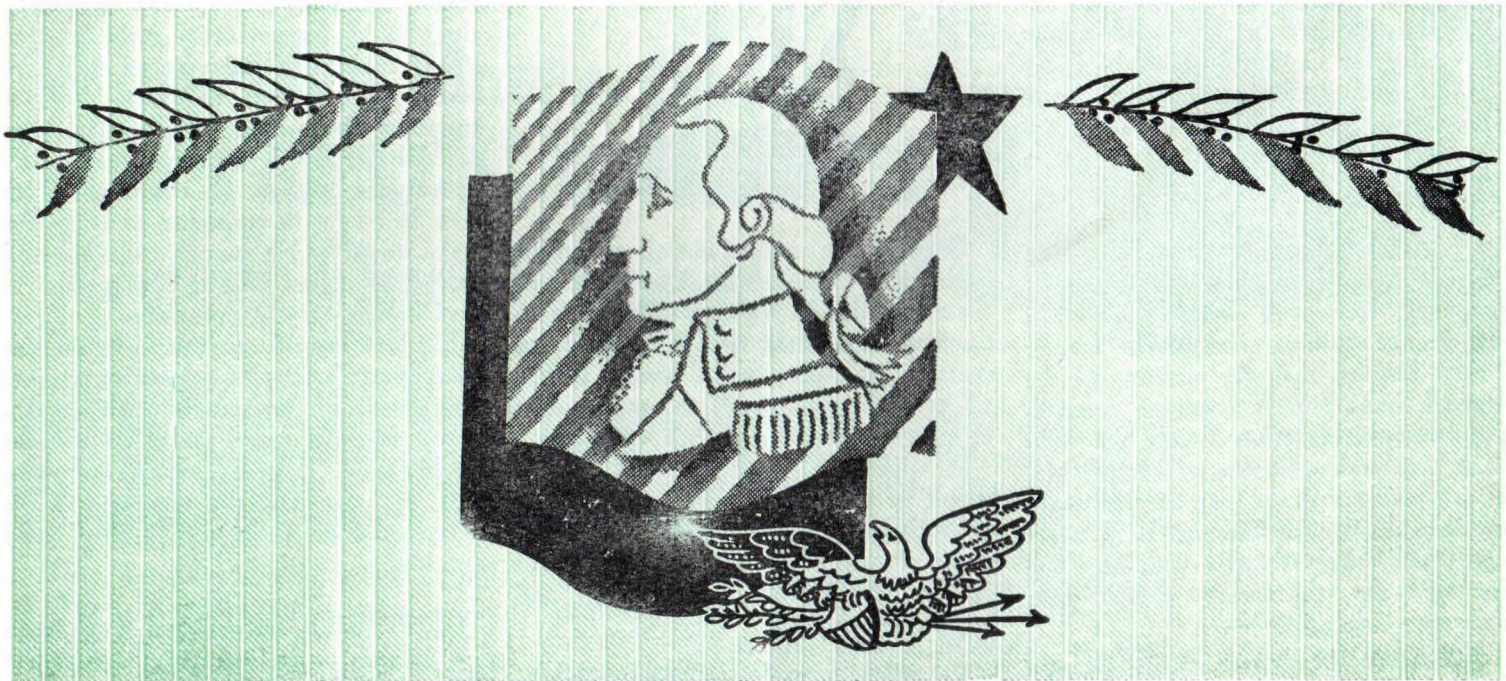
The Golden Times Weekly . . .

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

Volume IV

Noblesville, Indiana, Saturday, February 21, 1953

Number 17



What Washington Would Have Discerned Today



WE HAVE reached the days when the statesmen of our Republic do more quoting of the First President concerning foreign entanglements than all the remainder of his expressions lumped together. Little of it arises out of special veneration for the Father of His Country. Rather, the Father of His Country is borrowed as a confirming witness by those who sense most peril in our controversial policy of overseas commitments.

The highly potent question arises: If Washington had fully envisioned international aviation, nuclear fission, and the perfecting of guided missiles, would he have quali-

fied his original expressions to any degree about American isolation?

VALOR believes he would *not*. International aviation, atom bombs, and transoceanic rockets, *would have caused him in fact to emphasize it!*

A LITTLE clear thinking soon establishes reasons for such deductions . . . just as they would establish a basis in hard logic for assuming that statesmen of Washington's perspicacity would be aware of other situations and perils in the world of today, about which his warnings would be clarion.

Clearer and clearer the *pattern* of achievements being

worked out behind world events of the current volatile months becomes apparent to the discerning—just as it would become unmistakably apparent to a mind like Washington's.

Whenever the nations are precipitated into mysterious, wholesale and continual turmoil, the astute mind—possessing sophisticate knowledge of human nature—looks for unsuspected stakes being played for, behind the scenes. When the stakes have been definitely won or lost, the promotions or agitations cease. Just as the French have an adage, "*Cherchez l'femme*", meaning "look for the woman", behind complications otherwise accountable, so students of world affairs "Look for the Gold"—or Wealth—being coveted when conditions between States remain perpetually riotous. If Washington possessed anything, it was an astute and sophisticate intellect.

TAKING note of the progressive ruin of Europe—through the ruination of Germany from two world wars—then the strange disintegration of the former British Empire, then the mulcting of the United States from a condition compelling iniquitous taxation, finally the well-nigh hysterical projection of United Nations super-government at the insistence of individuals who hitherto have never cooperated internationally with any one in anything, the really perspicacious statesman asks himself—

"What, in the pattern of all this, can be the stake thus played for? . . . the real undercover stake, not the stake that the public accredits because it is obvious?"

A cosmopolite of Washington's acumen would solve the enigma—assuming it was such—by making one simple inquiry—

"What, on the face of the whole earth, is the greatest cache of wealth concentrated in any one place, that mysteriously enough is never mentioned in the press and the public is permitted to know as little about as possible?"

Having identified such cache of wealth, a mind like Washington's, with its military approach, would keep his vision focussed on that spot or deposit and figure it rightly to be the real *causus belli* of concurrent wars.

What area represents such treasure today?

The greatest single cache of natural treasure on the whole planet at present is the deposit of nitrates and allied chemicals in the Dead Sea in Palestine.



Back in the early Thirties, a capable engineer in the American Department of State confided to VALOR's editor that he estimated the Dead Sea in Palestine to represent enough chemical wealth to pay off every kopeck of all the public debt of all the governments then on earth!

It might run, he conjectured, into a couple of trillions of money, commercially exploited. Whoever gains legal claim to it, or the monopolistic concession to develop and market it, could buy and sell any country in the world.

WASHINGTON, apprising himself of this, might be expected to grasp immediately that wars upon wars would be fought over a treasure so titanic. But how could weak Levantine peoples or governments hope to protect or retain such a fantastic quantity of natural resource? On the other hand, no private cartel could hope to maintain legal claim to it, since it would make its members wealthy beyond the traditional dreams of avarice—which no one country could hazard. And no major government would stand for another government evicting the lawful owners of the terrain, the Arabs, now keeping the development in stalemate.

Even back in Colonial times it would have taken Washington about ten minutes of thinking only, to deduce that sooner or later some set of nationals would go into Palestine under pretext of setting up stable government, drive

the Arbas out, and take over the mandate of pioneering a new State. But how to pioneer a new State with the Dead Sea Nitrate Grab so patently in view, unless citizen-people could be secured to make that new State something more than a charter on paper? The crafty answer would be, to plow up Europe in first-class modern wars, make hundreds of thousands homeless—or at least Displaced Persons—then offer them this Palestinian sanctuary for the escape from further continental turmoil. When enough millions had been domiciled in Palestine by such ruse so that its government became stable, the latter could make representations to all contemporary countries that it had inalienable rights to its own mineral deposits as they to theirs. If fellow countries demurred—as of course they could be expected to demur, seeing they were being left out of the Grab which they had kept in stalemate so long—the stake would be big enough to launch and finance a global Master-Government to give it blessing and protection.

Truly it would not take a brain like Washington's long to grasp that the entanglement of America in such gargantuan plottings must spell the western world's ruin. It would be asked to provide the men and the money, and the pelf would go to another human breed entirely.

THE BIBLE has declared prophetically that in the Days of the End, the "Battle of the Lord" would be fought on or near the Plains of Megiddo, in northern Palestine. From the name Megiddo is derived the English term *Armageddon*. The biblical prophets obviously knew nothing of the stupendous wealth that Nature capriciously left on deposit at the foot of that Plain, final ownership of which might supply the *causus belli*.

But Washington would have been canny enough to grasp that as more and more persons in Europe were "displaced", the heavier would be the exodus to the Holy Land. So if one war didn't displace enough prospective citizens to substantiate the Nitrate Grab, additional wars could be provoked to achieve it. And wars would keep on being provoked until the ultimate nature of the Nitrate Grab was settled.

What would all such serried catastrophes have to do with peaceful Americans, (Continued on Page 10)



While We Battle Stalin Do His U-N Lackeys Direct Our Troops? . . .

EXACTLY how far can demoralization proceed before the American people awaken to the depths to which they have been pushed?

That the Americans have lost control of their own government is borne out by factual operations if not in academic blueprint, and it takes strong and moral fibre to witness the results of the disintegration. Nevertheless, it is an eventuality following the coma-like docility and credulity with which the 1933-1952 philosophy of political deception inoculated them.

Fancy the repercussions on the American morale had Woodrow Wilson permitted the Kaiser's general staff to "clear" all orders for American battle plans in France in 1917. Fancy the repercussions in 1941 if the Pentagon had permitted the Mikado's general Staff to "clear" all orders for the advance of MacArthur's troops in the Pacific theatre. But under the demoralization of the New Dealers and their successors, the indictment is valiantly charged that Josef Stalin through his representatives in the treacherous and traitorous United Nations "clear" all military maneuvers of our American boys at the moment in Korea.

The American Mercury for November, 1952, page 44, first revealed—"All our military movements in Korea, all the directives to our troops, must first be cleared through Constantine Zinchenko, of the United Nations Secretariat; and this Zinchenko is a Russian citizen, as was his predecessor Arkady Sobolev. Zinchenko's official position is Minister of War, Communication and Information of the UNO—an office which the Russians demanded for themselves when the UNO was set up."

Do you wish to obtain data that this is so?

Fulton Lewis, Jr. made it of public record in his Washington broadcast of December 14th, and that thrice valiant fighter for smashing of Red influence in American official affairs, Myron C. Fagan of Hollywood, has utilized it to the full in the most caloric booklet he has yet put out, *Naming the Traitors in U-N.*

It is Fagan's 28th pamphlet in his one-man fight against subversion. It is a "must" for every Soulcrafter to read and distribute. Send 50¢ for it, or better a dollar bill for two copies—one to circulate among your friends—to Cinema Educational Guild, Inc., P. O. Box 8655, Cole Branch, Hollywood 46, California.

Here is Fulton Lewis Jr.'s broadcast, unbelievable as it reads—

"**U**NDER the United Nations setup an official of the Soviet Union is informed of military orders to American troops in Korea before they are dispatched to American commanders in the battlefield.

"The Russian is Zinchenko of the U.N. secretariat, whose official title is Minister of War

Communications and Information of the United Nations. His role is military security officer, and he is in charge of all legal, military and judicial affairs in so far as they affect U.N. military action.

"The Russians were handed this prize U. N. plum at the preparatory commission meeting in London, following the U. N. organizational sessions in San Francisco, in 1945, where Alger Hiss served as secretary. The Russians demanded the security post and threatened to withdraw from the world organization if they did not get it.

"Arkady Sobolev was dispatched from Moscow to be the first holder of the post when the U. N. came into being at Lake Success. He was replaced by Zinchenko in 1951.

"The U. N. runs the Korean war. In

fact it was to Sobolev that Gen. Douglas MacArthur was required to report periodically prior to his ouster from his Pacific command by former Artillery Captain Harry S. Truman. Sobolev criticized MacArthur at one point, charging that the Supreme Commander of the U. N. forces in the Pacific was holding out on him in submitting his official reports.

"Knowing General MacArthur, I am certain the Russian was correct. MacArthur, in turn, accused the U. N. Security Council publicly of censoring some of the material submitted in his periodic reports on the U. N. police action in Korea.

"MacArthur is smart enough to know where Korean battle plans would go if submitted to a Soviet citizen in charge of the U. N.'s military security. He could have saved money by sending them direct to the Communist Chinese and North Koreans.

"It is unfortunate that there isn't someone as smart as MacArthur on the other end of the funnel—the State Department. The State Department runs the U.N. show for the United States Government. It takes military papers and decisions, clears them with the White House, its own policy planners and then drops them in the hopper for Russia's Mr. Zinchenko.

"American officials at the U.N. excuse the entire fiasco by stating that not all of the military information about United States troops and military strategy gets to Zinchenko. But they admit that plenty of it does. . . which is way too much anyway you look at it.

"MRS. Eleanor Roosevelt and other U.N. apologists who can't get steamed up over American Communists and subversive agents on the U.N. payroll, always point out that the U.N. charter contains an oath whereby nationals from all governments swear allegiance to the U.N.

"In other words, at least during the working day, all U.N. employes are supposed to forget their allegiance to their own nation and work for the progress of the U.N., even to the detriment of home countries.

"Only our own State Department and the creeps it fed into the U.N. payroll, plus their apologists like Mrs. Roosevelt, ever pay any attention to the U.N. oath

(Continued on Page 15)



The Lotus and the Star

WHEN Love contacted Wisdom on the Path of Truth
 She gave to Him the Music of her Youth
 And giving thus she was not one whit shorn,
 For suddenly a million stars were born!
 Each star was peopled all with Sons of Light
 Who struggled upward from their dark of night
 To heights supernal in bright realms above.
 Each in such struggle learned the Truth of Love;
 Majestic are these realms to those who know
 Who passed from vast, deep darkness down below
 Found great the effort, and as vast release,
 From paths of discord into realms of peace.

A Lotus spoke to me one time in starlit night
 She said, "I patiently await the dawn of light,
 I know that it will come, I surely know,
 And when my chalice opens to the sun, then I shall grow
 To give to all the world my beauty and my love
 Which I have lifted from earth's clay to light above."

* * * * *

Now who can say which miracle is greater far,
 The birth of one lone Lotus, or a Star?

—through WINCHESTER MACDOWELL

What You Should Realize about Disease and Pain . .



PAIN IS physical discomfiture concentrated into spasms of mentally-conceded anguish. Our physical reflexes, of course, have left us with the acceptance that these are caused outside ourselves. They are nothing of the sort. Reflexes from the discomfiture known as Pain are always birthed *within* ourselves. We feel them because we permit ourselves to feel them. Refuse to feel them and we don't—just as the swimmer who plunges into icewater doesn't feel the cold so long as he refuses to permit his mind to do it.

Bash your finger in a door. You know you've bashed it and the reflex of anguish is coming. Sure enough, the finger is conveyed to your mouth—unless you're using the mouth for profanity—you dance on one foot, all from the agony you've conceded.

Straighten the said finger immediately, tense it, massage the tip vigorously—all the time telling yourself no pain is resulting from it—and the congestion subsides. But without exercising such discipline, Mind lets the tempo of the body get so wild that the neurotic ensemble goes out of control.

It is the piston rod that comes through the physical crankcase when too high speed within causes the motor parts to "let go" and something in the nature of the ambulance-towcar is urgently desired for a mechanism decidedly dud.

But here is the strange part about Pain. It rarely comes from the injury itself.

It comes from the immediate conflict which Mind sets up, protesting the fact that the mechanism has not disclosed more stamina.

Pain hurts because Mind fights it.

The Christian Scientist says there is no such thing, and the Christian Scientist—or Mrs. Eddy—is and was uncan-

nily correct. Stop fighting Pain, and the agony diminishes. But Mrs. Eddy never said anywhere that there is no such thing as antagonism, conflict, contest, between Mind and Mind's enhousement. If she did, then she is guilty of a paradox in her own teaching, because if Mind had no conflict with its enhousement, then there could be no possible need or excuse for the cult called Christian Scientists.

The best example of Pain is the toothache. When a tooth aches, you know you've got a pain and to thunder with Greek and Latin origins.

But you fight that pain. You groan and protest and cuss the recalcitrant molar, which is not recalcitrant at all, but simply has developed a cavity that has exposed a nerve.

You give it a battle royal.

The whole household knows you've got such a battle to win, and duffs in to help you win it in order to get some sleep or tranquility.

It may sound like a Spartan remedy, but if you tried saying to that tooth-nerve: "Now go ahead, you son of a sea-cook, and ache as hard as you please!—I'm going to find out just how hard you can ache, and set about to enjoy it," you might make the discovery that first the tooth nerve would take you at your word and make you well-nigh do a head spin.

But after that spasm it would begin to give up.

All of us have known from childhood that the best cure in the world for a toothache is to have a rich aunt arrive from the city and announce that she has two tickets for the evening's local theatrical performance.

Another good cure for a toothache is to go to the dentist to have it drawn and sit for a time in the anteroom harkening to the patient ahead of you groan. It is truly miraculous how that maddening ache vanishes under such audition—same



human being, same hollow tooth, same exposed nerve, but no ache.

What can have happened?

The Mind, under the stronger stimulus of the counter-interest, forgets to fight.

The conflict has stopped.

No conflict, no pain!

NO TWO persons aches and pains arise from precisely the same causes, of course—any more than three men will all come to the boss and beg tomorrow off because they desire to do the same things in the holiday thus negotiated. But the fact that all three *do* want the holiday is not to be denied.

Ninety-five out of every hundred people in life want a holiday of some sort. Spirit truly is absorbing more from the life-experience than it can handle for immediate conscious profit. But the economic circumstance is a cruel taskmaster. Therefore spirit makes the body cut strange capers.

Sit down sensibly and figure out what lesson you're supposed to be deriving from the stricture, and being sick becomes silly.

People too often make a business of taking vacations—at a certain season of the year and unmindful of the stresses laid upon them during the remaining fifty weeks. All of which results in no vacations at all.

The vacations whose lack makes the body "give up" are the vacations that are needed as a counter-acting experience

(Continued on Page 11)

Today's Newspapers Have Reached their Zenith . .

*The Press under Christian
Economy Will Operate
on Circulation Revenues
Again . .*



ONE OF the first stipulations of the Constitution was that our new Republic was to have a free press. This meant in substance that any one was at liberty to print and publish any type of journal without requiring that a license be obtained first from government. Uniformly this has been the practice since 1789. It has not been construed to mean that anybody was free to print or publish anything in the literary line he desired. Qualifications of public decency in time of peace, libel, and clear and present danger in time of war, have countenanced restrictions on the press.

The first successful daily paper in the United States had brought out its original issue in Philadelphia on September 21, 1784. It was the *Pennsylvania Packet and Daily Advertiser*. The *Pennsylvania Evening Post* had been founded as a tri-weekly in 1771, been acquired by one Benjamin Towne in 1775, and published as a daily till 1782. The first Sunday paper, *The Sunday Monitor*, had appeared December 18, 1784 in Baltimore. The *Hartford Courant* up in Connecticut had appeared October 26, 1764 as a weekly, and became a daily in 1837.

From such modest beginnings the great American newspaper has grown. And yet the daily publishing field as of the present year is by no means so extensive as the average person thinks.

There are only 1,781 English language daily newspapers in the entire United

States. Their combined circulation is 52,285,297 copies, figuring morning and evening editions. This is less than one copy to every 3 citizens. There are only 530 Sunday newspapers in the whole public domain, but their circulation almost equals the 1,781 dailies, being 50,311,509. The whole United States has only 8,676 weeklies in its towns and villages or county seats. These weeklies have a combined circulation of 13,643,465.

It has been estimated that the average American family passes three hours and 18 minutes reading the daily papers. The average man spends an hour and a half, women an hour and 12 minutes, 'teen-age boys 36 minutes, 'teen-age girls 42 minutes, minor children 30 minutes—usually with the funnies.

What the mechanical investment may be in dollars for all the newspapers published in continental America is not of importance, but we know it runs over a billion.

What maintains this business and makes it profitable as a manufacturing line? Is it sales of individual copies to readers?

Hundreds of papers lose money on their sales of circulation. Even the youngest school-child knows it is sale of space to advertise and thus popularize the disposal of commodities.

Commercial advertising!

And what is the prospect for commer-

cial advertising—and thereby for the newspaper business—if the industries of America continue to go cooperative? . .

THE PLACE of newspapers and periodicals generally in a cooperative economy gives pause for thought.

The printing and publishing business of all America, according to the last Chamber of Commerce indexes, ran approximately to \$3,229,000,000. But this included monthly magazines and books as well as daily publishing—although it did not cover the extent of the paper industry or the value of paper products consumed.

The United States Government spends as much money in two days as the entire bill for printing and publishing costs the American citizen in a year. If we want to conclude that business volumes of daily and Sunday newspapers about balance the business volume done by the weekly and monthly periodicals, we have a bil-

lion and a half for each—perhaps a billion and two thirds.

It is a competitive economy, relying on advertising, that now supports this vast structure of newspaper manufacturing.

But of what value or service would newspapers be to advertisers if consumer goods reached the ultimate public by the turn of the new century along the same channels as the modern Sear, Roebuck city department store—every type of merchandise under one roof? Screaming in the public prints about the superior food value of Hogback's Cheeses over Snodgrass' Liverwurst, or oleomargarine over dairy butter, or how many cans of asparagus could be bought in Bogg's Super-Market as against what Tiddlebaum's Corner Grocery are asking on Thursday, would become as archaic and superfluous as the dodo.

The consumers of the United States paid 31 billions for retail merchandising last year—just the service to get the goods into the consumer's home—and a goodly share of this went for newspaper and magazine advertising.

The trend of Cooperativism means the gradual disappearance of it. Competitive economy that has dropped Great America \$867 billion in the debt-canyon will have worked the doom of the catch-penny advertiser. The newspapers may scream at it—they wouldn't be run by normal human beings if they didn't—but incorrect economics is responsible, not freakisms imported from overseas . . .

WITHOUT cluttering this particular article with figures, the trend of newspaper publishing since the introduction of the radio news bulletin has been toward contraction and consolidation. It isn't the wild, free field that it was a generation in the past.

All unsuspected by the nonprofessional public, high State and Federal taxation is eagerly greeted by the nation's publishers whose revenue comes from advertising, because more and more firms can deduct the cost of advertising space from their gross income—and do—preferring to pay it to the publishers with the chance of sales promotion than to the government that immediately loads it aboard a plane or ship and transports it to England, Europe or Russia. . . . When taxes go down with public revenues dam-

(Continued on Page 11)

THESE THINGS DO HAPPEN . . .

Other Persons Besides the Editor of VALOR Have Had Seven-Minutes-in-Eternity Experiences; Here Is One from California . . .



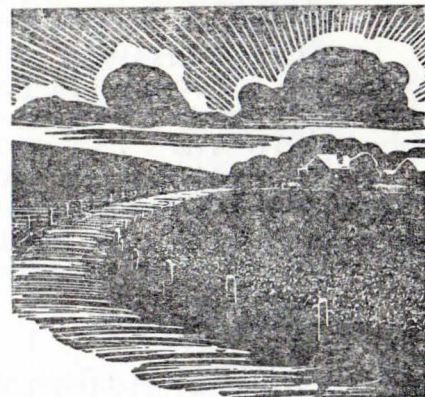
IHAD just talked with him the day before; yes, I knew he had to be careful, but he was so vital, energetic and filled with the joy of living, I just couldn't believe it. He was brimming with enthusiasm, full of purpose and he was a sincere humanitarian.

"He was the power behind many a worth-while project, however few knew it, others got the credit but he wanted it that way. He could have amassed a fortune, as he was a clever business man, but he preferred to help the less fortunate, so he lived modestly, to give others an opportunity for a better way of life. It was hard to believe that anyone with such a zest for living and so much to live for, should go, but he did, in the Fall of '42.

"The news came at the office in mid-afternoon. It was a terrible shock and all I could think of was to be alone with my grief. Mechanically I closed my desk, put on my hat and coat and walked out, into the maze of people milling the streets. Ordinarily I would have taken the bus, but instead I walked and walked, dazed and numb, instinct leading the way, finally reaching home, I threw myself on the bed and blanked out.

"While in this condition, I became conscious of having left my body and was roaming in another realm. It was a glorious place with high marble columns, stone benches, beautiful terraced gardens crystal pools, trees, and a lovely, deep blue sky with billowy white clouds. I saw white cowed figures standing in groups talking. However, I couldn't hear what they were saying nor did I see their faces, but an air of peace and harmony prevailed, and I felt suddenly happy inside.

"While contemplating and enjoying my beautiful surroundings, he presented himself, but unlike the others, he was dressed in a business suit. He looked



tired, but happy and greeted me with a smile saying: 'You must not grieve, it was for the best, I have a great deal of work to do and much to learn, I must prepare myself. I am very tired, so will rest for a while. They are wonderful to me here and I know it won't be long before I will return to complete my mission.'

"I felt strangely comforted and seemed to agree that it was the only way, so I was reconciled, satisfied and willing to see it was his way. We had a wonderful time visiting and when it was time for me to leave we parted cheerfully, knowing it was for only a little while.

"I returned to consciousness by the feeling of a heavy thud against my heart. For a moment I felt dazed and gasped for breath. I sat up not quite oriented, wondering where I was, then gradually it all came back but instead of the terrible grief that had possessed me, and took me out, I felt light, almost gay. Refreshed and fortified by my wonderful experience, I was able to face the ordeals of the days ahead, with no ill effects.

"Since it was daylight when I returned, I thought it was still the same day, but by the clock it was 1:30 p.m. Confused I called the operator and found I had been gone from Friday around 4 p.m. to Saturday 1:30 p.m.

To me it was a very beautiful experience and, with the added knowledge of Soulcraft, I feel more than ever that life is eternal and everlasting, and we do live beyond the grave." C. J. W.

Valor

A Journal of Applied Spirituality, published every Saturday in the national interests of American Soulcraft, by—
SOULCRAFT CHAPELS
P. O. Box 192 NOBLESVILLE, IND.

SUBSCRIPTION: Per Year \$5.00
Six Months \$3.00

VOL. IV FEBRUARY 21, 1953 No. 17

It Does Happen



PEAKING of newspapers, have we become so caloused in what passes for worldly wisdom that "if something ain't wrong, 'tain't right?"

While damning all great newspapers as forever frying some variety of exceedingly demised and odorous fish, why not give credit to the following spontaneous editorial from *The Indianapolis Star* for February 18th. It is not any isolated instance of the *Star's* editorial policy. And the *Star* is easily conceded the largest and strongest newspaper of the American grassroots area aside from the *Chicago Tribune*. VALOR calls attention to it even though Publisher Pulliam is too reactionary to take the slightest interest in the Pelley exoneration.

"Our nation this week," says the *Star* editorial, "is engaged in three separate demonstrations of man's desperate attempt to rid the world of his own brutality . . . This is Brotherhood Week, during which a great deal will be said and written concerning toleration and oppression and humanity's need for their eradication; it is also National Crime Prevention Week, during which man will hear and read many commendable plans for suppressing malevolence; and Friday, February 20th, has been set aside for Observance of a World Day of Prayer.

"We readily agree that these several activities will do more good than harm, despite attendant ostentation and flatulence which are part and parcel of man's selfish nature. But it occurs to us that if man would individually, voluntarily and

daily, humble himself in prayer, without exhibition or pretense, the accomplishment would be far greater.

"If all God's children would bow their heads daily in a family circle of Divine petition, if the solitary human would kneel regularly amid his chance surroundings in honest supplication before his God, humanity would profit immeasurably. In truth, a whole-hearted human indulgence in prayer would very probably obviate the necessity for special drum-thumping in the cause of Brotherhood



or Crime Prevention. Happily there are certain signs that this truth may yet dawn on man ere he has succeeded in perfecting his own destruction."

This editorial expression, from the assumedly incorrigible press, is titled, *Man Proposes, God Disposes*.

The title should have read the other way about, . . . God Proposes, Man Disposes . . .

Wanted or Not?



IF YOU haven't done so already, try to see the Warner Brothers feature film, *Miracle of Our Lady of Fatima*. VALOR rarely recommends screen productions to Soulcrafters, but here is a film for astute esoteric students to behold for the sake of the psychological factors presented. It gets under way slowly and is Romanist "churchy" almost to the point of boredom for the first two thousand feet, then just as one is begin-

ning to disdain it as Catholic propaganda, it takes a subtle turn and you realize you are witnessing a drama that really is an epitome of the days in which we're living as modern Christians.

Not to bore readers with movie plots, three devout and lovable small children are tending their father's sheep in the hills above their village in Portugal one afternoon when an epiphany occurs that adept psychical researchers would find small difficulty in explaining. But the children run home as terrified as they have been impressed, and try to convince their elders—including the village priest—of what they have witnessed. All the conventional exhibits of skepticism in various characters are portrayed . . . how familiar Soulcrafters are with them! But when the Communists descend on Portugal and take over, the attempt to crush out faith in the Divine from the human heart is shown. About the time you accept that the film story is Romanist propaganda, you switch and decide you are watching most subtle Marxist propaganda. Forthwith it comes to you that the Communists are getting the worst of it and *you are witnessing a demonstration of Pure Spirit in action*.

The three children are badgered and well-nigh tortured to make them recant that they ever beheld a miracle in the hills, but they cannot lie about the factuality of the Blessed Lady. And one small girl's faith, and constancy, carries through to a gigantic miracle literally witnessed by thousands.

It's the efficacy and invincibility of Faith that you suddenly realize is being propounded, and the churchliness of the film—or possible Bolshevik propaganda—turns inconsequential. When Gilbert Roland, the converted vagabond, pulls off his tattered hat and cries rapturously to himself, "Only the fool sayeth in his heart, there is no God!" the story hits its apex.

The film is supposed to be built upon an actual happening in Portugal in 1917. Today a million people a year go on pilgrimage to the spot of the epiphany where a great basilica has been erected.

The thought comes home to you, as you examine the faces of these Portuguese rustics, "What is this hunger and thirst after righteousness that takes this form in the quest for the reverently miraculous? And why should prelates oppose and seek to disparage that which is

the very substance of their brevet?

In all the secular cynicism within our own ranks about the world being contemptuous of the esoteric, we find the Elder Brother declaring on Page 21 of the *Golden Scripts*, ". . . My love is with those who perform My labor, and in this labor is an essence so powerful that lives know a quickening by knowing the brilliance, verily the lives whose hearts are opened to it, and the hearts of the world are more open than ye know."

Again and again, over and over, this adjuration runs like a vermilion thread through the Golden Speakings.

"The hearts of the world are more open than ye know."

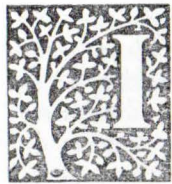
May there not be a point where sophistication defeats itself? We go to people jaded with, or by, sterile doctrine, and when they do not drop all skepticism and agree at once that the *Golden Scripts* have the only simon-pure doctrine, we call them non-spiritual, materialistic.

Actually they are confused and disillusioned by past sterilities to the point of futility. If the Master blames them not for that, how then do we?

Miracle of Our Lady of Fatima films the whole poignant tragedy of it.

And don't miss the note of the Archbishop who arose from browbeating the three earnest and truthful children—putting the faith of their elders to shame—and was disclosed as possessing feet of clay in that he was a cripple who dragged those feet in a shuffle along the floor . . .

Lent



IT IS a shocking disclosure, made on Page 3 of this week's VALOR—that we, as a great Republic, with our glorious history and traditions—have been manipulated into this infamous super-state, United Nations, to a point where the ruthless Red enemy we are fighting in the Orient, gets advance information of our military plannings. It brings home—or it should bring home—to every American how fallacious has become the prideful boast of his forebears that this is a government "for the people, of the people, and by the people." Ours, almost lamentably, has become a government of political opportunists and moral second-raters, infiltrated with the Fifth Column of Marxism and terrorists. We electro-

cute treasonable small fry like the unfortunate Rosenbergs, but merely sigh at our own helplessness as the greatest crowd of Nihilists the world has ever witnessed fill highest offices behind the scenes and steer the whole Republic to the Dark Valley from the top.

It takes strong mettle to hold an abiding faith in constitutional processes when Federal Government can become so huge and so complicated that the mind of the average citizen cannot encompass it, and men bow to authority because it is exercised. The greatest scoundrels and conspirators upon the whole globe's surface have only to high pressure the satraps of publicity—on newspapers and in radio—and mass psychology is molded as they desire it molded. So long as they keep from public view successfully they dominate in formulating the nation's policies of wreckage. And human nature is so constructed that it views as crackpot he who is not acclaimed by the minions of Herod.

What we must have faith to envision is, that the karma of these malodorous times must work itself out. All is depicted graphically and rationally in the *Golden Scripts*. To reach an Easter morning there must first be a Calvary. Here we are, confronting another Lenten season, and as a people we haven't yet grasped that the stupendous drama of Golgotha and the Resurrection is yearly epitome of a Cause always going before a Result, as is being demonstrated in our nation of the present.

It would be well to remember that whenever we decry an earnest and clear-sighted man as crackpot, merely because the minions of Herod refuse to countenance his perspicacities, the old drama of the scenes following the Triumphal Entry is being enacted anew. When we tolerate smear and defamation of some rampant crusader, we are inversely crying, "Crucify him! Crucify him!"

And occasionally a crucifixion occurs that society can ill afford.

Yes, it takes mettle to live the reactions of this Gethsemane—any Gethsemane—and yet Easter and Resurrection is ever the corollary to Golgotha, no matter what form it takes or whom it involves. And those nominated for crosses always draw upon a Strength that is not of this world.

Can we keep our vision on the Easter Morning ahead after America has gone

"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.



Why I Believe THE DEAD ARE ALIVE!

NO MATTER what your views may be on the After-Life, hold them in abeyance until you have read this challenging volume narrating most of the supernatural experiences undergone by the Recorder of the SOULCRAFT SCRIPTS, practically all of them attested by witnesses, then deny or refute continuity of existence if you can . . .

Here are three hundred pages of "true ghost stories" that carry a stupendous significance. If they had happened to you, would you have reacted to them any differently than the Author, taking him into his role of the present?

\$3.00 the Copy

SOULCRAFT PRESS, INC.
NOBLESVILLE, INDIANA

through the night of corruption and betrayal? *Because some of these "crackpot" crusaders are due to be acclaimed as the Saviors of Tomorrow.* They will have fought the Long Fight, all the way through, and, as the *Golden Scripts* tell us of the original drama, "in the dark of a tomb Great Beings shall manifest; they shall lift up the crucified and bear them away . . . and great shall be their reward in mansions of splendor, houses not made with hands."

The "poor dumb public"?

It must go through this Sequence of Blindness and Fallacy in order to appreciate Light when it comes. Don't waste tears upon the crucified. Save them for those who must learn through experience.

It is those who cry, "Crucify him!" who are truly to be pitied—in that they live upon that octave where crying it gives them gratification.

Washington

(Continued from Page 2)

over on this side of the planet?

International aviation? Atom bombs? Guided missiles? Washington would grasp that none of these have the slightest connection with Isolation as a fact of itself—unless it were to give the warring nations as little cause as possible to include America in their aggressions or treasure exploitings. It is by being active, participating parties to such performings that the most savage reprisals would be invited. And at the same time, America by her dispassionate viewpoint would be not only arbiter to the quarreling parties but represent the real balance of power in crisis.

AT ANY rate, let all intelligent Americans be as enlightened as Washington might have been, in respect to war-breeding potentials of such an exploit as the World Nitrate Grab—the true motivation of all international maneuvers in the Levant over the past three decades, why be fooled by the hocus-pocus of "homelands" and "restored kingdoms" and "substantiated prophecies" when the real smell in the wood pile is the cadaver of an absolute, political and military control of the greatest cache of raw wealth that exists in any district of its size on earth. Even United

Nations might be permitted to slide over the precipice to limbo the moment it had given the Grab its proper status of legality.

Washington would have been too canny to expect a bandit state like Russia to turn a blind eye to what was lying unexploited in the Dead Sea—Iranian oil would be peanuts to such a boodle.

As for bombs thrown continually through the windows of her legations, provoking war with her and thus giving her the excuse to march in, the trick of bombing her own legations to provide more displaced persons in event there is no anti-Soviet War, contributes to making the Nitrate Grab a "natural" . . .

So, never for a moment, permit our concentration to wander from this Dead Sea cache of wealth as pawn in the international Levantine moves the balance of this fraught year. In another five years you may grasp it was key to everything.

And Washington dealt with plenty of double crossing situations where he learned that the true causes for wars are almost never what the emotions of the masses identify them as being.

Pain and Health

(Continued from Page 5)

to high-voltage vicissitude, when Inside Spirit is gaining more sensory wisdom than it can humanly digest.

Vacations should be time-out to catch up on experience-absorption.

Spiritual weariness is the thing that makes for illness—or the condition wherein illness develops. And spiritual weariness is naught but spirit's inability to absorb the profits from daily adventurings at the same pace that circumstances dictate.

Of course there remains the great question of Karma, in this topic of Pain and Physical Disability, but that is another subject. Karma of itself, however, never forces a person to be sick. Karma, or a knowledge of cosmic debts owing or owed, is merely an additional tax on the already surfeited spirit that results in the spiritual breakdown. Thus Karma is a cause but not a condition in itself.

All life, of course, is conflict—but in the proper proportion and perspective the conflict is between the elements of life, not between Experience and Soul. There

should be no conflict between Life and Spirit.

Then there is no Mental Aspic formed for the pollywogs to thrive in!

Small wonder the Mentors smile when they are asked to give causes for the spots before our eyes!

Newspapers

(Continued from Page 7)

aged, the periodicals are in for the wringer—and know it. As for the indispensable news service furnished by printed columns of type, radio stations—also owned and conducted by great Co-operatives—will have broadcasters reading bulletins around the clock. No longer at 5:45 p. m. will a swirl of music be followed by, "And now . . . ladies and gentlemen, Jigg's Pants Shoppe brings you fifteen minutes of the news of the day by Lowell Thomas." "Commercials" will vanish utterly.

Thus for small favors, good Lord, make us grateful!

THE DAY of the mammoth advertising appropriation to extol the merits of Sunburst Soapsuds over Oceanfoam Lotion for Leathern Knuckles will appear as fantastic to our great grandchildren as the quarter-column announcements in the back of old *Youth's Companions* "Danderine Grew this Hair and We Can Prove It" now appear to their parents.

The great American newspaper publishing splurge in unregulated newsprint—with a two-pound newspaper being plunked on the front porch floor of a Sabbath morning, eight-tenths of which is advertising of everything from mink coats to second-hand cars—is at present in its heyday.

The newspaper of the future will be a privately-owned journal conducted by the proprietor for the expression of either opinion on public policy or for public education in some specialized field.

It will belong, perforce, in the field of Creative Art.

It will sell for its value after production costs have been estimated. And it will waste no space, nor spruce-fibre material, on recounting the tearful scene in the court room where the jury wept openly as Tillie Golddigger described how she took aim at her millionaire and mistakingly shot him in the ticket office. This type of crime-reporting will appear

Announcing the Soulcraft . . .

"ELUCIDATA"

(Pronounced "E-loo-cee-day-ta")

A POCKET GLOSSARY OF 100 TERMS THAT PUZZLE SOULCRAFTERS

No more running to the dictionary to learn meanings of words while reading Soulcraft literature. With the pocket-sized ELUCIDATA at hand you turn to its Index and find in a matter of seconds a carefully prepared explanation of the ten-pound word that baffles you . . .



56 Pages Burgundy Binding

One Dollar the Copy : Ready for Mailing

Soulcraft Chapels

as trashy as the Adventures of the James Boys in the nickel novels of 1903.

Adult persons will wonder how their sires could have been so naive.

In the security of Cooperative Economy we shall grow up as a nation and a people . . . We shall run a great cycle and return to our literary and journalistic dignities of yesteryear from which the newspaper profession was made to depart by the Hearst newspapers about the time of the Spanish-American War.

VALOR cherishes in its archives an yellowed copy of *The Liberator* for December 16, 1859—almost a full century past—published at 21 Cornhill Street, Boston, by J. B. Yerrington and Son, William Lloyd Garrison, Editor.

It is a single sheet, folded to make two pages 18x24 inches in size. The paperstock is part rag content, accounting for its sturdy condition after a hundred years. There are six 16-em columns to the page, the columns being 22 inches, set solidly in 7-point or minion.

John Brown had just been hung at

Harper's Ferry and secession talk was fiery. The first column of the front page was given over to South Carolina's excitement. The *Ruffianism of Caleb Cushing* takes up another two columns, along with a column given over to John Brown's farewell letter to his wife. The issue's big feature comes on Page 2, a reprint of the Speech of William Lloyd Garrison at a meeting in Tremont Temple, December 2nd, relating to the execution of John Brown. The whole paper is "solid meat" for the times in which it was published. And the advertising? . . .

The last column on Page 3 publicizes a Biography of John Brown, the ad running eight inches deep, a three-inch announcement offering a steel portrait of the dead Abolitionist for \$1, and the rest of the column proclaims Ayer's Sarsaparilla, along with Ayer's Cherry Pectoral and Cathartic Pills. The last page runs to original poetry, with a final column proclaiming the virtues of Mrs. S. A. Allen's Hair Restorer, "The Only Preparation that Has a European Reputation." (Concluded Next Week)



.. COGITATIONS

INVARIABLY when a group of visiting Soulcrafters gather 'round one of the Headquarters' fires of a winter's night, talk turns on mystical experiences proving the continuity of the conscious personality after physical demise. Too bad there can't be electronic tape records made of many of these conclaves. Most Soulcrafters don't require rehearsal of supernatural occurrences to convince them the conscious personality survives, but they do recite episodes of how realization of the truth has come to others. Some incidents are humorous, some are dramatic, all are irrefutable if one goes on assumption that the truth is being dealt in . . . Otto and Katie and Susan were visitors last Sunday night from Michigan, Martie and Jan from Cleveland made five, while the regular staff tarried with them late. The day's business had been finished, all the celebrated pooches had had their ears scratched, late coffee had been enjoyed and it was time to break up. And Otto satisfied my curiosity about the duck. That started the sort of testimonial party about Queer Proofs of Survival that ought to go into the tapes . . .

-oo-

IN MIDSUMMER of 1941, Otto had been at my home in Indianapolis the night of the Materialization Sequence with Bertie Lily Candler. Adelaide and I had eighteen guests to meet Mrs. Candler and watch the phenomena described in *Why I Believe the Dead Are Alive*. Twenty-six departed relatives of our eighteen guests had connived physical forms that night and the materializations

in our own closed and sealed library had been as substantial as any physical person attending. Daughter Harriet, one of my beloved links with the Brighter Octaves, had reassumed mortal form, borrowed my handkerchief and "woven" it before our eyes to a great filmy gauze that brushed the faces of spectators around the walls of a 20-foot library; then recalled it gradually, did a Spanish tango with it, ended by reducing it to normal size and tying a knot in it with the ends of the handkerchief inside the knot. Try it yourself sometime on your piano. I still possess that handkerchief tied in that mystical fourth-dimensional knot. But this is digression. Otto's mother, I recall, had stepped out as he'd known her in boyhood—she'd been on the Other Side several years—and after discussing his father, who had married again, informed him in my easy hearing that he would presently learn she had appeared to that father, curing him of his skepticism about survival. It was all family visiting, she was a stranger to all but Otto, and the incidents of the evening came and went. But just before she'd appeared, Silver Leaf, Mrs. Candler's control, had called out to Otto—preparing him for confronting his moth-

er—"Remember about the One-Legged Chicken, Otto?" . . . Otto had blinked, gulped, and maintained he hadn't known what she meant. "I mean," Silver Leaf chuckled, "the Chicken you disposed of, in the Outhouse . . . you know . . . Kentucky!" . . . Otto's face showed he understood but he protested, "That was not a chicken, it was a *duck!*" . . . Silver Leaf had given her celebrated chuckle that Mrs. Candler's sitters know so well. "They're all chickens on This Side to us!" she retorted. Otto had cried, "But no one would know anything about that duck incident but Mother!" And Silver Leaf had responded, "Uh-huh, she's standing right here beside me, telling me about it. She'll be out in a minute. You can prepare yourself to see her." . . . Sunday night at Soulcraft I asked Otto what about the duck that was a chicken in the Brighter Dimensions . . .

-oo-

"IT HAD happened over 40 years bygone," said Otto, "when I was five or six. I'd gone with mother to visit grandmother in Kentucky. Grandmother lived on a farm and owned a flock of ducks. One of the ducks had produced a nest of goslings. But one of the goslings, the week before our arrival, had disputed right of way with a snapping turtle and in consequence lost a pad. The turtle in fact had snapped off the gosling's left foot. But the wound was healing although the tiny duck must manage life on a stump. No matter. That stump, or the handicap of it, made it the one gosling in the flock that I could catch. Alas, my method of carrying it was to wrap my hot little fist around its neck. I certainly intended no harm to the duck, but after being toted half an hour by the neck about a large Kentucky farm, the gosling discovered that life was a bust. When I set it down it toppled on its side. And panic seized me. I had been ordered not to pick up any of the goslings and here was my one capture giving manifest evidence that physical morale had ebbed to stay ebbed. What to do with it? On the mound behind the woodpile I espied the



farm's outdoor toilet. I picked up the verboten gosling for the final time, slithered into that toilet, lifted a cover and disentangled my five-year-old life from its first dead duck. Presently came out grandmother to feed her bird stock. In vain did she look for the little crippled gosling. She lifted her voice. I heard myself summoned. Had I seen the one-legged duck? Could I account for the fact that it did not come for evening nourishment? My best suggestion was, in my most capable deadpan, that the snapping turtle must have met up with it and finished it. But presently came mother from the outhouse, also in summoning mood. What sort of hocus-pocus had I told Grandma? Could any snapping turtle have lifted a cover and deposited a one-legged gosling where she had apprehended it? I was about to argue the merits of what snapping turtles might do when you turned your backs on 'em, when I found myself face downward on the maternal lap learning how hard is the way of the transgressor when falsehood has been added to disobedience . . ."

-oo-

AND in an Indianapolis residence, *forty years later*, with all the parties to the duck incident demised but himself, here was a little Indian control asking Otto if he remembered the incident of the "chicken" in the Kentucky outhouse? And Bertie Lily, the medium, had no more been aware that Otto was to be at the seance that night than she had expected Johnny Appleseed or Rudolf the Red-Nosed Reindeer. Otto, in fact, had driven up to the Noblesville plant from Michigan and been invited to the evening's phenomena just an hour before it started. Bertie Lily hadn't met him. Presently, however, the mother herself, who had done the righteous paddling of her duck-disposing five-year-old, walked from behind the curtains in a costume of 1900, held a reunion meeting with her son, and informed him that when he next saw his dad in Chicago, the dad would have a strange story to relate about his mother . . . Perhaps I mentioned once before somewhere in my psychic memoirs that Otto's termination of the experience was to drive to Chicago next day, search out his dad running a switching engine in one of the Chicago railroad yards, and find his parent definitely upset. "Son," spoke up the father, before Otto had a chance to do more than greet him, "you

can believe it or not, but just after midnight last night, before I dropped off to sleep, I saw something white moving at the foot of my bed. There stood your dear ma. Just as plain as day. Alive as she ever was! She smiled and blew me a kiss. Again I say, you can believe it or not." . . . "I believe it, dad," said Otto, "she told me at ten o'clock, down in Indianapolis, that she intended to do it." What do we want for proofs of survival?

-oo-

THEN that same night in Indianapolis, at the same session, had been the episode of Charley S., my Michle pressman. Charley had printed books like *The Dead Are Alive and Why I'm Convinced of It*, with a queer glint in his off eye as to the veracity of some of it, and it had occurred to me just as I had been leaving the plant to go home with Otto, that Charley might like an invitation to be present that evening and witness some of the phenomena he'd published. There had been no time for arranging any guest list. Bertie Lily could have had no inkling of whom I intended to have present. Anyway, Charley had accepted. At 8 p.m. he'd shown up in my reception-hall with Bertha his wife—God-fearing, orthodox Baptists. Given chairs well back in a library while Mrs. Candler had been above stairs preparing, almost the first masculine person to move out from behind the curtains—in my own home with all the doors locked and the windows sealed—was an elderly stranger in a cutaway coat, vintage of 1898. "Charles!" he bawled jovially. "Get up from that radiator and come on over and have a word with your old man!" Charley had disentangled himself and pushed to the open space before the curtains. There his sire waited. "Pop!" we heard him gasp. . . Here was his father standing before him, talking to him in a voice he recognized, that had been stilled by a casket-cover in 1900. The expression on Charley's face indicated there was no mistaking his father's identity. We saw the father clap his hands on both his son's shoulders and give him an affectionate shake. "Remember the time we went camping up in Minnesota when you were eight and you got the dose of poison oak? What'd I'd put on it? No, don't tell me. I'll tell you . . . a mustard plaster, what, boy?" Charley confirmed in privacy later that nobody in all the world but he and his dad had known of that incident, for they'd been

"STAR GUESTS"



A Book that will give you something to think about so long as you are alive! . . .

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

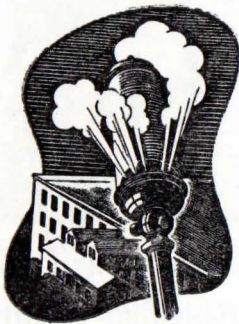
Are you subconsciously troubled by worry about Death? You will lose it upon reading STAR GUESTS. You can't understand the massive doctrine of SOULCRAFT without reading it.

Clothbound: \$3.00

SOULCRAFT PRESS
NOBLESVILLE, IND.

People Are Still Buying It "Thresholds of Tomorrow"

A Clairvoyant Picture of Changes Coming at Home and Abroad



YOU'VE heard about the catastrophic and bloodcurdling woes that the alarmists say are coming on America—from atom war to Communistic take over. Now why not read a book that depicts all the splendid, constructive, inspiring things that are due to distinguish life in our United States in the next twenty to thirty years as envisioned by the attributes of sacred clairvoyance?

Sacred Clairvoyance and Extra-Sensory Perception see almost none of the dour woes and calamities occurring with which the political alarmists would terrify the electorate in order to advance pet projects. **THRESHOLDS OF TOMORROW** describes for you the great innovations and inventions that are coming in, and what American life will be like when the country has 300 million population. Read it and relax!

A Beautiful Volume: \$5

Soulcraft Press, Inc., Noblesville, Ind.

not with his wife but with another woman, he got his ears pinned back. Ol' Mis' Bartlett . . . that's a phony name too, but I'll use it . . . was givin' a seance and Jim Lacey went. Wanted to see if her play-actin' was anything like his wife's. Sudden Mis' Bartlett sez, sez she, 'Jim, when you was six or seven, you an' Cyril Plumley . . . that's not the kid's name but I'll use it . . . went off froggin' to the Big Pond and did a wicked thing. Yes, sir, you know well 'nough you did a wicked thing. You caught a lot o' live frogs and you got yourselves some straws and you blew them pore frogs up till they bloated so bad that when you chucked 'em back in the water they couldn't sink. Yes, sir, them frogs just floated away helpless because you'd gorged 'em with air so that they did not burp. Wasn't that a wicked trick to play on a kind o' God's creatures that hadn't ever floated on water for a day in its life?' . . . and Jim suddenly sobered. 'Miss Bartlett,' sez he, 'not a dang soul knows about that frog blowin'-up but me and Cyril, and he was drowned to the Canal hisself nearly twenty years come April.' . . . 'Uh-huh,' says Miss Bartlett, 'only he's right here beside me now, tellin' me all about it. How'd I know it otherwise?' . . . Waal, Jim, he 'lowed from that night onward he'd better pay attention to this survival business and maybe he'd been livin' with a mess of it forty years, without havin' sense to know what was what."

-oo-

YES, lot of queer tales come out when visiting Soulcrafters get reminiscing on psychics. When you've spent more than 20 years among the Graduated People, learning about their higher experiences, you gradually disremember there is any such thing as demise. Who's afraid of that big, bad wolf that they agonize over so wretchedly in all our best religious institutions? "You people are the truly dead," they tell us, "because you're sogged down in those clumsy four-mile-an-hour bodies that can't go anywhere unless they're transported." And after you've met and talked again and again with your nearest and dearest—who aren't off on Mars or Venus, or up in heaven or down in purgatory, but right here on the same planet with you until you join them and all go off together, you get calm and comfortable in your soul about it. Really, sight and sound are

alone on the trip and he'd almost forgotten it himself . . .

-oo-

SO, REMINISCING ON THESE, Dave contributed the closing episode about the Maine medium's husband and the frogs . . . Dave is Maintenance Man at Soulcraft, unforgettably known to all who meet him. "Down Maine Way," he

averred, "we had Mr. and Mrs. Lacey, that's the name I'll give 'em. Mrs. Lacey was a medium herself but married forty years to a man who couldn't be convinced that any of the phenomena his wife produced was anything but play-actin'. Forty years that man lived with that woman but refused to take her spooks as anything but hocus-pocus. Then one night,

enough, you don't need one-legged ducks and mustard plasters and frogs inflated at the incredible end to prove it . . . Say, by the way, *can* you blow up a frog so it can't do otherwise than float? . . .

—THE REVELATOR

While We Battle

(Continued from Page 4)

of office. Here is how the Russians feel about it:

"The Turkish ambassador of the U.N. Selin Sarper, recently called on Zinchenko to complain that Turkey is being denied proper representation on the U.N. secretariat, and especially in Zinchenko's particular department.

"Zinchenko replied: 'I am perfectly willing and so is Mr. Malik (to grant Turkey representation) but Moscow is not.'

"Under the U.N. charter all U.N. members are allowed a number of principal offices. By a complicated mathematical formula the offices are divided among the nations on what is supposed to be an equitable basis. There are three major categories: Principal officers; professional, and principal general service officers.

"The U.N. charter says the desirable maximum for Turkey is from 7 to 12 in all categories. Communist Poland, a country of considerably less importance financially, militarily and otherwise, has a maximum range from a Communist-dominated U.N. of from 13 to 22.

"Poland has 4 principal officers; Turkey none. Poland has 23 professional officers; Turkey 7. Poland has 23 general service officers; Turkey none.

"Turkey is on our side; Poland has been conquered by Russia.

"And anyway, even if Americans at the U.N. insist on representing the world government to the detriment of this country, Moscow has no time for such foolishness. Zinchenko made that plain to the Turkish ambassador. Somebody ought to do the same for the prospective American Ambassador to the U.N., Senator Harry Cabot Lodge."

The question is a fair one—does our new Republican President countenance such treachery to the lives of American boys? If not, how comes it he speaks out in favor of the U.N., through which this treachery is possible?

"My Seven Minutes in Eternity" . . .

A NEW EDITION

The American Magazine Esoteric Classic

Has been reprinted in a small and beautiful book of 80 pages, with Aftermath rewritten and brought up to date, offering the unabridged and corrected manuscript of the narrative as The Author regards it 24 years later . . .

Two new half-tone photos of the Author taken this past month!

This is the final version of "Seven Minutes" which will now take its place in the literature of Soulcraft . . . bound in wine-red covers and gold-stamped . . . Ready for Delivery Now!

\$1

SOULCRAFT CHAPELS
Noblesville, Indiana

\$1

Another Free Book!

"ALL ABOUT SOULCRAFT"

96 Pages of Information on Every Activity and Angle of the Doctrine

FOR YEARS Soulcrafters, chaplains and students alike, have needed the whole story of Soulcraft contained in one pair of covers, small and compact, that could be handed to inquiring friends for their understanding enlightenment. Now this vital and handy little volume is available. Like the Golden Scripts, it will be supplied without cost, in reasonable quantities, to any and all who will use it for bringing to the spiritually hungry or unlearned what they most need to know for their "peace of mind through Soulcraft."

Send to Soulcraft for Copy Now!

T h e P A Y O F F

A FARM boy from a remote southern section ended up in the city police station with all his money taken from him at craps. The police sergeant, similarly farm-raised, believed he could recover the farm boy's funds.

"If I get your money back for you, Zeke, will you catch the next bus home?"

"Cap'n," cried the youth, "you get me mah money an' turn me loose an' Ah'll catch the bus what's done gone."

Policeman did and prisoner did.

A NAVY wife, bidding her husband goodbye as he was embarking for Pacific duty, was incensed at sight of a Scotty going aboard.

"Why are dogs permitted when a man's wife can't go along?" she accosted an officer.

"Because," the officer returned, "all the men can pet one dog and nobody gets mad."

"ALL THOSE who would like to go to heaven," said the Sunday School teacher, "will please raise their hands."

All did except one.

"Why, Willie," the teacher cried, "don't you want to go to heaven, too?"

"Naw," smirked Willie. "Not if this bunch is headed there."

SIX-year-old Mary awoke at two in the morning.

"Tell me a story, mommie," she pleaded sleepily.

"Hush, darling," her mother answered. "Daddy will be in pretty quick and he'll tell us both one."

THE POLICEMAN stopped the man going home at 2 a. m. in his shorts.

"What's the idea?" he demanded. "Don't tell me you're a poker player."

"I am not. But I've just left a group of mugs who were."

LOTS' wife looked back and turned into salt. But why didn't the same thing happen to the man who turned his head and saw it?



"Every Man a Capitalist!"

THE PRINTING of Soulcraft's epochal book on Christian Economy has nearly reached to its 30th thousand! What will it be before 1953 closes? This sequel to *No More Hunger* has been named—

"Something Better"

Here is the corollary book to "NO MORE HUNGER", showing how the Christian Economy can be installed without red tape or delay. It costs just \$1 to learn what the New Order of Affairs economically is to be in America, whether a new stock market crash occurs or not. The buying power of the American dollar comes up to 100 cents again, and this gargantuan federal taxation stops at its source.

Get Your Copy and Read It Without Delay that You May Be Enlightened and Informed

No more waiting—the book is done and orders are being filled same day as received. This is the book that promises to sweep America, introducing the economic order of the Golden Times!

Send \$1 For Paper-Covered Copy

\$5 For Deluxe Edition

SOULCRAFT CHAPELS

Box 192

Noblesville

Indiana