

Valor

The Golden Times Weekly . .

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

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Number 18

OUR FARMS OF TODAY MEAN YOUTH . .



UPPOSE we revise our ideas about farmers and farming in America . .

The farmer of Yesteryear was a bewhiskered, old rustic—or so the writers and cartoonists portrayed him—sunbaked of countenance, overalled as to raiment, and cobbled as to pipe. When he went to Manhattan to bring home the wayward daughter whom the City Slicker had beguiled, he made his first down payment on the Brooklyn Bridge and mortgaged the Old Homestead to pay the balance.

All that has gone with Buffalo Bill's Wild West, Danderine, the parlor coffin-plate and 9c round steak.

The farmer of today is Youth in a T-shirt, GI haircut, convertible roadster and specialty worked up in the chicken business because broilers are the only product on his premises that he can turn



into ready cash. He was a graduate of the Agricultural College—where he majored in basketball—married the Nice Girl who came from New Jersey to visit her aunt and never went back and who gets as much fun from her sweet peas as she does money from the broilers and who knows more about the child-mischief in the UNESCO books than does many a congressman. Incidentally, as of today they are both under 35 and have two children. And they have the biggest assortment of farm machinery and gadgets on their place on which they've only made three payments than any agricultural populace has ever "owned" in the history of the world.

That they belong to half a dozen Consumer Cooperatives they accept as a matter of course. But these memberships merely mean that their money goes a little farther when it comes to making time-payments on items not bought at the Co-op. Really they are carrying the idea in their minds as a last resort on the economic line, that if deflation becomes so bad that they can no longer make a "go" of the place, they can always sell out and enable John to get a job in the nearest munitions plant.

It's far more profitable to help make weapons to kill people somewhere or other than to grow corn or wheat—what with parities becoming what they are—and if John and Edith do sell out, they probably won't notice what ultimately becomes of their acres.

But they should—and eventually they will.

FUNDAMENTAL changes of a revolutionary character have been taking place, and are taking place, within the business of farming itself. Making the land pay has always been a battle for those who have wrested their living from Mother Earth and up to 1917 it rarely took much skill. So the competition was fierce. But the first World War came along and sky-rocketed prices, and when the bottom fell out of the nation in 1929 the "Government" began the great "benevolence" of federal support. Good market prices appeared with World War II for almost everything produced on the land. The younger generation returned home from the aforesaid agricultural college and "Gramp" who had voted for Grover Cleveland went the way of all

flesh, leaving the family acres to the "scientific" grandson.

This "scientific" grandson had the "bigger and better" bug and when it bit him plenty, he acted the effects of the inoculation. As other Gramps up and down the Valley went to a place where they could continue to vote for Grover Cleveland, this young "businessman-agriculturist" began acquiring acres and experimenting in Big Production.

Almost 1,000,000 "small farmers"—the aforesaid Gramps—have given up their farms since 1933—the year that Roosevelt came into office. Farming became Big Business as this new generation of "scientific" lads began to apply manufacturing methods to crop production. The result was that the traditional vocation of wresting living from Mother Earth underwent basic changes as me-



chanization, better use of acreage, greater use of fertilizers, insecticides, weed killers, growth stimulants, improved seeds and stock, and other production props, turned out more crops than the populace could consume. At the same time these mass production operations required bigger and bigger capital investments and high fixed costs—the same thing that happened to industrial counterparts.

Government subsidies and parity prices artificially fixed soon passed the necessities of any personal relief the American farmer of the old school might have required to keep him from physical suffering.

So what have we today?

We have thousands of youngish "farmers" who truly are manufacturers, over-acreage and over-equipped with machinery, and so much product coming from these Wholesale Farm concentrations that the country can't consume it. Not at artificial prices. But these youthful farmers hold no such personal attachment for

specific lands as their sires did last generation. They can always "sell out when the bottom drops out" and get jobs in city munitions plants.

That is, they assume they can.

But what if the city munitions plants confront scarcity of orders, due to military programs having to be curtailed because the U. S. Treasury can't collect the money through taxes for these swollen congressional appropriations? Suppose nobody wants to buy their over-capitalized Big Farms?

Because there is no sensible and solid supervision at the top, the project arises: Will these rural youngsters show the initiative to rise to the demands of this Economy of Abundance as the situation grows insufferable and insist that wild-cat production become subordinate to a corporate economy that offers security and stability?

VALOR believes that they will.

And in the fact that enterprising Youth symbolizes the real farm life of America, in its collective initiative and love for audacious experimentation, may lie the nation's salvation.

The question arises, is the Economy of Abundance heading these youthful farmers toward the Dividend State?

What else can we think?

FARMS are getting bigger and fewer.

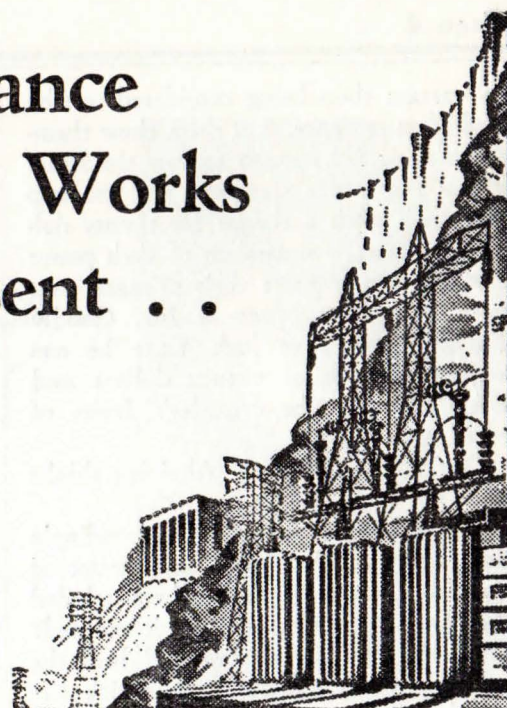
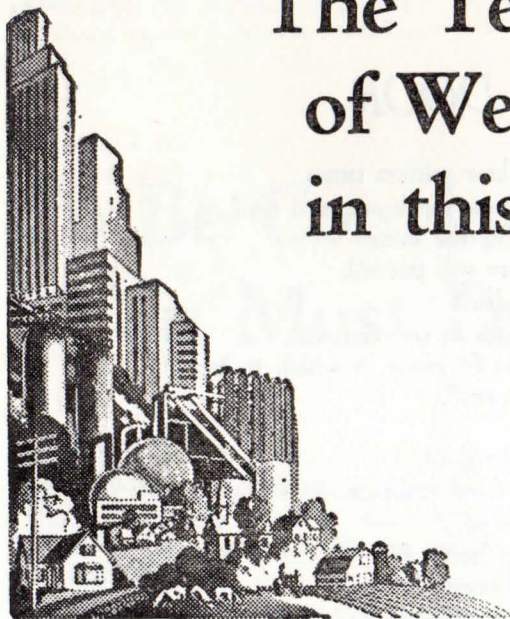
Small farms are being consolidated—or squeezed from existence. The figures show the trend. Washington's political statistics don't stand up when we examine the direction in which Farming is headed.

Did you know there were 6,289,000 farms throughout the whole United States in 1930. In 1950 there were 5,379,000—a loss of 910,000 in 20 years. In 1930 the average farm had 157 acres. Has anyone informed you what the size of today's farm is? . . . 210 acres.

In 1930 there were 29,447,000 persons living on farms. In 1950 there were 5,112,000—an addition to city life of 5,122,000. Twenty years ago the farms of our nation had 800,000 "hired men" . . . today there are less than 200,000. The family farm has been supplanted by the commercial farm. And the commercial farm is owned and staffed by a generation in its thirties. Fortunately it isn't a generation "sot" in its ways. But decidedly it isn't Leftist. It has simply been

(Continued on Page 6)

The Terrible Significance of Wealth for Great Works in this Fraught Present . .



*The Forces of Evil Can
Be Crushed Forthwith
as Righteousness Is
Given Equal Power
with Lechery . .*

ONE OF the great mysteries in human life, looked at from any standpoint, is the impotence of Goodness when striving to hold its own, or prevail against, the aggressions of Wealth when used perniciously.

Why cannot Goodness be equally weaponed with finances as Evil is weaponed, and the two forces battle on a footing of equality? Why will not seemingly good men make the same financial galvanism available for cohorts of righteousness as bad men employ to gain their ends, with society or the nation the victim when the paralysis of Goodness permits Evil to be victorious?

Shortly after the Marxists attained to power in Moscow, a certain British agent wrote a book. In it he made a statement that only those who saw the death-concussion of Czarist Russia could appreciate.

"Had there been fifty men," said he, "in the upper caste of Russian society, willing to finance properly a phalanx of counter-Marxists, the tragedy of October, 1917, might readily and positively have been stopped. And what an ocean of agony might thereby have been saved!"

There were not fifty men. No one considered it essential to activate a counter-revolutionary force to close in on the agents of destruction and overpower them effectively once court and authority were suspended.

The tragedy of Russia has been reen-

acted in a dozen countries since. Still, law, order, and constructive righteousness deem it to be outside their provinces to implement men of courage, mettle, and proven acumen—men who know the score and have the capability to act—in the mighty battle of prosecuting or crushing lechery and thus keeping it from effecting its designs in stark blood.

THE WEALTHY "good" man is generally a reactionary, which means he is conservative. He is constitutionally incapable of visualizing great social or civil havoc until it has materialized in "clear and present danger." Then, of course, priceless time has run out . . . or the hour is too late for practical assistance to be effective.

"Besides," he argues, "I shrink from getting 'mixed up in anything' that may involve me in personal hazards."

That his myopia or pusillanimity invites every hazard to which he can be subjected—from his chateau in flames to the confiscation of every asset he possesses, not excluding his moot life—offers no contrast to the coin within his palm. It can't happen to him because it never has happened.

So the evil man, not disdaining to use any allotment of wealth to achieve his objectives, goes his way arrogantly. The evil man grasps that he has no opponent. Good people are flannel because they lack foresight. And how much do you boys need to crash into the hall where the crusader is appealing for funds to imple-

ment his vigilance and break every head in sight? Even when Good People are clubbed, they rarely have the sense to do anything drastic . . .

Thus are crusaders usually lonely men, doing their work for their work's sake in the dark and the chill, baring their palpitating selves to the adversary's steel because those they protect are too asinine to arm them.

Crusaders anyhow are fools. They are likewise stirrer-uppers. If there be one thing that is odious to Mr. Goodly Bankroll it is some sort of fool who stirs matters up. It is Very, Very Evil to stir matters up. Besides, in nine cases out of ten, Stirring Up is racketeering. What is that shrill siren ten stories below? . . . merely the police going to suppress a riot in a hall where a lot of goons assailed some nitwits in an audience. Oh well, the police will handle it . . . for such are they compensated.

THERE ARE, in all America, at least four outfits engaged in meritorious labors to truly conserve the nation's vital interests, who should have facile wealth placed at their disposal. The men and women heading them are martyring themselves, struggling ignominiously in many instances to pay even their postage bills. They are men and women who have suffered for their faith—faith not in humanity but in themselves—who are earnest, sincere, capable, constructive. But their works have not as yet crashed the public prints in sufficiently lambent headlines

to warrant their being considered worthy of high sustenance. Let them show themselves powerful enough to cow the Beast in his portentous stackings and mayhap they shall merit a cheque for twenty dollars. That their possession of such power likewise demonstrates their primacy over need of such support—is Mr. Goodly Bankroll's excellent luck, since he can retain his priceless twenty dollars and enjoy for free the crusader's fruits of excellence.

One wonders what the Almighty thinks of it all?

If the worthy crusader heartrendingly loses out when he might have preserved the *status quo*, should it not be concluded that God decides the Deluge is merited? Doubtless He will console and heal the crusader for the manner in which the world walked so callously on his fingers.

After all, if there weren't fifty men before October, 1917, who considered Russia worth saving, why should God have been exercised? Why should God save America, if those who obviously have most to lose don't value it enough to protect it?

The strange part is, that God *intends* to save America—or so runs the covenant—not because of her affluent citizens but in spite of them. America holds too many people who are *really* good in their souls, even though their pocketbooks be empty as Mother Hubbard's pantry.

They command His compassion.

The trouble with the orthodox rich man, asked to armor the stalwarts who would preserve him, is chiefly his chagrin at buying a pig in a poke. Actually he's insulting his own intelligence—or at least his own powers of discernment. He doesn't trust himself to recognize how much he needs the protection, or whether the man who offers it has the ability to deliver it.

The personage who directs the great Rockefeller Foundation is alleged to have made the statement upon a certain occasion that it was the Rockefeller policy—when two great forces arise in opposition in society—to supply both with sinew and then back the force that wins. The catch in it seemed to be that Mr. Rockefeller was not disposed to assist anyone financially until he was strong enough currently to take care of himself.

True crusaders discount those costs before they engage in real contest.

(Continued on Page 10)

THE DOOR

I'VE heard our front door close these million times
Throughout the years all down the homeward trail,
But now, among the memories of the mind
That time it closed, his picture will prevail.
He did not wait for number of the draft
His thought and head held high in sure intent,
He said, "This world today holds no fit place in which to live
Until we force assassins to repent".

And there we stood, in hallway by the door,
He clasped his mother in last fond embrace,
Then took my hand and, "So long, Dad",
A plaintive smile upon his handsome face.
Then—I could say no word—but, "Cheerio!"
No words could speak my love for him, my son,
And so I stood, my hand within his clasp;
As stand I to this day—'till victory's won!

When he had gone, we went up to his room
To sit enfolded on the couch he'd left,
The place was in confusion, final disarray,
Our hearts were much the same—two hearts bereft.
His guns and fishing poles upon the wall,
And books and tools lay scattered on the floor,
His battered yachting cap, his radio,
Were left behind—the closing of the door.

But yesterday, it seemed to us, he was a babe
With yellow curls and laughter like a bell,
A joy to all, our loved one and our care,
Gone through that door—into the mouth of hell!
That future men in years to come may live
With surety and freedom for their share,
With life and love as heritage from these
Who pass from doors of homes for—Over There.

What worth has life for those who feel the whip?
What value earth when blanketed with fear?
No price can be too great that we must pay
For that fond liberty and freedom we hold dear.
We shall not fail him, those of us who stay
Behind the shelter of the homeland door,
For he has passed that we who stay, may know
The sacrifice which he has made—with millions more.

* * * * *

One other Door has opened and has closed
For him we loved, our one and only lad;
He served his country and he gave his life that we
May know full meaning of his, "So long, Dad."

—through WINCHESTER MACDOWELL

To Be Convinced on Psychics You Must Dig for Yourself



IT IS a fact generally conceded among the psychically erudite that most people first become interested in Esoterics through having some remarkable spiritual experience happen to them which they have in no wise invited and could not explain by accderited natural law.

The two most common experiences in this respect are, beholding the Pattern Bodies of people supposed to be dead or physically discarnate, and becoming consciously detached from their own bodies for a brief interval without death resulting.

Either of these unusual happenings so shocks the orthodox proprieties that the immediate reaction is a secret but frantic quest to determine how many other persons can be located whose adventures have been similar.

Jolt Number Two comes to orthodox acceptances when the discovery is made that tens of thousands of entirely sane and normal folk are attesting to such phenomena by the week, month, and year.

Mass approval being thus given, after a fashion, to these eccentric exploits of the faculties, there is inevitably a sequence next when the said novitiate plunges into an orgy of experiment.

Throwing orthodox tenets to the winds on the strength of one or two simple psychical occurrences, he pursues a febrile program covering everything from a study of taro cards to trying to re-animate the physically dead. Of course he is bound to make disconcerting discoveries.

If he has the normal courage to keep onward in his explorings, he ultimately begins to codify the principles or fundamentals thus hectically discerned, and truly become entitled to be called a sort of expert.

Not to deal in paradox, the more he knows the more he knows he doesn't know.

At any rate, as he becomes more and more adept—and proves it by his knowledge of his subject—he is certain to be accepted by great numbers of individuals, each expressing himself something in this fashion: "I have the feeling that what you're talking or writing about has some basis in fact, but until I can see actual demonstrations of such phenomena in my own right, I'm bound to have reservations on the whole of it. Now I had a very dear aunt die, fourteen weeks come Michaelmas. She used to potter about in spirit fumadiddles. If you'll get in communication with that woman, so that I'm convinced beyond a doubt that she still exists, or have her materialize before my eyes, or even send me to a good trustworthy medium who'll convey to me a message from Aunt Sadie that I feel genuine, I'll become one of the strongest supporters of your work which you possess!"

And with this "prove that you're not a mountebank" idea thus vaguely conveyed—granted that it arises from a bona fide hunger after the Higher Knowledge—the inquirer sits back, taps the finger-tips together, and metaphorically waits for the said Aunt Sadie to pop her head from the fourth dimension and cry "Boo!"

THE Conscientious Psychical Researcher in such cases, is usually torn between pity and exasperation. His pity is called forth by the recognition that such person so applying to him is possessed of an honest heart-hunger to get at Truth and have it established for himself that talk about phenomena is not abstract illusion. On the other hand, he is exasperated because he knows that phenomena that is bona fide cannot be "turned on" at any time like the electric current in the



bulbs of a room, and that his inability to command such at will, can easily be misinterpreted into the conviction that lack of ability to command it is evidence of hoax.

Then again he has another cause for disgruntlement. When the skeptic, truth-seeking or otherwise, enters upon the scene with a peremptory "Show me!" or "Convince me!" the more erudite authority feels he is justified in retorting, "Why should I? Who are you, that you should be shown? I have toiled patiently and survived many illusions myself, to arrive at my present knowledge. You walk into my premises without having put forth the slightest apparent effort of your own, and make the demand upon me that I share with you my trophies in the hunt for the Eternal. Doesn't it strike you that you're a trifle presumptuous?"

The skeptic, again admittedly searching for correct knowledge, would have the tendency to reply to that: "I said that if you convinced me, I would give you my fullest support." The other feels like answering: "And what is your support to me? Am I in the canned-goods business, that you should agree to become one of my customers if you should like the samples? I am a scientist of a sort, engaged in delicate laboratory work. My rewards come from my gratification at the discoveries which I make. You may profit from what I discover, or you may not. That is wholly up to you. All I can do for you is to instruct you how you may set about making the same experiments which I have made in the past and

found profitable. I cannot make an adept of you by writing of my findings and selling you a book."

NOW THE situation which the conscientious investigator thus keeps out of, is usually the predicament in which the so-called professional psychic lets himself—or herself—become ruinously involved. The latter has a placard up on the front of the domicile announcing that within is a person who will communicate with the "spirits" for coin of the realm, to be paid on the line, the supposition being that the "spirits," being all-wise, will solve the individual's troubles for him upon the mere act of applying. Such an instrumentality is popularly called a Professional Medium.

The Professional Medium is usually not interested in assaying Truth, discovering new scientific facts about the octaves of life or probing the supranatural for the sake of becoming erudite. The Professional Medium has certain metaphysical gifts or attributes that are crassly for hire.

The customer comes in and pays down his dollar. He desires to communicate with the spirits, and is more or less intimate in his information as to approximately what spirits. The Professional Medium, having accepted the money, must deliver the goods.

Perchance five times out of ten, there is some sort of satisfactory connection established over the inter-octave phone wire, or some sort of manifestation is effected that leaves the applicant breathless or terrified. If so, all is well. But the other five times out of ten also, it may happen that conditions are not propitious for inter-octave contact, the desired entity may not be more available on call than a desired party on earth may be at the other end of a long-distance phone wire on call. Still, the Professional Medium has taken the money. In order not to be denounced as a fraud, obtaining funds under false pretenses, some sort of demonstration must either be forced or fabricated. The Medium may honestly attempt to establish the contact. But because commercialism and strain enter in, it is more likely true that the Medium's subconscious will begin to function. There is fabrication of an unwitting sort. So mediumship as mediumship is discounted, the applicant is dissatisfied

or disgusted, and psychical research has another eye blackened.

Scientific investigators guarantee nothing, make small attempt to dictate conditions, feel properly pleased if there seems to occur reasonable cooperation from Other Octaves, and rest on the result—take it or leave it.

Because the foregoing too generally maintains with Professional Mediums, true psychical scientists will hesitate to "recommend a medium" no matter how capable, or what have been his demonstrations in the past.



THE PERSON who truly wants to obtain personal results in supra-life phenomena that are convincing must prepare himself to make as exhaustive a study of the subject as the investigator to whom he has applied, has made. Of course, the first step is to procure and read all the lore which has been secured and preserved upon such matters to the moment—just as Thomas A. Edison was reputed never to embark upon a series of mechanical experiments until he or his assistants had familiarized themselves with everything that had been turned up, or demonstrated, about that subject to the moment.

It is no more possible to get one's awakening and secure demonstrations that convince one of the actuality and legitimacy of such phenomena, from another person—no matter how adept—than it is possible to invent electric lights, moving pictures, or phonographs by crashing the gate on a man like Edison and saying to him: "Give me an exhibit of your inventive abilities while I wait, that I may be convinced that inventing is possible and profit at once from what is evolved by you." To accost a man like Edison in such an attitude would get the applicant kicked into the street.

And yet the world is filled with thousands of persons who see nothing insufferable or unreasonable in crashing the

gate on some expert in psychics and demanding—however politely—that he demonstrate before the applicant or be forever termed a mountebank. If one wants to familiarize himself with what other men have discovered about psychical science to the moment, let him buy and read all that two writers have published over the past decade: Sir Oliver Lodge, and Camille Flammarion, the great French astronomer. When one has mastered the works of these scientific authorities, he will understand why visiting corner soothsayers is more or less infantile. And along with the reading will come subconscious suggestions that perchance without warning will "open the mind" . . .

Why go to other persons for the phenomena itself when, if it is correct for you to observe it, you may command it for yourself.

Do you doubt that you can do so?
Dig deeply and find out!

Farms Are Youth

(Continued from Page 2)

caught in an "inventive" era—when there had to be Teamcraft between large land owners to compete with each other or sell in an overproduced market. Teamwork to compete with each other seems a paradox, but don't forget it was the public that was paying the shot—so long as the Administration held prices up by fiat. The teamcraft came in rural farm bodies that acted in concert to improve and increase the market. But the farmer who had the greatest acreage and most improved equipment was the one who made the grade as to markets—for which the public, through its federal taxes, paid.

Of course there is an apex in this pattern of economy.

It has been reached already. Subsidies and parities are being enforcedly reduced. The law of supply and demand is functioning again. And food prices are cracking.

As deflation gets truly under way, military orders subside, the cities show an excess of unemployed residents, this newer breed of farmers—college bred—who find that "selling out and moving to the city" is another illusion, won't be stoical enough—as Grandpop was—to grin and bear it.

The nation won't stand for Commu-
(Continued on Page 10)

THESE THINGS DO HAPPEN . . .

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



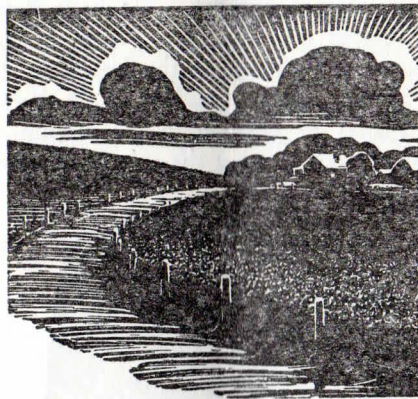
ONE OF our outstanding Soulcrafters has written two letters of remarkable experiences, having to do with nocturnal levitation. Besides being one of the most remarkable spiritual personages Headquarters has ever entertained, his psychical talents are highly developed. Vacating his body in the night and visiting higher planes is a commonplace experience for him. There he frequently brings back the most corroborative instruction in the whole Golden Doctrine. On the 24th he wrote—

"I had been reading the Book of Daniel. I love Daniel and left off the reading with the question in my mind as to what the action may have been taken by the Protectors in his case among the hungry lions. I find that all questions are permissible, for all questions have answers. Wish I could give the answers to this one as received but to do this we would both have to go Upstairs together, and there converse and receive . . .

"I was lovingly told *that the beasts saw Daniel only in his mental body*, that they were conscious only of a pink light in intensity. Their vast hunger was stilled and Daniel was among them as a vast comfort in peace.

"Was told also that in the records of Akasha, or White Light, the act entire is of permanent record and can be seen—or assimilated—by those attaining the high vibratory position or contact with such vibration. These records are not seen and heard, as of three dimensional consciousness, or as held by us, which senses of earth are extremely crude and not entirely to be trusted.

"Your Tallyho-Up experience was brought to mind when I was told that the eyes of the beasts—and there were plenty of them—were stultified. I had to look that one up—*stultified*. I don't ever re-



member hearing it before, but I spelled it correctly and it fits, as do many words, into the intelligence received."

HIS second experience described two days later, seems to be of even more significance to Soulcrafters . . .

"I stood in the center of your personal studio at Soulcraft, several hundred miles distant from where I had left my body sleeping. The lights were out, but the place was flooded with pink radiance. The place was orderly and there was a tape recorder behind me as I looked toward your desk. There was no one in the room but myself.

"Suddenly it seemed as though the walls all disappeared, and I saw a multitude that seemed to fill the whole apartment and far out beyond the western patio. They were beautiful people. Each radiated his or her own light.

"One seemed to be in charge, wearing a grey Roman toga with yellow sash, and hood thrown back like the robes of the Grecian monks. Could not tell this person's sex at first, but that he was a man became gradually apparent. He was tall and of striking countenance.

"The people seemed attentive while he addressed them. I saw his mouth move but at first could not hear anything no matter how hard I tried.

"Now here is the peculiar part which I do not get—

"You came out of your bedroom in night-time dishabille. You were wearing a comfortable, old bathrobe . . .

"Grey Robe walked over and put his arm about you, and both of you went back and faced the people assembled. I was straining my ears to hear but could not do so. You asked him a question and the last word used was, 'avoided'. Suddenly it came to me that I was hearing quite plainly, and this, as near as I can get it, was his answer—incidentally, he did not call you Chief. It sounded more like 'Chess'. He said—

"No, Chess, everything else, all other means have been tried to no avail. We must all remember in this, that we are dealing with Free Will. We cannot use *induction*. Before this great project can be brought to fruition, the people as a whole, entire, must desire it with an all-consuming hunger. It must be to them a vast consuming thirst as in a desert where there is no water. They must be brought to their knees in supplication of desire. And so . . . *the die has been cast and the form has been locked!*" He raised his free left hand to the people and said, 'Patience be unto all, and Peace.'

"I could hear no more, and the visitation faded. I was again in my body and it was 3 a. m.

"All through this I got the vibration of Intensity of Purpose by the assembly—not tension or tenseness, but confident intensity of purpose.

"Grey Robe was not the Master."

WE ARE told from Planes of Light that 100 percent of people disengage their souls from their bodies from time to time while sleeping the deepest hours of the night.

Was this whole report, seen by a third party, a way of laying emphasis on something the Soulcraft Revelator had been made aware of, on the Inner Planes? And was Grey Robe's reference to either Liberation-Soulcraft as a doctrine or the Dividend State depicted in *Something Better?*

"It must be something people want of their own Free Will; we can't use Induction." Induction means "bringing forward of facts to prove something, act or process of reasoning from a part to a whole."

But . . . people must want it!

One cannot help wondering whether that hour is near or distant. However, the Revelator does attach great significance to the whole esoteric rendering.

There may be much to it.

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Man Bites Dog

LT WAS on Page 2 of the morning paper, hidden below a restaurant advertisement. It was headed *Lodges Don't Talk to Vishinskys*, and under a place-line described as "United Nations, N. Y."—wherever that is—the item said, "A U-N delegate asked Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr. yesterday if he would shake hands with Andrei Y. Vishinsky, for photographs. 'Certainly not,' Lodge replied. Told such handshaking was just a diplomatic custom the new United States Chief delegate to U-N commented, 'Don't you know there is a new administration in Washington?'"

It would be a happy thing to be able to believe it, Senator.

The Realist

ON the 24th, President Eisenhower welcomed the U-N delegates back to the seventh General Assembly of the Hiss Thing in the following guarded phraseology: "It is a pleasure to welcome to the United States the delegates to the seventh session of the General Assembly of the United Nations . . . The United Nations already has accomplished much. The achievement of a just and desirable peace is essential to all the values which make life worth living. The task involves not only the building of collective security; it challenges our intelligence and idealism on the whole broad front of

human activity. The delegates to this assembly have a great opportunity to advance the cause of peace. The world still watch your deliberations with deep interest and high hopes. I wish you God-speed."

Uh-huh.

All of which, read in a certain way, says absolutely nothing. We have been manipulated into the Hiss Thing to our ears and it isn't up to the President to pull us out. Being President of all classes and shades of opinion in the Republic, he is required to play the role of Realist.



Besides, when you have the Vishinskys before you on the second aisle left, you have opportunity to observe their conduct. And the agitation resulting from the maneuverings of the whole Hiss Thing is salutary, in that it educates John Q. Public in matters otherwise clandestine.

Anyhow, the Hiss Thing is here before us where we can see what's going on. It's a little eight to ten line item down at the foot of the Riesel syndicated column that furnishes VALOR with more concern. Says Riesel—

"Talk in Washington informed circles is, that President Eisenhower wants standby powers given him, in a new law which would permit a very, very tight 90-day freeze on everything—prices, wages, materials, and credit—whenever some national or international emergency develops. He had this in mind, the report indicates, when he began junking controls."

This says as much as the Hiss-Thing greetings didn't.

How infallibly the formula reoccurs—free legislative government is all hotsy-

totsy when there are no pressing national dilemmas. But in event of emergency—and who knows what emergency constitutes?—free legislative government is a pain-in-the-neck and only the oligarch can function.

Granted there is something to it, why does it have to be the political chief executive? Why not a non-partisan MacArthur?

Anyhow, let's have faith to believe that this issue may soon be settled one way or another: Either free legislative government is adequate to remain supremely efficient at all times and under all conditions, or it is not.

If it is not, why are we fooling with it at any time?

While it's being decided, suppose we file away in the backgrounds of our minds that Joseph Stalin, Adolf Hitler, and Franklin D. Roosevelt—and oh yes, Harry S. Truman—were likewise Realists.

It's a synonym for power.

Headache

CLEARER and clearer it is evidenced day by day that Consumer Cooperativism in this country is really a house divided against itself. One part assumes that the ultimate in Cooperativism has been reached and only asks to be let alone; another part sees the handwriting on the wall and realizes that unless there is quick and effective coordination at the Top, the thing is merely a scheme to obtain tax-free goods at cost prices. The first even goes so far as being unwilling to cooperate with any more Cooperativism. The second believes that the membership rank-and-file has a political as well as economic duty toward itself.

Both are highly articulate, however, about the forces their commercial innovations have called up exerting pressures that in any way jeopardize the individual suzerainties of middle-bracket executives. This, of course, is the strictly human element displaying.

Economics, however, is a ruthless arbiter and cares not for isolated sinecures. Only a few Big Brains at the Top are recognizing the incontestable analyses laid down in the first half-dozen chapters of *Something Better*. But, as usual, the ranks of the Little People are heard from. Unable to evidence the elasticity demand-

ed by their own economic progress they can only spraddle on the *status quo* and glower.

To all of which, the Commies are by no means insensible. Witness the numbers of books by known Commie authors that Co-op members can obtain from the Co-op libraries. Witness the Commie influence exerted over Co-op radio stations. Actually, of course, the Co-op rank-and-file is as clean and patriotic a grass-roots element as is identifiable anywhere within the public domain. But graduates of the old Garland or Twentieth Century Funds are by no means absent in the echelons over these grassroots benefactors. The headache in the situation arises from the usual dearth of temperaments with intellect to handle the *truly* subversive elements and realize that bona fide and dependable counsel probably lies in the recommendations of those who automatically throw smear no matter to what line of activity they give their attention.

Myron C. Fagan, in his masterly expose of Red Treason in movieland, has most effectively identified what he terms the Smear-Carrier. The Smear-Carrier is the invention of the conniving Red Fifth Column for supplying protection to its performings. Pick out some personage who has shown from his pronouncements that he knows the true score, and concentrate such a campaign of villification of him that respectable people feel they are courting odium from being in the most remote rapport with him. To the exact degree that he is shunned therefore, those whom he would most capably assail or emasculate, achieve immunity. At least they paralyze any organized opposition. For any such Smear-Carriers to turn attention to grassroots integrity as the last frontier of nationalist support, displays the effectiveness of Fifth Column cunning at its best. So those who would steer Cooperativism *away* from Marxism, find reactionism arrayed energetically against them in executive ranks. Happily as yet, however, it is confined to the middle octaves. Cooperativism doesn't lack its intellectual and moral aristocracy that sees the issues with strong clarity. A long educational process might solve it. The only drawback about that is, a fact smugly regarded by the Fifth Column, that time is running out.

It is no enviable position to which the times have raised the great middle class of Cooperative executives, and they are

entitled to all sympathy. But the evolutions of economic progress in themselves can easily plunge cant-hooks into their official complacencies and bring them to realize that they must be more capable servants of the forces they have activated. The very success they have achieved may enlighten them rather ruthlessly that the cushions of the swivels in which they find themselves sitting are by no means filled with rubberfoam and feathers. "Having what it takes" to fill their jobs, demands acumen to recognize how very ephemeral are the comforts and securities of their elevations, and unless they keep in eternal progressive motion, the Gargantua they have sired can kick off its diapers and start pulling their economic household apart.

It is far from being a secret that there are personages running to the millions coming to hate the success of the Cooperatives with venomous hatred. Eventually these are going to do something about the tax-free Cooperative, probably under the Sherman anti-trust laws. Then will be the period when the Cooperatives will need friends—wise friends—all they can command. Ironically enough, it will be the odious Smear-Carriers who fetch them likeliest succor, . . . in that they *know*, and know why they know. What obsession causes the present middle caste of executives to affront and spurn these entirely sincere and capable compatriots is beyond normal logic. The best guess would be *fright*—that the middle-caste executive realizes his limitations, and fears to be identified in them. That the highest qualification demanded by his position is an elastic and open mind—coupled with the attribute of utterly sophisticated vigilance—isn't a matter of caprice but a qualification to survival.

Withal the whol prospect is an impelling and tragic human problem and if the Co-op executive in the middle brackets decides to have none of it, the conclusion is plain that he must be writing his own dismissal.

In Cooperativism, as in all other departments of mundane life, the really lasting increment is the spiritual expansion from Experience. And Teamcraft is too fundamental a human relationship to let itself flounder on the rocks of executive deficiency.

Where do we go from here?

Maybe six million supporting cohorts will have much to say about it.

"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

Farms Are Youth

(Continued from Page 6)

nism. It wants no more of the wild panaceas of the New Deal.

The one alternative that still preserves constitutional government and yet readjusts the whole economy, is the Dividend State. (How many copies of *Something Better* have you distributed to orient the neighbors in what looks like a must?) . . .

IF YOU are looking for paradoxes, here is the payoff . . .

Back in the 1930s, when they were killing the little pigs and plowing under the cotton, farmers young or old could always eat from what they produced. But that is not possible—or at least it isn't happening—on these great commercial farms. The last census showed that over ten percent of commercial farm operators got only half their income from agriculture, while the smaller operators were forced to seek employment off their farms to make both ends meet. And if that wasn't bad enough, something like 40 percent of farmers today are buying their provisions in town—or through their county co-ops—because they can't manage the variety of products that mean domestic livelihood.

The squeamish view all this with alarm as presaging the arrival of the regimented collectivist farm under some sort of Marxist economy.

But it well may be—certainly it can be—Youth itself, considering regimentation insufferable, that saves the nation from such planned extremity.

All in all, when Youth as Youth, resourceful and energetic, begins to grasp the possibilities of escape from the whole horse-and-buggy headache by espousing the Dividend State, the results may come swift and deadly. Looking to the U. S. Treasury to bring back Utopia isn't going to pay off. The poor old Treasury, according to all the most canny and capable research bureaus, is presently to be deeply involved in problems of much greater emergency than bailing out an energetic young generation that truly is far smarter than the city-slicker experts.

The turn in the whole deflating situation is going to happen when Youth gives sharp and serious consideration to the Dividend State.

Actually, the speed with which this

can happen may be too near for comfort.

But store it away in your Collection of Possibilities.

Wealth Significance

(Continued from Page 4)

There will always be Rockefellers who are great financiers of, and toward, the successful. After they are!

And yet the hour is at hand, in all integrity, when three or four outfits or personages in America command to have the weapon of strong supply placed forthwith in their hands. The donors of such supply might be rudely surprised at the merit they thus reward. And not the least of such merit should be the capability to lay on the line a blueprint of constructive operation for this Republic's liberation from further disintegration. Merely prating the slogan "Throw the Rascals Out!" is not enough. True capability identifies the rascals and knows why and how they can be evicted. Anyone can make out a Plan sufficient to capture the pennies of the pitiful. The true stalwart should be able to command the pounds of the plutocrat. But how shall those pounds be expended? Presaging the whole of it, how shall entrance be gained to the Plutocrat's attention and consideration?

A COMMUNICATION went out from the Ford Foundation recently, practically commanding certain brother industrialists to send cheques promptly to the treasurer of a plutocratic fund to advance Human Brotherhood. Human Brotherhood in this instance meant propaganda to still agitation against intolerance.

Someone, somewhere, is becoming very nervous.

Henry Ford must be spinning in his grave.

That sort of thing is not preserving America. It is buying specific Bigwigs temperamental security. Well, well, well!

If the slush fund thus actualized could rather be used by those most despised in this nation because the odium heaped upon them is really an attestation of their abilities inversely rendered and venomously acknowledged—such finance would blessedly scour.

Well, let's see what God Almighty says about it.

Maybe He's conducting a sort of test

of those worthy of being preserved by giving their myopia the chance to sight visions. Actually, of course, God Almighty could endow any servant of His with millions, if that were the way to stabilize salvation. He knows it isn't.

When you see the millions suddenly come in the grasp of those who know the How, the Why, and the When, you may make up your mind that the Lord has made up His.

The significance of Wealth in this Fraught Present is terrible.

Russia had the chance offered her to show whether she contained fifty citizens who bethought their country worth saving from Sodom's Fire. The result is contemporary history. (Maybe the really Good People of Russia, who did not deserve what happened to her, never *have* been damaged—as individuals!)

Maybe the really Good People of America won't be damaged, either.

All the same, it's time that three or four outfits in this American Scene were properly equipped so that postage is no problem. Nor Washington liaison work, while we happen to be upon the subject.

Are the really wealthy people in this Republic actually as myopic as their behavior is indicating?

Apparently they are. And you give blind people pence, you don't take it from them.

Newspapers of Today Are at their Zenith . .

CONCLUDED FROM LAST WEEK



THE OLD Abolitionist *Liberator*, taken by and large, was probably as representative of the newspapers of its day as any sheet published in the continental United States. Everything it had to impart to its readers, of news or journalistic value, was condensed upon four large pages. Less paper was consumed per copy than today, but it was better in quality. Proof of its longevity is demonstrated by the copy in the Soulcraft archives. Comparing it with today's wild splurge in newsprint-stock, per copy, we grasp plainly enough that today's so-called news journal has degenerated into a mammoth merchandising handbill, with news thrust here and there

(Continued on Page 15)

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

You Can Now Get the Soulscripts Up to Volume Seven . .

There are 13 Weekly *Soulscripts* to each Volume in the order of their publication. Each 13 is bound in a beautiful cover of burgundy-colored leatherette. The Seventh book in this series of Sacred Esoterics has just come from the bindery and can now be shipped same day that order comes in. There are five more volumes to come, making 12 in all or 156 Scripts to the collection. There have been 91 issued to the current week, making 65 still to come. This means the *Soulscripts* will continue to be issued until approximately December 1, 1953. Price \$5 per volume.



SOULCRAFT CHAPELS

Noblesville, Indiana

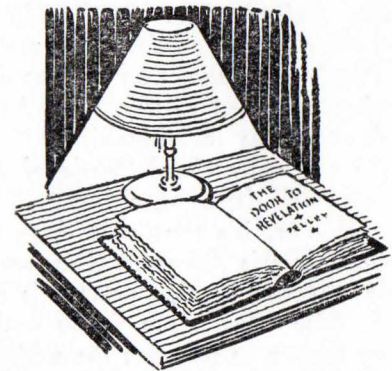


.. COGITATIONS

ONE THING now that I wish that I'd done, and that I'm now going to attempt to remedy . . . I wish in writing the *Door to Revelation*, back in 1939, that I'd been more specific concerning the psychical experiences and contacts that came to me ten years before such date, in Manhattan, after I'd vacated my Altadena bungalow and moved to New York as permanent resident. In the unexpurgated version of *The Door*, in other words the narrative as originally written, I had supplied more detail about those persons and episodes that were more or less responsible for the appearance of *The New Liberator Magazine* and the setting up of the assemblies in the League for the Liberation. When composition began on the book, however, and it became evident that the opus would run nearly 500 pages in length, I had to cut ruthlessly. Some of the most vital contacts and happenings, therefore, went more or less undescribed, or merely covered in a paragraph. Today, as the Liberation-Soulcraft work has shaped up, much of this detail becomes priceless as psychiana. Can I go back over the years and recount it in the light of present-day significances? The proposal calls up the whole quandary of the *Door to Revelation*. The autobiographical story broke off abruptly with the purchase and occupancy of the handsome, little publishing plant on Biltmore Plaza, in Asheville, N. C., six months before the Buncombe County political clique decided I was becoming too big for my britches—in other words, doing what they concluded was the mak-

ing of too much money—and began its pernicious shakedown that lasted eleven to twelve years, causing me to remove publishing headquarters up into central Indiana, where the Indiana Supreme Court gave me a clean bill of health as ever having done anything inimical to the best patriotic welfare of my country. And yet, more drama of the most vital character was played subsequent to that removal than in any of the months or years gone before. The true inside story of what happened behind the scenes in the whole North Carolina pressure to mulct or erase me, the highly significant sequence with the Dies Committee, the removal to Indiana and the preparation by the Harry Hopkins Gang in Washington to shut me up before I told any more stories about what they were doing in promoting the Second World War, what I went through in the Indianapolis sedition trial—so-called—followed by a brief session at Terre Haute and then the Washington Mass Trial in brazen transgression of the Fifth Amendment, finally my parole fight and the gauge of my personal fortunes and achievements since . . . details of these well-nigh assumed the status of public documents, certainly an invaluable contribution to the history of our times. It should be brought out in a Volume Two of *The Door*, declare innumerable visitors to Liberation-Soulcraft Headquarters. One friend of long standing went so far as to offer me a sizable sum to write it. But the dilemma confronts me, how to find the sheer time around the day or the week? Writing a heavyweight and reliable book is not dissimilar to gestating, and being delivered of, a human infant. It is a far different proposal than merely writing three or four pages of reminiscent manuscript once a week for these two pages of *Cogitations*. However, it is now coming to me what I may be able to do, partially solving the predicament. *What's to hinder me from putting a definite order and chronology in a new series of papers for VALOR beginning to tell the autobiographical story from the*

point where DOOR TO REVELATION leaves off and thus diagramming the second volume of the autobiography that may later require only the painting in of smaller and finer detail to serve as the ultimate version of the DOOR TO REVELATION corollary? . . .



I AM, of course, confronted by severe handicap in much of this labor, as of the present personal situation, by restrictions placed upon my freedom of speech by the Federal Government. However, perhaps for present purposes, that is all for the best. It is the esoteric side of the story, more than the politico-economic, that I now feel like relating. If I erect the major structure of the story, I can write but not publish the politico-economic inserts and leave them for Adelaide to supply at her discretion, in the event my progeny wish to bring out the unexpurgated edition after my commission is discharged and I've taken a Flying Saucer for Venus, Mars, Saturn, or the Pleides. And to tell the yarn progressively from the esoteric angle, I realize I should back-track considerably and pick up the second Volume with the advent of Sumner Vinton into my affairs and the projection of The League for the Liberation. Furthermore, if the Second Volume, unexpurgated, ever is produced in printed form, I hope Adelaide—or maybe it could be Pamela—will name it *The Garden of Prophecy*. All of it ties in with the new policy for 1953 that I began following this current week in respect to the electronic Sunday night discourses . . .

BACK in 1928-29, when the first clairaudient Liberation Mentor-Scripts began coming over, I was infallibly keeping regular appointments with these Higher Intelligences who were conversing with me, precisely at eight o'clock each evening, seven days a week, four weeks a month. A secretary-stenographer was always in attendance to take down in shorthand every syllable transmitted. My own curiosity was running riot, of course, and I know now that I was given to asking every question and type of question that in later times was addressed to me in turn, as students broke into the field of Liberation Esoterics. As ideas occurred to me, I queried the Teacher instructing me. Sometimes he responded at once, sometimes he waited until the next evening and devoted the whole hour to some pertinent thing I had mentioned the previous night. What I am getting at is, a great fund of information began to accumulate. Invariably I had the transcripts copied in duplicate, then bound every 500 pages into separate volumes, gold-stamped on the cover as to dates. This—along with the *Golden Scripts* received—composed the 1,500,000 words of celestial counsel, or so I considered it, on every conceivable subject that I have drawn upon the past quarter-century in presenting the Books of Doctrine and articles attendant on them. But a peculiarity came in here—the nature or essence of the material itself . . .

-oo-

IT DIVIDED into three categories. First, of course, came the Master Speakings, 247 of which I republished in the *Golden Scripts* and about 50 of which I reserved as being too intimate and personal for public printing. Next came the answers to strictly spiritual quandaries, principally Ontological, that dealt in the greater and graver mysteries of the presence of life on earth. Third—and these are particularly engaging me at present—there was treatise after treatise on mankind's practical quandaries in this passing Piscean Dispensation, pertaining to economics, the then current Depression, the approaching second World War and the aftermath of adjustment that was to precede the Golden Times. Some of those in this last category I used as informative articles or prophetic editorials in our various publications. Once down at Galahad College I bethought to utilize this invaluable ma-

terial in the *Little White Lecture Series* to a class of correspondence students, but the Dickstein pro-Communist Raid disrupted that. When I came out from under that experience, I had the first North Carolina trial to battle and gradually the use of this third category of scripts sank deeper and deeper into the archives and was practically never drawn upon. Came the stresses and vicissitudes of the anti-Red battle in Indianapolis, my eight-year absence from Headquarters, the renewal of the Liberation Doctrine under the working title of Soulcraft and the use of electronic recorders to speak direct to national students . . . Something like 104 discourses I composed and delivered on recorder-wire or tape, until I arrived at December 31, 1952. Thereat I seemed to get a road-block on the type of material I was disseminating to audiences. Perhaps it was set up from the Higher Octaves, perhaps interstellar influences were responsible. For a time I had decided that my Invisible Counsellors were insisting I take a brief rest and holiday. Then of a recent afternoon I had occasion to refer to one of my early books of clairaudient manuscripts to confirm a point of doctrine that had turned up in the mail. I found the message I wanted, sank down in my studio chair and began to read . . . As I read, a weight seemed to lift from my shoulders . . . *It was now the time to take all these invaluable and hitherto uncirculated transcripts, about Money, about Romantic and Matrimonial Relationships, about common Domestic problems, about Reincarnation and particularly about Karma, and after "framing" them with appropriate introductory remarks, as a picture is framed, convey them forthwith to the Sunday night attendants on the national chapel audiences . . .* I put one on the master tape machine at Headquarters and played it back for criticism of the staff. It opened up the fecund subject of Money in general, a paper I had received after an especially enlightening experience with a friend who had been in the advertising business in New York and encountered bankruptcy troubles . . . Dave Gaskell, the Maintenance Man, let out a shout when it ended. "That's what we want to hear!" he cried. He wasn't referring to the Money subject especially; he was referring to the type of practical information the Little White Lecture in audient form held.

"STAR GUESTS"



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

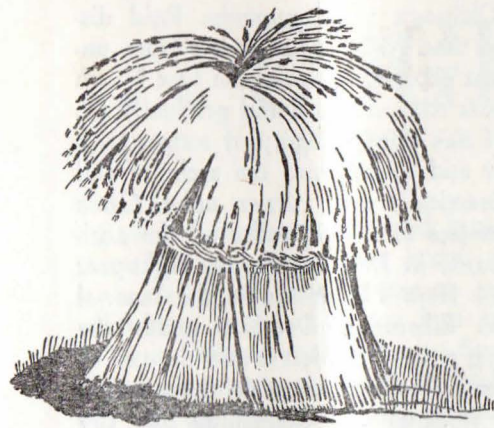
MORE and more the evidence mounts, indicating that human life may not have originated on this planet but come here in spirit form from another heavenly system. Such is the disclosure of the Ageless Wisdom. And the manner of humanity's coming, and the reasons for it, explain a hundred enigmas in sacred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

The
Wheat
Sheaf
of



Teamcraft Harvesting

The essence of Soulcraft in the economic circumstance is Teamcraft. Teamcraft means the practical application of the Elder Brother's slogan, "One for All and All for One!"

The Insignia of the Goodly Company

Whenever you come upon a man or woman with the insignia of the Wheat Sheaf in his or her lapel it means that the wearer has dedicated to helping bring in The Golden Times by precept and activity, taking some form of group leadership to spread the fundamentals of Teamcraft throughout our be-deviled Republic.

This insignia is not for sale but is presented to those of outstanding service in the light of the Christ Message in the GOLDEN SCRIPTS.

The Commonwealth Harvesting Can Best Be Hastened By Acquainting All America With the Book

"SOMETHING BETTER"

Now In Its Third Large Printing

Sponsored By---

SOULCRAFT CHAPELS

National Headquarters:

Noblesville, Indiana

OKAY, there was so much to the Pea-body Transcript—this specific comment of the Mentors in the matter of making and losing large sums of money

and why some folk had plenty and others suffered from lack of it—that three additional discourses will have to follow this first, before the one subject is ex-

hausted. Next in my New York experiences I had encountered a pair of married friends who arrived at a parting of the ways, and the counsel the Mentors gave me to pass along to both "him" and "her" made rich material to pass along to today's national audience as well. That will mean two or three discourses, to relay all that dictated material. A girl acquaintance in the New York publishing field found herself plunged into an unaccountable romance that inflicted great spiritual distress on her. In striving to get Higher Counsel that would help her, I got several invaluable papers on Matrimony and Karma, or Karma in respect to Matrimony. Then the whole subject of Reincarnation was taken up exhaustively in relation to the child prodigy of one of my friends . . . Well, the wealth of practical material is all recorded and has only to be "dressed" . . . And all of these contacts and vicissitudes of a personal nature, simultaneously compose much of the essential chapters of the *Garden of Prophecy* when it one day finds print.

-oo-

ANYHOW, I'm sending out the four discourses on new and startling concepts from the Upstairs Octaves in respect to Money, and if Soulcrafters want more upon the other subjects, they can be forthcoming. It means I can speak the contents onto the tapes in minimum time, without being required to compose an 8,000-word address as part of my weekly labors. Will they be available in printed preservation later, after my manner of handling the Magic Casement series in *Thresholds of Tomorrow*? Everything depends on the outcome of the economic situation over the next ten months. So try, if you humanly can, either to come out to the nearest Soulcraft Chapel gathering and hear these first four discourses on Money, or acquire a Web-Cor or Revere and play the discourses to your own group in your home. Anyhow, that is going to be the immediate program while the sale of *Something Better* is whamming into its overall stride. Outside of issuing an entirely rewritten *No More Hunger*, and producing a new *Soulscript* and issue of VALOR each week, I haven't a blessed thing to do but answer mail bags of letters and meet Headquarters' visitors. It's a great life if you don't weaken. And I'm sorry to say that regularly every 24 hours I do weaken.

Around 11 p. m. every night I find myself unable to keep awake. So I waste six perfectly good hours asleep until 6 a. m. Really, it hurts my conscience . . . Tallyho-Up! . . .

—THE REVELATOR

Newspapers

(Continued from Page 11)

upon it to cause readers to acquire it.

Yes, *The Liberator* made a somewhat elemental appeal for revenues from an advertising source, in that it carried on the right hand column of its third page a mass of testimonials respecting the virtues of one Mrs. S. A. Allen's Hair Restorer—"The Only Preparation that Has a European Reputation."

Naive subscribers gathered from such personal attestment that the celebrated Allen Hair Restorer had ability to grow hair on everything from a sheet of glass to a croquet ball and gravestone. Two columns of advertising in a 24-column paper—and one of the world's outstanding newspapers at the time, even so.

And yet the sheet made money.

It cost \$2.50 per year of 52 numbers, in advance.

The current number of *Life* contains 186 pages, weighs 1 pound, 7 ounces, starts in with a page in color advertising Rogers Brothers Silver and ends with an ad on the back cover for Camel's cigarettes.

Over 150 pages of high pressure, high color ads—which look fine in the barber-shop while waiting to get your hair cut, but the cost of which, every last pica, is added to the cost of the product when you purchase it. The consumer paid for *Life*, forty times over its cost as a publication, with every commodity article he acquired whether influenced by the publicity or not. No one in his senses objects to snappy ads in magazine, particularly a periodical as meritorious as *Life* from the journalistic standpoint. But none of these expenses added a kopeck to the merit of the product, whose high cost keeps the price of living up. Multiply the commodities advertised in *Life* by the commodities advertised in all the newspapers and magazines in the land, and not a thing has been added to the usability or value of the least.

All of it is part of the \$861.29 per capita that the American citizen went in

debt over his per capita \$785.06 received in salaries or wages last year. And an \$867 billion public and private debt, waits ruthlessly to collect its pound of flesh from the anatomy of Uncle Sam as a going Republic.

Yes, the Cooperative Economy is bound to work drastic alterations in the field of Twenty-first Century publishing. Magazines and periodicals will be more graphic and glamorous than ever—but with the commercials watered out.

It will be part of the evolution back to values that are real.

ONE FOR YOUR ALBUM

ONE of the duties of a factory guard was to inspect all workmen who came through the gates, to prevent theft. Each night he noticed that one of the employes came through pushing a wheelbarrow in which appeared to be a load of shavings. He stopped the man and demanded what he had hidden in the shavings.

"Not a thing," the workman said smugly. "If you don't believe it, search 'em."

The inspector poked and prodded, finally made the man dump the load on the cement driveway and went through it a handful of shavings at a time. As

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!

the factory only threw its shavings in the furnace and burned them, there was no special reason why the workmen shouldn't take away a load of them. So he was permitted to sweep up the examined load and continue on his way. Night after night the same workman continued to go through the gate with a barrow-load of shavings. Something was wrong somewhere, yet the inspector couldn't fathom it.

Then he came into a sizable legacy and resigned his job. But the secretion of something in those shavings continued to puzzle him and he posted himself outside the gate when the same workman next came through, and walked along beside him in the direction of his home.

"You know I'm no longer obligated to the company, Joe," he coaxed, "to report anything you're lugging away from the factory, and I promise not to do it. But I know perfectly well that those silly shavings aren't of sufficient fuel value to cause you to fetch a load of them home each evening. You've been managing for three months to fetch something away from the works that has value. Be a sport and tell me what it is."

"Wheelbarrows," said the workman, turning into his driveway and leaving the ex-inspector staring.

T h e P A Y O F F

THE DETERMINED-looking woman entered the Washington hotel room and halted the famous governmental official who was striding up and down with his brow in brown study.

"What are you doing here?" she demanded.

"I am concentrating, madam," the official replied. "In a few minutes I deliver a major political speech."

"And does delivering one of your famous speeches always tear you apart with nervousness like this?"

"Madam," retorted the official, "I am not torn apart by nervousness."

"No? . . . then explain to me what you're doing in the Ladies Room?"

"HOW DO you test the temperature of a baby's bath?" the nurse asked the class of prospective young fathers?"

None knew. A co-ed who had gotten in, informed them.

"You fill the tub with water, stupids," said she. "Then you dunk your Blessed Event in it. If the Event turns red, it's too hot. If it turns blue, it's too cold. If it turns white it needed the washin', and how!"

THE MATH professor put this problem: "If there are forty-eight States in the Union, and light travels in one sixtieth of a second from Paris to Bombay, how old am I?"

"Forty-four, sir," said the student readily.

"Correct," cried the astonished professor. "How did you arrive at it?"

"I have a brother who is twenty-two, and he's only half nuts."

THE SHRILL voice of a female came over the telephone.

"Is this Bogg's Garage?"

"Yeah," said Joe, the grease-monkey.

"I need help! I've turned turtle!"

"Call the aquarium," advised Joe, hanging up.

THERE was a man who called a spade a spade—until he stumbled over one in the dark.



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