

# Valor

The Golden Times Weekly . .

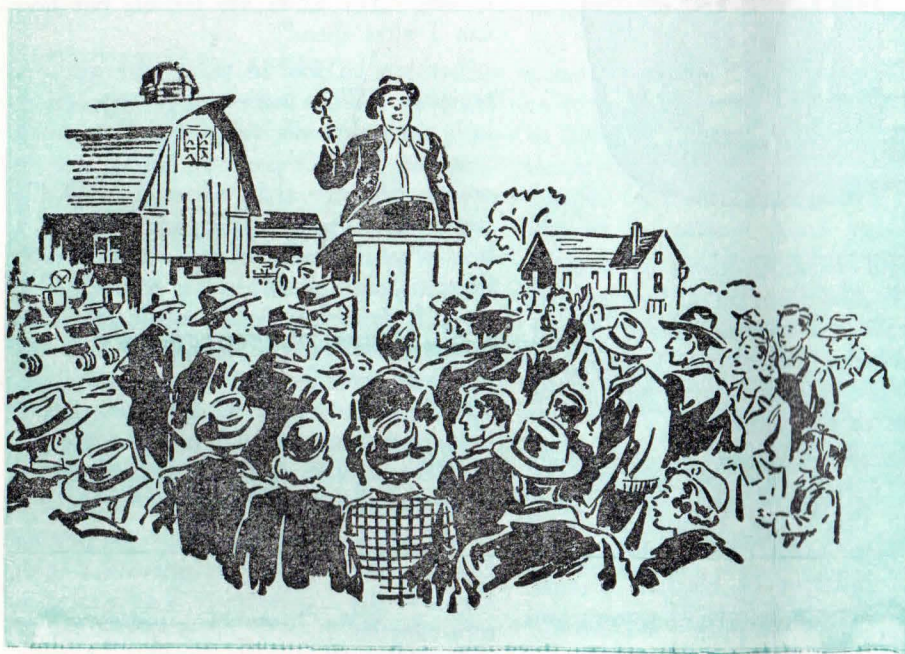
How to Live Life with Courage, Wisdom, and Enduring Peace of Mind through Soulcraft

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Number 20

## "TIMES ARE TERRIBLE, BUT WHAT TO DO ABOUT IT?"



**B**UT, so what? Excessive taxation then, military involvement in the Orient, and the law of Supply and Demand coming back into operation after a thirty year suspension, make the times "terrible", do they?

What a travesty on sense!

No major catastrophe has struck us as yet, Law and Order still maintain throughout the public domain, the assumedly impregnable bureaucrats took a sound trouncing at the polls the past November, and within the fortnight all that was stable as well as evil in World Bolshevism came down to the nether shore of the River Styx and found Charon's celebrated ferry boat waiting to receive him.

*Have we gotten into such a defeatist attitude that we can no longer recognize when the breaks come our way?*

**U**ST how "terrible", when we come right down to it, are the times?

Our Federal tax rates have become insufferable, yes. We have permitted petty or pernicious statesmen to embroil us in a nefarious United Nations, that in turn has embroiled us in an Oriental war. That war, probably with malice aforethought, has been turned into stalemate. Due to improper use of the public wealth, the American people's earnings have been siphoned off to a point where personal buying power has been crippled, in result of which Deflation has begun.

**T**HESSE features that make the times so "terrible", are they not aspects of our lives that are within our control? Has anything happened that is not within our control? If we could only remove strategizing, economic elements from positions of further mischiefs, would our nation as a nation not come back into balance? What is deterring us from giving constructive attention to the disruptive factors in our nation's stumbling life and making stability and largess the enjoyment of us all? (over)

Isn't the real thing chilling and discouraging us, the fact that most of us are suffering from realization in our bones that the men elected to administer the affairs of this Republic don't measure up to the size of the jobs entrusted to them?

*Isn't it that the private citizen feels his individual helplessness in the face of vital responsibilities being bungled?*

**N**O MAN ever rode into high office under more propitious circumstances than Dwight D. Eisenhower. He has been there two months and has an astounding low percentage of official errors to his credit. But the private citizen feels he truly had small hand in nominating Mr. Eisenhower. A group of so-called "delegates" assembled in Chicago and did the nominating. It was a matter of take him or leave him—for the New Deal reactionary.

A preponderant number of Republican senators and congressmen were elected, assuring Republican dominance on Capitol Hill. They met and talked endlessly about economy in government—but the March 15th deadline comes on apace. Tax payments and schedules are the same . . . the relief is not immediate.

Mr. Eisenhower makes a survey trip to Korea and "sees the U. N. war first hand", but two months after assuming office only Chiang Kai-shek has been recognized as a possible military aid on the island of Formosa—and the nation rocks with scandal of inadequate ammunition for the American forces facing the Communists.

Congress debated the trimming of Federal taxes, and cuts in military appropriations seemed assured. Suddenly Stalin died. The world was thrown into a dither as to what his successors would do in international assailments. So tax-cuts are unthinkable and nothing is altered.

Throughout it all, the private citizen grows depressed.

America with an alleged population of 158,000,000 is too big, moves with too much inertia, for the average man to feel he has much to say effectively in the shaping of her policies.

The average man, even though he be exceptionally informed concerning the forces of depredation riding the world, cries in defeatism, "What can I do, to make a dent in any of it?"

What he doesn't grasp, intelligently

and fearlessly, is the fact that the seeming tonnage of his form of government in the political way, in the caterpillar slowness with which remedies creep through channels to make themselves felt, *is the price he pays for living in freedom.*

If he lived under totalitarian dictatorship he would entertain small doubts of his closeness to official government.

The knock of the secret police on his side door would be plenty graphic and effective to convince him.



**N**EVERTHELESS, there *is* a relief which Americans in a free country can embrace and exercise, instead of wailing plaintively, "What am I among so many?" And it goes beyond writing futile letters to congressmen.

The American system of government may not permit the private citizen to walk into the White House and push his own stop watch on President Eisenhower's fulfillment of election pledges. But the American system of government does permit this—

Major abuses or official deficiencies always call up outstanding spokesmen and crusaders who are effective or ineffective according as public support is accorded them. These spokesmen and crusaders acquire not alone a national prestige competent to treat with the evils at issue. They become in a measure, free lance spokesmen making the "little man" articulate in his displeasures at officialdom.

They are the little man's political electee without portfolio.

Yet being without portfolio makes them no less powerful.

**S**O WHEN the disgruntled or depressed citizen cries, "The times are terrible, but what can I do to cure them?" this great, sprawling, slow-moving, good natured form of government that presides over the political processes of the Republic, permits that citizen first to identify and analyze the specific abuse against which he would address himself, then seek out that group in the body politic vociferously agitating that remedies become immediate. The citizen is permitted, without any special permission from a Secret Police, to correspond with and join such group, to strengthen the hand and position of the particular crusader or crusaders at the head of it, to put the sinews of battle within the grasp of these to wage a successful fight and make permanent cure of moment.

Pity the country that provides no such safety valve.

Is the disgruntled or depressed citizen seeking real counsel when he demands, "The times are terrible but how can I alter them?"

Let him be told in tones crisp and energizing, "What may it be you particularly wish altered? Very good, cast about you and locate the group specializing in curing precisely that. Give all available pence to it that you can scrape up. Get out in your spare time and work in its interest and the spreading of such tents. If, however, you don't care to so exert yourself, then please save the ears of your neighbors from caterwauling. You have no one to blame but yourself if matters don't suit you and you are too indolent to join with your brethren in enforcing their betterment."

All of it is a form of "petitioning Congress for a redress of grievances" specified in the Constitution. Law and custom sanction it.

In this, our America, we are free to scream our heads off, if official procedures run contrary to our wishes. And we are still permitted to throw off our premises the "secret" Federal policeman who enters without credentials.

So, if you don't fancy the way the country is being run, see that you get active with the particular group that makes readjustments specific.

"Pressure groups" are as legitimate in our system of civic procedure as the ballot box.

Join one and raise 'ell.

And that's not profanity.



# What Is Probably the Fate of Josef Stalin's Soul?

*According to Latest  
Enlightenment in Esoterics*

**O**NE MONTH ago, the character known as Josef Stalin was supreme arbiter over 800,000,000 people. Then something happened in his brain—or was made to happen, who can say?—and today he has become what he will remain until the end of historical time, a semi-mummified effigy in a glass case. Expressing sentimentalities over what his life really comprised that was of eternal value and what it was all worth in the higher computation, returns us little of value in the spiritual sense. The chances are less than 1 to 800,000,000 that any of us would ever have opportunity to emulate him, granted we were so psychopathic as to acquire such desire. But what intrigues the higher esoteric student in consideration of Stalin's personality divorced from the physical body?

What of the soul-spirit of Josef Stalin? What has "become" of it, and what "fate" awaits it? A British statistician recently estimated, in writing about Stalin, that he was directly responsible for the deaths, during his mortal career, of something like 90 millions of people—either by purposeful execution or starvation through a strategically arranged famine.

Is it to be presumed that he "gets away with it" and pays no moral penalty?

**I**T HAS to be admitted that conventional religious orthodoxy, in disposing of what it considers great mortal malefactors, has the advantage of simplicity in its conclusions and convictions. A man like Stalin, supposedly born pure and undefiled from his mother's womb, saw fit to turn his back on everything righteous in life and become the earth's arch-murderer. Continuing in his place for three decades by means of aid from the Devil himself, a cerebral blood vessel breaks, he has a few hours of lying semi-conscious and paralyzed, then his soul leaves his body and—with or without a session of divine judgment, since there is little question about his guilt—plunges down to hell and scalds forever in the lake of eternal fire. It is a very convenient way to dispose of him and place him in a locality where he won't disturb earthly society and righteousness for any repeat performance.

So the metaphysically unenlightened proceed on their way rejoicing, with no question in their minds about Djugashvilli having been finally disposed of.

But the profound student of sacred ontology has grave and perturbing doubts about such convenient and simple disposal. The origin of souls, even the souls of great malefactors, being what it is, and the mechanism of Cosmos operating as it does in respect to plurality of existence, there is room for grave doubt that Josef had bidden goodbye to the world for eternal cohabitation with Lucifer.

For a considerable period, Josef's soul will be with us in the astral. Then, unless it elects to take leadership of a con-

tingent of life's Dark Forces, it will doubtless seek return into another physical body with minimum dispatch. Physical life, to a spirit possessed of the complexes that made him distinguished for the great evil featuring his recent career as Stalin, is the only life that seems "real". While it is always dangerous to pass judgment on another as to spiritual status, there are nevertheless certain conjectures to be entertained in what the more profound esoteric savants have come to recognize as having basis in probable truth . . .

Stalin, if anything, was a realist. He will not only want to be in a condition where all things about him appear "real", but he will want to be in a situation where he can control the factors by controlling material means and instruments for working his will.

Otherwise he confronts a sequence as a Nobody.

That to him would be abhorrent.

**C**ONSIDERED strictly from the Psychological angle, it is probably more or less correct to visualize Stalin's soul as groping a lengthy time in excarnate Darkness. On the premise that he has long since sold himself to the ideology of Communistic atheism and denial of any after life, he must be an incredible time orienting himself to continuity of consciousness and personality—which must assume the aspect of a blackout in his eternal mind.

Gradually, however, as his cosmic personality reasserts itself he must Come Through the Dark and out into those

grey areas where the discarnate souls of the tens of millions whom he was responsible for murdering in the flesh are waiting, to scream their imprecations at him and make his astral existence a torment.

Naturally it is to be assumed that there is no physical way that they can harm him, but by the same token there is little or no method by which their endless and multitudinous excoriations of him can be stilled. The Most Hated Man in the World discovers himself in its greatest maelstrom of the very hatred his earthly role has been responsible for stirring up.

He may not believe in purgatory, but he must encounter it. And there will be no 12-foot-thick Kremlin walls, or cohorts of Secret Police, to shield him or immunize him. Strident commands to them to desist because of whom he is, or has been, must be met only with wildest jeerings.

A good way to look at it would be that he finds himself turned loose in a lunatic asylum of his own victims, all yowling for the blood which he no longer possesses . . . excepting mentally.

Will the ignorant, the spiritually misshapen, of the lower astral realms, the lesser malefactors of the human race, rally about him and recognize him as "leader"? That too is an easy concept to entertain. But the very hysterias of malefaction undoubtedly preclude such organization. No one "organizes" lunatics. Josef will find himself on a plane of life where highly spiritual people move in a strata which he cannot attain—by the very nature of his moral deficiencies.

So what will he do? As he gains to clearer and sharper recognition of himself as having survived his own spiritual repudiations, he will be found employing himself at haunting his own lately-vacated Kremlin and striving to get his late colleagues and compatriots to harken to his discarnate mentorship.

In cases, he may succeed in making impressions on their minds. But here again he must suffer the circumscriptions of his own formulas. He is not supposed to be alive, for the Bolsheviki deny there is any other existence but the mundane material or biological. So Josef, in addition to all his other errors, has shut the door even on suggestions he might make in remorse to his successors that their policies may be wrong.

Eventually he may throw the whole

(Continued on Page 6)

## HOLDINGS

MY TREASURY is vast, beyond compare,  
Its vaults are flowing full and have to spare,  
All my needs are met, and more,  
From this overflowing store,  
For my God holds Title Final everywhere.

His wealth I see in mountains filled with trees,  
I hear his Truth in every summer breeze,  
From reserves that are supernal  
I draw dividends eternal  
And I draw from such account whene'er I please.

A Book I have, of verses, 'neath a bow,  
A jug of Life's good wine, and I have Thou,  
These supplying all my need  
I am rich in Thought, indeed,  
And I hold in truth Thy Substance here and now.

So my wealth is in the dew and shall endure  
As it sparkles from each drop most clean and pure,  
Or the diamonds in the snow  
By reflection plainly show  
That His wealth is inexhaustible and sure.

Every blessing God has given, man perverts,  
Life and Truth and Love accepts and then inverts,  
And in lust and hate and war  
Adds up viciously the score  
Then he marvels at the balsam Hope exerts.

Thus the Dust Man turns God's wealth into a curse,  
His last ride goes back to dust within a hearse.  
I would keep my eyes on high,  
Watching Glory in God's sky,  
Knowing well His wine of life shall quench my thirst.

His Voice I hear in every laughing brook,  
His Wealth untold I see where'er I look,  
For my God is everywhere  
And has wealth untold to spare,  
My treasury's in the knowledge in His Book.

In my Father's house are mansions multiform,  
There I find repose from every mortal storm;  
And I AM that house secure,  
And this temple SHALL endure,  
Never aging, never dying, never born!

—through WINCHESTER MACDOWELL

## Why Christ Was Not Recognized by Secular History . .

**E**VEN historians with atheistic tendencies will concede that out of all the characters who have played leading roles in the great drama of past civilization, the personage known as Jesus the Christ stands head and shoulders above all mortal chieftains. If one personage has to be picked out who has influenced the world more than any other individual, the choice must come to rest on the Man who is popularly accredited as having arisen from His tomb, following his crucifixion, nineteen hundred and twenty years ago this Easter season.

Yet despite the fact that He has so influenced the world, less is known about Him privily—at least that is of record on the pages of secular history—than any other character that has left his impress on the evolution of modern society.

We have four accounts of His life in sacred history, but students of Biblical origins—even those most sympathetic toward such research—will disclose to you that only one bears evidence of having been written by an eyewitness to the events of the career portrayed, the Gospel according to St. Mark. The other three Gospels' accounts were rewrites, with additions and deletions, by authors who lived many years after the Crucifixion and who had only hearsay or the original text of the manuscript of Mark to guide them in compiling their versions.

For something like twenty-five years after the Celebrity's death, nothing was recorded about Him anywhere. Then Mark brings out a manuscript-biography, written in Greek. Something like fifty to seventy-five years after the narrative by Mark was composed—making the time

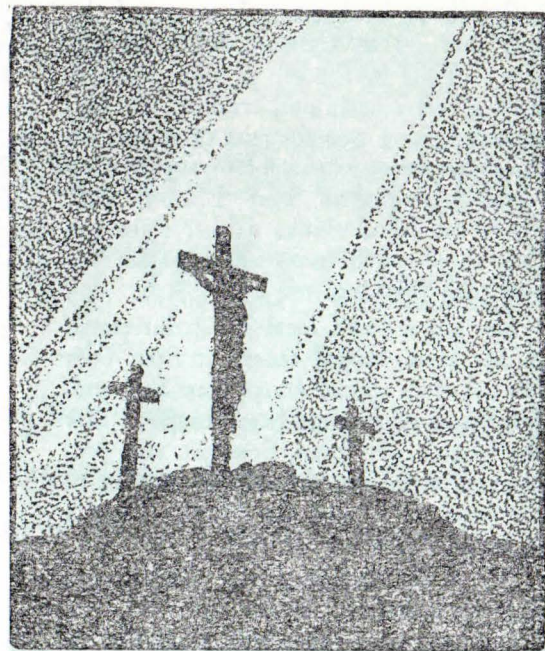
approximately a hundred years after Christ's ministry—the Gospel according to St. Matthew appeared.

**T**HE GOSPEL according to Mark starts off without any reference to Christ's birth or boyhood. It begins abruptly with His Baptism and the commencement of His ministry. Moreover, the earliest scholars report that either the Mark manuscript in the Greek was never finished by its author, or if it was finished the last of the scroll got torn off and lost.

Because the story as given in the Gospel of Matthew is placed first in the order of the Books of the New Testament, the average Christian assumes that it must have been written first.

The story as given by Matthew, however, was placed first in the order of Book in the New Testament because it affected to give the complete biography of the Man of Galilee, and it was necessary for Christians reading the New Testament to have the full account before them, as it was accredited by the early Church Fathers.

The story itself reads like an authentic historical account of Christ's birth, career, and execution. Actually, it is now recognized as a popular propaganda write-up of the life of the originator of the new religion, the facts compiled and the trimmings put on in order to tell His life story in the most attractive fashion to prospective converts in distant parts. There is nothing about it making it of the Disciple Matthew's authorship.



**A**LL OF which does not detract from the beauty and inspiration of the tale unfolded. Strange to relate, nonetheless, secular history containing transcripts of the events contemporaneous with Jesus, passes over all circumstances of His birth, life, and death, and had we to depend solely on political or civic narratives of the time, we should never have an inkling that such a Man lived.

Of course we would have to suspect that such a Man lived, because subsequent political and civic events grew out of, or shaped themselves because of, the vital influence which converts to the new religion were exerting on the world. But suspicions and deductions are not facts!

The unbiased observer has to admit that there is something strange indeed in the circumstance that the greatest man of influence who ever existed is wholly ignored insofar as data in the archives of the nations in the period wherein He functioned are concerned.

One of two things must be true: First, the events ascribed to His life were considered to be of no real importance at the time they happened, or, second, some sort of censorship-editing must have been practiced somewhere along the way, deleting reports of the life affairs of this personage from the official records.

Which should we believe?

As a matter of fact, we should look for explanation of the mystery, in acceptance of both! Take a modern case, to get analogy to the first—Mary Baker Eddy. (over)

Everybody in America is aware of the fact that up in Concord, New Hampshire, before the turn of the century, lived a very sincere and erudite lady who started writing preachments of a sort on the well-approved tenet of mysticism that Mind has control over Matter, that where the Mind thinks neither Pain nor Evil, there can be none—at least for the person so thinking.

She got a small local group interested in her metaphysical tenets at first, then her doctrines spread about New England. Finally, so many were her "disciples" that the Church of Christ, Scientist, was proclaimed, with this remarkable woman at the head of it and the Mother Church in Boston.

But at the time that Mrs. Eddy began her metaphysical instruction, did the United States Government take note of her? Did the governors of either New Hampshire or Massachusetts comment in any way on her theological or spiritual activities and the successes they were meeting with, in state papers pertaining to their administrations?

When Mrs. Eddy was first ridiculed, and then converts to her principles politely persecuted by zealots of other denominations, did the newspapers or civic gazettes emblazon it?

No! Being an occurrence in the field of theology and religion strictly, it was only of interest to historians who might be particularly concerned in the growth of religious faiths in the United States.

Posterity would term historians confining themselves to such subjects, Religious Writers, and only consider them as noteworthy when, as and if such religions were discussed.

**T**AKE another aspect of the analogy: Suppose that some autumn twilight, back in the Nineties, Mrs. Eddy's home in Concord had been set upon by a couple of hundred hoodlums in the pay of theological bigwigs whose prestige and following were being damaged by the spread of Mrs. Eddy's doctrines. Suppose that the lady had been dragged forth and—not to put too fine a point upon it—lynched.

Is it not logical that whereas Concord township, the county, or the State of New Hampshire, might report on and properly deplore for a month or so, a happening so brutal and unconstitutional, it would truly not be of record as of

any consequence outside of local police or sheriff jurisdiction?

Remember, that is precisely what happened in the case of Joseph Smith, founder of Mormonism!

And the official record of it is only a mere paragraph in the annals of events in a little river town out in Missouri!



**N**OW, without the slightest intent of introducing racialism into the pages of VALOR, there is the added circumstance in the case of Jesus that He had demonstrated Himself to be the most aggressive and virulent anti-Semite of His day.

He had called the scribes and Pharisees "whited sepulchres." He had faced the all-powerful Sanhedrin and called it the Synagogue of Satan to its members' teeth. At one time, just before His apprehension as an alleged seditionist against the State, He had gone into the Temple courtyard and started a riot, tipping over the tables of the money-changers and assaulting them physically with a whip of ropes.

Hebrews do not take kindly to having such criticisms leveled at them. But they do not stop with mere "poisonous retaliations" against a leader-opponent while the man is alive and inveighing against them. If it be shown that his influence is continuing after they have successfully suppressed or disposed of him, they set about in organized effort to kill off and root out all vestiges of the antiracial propaganda for which he has been responsible.

It comes as quite a shock to the Biblical researcher with absolutely unbiased mind, to ultimately recognize that the populace of Jerusalem in the third year of Christ's ministry hated Him and gnashed teeth against Him with exactly

the same venom that they later displayed toward a recent Chancellor of Germany.

**W**HY NEED we be in any way puzzled, therefore—considering what we know to have gone on in this modern day in the instances of Mrs. Eddy on the one hand and Adolf Hitler on the other—that there is at present a curious paucity of official recognition of the Savior's life and acts in secular history?

Secular history would only have begun to take note of Christ when the religion He originated—or restored to earth—had become of such note that it influenced States and politics. Which is exactly as we find it.

And when Christ, the greatest antiracial the world has ever known, projected a Faith that threatens world Zionism even at this moment, is it not to be expected that the anti-defamation societies all up through history would have gotten to such data as authenticated the divinity of such an opponent, and suppressed or subverted it as they had the slightest chance?

It is, therefore, the influence of the aftermath of the Christ Life, that confirms the historical fact of Jesus having lived.

Contemporaneous reports of His career no doubt passed as unworthy of record excepting to the theological chroniclers—precisely as has happened in the United States in the cases of Mary Baker Eddy and Joseph Smith!

## Stalin's Soul

(Continued from Page 4)

frustration up in disgust, and get himself born of another peasant woman at first opportunity, so that he may "come back" in the "realism" of earthly physicality anew and work out more ideas for Tartar aggrandizement as opportunity permits him in the two or three decades ahead . . .

**I**N ALL consistency with the Ageless Wisdom, however, there are exceptional allowances we must make in the significance of the Stalin character as it has affected world history.

Let us disabuse our minds of immature assumptions that Iossif Vissarionovich Djughshvilli was any freak of fate, in that the son of a one-time peasant woman

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# Strange New Religion of Caodaism Sweeping Asia from Indo-China

*Pro-Christian and Anti-Marxist, It  
Promotes Fundamentals Similar to  
Tenets of Liberation-Soulcraft . .*



ATE Magazine for April, 1953, tells the story of a strange, new religion, birthed in French Indo-China, called Caodaism, that is dramatically sweeping Asia. Officially founded in the year 1926, it now numbers more than three million communicants and boasts one of the most exquisite temples of the Orient in the Holy City of Tayninh. Not only does it recognize the divinity of Christ but it is vigorously anti-Communist, and embraces among its esoteric tenets practically every fundamental of Liberation-Soulcraft.

And it all started from a ouija board. From 1918 to 1926, one Ngo Van Chieu was a minor official in the Criminal Investigation Department of the government of French Indo China. Posted on a lonely island in the Gulf of Siam, he led an ascetic life, conforming strictly to the rules of Taoism. But he "dabbled" in Spiritualism. Suddenly, gathering a group of fellow clerks about him, he started experiments with a ouija board, and on Christmas Eve, 1925, began to get a series of the most solemn messages signed by one Cao Dai. Speaking in Vietnamese, Cao Dai told the group—

"Rejoice this day. It is the anniversary of my coming to Europe to teach my doctrine. I am happy to see you, O my dis-

ciplis, full of love and respect for me. This house will have all my blessings. Manifestations of my power will inspire even greater respect and love in my regard . . "

"TO facilitate the transmission of further messages," *Fate Magazine* reports, "Cao Dai advised the awed young spiritualists to substitute a *corbeille* for their tilting tables and ouija board. The *corbeille*, or 'billed basket' wrote directly on paper as Cao Dai dictated."

It was in other words, a form of clair-audience. The original *corbeille* is now enshrined in the splendid temple at Tayninh.

Cao Dai instructed his new converts to get in touch with Le Van Trung, a local mandarin of none too savory reputation, who was to lead them in propagation of the new religion. To be thus chosen by an invisible Being so impressed Van Trung that he gave up opium-smoking, abstained from alcohol, in short started to live a regenerated life, not overlooking the conversion of several other wealthy mandarins of his acquaintance.

The new gospel spread like prairie fire. Within two months, 20,000 persons had been converted, including many native notables. In five years, Caodaism counted more than a million adherents. Today, with three million worshipers, it is the largest single religion in Indo-China . .

Strangely enough, mixed up in its clairaudient dictations is, apparently, the communicating spirit of Victor Hugo, the great French novelist.

CAODAISM'S chief success stems from its tolerance for all other religions which believe in a Supreme Being, particularly Christianity. It reminds man of his three-fold duty—to himself, to his family, and to society. It preaches disinterest in honors, riches, and luxury, and a freeing of the soul to apply itself to strictly spiritual pursuits. From the point of view of worship, it recommends the adoration of God, and especially veneration of Superior Spirits who constitute an august Occult Hierarchy presiding over all society and helping it upward by manifold experience. It preaches the existence and survival of the individual soul, but particularly plurality of existences (earthly rebirth or reincarnation) and posthumous consequences of human action ordered by the Law of Karma. Lastly, from the point of view of the initiate, it communicates to those dignitaries who are worthy, revelations which empower them to know the higher workings of cosmology and approach the ecstasies of celestial omnipotence.

But Caodaism received a still stranger revelation in respect to the incarnation in the human man of what our western world calls Holy Spirit, thus making a Christ out of Jesus and a Buddha out of a Prince Gautama.

And the strangest of all, one of the earthly celebrities almost deified in its great temple at Tayninh is the French novelist of yesterday, Victor Hugo. Hugo, it is said, throughout his life as a writer was deeply engrossed in all forms of psychical research, and since his ex-

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## Sound and Fury



VALOR has consistently taken the position that Soviet Russia has been, and is today, an over-rated and colossal bluff. But the bluff has been convenient for the traditional International Arbiters to use as pawn in the great global chess game played for quite other purposes than spreading Marxism. Russia can't engage in a major war, first because she lacks the industrial potentials to maintain such campaigns as would ensue, second because she would lose her Red soldiery if it once got free beyond the Iron Curtain. Her gradual recall of troops from East Germany, and the ferocity with which Vishinsky assails the U. S. as a warmonger, reveals the brutal truth about Russia as a menace. Strong statesmen representing invincible States, don't lose their tempers and froth at the mouth when their supremacy is challenged.

The jitterbug issue between all parties, take note, is who possesses the atomic bomb and how many?

You recall it wasn't so far back in current history that President Truman gave it out that there had been an atomic bomb explosion in Russia. Coming from the Chief Executive, millions interpreted his statement to mean that Russia was making and stockpiling atom bombs. So there was no dissent in Congress over billions being appropriated to counteract this possibility. Now what do we find coming out of the Heap Big Noise—the sound and fury—of the whole wildcat controversy?

Hardly a week after he was out of office, Mr. Truman modified his statement. He said that the Russians, *in his opinion*, did not, and do not, have an atomic bomb, and he pointed out that he had been careful to say in his previous statement that it was "an atomic explosion" which had taken place. Of course, in two of his previous statements he said no such thing. But mark you . . .

Not more than a week later, ex-Secretary of State, Acheson, who, like Mr. Truman was a sturdy peace advocate via war for economic reasons while in office, said in a newspaper interview that "the dangers of war in Europe have greatly moderated." Naturally he didn't add that this might be certain because he had seen himself superceded by a Republican.

However, nobody can forget all those statements made by the State Department, that the Russian Army could march across Europe any time it so elected. Well, out of office, Mr. Acheson says that this is no longer true—that the Russians can't move across Europe without a long mobilization that would be apparent, long in advance, to the Western powers. Furthermore, the amount of purchasing and shipping of commodities in preparation for such a major assault, would have to come from the very countries she would be expected to attack.



The epochal and bloodchilling "atomic explosion" that got the Truman Administration its appropriations? . . . every country in the world knows how to make an atom bomb "in theory"; the real trick in producing it is having the fantastic engineering know-how, and the plant capacity to make the most intricate industrial products of our whole global age, not to mention the hydro-electric power. That every country in the world that started experimenting in the early stage of atomic research would have "atomic explosions" was a certainty, and didn't mean a thing.

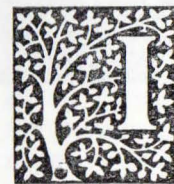
Does someone rise up and remind us that President Eisenhower in his State of the Union message said that the United States had incontrovertible evidence the

Soviets had atom bombs? Well, Eisenhower said nothing of the sort. He said "atomic weapons." Everyone knows our government has, for example, perfected small atomic cannon, and the usual leaks could have taken the secret of them, for a couple of ten dollar bills, to Moscow.

But the Russian know-how and hydro-electric development is lacking for a general stockpile of atomic bombs. And Vishinsky knows this, and it makes him mad.

When Vishinsky halts his schizophrenic outbursts is the time for all good Americans to stop sleeping peacefully in their beds.

## Fuzzie-Wuzzies



LET WAS Emerson who declared, "Every institution is the lengthened shadow of a dominant personality," or words to that effect. And never was the truth of it more pertinent than in the case of Stalin, the Geronimo of the Bolsheviks. More and more clearly we shall see that Stalin *was* Communism. No one can take his place because no one left in Russia displays his personality, coupled with historical build up.

The A. P. recently distributed a wire-photo via radio from Moscow showing Russia's Big Four at the tomb of Stalin. Molotov resembled a small town banker who appeared to be finishing off the stub of a cigar—and perhaps he was. Marshal Voroshilov looked like a Hollywood character-actor who had distinguished himself at a drinking party the night before and still showed the effects of it. Beria, minister of Internal Affairs, resembled a baldheaded college professor who would be helpless without his spectacles. Malenkov looked like the town fat-boy who wore his clothes like a one-man slum.

Taken together they were the silliest and stoogiest looking quartette that such a lethal mishap could have brought together.

As four imitation wolves, they attest but one thing—Communism has lost the dynamic personality that gave it body and substance in the mind of the world. Come now the stuffed-shirt goons, essaying to boss the firm because the president's chair is empty—and Fat-Boy Mal-



enkov can probably drive a metallic gun-point into anyone's back as hard as any.

It takes time and historical happening to build a tradition about a real leader, who unites a country and makes it formidable by the sheer force of his personality. And it is already ten minutes to twelve o'clock for the Bolsheviks.

Well, chalk off the first Big Happening for the epochal year of 1953, the knocking off of the one-man epitome of Marxism. Marxism goes next.

Care to make a bet?

### "Auf Wiedersehen!"



**S**PEAKING of exits that mark the close of an era, little noted by press and public came over a dispatch from Munich the last of January reporting the demise of one-time American Bund leader, Fritz Kuhn—together with the startling information that it had occurred almost a year previously. Another sick-transit-glorious-Monday! Poor Fritz! He tried to be a Man of Destiny as he could, but America wasn't having any. 'Tis reported that he died on November 14, 1951 in Carolimun Hospital, following a heart attack.

Despite all the calumny and hysteria which went to link the Bund and Silver Legion during the heyday of Rooseveltism, it happens to be the incredible truth that never, at any time, had there been the slightest liaison or commonalty between these two organizations nor their principals.

The editor of VALOR can call witnesses to attest that in the careers of these principals there had been but one incident of contact—and it had occurred at Kuhn's initiative. Kuhn's associate, Herman Schwinn, had phoned Silver Legion headquarters in the Lankershim Building in Los Angeles of an evening in 1935, soliciting an interview with the Silver Legion head and been granted it in common courtesy. Fritz had marched in pompously, given the Nazi salute, ensconced himself on a divan before the Chief's desk and come to the point, Schwinn flanking him on his right.

The two organizations should combine he announced, and he was prepared to make "sacrifices" that it might happen. In fact, he was there to arrange the amalgamation out of hand.

The Silver Legion head was, on the whole, amused. He endeavored to explain to the pompous gauleiter that the Silver Legion was strictly an American Christian organization, established to combat Marxism in the American scene as well as all Marxist promoters and sympathizers. When its mission was achieved, it would voluntarily disband. Didn't the Silver Legion head want to "boss" this nation and save it from depredations of various racial elements? No, he did not care to "boss" this nation, and he happened to disdain very much the Big Bazooks who did.

Kuhn sprang up in a huff, gave another stiffish Nazi salute, and departed.

He was very angry, much humiliated. He gave it out, up and down California the succeeding month, that the Silver Legion was run by a "dangerous amateur"—dangerous because he had small knowledge of the forces he was pitting. Meaning, apparently, he needed Kuhn to advise him.

Not another contact of any shade or flavor ever occurred between the heads of the Bund and the Legion until Herman Schwinn was brought in to District of Columbia from California by G-Men for the inglorious "mass trial".

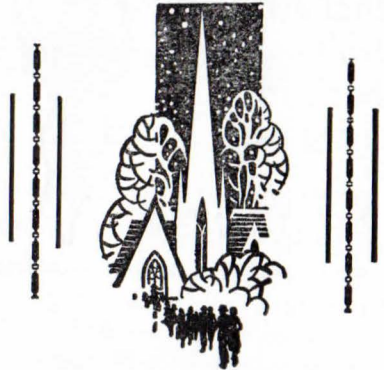
So much for "conspiracy" carrying any "clear and present danger" to America and costing American taxpayers half a million dollars for courtroom travesty. But adversaries of both organizations had convinced themselves of deep dark plottings between the two, so retaliations were in order.

Kuhn was 55 when he died. His wife was at his bedside, later taking up residence in Mexico where her daughter's husband is an officer in the Mexican Army.

Yes, the life dramas of an era are closing fast. Soon we shall hear of the demise of Winnie Churchill. And certainly Barney Baruch will not live on forever. Whom shall we have left, epitomizing all the pomp and ceremony, propaganda and jitters of the Hysterical Thirties? After all, does it matter?

Crusaders against the Red Fifth Column have long been aware that it goes hysterically jittery over situations where it reads into eventualities what it would do itself, given similar opportunity. But maybe the minds of its adversaries don't work that way at all—though it butters no parsnips.

## "MARCHING SPIRES"



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**D**O 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.

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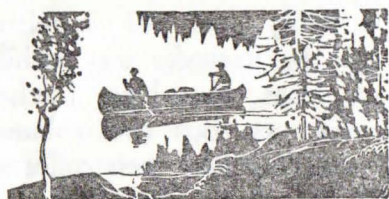


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## Stalin's Soul

(Continued from Page 6)

"just happened" to make the grade to the seat of the highest autocracy on autocracy on earth. We should be realists enough to concede that it took brains and character of the sternest quality, not only to reach the top of the world Communist Party but to maintain itself there up across three decades. There may have been few sentimentalities in his makeup, but his role was one of hard leader of a hard country. For all the evidence we have to the contrary, he might well have been the reborn soul of Peter the Great, merely using Marxism as the credendum for establishing Russia's place in a modern world. The closing years of the Piscean Dispensation called for the Russian Communist phenomenon in world history, and if Russia did have to reestablish her place among the major nations, such a strong man would naturally choose to function. That he was the reborn soul of Genghis Kahn, as some esoterists have conjectured, presents questionable aspects. There was nothing of the nomad in him, and in his essential role he was the constructionist, not the destroyer. He did seek—however mistakenly and in utter disregard of human life—to build up Russia and make her the equal economically of any contemporary nation, although he was obviously without conscience in exploiting weaker people to gain his goals.

Of course any ambitious politico, revolutionist or not, can climb to influence and cement his power to invincibility if circumstances permit him to assassinate and murder all rivals without let or hindrance. It is the easiest of all ways to reach the Top—if one can live with one's own conscience subsequently. But we do have to give the devil his due, that no chance peasant, judged by orthodox standards, could have shown such expertness in such climb as Stalin showed without having had innumerable power lives behind his present mortal sequence to train and accustom him to the requisite brutalities and ruthlessness of such position.

The measure of Success is success itself. It will be recalled to mind that practically never once, in thirty to forty years of public and dictatorial activity, did this modern Peter the Great of Bolshevism ever make one fatal mistake.

His policy was never to take the aggressive, to poke and prod for the soft spots next to the perimeter of his established influence, and to sit out his adversary—or leave the adversary to make the blunders—while he quietly and tragically filled in any civic vacuums that offered.

Despise the man spiritually though we do, this was accomplished statesmanship and savored of no peasant background.

The question arises, was he as to identification a Man of Destiny? . . . and by destiny is meant, a character that would have been obliged to arise and play his part on the world's stage because circumstances enforced it?



Nostradamus foretold in 1555 that in 1791 an inn keeper named Saulce would turn back the King of France from the Franco-Bavarian border to the guillotine. If anyone informing Nostradamus could behold that far in future and identify such nondescript person, it gives rise to the wonder if all earth history is thus worked out in advance, in order to be thus predicted? Where does Free Will come in, if earthly parts and roles are thus prescribed hundreds of years in advance? Apparently it comes in, when different souls in cosmos *volunteer for the roles*, as a theatrical play is cast. The drama *will* be played. What specific souls in cosmos fill the role of characters is their election strictly.

This being a creditable hypothesis, Stalin perhaps could not help being the character he was. His enforcement of Bolshevist slavery had to be, in order to teach contemporary countries what freedom of government truly means and see that they preserve it.

None of it alters the fact that his karma is a hideous one. Fiery Luciferian furnaces should be beds of ease compared to the pressures of vindictive souls pouring

—even deluging—their thought-forms of black hatred on him for the injustice and suffering he wrought upon them, that a backward State might be brought abreast of Twentieth Century nations.

Obviously he will strive to escape back into mortality again at earliest opportunity, because encased in organic bodies, his tormentors can be controlled by the secret police, the knout, or the bars on the prison dungeon.

However, it will be twenty to thirty years—granted he gets himself reborn tomorrow—before he can again make himself a power of autocracy among world governments. And by that time, autocracy well may be archaic.

At any rate, we are compelled to apply the same excarnate processings to his case as to the case of any mechanic or laundress who vacates the body. He will automatically stay close to these environments to which his orientation is a spiritual natural. And yet—

*"Sic transit gloria mundi!"*

### Caodaism in Asia

*(Continued from Page 7)*

carnation has communicated with the Caodaists on many occasions and instructed them in those higher beliefs, so that they have accepted his mentorship officially.

Tenet after tenet of the new Caodaism might have been lifted bodily from the *Golden Scripts* of the Liberation-Soulcrafters.

**J**UST what could have gone on, in both Orient and Occident, during the closing years of the Twenties is food for conjecture, when these two faiths, so very similar, began coming through by the same clairaudient pattern to a lonely custom's clerk on an island in the Siam Gulf and a magazine writer in a New York apartment? The first, in the East, has been more or less predicated on Buddhism, whereas the second, in the West, has been premised four-square on the principles and speakings of the Man of Galilee.

But the moral illuminations are apparently similar. And both have much to say about a great octave of semi-omnipotent Guardian Spirits, foregoing their own advancements in eternity to linger

*(Continued on Page 14)*

## "My Seven Minutes in Eternity" . . .

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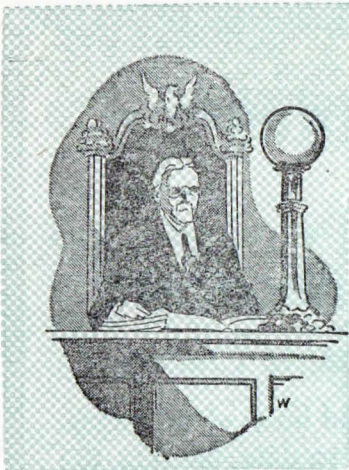
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## CHAPTER III



HAVE been paid the backhanded compliment from time to time, that if I had not put up the fight in the early days against Fifth Column activities in and behind the then Administration, the Committee on Un-American Activities would never have been launched. There have been those who elected to stigmatize my own activities as un-American, because I refused to concede the Moscovite Fifth Column free constitutional license to undermine our government, our religion, and our culture—the Moscovite Fifth Column and all who subscribed to it, racially or politically. But now that the true nature of the Communist intrigue is out in the open, the public judgment is inclined to be kinder.

In the middle Thirties, opposing Communist penetration into every department of our American lives was smeared as “Redbaiting” and supposed to be reprehensible. I did not see it as reprehensible. Having been in Russia as a U. S. soldier and witnessed the process of the Revolution with my own eyes, I refused to be hoodwinked by the studied smear technique. Certainly I entertained no illusions as to what Communism was, and once having started the fight against it, I was prepared to follow through to its end.

At any rate, I had suffered to see one congressional committee—or rather, sub-committee—under the aegis of Samuel Dickstein of New York, conduct an “investigation” in the name of my government, that included the use of *duces tecum* sub-

poenas to authenticate the driving of four or five vans up to the front of my Headquarters and forcibly remove everything on the premises from rugs to filing cabinets and from oil paintings to typewriters. What possible use rugs, paintings and typewriters could be to a congressional committee allegedly exploring subversive activities, the Dicksteiners took no trouble to explain. As my main attention was focused on combating Reds and driving them from Federal cover, this action in 1934 blatantly protected them by the expedient of stripping my premises so that I could no longer function.

But Dickstein’s guardian committee for radicals had *not* stopped me from doing business. Although the seizure of such personal chattels was engineered in connection with the legal attempt to throw Galahad Press into bankruptcy and my person into Raleigh Penitentiary a la the Blue Sky Securities route, I had reorganized my headquarters and staff, resumed my publications, and emerged from the melee stronger than ever. The Dickstein Committee had found nothing of an “un-American” nature that warranted congressional action further, and after squandering a \$35,000 appropriation in pro-Red futilities, the whole inquiry folded.

Dickstein, however, continued to smoulder.

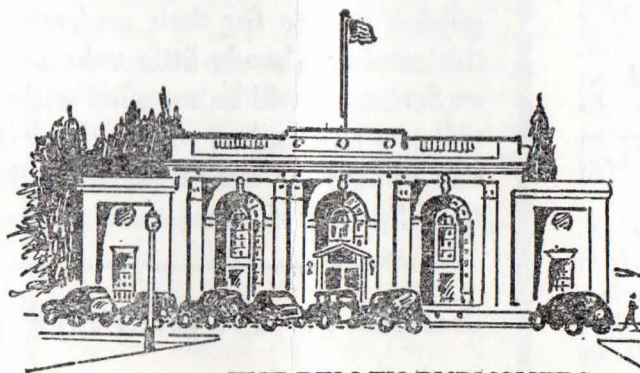
THE SILVER Legion was at that time the only organization in the land openly and aggressively fighting

Communism and telling the unvarnished truth about the elements espousing it. I had even gone so far as to compile and publish a list of persons ensconced in the highest Federal departments under the Roosevelt patronage who had Red affiliations. I called it *New Dealers in Office*. There were approximately 1,500 spies, stooges and undercover sympathizers of the Kremlin listed in the booklet, and I told who they were and in what government department they were located.

It is interesting to note that even as early as 1937 I had Alger Hiss so pegged, and copyrighted copies of the book attesting to that date are still in existence to prove it.

When *New Dealers in Office*, giving the Red Fifth Column away, began to go out across America by thousands of copies, the pro-Kremlin group in Washington demonstrated “it couldn’t take it.” A second sub-committee to “investigate” my activities began to be agitated. Dickstein went on the radio, Walter Winchell went on the radio—indeed if he ever got off the radio—screaming what a poisonous canine I was, not to let the Reds and their racial affiliates vote and behave as they chose under the Constitution. Pressure was brought to bear on newspaper and magazine editors to add their voices to the demand for congressional action. Every type of fantastic propaganda yarn was invented and launched to speed the passage of a resolution authorizing such sub-committee. The chief argument employed was, that if my Silver Legion were permitted to grow unchecked, it must in time become so sizable as to menace government itself.

I was, screamed the then Kremlin Crowd in Congress or out of it, an incipient Fascist dictator. Communism, being a political party only, had every right under the Constitution to be installed in the American political scene and flourish, and whomsoever sought to suppress it sought to suppress the fundamentals of free government itself. The



THE PELLEY PUBLISHERS  
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Reds had their technique worked out to perfection.

I say as I have said many times before elsewhere, that the revolution-makers in this country lost little sleep over the crusader who confined his crusadings to printed diatribes. But to organize physically to challenge them in event they tried to seize the reins of authority by force, was quite something else. That had to be smashed while it was yet too limited to give them forcible checkmate.

Thus it came to me one afternoon in my Washington office that the House of Representatives had ultimately become convinced I should be treated to a second dose of the wringer to curb or destroy my growing national influence and had passed a second bill and appropriation authorizing a permanent Committee on un-American Activities. Dickstein, of course, cockily assumed that it was to be his permanent committee—with regular grants from the public purse. But who were to be his fellow appointees?

In my office that particular afternoon was visiting a certain heavyweight senator from New York State. He had been a reader and follower of my expose literature from the days of my friend and patron Colonel Robert Sharp, chief of the Secret Service in the State Department.

"I think I know who's going to make the nominations for that Committee," cried this dignitary, springing up and putting on his overcoat. "At any rate, I'm going up on Capitol Hill and read the riot act to some of my friends in your behalf. Wouldn't it be a joke if Sammy Dickstein picked up the newspapers tomorrow morning and found he hadn't been mentioned for chairmanship of his new committee at all!"

**W**ELL, IT'S congressional history now, that such was the ironical thing that happened. Sammy went on the air that evening and volubly thanked the American people—in atrocious English—for equipping him with a permanent sub-committee to make certain that William Dudley Pelley never became American fuehrer.

Then he picked up the newspapers next morning to discover that Congressman Martin Dies, from Orange, Texas, had been made official chairman of the new and permanent Committee on Un-American Activities. Congressman Joe Starnes of Alabama was sub-chairman,

and the other members were Parnell Thomas of New Jersey, Dempsey of New Mexico, Mason of Iowa, Casey of New York, and Voorhis of California.

Not a Kremlin Konsort in the Karload. Sammy was never the same man afterward . . .

**W**HETHER Martin Dies ever truly knew that it was through personal influence of close friends and supporters of mine that he was appointed to his position, I never learned and it is not important. The fact remains that from the spring of 1939 until late February of the following year, the committee dawdled. Certainly I was not wanted before it, nor were any Silver Legionnaires. Major-General George Van Horn Moseley had undergone a brief session with the Dies body in the summer in which he had read it the riot act about subversive activities in his best army style.

The committeemen, however, not having any anti-Pelley axes to grind of a personal nature, actually was getting nowhere fast and losing face before the nation. Parnell Thomas of New Jersey, to the best of my knowledge an earnest and conscientious man, Republican and rabid anti-New Dealer, had inserted his celebrated *Impeachment of Madam Perkins* in the *Congressional Record*, where I had rescued it from wordy oblivion, made it into another booklet and spread thousands of copies across 22 States. But he didn't dare subpoena the Madam before the new Committee and without a sensational witness who knew his stuff, the whole investigatory headache bade fair to languish and die.

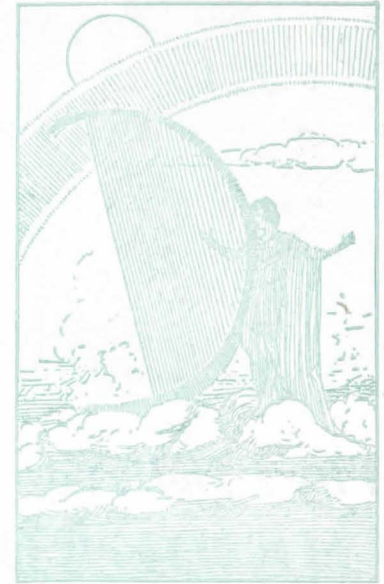
This was the situation the morning that I had picked up the *Inquirer* in Cincinnati and read across its eight columns that I was a fugitive from justice . . . from my former prosecutor in the Blue Sky case in Asheville, N. C.

Walking into the law office of my attorney friend George, in Indianapolis, in early afternoon, I laid the copy of *The Inquirer* before him.

"Uh-huh," he said. "I know about it. They had it in all the morning papers up here in Indianapolis as well . . ."

**A**TTOURNEY George specialized in corporation and insurance law. He rarely defended in criminal cases. I had met him several times at the behest of Legionnaires in the Indiana capital and

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knew he was capable and a lawyer to be trusted. Big, affable, and world-wise, he pursed his lips as he checked for new details in the *Inquirer* story.

"Am I a fugitive from justice," I demanded, "simply because I didn't happen to be in North Carolina when Nettles issued his *capias* warrant?"

"Have you been in any trouble with the law since Judge Warlick suspended your prison sentence in the Blue Sky case?" he demanded.

"I have not. Not even a traffic ticket."

"Did Warlick order you to remain within the confines of North Carolina while your suspension ran?"

"He did not."

"Then you're not a fugitive unless Judge Nettles, or the prosecutor who succeeded him, has gotten a secret Grand Jury indictment for something they're not advertising. Of course there's always the possibility of that, but I can't understand their reasons for secrecy."

"Well, what should I do now, in the face of it?"

"How much time has the 1935 suspension still to run?"

"It expires February twentieth, Nineteen-Forty."

George glanced at a calendar. "Humph, this is September 29th. Four months and twenty-two days! Can you run your business by remote control until February 20th? . . . Got good people in Asheville capable of conducting it?"

"Yes, I can manage it."

"You'd stand a better chance to defend yourself from whatever they're trying to put over on you, if the full five years of Warlick's suspension has run without your having gotten in a single incident of trouble with the law—any law—of any State."

"If it's of any interest to the matter," I said, "when I last contacted my office they informed me that Madam Eleanor Roosevelt had been down in Asheville with Malvina Thompson. She sent Miss Thompson down to the plant on Biltmore Plaza to buy one copy of every piece of literature we'd ever printed about herself or husband, then locked herself away in a hotel room and read for two days."

George shrugged at that. "Might mean something. Might not mean a thing. But here, as your attorney, is what I advise you to do . . ."

He told me specifically and at the end of twenty minutes I called my office. I had decided to follow his counsel, getting myself past February 20th and thereby giving Judge Nettles—ex-prosecutor—a fight on technicalities. But when I finally hooked the long-distance receiver, my facial expression caused my friend to demand, "What's new? What's the matter?"

"The Dies Committee wants to see me in Washington . . . for some strange reason!"

"Watch your step," my attorney warned. "The Buncombe County New Deal crowd may have hooked up with the Dies Committee the same way they did with the Dicksteiners four years ago."

"No, my hunch is that Roosevelt has taken a hand in this, one way or another."

"If he has," remarked George, "you've drawn the fire of the gods."

*(To Be Continued)*

## Caodaism in Asia

*(Continued from Page 11)*

here in touch with the earth-plane and strive to inspire man out of his current spiritual blunderings.

Liberation-Soulcrafters are counselled to acquire a copy of the *April Fate* on news stands and read the 11 page story of what might almost be described as an oriental form of Soulcraft, or a Liberation Doctrine particularly adapted for oriental assimilation.

Even Communist China may yet hear much from this new faith, that makes religious faith tangible to the everyday oriental. Evidently it is oriental corollary to spiritual revelations—and manifestations—scheduled to sweep the earth in introduction to Aquarian Golden Times.

**A** GENTLEMAN fairly well perfumed, picked up the telephone. He called, "Hello, (hic) hello!"

"Hello!" returned the operator.

"Hello!"

"Hello!"

"Gorry," cried the gentleman, "how this (hic) thing echoes."

**"DO YOU** believe it's possible to communicate with the dead?"

"I can hear you distinctly."

## Indianapolis Star Quotes Editorial Figures that Confirm "Something Better" Economy

"THE Federal income tax deadline is with us again. Governments—national, state and local—have been busy promoting the general welfare all year long, and now we must pay the bill. This is also the time of the year when business concerns issue their annual reports. From them it is possible to get a beautiful bird's-eye view of how high the cost of government really is.

"General Motors, for example, had a sales volume of \$7,549,000,000 in 1952. Of this sum, 48.5 per cent, or \$3,688,000,000 went to suppliers, 28 per cent, or \$2,135,000,000 went to payrolls, 14.5 per cent, or \$1,107,000,000 went for Federal, state and local taxes, and 4.75 per cent, or \$362,000,000 went to shareholders as dividends.

"It is easy enough to calculate that for every \$1 of dividends going to G. M.'s 488,000 shareholders, \$3 went to government in taxes. Question: Who's working for whom? But what really staggers us is that every dollar paid out by the company in wages was matched by 55 cents in taxes. Can it be that government services were worth to G. M. more than half as much as the full-time services of a skilled working force of 500,000 company personnel? If not, G. M. stockholders are paying out a whale of a lot of money for something they didn't get.

"The CIO's Walter Reuther ought to be hollering like mad to the government instead of to Alfred P. Sloan, Jr.

"Chrysler Corp. shows the same sort of picture, with \$169,000,000 in Federal income taxes alone as against only \$52,197,774 in dividends. Chrysler's total bill for taxes at all levels was four-fifths of the amount of its total payroll.

"After taxing the companies on their profits, the government turns around and taxes the worker on his wages and the shareholder on his dividends. Then, when their wives go out shopping, they are reminded of excise and sales taxes levied on what is left.

"Why any socialist would want to appropriate industry along with its headaches is beyond us. We're all working for the government anyway."



## "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—

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## T h e P A Y O F F

A MEXICAN and an American worked together in a Western mine. On several occasions the Mexican had rabbit for dinner and invited his workmate. One day the American asked, as he sat comfortably gorged on rabbit, "It's got me stumped, Jose, where you find these rabbits. I haven't seen one about the district since I took the job."

"My wife, she get 'em," replied the Mexican. "Every night they come 'round house and make noise, she shoot."

"Noise? Rabbits don't make noise."

"Sure," asserted Jose. "Go 'Meow, meow.'"

IT SEEMS the gate broke down between Heaven and Hades. St. Peter appeared at the damaged section and called to the Devil.

"Lookit," he glowered, "this time it's your turn to fix this gate."

"Oh yeah?" sneered Old Nick. "What are you going to do if I don't?"

"One of your imps broke down this gate. You fix it or I'll sue you."

"Says you," returned Nick. "Where you going to get a lawyer?"

ONCE upon a time, when the country had icemen, a man got up early to let an iceman in, and being unable to find his bathrobe, he slipped on his wife's kimono. When he opened the door, he was grabbed by the iceman and kissed forthwith most passionately.

The only way the husband could figure it out was, the iceman's wife must have owned a kimono exactly like his own wife's.

THE ROADSTER skidded around the corner, jumped in the air, knocked down a hydrant, smacked three cars, leaped the sidewalk and stove its radiator through a plate glass window. A girl climbed out of the wreckage.

"Whew!" she exclaimed. "That's what I call a kiss!"

"IF YOU refuse me, I'll blow my brains out!"

"How is that possible?" the co-ed inquired.

## Latest Photograph of Valor's Editor



SINCE Soulcraft Chapels began the weekly Liberation-Soulcraft broadcasts, there has been a demand for a camera-study of the Recorder that could be framed and hung in meeting places. Eric Olson of Scottsbluff, Nebraska, finally caught a snapshot while on Headquarters' visit this winter that gave a perfect presentation. Copies 10x14, suitable for framing, can be had at cost of reproducing. These are genuine photos, not engravings. Mailed flat, ready to mount and frame, \$5 each.

SOULCRAFT CHAPELS  
Noblesville, Indiana

A TOURIST was hailed before the local magistrate and fined \$15 for excessive speed down Main Street. He drew out a wad of bills and peeled off three tens.

"Here," the magistrate called, "I said \$15, not \$30."

"Keep it," said the tourist. "I'm getting out of this place at double the speed I came in."

THIS VISITOR accosted the inmate at the asylum.

"See here, my man, you just told that gentleman ahead that you were George Washington. Last time I visited this place you definitely told me you were Napoleon."

"Can be explained," said the looney one. "That was by my first wife."

THE PATRON had just been nicked in the neck by the slightly intoxicated barber.

He directed, "Draw me a drink of water, will you?"

"Wassa matter, shir? Hair in your mouth?"

"No, I intend to find out if my throat leaks."

THE BURGLAR told his pal, "No more jobs for me till I see an oculist."

"Whatta you mean?" asked the partner.

"Well, up in that library just now, I was twirling the knobs of the safe and a dance orchestra started playing, right in my face."

"RAISE the right leg and hold it at right angle to the body!" the sergeant shouted to the line of recruits.

One recruit raised his left leg by mistake, so that it extended close to the right leg of the man next to him.

The sergeant looked down the line. "Who's raisin' both legs?" he demanded, stupefied.

HE WAS taking an examination for an auto driver's license.

"What would you do, if the driver ahead moved an arm up and down?"

"Man or woman?" asked the applicant.

THE ENGLISH language is odd. Tell her that when you look into her eyes, time stands still, and she'll adore you. But never try telling her that her face would stop a clock.