

Valor

The Golden Times Weekly . . .

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

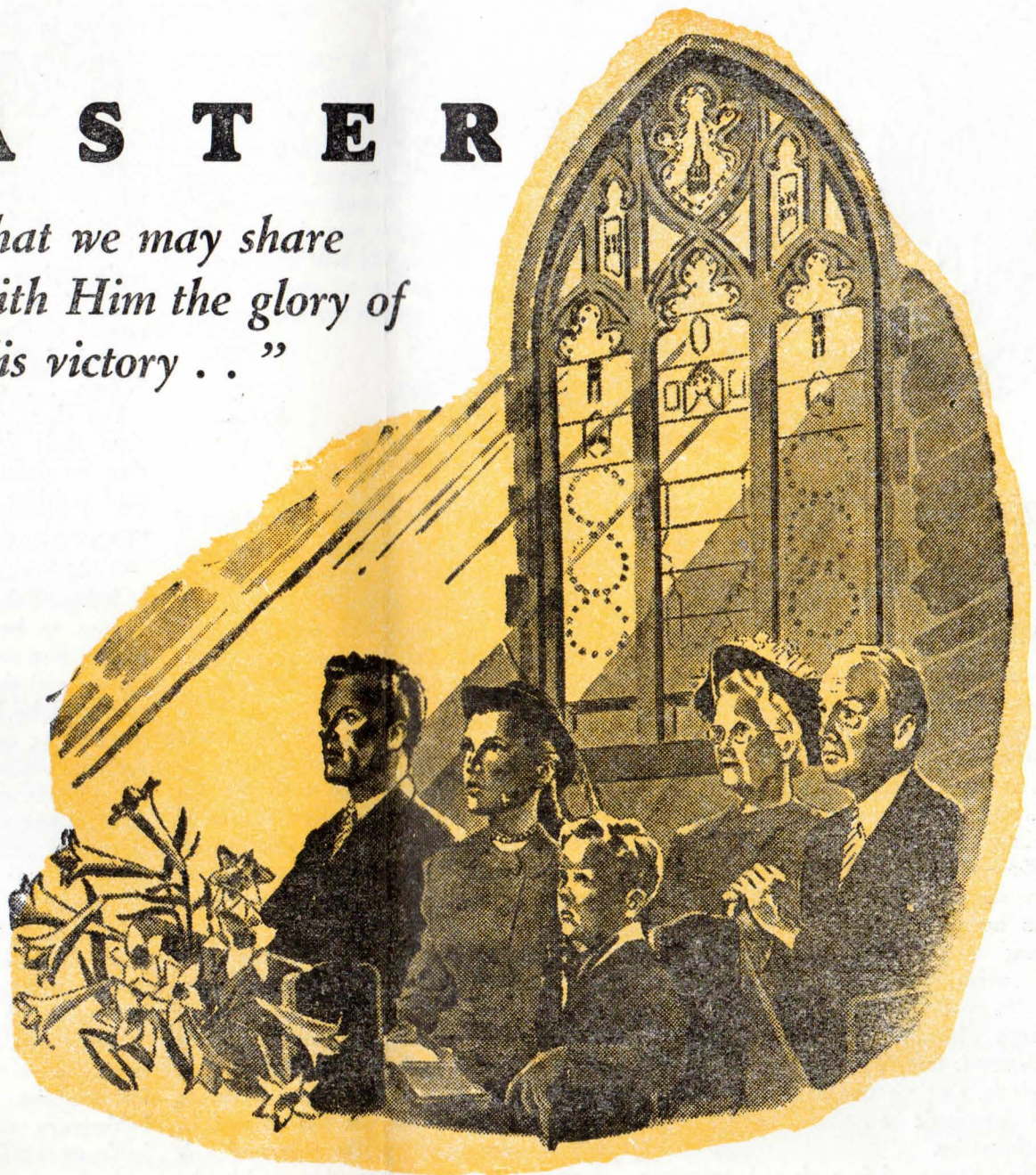
Volume IV

Noblesville, Indiana, Saturday, April 4, 1953

Number 23

E A S T E R

*"That we may share
with Him the glory of
His victory . . ."*



*Christian
Americans*



THE NATURE HUMANITY

economic Utopia as its premise and hardpan.

Dictatorships, remember, are always ribald confession that current humanity has lost—or shelved—either the desire or incentive to rule itself.

This is practically what we discern at present in almost every government on earth. The masses of its citizenry have either lost or shelved the desire or incentive to rule themselves. Human life in this Twentieth Century has become so complicated and confused, that the average man lacks the intellectual perception to understand or help direct it. So power-obsessed individuals stand up in the ranks and proclaim, "I understand everything. I see all and know all. Do as I compel you to do and all will be well."

And befuddled humanity answers, "Okay, . . . demonstrate!"

But these self-acclaimed dictators disclose their fatuous capabilities in that they nominate themselves for such absurd positions, at all.

TO REALIZE the conditions for which purblind humanity instinctively hungers, that colossal world-fire would require to be reversed—like a motion-picture film run backward through a projector—and those 400 years of savings be converted back into the original currency. Having no bona fide ability to perform such miracle, what the dictators did instead was offer an infinite variety of fanciful palliatives, resting the success of them on unstable oceans of propaganda. This, of course, increased the bedlam of the public still more tragically.

Now in 1953, even the supply of dictators themselves has run out. Mussolini passed from the stage of history, so did Hitler, so did Roosevelt, so has Stalin.

These infallibles and glamorous fix-it boys weren't even able to fix their own immortalities. The world not only has a bankruptcy of economic assets but a bankruptcy of personages who can look with clear eyes on the international scene



WITH EASTER come and gone, the world and the nation settle down to the business of spring and the new summer. The

sentimental sermons on Resurrection, international peace, and human brotherhood have mostly been preached—by spokesmen who hadn't the faintest idea of what they were talking about—and the honeymoons are over for Milady's beflowered Easter bonnets

It is the "Great Pyramid Summer" of 1953—or so the British Israelites believe. On the coming August 20th, "anything can happen". If linear methods for figuring the Great Pyramid measurements be correct, that is the date when humanity "arrives" at the southern wall of the King's Chamber and a solid facade of masonry is met. The saving grace of this crisis is, that no one has monopolies on the prophetic accuracies of Pyramid mathematics.

As a matter of fact, there is opportu-

ity for far more accurate forecasting of events in logical analysis of the political, financial and economic circumstances throughout the globe.

Suppose we review what the times have produced and draw a few constructive conclusions for ourselves . . .

A SURVEY of the over-all picture shows us what VALOR has called attention to, and commented upon, for the past two-year period—the last stages of the breakup of the old imperialist system in result of the burning up or blowing up of the savings of continental society for the past 400 years.

Humanity had figuratively withdrawn its family funds from the bank—commencing with the military insanity of 1914—turned them into paper currency of a sort and made a great bonfire of them. From the tragic ashes, Marxism has arisen. But Marxism has showed itself to be naught but the oldest of old-fashioned power dictatorships, with the

OF THE ERA INTO WHICH IS BEING LIFTED BY EVENT

With Stalin Gone, the Dark Saga of the Dictators Has Been Sung . . . Now What?

and observe the permanently constructive aspects of the conditions now prevalent. It hasn't quite dawned on the earth as yet that the entire coterie of dictators has gone. A little mimeographed edition of a dictator remains in Tito but he is a poor life insurance risk.

Even if we had not a single prophecy in either Bible, Pyramid, or clairvoyant vision, it should not be difficult to grasp the nature of the era into which we are heading.

Humanity is called to go back to First Principles and make a fresh start, profiting as it may from the lessons of experience learned under imperialism.

Imperialism is the policy, practice, or advocacy of seeking to extend the control, dominion or empire of a nation or a caste.

This is the era when imperialism is on its way out, its place to be taken by groups of men planning and working cooperatively. Humanity as a mass doesn't

see it as yet. But give it time.

Secular conditions must of their own rigors evolve it.

THE NATIONS of the Old World, in two world wars, burned up the savings of 400 years and by either bombs or famine slaughtered a hundred million people. But it requires a clear and capable intellect to discern that actually behind the whole vast tragedy hid the economic fallacy that you cannot apply mechanical power to a machine and get goods chopped out automatically in quan-

ties, and expect to create financial wealth so long as you have no other purchasers for them but the employes who have tended such machines. Pay them fifty cents an hour for tending machines that produce a dollar's worth of goods, and you must forever have the overproduction of fifty percent of such merchandise for which no buyers exist.

This is the great pitfall of the mechanistic era. That difference between what you pay your help and what you put as price on your goods is the amount of your national overproduction—so long as your machine-tenders are the only customers that exist. And taken as a nation they are the only customers that exist.

And this quota of overproduction is due to arise and plague you, no matter what your assets, up a thousand years.

GENERAL MOTORS, for instance, had a sales volume of \$7,549,000,000 in 1952. †

Of this big sum, according to its



own annual report, \$2,135,000,000 went to payrolls. If *everybody* in the United States worked for General Motors, and the only product manufactured in the United States were motorcars, there would have been \$5,414,000,000 in automobiles produced by the end of the year which no one could have acquired because he hadn't drawn enough wages to pay for them.

That is precisely what is happening over the entire United States, taking the sum-total of *all* the variety of its products. The entirety of the citizenry can buy only what has been paid to it in wages and salaries. The result is, the greater the industrial output over any given period, the faster the glut accumulates. Finally, when all warehouses and stores are loaded to ceilings and doors with merchandise, stoppage ensues. This stoppage is now given the label of Depression.

How long will it require for the mass of our people to grasp that it is the speed of our productive machines that regulates the length of time between depressions?

Outside of an 8 to 10 percent export trade—for which foreign products have to be taken in exchange, thus competing with our own glutted condition—the sum-total of a nation's buying power is the sum-total of moneys paid out in any one year for salaries and wages. And political parties are made or broken, and dictators come or go, in the nonsensical and stupid game of trying to beat this problem in simple logic.

Worst of all, Marxism fattens on such stupidity of mankind elsewhere in refusing, or failing, to acknowledge it.

FOR a thousand years the members of an aristocratic caste, as provincial dictators, have been functioning at the head of unnumbered millions of commoners and living sumptuously on what the commoners were denied. Yet even so, production was strictly geared to consumption and hand labor made no more than was actually required, generation by generation. Thus overproduction was never any serious factor.

Translating such setup into commercial terms, the Marxists made a great to-do about Capitalism. But the "capitalists" up across the generations did compound and conserve their disproportionate gain above the commoners by the ac-

(Continued on Page 9)



"Good
Night,
Dad!" . .

WHEN sombre shadows creep at close of day,
And twilight comes and goes its gentle way,
Then firelogs glow and every sleepy lad
The closer cuddles to his dad, and says—
"Good night, Dad!"

Those simple words a wealth of heart-trust hold,
For all who hear them, be they young or old,
Life's twilight comes to all, in love averred
That evensong of faith, in cadence heard:
"Good night, Dad!"

For toddle heads we lose when kids grow tall,
Though Memory saves the pictures of them all,
When they were tots and either sad or glad,
Yet seldom did their love neglect to add:
"Good night, Dad!"

The years have come and gone, the children too,
The marks which Time has left are not a few;
The laughter, tears, and struggles we have had
Have held no heart-hurt that was truly bad.
"Good night, Dad!"

Pink childhood hands on cradle-pillows rest,
The cadence breathing tells of slumber blessed,
At dawn, the mystery of the gift of day
Means still another eve to hear tots say,
"Good night, Dad!"

The Good in life is all that we may hold,
In Memory's album there is nothing old;
The loving portrait of each lass and lad
Speaks in its adult absence—victory-clad:
"Good night, Dad!"

—through WINCHESTER MACDOWELL

What If You Selected Your Mother for a Prearranged Reason?

IT STAGGERS the average person, arousing consciously to the truth of these matters in each succeeding life, to come to the ultimate realization that they have by no means been brought into life against their wills as the son or daughter of their father and mother—merely because such father and mother married and happened to have a child that was themselves. In every case the procedure is the other way about!

Children decide who their parents shall be, and enter mortality through the instrumentality of a given man and woman, because they recognize in advance that being the progeny of that particular man and woman, and none other, will give them profits not to be secured by association with any other man or woman on earth.

When you stop to give it thought, it would be a bitter and unfair practice if a given man and woman, marrying, could summon new souls into life whether or not the said souls wanted to come, and treat those souls as that man and woman pleased after they had arrived.

Of course that thing seems to happen when we view parenthood and the role of progeny strictly from the earth-side of Reality. But the fact that it seems to work that way, and people in the main believe that it does work that way, is all part of the educational system that is physical existence.

Often it is the fact that people in life think as the world thinks on these matters, blindly, and by the fact of their blindness or ignorance of the truth—discernible to them plainly when discarnate—they get more profit than as if they un-

derstood all about them consciously.

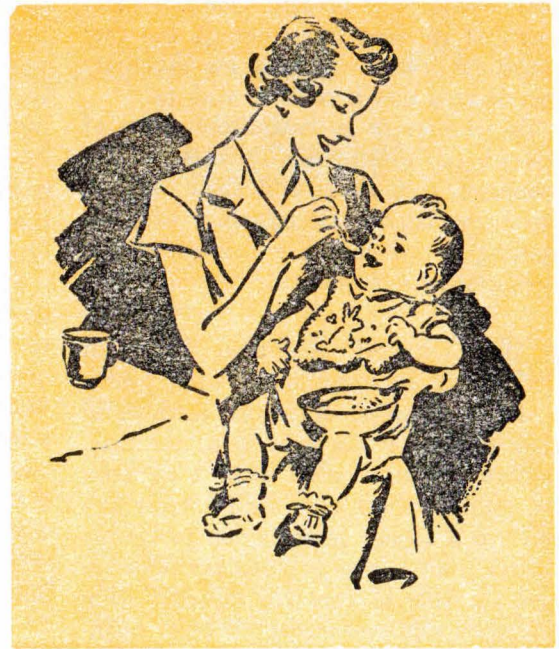
When they live through those processes blindly, or in ignorance of the true facts, they accept the decrees of that blindness and ignorance with a terrible seriousness and sobriety which they would not entertain if the Plan were clear to them from the very commencement of the earthly ordeal.

THE old maxim has been dinned into most people's ears since childhood: Make the most of this one life you are given to live because you'll be a long time dead!

The very fact that they hear this, and more or less accept it—the prenatal or before-birth designations for themselves more or less forgotten by entrapment in their new physical selves—makes them pay solemn attention to the ordeals of life and concentrate on their profits, holding those ordeals in a poignant finality that would not occur to them if they realized consciously that the current life-span is only one of several thousands.

People would be inclined to live slipshod lives, careless about their cosmic obligations to themselves and to others, if they recalled definitely the pacts they made with themselves before getting physically born.

So with the memory of the prenatal specifications largely a blank in their minds by the act of entering into the new infantile equipment, they accept the current situation at its obvious value:



the chance to live and learn as though it were the only chance to live and learn that ever was going to be served up to them.

Nature had to adopt this expedient of blanking out definite memories of past lives, and the specific details of what this current life was supposed to comprise, in order to make souls take each earthly visit with tragic seriousness. Then again, if people definitely remembered forward what their life programs were due to include, they might have the tendency to sidestep or flee unpleasant ordeals when they drew close to living them.

It is not unlike a person agreeing with themselves to pay the dentist a visit on a certain day, knowing full well that their teeth need attention. But when they get into the dentist's office, smell the iodoform and hear the groans of someone ahead of them in the chair, an almost irresistible impulse seizes them not to go through with it—although they still concede that their molars need filing or plastering.

This item of not being consciously able to remember the states of consciousness between our various mortal lives is, of course, the greatest stumbling block to acceptance of the Charted Life Hypothesis. If people could bring such memories into the physical form, there would be small doubts about the matter of what they elected for themselves. But as already stated, it might likewise keep them from meeting the very ordeals from which

they would most benefit. Going it blind may not be altogether pleasant, but that seems to be the way that the Almighty has decreed that it shall be with us.

So we have to go behind the scenes of life for our information on these mighty processes. And again and again we confront the curious circumstance of souls waiting to get into life through a particular man and woman.

OF COURSE, the most important factor in determining what profits a fresh incursion into the earth-world shall contain, is the identity of the prospective parents. "Who shall I be born by, and to whose care shall I trust myself for a correct introduction to earthly society until I have reached my majority and am able to care for myself?" is a quandary that supercedes all other quandaries in importance.

We on this mortal side must understand that getting born—that is, deciding to go into physical life for a fresh set of educating experiences—is just as grave and solemn a matter as making the decision on this side to quit the body, or as mankind puts it: die! We consider death of the body to be a quite serious matter. By the same token, it is a doubly serious matter to start a new mortal career.

Rushing promiscuously into life is no more the practice than rushing promiscuously into death. Of the two, entering into life is the more serious and solemn occasion, entailing as it does all the relationships and social contacts that are sure to be forthcoming. Going out of life is merely embarking on a period of rest and relaxation by comparison.

Entering into life might be termed "going to work" in a manner of speaking. Emerging from life is quitting work for a period of rest and relaxation. Contemplating a fresh incursion into life, at once the soul must take two items into consideration, qualifying the choice of parents: First, what sort of environmental training do I want my prospective parents to give me, best serving the introductory purposes of my coming earthly visit? Second, what karmic obligations or debts do I have owing to me by people in earth-life ahead of me who at the same time are equipped to serve as my parents?

In other words, the soul must locate a man and woman married or marriageable

whose worldly circumstances and temperaments are such that the new visit will start off propitiously for the ends to be gained, and uniformly that man and woman must be selected from out a group with the members of whom the entering soul has already had contact in past lives so that compensations owing or owed may be settled for all time.

It would be a comparatively easy matter for a soul wanting definite experiences to choose the proper parents whose circumstances would supply them if the whole of earthly society were available to select from. But the whole of earthly society is not available to select from. The area of choice is more or less limited to a circle of intimates in past careers.

This is the chief reason why all men and women having election in the matter of getting born anew, do not rush into careers as kings or queens, or the sons and daughters of parents who are immensely wealthy.



THE AVERAGE person entertains the notion that if they ever did have any choice in the matter of getting born they certainly showed themselves poor pickers, to select a pair of parents who lived in moderate circumstances in a side street in a nondescript town, or off somewhere on an isolated farm, in preference to a pair of parents with all kinds of titles before their name, or college degrees after it, and slathers of dollars in the bank to provide against the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune—particularly in times like the present.

In other words, they imagine that with the choice their own they most certainly would select environments of opulence and special privilege instead of parental harassment or downright poverty.

Viewed from a dispassionate contemplation and analysis of their characters

and temperaments, however, they would probably do nothing of the sort.

They know in their discarnate condition what they most expressly need in the way of life-experiences to round out their characters and make their coming earthly visit profitable. They recognize what a tedious business it is to get born and have themselves conducted up to maturity. They further realize that scenes and circumstances of opulence and power contribute least to the spiritual growth or improvement of the temperament, whereas scenes and circumstances of hardship and opportunities that must be fought for, supply the most.

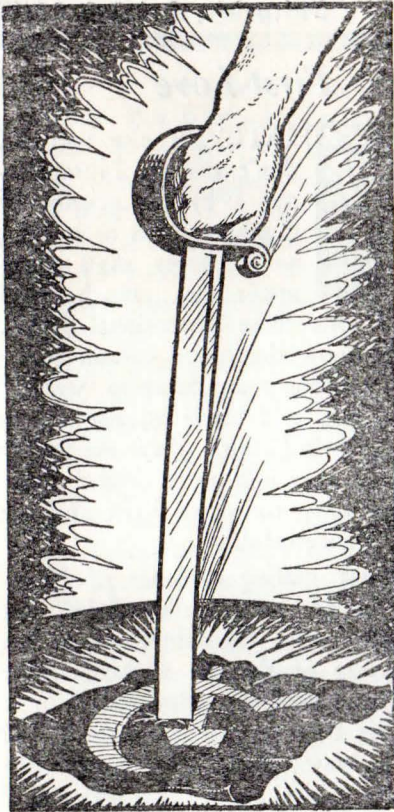
This is one of the chief reasons, if the truth could only be known, why most great men are born in log cabins and other environments of tawdry obscurity. Not only are they limited to their own clique as to available parents, but they realize that the more rigorous with hardships the childhood life is, the greater are going to be the spiritual increments. And they are great and wise enough not to pass up any opportunities to acquire all the spiritual increments which they can get. They appreciate, of course, that their own characters and talents will swiftly lift them out of those harassments and obscurities as they push toward maturity and command their own careers. Thus the world's saviors appear most often in manglers.

NO, THE entering soul is limited to a circle of souls already embodied in life whom it has earlier made contact with, and established intimate relationships with, in prior states of being. The most careful consideration must be given to these items and the utmost discrimination exercised—together with an astute diagramming of probable results from probable causes that almost approximate a well-played game of chess—before a soul is ready to embark on the monumental excursion into a pregnant woman's body and take up a new earthly career as her child.

What the temperamental reactions of the parents on each other may be, has to be considered—for the entering soul, playing the role of child, must endure, observe, and profit or suffer from them over a distressing period of years.

What their worldly affluence is, enabling them to give the child the necessary

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Russia in Bad Economic Mess, May Fold Up Suddenly . .

plane had flown mistakenly over the Russian zone. As for the American weather plane, none other than Senator Flanders was responsible for the intelligence that it had actually been an American bomber in Russian territory where it had no right.

Whereupon, the Washington Hysteria Squad affected to be dumbfounded when the new Kremlin dictators—count 'em, four—“expressed their regrets” and wanted conferences to iron out the wrinkles.

At the same time, Stalin's successor announced over the Russian radio that there were no differences between the Soviets and the West that couldn't be ironed out also, thus avoiding war.

The European correspondent of one of the big New York economic bureaus writes that “even though the West German Government last week ratified the peace treaty with the Western Powers, the Russian leaders in East Germany, instead of putting more pressure on the Bonn Government, have actually been cooperative. For weeks, to illustrate, there has been a line of hundreds of trucks on the border between West Germany and the Eastern Red Zone, tied up through Red tape—no pun intended. Overnight, last week, Russian officials gave orders to clear all the trucks, and within one day 700 were allowed to move freely. For eight months, shipping routes between Berlin and the Ruhr have been closed. This week the Russians allowed them to be reopened . . .”

These are hardly indications of a quartette going trigger-happy.

Of course, writer after writer is saying that all these moves mean nothing, that the Reds cannot be trusted, and that it must be nothing more than propaganda. But there are those in Europe capa-

ble of observing that the Russians are in so desperate a plight that they will now go further than promises and actually take concrete action to get pressure relieved.

The economics of China, along with most of the satellite areas, not to mention Russia herself, are collapsing. The Chinese Reds have been “paying through the nose” at fantastically high prices—a fact not generally known—for most of the war supplies they have received—which is one of the reasons the English imperialists by no means took it kindly when Washington asked them to keep their supply ships away from the China coast. Moreover, the only payment now accepted by the traffickers in armament for shooting against our American boys in Korea, is reported to be in gold.

The Chinese—with the Russians behind them, naturally—have been steadily shipping gold for three years through the neutral banks and gold markets of Switzerland. This has had the effect of reducing their gold reserves to the danger point. That alone means real trouble for the Soviets.

Malenkov and his compatriots have inherited almost as bad a mess from Stalin as President Eisenhower inherited from the Fair Dealers.

Actually the war in Korea has put, and is putting, too much of a strain on the economies of Red satellite countries

(Continued on Page 11)

MOST OF the undercover news coming from overseas since Stalin's death confirms claims already made by VALOR that Russia as world military menace is a joke. Now such joke assumes more dramatic turn as it becomes increasingly evident that since the death of Stalin the Soviets are courting dangerous collapse.

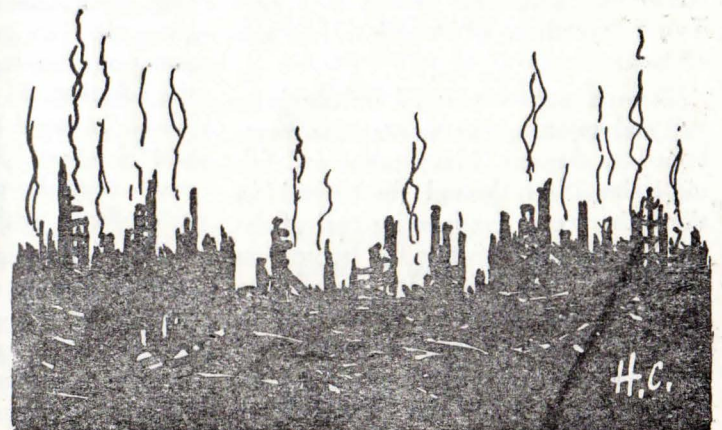
Washington has perpetrated the propaganda that the free nations' armies would be sitting ducks if one or all of Stalin's successors awakened some morning—in the wake of a vodka hangover—and decided to blow up the universe just to prove the Kremlin could do it.

It couldn't blow up anything greater than itself.

Actually, the peace overtures coming this week out of China and Korea may be bona fide.

And none of it is wishful thinking.

When a British plane was shot down over Germany, to be followed by the downing of an American “weather plane” over the North Pacific, the hysterical elements were certain the Fat Boy—Malenkov—was indicating exuberance and showing off his strength. But the foreign dispatches made nothing of the facts, later determined, that the British



Valor

A Journal of Applied Spirituality, published every Saturday in the national interests of American Soulcraft, by—

SOULCRAFT CHAPELS

P. O. Box 192 NOBLESVILLE, IND.

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

VOL. IV APRIL 4, 1953 No. 23

Betrayal



AMERICA is still a land of reasonably free men, *The Indianapolis Star* reminds us, making its own laws under its own Constitution, excepting when foreign treaties write our laws for us, constitutional or not. When that happens we can be bound by the will of a majority in the United Nations to a course which, if taken independently by our own Congress, would be thrown out as unconstitutional by our Supreme Court.

This betrayal of our liberties by foreign treaty is possible because rulings of the Supreme Court over a period of years have established the legal principle that treaties have superiority over the constitutions of the nation and the states. Clarence E. Manion, former dean of the College of Law at the University of Notre Dame, calls it "an involved idiosyncrasy of our constitutional law." During most of our history the loophole has been meaningless, but today's type of international agreement makes it a back door to overthrow of American free government.

Treaties once concerned strictly international matters, like peace agreements, boundary disputes, Navy ratios and fishing rights. Now, through the United Nations, they reach far into internal affairs. One U. N. subdivision is the International Labor Organization. Its annual treaties cover such things as holiday pay for farm workers and social security provisions including socialized medicine. The United States is just one among 60 nations in ILO. Yet these agreements, when

ratified by our Senate, become the supreme law of America.

As this trend toward legislation by international treaty continues, the United States in effect surrenders its congressional powers. Sympathy in the Senate with the aim of Socialists or Communists in other nations can enable them to change our way of life. The Constitution is no longer a safeguard.



How close this danger has come was evident in the dissent to the Supreme Court decision which stopped Harry Truman from seizing steel properties despite constitutional limits on the President's powers. Chief Justice Vinson and two other justices were convinced that our ratification of the U. N. Charter and the North Atlantic Pact gave Truman power to do anything that could be justified as rendering assistance to the U. N. in repelling aggression in Korea. Had that opinion prevailed, Truman would have been sustained in his willingness to upset basic American property rights rather than use the politically unpalatable Taft-Hartley injunction to stop a strike that did indeed affect the war effort.

Former Dean Manion is urging adoption of a constitutional amendment to close the foreign treaty loophole. The American Bar Association has spelled out the substance of Senate Joint Resolution No. 1, proposed by John Bricker of Ohio and 59 others. Under this amendment no treaty could have force in this country if it conflicted with the Constitution.

The full weight of President Eisenhower's prestige should be placed behind passage of this amendment and its ratification by the separate states. It is the remedy to a constitutional peril that the founding fathers could not have foreseen.

First Love



HATEVER else you do, don't disdain Numerology. Why the science of numbers works as it does, we probably shall never appreciate, much less grasp, in this three dimensional world. We only know that when certain enterprises have names that add up to "wrong" numbers, they will battle against a continual headwind until they eventually fold. When they add up to "right" numbers, they have the green light and are uniformly successful.

The most glaring evidence of Numerology in an individual's affairs that ever came under the editor's attention was the case of the late magazine-cover artist, Neysa McMein. Miss McMein, in private life Mrs. John Baragwanath, had come to New York after graduation from the Chicago Art Institute, and sought lucrative commissions for her painting. Christened Margaret Moran McMein this numerology figured to a 3. But it was emphatically not a proper numeral for a successful artist. It is a social and actionist number. In a despondent mood at her lack of success Miss McMein visited Evangeline Adams, noted Manhattan Astrologer and Numerologist, and asked her advice. Miss Adams did some figuring.

"Alter your first name to Neysa," she counseled, "and watch your luck change."

So Mrs. Barawanath officially named herself Neysa Moran McMein, and started signing her canvasses Neysa M. McMein. This changed her professional vibration from a 3 to an 8, the digit representing financial or professional success. The full name spelled out to an 11 or the Genius number. And forthwith she made 14 highly profitable war posters for the United States and France, the first portrait sketch of President Harding, and began to find rejected work accepted by *Saturday Evening Post*, *Collier's*, *Red Book* and *American*.

The three outstanding "success numbers" are 6, 8, and 11. Of these three again, 6 is most "favorable."

Most of the successful denominations have names that figure out to 6. Christian Science is notable, but even before Christian Science the Episcopal faith figured out to 6. The word Baptist figures out to 6. The name Methodist figures

out to a 5, or the number of dramatic change. But Methodist is not an official name for this sect; the church is Methodist Episcopal, which thereby turns into the magic 11. The sect calling itself the Mormons have a name figuring to the material success of 8, whereas Latter Day Saints figures out to 15, which again becomes a 6.

More and more in new publicity material—and in forthcoming radio work—the Golden Script Doctrine will gradually soft-pedal the name Soulcraft and bring to prominence the earlier designation for the work, the doctrine of *Liberation*. Liberation figures to a 6.

Soulcraft figures to a 7.

While the *Golden Scripts* tell us in Chapter 85, "Seven is the mystical number of all creation in that seven hath the power of creating, having in it seven gradations of etheric status," any name or word totaling 7 signifies a project that will encounter a steady uphill course. It is also known as the number of Spiritual Exploration, which of itself means suffering or harassment.

It was largely because of verse 40 in Chapter 85 that the name Soulcraft was adopted for the resumed instruction after February of 1950.

When the Pelley work originally appeared, back in Manhattan in 1930, under the title of *Liberation*, it was instantaneously successful. It rolled up 476 assemblies or study groups with 20,000 communicants. Moreover, it kept its popularity while Galahad Press encountered legal suppression and Galahad College did not continue longer than a single summer.

"Galahad" figures out to 7.

The weekly periodical *Liberation* published successfully, almost without missing an issue for almost 8 years—excepting for those months when the Dicksteiners had stripped its headquarters and *Pelley's Weekly* took its place until subscription records could be recovered. It was discontinued voluntarily. *Pelley's Weekly* figured to a 4. *Roll Call* similarly figured to a 4. Both were stopgap expedients.

Almost a rule for professional success would seem to be, "Eschew Seven and fanagle Sixes." For the formula carries through into almost every branch of commercial and business life. Rare indeed are the companies or products totaling 7 that encounter enduring success. The Ford au-

tomobile is the outstanding exception.

Beat it you cannot.

Soulcraft Chapels figures to an 8, the Secular Success digit, and Soulcraft Chapels has been a prosperous project ever since its proclamation as sponsor of the electronic discourses. Soulcraft Press, Inc., adds to a 1—the pioneering number. It served its purpose in that.

In the minds and lips of thousands of old timers this work is still *Liberation*. Guardedly calling it that again, will put it on the 6 vibration, and we shall see what happens in consequence during the balance of 1953.

VALOR will gradually become *The Golden Times Weekly*, figuring again to the more opportune 6.

Liberation-Soulcraft, in consequence of the most happy financial auguries of late, is about to embark nationally on a program of widespread publicity.

If, with *Liberation* emphasized and Soulcraft minimized, the whole teaching suddenly takes the bit in its teeth and gallops, will you be convinced of the efficacy of Numerology?

We shall see what we shall see.

New Era

(Continued from Page 4)

cumulations of "estates". These served as back log and reservoir of wealth to stabilize the industrial fortunes of any given State or combination of States.

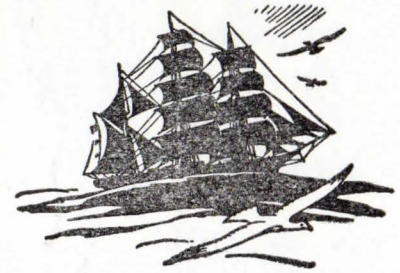
Very good, two world wars depleted and exhausted such accumulations as well as liquidated the great portion of such aristocratic clans themselves. What great social gain, then, can we discern behind such happenings?

Can we not grasp that the Great Guardian Mentors who have humanity's progress and development in charge may have decreed that the era is propitious for such castes of patricians and plebeians to cease to exist and general humanity proceed on a cooperative basis between all castes and classes?

In this Western world, we call this Americanism.

Naturally, it can be expected that much time will be consumed erasing the reflexes and grooves made by tradition in the mass mind of the races, and bringing mass acknowledgment of the fallacies of imperialism. But utter collapse of the

The Stories of the Thirteen Civilizers



"MARCHING SPIRES"

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.

"Thresholds of Tomorrow"

Don't worry
that America
isn't coming
back in
a big way!

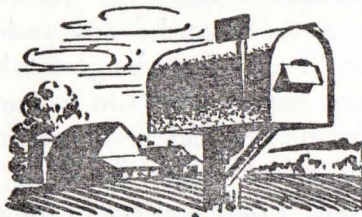


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orthodox economic structure can do it, in fact hasten it.

As such we can view it as an unmitigated blessing.

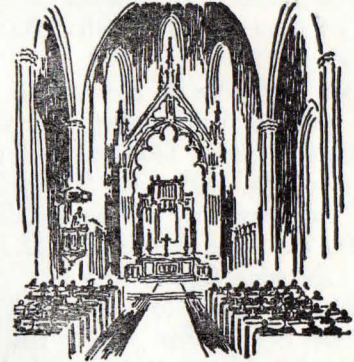
GLANCING across the world in the aftermath of this Easter season of 1953, we discern therefore that probably the greatest defect in the philosophy and practice of Marxism is its antiquation. It is hopelessly floundering in archaic concepts and postulates—quite as much so as are the imperialists of Britain, or the plutocrats of American industry.

Both are established on the notion that if you make \$7,549,000,000 worth of motorcars, out of which you pay your commoners—or workmen—\$2,135,000,000, the difference of \$5,414,000,000 stored against some future public demand is your "wealth", and should give you great prestige because you have title to it. That it spoils, molds, or disintegrates somewhere in warehouses, of small use to anybody, has nothing to do with the fallacy of wealth considered in itself. Wealth is not wealth unless you can use it in the constructive and wholesome intercourse of life. Sheer possession of inert materials is an imbecility. Your title is only a book title, anyway. Two men view a hill of granite. One is a vagrant, the other is the head of the family whose estate "owns" the hill—in that there are writings to such effect somewhere in civic tax books. The hill as a hill disdains both of them. The only real difference between the two is, that the second can put workmen to laboring with steam drills and chisels on the hill and extract blocks of granite with which to build a palace. The hill as a hill has no value. And the palace is only of value as to the amount of labor that has been paid for, to get the granite from the hill to the park where it is erected.

We are going to see these matters in their broader and more sensible aspects as the Aquarian Age advances.

We are all the same species here on the granite hills of the world, which have been created for us by God Almighty. As we get over our individualistic or caste complexes, we shall move up into a semblance of Cooperative Enterprise where it is the general Standard of Living for the whole people that truly counts, and personal exploitation of society in the interests of the powerful or crafty will be regarded as anathema.

True, the old traditional order dies hard, for imperialism is rooted in the deepest emotions of the race-mind. But collapse on collapse of the various economic structures, in constantly shortening cycles, must bring consciousness of the Ultimate.



THIS, apparently, is the true significance, marked in the Great Pyramid and elsewhere, of the Time of the End that the British-Israelites acclaim as coming in 1953. It is the Time of the End of this satanic hoodwinking of the nations in respect to economic fallacies based on overproduction from too complicated a development of an uncontrolled Machine Age.

The *Golden Scripts* assure us that it by no means indicates any "end of the world." It indicates the end of mankind's blindness in respect to what causes his industrial order to encounter stalemate every few years, with impoverishment of millions.

When, as, and if *Golden Times* come in, they spell the raising of the standards of all living, not for castes but for nations.

The whole vast drama being played before our eyes—too gargantuan at times for us to discern the providential nature behind it—is one of inexorable progression of humanity up onto octaves of saner and stouter ways of conducting our physical livings on this earthball.

Error, remember, always digs its own grave.

And it is the sheer grave of error that is being dug in these transient years. If there be no other way to alter the pattern of living for all humanity than universal collapse, the sooner the universal collapse occurs, the sooner we find ourselves inducted onto a higher plane of living generally.

We should greet it, forsooth, as a Blessing in Disguise.

For such we shall find it.

Selecting a Mother

(Continued from Page 6)

social advantages it believes it is going to need to lay the foundation for its ultimate career, is another factor that merits profoundest study.

Do the proper parents recruited out of one's own cosmic group live in the right country, and under the proper culture, to provide the arena of later activity in which the entering soul can achieve its mission? This is still a third factor.

Is it to be wondered at, therefore, that the final achievement of correctly solving such conditions all the way down, results in life becoming the deadly serious business which it is—or why, once having made all such adjustments and embarked upon it, people fight fiercely to preserve themselves in it?

Is it any wonder, either, that we find intervals of time—anywhere from 200 to 500 years—intervening between tacit earthly appearances? Naturally such details can't be arranged in a day, a week, a month, or a year. And having gone to such immeasurable trouble to get properly born, neither would the soul want to be careless about tossing all that energy and trouble on the junk-pile.

MALE and female forms may conjugate, and the women may find themselves due to become mothers from full consummation of the biological urges. But what the identity of the human soul may be, taking spiritual possession of that infant's body after biological processes have started it into being, is strictly a decision up to the entering soul itself.

Cases are known where for years and years certain souls in a discarnate state have labored zealously from the higher octaves of consciousness to bring a specific man and woman together in the married state so that they could finally be the progeny out of the loins of both and thereby discharge their karmic debts to those two people exclusively and none other.

Time and again in earth-life we witness a man and woman coming together having a child or children, and thereafter separating—having no further interest in one another after those children have achieved the fact of birth. The karmic facts probably are that they came


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together to have those children—let them get into life through these two parents—and that was the whole concernment of the relationship.

Again we discover that a soul has some reason of its own for coming into life over a given period and the correct alignment of ideal parenthood cannot be managed. The right woman for mother may be available but not the right man. So the soul will strategize to get that woman into a situation where she has what is known as a natural child. Such a soul, willing to play the role of natural child, is fanatically concerned with experiencing earth-life at a given period on any terms—parental care, domestic coaching, is not so consequential.

It is time for us to radically alter our earthly notions on these matters and began to view our worldly commitments as our intimates in the higher octaves view them. It is also time for others to stop the disgraceful business of abusing father or mother for not being something different than they are. They were your

choice as parents! Better to find out what you expected from such selection of them!

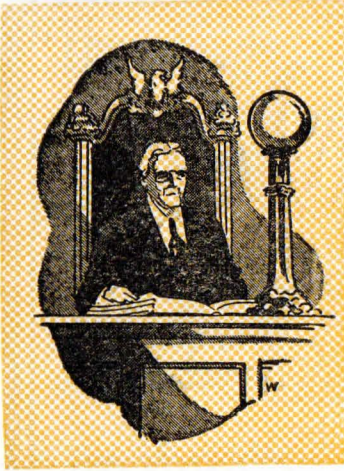
Russians

(Continued from Page 7)

that already are wobbling. The worldwide blockade of China, Russia and the satellites is reported as hurting terrifically. When the Reds or their servitors couldn't run this blockade they have had to pay, pay, pay in gold, and even this is stopping, now that the British are agreeing to cooperate. What the Administration gave the British in return for this comradely action to save American lives, is still a State Department secret.

Actually, Stalin stupidly overextended himself all over the eastern world, and the showdown is imminent. Unbelievable resistance is boiling in all the satellite countries, and you notice that the anti-semitic demonstrations have stopped.

(Continued on Page 14)



“Garden of Prophecy”

Second Volume of “Door to Revelation”

CHAPTER VI

THE FOUNDING Fathers made no provision in the Constitution either for, or against, congressional investigation. Had the possibility been called to their attention, they would have frowned on it reactively. It savors too much of police inquisition, and is, at its best, an executive activity. For an omnipotent legislative body to poke and pry into the personal affairs of a citizen infringes on the ideologies of any free people. If crimes have been committed against the statutes made and provided, it is up to the executive prosecuting body to take action. But congressional investigation at its worst proceeds on the assumption that the citizen or interests under examination *might* have committed crime, or at least been engaged in activities against which laws *should* be framed. It is all anticipatory—and conjectural.

THE theory upon which Congressional investigation has grown, has it that lawmakers have inherent right to make inquiries in respect to conditions throughout the Republic, to render them competent to formulate legislation intelligently. But that is not the purpose that works out. With no reviewing body to pass on their conduct, and no court of appeal from which a harassed citizen can procure immunity, abuses become the order. Does one quota of citizens get in the hair of another quota? The first has only to go to its congressmen and steam him up to “investigate” the second, and soon an official and omnipotent committee is romping high, wide and handsome-

ly into the private affairs or activities of the second, going through records and files, obtaining names of supporters and means of securing financial support, and behaving generally like terriers in a rat’s nest. Scarcely one congressman on any such committee ever cared two flips about “enhanced knowledge to permit the passing of competent legislation.” As a matter of fact, legislation is rarely passed in result of such snooping and exploring. They are private interests that are being served.

I do not write from hearsay. I learned it the hard way.

I HAD published and organized in this nation—as the Federal Constitution and my rights as a citizen gave me every legal license to do—till I had the Red fifth column chewing not only its nails but its collective hands. How to suppress me before I wrecked its carefully laid strategies utterly? Dickstein had supporters in his New York home district who savagely disapproved of my crusading abilities and greatly desired that I be stripped of further organizing power before I drove them back overseas where most had originated. He responded to their insistencies, and under the excuse of learning what was going on anyway, he got his first committee appointed—and underwritten with a \$35,000 public appropriation of taxpayer’s money. It ended in complete futility, for I had violated no laws, and by no means could the Congress pass statutes restraining me from doing what the Constitution empowered me. True, his committee had cooperated with the county authorities in North Carolina to have my Headquarters raided and stripped bare, even of rugs and pictures, and my books combed by accountants privately provided, to ascertain if anything could be discovered on which criminal prosecutions could be brought against me. But the committee had spent its appropriation, and I had come off technical winner, in that an equitable magistrate had refused to sentence me to Raleigh Penitentiary merely because I had printed my annual cor-

porate statement in my publication.

So, as previously described, I had resumed my public fight against Europe’s Fifth Columnists in the Roosevelt Administration, and when Dickstein had wanted to do it over again, I had found friends in unexpected quarters who saw to it that some other congressman was appointed to the chairmanship.

Now I was in Washington, voluntarily, to “testify” before this second committee, and it was by no means unfriendly. Not at this juncture . . .

THE reprehensible feature about being summoned before such a committee, of course, is the effect on lay citizens. The situation of the one being “investigated” is not unlike that of the suspected culprit in the western mining camp brought in “guilty” by a jury—to the astonishment and outrage of the Judge. As no evidence of guilt had been presented throughout the trial, the magistrate quizzed the foreman as to how he and his fellows had arrived at such verdict?

“Waal, Jedge,” said the foreman, “we took one look at the prisoner and we sez to ourselves, if he ain’t guilty, what’s he doin’ here? So we found agin him.”

If the “culprit” summoned before a congressional committee “ain’t guilty of sumpin’,” what is he doing there indeed? So, to make good with a curious nation whose eyes may be turned upon the sessions—particularly if they be well advertised—the committee becomes judicial. Its sessions assume the nature of a kangaroo trial, with the charges to be determined.

Actually, the witness is brought in “under suspicion” and the august body of five or seven becomes an Exploring Squad into his affairs and concerns. The witness is being legally tried, but without knowing the accusation against him—excepting that someone darkly in the background doesn’t like him—without opportunity to be represented by counsel, with the five or seven judges all prosecutors and “going at him” like seven cats after one fish. So acrimonious be-

come these sessions at times that the witness is pilloried without recourse to rules of evidence and the verdict arrived at with malice aforethought. It is kangaroo jurisprudence at its worst. And I stick to my contention, even though by no other means have the Reds of the nation been brought into opprobrium.

Congress could long since have passed a law declaring membership in the Communist Party inimical to the welfare of this Republic, and it would have been up to the Department of Justice to ferret out the Alger Hisses and their ilk, and prosecute. But no, such a law stood no chance of passage while New Deal Democrats were in power, so an Emergency Committee of the Congress did the soiled work by subterfuge . . . the subterfuge that the evidence brought out against the Hisses, the Chambers, and others was required by the highest legislative body to enable them intelligently to pass such laws.



I have plenty of reason for knowing that my own case was in essence the reverse of these. I had checkmated the Red Fifth Column to an intolerable hiatus and it wanted not only my hide . . . it wanted the hides and names of those who kept up my moral and financial support across 22 Northern States, so that official—and personal—duress could be exerted and prevent them from continuing. All of which I will later recount.

By fast work on my own part, however, I had circumvented another *duces tecum* subpoena—"come and bring all your records"—by walking in voluntarily at a strategic time and being permitted to write my own subpoena. Naturally, in my own subpoena I made no stipulations about my records. Dickstein himself, in the first committee, had never gotten a 100 percent list of my supporters throughout the nation, for the simple reason that it was not allowed to be kept in such way that official exploring raids could thus be made upon it . . .

I WAS, at that time I say, before a more or less friendly group of mild investigators. True, it did not remain friendly over-long—when the newsmen reporting the public sessions gradually recognized that for once the committee had drawn a witness who knew far more about the details of subversive activities than the committeemen could hope to learn in six months of such sessions. Congressmen can stand anything but ridicule. By the second or third day, half the newspapers in Washington—and the nation—were agreeing that the Dies Committee had caught a Tartar. They said I couldn't be stampeded, that I couldn't be browbeaten, that I couldn't be flustered.

I had, of course, prepared most of the question that Mr. Starnes led off with, each evening before in the Burlington Hotel with "Doc" Matthews and George Hurley. But after the second day, that sort of technique was abandoned. I was giving the nation—and the Administration—such doses of "enlightenment that even the committee itself was appalled at what it had uncorked. When it discarded the questionnaires and the chairman relied on his own knowledge and wits, the spectacle he made was so pathetic that the *Christian Science Monitor* appeared with a front page editorial in which it declared I was making a "laughingstock" of the members. Again and again Mr. Roosevelt's name was coming out in my testimony, and over at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue the gentleman was boiling.

INCIDENTALLY, the worst part of such ordeal isn't the inhuman strain of keeping one's wits to the fore every moment that one is in the witness chair, so not to utter contradictions—even unintentionally—but the unbearable shock of the flashlight cameras going off in one's eyes. So loose, ribald, and undecorous were some of those sessions that news cameramen were allowed to crawl on hands and knees under the table at which I was testifying, push their graflex instruments up between table and my lap, and *plop!* register my countenance within twenty inches of my eyes. Immediate blinding would result. But these were the boys who could make or break committee members and no rebukes nor even admonitions were of moment. "If I warn't guilty of sumpin" why was I present, otherwise?

Finally, the third day, the committee

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was angrily on the defensive, even more than defensive, it was nearly taking the part of the very elements it had been organized to investigate. Remember, five of them were Democrats, and over in the Executive Mansion that week, Madam Roosevelt, spouse of their sovereign, was busily entertaining the Young Communists League, which left the committeemen between the devil and the sea.

Something had to be done to end the travesty, for it was becoming more and more patent that the committeemen had lost all heart for the job. That the affair might have ended tragically—if it had not been for my friends—was indicated on Friday afternoon when, upon being excused for the day, I rose to find Mrs. Hatfield with a dozen to a score of ladies surrounding me three deep. What on earth was this? They moved out into the hall with me, down the stairs, and only when Nell and Floyd were in a taxi with me did she reveal the cause for the solicitous performance.

"I found out," she confided, "that the rear benches held two gunmen who were openly making their brags during your testimony that they'd get you this time when you finished. Some friends I'd made, saw to it that there was no direct line of fire for them . . . and they never did have the chance to use the weapons that were almost in sight on their persons."

I scowled at the thought of a group of patriotic women being required to form petticoat protection for me, but I knew on the other hand that it indicated I was scoring. How much longer it would go on, I couldn't surmise. Half of the committeemen were riled at me because they'd come off losers in debative tilts. My undercover friends were insinuating that Roosevelt himself was about to take a hand.

Well, around 2:30 of Saturday afternoon, it came. A particularly raucous inquisitor named Barker was "putting on a show", hurling insults and insinuations at me from the floor space to the left of the witness table. A young man came into the committeeroom hurriedly, crossed behind the committeeman's table and spoke in Joe Starnes' ear.

Starnes started violently, engaged in a whispered consultation with him, then fumbled for his gavel. He raised it and pounded it . . .

(Continued Next Week)

Russia

(Continued from Page 11)

The Chinese are reported as sore at the Kremlin for inadequate support, and with no economic backlog and less economic potentials, the end is in sight.

TO START listing Stalin's mistakes would be to begin a ponderous book.

His Washington apologists would have it that he was nothing short of a genius to take the most backward country in Europe, wholly lacking in technical schools, and bring it overnight to a point where it rivaled or surpassed the United States—which has more engineers and chemists than all the other nations of the earth combined.

But his super-boneheaded move was in getting the Korean War started, thus arousing the whole world into arms against him and his Chinese compatriot. Now comes another fat bandit, and the same Washington Hysteria Squad gives the impression that the whole thing was planned, and after all, who on earth is able to stand against such a colossal superman?

Actually he built a quick sand structure, making every move in the arsenal of diabolical tricks to turn the free peoples of the earth against him. A criminal lunatic could not have done it better. Instead of making friends and influencing people, he raised up enemy after enemy, with no compensating gain in any quarter. It wasn't anything new in international politics. It was intellect gone to seed. Sense makes sense in any language. Entirely responsible travelers have returned from the continent to report that it was watching the collapse of his godless and senseless policies in different areas of the world that aged him ahead of time and brought on the stroke that killed him.

They are likewise bringing us back word that Malenkov has no choice but to get the best terms possible for peace that he can fanagle and at as early a moment as he can achieve it.

Few appreciate the degree to which there exists an almost complete paralysis of economic life inside China. The Chinese armies were kept going on huge supplies of bootleg commodities and machinery which came from ships "running" the blockade of the coast. As these

are stopped, the Chinese face a pulling out of Korea and either disbanding their armies or turning them westward.

But there must be another aftermath, another showdown . . .

THROUGH the Korean War halt, it merely alters the variety of the troubles which America must solve.

Peace in Korea means that our armament boom collapses, because based on the false premise that a major war was afoot and Stalin and his fellow bandits were such "miracle workers" that it necessitated a fantastic armament program. In other words, the wartime prosperities of 1917 and 1942 were to be kept perpetual, with the Soviets as the whipping boys for the hoax.

But that is not the way it is turning out, and when the Russian structure crashes, industry after industry in America must fold up. Detroit, for instance, is now being supported so exclusively on war orders that without armament to make, it might resemble—figuratively—many of the ghost towns of the American Southwest. Chicago has been reported on the indexes as existing commercially 65 percent on war orders.

What a travesty on any civilization that a great nation like America cannot operate economically without making its basic industry the fabrication of guns to kill people.

Stop the Korean or China embroilment, nonetheless, and there are no more foes in the world to fight. With Russia collapsed and the Iron Curtain down, the manner of America's bilking for political reasons must come home to our people.

With Japan gone, England gone, Nazi Germany gone, Russia gone, France going, we shall have licked the world—but who wants it as a gift?

Perchance in the wake of it, constructive Christian ethics may prevail and civilization start all over.

At any rate, the undercover news is, that the peace news out of Korea may this time be bona fide, and the ultimate liberator of Chinamen be Kai-shek . . . as he marches back into his ravaged country and chases Maio Tsi-Tung westward.

As for that Fat Boy in the Kremlin, he may be an improvement on Stalin at that, because anybody could be brighter.

This will be a totally different world



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in another ten years.

Evidently the clairaudient Mentor who said into the VALOR's editor's ear the night before Stalin's stroke, that “tomorrow is the most important date in the history of your times”, knew what he was talking about.

We can stop worrying about the Kremlin and start our worrying about

the United States Treasury . . . that has footed the bills for the whole criminal burlesque.

“**H**OW MANY times must I tell Willie, that one must always keep his eyes closed during prayer?”

“Yes, mama. But how do you know I don't?”

T h e P A Y O F F

ELEANOR Rowland Wembridge, well-known authority on delinquency, says that one of the most dismal aspects of her work as judge in a juvenile court is the people who appear before her, having no idea what they want to do to improve their lot.

She tells of one eighteen-year-old girl who appeared before her penniless, without a family or job, toting a baby whose father's name she didn't know. Appalled by the hopelessness of the case, Miss Wembridge said—

"If you knew what you wanted, I might be able to help you. Can you tell me?"

"Oh, yes," said the girl, "I know what I want."

"Well, what is it?"

"I want," the girl said hopefully, "a green and black bathroom."

A SOULFUL young lady asked Oliver Herford one night, "Have you no other occupation or ambition than to force people to degrade themselves by laughter?"

Herford declared that he certainly did have an ambition, a whale of an ambition, and some day he hoped to gratify it.

"Oh, Mr. Herford," cried the soulful young lady, "tell me about it."

"I long," said Herford, "with an insatiable longing to throw an egg into an electric fan!"

THE COLORED woman said to the street car conductor, "Ah wants to be procrastinated at de nex' corner."

"You want to be what?" he exclaimed.

"Ah guess Ah knows what Ah wants. Ah look in de dictionary and it say procrastinate mean to be put off. Yessah, yo' can jus' procrastinate me at Liberty Street."

THE CONSCIENTIOUS father turned his offspring right side up.

"Now, my boy," he directed, "tell me why I punished you."

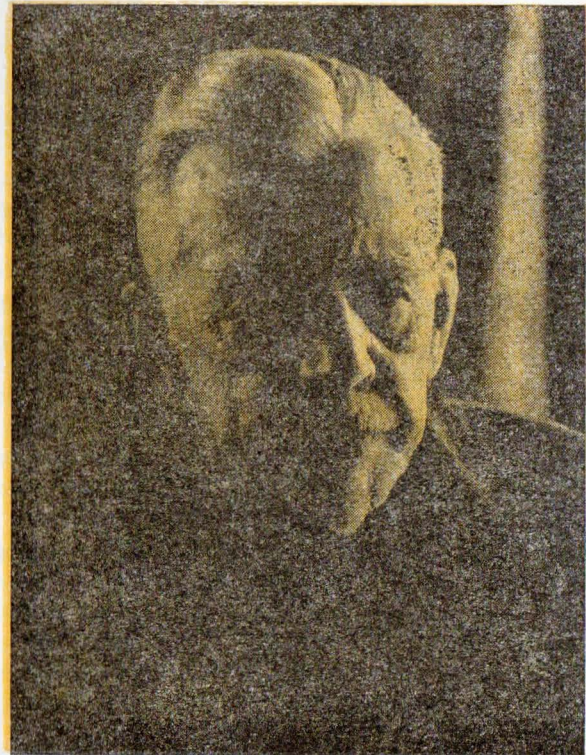
"That's just it," the boy blubbered, "first you whale the daylight out o' me, and you don't know why you did it."

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THE HILL-BILLY reported, "We got a remarkable breed of pigs down our way. We call 'em razorbacks. One day one of 'em found four sticks of dynamite and et 'em. A mean mule came by and kicked the pig. The dynamite went off and flattened the nearby barn, pieces of the mule came down all over the county, and all the houses had broken windows for miles around. And let me tell you, for a couple o' days we had a mighty sick pig on our hands."

"**D**OES yo' still refuse," demanded a Negro of a friend, "to pay me de fo' dollars yo' owes me?"

"Nossah," returned the borrower in dignified tones, "Ah don't refuse. Ah jus' refrains."

IT WAS the morning after the night before and his head was classical. He retired to his study and shut off his favorite radio program, then finally went to bed. By the light of the street lamp he saw the family feline enter the room. He let out a howl that brought his wife.

"Can't I get any peace and quiet any place?" he howled. "Make that dratted cat quit stomping around this house!"

HE LOOKED like one of the most stupid animals ever born of a mated union. Still, Sam was always bragging about his dog's intelligence.

"He cain't do a single trick, I have to admit," said he, "but when I asks him, 'Is you comin' or Is yo' aint?' that dawg either comes or he don't."