

# Valor

*The Golden Times Weekly . .*

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

Volume IV

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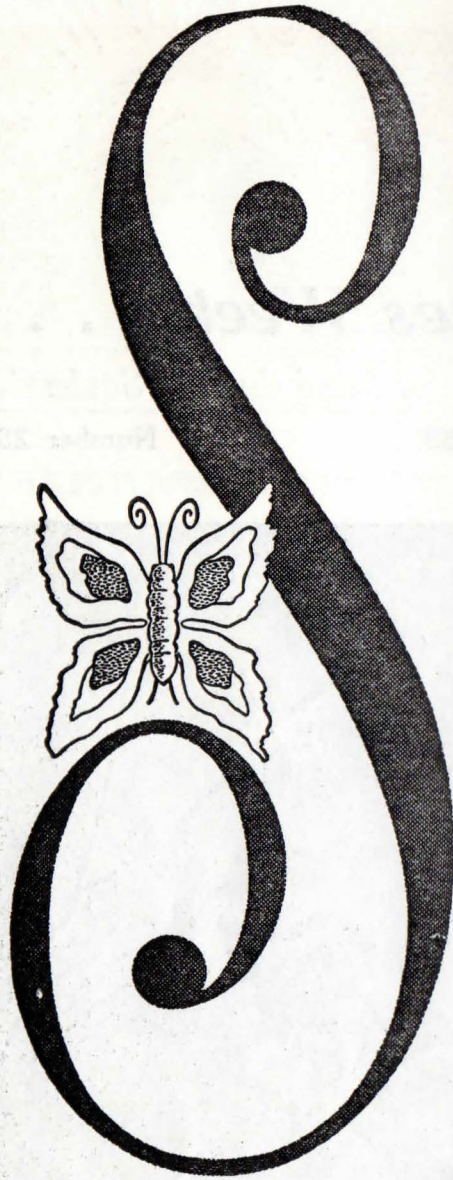
Number 25



**PRING AGAIN!**

# SPRING AGAIN!

## Making, with Economics and Sacred Mysticism, Three Parts of a Whole



For ages the tripartite philosophy of Body, Soul, and Spirit has been recognized. But looking at life in the tripartite aspects of Nature, Economics, and Metaphysics calls for special cogitating.

Is it not a fact that the true sage contemplates the three of these in balance? In other words, are they not third-segments of a whole?

Can we say we are in any wise profound in our contemplating until we clearly understand the essence of Nature, Economics, and Mysticism, each in relation to the other?

How much brain power have you? Suppose we find out . . .

**WE TAKE** for granted that the globe makes its annual circuit around the sun, and the seasons come in—as one is doing this month. Being creatures endowed mentally as we are, we likewise take for granted that an ideological God has projected or been responsible for the universe as we experience it, expressly for our use and profit. Such profitable utility translated into the sustenance values, gives us Economics. But, sustaining ourselves organically through the workings of Economics, we derive ideological conclusions from the Nature-Organic experience that operate generally to spiritual enlargement. So the material-natural, the economic-intellectual, and the mystical-spiritual are meshed more essentially than we commonly recognize.

All taken together add to the one vitality called Consciousness and the increase and expansion of its exhaustless capabilities.

Thus, logically considered, organism cannot function in the human sense with-

out involving Economics, and the sustenance faculties cannot exercise economically without results accruing in spiritual expansion. And the various phases and stages of all spiritual expansion add up to that great library of phenomena which we term Mysticism.

**TEACHERS** and other would-be pundits who hold up their hands in pious horror at the thought of Mystics engaging in any fashion at the Economic or Organic—naught but the spiritual—are pitilessly displaying their mental inhibitions.

As well talk about designing a stool to stand on one leg.

Of course, one-legged stools are, after a fashion, found in the nearest lunch-room, but the single leg has to be located in the center of the seat and fastened to the floor with disc or screws that take the place of the missing two supports.

Fanatics, it might be said, are intellectuals who choose to consider life as having but one major aspect—either entirely the natural or organic, either entirely the economic and therefore polit-



**I**N THE WORLD of Nature, these are the days when a verdant new summer is coming in. In the world of practical sustenance, these are the days too of precarious tranquillities for man as organic creature residing on this planet. In the world of intellectual performances, these are the days finally when one-half the ideologists declare that society is headed for universal smash-up—rationalizing it in the name of prophetic Religion—while the other half beholds it as Spiritual Evolution and claims that naught but good can emerge from it.

To only a little handful does it occur that perhaps a single theme is being played by all of these, or putting it in another way, that actually they are parts of one stupendous whole.

ically strategic, and/or entirely the spiritual or the mystical. And by fanatics, we mean extremists.

The big error that orthodox theologians have been making since the earliest days of the church, has been the ignoring of the organic-economic contributions to Consciousness in order to concentrate on Spiritual-Mystical ultimates. All this does of course is focus the soul's attention on what it hopes to exhibit in a subsequent world, disdaining the present one as malodorous headache. And when the soul does this last, it has to fabricate a doctrine of Original Sin and Evangelical Salvation to supply a working hypothesis for the humanized universe. And it certainly finds in this last an excuse to dodge responsibilities of the earthly state in applying itself to wholesome and intelligent cures for current social ills.

The doctrines of Original Sin and Evangelical Salvation truly alibi a cowardly running away, by the soul, from the invaluable exactions of reality.

The futility found in the whole of it arises from the fact that Divine Providence refuses to permit the soul to run away. Divine Providence exasperates the soul by its earthly ordeals till the soul turns in a sort of temper and makes adjustments anyhow as a gesture of relief. Suddenly, by so deporting itself, the soul makes the discovery that organic and economic relief—translated into terms of bodily health as well as social progressings does not require to be left to the altruisms of out-of-the-world Providence; they can be actualized by the intellect aggressively taking thought.

In the precise instant of discovering that, it meets and contacts the Ageless Wisdom.

And Ageless Wisdom is comprehensible *Truth!*

**N**OW it is an interesting fact, by no means to be ignored, that when each of the devotees to the aforesaid segments come to confront Truth as comprehensible by this definition, he will react in precisely the odd ways we behold in the social scene at present.

The fanatic in the organically natural becomes the material scientist, basing what he thinks is his infallible philosophy on the workings of substance as he confronts them and codifies them.



The fanatic in the intellectual-social sense becomes the ideologist, resolving political and economic themes to complicated *isms*;

The fanatic in the spiritual-religious sense becomes the "sweetness and light" mystic, forever prating of the preferability of the higher planes of Light over those of this terrestrial state, with much senseless talk about the "snares of Mammon" and a general fanfare about "Heaven being his home." Actually, Heaven isn't anybody's home—more than this earth is anybody's home—until enough problems have been met and solved on this plane to equip the character to merit Higher Octaves.

*One's true "home" is wherever one has arrived at the spiritual-intellectual development to reside by qualification.*

**A**LL THREE states or aspects of Consciousness—the Natural, the Economic, and the Mystical—compose and complete the total curriculum of learning that comes from self-aware functioning at all.

Can you get this? Read it again.

It is reasoning from this basis, in the light of the whole splendid *Golden Script* teaching, that gives the physical well-being equal rank with one's attitude in respect to the anti-Communist struggle, or problems of the current industrial slump. Both are corollaries of psychical research, or the mystical determinations as to what advanced states of being may approximate after death.

The true mortal sage has just as high a regard for the importance of any one of these as for the other two, and for the other two as for the one. Each is a factor—a *major* factor—in the greatest gesture of all, *expounding the phenomenon of Consciousness itself* and why it exists, and what it is obviously striving to accomplish.

**T**HERE are people of limited perceptivity by the thousands who demand to have explained what business either a movement or a publication can have, devoted to the Eternal Verities and yet digressing into health proposals via the mind, or engaging in racist controversies or fisticuffs over the economic obses-

sions of Communism, or thinking there is anything "mystical" about rebate possibilities in Consumer Cooperatives.

Actually, these persons are like patrons attending a circus, who pay to enter the main tent but assume that the performings going on in any one ring is all they have paid their money to witness. They cannot look at what is occurring in either of the other two rings unless they come back on two additional days and pay additional admissions.

A doctrine of the immensity of The Great Speaking offers the complete educative entertainment in what goes on beneath the Big Top. It may seem too much to comprehend with one pair of eyes in one performance, and for that reason it is permissible for the attendee to come back at other performances—called Repeat Lives—and imbibe the cultural profit offered by acts in the other rings.

But the performance as a tutelage of Consciousness is too stupendous to gear itself down to one ring, merely because the spectator can think "of only one thing at one time." What has the Show itself to do with the spectator's inhibitions? The Show is the Show.

Truly it is educative in that it embraces so much.

**S**PRING is here again, we repeat, and there is an acknowledged slump of major proportions in commodity values, and only 39 percent of our American population is actively interested in orthodox religion to the extent of attending and supporting a church. Is there any correlation between these three?

There is every correlation in the world. *Everything that comprises organic, human and ethical life has come out of Holy Spirit. Thereby does it exist for some approved purpose.*

Every experience that exists to be lived through, works to the end that the human Consciousness advance from the rate of intelligence that cannot count up to twenty without removing shoes and socks, to the rate of intelligence capable of comprehending 400 billion star-suns with attendant planets, as easily as the school boy "comprehends" the numbers of marbles in his pocket.

Grasp this overall view of conscious life and all things in existence are wholesome, in that contact with them, profits.

(Continued on Page 10)

## Heights . .



**I**N YOUNGER years I wondered why  
Men climbed steep mountains into sky.  
I never could with problem cope  
Why, two miles up, they'd trust a rope  
In climbing crags, sheer, clean of face,  
By inching up from place to place.  
They dared vast heights with pick and pack  
Then took more risks in climbing back.

When I was but a boy, you see,  
I fell down through our cherry tree;  
A top limb cracked and let me fall,  
My conscience, cherries, tears, and all.  
I prayed while falling—said AMEN!—  
When thinking I'd ne'er breathe again,  
Convinced that I was meeting death  
Until I gasped new unhurt breath.

So, since that plunge, I sought no places  
That were but nicks on mountain faces.  
I was allergic to vast heights  
And dreamed bad dreams of falling, nights.  
I could not see how men of sense  
Could disdain Death in such events.  
But I have learned much truth, you see,  
Since plunging down our cherry tree . .

I think I know why men will climb  
Their Matterhorns to heights sublime:  
'Tis Urge to Conquer, by sheer will,  
Without a thought of slip or spill;  
They wend far up, in such fool way,  
And risk their necks thus, day on day,  
Because with spike and rope and pack  
They dare such heights TO FILL A LACK!

I have found out, so thus I know  
Why men forsake this Dark Below  
To scale from here to summit high  
To view Great Sunrise from the sky;  
'Tis urge within each human soul  
To place the feet on apex-goal.  
Now, when I lie me down to rest,  
I seem to scale vast heights the best.  
I then close circuit on earth's cares . .  
I change vibration . . GO UPSTAIRS!

—through WINCHESTER MACDOWELL

## Do You Understand What Is Happening in Your Spirit

# WHEN JEALOUSY ASSAILS YOU

**L**OVE in its commonly accepted sense is something that must ever be attracted, not commanded or enslaved. When we thus attract it, we are happy and proud. We enjoy the personal profits resulting from its having come to us. But in the loves of most people there is sure to come a sequence when the thing known as jealousy commences to creep in.

We love a given man or woman and have every reason for believing that our emotion is returned. But a third party makes his or her appearance. The attention of either the man or woman in the original relationship is disturbed from the other, and diverted to this new arrival. An insufferable condition of affairs is produced—for the one who realizes he is being neglected for this stranger.

This insufferable condition may extend all the way from mere hurt feelings to murderous frenzy to blot the third party from mortal existence because he or she has thus intruded.

Commonly we put it that the neglected or superseded one is "jealous" of this intruding third party. What truly is taking place, from the abstract, philosophical, cosmic standpoint?

The dictionary defines Jealousy as that state of apprehension that exists when we are in fear of being displaced by a rival. But why should any such displacement arouse animosity within us?

Why should we not say, when a third person seems to intrude into the private or even intimate relationships we have enjoyed with another party: "Most interesting that such a thing could happen! But the fact that it is happening—or has happened—lets me out. Now what do I do next?"

**T**HE ITEM known as Jealousy has its roots in the desire to be immediately and practically compensated for the ordeals of mortality, without waiting



### *Another Paper Helping You to Understand the Enigmas of Mortality from the Standpoint of Practical Mysticism . .*

for the completion of life and a review of its accomplishments to pronounce on its success or failure.

Remember that failure or success is never what the world calls such. In ordinary daily life the Success is the man who has made a lot of money—another name for power—or the woman who has consummated a brilliant marriage. The Failure is generally regarded as the person who has become economically improvident or disappointed adoring relatives.

In the larger cosmic sense, the Success is the person who has faithfully undergone the educating ordeals that were prescribed as the essence of his mortal sojourn. The Failure is the one who has cheated himself by not accepting the situations of life that were intended to develop him spiritually.

There are people who want to know—or be told, at least—almost from day to day and from hour to hour that they are living up to the exactions of the career which they set for themselves before entering mortality as infants. They are, in

other words, uncertain of the results they are obtaining, and the least thing that they are not making the wanted progress causes a sort of subconscious despair in the deeper and subtler processes of their minds. These people possess what the psychologist labels an Inferiority Complex!

Inferiority Complexes always have their bases in fundamental spiritual worries that those possessing them are not doing as well by themselves in the tacit living of mortality as they had proposed for themselves, or thought themselves capable of doing, before undertaking it. They say in essence, day unto day and hour unto hour: "Am I making good, so that I will feel satisfied with this, my most recent incarnation, when I get out of it and take stock of it for its permanent increments? I just feel in my bones that I'm not! So I envy those about me who give every indication of making good, for they won't have to go to the expenditure of time and energy to live such things over again, whereas it begins to look as though I must."

This thought of living the same sort of life over again is instinctively abhorrent to every normal mortal.

**L**OVE comes to such people in the midst of such self-doubt, and they are gratified and happy for the moment. They are gratified and happy because they reason to themselves that no one would come along and love them—think them about the last word in romantic excellence—unless they were the materialization of the anticipated spiritual progress.

Suddenly the aforesaid third parties show up in such life-situations. Those who affect to love, turn and give a look, see something that attracts or entices them, and depart to investigate. The first persons are furious. Each one says—

"I cannot be making the spiritual progress that I had credited to myself, or my beloved would not so easily depart me!" At once there are the hurt

feelings at the spiritual deprecation seemingly involved, or the murderous frenzy to annihilate the one who has disturbed the sweet illusion that hitherto maintained.

Actually such a jealous person is not angry at either the partner or the intruder. He is suffering from a paralyzing attack of self-chagrin and self-incrimination for having hoaxed himself about his own spiritual accomplishments.

The Great Mentors put the matter in this way: Jealousy is the apprehensiveness that a man or woman feels, that he or she is not able to love sufficiently so that such love will demonstrate as a greater lodestone than that represented by any other personality.

**A**CTUALLY such jealous persons are displaying the worst phases of Inferiority Complexes.

In indulging themselves in jealousies they are behaving as asininely as the amateur gardener who plants a posy-bed and then goes out every hour to pull up its surface to ascertain whether or not his seeds are sprouting.

People inclined to "burn up" with jealousies should address themselves somewhat after this fashion—

"I have come into life and attained to my present phase of maturity. I have made some splendid or permanent gains spiritually to date, else no one would notice me or I never should have attracted the love of any person at any time whatsoever. Now the basis of Love is anticipation of soul-profit. I was as greedy for it as my partner in this romance, who seems to have deserted me for the intruder whom I so fiercely resent. But for some reason or other, it appears to be a fact that my partner sees more profit to himself by transferring his attentions or interests to this third person. I may envy the third person for possessing attributes of character or body that so attract, but after all it is not my business to say what shall attract another soul and what shall not! I have my own commissions in life to serve; so too does this spirit that for a time found it worth while to pal around with me. If it were myself who had been suddenly, desirably, or fiercely attracted by a fourth person, would I not have found means of rationalizing my interest or excusing my diverted attention in such fourth person's direction? The fact that I have not found

such fourth person to the moment should not allow me to conduct myself as though I never would be attracted—or could be attracted—by such a fourth person if he or she came along. Therefore I am merely being selfish in demanding—because no fourth person has shown such attraction for me to the moment, as such a third person has to my recent partner—that my partner forego such attraction and pay strict attention to all the constrictions of our erstwhile partnership. In being "fiercely jealous" I am insisting



on a sort of enslavement insofar as my erstwhile partner is concerned. I am telling him in effect: "Having once noticed me, you are thereby penalized and enslaved into noticing me forever and noticing nobody else at any time. I demand to fill your whole life and engage all your time and affairs, and if you do not see things in that light I shall make one devil of a scene!"

It is a cosmically recognized fundamental that no strong soul is ever guilty of the slightest jealousy. Jealousy of itself—the apprehension of being incapable of loving sufficiently to hold the beloved—is ever the mark of the undeveloped spirit.

Life teaches the Great Lesson, gently but firmly: "You must learn not to lean upon anybody! And moreover, you must do it without feeling particularly lonely, or without being rancorous or pessimistic. You must not lean upon anybody, from the sheer fact that you are Strong! You are strong because Being Strong is your natural and normal condition—a condition that rarely occurs to you as anything out of the ordinary."

**I**F YOU were the sort of soul that was incapable of jealousy under any con-

dition, and no matter who was involved, you would probably be evaluated as such a desirable companion that no partner could ever be attracted away from you under any circumstances. Therefore your capacity for jealousy demonstrates the existence of the deficiencies that have given cause for its exercise. You prove why your partner left you. Great, resplendent, self-sufficient souls merely smile tolerantly when a rival shows in sight. Their attitude is—

"If this third person has qualities of attraction which I do not possess, then it is incumbent on my erstwhile partner to avail himself or herself of the association that this attractive third person promises. It is, after all, none of my business what my partner thinks of a third person. My strict concern is to be so magnanimous, so catholic in my views of life and its relationships, so magnetic in my own exercise of spiritual attributes that all friends, relatives, and partners are held in my orbit as a matter of sheerest self-profit on their own accounts. If I have not yet attained to that degree of unfoldment, then I had better see to myself and find out what is lacking in me—and remedy it!"

Love, as aforesaid, is not something to be either demanded or enslaved. It is something to be attracted and held by a strong personal magnetism based on spiritual ennoblements that are real, not merely postulated mentally.

## Russia the Boogie for Public Funds Moochers



**T**WO anecdotes symbolic of our times recently came to VALOR's attention.

The first concerned an American manufacturer who had occasion to make a business trip to an eastern city. When the bellhop had shown him to his hotel room, he presented the boy with a dime.

"Here, son," he confided, "is a dollar tip for you."

"You've made a mistake, sir," the lad protested. "This is only ten cents."

"No," said the businessman, "that is a dollar—with federal tax deducted."

The second anecdote concerned a country property owner complaining to the

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# THE GLOBAL LINE-UP AFTER U-N IS OUSTED

*Remarkable Prophecies by British Officer  
See World Divided into Three Spheres*

**B**ACK in 1918 a certain British Major startled his colleagues in France with a potent list of prophecies, interesting to us today because of his predictions for the years now immediately ahead. His identity is known to VALOR but omitted from this article out of deference to wishes of friends who brought him to VALOR's attention. His prophecies ranged from 1918 to 1960.

If a clairvoyant ran a series of predictions that agree infallibly with later history over a 35-year period, would it not be plausible that predictions continuing through the closing seven of the cycle years would be equally reliable? Supposing we check them—

First, he accurately predicted in *August of 1918* that the war would end on the coming 11th of November;

Second, he predicted the setting up of the League of Nations but said that it would fail to bring peace for the reasons later given by Clemenceau of France—who warned the Paris Peace Conference when it brutally rejected Wilson's ideas for peace, that it was sowing the seeds of another war within a generation. His main reason was, that the imperialistic nations had not only refused to give freedom to colonies as they had promised Wilson but were grabbing all available new territory.

Third, he predicted that world-wide inflation and financial crash would come in October of 1929, along with depression, caused by the deposit of three to four billions in British gold with the American Federal Reserve banks, which enabled them greatly to increase the circulation of Federal Reserve notes and expand Federal Reserve credits.

Fourth, he predicted that the United States would elect a President in 1932

also loyal to the financial internationalists, who would try—those internationalists—to create war between Germany and Russia.

**FIFTH**, he predicted that World War II would start in 1939 and that England would establish a military precedent a year or two in advance by bombing unarmed Afghanistan's men, women, and children. He foresaw that in 1940 our President would have the American Navy secretly aiding Britain in the North Atlantic and would be trying to get us into war with Japan, while for election purposes he would be promising to keep us out of war.

Sixth, he predicted an attack by the Japanese in late 1941 which would cause our worst military disaster, that we would have men fighting all over the world for the benefit of Britain or international racists, while British commercial interests would be doing their best to prejudice people of the various countries against us.

Seventh, he foresaw that World War II would end in 1945, the formation of a second League of Nations be consummated but that it would also fail to bring peace.

With these prophecies made, which history has confirmed with such uncanny accuracy, he discerned that continued support of British, French, and Dutch imperialism, and our violation of humanitarian objectives and principles, would result in a period amounting to almost world chaos, but would eventually create conditions leading to permanent peace on the following premise . . .

**ASIATIC** countries, including India, would cooperate under the slogan, *Asia for Asiatics only* and thus eliminate



eventually all European imperialistic control;

As for Europe, a United States of Europe would be formed, chiefly because British, French and Dutch selfishness would incite racist revolutions that would destroy churches, aristocracies and money powers almost as completely as did the Russian revolution. Also, as a result of this turmoil, the United States of Europe would be established mainly from the statesmanship of a Russian military leader, with Switzerland as its capital, as the best protection against international imperialists. In this connection he foresaw that England and America would be excluded from both Asia and Europe where both countries would be universally hated.

In Russia he saw the Russian people revolting and establishing a republican form of government, capitalistic, almost identical with basic American principles. He did not, however, peg the demise of Stalin for 1953.

*(Continued on Page 11)*

# Valor

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## Getting Things Straight

**T**HIS JOURNAL is not an "expose" sheet, in the popular understanding and acceptance of the term. Neither is its intent to spread "sweetness and light" by technical esoterics among the thwarted or discouraged. As for making a program of preaching that things are never so bad as they're painted, that too is an incorrect determination of VALOR's prime mission. Up the last two hundred years of American history, descriptive accounts of this or that have ever been colored or doctored in the interests of promoting someone's particular beliefs or recommendations.

The true thing that VALOR is attempting—and gratifyingly succeeding at doing—is to reveal and interpret as it may the principles embodied in the Ageless Wisdom as they are progressively demonstrated in accruing event.

That there is a subliminal world enveloping our three-dimensional world of material sensation is being proved beyond question by those taking the time and trouble to investigate the evidence. That this subliminal world exerts a definite month-to-month influence on the happenings of earth-life is the logical assumption.

Very good, then. If both the evidence and the assumption confirm the prophetic postulate that humanity is being supervised toward objectives that are altogether constructive and desirable, the moral obligation exists to make them understandable to those of the spiritual intellect to appreciate them.

Try to comprehend them, it is not that VALOR is unduly optimistic over the *denouement* of event, that its contents cover the range that they do. It is because the Trend of Civilization behind all the comings and goings of the nations is toward brilliant enhancement of the species as a whole.

Reduced to conventional terms, the basic situation is that God Almighty is working out a highly educative program in this earth-scene, but He is by no means surreptitious in His methods nor reticent about acquainting properly evolved individuals as to His details of operation.

If the methods and details disclose the highest aspects of constructive attainings, they merit as much widespread publicity as the predilections of the pessimistic or purposefully mischievous.



What VALOR is striving to do in all of it is publish from the Higher Octave of Providential Consciousness.

If the conclusion be apparent that the earth-world is far better off than it was last month or last year or last century, the fact deserves due emphasis. And distraught human souls merit the encouragement that the Almighty intends them to receive, that as residents of earth-life they are by no means buffoons of Chance, but students in a Colossal University whose omnipotent Prexy is the Beloved Teacher of Galilee.

Accept such philosophy and live in accord with it, and the fraught panorama of daily national and international events suddenly gleams with the riotous

colors of the most resplendent Inspiration.

If this be Optimism, we shall have to make the most of it. It seems to be a "must" for us, whether we are dubious about it or content to enjoy it if it happens.

Anyhow, try to adjudge VALOR strictly from a standpoint of Mystical Interpretation.

And let it go at that.

## Something Substantial



**N**OW COMES another announcement of no small import.

VALOR proposes to introduce its national Liberation-Soulcraft audience to an organization, and workings of an organization, that appears to merit highest regard and support. Such organization carries the title of The Foundation for Economic Education, and it has its headquarters at Irvington-on-Hudson, in New York State. Its president is Leonard E. Read, of Irvington-on-Hudson; its vice president is Jasper E. Crane of Wilmington, Delaware; its secretary is Claude Robinson—president of the Opinion Research Corporation, Princeton, N. J.—and its treasurer is Thomas I. Parkinson, president of the Equitable Life Assurance Society, Manhattan. Its Board of Trustees is composed of 25 of the outstanding names in business and science of the present, but men whose views are by no means materialistic. They range all the way from that of Robert A. Millikan of California Institute of Technology to James E. McCarthy, Dean, College of Commerce, University of Notre Dame, South Bend, Indiana. Notable among them is Admiral Ben Moreel, Chairman of the Board of the Jones & McLaughlin Steel Corporation at Pittsburgh. The Foundation's Revenue record for 1951-'52 is reported as receiving and expending \$310,870. And this is the seventh year of its activity.

Here is no paper organization brought together by crusading enthusiasts to save the country by wild literature and oratory. It has prestige, stability, and a program. Moreover, it lists personages supporting it who have influence in high quarters. Listen to this declaration—

"Our emphasis is upon the teacher as



against the *mass* approach. The philosophy of the free market, the voluntary society, and limited government has been declining because of a shortage of those who adequately understand and can explain it. Helping persons, *ourselves included*, to qualify as teachers, is the prime necessity as we see it. We aim our studies at existing and potential students of liberty—those who do or can deal in ideas, and possess or can possess means of communication. If our ideas should ever become popular—*our work would be finished*. While we strive and hope for such popularity, we do not expect it to happen in the immediate future.”

This is strong, hard, constructive sense.

Here seem to be 29 outstanding personages in the American cultural and industrial scene, setting out to thwart Communism and un-American ideas by making the worth of their antitheses apparent to the inquiring. If this isn't a straw in the wind toward things substantially constructive—backed up by six years of functioning with naught but healthy expansion to its credit—then all gestures toward intelligent public enlightenment are hoaxes.

And under the auspices of this altogether stable Foundation has been issued a most vital document under the warning title, *To Communism via Majority Vote*, by Admiral Ben Moreel, the chairman as aforesaid of the Jones & McLaughlin Steel Corporation. Actually it is a reprint of an address of his back in November, before the Marketing Division of the American Petroleum Institute at Chicago.

VALOR proposes to reprint this address in full for its readers, beginning in next week's issue, along with significant editorial observation of the thesis propounded.

Here, apparently, is a group of spiritually-minded heavyweights, going about remedial measures in the economic and political scene effectively.

So long as our Republic contains brains of this order, not at all hesitant about essaying to function in the face of all the crackpotism and subversion flooding our press and airways, it has a hard core of character-substantiality that invites the nation's spiritual redemption.

By no means let yourself be victimized by the malicious propaganda that "brains and character in this country have run out," and that nothing remains

but emasculated and browbeaten mediocrity to grapple with problems of patriotism too big for it.

This country has just as many brains and quite as much character in its top-level octave as it ever had—since brains and character are esoteric achievements accruing from multiple lives.

Don't be discouraged either at the title of this quite virile body, "Foundation for Economic Education", assuming that it is cold, colorless, and technical. The apt statement has been made that "great personages think in ideas, average personages think in events, little personages think in people."

Actually we have a splendid core of high-ranking individuals here in America finally aware of the necessity for making itself articulate.

Good!

Let the issues be debated on their merits and the most meritorious win out. That, in VALOR's estimate, is essential Americanism!

### Change of Base



DO YOU notice that most of VALOR's earlier predictions about Kremlin resource or lack of it as confirmed by Kremlin behavior, are being substantiated by the foreign news correspondents, particularly Ludwell Denny of Scripps-Howard newspapers? What's happening behind the Iron Curtain is obviously smothered warfare for the scepters of power—and while it's going on, the last thing on earth the Kremlin desires to see occur is a general conflict converging on Russia. Still, that's not the point.

The next big realization to get through to world humankind is, that though Russia returns to civilization and the Iron Curtain comes down, the disruptive influences that she has been credited with promoting will by no means desist. Gradually, as VALOR has assiduously contended, it must dawn on *hoi polloi* that the Kremlin has only been a channel for the propagation of ideas inimical to Christian civilization. Humanity must ask itself, Where do these correctly come from?

That they are mainly the inertia of the ill-fated Stalin influence will be maintained for a time, but sooner or later their shift to the racist basis is due to be

## 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.

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apparent. The shift of what has been identified as Kremlin ideologies will occur from Moscow to areas definitely southward. And thereat the Man of Evil may make himself apparent.

But here lies the menace of it—

Upon further international embroilments by the pernicious U. N., emergencies and crises will be frantically manipulated to bring about seeming national necessity for the passage of that detestable Total Mobilization Bill here in our United States, placing every man, woman, and child in some sort of military draft "for safety's sake" and for the survival of the Republic.

If the Senate passes any such malodorous measure, the cohorts of the Man of Evil will move swiftly, for it will be their last and only psychological chance to get all leadership competition liquidated, leaving them free field to dominate the helpless masses. Thereat we shall bid adieu to the Constitution, and the Valley be dark indeed through which the Republic is briefly conducted.

The saving grace in the whole of it is, that elements utterly unsuspected at present have their cues from Higher Octaves on how the enemy "felleth himself." And these latter are infallible.

Lamentably, the crisis of the drama of the past thirty centuries is approaching before our eyes, and we are unable to comprehend it because we are parts of it.

The real test of spiritual character then—even among the unenlightened—arrives when the latter are called upon to stake their whole faith on the efficacy of resplendent prophecy.

Actually it is not today, but day after tomorrow in the figurative sense, that the *Golden Scripts* render their real service. "Rejoice, and lift up your hearts," they tell us, "for your deliverance draweth nigh."

The person without the forewarnings in the *Golden Scripts* is due for inhuman misery indeed.

However, watch the shift of Machiavellian ideology from Moscow to parts elsewhere, as the current weeks advance. Is the *denouement* of this program on the knees of the gods?

No, . . . on the *Knees of God, personally.*

Believe it absolutely and even the fact of your survival of all the misadventures of the world may astound you. Because

they are not misadventures in reality.

They are progressive stages unto Permanent Wisdom.

Such is the Law, and mankind is obeying it.

## Spring Again

(Continued from Page 4)

SO THE TRUE "mystic" is quite as interested in the latest discovery in nuclear fission as he is in what the latest movement in statecraft—or lack of it—has come from the Kremlin. And Consumer Cooperatives are just as impelling to know about, seeing they express spiritual behaviorism in the economic circumstance, as the technique of the Direct and Audible Voice in last night's seance room.

Each is an essential factor in the world as God has made it.

And God has obviously provided so many factors, giving diversified interests, that the spiritual intellect may be deficient in no kind of wisdom.

All of which is a call to forever relinquish segment-fanaticism that means looking at only one ring in the Greatest Show of Earth, and come to behold human life in every aspect that God Himself sees, when He regards this Creation He has so oddly projected.

How big-brained, big-souled and big-spirited a person are you?

Can you direct your concentrated interest on the activities of any one of the Nature, Economic, Mysticism segments with equal concentration and analytical ability?

Let's try to master the fundamentals of Consciousness set forth in this article so that we can give a ready and lucid account of our catholicity of interests to whatsoever questioner challenges us from the limitations of his fanaticism.

Which means reading this symposium more than once, and really mastering it. Actually, you will be testing your own intellectual development up your lives to the moment by the ease with which you can translate it into your own words.

In addition, its universality is the very heart and essence of Soulcraft's liberating instruction.

The Liberation Instruction is engaged in developing big men and big women, who walk the earth confidently because they walk in knowledge.

## When U-N Is Ousted

(Continued from Page 7)

IN THE United States he foresaw that post war conditions, including a too liberal attitude toward foreign imperialism, would ultimately develop the greatest financial crisis in our history, and probably generate a war between Capital and Labor, involving racial and religious persecution on a wholesale scale, which might be responsible for a temporary military dictatorship. Out of this turmoil would come a political, or perhaps even a fighting Second Revolution like 1776, that would evolve a new leader who would establish political and economic reforms of a sweeping nature, all based on free enterprise and other sound American ideals. He made no predictions however about the United States' involvement in any war with China or Korea.

He foresaw that America, although isolationist in the feeling that she has no right to dominate other people, would always be willing to aid others in distress by voluntary contributions and assistance.

He claimed that the "right of self-determination" for individuals and nations was the predominant underlying force causing the 1918 world chaos, but a force that would generate in other countries the type of free social life and representative government like ours, a government that creates for its citizens far greater opportunities, freedom and prosperity than has any other nation in history and provide more of the necessities and luxuries of life to any person willing and able to work for them.

He did not see any universal atom-bomb war occurring—at least nothing was said about it in a monograph of these prophecies issued in 1932.

THE QUESTION arises, to what extent should we permit ourselves to be exercised by this sort of futurist record? For a clairvoyant who called the exact dates on seven great major events of world history, it can be comforting to observe that instead of a One-World Super-Government being perfected, he saw Central and South American nations—and perhaps even Canada—uniting with the United States forcibly to eject overseas and racist imperialists from any territorial control, or even further mon-

(Continued on Page 14)

# "FIGURE YOURSELF OUT!" . .



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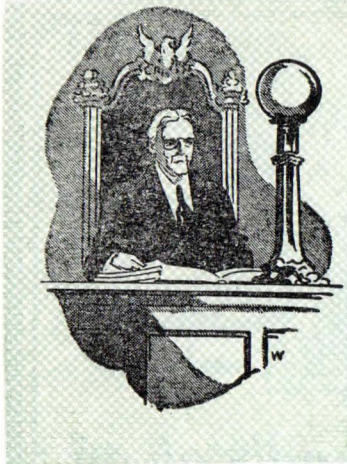
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## CHAPTER VIII



**A**N OLD proverb cautions us, “Put not your trust in princes.” It might have cautioned as well, “Put not your trust in politicians—especially congressional politicians.” This decidedly should include congressional investigators. The travesty of holding these sessions in order to pass more intelligent Federal legislation was being demonstrated to me by experience. I had come forward to clear up the Mayne forgery case for Representative Cox, then gone before the Dies Committee to assist its members as I could at gaining an honest knowledge of subversive activities. Instead it had sat upon me as upon a culprit brought to trial—which the Constitution gave it no authority to do. Then it had violated its agreement with me about the length of time my subpoena was to run. Then it had permitted me to be placed under arrest on Federal property. This last was in direct violation of the statutes, but it was the first of a long list of such violations where I was to discover that the statutes only applied to me in the penal capacity. When the statutes operated in my favor they could be disregarded or ignored. It is one of the prime lessons in civic disillusion that the crusader learns. The statutes are the statutes only insofar as they be enforced by quite human men serving their own designs.

Royan and I went down the marble stairs of the Congressional Office building from the second floor, followed by a crowd of spectators and photographers. The latter now had a Roman holiday. Keeping tight hold upon my arm, Royan called a cab and we escaped into it. He

told the driver to head for Number 5 Precinct Station.

“Do you intend to fight extradition?” he inquired, with the vehicle in motion. He was an enormously stout man and took up more of the seat-space than I did.

“Of course,” I said grimly.

Again he essayed, “That’s your privilege.” A moment later he added, “Your bond has been set at twenty-five hundred dollars. Can you make it?”

“I can if I may use the telephone and call a bondsman friend.”

“Okay. That’s your privilege.”

I had, then, two privileges that I was thus made aware of, the privilege of fighting extradition and the privilege of obtaining bond. My government was being most generous to me for striving to save it from overseas despoilers.

We reached the station-house, went inside, and the Lieutenant in charge greeted me. He also was a large man but in contrast to Royan, more affable—with a certain grimness beneath it.

“What’s the matter, Pelley,” he laughed, “catch your tail-feathers in the gate?”



**T**HEY booked me, fingerprinted me, and mugged me. But before it started, I had been permitted to use the telephone and call Jimmy C----, a local bondsman. He promised to come directly.

It was a quarter to five o’clock that Saturday afternoon when all formalities had been complied with. But an interesting incident happened just before I was informed that I could go. Even today I have Nell Hatfield’s corroborating testimony for the fact that she came hurrying up to me during the arranging of the bond and exclaimed, “Who do you imagine I just saw on the stairs?” She

had arrived at the station-house with her blind husband while I was being fingerprinted and mugged like any common miscreant.

“Who?” I responded.

“I’ll swear,” she said, “it was Judge Nettles.”

“Judge Nettles of the North Carolina court? What’s he doing up here?”

“Making sure he lands you, I suppose, while he still has two days to go on the expiration of the Warlick suspension.”

Was it possible that an august Judge from a county bench—a Judge who had been my former prosecutor in this same controversy—was so far exercising himself as to travel a 500-mile railroad journey to make certain that his “fugitive” was bagged? And all for printing my corporation statement in my magazine! Nettles, at least, was nowhere in sight as I started down from Royan’s office to go to my hotel for the night.

But I was fated not to go anywhere for the night.

I had reached the landing on the stairs, in company with Mr. and Mrs. Hatfield, when the ring of Royan’s phone was audible behind us. Before we reached the bottom his voice bellowed down—

“Stop that man! Don’t let Pelley out! Bring him back here, *bring him back!*”

For a man of such weight, he acted with surprising agility. He came down two steps at a time to seize me.

“Now what?” I inquired.

“Your bond,” he announced, “*has been tilted to ten thousand dollars!*”

## CHAPTER IX



**H**ERE was a pretty kettle of fish.

“Who’s tilted it?” I asked.

“That, sir,” he told me, “is none of your business.” He was pulling me back upstairs.

The “privilege” of knowing who was thus playing games with my bond didn’t fall, it seemed, within the government’s largess. Royan got me upstairs again. And Jimmy the bondsman looked dubious.

"After all, Bill," he said glancing at the clock, "it's now ten minutes to five o'clock of a Saturday afternoon. And my bonding firm won't let me write a ten-grand bond on anyone without getting official permission from my higher-ups first."

"Can't you get hold of your higher-ups, then?"

"No, I can't. Not until Monday morning."

Royan looked pleased. "Aha," he exclaimed, "then that means you stay in a cell under lock and key till Judge Casey's court opens Monday morning."

That's the way it looked that the drama was terminating. I had indeed caught my tail feathers in the gate and now they wouldn't pull out. I said to Jimmy and Floyd, "Okay, it's not so tragic. But get me a local lawyer. In case he wants to find me, I'll be over in jail."

"You bet you will!" Guy Royan agreed.

In justice to a man now deceased, however, a few months later he was to hunt me up and apologize for the role he'd played in the whole of it.

I had a short ride around the block in a patrol wagon and we drew up at Number Five lockup.

Later I was to have no small knowledge of the police and jail system at the Capitol, by reason of spending five years or thereabout in the big District of Columbia Jail out near Gallinger Hospital. When culprits are apprehended in that city, they are lodged in precinct lockups. When they have had their preliminary hearings, and bond is either denied them or they are unable to make it, they are transferred to the big municipal institution—where I would subsequently find myself clerk of the Receiving & Discharge Department. Tonight I went into the Fifth Precinct lockup, I say. And at once I was puzzled by the officers' mien.

They were not only courteous to the point of being deferential, they seemed highly disgruntled over what was being done to me. For four days I had held the Washington newspaper headlines, exposing in one sensation after another the inroads of the Reds into the Roosevelt Administration. At first I assumed it was the indignity of being awarded with a stretch in jail that affected them. But the Lawyer, Edward O'Connell, whom Jimmy brought over, enlightened me differently.

"It's Madam Roosevelt," said Eddie.

"How Madam Roosevelt?" I wanted to know. He had not only been permitted to come back into the cell block to see me—the officers had not locked my grated door.

"While you're up on the Hill giving testimony meant to save the country from the Reds, *she's* entertaining them at a tea in the White House this afternoon. And these coppers are plenty hot about it. They had their troubles with those Kremlin cubs in the big parade today."

"Has there been a parade today?"

"These insolent young sprouts practically tried to take over the streets in a Commie demonstration. And why not, with the First Lady espousing them?"

"Never mind the Madam," I said, "can you get me out of here?"

"I'll make a personal visit to Judge Casey's home," offered Eddie. "We'll see what he says."

The officers didn't bring me the routine jail supper. One of them got me a lavish porterhouse from the nearest restaurant. Meanwhile they had all the radios in the place going, and I was becoming satiated with hearing my own name screamed from the mikes. By the time I'd whipped the porterhouse if not the police situation, Eddie had returned.

"No can do, Bill," said he. "The Judge asks as a favor that you stay here till eight o'clock Monday. Then he'll say what he wants to say from the bench."

"What does he want to say?"

"He wants to say, I think, that Franklin D. Roosevelt may be President of the United States *but he's not setting bonds in any Washington police court—particularly not Casey's.*"

"You mean Mr. Big was responsible for my bond being tilted?"

"What do you think?"

"I think," said I, "that he's done me a favor, presenting me with a nice quiet Sunday behind bars where I can rest."

I certainly had landed in FDR's hair—what hair he possessed.

But rest over Sunday?

I had about as much rest as an excited terrier after a fast cat in a large boiler factory. Promptly at ten next morning the officer came back.

"People to see you, Mr. Pelley," he said.

Unshaved and unsavory, I sat up to play host . . .

(Continued Next Week)

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## When U-N Is Ousted

(Continued from Page 11)

etary control, in the entire Western Hemisphere. Then the latter would truly know peace.

Three great suzerainties would result, "Asia for the Asiatics," a United States of Europe, and a Pan-American Union comprising Central and South America, along with the United States, to enforce a Monroe Doctrine upon both continents of this hemisphere. But the United States would apparently remain the strongest and most dominant among all the nations, as lasting peace came in and millennial times began.

Strangely enough, this monograph or transcript, which came into VALOR's possession through the National Association for Political and Economic Research, practically confirms the Liberation-Soulcraft predictions for the next decade, with the possible exception of the Mageddo unpleasantness. More in line with what Nostradamus prophesied, the Liberation-Soulcraft stipulations see an influx of Asiatics finding reasons for pouring over the Himalayas and being halted with great slaughter at the eastern end of the Mediterranean—but with no exact date attached.

The Liberation mentor stated definitely, "You will live to see Chinamen in the streets of Moscow,"—and that hasn't happened yet.

VALOR vouches for none of the British Major's predictions, but submits them for what they may be worth as an interesting formula that may or may not describe imminent events . . .

## Russian Boogie

(Continued from Page 6)

boys at the garage what it was costing him to get the trees pruned on his estate.

"The number of trees I've got in my woodlands," said he, "at three dollars an hour for help, means I've got to get an RFC loan to do the job right."

"So," said a rustic of the old school, "you even got to ask the government to prune your trees?"

"What else can I do?"

"Do like I do."

"What do you do?"

"Something you wouldn't know about

. . . Wait for spring gales. When a good howling wind comes down my glen, my trees get pruned first-rate. God does it for me. Probably, however, you never heard o' God."

**THE FIRST** anecdote needs small comment. The second illustrates what is slated to happen to the nation's economy, due to the workings of cause and effect.

The first instinct of the Washington Planners is to go to the Treasury and get themselves financed at the public expense whenever natural improvement of any sort is contemplated. There is another element, born long before the Planners, that sees in the rising economic gale only God pruning the trees of the nation's economy on schedule.

Of course, letting God prune one's trees doesn't put many voters on the federal payroll. But mayhap one of these mornings we shall come to our senses and realize those days have gone forever . . .

A current version of the foregoing seems embodied in a news story this week under a Washington headline—

### RUSSIA LEADING U. S. IN RACE TO TRAIN ENGINEERS

Washington, D. C.—Dr. Alan T. Waterman, director of the National Science Foundation, testified before the Appropriations Committee of Congress today that Russia expects to graduate 50,000 engineers in 1955, compared to only 17,000 in this country.

He said science and engineering graduates of American colleges next year will total only 38 percent of the number graduated in 1950—"at a time when our research and development effort has approximately tripled."

He outlined this "critical situation" while testifying on a \$15-million budget requested by the Foundation for the fiscal year starting July 1st. The Foundation is charged with supervising the development of scientists and scientific information.

Shades of Thomas A. Edison and Henry Ford!

Without a single National Science Foundation to supervise those responsible on their own initiative for developing the greatest mass production country in the world since the turn of the century, we produce more automobiles in a single year than this much-touted Russia has

produced since 1900—yet because someone has his hand out, to get his “scientific” trees pruned to the figure of \$15,000,000 at taxpayers’ donation, this phenomenal, agrarian Russia is due to outstrip us and drive us into holes. *Do Americans believe it?*

We have a country with technical schools running into the hundreds—institutions like the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Carnegie Tech, California Tech, or Georgia Tech, which have taken generations to build up. The American people, thanks to the Edisons, the Fords, the Steinmetzes and others, were the only nationals in the world to invent and produce the mechanisms and appliances which have raised the standard of living all over the earth. In similar period, not one single scientific development in industry has ever been created by the Russians. But that’s not the point.

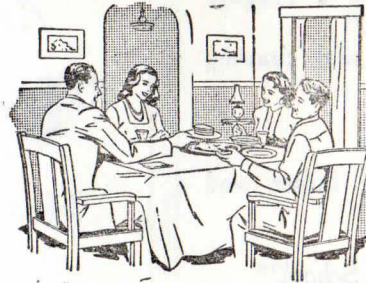
The point is, that it’s become a conditioned reflex for the planners and managers to step in on what the natural born inventors and producers have created, and supervise. And, of course, such supervision isn’t gratis. There must be \$15,000,000 worth of it forthcoming from the Treasury. Thus the coercion called up to make the Congressmen perform on schedule is the size and might of the Soviets.

VALOR’s favorite economist in commenting on this testimony declared—

“Obviously, the American people ought to have their heads examined if their system of education is such that, in a mere handful of years, Russia actually is turning out ‘50,000 engineers compared to only 17,000 in the United States,’ because then the whole system of American enterprise should be thrown out the window as a flop.”

The real joker in the pronouncement seems to be, that anyone in Russia permitted to graduate from what is comparable to a grammar or high school over here, at once is listed as an “engineer” or “chemist” . . . Can you imagine how many “engineers” and “chemists” we could claim in America if we included in our figures all the grammar and high school graduates this current year, all the graduates of schools run by American industries to train their employes, all the junior technical schools, manual training schools, veterans’ schools—and almost,

Said one critic: “If normal commercial retail channels had been opened to this book, its sales would have equaled those of ‘Gone with the Wind’ . . . ”



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SOULCRAFT CHAPELS

Noblesville, Indiana

we might facetiously add, Sunday Schools?

*In the city of New York alone, we turn out more of that type of “engineers” than in all of the Soviet Socialist Republics combined!*

WHY SHOULD not the Waterman claims—in the interest of filching \$15,000,000 for meddling and kibitzing, and dragging up bankrupt and chaotic Russia to sustain it—be labeled a hoax and as indignantly dismiss it?

But no, . . . having reached the psychopathia of sustaining our economy by the wholesale manufacture of guns to kill people, due to New Deal deceits and fallacies bringing us to bankruptcy, there must be a menace somewhere against which we must “prepare”. So with Stalin, the arch-gangster gone, and his goon-government tottering, the public still has its reflexes worked upon to go on accepting blindly—

That Russia has far greater military strength than ours, her air force

is larger, and constantly getting mightier;

That the Russian army is so invincible that it can march across Europe any morning before breakfast, and nothing can halt it but passage of the Universal Military Training Bill, that gives our federal authority over to the racists controlling United Nations;

That our American cities are in danger of being wiped out by atom bombs, which Russia is now stockpiling two to our one, all adding up to a picture of the greatest military “giant” in modern times. Lastly—

Whosoever challenges the truth about this “menace” must be investigated, smeared, and generally abused as secretly a pro-Red and fellow traveler, hoping we will abandon our arms effort and place ourselves consequently at Soviet mercy.

Think of a world without an armed menace just around the corner! How can we ever take it?

# T h e P A Y O F F

THE BESPECTACLED old lady leaned out of the railroad coach and called to a boy sitting on a baggage truck, "Come here, my boy."

"Yes, ma'am," the boy said, drawing near.

"How old are you?"

"Eleven, ma'am."

"Do you honor your father and mother?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Do you go to Sunday School?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Do you say your prayers every night?"

"Most nights I do, ma'am."

"Well, I guess I can trust you. Here's a dime. I want you to go into the station lunchroom and get me a lettuce sandwich. Remember—God sees!"

THE CHURCH building was completed. Heating apparatus was installed. But the question of a set of chimes for the belfry. Up rose the cheese-paring economist.

"There's no more money in sight for a set of chimes," he objected. "But we do have the furnace and plenty of water."

The head deacon demanded, "How could they ever substitute for a set of chimes?"

"All you want to do is call folks to meetin', don't you?"

"Of course."

"Let's put in a whistle."

A DYSPEPTIC boarder with a bald head complained about everything at the breakfast table. Sarah, the new maid, was running a temperature. Finally the boarder summoned her afresh.

"My cocoa's cold," was his final complaint.

"Put your hat on," snapped Sarah, and retired to stay retired.

A DANSEUSE had a sparkling trick of casting her dainty slipper into the audience at the conclusion of her pirouetting upon a Chicago stage.

A St. Paul paper reported that a Minneapolis girl tried it and killed four men the first night.

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Noblesville, Indiana

THE PLUTOCRAT wrote the president of the nearby college that he wanted to enter his son in the fall, but he thought the curriculum pretty stiff. Besides, he wanted a course that his son could get through in shorter order.

The president wrote back, "When God wants to make a mighty oak, sir, He takes a hundred years. He only takes sixty days to make a squash."

A NEW ENGLAND man had been in failing health for years and the doctor ordered him to Arizona. However, in Arizona he lasted but two months. They shipped his remains back to Boston. His wife and brother were viewing the body in the casket.

She said, "Oh, Mike, doesn't he look nice!"

Mike said, "He sure does. Those two

months in Arizona certainly did him a lot of good."

A VERY naughty word had been written on the blackboard. The teacher said, "We will all close our eyes, and the little gentleman who wrote that word will erase it."

Heads bowed. Eyes closed. Little feet pattered down the aisle. After a pause, little feet pattered back up the aisle. Then silence.

When they all looked up, they beheld an even naughtier word written on the blackboard, along with this notation—

"The Phantom strikes again!"

"MY HUSBAND never would chase after another woman," the wife boasted. "He's too fine, too decent, too loyal, too old."