

Valor

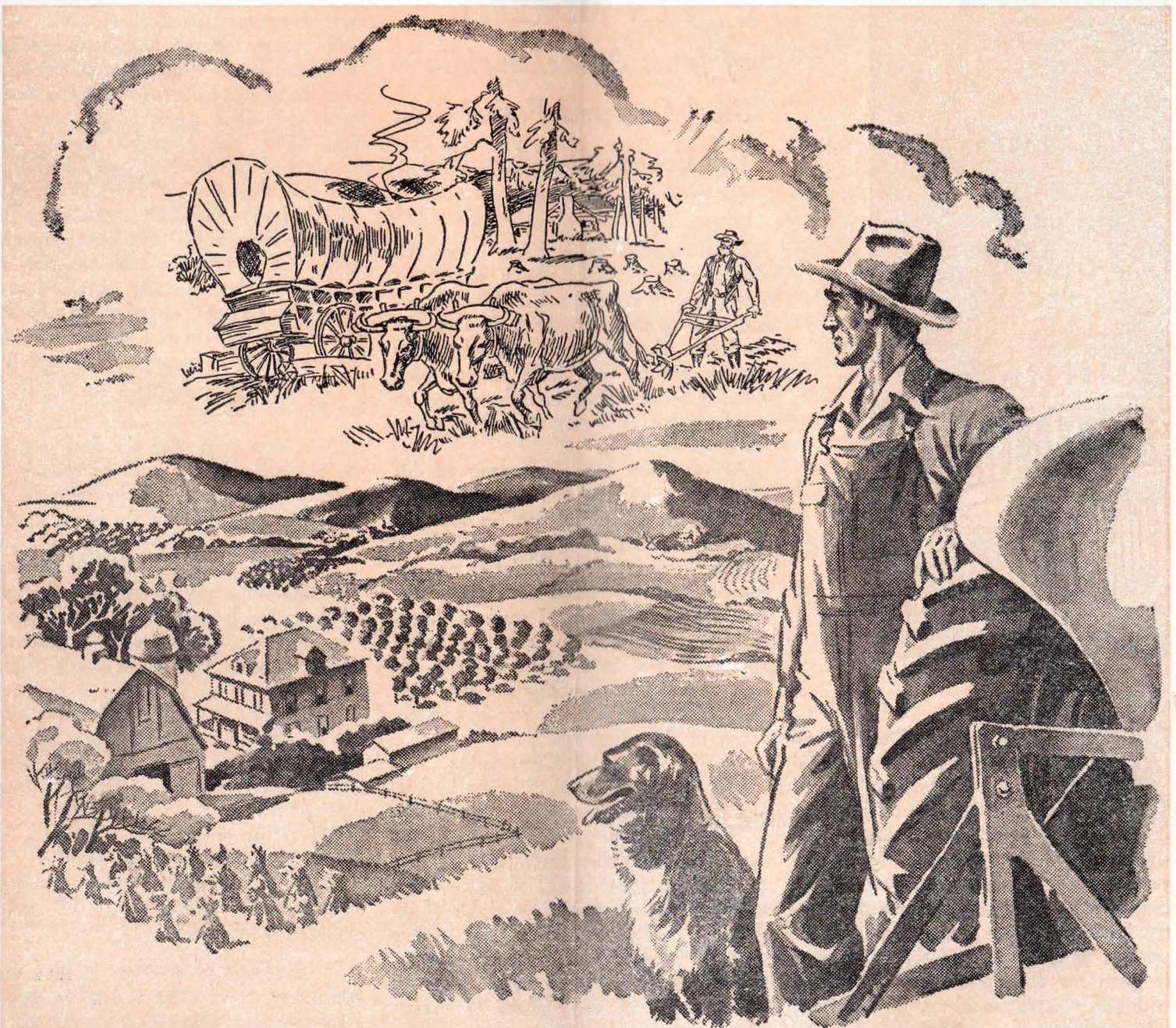
The Golden Times Weekly . .

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

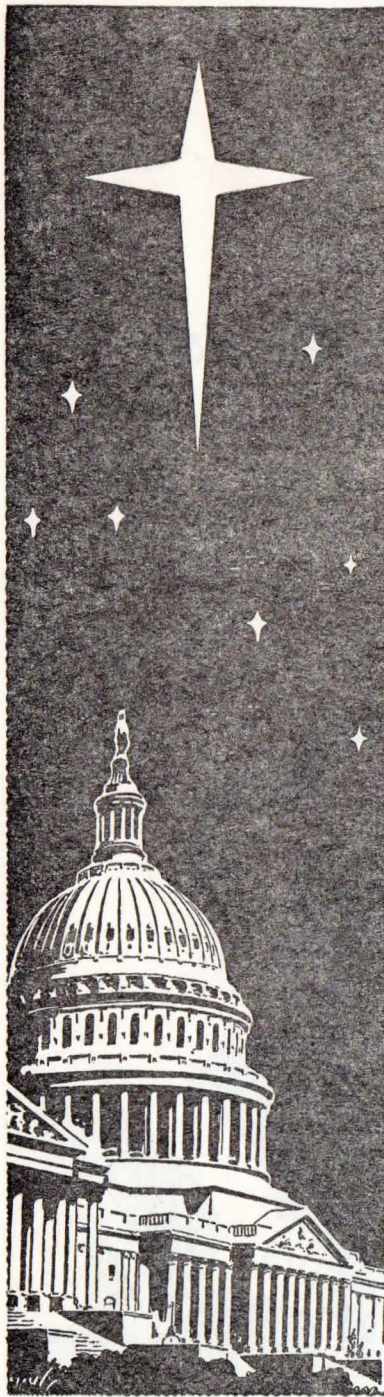
Volume IV

Noblesville, Indiana, Saturday, April 25, 1953

Number 26



People Used to Vicissitude Are Not Easily Dejected



The Dangers of Unsuspected

A Significant Address by

ADMIRAL

BEN MOREELL

of Jones & McLaughlin

Steel Co., and Foundation

for Economic Education

I believe that communism is an evil thing, every trace of which should be rooted out of American life. Most Americans are of the same mind. In fact, the American people are now aroused against communism as they have seldom been aroused before. They fear the danger to our freedoms. And they want to do something about it.

As one who has spent most of his adult life in our military service, I want to enlist for this battle, too. So, over the past few years I have been studying our enemy—communism—in order to prepare myself for the struggle. During the course of those studies I made a shocking discovery, which I am now going to share with you, in the hope that we can help each other solve this problem. But first let me give you the step-by-step account of that discovery.

Ten Points of Communism

Like most Americans, I began by hating communism because of its methods. I linked communism with outright lying, subtle deception, treason, allegiance to a foreign state, hatred of religion and contempt for the God-given rights of individuals. Wherever the communists achieved power, there followed murder, slave labor, concentration camps, and despotic control of every phase of human life.

But I found that these are only the methods and by-products of communism.

I then asked myself these questions: "What is communism itself, as distinguished from its methods? Are not these cruel methods the inevitable result of autocratic rule? Can any *good end* ever be achieved by *evil means*?"

If a person intends to fight something, he should know his enemy in order to plan his strategy. Otherwise, he may do more harm than good. I had heard of Karl Marx and Frederick Engels, the founders of communism. And I had been told that their book, "THE COMMUNIST MANIFESTO", published in 1848, is the "bible" of the communist faith. So I bought the book and read it. And I have been greatly disturbed ever since. You will understand the reason for this when I read to you the ten steps of the communist program as set forth by Marx. Assuring you that I am not reading out of context:

"We have seen that the first step in the revolution by the working class is to raise the proletariat to the position of the ruling class; to win the battle of democracy.

"The proletariat will use its political supremacy to wrest, by degrees, all capital from the bourgeoisie (i.e., the property owners); to centralize all instruments of production in the hands of the State . . .

"Of course, in the beginning this cannot be effected except by means of despotic inroads on the rights of property and on the conditions of bourgeois production . . .

"These measures will, of course, be different in different countries.

"Nevertheless in the most advanced countries the following will be pretty generally applicable:

"1. Abolition of property in land and application of all rents of land to public purposes.

"2. A heavy progressive or graduated income tax.

THE AMERICAN Petroleum Industry, with vital interests dispersed in all parts of the world, must be concerned about current trends in forms and procedures of government everywhere but, most particularly, in our own country. Therefore, I am glad to have this invitation to speak to you today. Because it gives me the opportunity to discuss with you what I consider to be the most vital problem of our times. It is this: "How can you and I best fight communism?"

Communism by "Innovations"

"3. Abolition of all right of inheritance.

"4. Confiscation of the property of all emigrants and rebels.

"5. Centralization of credit in the hands of the State, by means of a national bank with State capital and an exclusive monopoly.

"6. Centralization of the means of communication and transport in the hands of the State.

"7. Extension of factories and instruments of production owned by the State; the bringing into cultivation of waste lands, and the improvement of the soil generally in accordance with a common plan.

"8. Equal liability of all to labor. Establishment of industrial armies, especially for agriculture.

"9. Combination of agriculture with manufacturing industries: gradual abolition of the distinction between town and country, by a more equable distribution of the population over the country.

"10. Free education for all children in public schools. Abolition of children's factory labor in its present form. Combination of education with industrial production, etc., etc."

THOSE ten measures were the battle plan of communism, formulated by Marx and Engels one hundred years ago. And the same plan is still pursued by present-day communists. When this plan was drawn, none of their ideas was popular in America. Now, let us see how they have progressed during the past century:

By Democratic Means

It is important to recall that Marx did not say that these measures should be put into effect by armed revolt, but, using his own words, by "winning the battle of

democracy" and by "raising the working class to the position of the ruling class". Once this has been accomplished by legal and democratic elections, the "political supremacy" was to be used as follows: "to wrest, *by degrees*, (again, not by sudden revolution but by the slower democratic process) all capital from the bourgeoisie;" and "to centralize all instruments of production in the hands of the State. . . ."

Because communism came to Russia by violent revolt, most of us have thought that the communists would try the same method in the United States. The fact is that Marx taught only the "slow-decay-from-within" method. It was not until about 1903 that Lenin broke with the Fabian socialists and adopted violence as the means to be used in Russia, where capitalism had not developed to the point where its decay could be significant. But the rest of the communist-socialist thinkers continued to follow the strategy of Marx. These included the Fabians and Labor Party of England and the socialists of Western Europe. Even the Russian communists have not abandoned the methods and strategy of Marx in most countries other than Russia.

If this century-old strategy of Marx—what today we call "creeping socialism"—sounds familiar to you in the light of current events in America, you will understand why I am disturbed. You see, I had believed that communism would come by violence. Now I discovered that the goal was to be achieved *not* by *bullets*, but by *ballots*; *not* by illegal, but

legal, means; *not* by a few evil persons, but *by vote of the majority*.

This throws a new light on the problem. It appears that in our struggle against communism, we Americans may well be choosing the wrong battlefield, at the wrong time, and against the wrong enemy. It may be that while we are fighting communist armies thousands of miles away, communism itself is marching steadily forward under the stimulus of easy triumphs here at home.

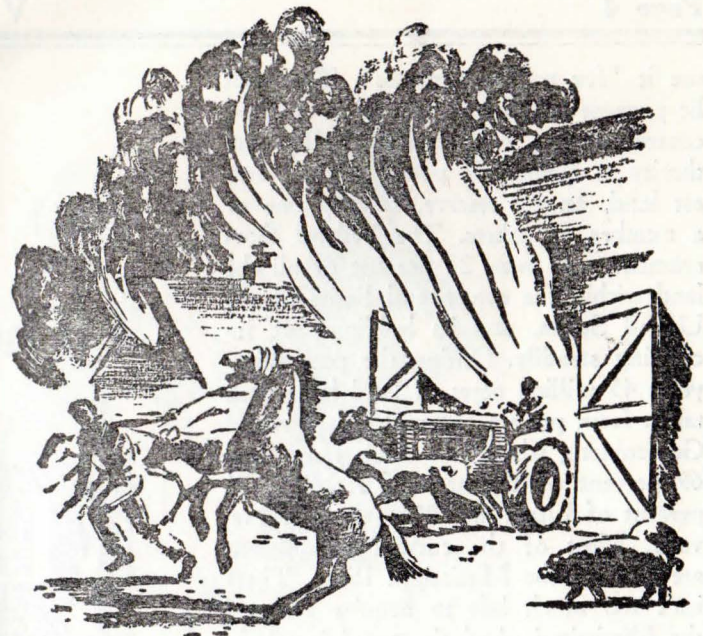
Communitistic Ideas

In view of vows of fidelity by communists throughout the world, we must assume that THE COMMUNIST MANIFESTO is still authentic communist doctrine. Let us, then, examine the ten "planks" of their platform in some detail.

Ownership of Land

THE FIRST plank is government ownership of land. Now, it is true that our government has always owned land. But early American policy was to get this land into the hands of private owners as quickly as possible. Sometimes it was sold at very low prices. Sometimes it was given away. But always the idea was to get it into the hands of private owners, whether it be a railroad, a college, an individual homesteader, or others.

That practice is followed no longer. The policy now is for government to take land from private owners and, in strict accord with Marxist doctrine, to



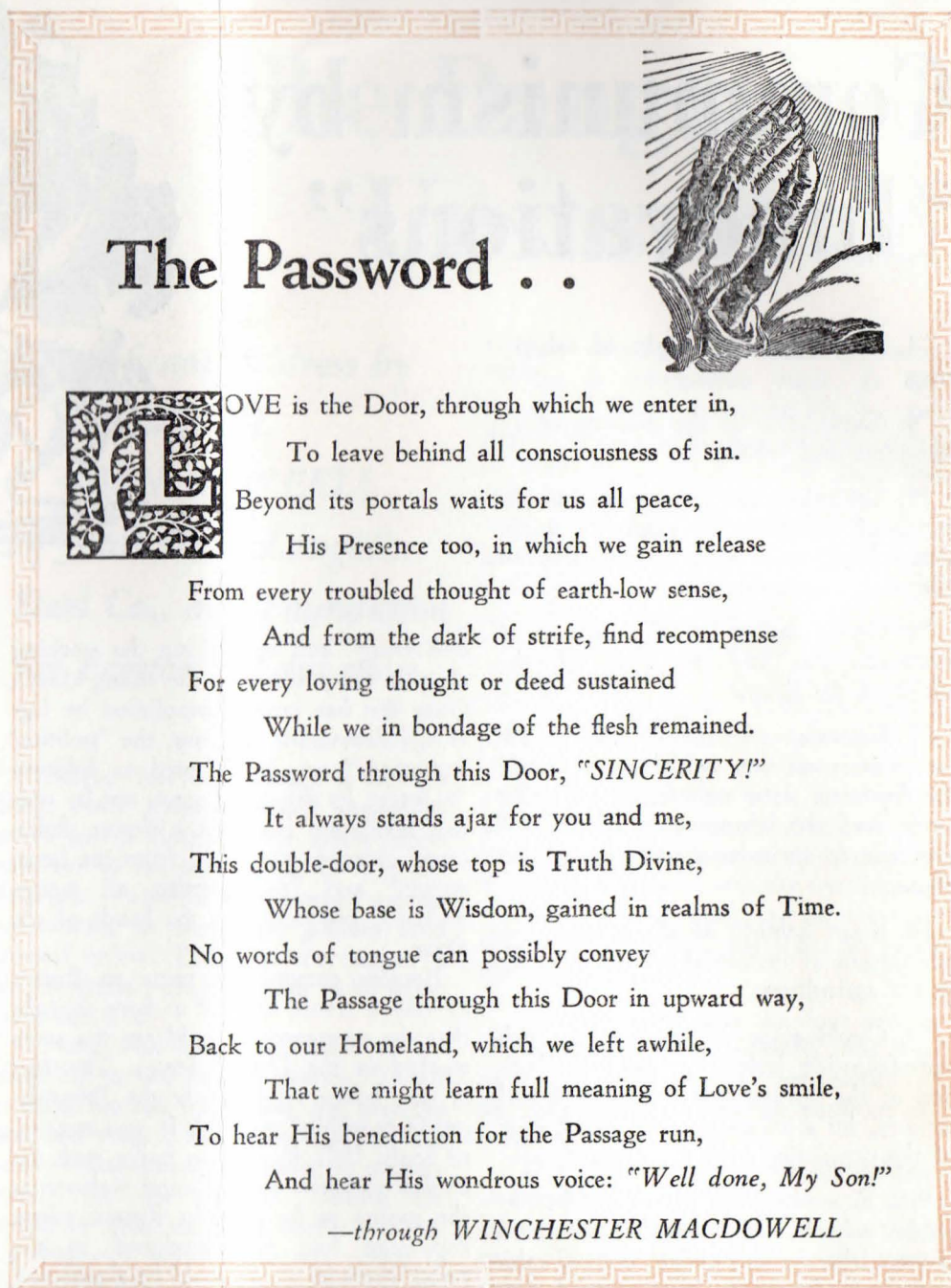
use it "for public purposes". The public purpose may be an irrigation or flood control district, a Tennessee Valley Authority, a Bonneville power project, forest land, an oil reserve, or any one of a number of others. The Federal Government now owns 24 percent of all the land within the continental limits of the United States, and its holdings are increasing steadily. During the past thirty years 45 million acres of land have been taken from private owners by the Federal Government, which now owns more than 69 percent of the area of Arizona, 71 percent of Utah, and 85 percent of Nevada. Most of the current acquisitions are east of the Mississippi River. There isn't too much left to acquire west of the Mississippi. And the trend is steadily upward. The claim of dominant interest in the tide-lands, always until now considered the property of the States, is a striking example of current policy.

As stated, the Federal Government now owns one-fourth of all the land. How long will it be before it owns one-half—and then all of it?

The Income Tax

The second communist plank is: "A heavy progressive or graduated income tax." That iniquity was first imposed on Americans in 1913, with the ratification of the Sixteenth Amendment to the Constitution. The tax was described by its proponents as a modest levy, with a normal rate of 1 percent on personal income up to \$20,000, a surtax up to a *maximum* of 6 percent at \$500,000; and a flat corporate tax rate of 1 percent. The sole purpose, they said, was to produce revenue. When a Senator protested that the normal rate might some day rise to the confiscatory level of 10 percent, he was shouted down in derision! But now the personal tax has progressed to better than 90 percent in the highest brackets and is being used, *as originally intended by Marx*, as a punitive measure to achieve equalization of status, i.e., to take from the thrifty by force, if necessary, in order to give to the thriftless,—and to act as a powerful deterrent to the formation of private capital, thus making it easier for government to step in with public capital.

To the federal income tax should be added the various state income taxes. This process of progressive confiscation of income is, of course, in complete ac-



The Password . .



LOVE is the Door, through which we enter in,
 To leave behind all consciousness of sin.
 Beyond its portals waits for us all peace,
 His Presence too, in which we gain release
 From every troubled thought of earth-low sense,
 And from the dark of strife, find recompense
 For every loving thought or deed sustained
 While we in bondage of the flesh remained.
 The Password through this Door, "SINCERITY!"
 It always stands ajar for you and me,
 This double-door, whose top is Truth Divine,
 Whose base is Wisdom, gained in realms of Time.
 No words of tongue can possibly convey
 The Passage through this Door in upward way,
 Back to our Homeland, which we left awhile,
 That we might learn full meaning of Love's smile,
 To hear His benediction for the Passage run,
 And hear His wondrous voice: "Well done, My Son!"

—through WINCHESTER MACDOWELL

cord with the communist plan of "wresting, by degrees, all capital from the (owners of private property)."

Let me give you a specific example of how this works. In 1951, the total of the income tax payments to the Federal Government by the largest company in each of the twenty largest industries was three times the total amount that was paid by them to the owners of the businesses. That is, for every dollar set aside for federal taxes and dividends by these companies, 75¢ went to the Federal Government and 25¢ went to the stockholders. After that, an additional generous cut of the divi-

dend payments was taken directly from the stockholders by the Government for personal income taxes. How long will American investors be willing to save and to risk their savings in American industry in the face of such powerful discouragement?

The Inheritance Tax

Plank 3 of the communist platform is the inheritance tax, a most effective way of removing capital from private ownership and placing it in the hands of government. And to this we have added the
 (Continued on Page 10)

The Problem of Every Conscientious Parent . .



What Should We Tell Children about the So-Called Mystery of Death?



YOUNG mother writes: "My only son, Tommy, has recently turned five years old. Last summer, up at the farm where we spent our vacation with my husband's parents, he became strongly attached to my husband's father. It broke his heart to leave without granddaddy coming along, and he has been talking constantly since of going back next season. Last week came news of my father-in-law's illness and death. His funeral took place yesterday and we are returning to town tomorrow, where we left Tommy with my mother. To the moment nothing has been said to him about the loss of his grandfather. He is my first and only child and I don't want to put any fixations into his mind that will create the wrong impressions, during his formative years, concerning Death. How can I explain to him that it will be impossible for him ever to see his much-loved grandfather again in this life? It should seem easy, of course, to tell him that his grandfather has gone away upon a 'journey' but at best that would be but a makeshift. He is bound sooner or later, to overhear older relatives talking about the fact that his grandfather is 'dead.'

What would be your suggestion for meeting the issue head-on, telling the lad just what the loss is, that all of us have suffered, and yet not raising any horror-reactions in him that may later arise to plague him? Both my husband and I are firm believers in the hypothesis that all of us return to earth for more than one mortal life. I want Tommy to understand this also. But I'm unable to depict the process to him so that he will get a clear conception of the distinction between Spirit and Body. I shall be eternally grateful for your suggestions."

IN THE first place, this young mother feels her own inhibitions regarding the subject because she is making the common blunder of assuming that her small son is being introduced to the phenomenon of Death for the first time through her, and in the instance of the grandparent.

The more or less biological side of her nature—not the carnal so much as the physically orthodox—has a hard time escaping from the acceptance that by the act of procreation of Tommy's body, she and her husband as parents have projected a brand-new human soul into the mundane universe, a soul that is thus called to confront all these "mysteries" such as

the grandparent's passing, for the first time in its cosmic experience.

When her infant lay on his back in his cradle, she held up a rattle before him, shook it, said "Rattle!" and then "Take!" As time went on, after Tommy had learned the name "Rattle!" he succeeded to a similarly acquired knowledge of "Pussy-cat!" or "Spoon!" or "Book!" or "Donald Duck!" Now the time has arrived when instead of rattle, pussy-cat, spoon, book or bath-tub toy the young mother must hold up the gadget "Death!"

And Death is not a pleasant thing, she thinks, to hold up before a "new" soul, exploring life and its contents for the initial time.

She assumes that Tommy is going to be afraid of Death, or shrink from it in horror as she, an adult, is afraid of it and shrinks from it in a sort of horror. But to go back a moment, she has made a basic error in her acceptance in the matter or rattle, pussy-cat, spoon, book, or duck-toy.

She has accepted that she once introduced those items to Tommy for the first time as items. Only she didn't. She introduced them to him as Names.

She wasn't teaching Tommy, to commence with, that the universe held such

eccentricities as rattle, cat, spoon, and all the rest of the assortment of things she invited him to touch or "take."

What she truly was doing, was teaching him a language!

Her small son Tommy, in his previous life might have been a French statesman, a Russian scientist, a Swedish physician, a salesman of suspenders in St. Louis. Through her instrumentality, she had suddenly presented him with a new body to bring to maturity in modern America, where his first job is to learn the prevailing tongue.

She confuses the task of teaching him the English language with the task of pointing out to him the immediate objects that furnish his baby world.

She would get the shock of her life if at the age of five months, Tommy had said to her: "So that gadget in English is called a rattle, eh? Down in Patagonia we called it a bah-bah!"

Tommy doesn't make any such observation, of course. But in his eternal mind, he's seen plenty of rattles and pussy-cats and spoons before. None of them cause him to exclaim in marvelment. He reaches out and touches or handles them with a certain interest, but he would do likewise with any peculiar object, even after he had attained to his growth.

And this item of Death is no exception to the world's conventional equipment.

The chances are ten to one that the young mother's Tommy has a clearer idea of what Death and its evolutionary processes are, than she has—because at the tender age of five, he's closer to them!

In other words, having the more recently been discarnate, he will have a keener instinctive perception of what his grandfather's altered status is, than the young mother who over her twenty-four years has more or less forgotten the sensations of discarnation.

To start off with, then, this young mother presupposes a condition in Tommy's mind which doesn't exist.

She will discover that there is no particular wonderment in Tommy as to where his granddad has "gone." . . . Just

as she once imparted the language of Fear to the child in exhibiting what sort of creature was called Pussy-cat in English, when she implied that dire consequences would come from pulling its tail, so she may impart the language of Fear to Tommy in identifying the word Death with the mortal-termination process—if she feels it temperamentally herself.

Really it is never Death that we fear, as a process. It is being cut down and interred physically before we have completed the cycle which we bargained with mortality to run, or before we have executed the brevet or gained the increment which we bothered to go through the distress of birth and childhood to get. No child truly bothers his pate over these. He takes it for granted that he will achieve to them. Only when the peculiarities of life's vicissitudes cause him to doubt whether he is obtaining adequate delivery of these, does he commence to



feel a vague disquiet over physical death.

And yet there do come times that this young, earnest mother—any young mother—should impart to her offspring in holding up Death before it for the

first time in a fresh incarnation, and giving it a speech-label. She should start in by having an "interesting talk" with the youngster as to where he thinks he was, or what he instinctively feels his condition has been, before coming in to occupy his present small physical body.

"You know you've lived in this world before, don't you?" such a parent will query the young one.

And whether the response is astonishment or conventional acceptance of the fact, the door is open to permit the fresh child-mind to enter a garden of enticing postulations.

"If you lived before, then of course you used another body—a body that gradually grew old as you used it."

This too is an opening to invite the small brain to interesting observations on the biological fecundities of growing "up" and growing "old." . . .

"Growing up or growing old is merely a process of wearing out each one of

your bodies just as daddy's motorcar is bound to wear out finally, after he's traveled in it for a hundred thousand miles. That means that some way or another a new body has to be secured. It means too, that the You inside of such bodies has to make the change from one to the other. You have to get out of an old and worn-out body, so that you can enter into a small, new, fresh one. And these small, new, fresh bodies—when we have found a way to get out of the worn-out, grown-up bodies—are commonly known as 'babies' or 'children.'

Well, just as you don't change your clothes in company, but go off upstairs in the privacy of your bedroom to take off an old and worn-out suit and put on a brand-new one, so all of us have to 'go off upstairs by ourselves' and make the change of physical clothes. We change our spirits from old-clothes body into the new-clothes body. But we can't know what the Upstairs Room is like—where we do the chang-

ing in the matter of bodies—till we've grown old enough to know how to get into it."

Approaching the subject in such
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Now the Confirmation of Valor's Foreign Predictions Begins in the News . .

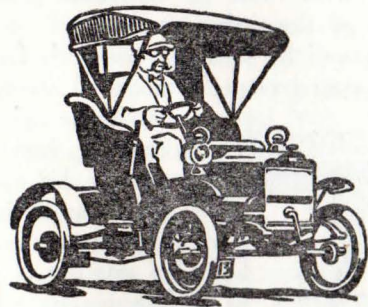


CONSIDER the number of years that VALOR, or its predecessors, has called the shots on international or national happenings!

. . . Now comes Michael L. Hoffman, foreign correspondent of the *New York Times*, in a letter from Geneva, confirming what VALOR published months ago: that the war in Asia was not being pushed to swift and effective conclusion because the prosperity of the American economy was predicated upon it, and that when, as, and if Russia folded up, it meant a crisis in Europe.

Russia—in result of Stalin's demise—is "folding up" too rapidly for the comfort of the four hyenas now dominating the Kremlin policies, and without more enemies to make our so-called military preparedness program worth the billions it is costing, the crisis looms for American industry.

But it is a crisis that must—and should be—met. No great nation can premise her prosperity on the commercialism of killing, especially her own sons in the armed forces. However, Great America has the brains and stamina to meet it, and to quail before it is to quail before Higher Prophecy.



Foreign newspaper correspondents are seemingly corroborating what VALOR has previously informed its readers—and when VALOR continues to enlighten them with assurances that "their deliverance draweth nigh," let them constitute a

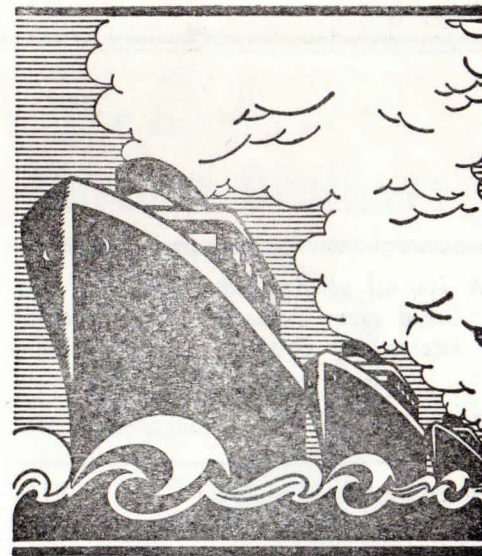
class throughout the country that can face the crisis fearlessly, knowing that it means a more equitable order after 1953. Says Hoffman—

IN A FEW short weeks Russia, by talk-mildly and doing a few little things that would be considered quite ordinary on the part of any other country, has produced adverse economic repercussions in the western world greater than all of Russia's threats, agitation and conspiracies were able to generate in all the previous postwar period.

Swamped by evidence from nearly every European capital, Tokyo, Washington and Southeast Asia, that the economic framework of the non-Communist world has an alarming tendency to melt in any atmosphere slightly less frigid than the cold war, or even the kind of predawn twilight created by a wide speculation that the international temperature may rise, economists can only repeat their earlier warnings that a real relaxation of international tensions would find the West in a serious and perhaps fatal economic condition.

The West's fears are to some extent concentrated here in Geneva for the next few days where trade officials from Eastern and Western Europe are exchanging views on the prospects of enlarging East-West trade. One thing, and almost the only thing that all western delegates seem to agree upon is that, in the unlikely event that Russia were to reveal a major change in international economic policy, or even a fairly big waver in her policy line, there is no agreement in the West as to what the West should then do.

But while officials worry and economists calculate, Europe's economic prospects are being altered daily by events that can be recorded but not controlled—certainly not by Europe. The politicians and the general public are having for the first time to face the fact that such mod-



erate success as Western Europe has had in keeping her national economies functioning depends to an unhealthy degree on a continuance of arrangements that are essentially nothing but western reactions to the tensions of the cold war.

WHETHER or not the entire program of American aid to Europe, since the war should be put in this category, the program of military aid and the huge military outlays of the Atlantic pact nations on armaments clearly should.

Any serious reduction in their own armaments burdens would make it easier for the Western European nations to devote their resources to other ends.

But any serious reduction in U. S. military expenditures—a clear possibility if the cold war ends—would remove one of the main props of Western European economic activity, first by reducing direct dollar expenditures in Europe, and second, by causing a tapering off in U. S. business activity and lower American imports. Europe's trouble is that it cannot get the good effects of less rearmament without the bad.

Sensitive commodities, such as tin, zinc, rubber and lead have fallen sharply in price in the last two weeks. This makes Europe's bill for imports lower, but at the same time cuts the dollar earnings of dependent areas affiliated with the European currency systems. Again Europe is inclined to take a dark view and assume that the bad effects will be greater than the good, mainly because the commodity trend is viewed as symptomatic of a general contracting of activi-

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Lengthy Editorial



SOME quaint letters come to the editorial desk of VALOR from subscribers. One of the quaintest received in recent weeks declares as follows—

"You induced me to take a trial subscription to VALOR because you stated in your literature that it was a spiritual publication. I have now read it for eight weeks and do not care to renew. In the eight issues you have sent me, I have failed to find the slightest thing spiritual about it. I find a hodgepodge of politics, economics, and psychical research, with now and then an article critical of religion. In fact, I am more than all else impressed with the fact that you are subtly striving to promote your own fortunes. My idea of a spiritual publication is one that confines itself honestly to conditions in the Beyond, and not one that keeps impressing on me that I must return again and again to such a miserable world as this. Frankly, I don't believe that anybody does. If he does, he needs his head examined. Please take my name off your mailing list."

Well, that's that.

It's off.

The correspondent is a man, not a woman, by the way, and lives in a small prairie town in the West. But suppose we consider dispassionately what the gentleman wants.

"My idea of a spiritual publication is one that confines itself honestly to conditions in the Beyond, and not one that keeps impressing on me that I must return again and again to such a miserable world as this."

The gentleman wants out.

But he does make the common error of assuming that the Liberation-Soulcraft doctrine is an intellectual hypothesis premised on politics, economics, and psychical research, concocted by some journalistic individual to promote his own interests. He says so.

He seems to miss the greater point that anybody who must resort to the concoction of an intellectual hypothesis and sell it to the public with any notion that he can thereby promote his own fortunes—or stands any chance of doing other than eventually getting his teeth kicked out for his pains—certainly is the one whose occiput needs analyzing.

'Tis said in psychiatry that people unbuttoned mentally rarely if ever are aware of that fact. The conclusion should be sound, therefore, that anyone who advances an hypothesis for life in which he recognizes what he takes to be faults or defects that he would correct if it were his own hypothesis, and yet relays such illuminations as come from higher sources because he doesn't deem it his business to change them, is acting from motives both honest and rational.

But this "hodgepodge" business merits several moments of constructive comment.

Any timely publication is a variety.

VALOR sees nothing either inconsistent or paradoxical in maintaining that it is a spiritual publication, and yet treats as it has grasp of the enigmas and quandaries of this world. But the Point of View of such treatment is quite something else.

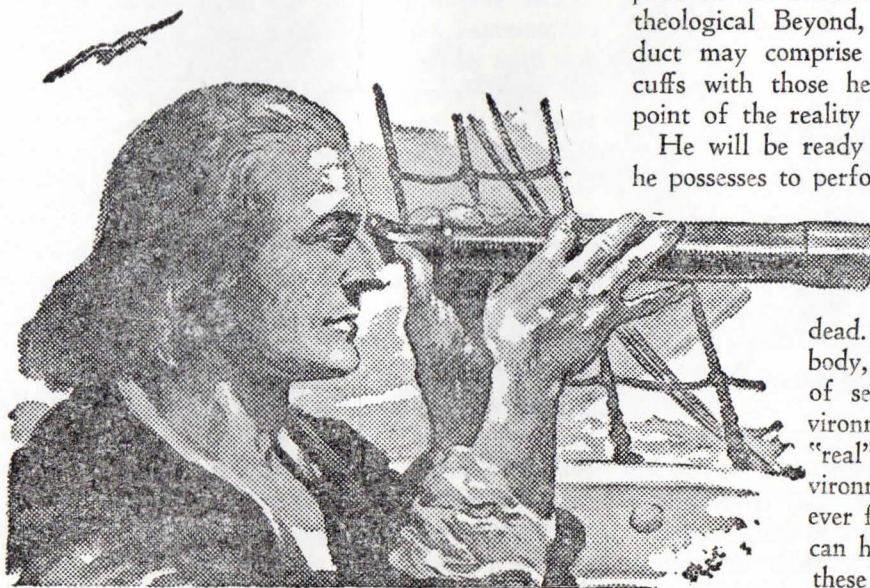
Liberation-Soulcraft, premised on a million-and-a-half words of transcendent transcript, accepts the dictum in all logic that Life is actually but *one* sequence of consciousness. By that it means, there is truly no time apparent to consciousness but the instant moment—but *this instant moment ever endures*.

No matter what the vehicle in which Life functions, so to put it, it can only be conscious of the passing instant. So there is only one problem before it . . . orientation of the individualism to such conditions as surround it.

Seek to reveal to our prairie malcontent that *this life* which he finds himself enduring with such dissatisfaction is a phase of the Life Beyond when contrasted to the consciousness he has known in previous worldly sequences, and he will look about for attendants in white coats, his purpose being to see you better charperoned. The 104th Soulscript, mailed this week, and completing Volume VIII of the Soulscripts, treats of this in no niggardly measure.

One of the quaint things to contemplate, for instance, in the case of our prairie malcontent, is the fact that—if the attestments of literal thousands who have made the Passing be accredited—when he arouses in what he so fondly depicts to his current imagination as the theological Beyond, his immediate conduct may comprise temperamental fistcuffs with those he confronts over the point of the reality of death.

He will be ready to use such foot as he possesses to perform dental alterations on those so confronting him, supporting his contention that he is *not* dead. Does he not have a body, an intellect, a sense of self-awareness, an environment that appears as "real" to him as any environment in which he has ever found himself? How can he be dead and know these items—or has he



landed in some institution for the hopelessly insane? Thousands of "dead" people do think exactly that.

But how explain on the other hand that from South Africa to British Columbia, the evidence turned in at psychical seances from those who succeed in making mortal contact, registers precise and identical details? People in the Invisible Dimensions will eventually say to such a one, "All right, all right, have it your own way. *Put it then that you're as dead as you ever will be!*"

It comes, of course, as disquieting shock to realize that no angels, cherubim, seraphim, and colossal harp orchestras, distinguish such altered state. But if these have been part of an ideology based on anachronistic worldly concepts and misnamed Religion, actually is there aught to do but grin and bear it?

The present moment is all the Time there is.

All of us are living in Eternity now!

The Sleep of Death is like any other period of slumber—you awaken from it and grope for your shoes.

So many problems being truly the complications of environment—any environment—VALOR holds to the Point of View that cleaner politics here in the mundane social sense, sounder economics, and expositions of the wonders of the seance room, are just as vital to True Spirituality as expositions of just who fixes the harp strings when they wear out or break, in the religious ideology, or how God gets time to do anything else but judge souls the year and century around, seeing that something like 65,000 of them a day come up to confront Him each 24 hours—a fraction of a second of attention to a soul.

True Spirituality is recognizing the *process* of improving the spirit regardless of the features of any environment, and not an ideology evolved from Egyptian pantheism that existed some six thousand years come Wednesday.

The facts are the facts.

There would seem to be ten thousand stages or planes of consciousness, each distinct in the matter of features that improve and expand the Eternal Intellect. You can make your Heaven right now, within the next hour, if you start living the heavenly life, just as you make your own Hell right now by letting your self-inflicted delusions—or illusions—sell you

on the supposition that the Beyond is all sweetness and Light merely because you happen to get into it, not because you've particularly qualified to live in it.

So then . . .

SUPPOSE we strive to get through our heads that the people who assert themselves either skeptical or resentful of Multiple Existence probably are souls actually lacking in courage or stamina. They have come into this worldly life, partaken of it, found they don't possess what it requires to cope with it, and resort to the ruse of denying that such process of Repeat Mortality exists. "Not believing in it" is merely their subterfuge for saying they consider they have bungled what they hoped to get, and want "out" in order to escape recognition of their own failures or deficiencies. That they are due to carry this same futile fight of "getting away from themselves" into the next phase of existence, they dispense with by terming it unorthodox or twaddle.

On the other hand, the sure, brave, free, valorous souls who have met this issue and vanquished it, have it within themselves to say smilingly to their Creator, "It's quite all right with me, Lord, *whatever* aspect of Reality you furnish me . . . I'll strive to get out of it all that it may contain for my moral and intellectual excellence."

Those, according to VALOR's notions, are truly the "redeemed."

But before leaving this lengthy editorial there is one thing to be added—

IN THIS aforesaid Point of View—that this Eternity is what you make it as you Go Along—VALOR does make a point of giving the constructive and inspirational note to worldly happenings as they transpire. Accepting that whatever occurs holds profit spiritually for someone, somewhere, somehow, it seeks to interpret what that profit is, not bog down in malodorous mulligrubs and call the totality of all creation wreckage.

Because it's far from such.

Nine-tenths of what is being printed in the papers at present is propaganda, anyhow, projected to achieve exactly the psychology that our prairie pessimist displays. Get *everybody* believing that this world is not worth battling for, in its finer eschewments, and no one will put up much resistance to a physical take-

The Stories of the Thirteen Civilizers



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over, which is precisely what a negative element desires.

VALOR isn't buying any.

This journal, or its predecessors under the same aegis, is shown by the events of history up a quarter-century to have been 95 percent correct in its predictions as to conditions maturing as its admonishments were ignored. Once it spent thousands of supporters' dollars striving to arouse antipathies against anti-Christian lecheries, of which Communism is the political and economic symbol. The fight was carried on, the penalties for waging it paid, and the tide—with the death of Stalin turned. Now behold the period approaches when, after certain convulsive readjustments, a sweeter and more equitable way of life approaches. But still the conditioned reflexes of the disillusioned operate.

"Anybody who would want to come back to such a miserable world, ought to have his head examined."

That's the *idea-fixee*.

Okay, there's nothing to do but let the spiritual pessimists enjoy their dol-drums. Let them spend their monies for journals that tell them how it's going to be in celestial regions ten million years hence, while the current moment is a lunacy and atom bomb explosion .

But the joke on them is, Time being purely relative, they won't know it's ten million years hence, and will be holding *ideas-fixee* about the disagreeable conditions of the Place in that distant day precisely as at present.

Truly such people are Spiritual Hypochondriacs.

However, there are too many wholesome-minded and progressing people for whom to publish, to waste ink and paper on catering overtime to those who get morbid over the assumption, "If somethin' ain't wrong, 'taint right!"

Summing it all up, they must only be referring to themselves.

Foreign Predictions

(Continued from Page 7)

ty in the economy of the non-Communist world.

But perhaps the greatest economic consequence of the new Soviet policy is the sharp upward revision in calculations of what Western Europe must earn from

her exports in a world that may be going through a period of falling military outlay and slackening demand. That vague time that economists have described, when "adjustments" would have to be completed to enable Europe to earn its way, may come long before the adjustments have been made.

What really gives the Western European governments and businessmen the shivers is that these developments coincide with a series of moves on the part of the U. S. Government that have made the rest of the western communities' chances of adjusting to a cessation of the cold war worse rather than better.

Even with continued heavy American expenditures abroad, it has been said that greater freedom of access to an expanding U. S. market is a life or death matter for the maintenance in Western Europe of economies giving any significant role to private enterprise.

With the fear that falling military and aid outlays may remove some \$2,000,000,000 yearly from Europe's dollar income, there is now the fear that the U. S. administration's decision to postpone for at least a year any significant change in U. S. tariff policy will lead to an intensification of the restrictions on U. S. imports.

European business faces a period during which greater exports will become more necessary than ever without any assurance that the U. S. will even support such measures of stability as the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade which, if the U. S. lived up to its commitments under that accord, would at least prevent outright economic warfare among the western nations.

British leadership had just given Western Europe the feeling that stable western economic structure might be built on the basis of such old-fashioned economic principles as living within one's means and co-operating to increase trade rather than conspiring to reduce it. On paper, Europe, with the exception of France, is probably closer to being able to join such a system in good faith than it has been at any time since the war.

There is now a very general fear, however, that the process of getting an agreement in the Atlantic community on policies to give coherence to the non-Communist world economy will be too slow and halting to counteract a disintegration of the system, which in the past few

years, has been so heavily dependent on the economic manifestations of the cold war.

Creeping Marxism

(Continued from Page 4)

gift tax, a device which Marx apparently overlooked! I hold that these taxes are no more American than is the progressive income tax. The three have become as one—and for the same reason—“to wrest, by degrees, all capital from the bourgeoisie”. As an example: One of the DuPonts died recently and left an estate of \$75 million. Of this, \$56 million, or approximately 75 percent must be paid out in inheritance taxes. The disruptive effect of the liquidation of such an estate is readily apparent. Surely those who are now responsible for managing this productive capital are better able to handle it to the advantage of our whole economy than are political adventurers. You may condone this action, saying, “Oh! Well, there is plenty left.” But I speak here of a basic moral principle, the right to retain private property, which applies to all of us, regardless of the amount involved. Those who wish merely to “soak the rich” should know that the history of the income tax—in our country as elsewhere—shows clearly that once it is established, the tax collector quickly moves into the lower income brackets.

Confiscation of Property

Plank 4 of THE COMMUNIST MANIFESTO provides for the confiscation of the property of all emigrants and rebels. In America, this is usually done only under the emotional stress of war. When the war is over, the property may or may not be returned to its rightful owners. In the last war, American citizens of the Japanese race, who, it was thought, might possibly become rebels, were deprived of their property and placed in concentration camps. The Government compensated these people for the loss of their property by a pitifully small percentage of its real worth. Speculators and political favorites got the rest!

Control of Credit

Plank 5 is, “Centralization of credit in the hands of the State, by means of
(Continued on Page 14)

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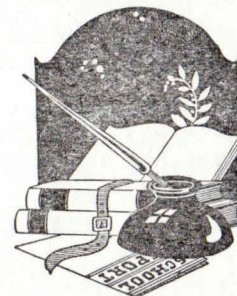
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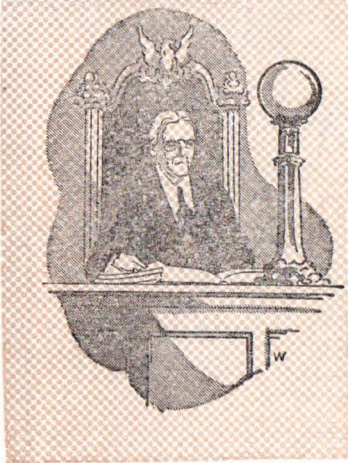
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CHAPTER X

WITH the sole exception of that first Sunday, most of the personal solitude I have been able to enjoy in the past fifteen years seems to have been mine in jail only. They came all day, those visitors, and far, far into evening. When there were time-breaks between, the officers sauntered back into my cell-block and treated me to plain and fancy assortments of speech describing their feelings about the current White House occupants.

"They must be all Republicans," I remarked to Eddie O'Connell, on our way to court next morning.

"Republicans horse-feathers!" said Eddie. "They're practically one hundred percent Americans."

Judge Casey, ample of jaw as he was of girth, looked me over with interest when my hearing had been called.

"What's the charge against Mr. Pelley?" he demanded.

"Fugitive from justice, your Honor," said the local federal prosecutor. "North Carolina!"

"I know, . . . but what is the charge they want him to answer for, making him a fugitive?"

"We haven't been informed of it, Your Honor."

"Isn't that unusual?"

"We have to assume, Your Honor, that the sovereign state of North Carolina knows on what charge it wants him."

The magistrate turned to Eddie. "Is your client aware what the charge is that faces him in North Carolina?"

Eddie was bold. "They want him, Your Honor, to burn him up for writ-

ing too much truth about the crowd of burglars running the New Deal."

"There's nothing criminal about expressing one's mind politically," His Honor asserted. He was smiling grimly.

"There is in North Carolina, Your Honor," retorted Eddie. He had said, as the colloquialism puts it, a mouthful.

"Well, you'll have to fight it out in a court of higher jurisdiction than mine. I'll have to remand him into federal court."

"If your Honor pleases, my client respectfully asks to be admitted to bail."

"Isn't your client on bail?"

"If he was, sir, we would be requesting it."

"I set this man's bail Saturday at \$2,500. Couldn't he make it?"

"He did make it, Your Honor. But somebody tilted it to ten thousand. And he couldn't make it at five o'clock of Saturday night."

"Who tilted it?"

"We haven't been advised, Your Honor."

"Nobody's setting bonds in this court but me! I set Pelley's bond at \$2,500 and it's still \$2,500. If he supplies proper bond, he can be released on that amount."

"May the government confer privately with the Bench?" foamed Herr Roosevelt's prosecutor.

Casey permitted it. They buzz-buzzed. Judge Casey's face darkened as I watched. The prosecutor was vehement . . . and cocky. Eddie came back to me. He was lean, sophisticated, sardonic—the Jimmy Walker type.

"Come on," he said.

"We're going into Judge Letts' court. Casey wants Letts to be umpire between him and the White House."

We went into Judge Letts' court. Followed an-

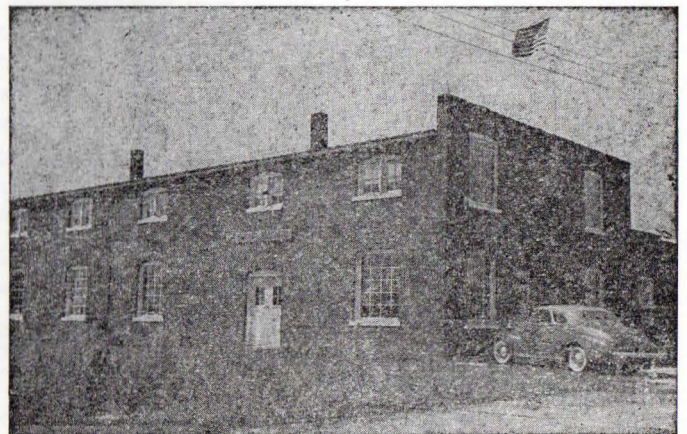
other Bench controversy, which barred newsmen. Jimmy, my previous bondsman, had shown up meanwhile.

"It's okay, Bill," Jimmy assured me. "I got permission to bond you anything up to fifteen grand."

"He'll only need five," interposed Eddie, coming back. "That's my compromise with Old Moosejaw's mouthpiece."

FROM Judge Letts' court we repaired to the office of the Clerk of Courts, the bond was posted at \$5,000, and I went forth physically free at least into sunshine with Eddie and Jimmie. Jimmie was a gray haired old veteran of the Capitol police courts. Judge Casey had fixed my extradition hearing thirty days hence before Chief Justice Wheat of the local federal bar. We walked across 5th Street and into our first legal huddle in Eddie's second-floor office.

The coming day—Tuesday—was the last day of Judge Wilson Warlick's suspension of my 1935 sentence for the heinous "crime" of publishing in my monthly magazine the financial status of my one time corporation. Nowhere in the "papers" demanding me—that had been sent up through the Governor's office in Raleigh—was there any notation of what crime I was guilty of. North Carolina merely "wanted" me. Eddie was certain he could beat this absurd extradition.



Today's publishing plant at Noblesville

"What we want to do," he declared, scribbling me receipt for a generous fee, "is get Governor Clyde Hoey up here in court if we can, where I can quiz him. Gosh, what a line-up of appropriate names . . . you're wanted in Buncombe County by a Judge named *Nettles*, and the demand is made that you be returned by a Governor named *Hoey*."

"But spelled with one 'o'," I sighed. I wasn't too confident about Eddie beating this case—because it was the Chief Executive of the nation who was after my gore. He was, we all suspected, on his way toward becoming America's first dictator—if he could manage it—and he didn't fancy the thousands of Silver Legionnaires I had behind me from Boston to Bellingham. Besides, I had published a red-hot booklet of late, challenging the proper application of the funds annually received for the polio victims of the nation, supposedly by Warm Springs.

Roosevelt had not relished it.

I COULDN'T, of course, get aboard a train and go back to my publishing interests in Asheville. I was pariah in North Carolina. And word had come up to me that because I had been so uppity about making financial arrangements with the Buncombe County politicians, they meant to make it cost me plenty. They had FDR behind them, and would see that I paid through the nose. When I finished the conference on legal strategy with Eddie, I went back to the hotel, where Floyd and Nell Hatfield awaited me, and had a second pow-wow.

"The thing that confronts you," said Floyd, my blind attorney, "is the obvious necessity of moving your entire plant and business out of Asheville, and out of the State. Even if you win this extradition fight, always you'll have legal complications to contend with, that they'll put in your way."

I had been publishing and operating from Asheville, N. C. since 1932 and it was now 1940—eight years. In that time I had acquired, mostly out my personal literary earnings, a somewhat pretentious brick residence, and one of the most improved printing plants in the State, housed in its own building. If I considered pulling out, I faced not alone expenses of moving but possible loss of my equities in these properties, as well as cost of providing new quarters for the plant "up North."

I sent Floyd and Nell back to the staff

in Asheville with orders to keep publishing our periodicals until I had investigated raising the money to quit Buncombe County and all it represented.

I took the night train for Indianapolis.

CHAPTER XI



IN INDIANAPOLIS was Lee Finehaut, chief of the Indiana Vigilante Police. Also George A. Henry, attorney, who had advised me from the first in respect to sitting out *Nettles'* capias. I wanted to talk to these. Indiana was reputed to be the center of population of the entire United States. It was fundamentally and traditionally a Republican State. Did any sort of empty plant exist in the environs of Indianapolis that I might acquire, in event I pulled stakes out of North Carolina and came up to live among Americans again?

Finehaut was a grizzled little police veteran who had survived the worst Dillinger days in the Hoosier State. I was guest in his home.

"Bully!" he cried, when I told him the prospects. "Indiana can use your type of citizen. Have your car sent up here, or I'll drive you myself, and scout two towns hereabouts . . . one south, one north. There are empty and available buildings down around the town of Franklin. Likewise Joe Newby, sheriff of Hamilton County, might know of just what you want in the town of Noblesville—sixteen miles north. I'll phone Joe you're coming up and he'll treat you 'right'."

John Norse drove up my Buick overnight. The car I had used to get to the Capitol from Tennessee the week before, had been driven up to Michigan by its owner—who wanted a week at home with his wife.

Johnny and I scouted the town of Franklin first, but found only one empty schoolhouse available, for which the selectmen asked too much money. We went north to see Sheriff Newby at Noblesville.

Newby didn't look like a sheriff—if a sheriff looks like anybody. He resembled an elderly real estate salesman. But he guided us faithfully to inspect all salable commercial buildings halfway to Kokomo. He too "had no use" for the New Deal and had kept an ear glued faithfully to a radio mike, following

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most of my troubles in Washington. But an abandoned glass factory up beyond Cicero, and a factory that had been gutted by fire to the south of town, offered accommodations for which I was searching in neither instance. I thanked Newby, shook his hand, and ordered Johnny to head back to Indianapolis.

We were driving along 8th Street in Noblesville southward when we crossed the intersection of Pleasant. I happened to glance westward.

"Whoa, Johnny," I cried, "back up!"

"See something?"

"Maybe."

Norse backed up. We headed westward along Pleasant Street then, toward the pastureland skirting the distant White River. Far at the end of the thoroughfare, on our left, stood two-story building of brick, precisely the size and type that might suit us.

"Johnny-Boy," I said, as we rode toward this structure, "I've got gooseflesh all over me!"

"Yeah?" he demanded. "From what?"

"I've driven down this street ten thousand times!"

We got down to the building and Norse stopped the car . . .

(Continued Next Week)

Creeping Marxism

(Continued from Page 11)

a national bank." The trends of our Federal Reserve System and Government controls of credit and interest rates would appear to be exactly what Marx had in mind. Recently there have been recurring expressions of a growing desire on the part of "new" and "fair dealers" to have the Executive Branch of Government exercise control over the policies and actions of the Federal Reserve Board. They have proposed that the Government buy the stock of the Federal Reserve Banks and that all new government money requirements, including those for retiring outstanding bond issues, be provided by delivering noninterest bearing bonds to those banks, which would then establish corresponding credits on their books. These proposals, coupled with repeated recommendations for the issuance of printing press money, recall the dictum, attributed to Lenin, that the surest way to destroy the capitalist system is to de-

bauch its currency, which prompted the late Lord Keynes, high-priest of the "easy money" cult, to state: "Lenin was certainly right. The process engages all the hidden forces of economic law on the side of destruction, and does it in a manner which not one man in a million is able to diagnose."

Control of Communication and Transport

Plank 6 of Marx' program is, "Centralization of the means of communication and transport in the hands of the State." Our Federal Communications Commission and Interstate Commerce Commission seem to have made a good start toward the achievement of that objective. At various periods the Federal Government takes over and operates the railroads. At other times it merely controls them. In any case, our railroads are so strictly controlled and directed by Government that they cannot, with propriety, be pointed to as examples of private ownership and operation. Federal loans and subsidies for highways, bridges, steamship lines, truck lines, air lines, airports, etc., are added evidences of the encroachment of government on this area of private enterprise. And it is pertinent to recall here the dictum of our Supreme Court in a decision handed down in October 1942 that, "It is hardly lack of due process for the Government to regulate that which it subsidizes."

Government Planning

Plank 7 of the platform is the "Extension of factories and instruments of production owned by the State; the bringing into cultivation of waste lands, and the improvement of the soil generally in accordance with a common plan." I believe you are aware of the many factories and other "instruments of production" now owned by the Government. And I am sure that the examples of Government planning for the improvement of deserts, swamps, and river valleys are known to you.

A noteworthy case is electric power generation. On January 1, 1952, the Federal Government owned 10.7 percent of the total generating capacity in the United States. Construction and private utilities will result in Federal Government ownership of 15.7 percent of the total capacity by the end of 1955. The corresponding figure for all public ownership (Federal, State, and local) is 23.8 percent. One can easily foresee what will

happen when the production of electric power by atomic energy is economically feasible, as atomic energy is now a complete government monopoly.

In passing, it is worth noting that the Federal Government now owns \$750,000,000 worth of synthetic rubber plants. In the first six months of 1952 these government-owned plants produced 62.3 percent of the country's total consumption of new rubber.

(Concluded Next Week)

Children and Death

(Continued from Page 6)

enthraling conjectural manner for child-assimilation, this young mother might add: "And that's what's happened to granddaddy. He lived so long, and traveled so much, that the suit-of-clothes that was his body you saw or knew at the farm last summer, had become worn out. He wanted a new, fresh, small one, to live in and grow up in, all over again. So he's gone into a sort of Upstairs to get it, and change into it. We shouldn't disturb his privacy. Of course the old-body suit-of-clothes that's become all worn out, isn't of use to him or anybody any more than an old pair of overalls that has become full of holes. Therefore, being worthless and granddaddy having gotten out of 'em, they've been buried for keeps. Granddaddy wasn't in 'em, anyhow, when they were buried. Presently he'll be back with us, in a fresh, new, baby's body—to live another life all over again just as you and I and everybody are doing constantly!"

Why be morbid about these things? There's no morbidity in Nature!

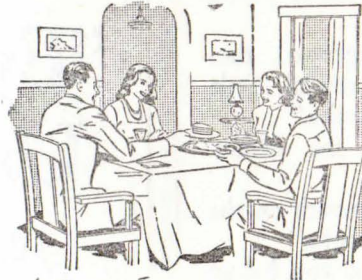
Nature, the kind and indulgent parent, says every few hundred years: "Come and get a new suit of bodily clothes, because it will be your passport to a higher and better life-experience!"

No!—children are by no means so inhibited concerning Death as we assume. We adults, too often, are the ones who need instruction.

THE HUBBY said, "We must think of the future, my dear. We ought to economize. If I were to die, where would you be?"

"I'd be right here," the wife said. "The question is, where would you be?"

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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T h e P A Y O F F

THE FOND parent came home and was met by the radiant-faced young wife.

"What do you think happened, darling?" she cried. "Our beautiful, little baby fell down the front stairs."

"Great heavens!" cried the father. "Did he hurt himself?"

"Uh-huh. He struck his mouth on the last step and broke off a tooth."

"Well, what on earth are you happy about?"

"He said his first word!"

A PULLMAN passenger found his berth already occupied by a small but invisible intruder, and after a night of annoying nips he wrote a scorching letter to the company against insect-infested cars.

By return mail he received so gracious and apologetic a communication that he was ashamed of the row he had made. Turning the page to learn the writer's name, he came on this penciled notation:

"Send this guy bug letter D-289."

AN AGGRESSIVE debt-lifter announced at the Sunday morning service that the drive for the cancellation of the mortgage needed only ten thousand dollars more. He concluded:

"Something tells me we can get that ten thousand dollars right here and now. With a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together, we can make it."

The wealthiest pew-holder was observed drawing his leg in and out of the aisle.

A MAN and his wife were sitting on the front porch of their Arkansas home when a funeral began passing.

"Mighty fine funeral, Sarv."

"How many vehicles, Josh?"

"I kin count fourteen."

"I certainly would like to see it, Josh. Pity I ain't facin' that way."

WILLIE'S little sister came to the school room door and handed a note to the teacher.

It read, "Please excuse Willie. He caught a skunk."

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Noblesville, Indiana

A HARD-DRIVING taximan ignored a red signal, threatened the traffic officer's knee caps, missed a street-island by a hair and grazed a bus all in one dash.

The cop hailed him over, then pulled a big handkerchief from his uniform pocket.

"Listen cowboy," he confided, "on your way back I'll drop this, . . . see if you can pick it up with your teeth."

THE RIFLES went suddenly *Bang!* at the maneuvers.

"Yow!" screamed the ravishing girl, careening into the arms of a nearby lieutenant. Extricating herself, she cried—

"Oh, excuse me. I was frightened by the rifles."

"Not at all," the young man replied "what say we go over and listen to the artillery?"

THE FAITHFUL employe had never failed to report for work on time in fifteen years. Came the day, however, when he didn't show up until 10:30.

"It was this way, Boss," he explained. "I fell out of the window of my apartment," and he showed an arm in a sling and bandage about his head.

The boss wasn't impressed.

"That take you an hour and a half?" he demanded.

THE FATHER came on the youth snoring on the sofa at 1 a. m. The daughter was sitting by.

"What goes on here?" the old man stormed.

"Hush, dad. Freddie just asked me to be his wife and make him the happiest man in the world."

"Just as I thought. Wake him up."