

Valor

The Golden Times Weekly . .

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

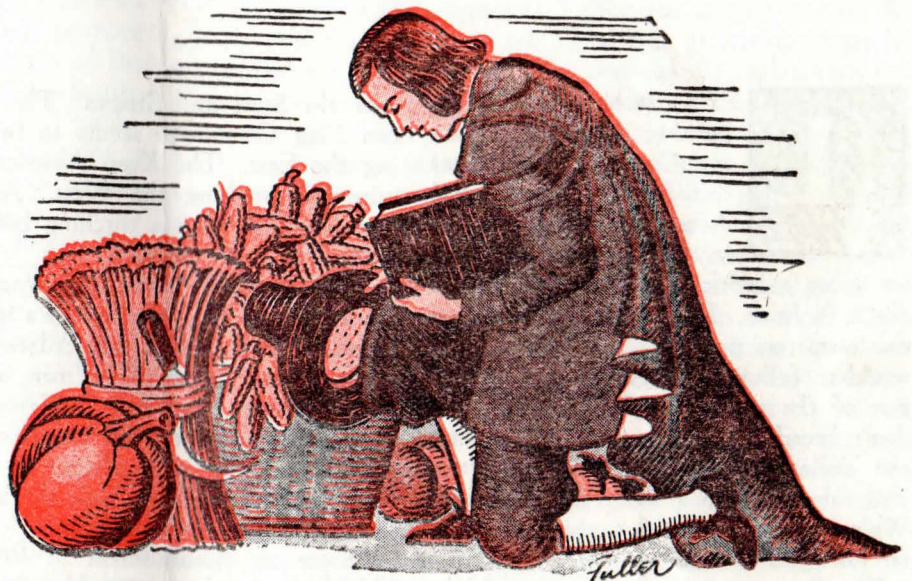
Volume IV

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Number 4

THANKSGIVING

*The Prayer of the
Spiritual Puritans
as We Are Privileged
to Live the
Great Year of 1953 . .*



ON THIS holy day of giving thanks, Divine Father, we express our gratitude unto Thee for those many blessings which the brethren without the Enlightenment fail to acknowledge.

We thank Thee for the celestial gift of Consciousness, by which we Know Ourselves and exert the faculties of Reason . . .

We thank Thee for the wonder of Elective Mortality that gives us sensations of Pain and Pleasure, by which Intellect is wrought and Knowledge becomes our birthright . . .

We thank Thee for the gift of Hard Experience with difficulties, distresses, quandaries, ordeals, that leave us prostrate of physical strength—that we may know the joys of energy's renewal and the stamina to persist when the weakling wail and leave us . . .

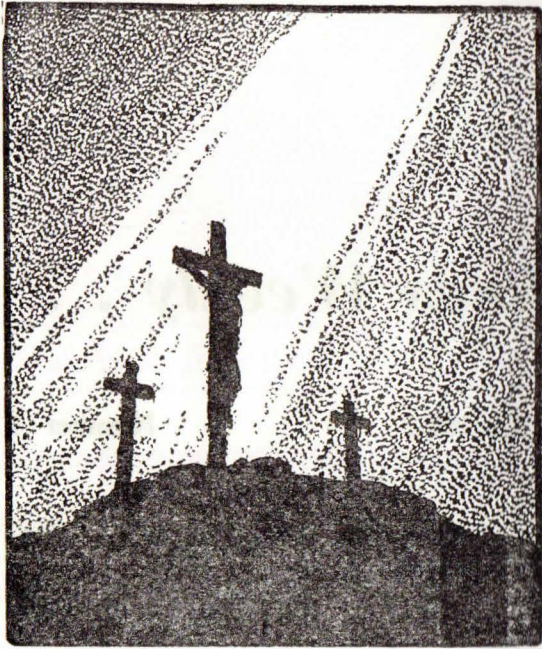
We thank Thee for Error that by its evils Truth stands clear to us; for Deceit and False Doctrine, that by its deployments we recognize Wisdom; for Darkness, that we may sing when Light breaks upon us.

We thank Thee for bad government in this land of our Fathers, that we, the children, awaken to its evils and establish the Righteous . . .

We thank Thee for Hatred, that we may learn Love; for Strife and for War, that by our high efforts we bring in Tranquillity;

We thank Thee for Storm, and Ruin, and Privation and Hunger—that we grow the strength equal to every complication, that our souls become malleable with the mettles of Nobilities, that we walk without Fear on the Shining Uplands of Divinity, Ladies and Gentlemen whose hearts cannot be vanquished.

For these, on this Thanksgiving, we thank Thee!



Shall We Let the Republic Be Crucified on the Cross of United Nations?

*Something
We'd Better Be
Thinking About*

into an all-powerful world government!"

The new President-Elect is obviously for it.

Unhappily too, VALOR has photographic facsimile of a letter under signature of Vice-President Richard Nixon in which he states to a California Soulcraft—

"Dear Miss -----:

I wish to thank you for your recent letter expressing your views on the subject of this country's membership in United Nations.

I must tell you frankly that I have always favored strengthening the United Nations organization so that it could deal more effectively with aggressor nations. I do not believe, therefore, that we should take any action which would discard the existing United Nations Organization. My reason for adopting this position is, that I believe such action as the withdrawal of the United States is unrealistic in view of the present world conditions.

I am sorry our views on this subject do not coincide. However, I hope this letter will help you to understand my position in the matter, and I appreciate your interest in giving me the benefit of your thoughts.

Sincerely yours,
RICHARD NIXON."

This communication is unmistakably written on a United States Senate letterhead.

It irretrievably pegs Richard . . .

It's nice to know where we sit with these gentlemen—and presently where they may sit with us.

BUT now comes James P. Warburg, who being duly sworn says—

"It is, I think, of the utmost urgency that our Government should at long last recognize that the United Nations in its present form is incapable of preserving the world's peace, and that it must be

(Continued on Page 13)

LET'S not blink it. The burning issue in this coming Congress, as well as this forthcoming political Administration is going to be United Nations. Are we going to stick with it or not. If we don't, it folds. If it folds, we stand on our own two powerful feet and tell the world to follow our example or else. The rest of the world may hate us, but you don't breed love and respect by dishing out dollars or being on the committee that always agrees with the chairman. We're due to be hated anyway, no matter how you slice it.

The literature piling up against United Nations becomes formidable. People are increasingly being wrought up over this thing, till it seems that if Mr. Eisenhower makes it a *must* for his Administration, he'll end up by becoming known as Mr. Eisenhower-Hiss.

Dr. John T. Wood of Idaho started this reaction. Mr. Truman dared anybody to get up in the Congress and enter a Resolution to scrap the Hiss Global Monarchy. Dr. Wood took the dare. Then he came out with his historical document, *The Greatest Subversive Plot in History—Report to the American People on UNESCO*.

That scored.

DECLAMATIONS against the Hiss Oligarchy are still scoring. Something like 87 national patriotic organizations have gone on record as opposing any global proposition that puts any flag

over the Stars and Stripes. The American Flag Committee seems to be torching the East. The Keep America Committee is torching the West. And the Korean U-N War is torching both, and everything in between.

"The so-called United Nations," says the American Flag Committee's manifesto on the subject, "which ordered thousands of our finest young men into the Communist-set death-trap in Korea, must be *abolished* by the 82nd Congress if we are to have a fighting chance to survive the coming show-down with the butcher-government of Soviet Russia.

"Since its establishment in 1945, the U-N has not only *appeased* but has openly collaborated with this nation's deadliest enemies in Asia and Europe. And then, when the North Korean Reds—whose regime the U-N recognized and helped establish—went into action, this same United Nations ordered a force composed of ninety percent of Americans to go into Asia to clean up its mess. At the same time it still refused to take any action against Soviet Russia, which we all know is directing the slaughter of our boys, and continues to wine and dine the leaders of Red China and other Soviet stooges.

"This is the organization whose blue-and-white spider-web flag" threatens to displace our own sacred Stars and Stripes! This is foreign-ruled body for whose "prestige" and "authority" our boys are said to be fighting! This is the outfit that 110 United States Representatives and 22 Senators want to have "strengthened"



*Paragraph Sign-Posts toward
the Golden Times, that he
who runs may profit . .*

“Roads into Sunrise”

Nice Having Known You

MADAM ELEANOR indicated in New York this past week that she expects her days as delegate to United Nations to be ended shortly. She said she did not expect President-Elect Eisenhower to reappoint her. Up to last year she was chairman of the U-N Commission on Human Rights.

Number One Roads-into-Sunrise item of the week.

Debt Thrives There, Too.

IF ALL the taxable property in Southern California were sold at assessed valuation, Southland residents still would be more than 2 billion short of enough money to pay their share of the present Federal debt—says Tony Whan, president of the Southern California Businessmen’s Association. The assessed valuation of all taxable property in thirteen Southland counties is \$8,194,981,000 and the share of the Federal debt of the people of those counties is \$10,379,609,000. In Los Angeles County alone, the assessed valuation of taxable property is \$5,343,389,000 and Los Angeles’ share of the Federal debt is \$7,016,851,000.

Used to be that when the California motorist collapsed while driving in the Midwest, the wife pulled him to the road close to a tire, unscrewed the cap of the inner-tube and let out the air. This revived the goop. Now it gives him locomotor *ataxia*.

Hell in Toronto!

INTERESTING thing happened up in Toronto last week in October. Canon Bryan Green, Angelican missionary, came to the Canadian city to pack crowds into the local Coliseum and preach on Heaven and Hell. Among his modern remarks, he gave it out that neither location was actually a place. Heaven, he stated, was a spiritual state in which man’s personality would be free from limitations and moral flaws. It was not a spot where flesh-and-blood creatures resumed relations cut short by death on earth. Hell was to be a child of God and yet be without God. Canadians were left to make what sense of it they could. But it sent five-sixths of the Toronto dominies into dithers. Hustling newsmen scurried ’round to get their views. *The Toronto Star* on the 31st made a front-page spread of their comments. Know what? Scarcely one clergyman in the place, even the Roman Catholic priest, would come out flat-footed and say that hell was a burning furnace where whatever you were made of could feel the sear of fire without being consumed. Pinned right down, every one of ’em hedged . . . one wonders why. One said today’s young people had plenty of interest in it but wouldn’t go for it. Another said that being apart from God was hell enough for anyone, but wouldn’t explain what being apart from Him meant, or where you actually resided to manage it. Here were a dozen Christian ministers and they couldn’t agree on what happened to the soul after physical death.

Truth to tell, of course, they didn’t know. And yet they’re supposed to be experts and authorities.

Situation reminds one of the deacon who’d been dead a week. One day a parishioner met the parson on the street and inquired after the dead deacon. “When do you expect to see Deacon Jones again?” he asked. The minister declared solemnly, “Never, never again! The Deacon is in heaven.”

It Can Be Done

OUT IN Los Angeles the international gang tried to cram the UNESCO “educational” program through the public schools, and the parents riz up. The foes of one-world teaching battled for Americanism. The dirt—as the high-school element says—was dished. And the advocates of the international “you-can’t-teach-history” bemusement took the first big clobbering they’ve thus far confronted in the highly angered American scene. You can bet your last Southland grapefruit that California kids were going to know the history of their country, and know it plenty. When the carbon-monoxide lifted, U-N itself had gotten such an airing that it ranked with the Florida propagandist for popularity. The Keep America Committee is now putting out the best revelatory literature about the Hiss Monstrosity that’s being circulated in the country, outside of the congressional speeches of Dr. John T. Wood.

You can monkey with anything else excepting what the kids of the family are going to be taught. That’s dynamite. To date 87 American patriotic organizations have gone on record as opposing the Hiss masterpiece. Among other things they don’t like the amount of liquor drunk by its diplomats free at the American taxpayers’ expense. Boos and hisses from Los Angeles become Booze and Hisses in other parts of the country. Watch this grow.

Propaganda

FOUND on the inside lid of a card of matches: “Sing While You Drive! At 45 miles per hour, sing “Highways Are Happy Ways”; at 55 miles per hour sing, “I’m But a Stranger Here, Heaven is My Home!” At 65 miles per hour sing, “Nearer, My God to Thee”; at 75 miles per hour, “When the Roll Is Called up Yonder, I’ll Be There”; at 85 miles per hour sing, “Lord, I’m Coming Home.”

This is the sort of propaganda that effectively works with the average American. Threaten him with arrest and he delights to play Cops and Robbers. Spank him with a smile, and he lights up at both ends . . .

High Altitude Stuff

ENGINEERS, according to General Motors publicity, now have engineering know-how to produce a rocket engine having a power output for a very brief period equivalent to the combined electrical output of all the industrial and utility com-

panies in the great State of Michigan—just *one engine* developing that incredible power. In jet engines the Allison Division of General Motors alone produced last year a total equivalent to 35 million horsepower. Engineering investigations for navigation in the "Airless Ocean" up-high, have covered radar, radio, television, use of the earth's magnetic field, infra-red radiation, light-beams, star-trackers, and the essentials of the incredible navigational bomb-sight that makes it possible to shoot bombs from one country to the other at such speeds that stopping them is impossible. The Republic that leads in all these ingenuities can't be stopped mechanically, so it must be taken by the strategy of super-government by the Hiss Thing. Smart people, these Orientals. All they want is what threatens theirs, as well as adjoins it . . .

-oo-

International Mourning Week

WRITES Larry the Lithesome, "Well, it looks like an International Mourning Week is in order—David Niles, Chaim Weizman, Abraham Feller, Adolph Sabath, Phil Murray . . . and who next? Looks like FDR's cabinet can now be expanded."

Best wisecrack of the week, only it's poor taste to joke at a funeral.

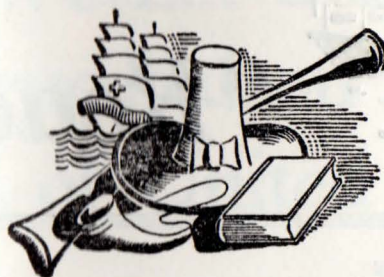
-oo-

O Lord Department . . .

PROCLAIMS a sizable Christian evangelical sheet in the Midwest, after reciting the venalities of the eclipsing Administration: "These disclosures, typical of dozens more, show that the government of the United States is rapidly becoming decadent, under the contaminating effect of unmoral and immoral leadership. They reflect the fact that the American conscience is becoming ossified. A great nation is sinking into a state of moral depravity, wasting its heritage, dissipating a knowledge of right and wrong. Our country is in danger of losing its soul. A sense of moral direction must be quickly restored."

Uh-huh. So the decadent, ossified, unmoral and degenerate citizens turned out in a landslide and gave the Bad Boys the works. But not because of this type of scolding editorial. VALOR suggests that the Christian evangelical sheet open the windows of its offices and air the place out, then supply all writers with a good dictionary of antonyms.

Otherwise blah.



New Plymouth Rock



THE BREAKING waves dashed high, on a stern and rockbound coast,

And the woods against a stormy sky their giant branches tossed;

And the heavy night hung dark, the hills and waters o'er,

When a band of exiles moored their bark on the wild New England shore . . .

The versing old its thrill has told, of stalwarts raced by storm,
With helpmates grim, unscathed of whim, to light new home-fires warm;

Of reefs and peaks and vistas bleak, where watching wildings dwell,

When freedom's Cross was Mammon's loss, and Hope was bagatelle.

We too now sail brave barks in mail and raise sere storm-lashed coasts,

We too would pour through surfs ashore and cheer all landing hosts;

Though years be changed since Pilgrims ranged, and Souls-to-Save sound quaint,

We dare fresh shores for richer ores than mining boors to saint.

Though destinies in trust may rust, yet we assail in peace,
To light land-fires as altar pyres and find Love's golden fleece;
We too the Pilgrims—from bright stars—whom Error's charts adjust,

This be our hymn: "All Shores for Him!" . . . God's Brevet is our MUST!

How Cosmic Love Affairs Differ from Those Resulting from Karma . .



ALL UNKNOWN to the great mass of mankind, constantly marrying and giving in marriage, there are two kinds of love affairs. There is

the romance that accrues from the circumstance that the man and woman involved emerged originally "from the same Cosmic Egg" and are literally as well as spiritually a part and parcel of one another. Then there is the love affair that is strictly karmic; that is to say, there is a sentimental relationship that arises between given men and women because in prior careers they have contracted obligations toward one another that must ever be paid in kind.

These two types of romances, the Cosmic and the Karmic, are essentially as far apart as the poles. In a higher octave of intelligence, or in a better ordered state of society, the differences between them would be more generally recognized.

Too many people in the present octave and state of society hold the notion—even if they are acquainted with the fundamentals of social metaphysics—that if a man and a woman are introduced to one another's keepings, that the basis of the attraction must of course be cosmic. When such affairs do not work out, Esoterics as a study is blamed for false instruction.

Suppose we consider some of the comment frequently imparted by Higher Guardians of Intelligence on this most fecund of topics—

IN the first place, the truly cosmic romance is a more or less rare happening.

It is by no means true that the average man, meeting a desirable woman, falling in love with her, and winning her acquiescence to a marital sequence, is thereby postulating that the pair of them originated in the same Cosmic Egg.

Another Paper Aiding You to Understand Why Life Is What You Find It . .

Four-fifths of the matrimonial relationships commonly encountered in life, we are told, are karmic. That means that only one married couple in five is an exhibition of Eternal Polarity. The reasons for this are not hard to find.

The average man or woman is in mortality to gain greater facility in the exercise of will-power, accuracy of discrimination in all social values, and adroit self-awareness. These things are derived from life-experiences that might best be described as "frictional".

Will-power is developed by surmounting obstruction. Discrimination is perfected by making both good and bad judgments, noting the products and choosing between them as one's interests appear. Self-awareness is heightened and strengthened by sacrifices, antagonisms, forbearances, and insufferable circumstances endured with poise.

These increments are not predominant in the domestic relationship where there is entire compatibility, inexhaustible understanding, and unquestioning cooperation—at least not to the degree that maintains in a matrimony composed of temperamental opposites.

"Matrimony," said Count Keyserling, "is a state of strain entered into by a man and a woman for a definite period of mutual criticism."

At first this might appear to be the cynicism of a misogamist. It is nothing of the sort. It is a description that applies to the average karmic union.

The unnatural strain that is produced delivers the wanted temperamental increments during the period that the union endures.



We might almost liken the situation to the social fiat that it is not good for near-relatives to marry. A sort of inbreeding results. When the men of one family or social strain go forth and wed the women of another family or social strain, we talk about the benefits from the infusion of "fresh blood" to both families and both strains. What we truly mean is, that varieties of temperaments and talents—physical, mental, and spiritual—are crossed and the result is an improvement of the species, because the outstanding qualities of both are the more widely and fully distributed among the progeny.

Karmic marriages between male and female half-souls—both such half-souls truly "belonging" to parties who may never appear in the arrangement—cross varieties of temperaments and talents, produce a state of strain and criticism, and generally infuse new spiritual ingredients into the essences of both.

Cosmic romances, conversely, are more likely found in instances where the life-errand is not particularly for personal enhancement but to execute some great social or ethical work, and the spiritual power must be an adequately functioning Whole.

It is for this reason that we discover the great classical romances that have occurred in the lives of great poets, great authors, great philosophers, great statesmen, and great artists. These meet their "affinities", and give personal attestation of the beauties of true cosmic mating.

But we get the cart before the horse in our explanations of them. We think ourselves more prone to hear about such affinities because such great people have difficulty keeping their personal affairs

private or because it is their super-personalities that effect such idealities in unions.

The truth lies in an opposite direction. Such "lesser avatars" are not in life for self-perfecting, primarily. They are in life to execute some great artistic or ethical work for the race as a whole. Their proper Soul-Halves join them for the duration of such careers—although this is far from saying that all great men live domestic lives devoid of friction or are automatically wedded to their cosmic complements.

CONSIDERING for a moment the Initial Causation of the marriage that is karmic, we behold this situation—

A man and a woman come into life to obtain from given careers all the personal benefits and increments that may be available. They get themselves born of parents whose circumstances provide the environments best starting them off toward the increment-goals they aspire to reach. They know they possess talents or abilities to render offices to others, whose expenditure will aid them in their progress.

Coming along finally to the mating age, each meets one of the opposite sex who seems to stand terribly in need of what he or she has to supply. It may be practical and material aid, it may be sympathy, or sentimental cooperation. Society says that too close a companionship between them under all circumstances is not permissible without violating the conventionalities or proprieties. They are conscious of this tenet in advance. The result is, to comply with society's squeamishness, they go before a clergyman or magistrate and are "married". They are not particularly in love with one another. They are in love with the fecundities of romance in a physically sensitized period of their current incarnations.

It is incomprehensible but true that ANY person of the opposite sex, reasonably presentable physically and socially, would have answered for the mate.

So the marriage takes place. Constant propinquities breed frictions. Two half-souls of different Complete Spirits, who otherwise have nothing in common but the desire to profit from a period of strain and criticism, try to make a go of it as wife and husband. Then the biological impulses result in offspring and the binding becomes harder and tighter—at least from the socio-economic viewpoint.

All the while, however, the original cause of the proffered service or sym-



pathy having been cleared away, the pair become fed up with each other. This business of becoming "fed up" produces aspects that in cases damage the spirit of one or both. Acts of cruelty deliberately connived, have to be settled in kind.

BUT the Cosmic Mating is something entirely different. Where the man and woman involved are but the masculine and feminine exhibits of the one Cosmic Unit, they have joined their lives—or rather, rejoined their mortalities—in a union that by no means rests upon a sex contact to consummate.

What is occurring is the antithesis—or opposite—of Lust.

Lust is a reaching out frenziedly for that which the other party to the contract does not possess to give, or lacks the capacity to give.

When the spirit is so fully and freely interpreted in its finer phasings, there is no room for those hungers which lust seeks to satiate, or wants fed to satiation. Spirit requires no chamber sequences to make its more superb manifestations true and accurate. That is not saying that a feminine beloved may not be sought out for her physical possessions as typifying the complement in the physical as well as in the spiritual sense.

What is being arrived at is one and the same, no matter which way you view it. What people who are principals in Cos-

mic Romances truly are doing is seeking those additions to their own characters, contained in the beloved's personality.

A woman loves a man cleanly and in the sense of greater strength when he possesses those traits spiritual, mental, or spiritual, for which she has the greatest hunger in her own composition—those things for which there is the greater demarcation for her antithetical virtues.

The more conserving the woman by temperament, the stronger she will love the aggressive man. The more aggressive and positive the man, the more he will seek out and love the conserving type of woman.

All in all, the Love Attraction is naught but the great concentric force that makes for the perfectly-balanced Super-soul. By this token, a strong woman cannot truly love a weak man, because she must ever be strongly conservative, which in turn demands strong aggression in his character.

Yes, Cosmic Romances differ sharply from Karmic Love Affairs! But let no one become lachrimose over either one.

They occur according to the spiritual needs of the individuals involved at the period of the projected earthly career. Both have their places in high cosmic evolution!

The ultimate purpose being sought is the complete education from every situation in sex life.

PSYCHICAL PHENOMENA . .



MR. J. B. RHINE, the ESP man, is looking for someone who can click extra sensory perception on and off like a radio. In fact, he's looking for two or three such persons.

If and when these persons are found, the Duke University psychologist expects earth-shaking things.

Asked, for instance, what controlled ESP would do to Adolf Hitler's war machine, he replied: "Take the secrecy out of it, which might stop it; or would have stopped it at one time."

Extra sensory perception includes the study of hunches, of telepathy, dreams and second sight.

For 10 years Dr. Rhine has been subjecting these psychic phenomena to cold-blooded laboratory examination.

One million card-calling tests have been conducted at Duke during that time, and the ESP laboratory now has compiled statistics on 4,000,000 tests conducted elsewhere.

As a result of the tests, Dr. Rhine has reached these two general conclusions:

First, that certain persons possess flashes of psychic ability; but, second, the ability is erratic and unstable and cannot as yet be reliably used.

One subject examined in the Duke laboratory, Dr. Rhine says, named correctly 25 cards in a special ESP desk, and the pure-chance odds against such a feat were 298,023,223,876,953,125 to 1. The subject seemed sure that each card-call was right.

As a more dramatic example of the workings of ESP, Dr. Rhine tells the story of a mother who was so sure something was wrong at home that she broke up a party and rushed to her house in time to drag her child from a smoke-filled bedroom.

But here is the trouble, Dr. Rhine says, with using ESP for such practical occupations as locating criminals, playing poker, beating the stock market, or discovering Hitler's secret activities: A subject just can't click on his ESP when he

wants it. He has no control over it. He doesn't know he gets it nor when he has it. It comes and goes without bidding.

"If we can train a subject to detect with certainty when his flashes of genuine ESP ability are working, and when he is 'just guessing,' we can take the genuine flashes, discard the rest, and piece the genuine flashes together into complete pictures of hidden things which society needs to know," says the psychologist. "Thus we might defend ourselves better against the invader, the criminal, and other scheming enemies of society.

"Such pictures might have told us what Hitler was preparing to do, in time to have averted war. Hitler's attacks depended on surprise, on the ignorance and indifference of his victims."

But Dr. Rhine adds that he has no idea when any practical consequences of his research may be expected, he believes his research will have more scientific than practical value.

Dr. Rhine first published results of his ESP experiments about five years ago. At that time, some critics refused to admit the validity of his conclusions, on the grounds that his mathematics are faulty.

Dr. Rhine's proof, they said, hinged entirely on the allegation that his subjects had beaten probability, or the law of averages, in naming cards. They added that Dr. Rhine was a psychologist, not a mathematician, and must have blundered in figuring his probability.

An answer to these charges is contained in a technical book, *Extra Sensory Perception After Sixty Years*, which has just been written by Dr. Rhine and four other members of the Duke staff. One of the four is Dr. Joseph A. Greenwood, an authority on probability.

The book summarizes all the various calls or trials in ESP tests since 1880, presenting mathematical tables to support Dr. Rhine's contention that the number of correct calls far exceeds chance expectation.

ESP decks, used for many of the tests, are composed of 25 cards—five marked with circles, five with stars, five with



waving lines, five with squares and five with crosses.

An average of five "hits" in 25 cards is chance expectation. When the subject scores above five, his average is evaluated mathematically to find out if he has beaten chance by enough to be "significant." If so, the scores indicate that knowledge of the cards is known. And since the senses of sight, touch, hearing and so forth are barred out, the knowledge is extra-sensory.

One way Dr. Rhine tests telepathy is by shuffling the deck and looking at the cards, one at a time, while a subject in another room attempts to call the symbols on each card.

A test something like that was used when his subject called all 25 cards correctly. Recently, he says, a Hunter College student duplicated that feat, with the cards situated a city block away.

In another test, the cards are shuffled and placed in a pile. Neither the examiner nor the subject looks at the deck, but the subject attempts to call the cards, in their order in the pile.

In still another test, a subject predicts the order in which the cards will be at some time in the future, after they have been run through an automatic shuffling machine.

Dr. Rhine himself does only fairly well as an ESP subject. Neither he nor his wife, who is also a scientist and ESP prober, claims to be endowed with over-average psychic powers. But, like many other people, they have had a few experiences which seem difficult to dismiss with sensory logic.

And couldn't those experiences be mere coincidence?

"Could be," Dr. Rhine grins.

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What Hatchet?



ACCORDING to the newspapers of November 19, when Truman and Eisenhower met personally for the first time after the election, they "swapped grins" and buried the hatchet. "Mr. President," Eisenhower said, "insofar as I'm concerned, the campaign is over and I have no hard feeling over what happened." 'Tis reported then that his face took on a broad grin and he looked Mr. Truman straight in the eye. Mr. Truman grinned right back, then laughed heartily. "Ike," the Chief Executive is alleged to have said, "politics is politics, you know, and no holds are barred. But of course we should have no hard feelings. I know I have none and I'm sure you feel the same."

And they hand shook.

Sounds nice and amiable and grown-up and tolerant. But there's a false note in it somewhere.

It's not the emphasis on the grins, for they stand alone in that. The great rank and file of the voters who retired the Fair Deal are doing very little grinning about it. In fact, they're doing almost no grinning whatsoever in these painful and dangerous days.

It must be the implications in the Chief Executive's statement, "politics is politics, and no holds barred." Yes that's it.

Wendell Willkie couldn't have said it better.

It puts the sarced business of authorizing the nation's leaders, into the class with the fighters in a prize ring—or the wrestling ring, anyhow. And yet, in clean sport, certain holds are barred. In the

kind of politics from which this country has suffered since 1928, even the ethics of clean sport go by the board.

What a long, long distance Mr. Truman seems to have traveled since that afternoon of Mr. Roosevelt's demise when the little man from Missouri gave it out that he felt as though the roof of the universe had fallen and crushed him, and he prayed God to give him strength to carry the burden. The American people liked that. They didn't like Harry S. enough at the end of his reign to specify that they desired more of it.

Anyhow, when the two gentlemen met, they grinned. And buried the hatchet. What hatchet?



Four-Wheeled Brakes



HE MacArthur die-hards are hell-for-lather certain that Mr. Eisenhower is nothing short of a feline animal with three long white stripes down his back. They bring up that he cahooted with the Marxists to sell the East Germans into slavery, that as head of NATO he "boasted" that he was only one-twelfth an American, that he caroused in Moscow with hard-drinking Soviet commanders and accepted a Stalin decoration, that he did this and he did that. If trouble of any sort breaks out after his becoming President, he'll be the hardboiled military commander installing martial law. They will be very much discomfitted if he makes a good President.

The real trouble with the critics is, they've been too much indoctrinated with

Rooseveltism. They take it for granted that the Chief Executive is potential dictator—if he has the intestinal fortitude to face the responsibilities.

It doesn't dawn on them that if Mr. Eisenhower goes too far in throwing himself around, the times being what they are, and the tempers of Americans being what they are, the military gentleman can always be braked by impeachment. November 4th disclosed the surprising fact that Americans don't consider themselves living in Moscow—yet.

To be cool-headed about the whole of it, VALOR looks at it that on and after January 20th, President Eisenhower will suddenly find himself in full possession of his own life. And it will probably be the first time in his career that it has happened. No military man's life belongs to himself. It belongs to his superiors in rank. General Ike became so, and was lifted to the heights, because he followed orders. General Mac wouldn't follow orders—in a manner of speaking—and so found himself "out". That's the difference between the two.

General Ike was the personification of the times and authorities by which he rose to prominence. If it hadn't been General Ike it would have been someone else. His military mind has always operated on the principle that no matter how heavy your brass, there's always heavier brass above you. The man who was really the heavier brass above Ike is no longer with us. Several individuals are endeavoring to play the role of his successor insofar as General Eisenhower is involved, but on January 20th and thereafter the General will be free.

You never can tell what a free man will do if the provocation is strong enough.

Anyhow, the real President of the United States—insofar as power is concerned—is going to be Senator Bill Jenner of Indiana. The understanding is, that from point of seniority he becomes Chairman of the All-Powerful Rules Committee in the Senate. In that capacity he can block almost any legislation, measure, or appointment from coming to the floor of the Senate. Ike can behold his entire presidency messed up if he runs afoul of the chairman of the Senate Rules Committee.

There's Jenner, and McCarthy, and McCarren and Bricker.

Speaking of Four-Wheeled Brakes . . . No, this isn't Moscow yet.

Job Done



THE NEW economic book, *Something Better*, is finally finished and now being bound. Deliveries to purchasers will begin almost before this number of VALOR reaches readers. It ran to twenty chapters, 300 pages, same size and format as *Thresholds of Tomorrow*. Soulcraft electronic discourses suffered that the job might be finished without further pother. There being but 17 working hours in any one day, and the Author-Recorder working 18 of them, seven days a week, and trying to be courteous throughout to such visitors as come long-distances to consult with him, the time-element entered in, grievously.

Now, perchance, we can get back to normal.

Something Better, the way it turned out, will unquestionably be a man's book—although the ladies may read it. The ladies commonly do not fancy a book with too many figures, and this happened to be an instance where figures were necessary.

However, understand, it's the corollary to *No More Hunger*, not that epochal volume rewritten. It shows what can be done to actualize the Christian Economy. *No More Hunger* must go into immediate production in revised and expurgated edition, containing the author's cogitations up seventeen years, especially about constitutional observations of States Rights. For the Federal Union to be incorporated of itself would concentrate too much dictatorial power in Washington. State checks and balances can be neither ignored nor disturbed. Finding a way around that difficulty, the Cooperative Movement has offered the perfect *modus operandi*.

Anyhow, *Something Better* puts the whole controversy in the reader's lap and proceeds from the basis of visualizing the nation in a thrice-disastrous repetition of October 29, 1929.

Don't bet that it can't happen.

Interesting to discover if this is the book of Mrs. Leslie's clairvoyant prophecy of 1929. There are 5,800,000 members of Cooperatives in this nation. They could make an awful dust-bowl if they all decided suddenly that VALOR's editor really had "something better" . . .

Anyhow, the pattern isn't lacking for quick remedy if the country goes to pot.

Keep your fingers crossed.



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SOULCRAFT CHAPELS

It May Be Soviet but Is It Paradise? . . .

And Why Must We Be Scared of It?



THIS RUSSIA that is supposed to be powerful enough to thrash the Christian free world and in which the blessings of Marxism are supposed to have created Utopia for the common man, is described intimately by our dismissed Ambassador George F. Kennan to Henry J. Taylor, broadcaster for General Motors, in a detail that all Soulcrafters should know about.

Starting with the American Embassy itself, Mr. Kennan said, “The servants have always been Russians or Chinese. They were planted in our Embassy by the Communist Party organization called *Burobin*. American servants are black-listed in Moscow. The Communist bureau circulates these people. All of a sudden you wake up and find they are gone, and others have taken their places.

“The doorman himself, a man called “Mike,” was a notorious Soviet spy inside the American Embassy who crept about the lower floors like a cat. He was rotated, too, like the rest in this spy mission.

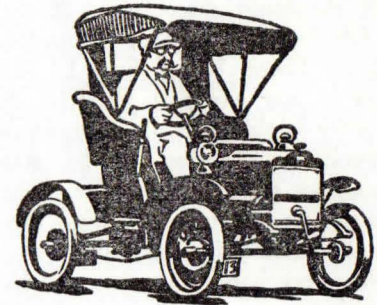
“All mail to and from foreigners is opened and censored. I have never received a letter from Moscow that was not opened and censored.

“Come into the average Moscow house. Hot-water piping in houses or kitchens is practically unknown except in Communist Commissars’ palaces.

“No electric household appliances exist for the housewife in this place they call so wonderful—no washing machines, no Frigidaires, no vacuum cleaners, no ironers, no home freezers, no anything that provides more leisure and a better living for the woman in the home.

“Average kitchen equipment in the Red Paradise consists of two or three iron pots. Roasters do not exist because there are so few ovens. Broilers do not exist because all cooking is done on top of the wood-burning stove in that place they say is so wonderful.

“In contrast, General Motors appli-



ance engineers tell me, that before too long in our country we will have household electronic cooking to cook meals in minutes instead of hours. For here we are always engineering for the future, and our system delivers the goods.

“The Moscow laundry is still the back-breaking washboard. And as for dry-cleaning, there isn’t a single dry-cleaning establishment in all of Moscow for the people.

“The city’s only lawn mower is on the lawn of our American Embassy.

“There are no baby carriages, and almost no bicycles.

“That we Americans have baby carriages and bicycles, along with 38 million automobiles (and 8 million trucks) in Your Land and Mine is one of the *sins* of our free enterprise system.

“I suppose if our system were any good we couldn’t have these things.

“As for clothing, most men and women in Moscow go around in padded and quilted garments much like the Chinese. They are practically sewed into their clothes until Spring in this place that is so wonderful.

“Now, as one indication of the American standard of living, may I tell you that we consume an average of 145 yards of textiles per person per year to clothe us and to furnish our homes and cars and industries.

“The textile consumption in Russia, instead of 145 yards, is 9. And Communist industry today produces less than one pair of shoes a year for the population.

"How do they eat?

"Soviet workers must now work 7 times as long as we work to buy a given amount of food.

"Wage earners—even in Scandinavian Socialist countries which are often described as so advanced in the values labor receives—must work an estimated 20 percent to 60 percent longer than the American workman. For we have in our country, of course, under free enterprise, the shortest working hours and the highest wages in the world.

"Women do the burden of the work in Moscow. Ten thousand women in Moscow alone work on the street gangs. Their MVD guards stand by, rifles in hand.

"In fact, even outside the Red Concentration Camps, an estimated 15 percent of all labor done in Communist Russia today is forced labor, done under guard and at the point of a gun."

That Hiss Thing

(Continued from Page 2)

built as rapidly as possible into a Federal Government of the World, commanding direct allegiance of all the citizens of the world.

"The powers that should be delegated to a World Government are those which . . . affect the people of more than one nation-state . . . Besides the sole right to use force to maintain peace, these powers obviously include the power to regulate the exchange of goods and services across national frontiers. This involves the super-national control of any form of restrictive device, such as tariffs, quotas, export subsidies, and currency controls . . . The regulation of emigration and immigration . . . would have to be delegated to an effective World Government . . . It follows that population movements would be regulated by supra-national, instead of national authority.

"Our part . . . consists in making an immediate and clear declaration of our intention: to help build the United States into a World Government . . . to join the other peoples of the world in delegating to that government those sovereign powers that we now hold . . . to contribute to the maintenance of World Government."

Then follows this piece of amazing effrontery and threat—

(Continued on Page 14)

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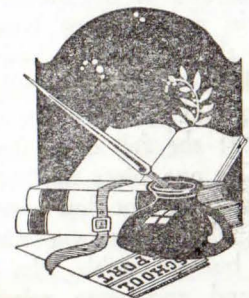
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Soulcraft Chapels



.. COGITATIONS

LAST week on this page, I discussed the American male, reprinting many observations from a feature article in *World Almanac* and adding some observations of my own. Here we go this week on the American woman . . . To begin with, she dressed her age. Young matrons did not try to resemble high school girls and grandmothers didn't fix themselves up like something Sonny Boy took home from the dance Tuesday night in his converted jeep at ninety per. White dresses and colored prints were favored by the older ladies in summer, black, brown, and more subdued colors were worn in other seasons. Widows advertised their bereaved state for a year and a day by wearing very black, *black*, and when they mourned, they *mourned*. They went in for hats, veils, gloves and black-bordered handkerchiefs, although the old man had left them nothing but a pile of bills. When they wrote letters after putting him under, they used black-bordered stationery . . . The average woman, however, mourning or not mourning, encased herself in a whalebone corset that required a steam-winch to draw tight about the middle, developing bulging bosom and hips end enabling her to sit stiffly upright. If she fell over, she would fall over all in one piece and one time, she decidedly would not flow over by degrees. Crossing the knees was not only bad manners but impossible. Her skirts swept the ground and were raised at street crossings by a dexterous twist of the wrist. If she had to run for an electric car, or to get into shelter from a thunderstorm, and dexterously twisted the wrist so much that her legs—beg pardon, *limbs*—disclosed more than three inches above the tops of her high-laced shoes,

the wolf-whistles from the gentlemen in front of all the best barrooms were so shrill as to pain the eardrums. As a rule the ladies kept hold of their voluminous skirts at all times when abroad, else they would vacuum-clean the sidewalks where gentlemen were not at all averse to dropping smoked-out remnants of cigars if they were not inconsiderate enough to bespatter a lot beside. Milady wore dead birds on her hats, atop her high pompadour hair-do, and if she were affluent the bird was an aigrette. She wrapped the whole thing to head and face with a veil. Generally she preferred veils with net large enough to enable her to slip a lozenge into her mouth without practically undressing her head. Her blouse was called a shirtwaist, and if it held lace or embroidery above the bosom it was named Peek-a-Boo. Collars were high, jabots in favor. Small gold watches were worn against the bosom up near the left shoulder . . .



ELDERLY women in summer generally toted black parasols. The young matrons and girls preferred theirs any color of the rainbow, and on holidays even white. These parasols could upon occasion, when closed, serve as weapons of defense against sundry ruffians. Nothing restrained a sundry ruffian and pinned his ears back like getting a good crusher over the noggin with a closed parasol. Old and young ladies alike, however, shunned anything savoring of sun-tan like the devil was supposed to shun holy water, while mascara, lipstick and rouge were popular only with hussies. Milady generally wore the face that Nature had given her and made the best of it. Even face-powder was used sparingly, so she would not be thought a hussie. Finger-

nail paint was unknown and the cosmetic industry depended on soaps and perfumes. Up to at least 1910, the American woman was not at all abashed to wash her face. No American woman applied cosmetics in public or smoked a cigarette. Generally her hair-do, if young, was a Gibson-Girl pompadour, as I remarked, and if elderly the favorite ruse was to pull the strands back and secure them in a psyche knot. Ladies with a lot of hair wore "buns" . . . very old ladies with enough hair to make a knot behind, wore "walnuts" . . . Ladies without any hair at all didn't go anywhere, but stayed indoors. "Switches" could be bought to splice out hair shortage on occasion, and the dressing-tables of some specimens of the sex were draped with scalps that made them resemble the work bench of all the more efficient Sioux warriors. Perfume went on with an atomizer; it wasn't "applied", it was sprayed . . .

o—o

AT HOME, early in the century, the American woman had a wood or coal-burning range, although the swankier homes had "gas attached" and gasplates were just coming into use generally. The more thrifty housewives had learned the trick from their mothers of dunking the stovewood in water before pushing it into the firebox. It burned slower and hotter. When she wasn't putting a sunburn effect on her countenance from the heat of the cook-range, she was watching out for the iceman. He halted a great yellow-hooded cart before the domicile, with scales in the back that tinkled musically enough to indicate his presence in the neighborhood, and chopped off a chunk according to the figures on a card which she had displayed in a front window. Small boys—and sometimes girls—mooched petty ice-chunks from this cart, and "sucking ice" in the summertime substituted for the ice cream cone of today. The iceman inevitably "tracked in dirt"—all tradesmen tracked in dirt on principle, and he had to be mopped after. The mop was the handiest and most-used kitchen implement. The house Milady presided over was heated in winter by anthracite coal

stoves that had to be "banked" at night, or a hot-air furnace in the cellar. Monday was inevitably wash-day—in tubs where the clothes were scrubbed by the maternal knuckles on a washboard—and only the better class housewives had wringers. Tuesday was Ironing Day, and the rooms smelled pleasantly of clean clothes and heated linens. Electric irons were unknown. "Flats" were heated on the stove-top and picked up with a "holder" being tested as to heat with a dab of saliva on the left forefinger. If the metal said "Zzzst!" it had to be watched, as being hot enough to scorch. But our mothers were expert at it. At night, after the evening meal that was called Supper, the living rooms were lighted with oil-lamps—which had been cleaned as a household duty in the morning and set in a row of glistening chimneys on the shelf above the sink—or the Welsbach mantles were fired with soft *plop!* If you touched one of these with a match accidentally after it had "burned off", hubby was told to bring home new for the following night. Hand-lamps lighted the way about the house. In the "parlor"—which was rarely opened unless the minister called or the baby had wandered into it and profaned the premises by an abandoned toy—stood a big globular lamp on the center-table. Really it was double-globular, because the base was as bulbous as the "shade" and both displayed mammoth red or pink roses executed in paint on porcelain. About the base of this lamp were scattered souvenir dishes from all the best beach resorts, and on the half-shelves under the table was the stereoscope. You put double-pictures one at a time into the bracket on the stereoscope and saw the scenes three-dimensionally. Most of the human beans resembled corpses or wax-works when viewed through the double lenses. Occasionally the snazzier parlors offered a kaleidoscope to entertain. From the top of the cottage organ in this room looked down vases of waxed flowers. The walls contained crayon portraits of Aunt Dora and Uncle Ephraim, the latter profusely decorated as to whiskers. Over by the door into the hallway was little Oswald's coffin-plate . . . he was drowned in the mill pond, you know, when he'd gone to shoot fish with his elder brother's .22 in the dark of the moon. Small wonder he died. He certainly lacked the intelligence to live. Try shooting fish sometime in the dark of the moon. Small

wonder the only thing he could hit was himself . . .

o—o

THE AMERICAN woman of the 1900's enjoyed dancing the two-step and the waltz, and "ragtime" was just coming in. Most homes contained a cottage organ and the girl who couldn't play hymns was a creature unknown to man. The high-octave domiciles had pianos, which became so cheap in price—at least for the uprights—that the vocation of piano-tuner was a national industry. Music stores displayed "sheet music", meaning all the latest popular songs, among them such titles as *On the Hills of My New Hampshire Home*, *Arra Wanna*, *Come Take a Ride in My Airship*, *Dreaming*, and *Hello, Central, Give Me Heaven*, the general run of tear-jerkers being bought for an average of 19¢ the jerker. When the "young man" came to call on Wednesday nights, pa and ma retired to the kitchen where ma sighed and pa grumped. But in the room containing the upright the swain in a choker-collar bellowed weird sentimentalities through his tonsils and imagined he was irresistible. He stank horribly of bay rum and ma aired the place out at 11 p. m. She asked worriedly if the sweetish alcoholic odor left behind went to show that Charles "drank" . . . But with Charles departed, drunk or sober, the neighbors opened second-story windows again and enjoyed earlier ventilation for the rest of the night. . . . If daughter "had to work" she attended a business college after graduating from high school—there being no other use for her until somebody came along and married her—and got a job for a few months, or weeks, "typewriting" or keeping books. Marrying the boss was something unheard of. When she married Charles, the bay rum tenor, as she inevitably did whether she loved the pill or not, she stayed married to him, and if he walked out on her, she took in washings and made the most of it. She never went to a hospital to have her young. She remained at home and sweated it out. Her rainy day nostalgia in such sequences was "wishing herself back in the office" where the clank of the Remingtons sounded like rock-crushers getting materials in proper form to press down with steam rollers on public streets. Younger girls became sales clerks or telephone operators. The telephone operator was supposed to be everybody's sweetheart and some men prided



"STAR GUESTS"

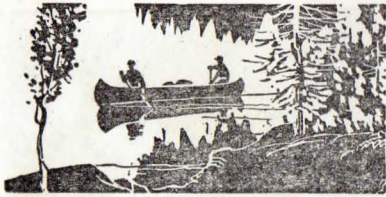
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themselves on being proficient in “jolly-ing” her. Those were the days when she took the time to jolly back. Nobody was waiting for any long-distant calls to come through, because long-distant calls were not made. You simply talked about town with your acquaintances, or listened clandestinely while your neighbors did the same. Nobody in the lower wage brackets had phones, anyhow. Phones in the home were snazzy and for the rich.

o—o

ALL OF it distinguished the *Puck* and *Judge* age, where the favorite joke had to do with the farmer who went to the wicked city and was sold the Brooklyn Bridge. Or popular literature had him crossing trails with his wronged female child, or he purchased a brick gone over with bronze paint bethinking it Fort Knox stuff! The Sunday papers were getting into their stride with comic supplements, and the Yellar Kid and Buster Brown were bidding for honors with Happy Hooligan or Nervy Nat. . . All in all, back at the turn of the century fifty-odd years ago—very, very odd to the current crop of delinquents—it was a sweet, wholesome, and tax-free life that the American woman lived, however, and most of us are the products of it. After all, we didn't do so badly by it. Anyhow, it was America, and not the backyard of the Soviet United Nations . . . Much of it will come again! . . . I'm thinking, by the way, that its going to be the American woman who brings it back. The men lack what it takes or words to that effect.

—THE RECORDER

That Hiss Thing

(Continued from Page 11)

“We shall have World Government whether or not we like it. The only question is whether it will be achieved by consent or by conquest!”

Says James.

Peg this too in your memory.

THE KEEP AMERICA Committee of the West Coast declares in bold-faced type with exclamation-points that this is pure world federalist treason. And it demands to know who is financing the United World federalist campaign to abolish the United States?

Give every direction and control of our national policies to a foreign and alien body, predominantly Marxist in charac-

ter, and call it Progress! Somebody is due to get more than their fingers burned in this growing bonfire before the spreading blaze is extinguished.

However, take note that things aren't going so good behind the scenes of the Hiss Government.

Trygve Lie resigns. Abraham H. Feller, 47-year-old United Nations counsel, goes through the window and is gathered up in a blanket. And from Washington the head correspondent for the Scripps-Howard chain, sends this through the channels of its national newspapers—

KEEPING UNITED NATIONS ALIVE DEEMED TO BE IN STALIN'S INTEREST

WASHINGTON — Some diplomats fear that Trygve Lie's resignation as Secretary General may lead to a break-up of the United Nations. That is a minority view, however.

There is general agreement that Stalin can decide. If he continues his boycott of Mr. Lie and prevents election of a successor acceptable to other members, the United Nations will disintegrate—gradually or quickly, according to other tensions.

But most of the experts seem to think Stalin still finds the United Nations useful for his purpose, and therefore is not yet ready to destroy it. If such is the case, he will arrange in some way for the international organization to continue its current invalidism.

ITS VALUE for him is three-fold:

Probably of chief importance is its propaganda loud speaker, which reaches the world. No other nation needs that as much as Russia, and none exploits it so raucously and tirelessly.

The power of the big lie, if repeated often enough and loudly enough, was not a Hitlerian discovery. The Nazis took this, as most of their techniques, from the Red. Because the Stalin propaganda is so obviously a black-is-white absurdity, and because its catching quality seems as weak as other worn phonograph records, many westerners like to believe it loses more customers than it wins. But if that were true, dictator-demagogues would not last as long as they do.

THE SECOND advantage of the United Nations is as a listening post. Here again it is of more use to Stalin than to others, because of the extreme self-imposed isolation of the Krem-

lin distrusts his own diplomats so much he does not permit them to have normal contacts in the countries to which they are accredited.

When this genuine ignorance is added to the inherent inability of the Stalin-fearing Soviet diplomatic underlings to make objective reports, Kremlin intelligence on actual conditions abroad is never very good. Kremlin certainty that Henry Wallace would be elected president of the United States is a sample.

Offsetting this, the United Nations provides an opportunity for the few canny and trusted Stalin diagnosticians, such as Foreign Minister Andrei Vishinsky, to feel the international pulse frequently. The Vishinskys, operating in a much freer and smarter way than ordinary stooges, can discover a lot.

Of equal value are United Nations facilities for secret deals and hidden pressures. This is particularly important to Stalin among two large groups of nations—the Asian-Arab bloc and the Latin Americans. These two hold the balance of power, the eastern group as so-called neutrals and the Latin-Americans as somewhat frustrated friends of the United States whom Stalin hopes to lure away.

A FINAL factor, which may continue to convince him that the United Nations is of net value to him despite his failure to control it, is the alternative. If Stalin destroyed the form of the "universal" United Nations, as he has crippled its spirit, a hard-hitting non-Communist organization doubtless would take its place.

That is the kind of showdown for the neutrals and the faint-hearted for which Stalin—so far at least—is not ready.

WE MIGHT as well get our thinking geared to the fact that if Warburg and the other financiers are telling us to our teeth that if we don't accept World Government by consent we'll get it by conquest, this Republic is not lacking in the men and elements who prefer it shall be by conquest.

The true fact is, of course, that U-N is a bust on all fronts. It isn't working and it never has worked. It's false and strategic and conniving and predatory, insofar as it involves the United States. But somebody is throwing down gargantuan amounts to thus get wholesale control of the American people by scaring them out of their wits.

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VALOR contends it was purposely set up to facilitate the rule of Anti-Christ.

It is being readied for the Man of Evil.

That's why the subject of U-N towers head and shoulders over all other subjects on the agenda of the highly indignant American's attention. Nobody called for this thing in the first place but the Hissites.

So it's good to have the battle lines clearly drawn.

There's absolutely no fear in the camps of the Christians who know what it's all about. This is the real fight for which we've come to earth.

If Antichrist wants it this way, let Antichrist have it.

The outcome has been predicted for 2,000 years.

Never Underrate It

ROGER BABSON says, "The only development which can possibly keep democracy afloat is a revival of religion. Under the old system of centralized government, conditions depended only upon

the character of the rulers and not upon the character of the masses. Once a government could prosper, whatever the condition of the churches, or even without any educational system for the people. But today, with every man a voter and all votes counting the same, the stability of the government depends not upon wealth nor armies but on the character of the electorate."

That's what Truman found out.

OUT OF THE MAIL

"LAST month I began reading my father's copy of the abridged edition of *Golden Scripts*," says a letter from a Wisconsin high-school senior. "From the first time and every time thereafter I found the answers to all the things that troubled me. This book gave me new strength and peace. I would greatly appreciate your sending me a copy of the Unabridged Edition. I know that this book would be my most treasured possession. With humble thanks—S. K."

Multiply that letter 6,000 times and what do you get? You get Soulcraft leading the nation up the Road into Sunrise.

T H E P A Y O F F

THE HEAD of the store was passing through the shipping-room and saw a boy languidly leaning against a crate. "How much do you get a week?" he demanded.

"Ten bucks," the boy answered. "Here's your week's pay. Now scam."

The kid left and the foreman came up. The boss asked angrily, "What made you hire such a lazy brat?"

"We never hired him," the foreman retorted. "He just brought in a package from Jones Brothers."

THE LITTLE fellow was learning from his aunt about Grant, Lee, and other Civil War generals.

"Is that the same Grant we pray to, in church?" he inquired.

"You must be mistaken, Gerald. Nobody prays to Grant in church."

"Oh, yes, they do, . . . every Sunday morning I hear the minister pray, 'Grant, we beseech Thee, to hear us.'"

HE HAD been slightly befuddled at the dinner. He met a fellow guest next day.

"Afraid I went out of bounds last night. Did I say anything, old chap, that especially shocked our hostess?"

"You ought to get a look at her. It's fourteen hours since the party and her eyebrows haven't come down yet."

THE WOMAN was in court for traffic mix-up. Her attorney put her on the stand.

The magistrate demanded, "Do you understand the nature of an oath, madam?"

"Do I!" cried the woman. "I was driving the car that crumpled your gas-tank and rear license-plate this morning."

"HERE, here!" cried the minister, "you can't hit that little boy when he's down."

"I can't? What do you think I got him down for?"

THE SMALL boy asked, "Daddy, how did you come to marry mama?"

The father replied, "I didn't come to marry mama. I came to collect the gas bill."

Volume Three Has Also Been Completed

19

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How to Live Life with Courage, Wisdom, and Enduring Peace of Mind through Soulcraft
Volume I
Noblesville, Indiana, Saturday, October 20, 1951
Number 25

PAUL REVERE RODE HIS NIGHT RIDE JUST ONCE

LINE WAS, when the perturbed American patriot, sensing that his home or liberties were in hazard, "flew to arms"—as the saying has it. The smooth-bore musket on pegs above the fireplace was as much a part of the furnishings of the American home as the spinning-wheel or churn. No patriot was required to own that musket. Strangely enough, by the way, history doesn't record any widespread epidemics on the parts of individual Americans to grab said muskets promiscuously and use them to liquidate personal enemies.

Today, without being cynical, looking squarely at the world scene as well as the current American scene, the perturbed patriot who senses his home or liberties in hazard, doesn't fly to arms.

He flies to pen and ink.

ITS AFTER the specifications of indignant human nature to relieve the pressure of emotions resorting to something physical.

The colonial patriot relieved the pressure of emotions—as he did the night that Paul Revere came galloping in from Charlestown with news that the British were coming to Concord—by grabbing for the fireplace musket and assembling with his fellows on Lexington Green to meet the King's troops with black powder and slugs.

A less primitive culture of today permits of no musket over the fireplace, so to get the same emotional relief from intolerable encroachments on liberties, men buy access to limotype slugs instead of musket slugs and shoot them into the air in a continual series of Lexington Greens

SOULCRAFT CHAPELS

JOHNNY giggled when his teacher read the story of the Greek God who swam a certain river three times before breakfast.

"What's so funny about it," she asked. "You don't doubt that a trained swimmer could do it, do you? Especially when he was a god?"

"God or no god," said Johnny, "why didn't he have sense enough to make it four times, so he could get back to where he'd left his clothes?"

THE BAMBINO in pigtailed insisted that she was Irish. The teacher frowned.

"Isn't your name Angelica Domino?"

"Uh-huh," the child agreed.

"Wasn't your father born in Italy?"

"Yes'm."

"Wasn't your mother born in Italy?"

"Yes'm."

"Then how do you make it out you're Irish?"

"Pleasa, Miss, I bina born in Boston."