

Valor

The Golden Times Weekly . . .

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

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Number 7

LEAVE IT TO THE WOMEN . . .

THE AVERAGE American woman who is wife and mother, is about 31 years old, has two to three children, and is married to a man whose income per year is \$2,700.

On this annual money she contrives to be the smartest, best-dressed and most energetic feminine specimen of any country on earth.

Two things can arouse this American woman's ire. The first is the inadequacy of her husband's income to maintain her home on a par with other women of her age and caste.

The second is infringement of any kind on the rights or welfare of her children.

ONCE let this smart, well-dressed, and spunky American mother come to realize that her particular small fry are being made victims of a nationwide strategy to subvert America through capture of the public school system by the One-World plotters in United Nations, and something must give.

In southern California these "average" mothers of Los Angeles are in throes of an incipient rebellion. That the Global Fifth Columnists have already taken possession of the school system and the "minds" of the small fry, is being volcanically discovered. This rebellion, as it spreads throughout the remainder of the country can—and should



—spell doom of the Alger-Hiss Super-Soviet.

In other words, the thing that can lick United Nations and fold it up permanently is the pernicious "catch-'em-young-and-mongrelize-'em" program of UNESCO, for which deluded Congressmen have been asked to appropriate eighteen million dollars of taxpayers' money this coming fiscal year. As the young mothers of America begin to grasp how this money is being spent, this Los Angeles Rebellion can spread to halls of State.

Eighteen millions of taxpayers' dollars to halt the teach-

ing of American history in the public schools;

Eighteen million of dollars to discourage any adulation of nationalism, pride of race, or distinction in religion;

Eighteen million dollars to make certain that Christianity makes no headway in the minds of school children.

Eighteen million dollars to educate the young in the fact that it's quite all right for colored boys to have sex relations with white girls and women, or marry, to the end and aim that Americans become a half-caste and mongrelized race, violating the laws of nature and probity.

And while these "principles" are being inculcated in the name of "internationalism", children are being trained not to think for themselves but as their alien UNESCO teachers instruct, or un-American and anti-Christian doctrines specify.

And American parents stand for it because they don't grasp what's going on, as yet, nor understand from what it stems and why it's being promoted . . .

Actually it's pure Luciferianism in the name of an organization originally sanctioned in the expectation it was to assure international peace.

IN ACTUAL practice it seems to be working out that the child who does not "respond" to such subversive doctrines, or shows an alarming tendency to act self-reliantly and reason on his own initiative, is marked "Backward" or given a low I-Q. Only children who docilely accept the subversive teachings advocated by this United Nations *Educational and Scientific* hocus-pocus are marked "brilliant"—which is also part of this great educational conspiracy. Most pernicious of all, accurate tally of the reactions of such children are kept, and passed along, as the child—particularly the boy—grows, and becomes eventually attached to his recommendations for or against military service.

Thus it works out that the very attributes of courage, self-reliance, and self-sufficiency that have always gone to make a good soldier, are blacklisted, and moronistic robots of American males are the human military products aimed for.

It's as terrible as that.

And overseas we've had some of the progenitors of this "new education" bragging in public addresses that within a generation the character and mettle of the Christian-American child—who will help to constitute the Americans of to-

morrow—will be so emasculated and mongrelized that no longer will American Nationalism or Christianity be a menace to the global Machiavellians.

What seems to be in process is the creation of Americans as a great race of robot mulattoes—as much of a sin against a worthy colored race as against the whites—and eighteen million of our hard-earned tax-money must go toward financing it this current fiscal year. In fact, "Doctor" Jaime Torres-Bodet, director-general of it until recently, and representative from pro-Communist Mexico, quit his post in a huff last month because the budget-makers didn't permit his mischief-worers to have *twenty* millions to advance this mongrelization.



Thus does the true purposes and program of United Nations, as launched in San Francisco in 1946 on the general understanding of its becoming a second Hague Tribunal among the nations, disclose themselves. VALOR names it the Hiss Super-Soviet.

And the mothers of southern California are "agin it."

THE MOTHERS of the whole 48 States will presently be "agin it" as these dastardly purposes and "principles" become sharper and more distinctly revealed. Leave it to the women.

For the great public school system of the United States to be seized by such diabolical forces is to invite an America twenty to thirty years hence without patriotism, without individualism, without the slightest interest in racial moralities, without the ingenuities to fend for itself or the Republic. And as if that was not enough, some of the southern Californian mothers are reporting to VALOR that when their children are thus given low I-Qs for not submitting to the diablerie, they are recommended to "special instruction" that shall mean their more

successful indoctrination, with members of boards of "Education" drawing special sums from special funds for giving such youngsters extraneous "training" . . .

This was the pernicious program that the valiant Christian gentleman in the Congress, Dr. John T. Wood, inveighed against last year—and that the ulterior anti-Christian interests saw was defeated in the most recent congressional election in Idaho. Obviously it was done in warning that anyone who follows in Dr. John's footsteps, shall be similarly disciplined.

The average American mother, still believing in standards of decency and constructive development of her child's mind and personality, is not so inhibited.

She is not running for any office.

She can spike this thing at its source and pin the blame where she discovers it belongs . . .

APPARENTLY it is a race against time between subverters of America's Christian children and the agents of expose and pillorying who rise up against the atrocious program and demand the halting of it cold. Unfortunately, the text books delineating the whole program, seem to have carried the press imprint of Columbia University during the regency of the new President-Elect, Dwight D. Eisenhower.

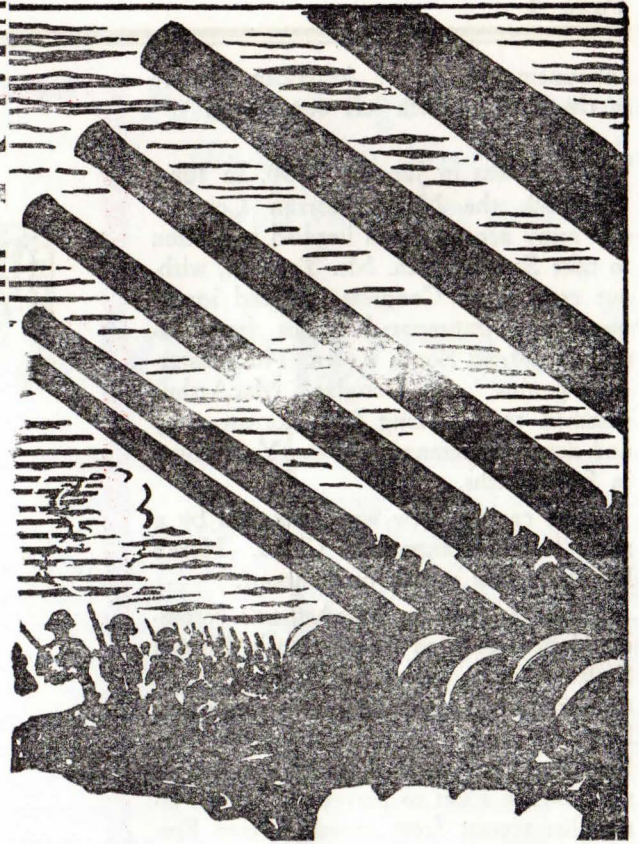
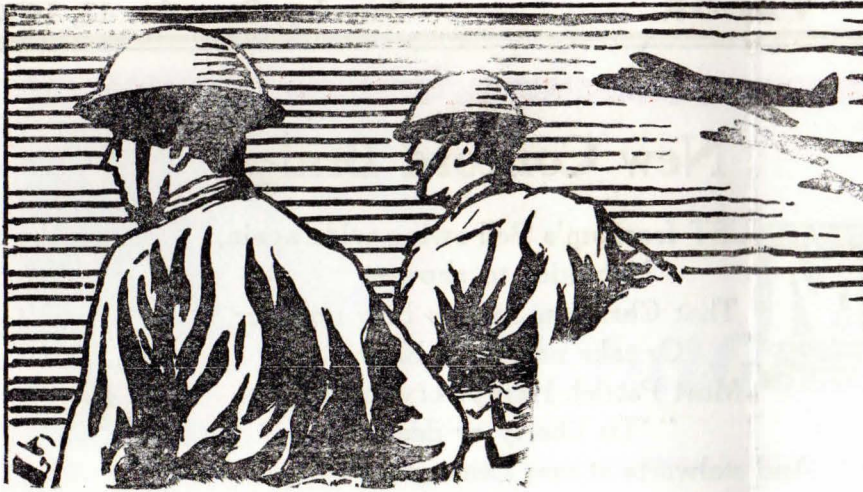
VALOR hesitates to believe that the nominal head of the Party of Abraham Lincoln and William McKinley subscribed knowingly to this sort of academic debauchment. Mr. Eisenhower could no more have kept an eye on all the vile stuff being put out by the Super-Soviet's agents in UNESCO ranks than as President of the United States he can keep an eye on whatever letters or printings issue from departmental bureaus.

But the young mothers of America can make him do something about both. They can insist that this pernicious Super-Soviet fold up and get out of America. The United States has neither need nor utility for any of it.

Dr. Alberto Lleras, secretary-general of the Pan-American Union—a real organization for peace that gets small space in the newspapers because it isn't subversive—recently stated in an interview published widely in the press—

"We thought the great world powers could work unanimously (in U-N), but that has proven not to be true. The U-N will have to amend its charter." This

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We Can Have Victory in Korea without World War . .



R. ROBERT H. Williams, in the Victory-without-War Campaign which he is waging from Santa Ana, Calif., has brought forth a solution to the

Korean stalemate which commands the interest and endorsement of every American parent with sons in Korea or likely to be dispatched to Korea during 1953. "Let the Anti-Communist Chinese and Koreans fight the invaders," says Williams, "by arming Kai-shek's forces to assail the Chinese Reds from the south. The Chinese Reds have neither the military skill nor supply to fight such a war on two fronts. If the anti-Chinese forces of Kai-shek be equipped to assail Mao Sei-Tung's forces in South China, the forces confronting the Americans in Korea would be pulled off in a hurry."

This solution carries sense and has won endorsement from such Big Brass as General Claire Chennault and Lieut. Gen. P. A. del Valle of the Marine Corps. VALOR reprints in the following columns Williams' full statement of the situation. Read it carefully, then let the new Republican administration in Washington know your wishes in the matter—

Chennault Approves

FROM GEN. CLAIRE CHENNAULT of Flying Tiger Fame: "I am in complete agreement with your plan . . . I have repeatedly urged that the United Nations—or the United States acting alone if necessary—take exactly the same steps which you advocate. The Chinese Communists cannot conceivably sustain major military operations in both Korea and South China, below the Yangtze River. As a matter of fact, they would lose all interest in Korea very suddenly if they were even threatened with invasion by the Nationalists under Chiang Kai-shek."

AT THIS hour, and at every hour of the day and night American youths are dying in Korea. The latest figures place our losses at 122,385 killed, wounded or missing. The President and the Secretary of State seem determined that we shall not win a victory in Korea, but must fight on endlessly, and neither presidential candidate offers a solution.

The present policy of appeasement and bloodletting stalemate only guarantees the enemy the initiative and therefore will lead to more and bigger police action and, at the Kremlin's own time, to a world war.

We believe there is a sane and practical solution, not only to the Korean degeneration but to the entire threat of the Moscow Communist machine outside our borders. We offer this proposal to you—the voters, the parents, the wives, brothers, sisters and friends of the men who must otherwise die in this or some future Korea.

Before we look at the solution let's see how we got into this humiliating and costly mess. Chiang Kai-shek, Chinese Nationalist leader, had fought the Communists with increasing success for 22 years. He whipped them out of South China and kept them hemmed into a narrow strip bordering the USSR. Soon after the end of the Second World War Mr. Dean Acheson asked Congress to arm ten Chinese Communist divisions. When Congress refused he and Mr. Truman sent General George C. Marshall to China with a strategy which led swiftly to the destruction of the erstwhile victorious Nationalist forces and the retreat of their remnants to Formosa. Acheson encouraged the Communists by publicly

announcing a line of American defense in the Pacific which left out Korea.

THAT was in January, 1950. In June, 1950, the North Korean Communist army accepted this implied invitation to take South Korea. Mr. Truman, without consent of Congress, ordered inadequate and unprepared troops from Japan to defend South Korea. The masterful genius of Douglas MacArthur smashed the invading Red Korean army and drove its remnants to the Yalu River in five months.

Then came a new war, launched by a new force—Communist China. Here's how that new attack came about:

The President on MacArthur's recommendation ordered the Seventh United States Fleet to patrol the Formosa Strait to prevent Communists from capturing Formosa. But in the same order the President instructed the Commander of the Seventh Fleet to prevent Chinese Nationalist troops from crossing from Formosa back to their homeland.

Before that order was issued the Chinese Communist armies were walking guard on 1,000 miles of Chinese Pacific shores to prevent Chiang's Nationalist troops from making a landing. Mr. Truman's order relieved the Communist armies of the duty of guarding the Chinese coastline, since Mr. Truman had instructed our Seventh Fleet to do that.

Almost immediately the Chinese Communist generals began to shift their crack troops from the shores opposite Formosa, northward into Manchuria. By the last of November, 1950, they had massed an estimated million soldiers on the Yalu and on the 29th of that month they crossed and attacked the victorious American and South Korean forces.

IT WAS Mr. Truman's order to the Seventh Fleet to prohibit the Chiang Kai-shek forces from landing on the Mainland of China which allowed the Chinese Communists to attack our sons in Korea. The Red Generals never could have spared the troops but for Mr. Truman's order, relieving them of guard duty on the shores opposite Formosa.

At any time since that date had Mr. Truman seen fit he could have stopped the attack by Chinese Communists in Korea and thrown them on the defensive by merely revoking his order and permitting

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New Concord Bridge

JUST freedom's Bell swing wide again,
Nobilities to show—

That Christian Saxons bow no knee,
Or take no alien's blow?

Must Patrick Henrys cry anew:

“ 'Tis liberty or death!”

And stalwarts at new Lexingtons

Give up heart-gains with breath?

What is this lordship, wrought of craft,

That orders kings obey?

Why bled our forebears for this realm

If it breed knaves today?

When have we nodded to such wiles?

When traded we our souls,

Or bartered Might for pity's plight

To go on Marxist doles?

The sacred martyrs up the years

Lift cry from blood-moist soils,

That statutes loose, by legal ruse,

Entrap us in Red coils.

We know these merchants, sired of Cain,

Who trade in kingdoms' mold,

Who set up golden calves of pelf

Yet heart-quake at the bold.

Would they, then, challenge our hard ranks:

“Submit or ye shall rue it!”

We answer in a hard-jawed smile:

“Come on and MAKE us do it!”

We stand our ground, we hold our fire,

On their heads be the sin;

But if they sound the peal of war,

Forthwith let it begin!

Must freedom's Bell ring high again,

Our knighthood caste to show,

That Christ Men turn no cheek to guile

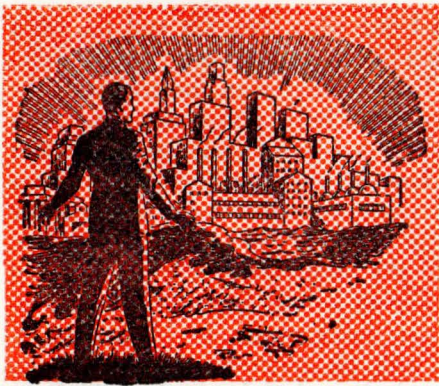
Nor shrink no plotter's blow . . .

We know the Bell, we know the Ropes,

That rang our natal goal;

Thus now we stay new Reds at bay

At Concord Bridge of Soul!



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

“Roads into Sunrise”

Pocket Handkerchief World . .

THERE'S a sizable lot of land outside the United States of America, and sooner or later Americans must awaken to it. The biggest single factor bringing it to their attention will be the jet stratosphere liner, flying better than 500 miles an hour at 40,000 feet. Don't console yourself that they're a long way in the future and time enough to get excited about them when they're "perfected" . . They're so perfected that Britain already has them in operation, and a fleet of them is taking Britons to any part of the Empire inside twenty-four hours. Their names are *Comets*. Londoners can board a *Comet* in London—when they're lucky enough to get a seat—and step out in Johannesburg, South Africa, or Calcutta, India, in the space of time that the earth is making one revolution of day and night. Already they make B-29s and Constellations, propeller-driven, antiquated crates. A Britisher can leave London, eat lunch in New York, and be back in London for a cocktail party at five o'clock—no noise, no vibration, no air-sickness, just *whoosh!* he's there, and *whoosh!* he's back, and London has scarcely missed him. It takes him two hours to get to Rome, eight hours to Egypt, ten hours to the Belgian Congo, and another ten down to the tip of South Africa. Or he can leave for India on a Friday afternoon, spend Sunday in Bombay or Calcutta, and be back at his desk Monday morning. Britons are already doing this thing, with British babies playing in the aisles, with the stratospheric temperature 146 degrees below zero. Passengers can play dominoes enroute and the dominoes don't tip over when setting on end . . This all means a different sort of world not so far ahead, with Iron Curtains merely laughable. The *Golden Scripts* prophesy it's going to be science and invention that takes War out of the world. Science and invention certainly takes the younger British generation out of the world—only to drop it down wherever it wishes to visit. While we're letting hoax and propaganda from Moscow tie us into pretzels, Britain is capturing control of the air the same as 300 years ago she captured control of the seas. And our own nation, the home of all aviation, hasn't even gotten around to building even one stratospheric jet yet. We seem to be too busy making arms for France and Greece. Someone should try inventing a world alarm clock, especially for Americans . .

Calling Off the Dog . .

PERTURBING report comes via the radio that a juicy federal judgeship is being dangled before the eyes of Bill Jenner—\$15,000 a year for life. Judge Steckler of the southern District of Indiana has the fullest-up docket in the whole federal judiciary. Simply can't get around to the Pelley case, be-

cause his docket is so full . . although his predecessor wasn't so embarrassed when orders came from Washington to see that this man Pelley was put safely away in 1942 where he couldn't raise any more perdition with the operations of Joe Stalin. The Pelley Case then took precedence over everything before Pelley's remarks in print embarrassed Uncle Joe in distant Moscow. But this Bill Jenner thing . . Seniority makes Jenner chairman of the Senate Rules Committee, and right now, with U-N legislation coming up, somebody isn't sleeping so good at the thought of Senator Bill blocking any new "Treaty" that "they" wanted to put across for the new Mongrelization-of-Americans program. Sure! Kick him upstairs into a judgeship! That gets rid of him. He was the gang-buster who got up in the Senate and removed the nether garments of General Horseback-Riding Marshall. Can't have him in any such powerful position. There's more than one way to skin a cat . . or a bulldog either, for that matter . .

Hold Everything Department . .

YOU'LL be getting to read VALOR editorial on the Super-Soviet in a minute, but hold everything! . . Comes in from California the original of a letter from soon-to-be Vice President Dick Nixon that shoots a decided ray of illumination upon a dark, dark scene. Says the Honorable Richard to a California constituent—

Dear Mr. So-and-So:

I want to thank you for your letter of January 17th with reference to the participation of this country in the United Nations.

I must frankly confess that I have not been too satisfied with certain of the actions taken by the United Nations in the past and particularly its action in the Korean conflict.

I intend to keep a close watch on the future activities of that organization and in this connection you may be sure that your comments will be given my further consideration.

Sincerely,
RICHARD NIXON

Don't forget that Honorable Richard becomes speaker of the Senate in his new role of Vice-President and it's very improbable he can be bought off with a federal judgeship. Furthermore, only a single human heart beat stands between the Alger-Hiss-buster and the Chief Executiveship. Queer situation if the Honorable Richard steered senate legislation so that a lot was summarily busted besides the Super-Soviet progenitor. Last

year, as the Keep-America Committee publicized, looking into the Super-Soviet was "unrealistic" . . . Evidently Realism makes progress the same as gang-busting tactics. And if Bill Jenner falls down at being the most powerful man in the world—by reason of controlling the U-N measures that reach the floor of the Senate—the Honorable Richard may pinch-hit. Certainly he both pinched and hit in running down the Whittaker Chambers pumpkin letters that put Alger in denim.

Obviously he put the reverse of the old song on Alger, "Open the Door, Richard!" . . .

Deviation Department . . .

THERE'S a new crime appeared on the international law books. It's called Deviation. It means that if you think for yourself, or don't do what you are told, you get shot. Comes from Rome a dispatch that says as how the Italian Commies are longing for the good old days when Deviation was no worse than a hangover. Today a divergence from the twisting party line is deadly spelling quick disappearance and perhaps death. Obviously things aren't going so good in Russia these days, and the way Old Handlebars Moustaches handles the situation is by taking whole flocks of trusted associates out in the back plaza and gunning their brains out. You'd think the satrap boys would become sophisticate after a generation of this sort of thing. About the time you think the rewards should begin to accrue for a couple decades of loyal leg-work, your head stops working by reason of much Marxist pig-iron being introduced into it. However, that's Communism, and the thing the American Fifth Column goes for. You're only permitted to be a robot, no matter what your octave. Individuality is out. And presently so are you.

Amen Corner . . .

WRITES a dear lady to the local paper: "Dear Mr. Editor: For a long time I have been thinking that someone should write in protest those nameless writers who speak so harshly of the dead. Franklin D. Roosevelt departed this life seeking rest from pain and strife, and I am deeply disturbed at the lack of respect of some of our writers, and the statements they make about him. I do not think it proper to speak so unkindly of those who can't talk back. Are we be-

coming so calloused we have no respect for the dead? I am concerned about the effect this attitude will have on future generations. We all believe in freedom to express our views, right or wrong, when our statements are properly signed, but we sometimes shudder at the courage those writers take to criticize those departed souls when they haven't the courage to sign their own names."

Has the good lady never heard of the Shakespearian line, "The evil which men do, lives after them; the good is oft interred with their bones?" . . .



He Means Windbags . . .

SPEAKING of diplomacy—Ralph Hardy was testifying before a congressional committee for the radio and TV industry. He told the inquisitors, who investigate everything but the mice in your back pantry these days, "Some I know would think it indelicate for a representative of the industry to tell members of the Congress that all campaign speeches broadcast are not necessarily inspirational. But I would be something less than honest if I did not report a strong public reaction tending to confirm such a judgment. I hope it won't come to you as a disillusioning shock for me to report that people in droves turn such offending political programs off."

Yeah, if they're awake.

Teamwork . . .

IKE HAS asked Mac to get together with him on the Korean thing, and Mac has graciously acquiesced. Which is bully—and no snide remarks from the gallery. VALOR has declared before that Ike may make a passably good President, as Presidents are permitted to go, the

times being what they are and the Mess being what it is. Oh yes, VALOR probably knows better than the critics all the narsty things being dished out about Ike's "record", but you never can tell what may happen when the iron enters into a man, charged with a vast responsibility and no one over him giving him orders. Came the news reels recently, showing him gaping at the Super-Soviet's expensive new headquarters in Manhattan, along with his comment that the Super-Soviet is "wonderful, wonderful!" Presently he'll find out how wonderful it is, when it starts making an errand-boy out of him. Then he may get tough. Again, VALOR remarks that Ike isn't the poisonous sort. At least not yet. Wait till the new Crash comes down on his head like the White House roof. It's a good thing that Mac will be around to direct the boys at what beams to remove so that the pulmotor can start whirring.

The Women

(Continued from Page 2)

eminent educator made it plain that the U-N has no machinery for settling disputes—such was never its secret purpose—but the 21 Pan-American nations do have such machinery. "It is easier," he declared, "to settle problems in a region than in the whole world."

The U-N is not only a challenge to ten of our American freedoms—as has been shown by such brave Americans as Rep. Wood and other patriots, but it has utterly failed as a peace organization. *It has proven to be naught but a sounding-board for the Kremlin*, along with being a weapon for the diabolical mongrelization of great and respectable races. Internationalism by no means signifies making all humankind one general race of mulattoes, excepting in the pernicious brains of major alien conspirators.

At any rate, the issue is more than academic, though it treats most malodourously with academics.

And the men of the nation being either intimidated or indifferent, it devolves on the smartest, best-dressed, and spunkiest breed of feminine specimens in any country on earth to start smoking out the progenitors of the whole satanic program.

VALOR is interested from the clean-cut, Christian viewpoint.

More will come out presently . . .

How Divorced Couples May View Each Other in the Hereafter . .



ORTHODOXY informs us that Heaven is a place where there is neither marriage nor giving in marriage. Cynics add that it is therefore small wonder

that so many million mortals aspire to end there. Yet people who are reasonably happy in their matrimony believe that no matter what the nature of the After-Life may be, in some manner or other their intimate association must continue. If they thought that it did not, they would be facing hell indeed!

On the other hand, in modern society we meet increasing numbers of people quite as normal and conscientious as any of those who have found marriage excellent, who—as they express it in the idiom—“have been to the dry-cleaners”, or found ways to have the law free them from the legal bonds that held them to souls of the opposite sex who first offered them Romance.

Mayhap the matrimonially dry-cleaned persons have since found partners more compatible. Mayhap it has been a case with them of “out of the frying-pan and into the fire”—in that they have separated from uncongenial partners only to find themselves bound afresh to some human temperaments infinitely worse. What we are discussing, however, is this—

Occasionally it happens that first and second husbands of one woman meet and exchange cigars. Or first and second—or fifth and sixth—wives are introduced at a bridge club. One of the husbands is bound to think with some bitterness: “So this is the squint-eyed nitwit that she preferred to me!” As for the serried wives, they both spend hectic afternoons demanding over and over of themselves: “What in the name of common sense and sanity did he ever see in *her*?”

If such people profess to like each other instead of gouging out eyes or spattering noses over competitive countenances,

it is a selfish and embarrassed sort of liking.

Such relationships are usually forced and a soul-disgust is raised that goes too deep into what the world calls instincts to be explained.

What then, of the interludes between the worlds, when all such matrimonially-shuffled people enter upon the octaves of Free Spirit?

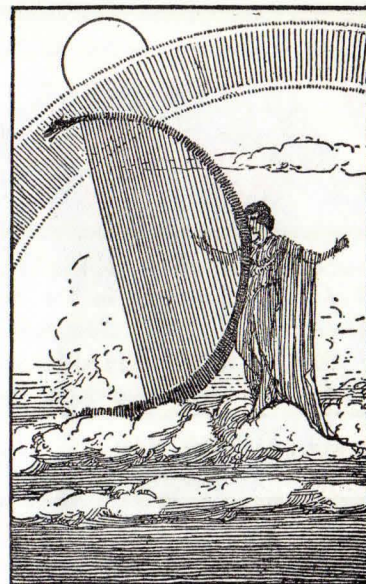
As the ancient critic said to the Teacher whose natal day each December we celebrate: “In the Resurrection, whose spouse shall Mrs. So-and-So be, if before the trumpets toot she has had several husbands?” The critic may have been trying to entrap the Teacher. On the other hand, he might have deserted a spouse back in Des Moines and been seriously worried as to how it was going to be with him when the lady caught up with him on the Day of Celestial Arsno.

DIVORCES in mortality uniformly happen for one of two reasons: One or both of the parties in some way or other fell down on the job of being satisfactory partner to the other. Or a third person became a factor in the existing matrimonial set-up and all of the best neighbors were horrified by a most delicious scandal.

In other words, one or the other of such married people simply meet and become involved with someone they fancy better. Some lawyer has a case, some tabloid has a sensation, and in exceptional instances some expert mortician has a body upon a slab.

In any event, divorces come about because one of the parties involved is convinced that he or she is improving himself or herself by ending one relationship and entering another. It may turn out to be a false alarm. It may turn out to be a blessed event. But the Urge to improvement is irrefutably involved.

Why should people be embarrassed



either in mortality or out of it, for having given exercise to the Urge to Improvement?

Those who become “all crossed up” on the matrimonial shuffle in its eternal aspects are usually pardonably illiterate in their cosmic fundamentals.

They are not yet aware that few divorces “just happen”.

When a young man seriously enters matrimony with a young woman, and twenty years later accepts that he has his reasons for disentangling his life from hers and finishing it in company with his tawny-haired secretary, or when a young woman keeps a home for some heavy-hoofed straw boss, a couple of decades and then gets a wild infatuation for the Fuller Brush Man, so that she finds the stamina to stand before a Judge and tell him all about it, there are aspects of the earthly tenure being exhibited which up to the present have been as sociological books sealed with seven seals.

The Urge to Improvement may seem to be exercising, but what more truly is exercising is the Double Domestic Karma, making adjustments of the intimate matrimonial nature with more than one person of the opposite sex in any given life.

Do you grasp this for what it means, for it takes care of all those bothersome hypotheses as to what we’re going to talk about with our first wives or husbands when we stand around the celestial waiting-room expecting the handout of robes and harps.

TAKE the case of the so-called “loyal” wife and mother who fries onions,
(Continued on Page 15)

Valor

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Super-Soviet



THE TIME has come to term United Nations what it is increasingly proving itself as its operations expand in the practical manner.

We can give the name of *Hiss's Super-Soviet* to it, and be done with it. Because it's Super-Sovietism applied in the global pattern. And its objective is the mongrelization of all pure-blooded, Christian and nationalistic Americans.

The audacity with which its programs are being pushed, particularly in United States, proves as plainly as daylight the existence of the predatory elements actualizing it. The strong arm of its tentacles are reaching out into American congressional districts and defeating whomsoever takes public stand against it.

Where is the money coming from, that expands and increases its growth—which decidedly is no healthy gestation of the global civic idea among common lay-citizens?

DR. JOHN T. WOOD, who submitted the bill into Congress to withdraw the Republic from this Hiss Super-Soviet, is the outstanding victim of its aggressions in provincial Idaho. In a communication to Soulcraft Headquarters this week, Doctor John writes—

"As most of you know, I failed to be reelected by a small margin of votes, along with various other patriotic Senators and Representatives. My campaign was marked by scurrilous falsehoods and misrepresentations circulated blanket-fashion all through my district by certain elements in our national life who appar-

ently consider patriotic service to be a crime punishable by calumny and political oblivion.

"Patriotism, however, is its own reward. I have no regrets, and am returning to private life with a good conscience. As I said in one of my former letters, I can still sleep well. No ghosts of disservice to my country haunt me . . .

"The increasing amount of damning evidence against the United Nations and UNESCO in the daily papers at least suggests my charges against those threats to our beloved country, are true bills.

"It is my wish to continue my work against these subversive elements in our national life if I am assured of your support. Within the limited extent of my finances, I shall continue in any event."



HERE was a dignitary in the Congress who had not been afraid to take his stance against this Super-Soviet, for which the United States pays almost half the bills and gets precisely 3 votes out of 65. "They" saw to it that he was defeated in Idaho, as a warning to other obstructionists in future.

Eisenhower and his Secretary of State, Dulles, are for this Super-Soviet, remember that. Vice-Presidential Elect Nixon has gone on written record as saying that opposition to it is "completely unrealistic" . . . and this was the erstwhile stalwart who bearded Whittaker Chambers and brought the controversial Alger Hiss to book.

Frank E. Holman, past president of the American Bar Association, and Senator John Bricker of Ohio, have both drawn attention to the fact that United Nations' "Treaty Law" finds the United States in a unique position among all the other nations of the world, in that our Constitution can be read to make treaties "the supreme law of the land" with-

out further implementing legislation.

In other words, if the President places such an instrument before the Senate—and mark this wording well—if two-thirds of the members of the Senate pass it, it not only becomes the supreme law of the land, but this is "anything to the contrary notwithstanding" in the laws of the several States, or in Federal law, *which may cause it to override the sovereign laws of the various States.*

THIS Hiss Super-Soviet was launched at a psychological time when the desires of the nations of the world were overwhelmingly for peace. Its constitution wasn't modeled on the Constitution of the United States of America, as so many Americans ignorantly assume. It was modeled upon the constitution of the United Soviet Socialist Republics of Marxist Russia.

A war-tortured United States was inveigled into "joining" the world's gigantic Super-Soviet, with press and radio regimented to make opposition "unrealistic" . . .

In half-a-dozen years America has been plunged into this new but supreme entanglement, whose nature and objective is so degenerate to all American principles as to constitute the supreme threat to our Republic, twenty times surpassing threats of any foreign foes.

It was so huge and so audacious, and political control in America had reached such a new low, that the financial resources of tax-paying Americans could be tapped for the nefarious expenses to underwrite all of it.

Which was precisely what happened.

HERE IS the hard, new, paramount issue before the American people for 1953. If the Hiss Super-Soviet succeeds in putting over its designs on the United States Senate in 1953, free government in the United States will be killed at a stroke.

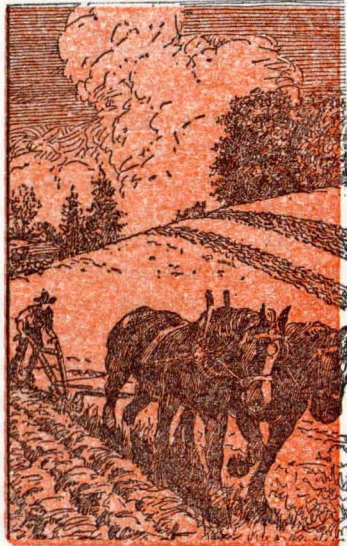
Thus is the cleverest and most pernicious *coup* of the past 1,000 years, made real and actual in a world of human beings seemingly enlightened by press and radio to surrender their 161-year birthright with malice aforethought.

But the question remains, "To what extent can senatorial action sustaining this monstrous thing, transfer the allegiance of 147,946,000 Americans from the Stars and Stripes to Old Spider-Web?"

(Continued on Page 10)

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There will be other martyrs besides Dr. Wood to this conflict before this Super-Soviet is crushed. There will be other Patrick Henrys and Paul Reveres and Benedict Arnolds and . . . jumping the years of history, William Lloyd Garrisons and Abraham Lincolns.

It’s the Global Fifth-Column that’s wrought this thing, of course, and religious and racial issues are brought forward to give it the cloak of constitutional sanctity.

Meanwhile, keep your eyes on Los Angeles where a group of determined young mothers are fomenting to force show-downs with the seditious teachings of UNESCO in the Californian public schools.

The work for the patriots of America—not the *patrioteers*—is cut out for them in 1953.

It’s not a nice prospect to face before Christmas, in a season supposedly dedicated to peace on earth and goodwill toward men. But there it is. The new officialdom taking office January 20th—only four weeks after Yuletide—is headed by dignitaries who are committed to this thing.

Well can it be stated that 1953 is the Year of Show-Down.

About August 20th should the destinies of America come clear . . .

Victory in Korea

(Continued from Page 4)

Chiang’s troops to threaten the Mainland of China. Because of the scarcity of Red Chinese troops and the certainty that Chiang could rally millions of Chinese to his support if he landed—the Red generals would be forced to withdraw with all haste their crack troops from Korea and rush them down the only railroad, hundreds of miles southward, to take up guard duty again along the coastline opposite Formosa.

Even today, President Truman could give us victory in Korea by simply revoking that order and making it clear that he was willing for Chiang Kai-shek to fight for the liberation of his country from the Communists.

Every day, every hour that Mr. Truman permits that order to stand he kills more American boys.

Communist aggression all over the world (except inside our own borders) can be reversed and our troops in the

course of time be brought home from Korea if the President will back Chinese Nationalists and South Korean forces with such of America’s arms and military Advisers as can be spared from our fabulous production lines.

BY THAT single shift in policy, America would have the initiative, throwing the Soviet Union on the defensive. There are reportedly between one million and two million guerrillas fighting the Reds in Southern and Central China. Far Eastern authorities of note insist that if Chiang’s generals made a landing on the Mainland, with publicly announced backing, millions of Chinese would swarm into Nationalist camp.

Chiang repeatedly has said that if we would supply his soldiers he would drive the Red invaders out of his country, without the use of American troops (other than military advisers and instructors). President Syngman Rhee of South Korea as recently as September 22 told a visiting United States Congressman: “My men are anxious to go to the front and die if necessary. Give us training and equipment and we’ll fight it out alone.”

We believe that, released from captivity by the Administration’s order to the Seventh Fleet and given adequate backing, Chiang can land on the mainland and in the course of time roll back the invaders; and once his armies approach the Soviet border they will so disturb the Kremlin as to force the men of the Moscow Presidium to loosen their grip on the captive countries of Eastern Europe.

Those countries—Poland, the Baltic states, Hungary, Roumania, Bulgaria, Austria, East Germany—are perhaps 95 per cent Christian and anti-Communist. In all these “liberated” countries there are underground forces organized, waiting for assurance of aid from the outside. They need millions of hand grenades, concealed weapons, rifles, portable printing presses, portable radio transmitters and receivers, and an ample and dependable source of supply. And they need assurance that the United States State Department is anti-Communist.

Premature action would get them destroyed; but once the Chinese Nationalists should sweep toward the Soviet border, engaging the attention of the Kremlin, the time would be propitious for America to open underground supply chan-

(Continued on Page 14)

NUMEROLOGY FOR EVERYONE . .



COMES now a gentleman from Pennsylvania, all hot and bothered, who says that Florence Campbell, who wrote, *Your Days Are Numbered*, places the values of 11 and 22 on the letters of the alphabet K and V respectively, so why doesn't VALOR do the same? In these Numerological papers, VALOR doesn't bother with it at this stage of instruction because in working out Numerological charts, nothing is altered by giving K and V the designations Miss Campbell specifies.

In working out any chart, additions of digits are always horizontal instead of vertical, and when all digits in a given name—whether for Inner or Outer expression—or any life-path, are reduced to the lowest possible term, the results are the same whether K and V be figured at 11 and 22, or 2 and 4.

For instance, a woman's name is Kathlyn Vines, we'll say. The name Kathlyn Vines totals to 7, whether the K be called 2 or 11, or the V be called 4 or 22. Here is the addition of each—

K	A	T	H	L	Y	N	V	I	N	E	S
2	1	2	8	3	7	5	4	9	5	5	1
28						24					
—						—					
1						6					

Kathlyn with K counted as 11 would add up to 37, which would in turn add to 10 (3 and 7) and we always strike off the zeros as having no significance. Vines with the V called 22 would add to 42, which in turn would add to 6. And 1 and 6 are 7 in any man's arithmetic. What difference does it make?

So much for Florence Campbell, for whom VALOR has a high regard, by the way, only VALOR's numerology is based on the conclusions of Pythagoras and *The Golden Scripts* for significances, Chapter 85.

To get back to significances of Numbers where we left off last week . .

THE NUMBER 6 in Numerology is generally conceded to be the "lucky"

number of the entire nine. Or, as some authorities express it, 6 is the number of worldly success and good fortune. The highest expression of the Mental Octave, it applies intellect to the great social body and gets the highest form of mental dexterity, that supposedly activates in worldly advantage. Whoever has a 6 for a totality in his chart, may call it that the gods can be expected to smile on him. Particularly is this so, if his Life-Path total to a six.

And while we're about it, this might be as good a place as any to expound this Life-Path business . .

The day on which you drew your first breath of life organically, did not happen by accident. It expressed something in your earthly career. It expressed the vibration of your mission in life. Probably for such reason there exists such variation in the exact days after conception that different babies are born. Some infants arrive prematurely; others for no accountable reason are delayed. The principle that seems operating is the business of permitting the infant to make its advent on a day indicating its life errand.

For instance, let's say you were born on May 25, 1903. May is the 5th month of the year, which gives us a 5. The figure 25 adds to 7. The year 1903 adds to 13, which in turn adds to 4. So we add 5 and 7 and 4, and get 16, which again reduces to a 7. (6 and 1). You are therefore on a 7-Life-Path, which is the first plane of the Spiritual Cycle.

THE THREE planes of the Spiritual Cycle are indicated by 7, 8, and 9. Seven indicates—like 1 and 4 in the physical and mental octaves—the Pioneering or Soldier-of-Fortune number, the person who experiments and explores. Usually it indicates, especially when it represents the Life-Path, a certain amount of distressful experiencing, because whoever explores in spirit is bound to encounter vicissitudes that make for emotional upset.

Such, at least, is the way it works out practically, although the Great Teacher—in Chapter 85 of the *Golden Scripts*—

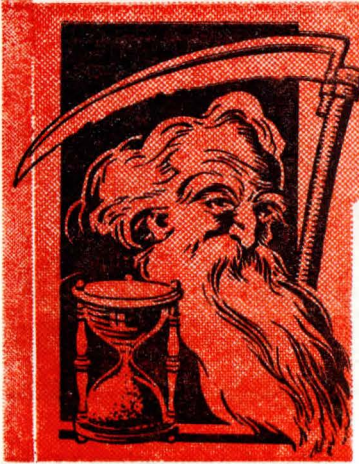
has many wonderful connotations to give to the number 7.

The number 8, is spirituality exercised on an octave of liaison with partners or circumstances, and queerly enough we discover it demonstrating in an outstanding financial ability. More great bankers, financiers, and captains of industry seem to be Eights in either their names or life-paths than any other number. Generally speaking, when we encounter an 8, we can make a safe wager that if the person isn't a natural adept in money matters, he or she has the ability latent within him. Eights are generally clever, however, in any managerial capacities, are lovers of consistency and order, and are inclined to make their spiritual expressions extremely practical, while at the same time naturally at home in big affairs.

The Number 9s, of course, represent the apex of all the numbers, and express spirituality in its applications or demonstrations to society at large. Interestingly enough, this application or demonstration takes the form either of Art or Teaching—"inspiring others" in some form would be the better way to put it. Holy Writ tells us that "Nines are the numbers of the sons of God", and probably this connotation conveys most graphically this same illumination and inspiration idea. Classed as 9s we find artists, poets, clergymen, philanthropists, religious leaders generally, and persons who live their lives for others altruistically. At any rate, when a person's name figures out to a 9, or his Life-Path totals to a 9, you find a character who discovers his greatest happiness and satisfaction in trying to elevate the human race to highest consciousness of the eternal verities.

These generally, are the over-all expressions of the nine digits. Now let's look at some practical applications . .

(Continued Next Week)



.. COGITATIONS

and Bathgate, thence across Minnesota to Warroad and Grand Porta. Trees, trees, trees! America is the treesomest country anywhere on five continents . . .

-oo-

I WAS, of course, "born and riz" in tree-bowered New England, whose elms and maples, long-since grown to venerable age around its public Commons, lend a stateliness to landscapes that couldn't help permeating down to the individualities of its citizens. Elms, maples, spruces and apple trees, these make New England. Before I was ten I had climbed them, fallen out of them, hewn down specimens of them for Yuletide decorations, and sawed them into proper billets to go into a stove after three vertical splittings . . . Go down through Rhode Island and Connecticut and the spruces run out, although not the elms and maples. You get white birches in western and southern Massachusetts and down through Connecticut almost to New York. Across New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland and into Virginia you still get the maples and elms, with junipers and wild cherries. It's not till you journey below Columbia in South Carolina, that the pines begin to predominate, edging off into palmettos and date palms of semi-tropical Georgia and Florida . . . Texas, of course, is almost treeless excepting for scrub cedar and desert yucca in its western parts. Leaving El Paso, you're in the land of this yucca—and

pepper tree as it grows, plentiful as the oak in New England, Pennsylvania, Ohio or Michigan. It's a handsome shade tree, that reaches the size of the average New England or New York State apple, crossing in character with the willow, and it scents the landscape from Needles up to Weed. Easterners visiting California are sure to alight from their cross-country Pullmans at Barstow, Victorville, or San Bernardino, and exclaim at the pungent odor of the "wonderful California climate" . . . Actually it's pepper-tree scent these hinterland guests are smelling, and 'tis said to contribute a decided tinge of eroticism to the human system organically. Hence Hollywood—all done with pepper trees. Pepper trees, desert sand, and carbon monoxide from motorcar exhausts running into millions—crossed with the pungent contribution of eucalyptus—supply California with inimitable atmosphere. You don't require to possess the highly developed scent of the hound-dog to be dropped any where west of the Panamints and after four sniff-sniffs declare, "California, here I am!" . . .

-oo-

BUT YOU get "live oaks" as you work up out of the Southland north to Santa Barbara, toward San Luis Obispo, Atascadero, Paso Robles and San Miguel. They're apple-tree size, but gnarled and tough and thinly leaved. Whereupon, north of Salinas and into Palo Alto the eucalyptus predominates. San Francisco has the general arborage of Connecticut or Massachusetts, interspersed with this eucalyptus. North of Redding or Crescent City you run the great redwoods into Oregon firs, after which, up to the Vancouver line, you're on your own. Central Washington goes fir and apple, into the beeches of Idaho, or the wild cedars of the Dakotas. And as it is with these border-States, so it is with all States in the hinterland. Suggest any far-western State and I think of popples and cottonwoods, mixed with spruces—such as Colorado or Utah. Eastward into Arkansas you get into pines and they follow you through into Missouri or Tennessee. Indiana, Ohio, and Michigan are almost exclusively maples



OMEHOW, when I lean back in a chair and visualize this great spread of real estate that we give the name United States of America, and which we're called to convert—almost within a year—to the Christian Economy, I find myself thinking of it in terms of *trees*. From the maples and spruces of New England to the palmettos of Florida, and from the pepper trees of San Diego up to the firs of Oregon and Washington, the local atmosphere in each division of our vast and incredibly assorted Republic is conveyed by its foliage. Kismet took hold of my coat collar early in life and started me circulating into every State in this Union. When I say that I know this United States as I know my pocket, I'm making no adolescent boast. From one motivation or another, I happen to have sojourned long enough in every one of our 49 States—counting the District of Columbia—not only to know the character and temperament of its people but be able to see instantly with the eye of my mind most of the salient features of its landscape. I have at some time or other visited every city in America with the unique exception of Duluth, Minn., and that goes for most municipalities in between, from Van Buren, Maine, to Miami, Florida; to Brownsville, Texas; westward along the Rio Grande to El Paso, Yuma, and Coronado; thence up to Santa Barbara and Eureka—which, incidentally, happens to be the extreme western point of our whole United States—finally to Clellam, Washington. Turning east at Clellam, across to Northport and Couer D'Alene, along through Kalispell and Havre, Montana, into North Dakota, the travel-line runs to Pembina



sagebrush—till you drop over the crest of the Sierra Madres and enter Imperial Valley. Then it's not palms so much as pepper trees. No eastern State knows the

and elms. But dividing the Union into its Nine major divisions, you find peculiarities of the people making them little nations unto themselves. . . There's the New England nation, made up predominantly of Yankees and Irish, that includes Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut. They're tough, obdurate, reactionary and bellicose, those natives. They like to be contrary for the sake of the argument. In Boston they'll rise up and carry the fighting into the street if you wish, the Boston streets being crooked a purpose to make pursuit difficult when you've had enough. . . South of New England you get what I call the Metropolitan Nation. It takes in Manhattan, with New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware and Maryland. Predominantly it's Teutonic. Its peoples are tolerant, bewildered and gullible, chiefly concerned with making a living while accepting that Colorado, Utah and California border on West Virginia and Missouri. The roots of most aren't very far down in the American soil as yet—certainly not as far down as New England or the Deep-South. And the Deep-South Nations start when you cross the Potomac and enter Alexandria. . . There is, of course, the East Deep-South and the West Deep-South. The East takes in Virginia, sah, West Virginia, the two Carolinas, Georgia and Florida. The West Deep-South takes in Alabam, Mississip, Tennessee and Kaintuck. These are your Little Nations up and down the Atlantic seaboard. But you've got five additional. . .

-00-

BETWEEN Wheeling and Denver you have got the two Grass-Roots Nations, Northeast and Northwest. The Northeast covers Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, Illinois and Wisconsin; the Northwest covers Minnesota, the Dakotas, Iowa, Missouri, Nebraska and Kansas. Whether you accept it or not, in these two Grass-Roots Nations beats the real American heart. You haven't really "sold" America on anything until you've sold the tractor element of these twelve Grass-Roots dukedoms. Then down New Orleans way, you've got Arkansas, Louisiana, Texas and Oklahoma. They're the Panhandle Nation. They've been brought up on tornadoes, cattle stampedes, oil gushers and rattlesnakes. They think Bigness is the amount of sky you can view from any one place at any one time—and they're not so far wrong. All of

which leaves the Mountain Nation from Montana down to New Mexico,—Wyoming, Idaho, Nevada, Utah, and Arizona—covering the Continental Divide, and the Pacific Nation of California, Oregon and Washington. In this last you range all the way from the Commie movie population of Hollywood to the third generation from those who came over the Oregon Trail in covered "wag-gins" . . . These are the Nine Nations within a Nation that you must consider as units or you're licked before you start. There are 147,946,000 humans in these Nine Nations, thinking their thoughts and trying to keep off federal relief. They marry—male and female—and divide into 29,589,200 families with 59,178,400 small fry. *And all of them dwell amid different kinds of trees! . . .*

-00-

TAKEN together, they're a grand aggregation of industrious, cantankerous, hopeful, grouching, pranking, worrying, whimsical, extravagant, human nature. Thirty-nine percent of 'em affect to worship God, but do it in 114 different ceremonials, meaning sects or denominations. Sixty-one percent follow the philosophy of the small boy who told his mother, "I don't think I'll say my prayers tonight, mummy. I'm going to take a chance." By the way of transportation they drive anything from Cadillacs to the latest freak that High-School Willie with hat and one sock off, tows home from the local junk lot with everything off. They believe whatever they read in the papers, and accept that God answers prayer because they pray in English. But they live in a land of tough trees, tough winds, tough politicians and tough taxes, and it makes them ingenuous, indefatigable and uniformly stalwart. And if you don't think the American female of the species is as deadly as the male, you don't know your America, north, south, east or west. You sell the American woman on an idea, really sell her, and the rest of the country had better stand back. . . Not much of a COGITATIONS, this, but I happen to be thinking this month of these Nine Nations, each characteristic of its peculiar varieties of trees, that must be brought into some sort of common forestal alignment for the good of their people's souls, not to mention keeping them in occupancy of workable organism. Get to know your America by the temperaments of its Nine Nations, each more or less acquired from the nature and charac-

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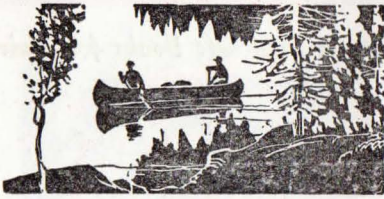
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ter of its trees, and you begin to realize what value it represents that's worth pulling off your jacket and battling for. Anyhow, we've got a brevet to do that thing and we're not shirking it. Trees? Oh, yeah. The Californian described his State's huge redwoods, by saying, "Big trees? Why, up Eureka way they felled a hollow tree over a ravine that was too wide for a bridge, and used the tunnel of the trunk instead. One day I was driving through it with a load of hay when I met an oil-truck. Neither of us could back up or go ahead. So I just turned into a hollow branch and let the truck have right of way." A Missourian, hearing this anecdote, scoffed, "Huh, we got trees so tall in Missouri it takes two men and a boy to see to the tops of 'em. One looks till he gets tired, then the other commences where he leaves off." Modest folk these Americans, withal. Reminds me of the Minnesotan who came east to Vermont and got bragging about the coolness of his climate. "Out where I live," he declaimed, "it's so cold in the winter the wicks of our lamps have been known to freeze solid and we couldn't blow out the lights to sleep at night." Old Amos Ware, next to the store stove, yawned, "That's nothin', up Winooski way here in Vermont, it gets so cold the breath comes out of our mouths in ice-chunks. We have to fry 'em to see what we're talkin' about." Its not so cold as that this winter in Indiana, . . . We've been having wind. Fellow uptown was telling me the wind blew so hard yesterday that it blew the cook stove right out of his kitchen, and came back this morning and got the skillets. I better quit right here or first thing I know I'll be exaggerating myself . . .

—THE RECORDER

Victory in Korea

(Continued from Page 10)

nels to the anti-Communists of Eastern Europe and give them assurance of continued support.

INSIDE Russia proper, some 90 millions of White Russians and Ukrainians are considered to be so anti-Communist that they could be depended on to fight the Kremlin if given the backing. These people were so anti-Communist that they looked on the invading Nazi armies as liberators till Hitler instituted a policy of cruelty against them

We have intervened in two world wars. Through lend-lease and Yalta and Potsdam deals and other concessions and contributions, the New Deal has built the Soviet machine to Frankenstein propor-

From Lieut. Gen. P. A. DEL VALLE, U. S. Marine Corps (Ret.): "I have read your advertisement . . . and I subscribe one hundred percent to what you say . . . Our young men are being slaughtered by the thousands in a war which the Administration says it cannot win. Either this is treason or it is the sorriest exhibition of incompetence this country has ever experienced. The time has come when Americans must act . . . Force the candidates to repudiate the Administration's Korean mess and adopt such a solution as this one, or we shall become individually and severally a party to this insane destruction of our most precious asset: our courageous fighting men."

tions. We soon must fight a war of inestimable destruction to save ourselves—or else we must at last use some intelligence and courage to stop the external enemy without the war which nobody can afford.

What would be simpler and more logical than to help arm those enslaved peoples who want to fight for their own liberation? What do you think? Do you agree or do you disagree with this plan for **VICTORY WITHOUT WAR?**

Kleptomania, that we read about so much in the papers, isn't catching—it's taking.

A HOME economist was giving a cooking demonstration before a group of farm women.

"Take an egg," she explained. "Carefully perforate the basal terminus. Duplicate this process in the apex. Then applying the lips to the apertures thus obtained, forcibly exhale the breath, discharging the shell of its contents."

Aunt Cassie, age eighty-five, turned to a neighbor.

"Beats all how different these new-fangled ways is," she observed. "When I was a girl, we jest poked a hole in each end, and blowed."

Divorced Couples

(Continued from Page 7)

makes beds, and worries about her husband's bills for eight years, only to discover on the morning of the ninth that he's become badly messed up with the waitress at the Mansion House—the red-headed one at that! You couldn't convince her in a million years of mortality that she deserted the same poor exhibit and seven young ones while both of them were trying to raise a family back in the times of George III, and what she is "suffering" at the hands of the redhead is precisely what she caused the husband to "suffer" when she formerly became enamoured of the Hessian dragoon and followed him to America to raise alfalfa in Hoosick Falls.

You can't tell a husband in the current year, who comes home with a fresh rib-roast to find the house dark and a note pinned to the piano-cover: "Have went with a younger and handsomer man" that he is only getting slapped back in his own coin for walking out on the same wife in 1492 and leaving her with nothing ahead but a vista of wash-tubs while he sailed with Columbus to discover a new world.

Such people have to take such walk-outs seriously at the time, and like the tragedies that they seem, that they may extract the full quota of disciplinary retribution from them and become enlarged spiritually.

Nevertheless, in more than one case that is precisely what is happening!

NOT SO long ago, a young man was brought to the writer's attention who had what his associates termed in their blindness an abnormal Sex Complex.

Now strictly speaking, there is no such thing as a Sex Complex. There is only a curiosity complex. But this particular young man "had women on the brain"—he was ornately vain, had what he considered a handsome mouth of teeth, and a come-hither air. His days and his nights were filled with thoughts of conquest over susceptible feminine hearts. To meet up with a fresh girl acquaintance was to lay an immediate siege to her compassions.

The instant the lass "fell" for him—which inevitably she did—he had small use for her, and his zest for conquest vanished. He was, and is, going through life leaving a trail of broken hearts behind

him. Sooner or later some irate big brother meets up with him and shoves his nose around behind his ears. Still he persists in his pursuit of Romance.

"What's the matter with me?" he once cried in despair. "Why does no woman ever satisfy me, once I've won her interest?"

The chances are ten to one that the reason this fellow lives in a peculiar romantic torment, is because of the karmic obligations he knows he has run up which he can only adjust over a couple of hundred lives. It is the subconscious realization of the romantic debts owing that is hounding him into the wildest romantic excesses—debts which must be paid in kind—and in abject despair at his seemingly hopeless predicament, he is doing the foolish but understandable thing of striving to anesthetize subconscious realization of them by distractions of more and more such relationships. His case is comparable to that of the financial bankrupt who is so hopelessly in debt that when he gets ten dollars he goes on a witless debauch, or throws it away in a game of stud, instead of applying it on the first debt to hand.

NOW when we all graduate out of mortality for the self-observation period between our worldly lives we have the opportunity to note ourselves abstractly. We see the people with whom we have had earthly relationships as they appear in the long cosmic throw of our mutual relationships over whole series of existences. We reach that understanding of what worldly life has been about, that enables us to sit down in the celestial anteroom with the one-time divorced wife or husband and say: "Well, old dear, we sort of balanced up things, didn't we? You ran away with the Egyptian stenographer in 152, and I stepped out with the radio repair man in 1952. Or—"You left me to support a fatherless family while you departed on the Crusades to rescue Jerusalem from the Turks, so I left you with the twins on your hands to run off with a Turk and crusade for Jerusalem as an excellent place to locate the cloak-and-suiters. So the matter being adjusted, let's forget it and be friends."

Or maybe this sort of thing takes place: Before entering into the world arena in the first place, a man may owe a moral debt to one woman, while at the same time having a moral debt owed him.

(Continued Next Week)



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T h e P A Y O F F

A MAN walking along a city street fell through a coal-hole and broke his leg. Engaging a famous attorney, he sat through a trial for damages, then a session in appeal court. Finally he was awarded a reasonably large sum. But when he came to settle with the attorney, the lawyer handed him only one silver dollar.

"Where's the rest?" remanded the client.

"After deducting my fee," said the barrister, "along with costs of appeal, legal notices and printing, expenses of witnesses and stenographic hire, that's what you've got left."

The client turned the dollar over in his fingers.

"What's the matter with it? Is it counterfeit?"

LITTLE Amelia had been a spectator in open-mouthed interest at a baptism by immersion. Next day she decided to play baptism in respect to her doll. Procuring a large pail of water, she was overheard to repeat as she dunked the doll—

"I baptize thee, in the name of the father, the son, and into the hole you go."

EPSTEIN collared his vacant-eyed son. "Isadore," he demanded, "vot it is I hear that you should be engaged vit Rachel Levinsky? Don't you know it dot vommans been kissed py every man in dis town?"

"Vell, fadder, it ain'd such a big place."

HE BRAGGED to his fair partner at a dance, "You know, I'm funny. I always throw myself one hundred percent into everything I undertake."

"Why not dig a well?" the girl inquired, trying to follow his feet with difficulty.

THE RACER bragged, "I was out on the speedway today, old chap, and did a mile in four laps."

"Slow stuff," said the other. "I know a girl who did thirty miles in one lap, and she might have done fifty if she hadn't been overhauled by a motor cop."

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