

Valor

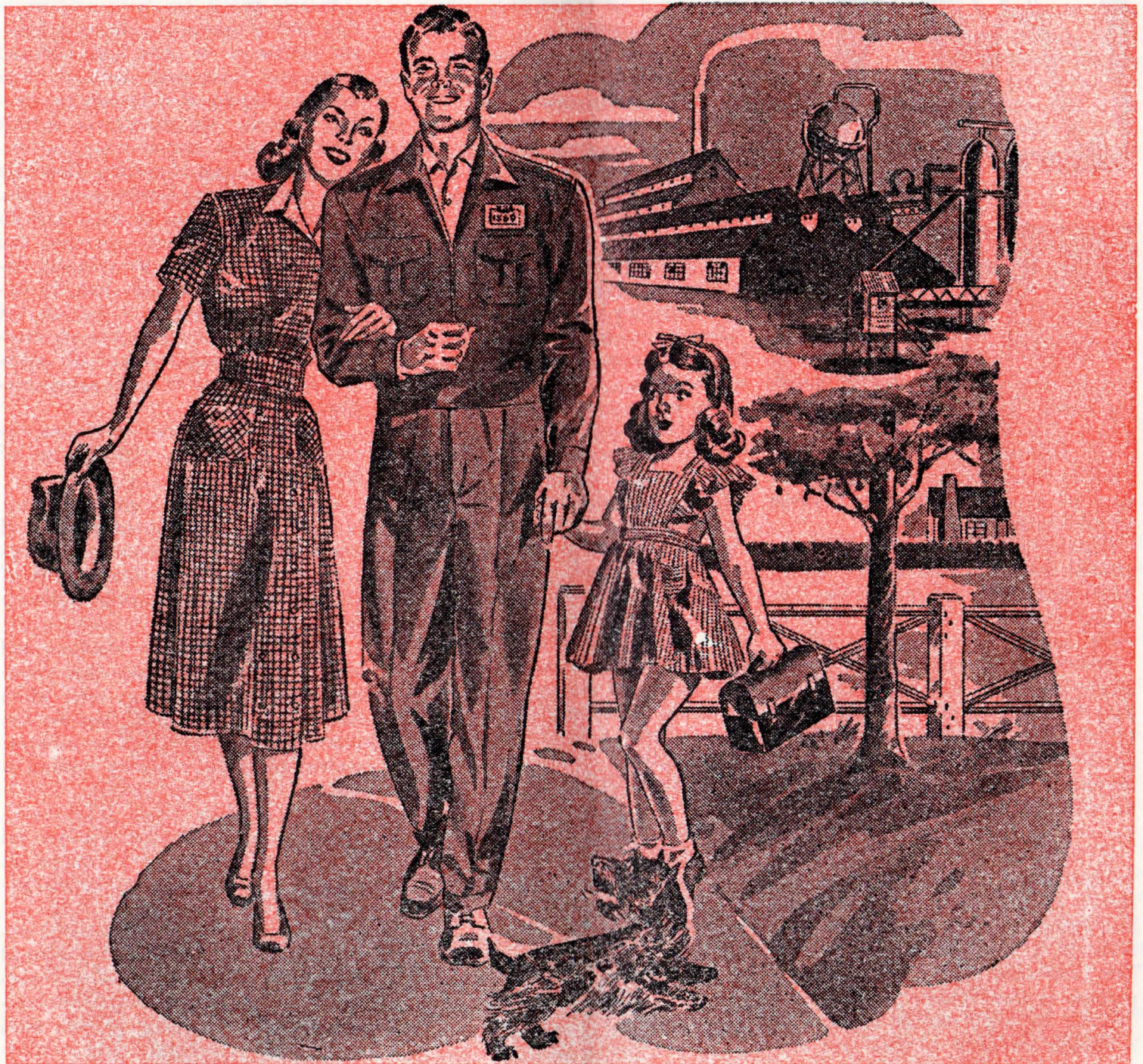
The Golden Times Weekly . .

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

Volume V

Noblesville, Indiana, Saturday, May 2, 1953

Number 1





Mr. John Q. Public Is Nor Indolent . .

shod thinking . . if one can call it thinking?

Let's look at the American Scene analytically and discover if we can discern what truthfully gives rise to any national phlegmatism—if indeed there exists a national phlegmatism.

VALOR contends that there is no national phlegmatism.

There is merely a growing public repudiation of too many "I'll-fix-it-for-you" boys, all hollering at once and factually succeeding in tiring out the public eardrums.

Each of such volunteer crusaders has some pet recipe for straightening out the public mess, trying to outshout the next man, and every last mother's son of them failing to realize they really don't give birth to a new idea from New Year's to Christmas.

The public reaction to the accumulate bedlam of it is to get away where the yammer can't be heard . . and turn on their television.

Of course, television is blamed as a damnable escape mechanism, and the additional comment is made that if it never had been invented, people would get away quietly and read a book that increased the mental content of their craniums. The supposition is, of course, that the book should be written by one of their critics and deprecators.

Actually television is excoriated because it makes a competitive bid for the public attention that is more acceptable, being less combative and more entertaining.

What is the underlying principle at work behind all of it, that it would add to our real profit to incorporate in our thinking? . .

IN THE FIRST place, is it not significant that the screechers at the public apathy first of all neglect to take cognizance of the fact that man as the individual visits the earth-scene more than once?

Is it not a fact that nine-tenths of the racket that is currently evident is based upon utter disregard of any understanding of why the race exists in mortality in the first place?

Because people are fairly uniform in their birth processes, and display a standard equipment of arms and feet and hearts and heads—with some of those heads holding brains and others not holding so many—the assumption is that those who show not so many, be subjected to some sort of penalty. They have been remiss in being born without brains. And because the equal ignorance prevails that birth is a physical fact only, and people being all born alike should display similar mentalities all alike, the further supposition is that if they do not display similar mentalities they are evading social responsibilities and are therefore self-nominated to be abused or punished.

How can a superstructure of Truth be erected upon bastion after bastion of lamentable ignorance?

The truly enlightened grasp that there is a hard and logical basis for individual life appearing and functioning on this earth, and, in all the idiosyncrasies of the present period, humanity is merely living up to the rules.

Take the position—in blindness and archaic ignorance aforesaid—that people appear on earth but once, after which they're "a long time dead", and the fact that they fail to give heed to volunteer mentors and fixers may seem justified in logic.

View the whole matter from the illumination of the Ageless Wisdom and what is happening is as natural as the flowers that bloom in the springtime, tra-la.

Given souls come into the mortal tenure to gain definite things of a spiritual profit from the complications and challenges of experience, and when such benefits are not forthcoming—or even when such benefits are overwhelming in quan-



FAVORITE criticism that is passed on the human race—meaning of course, the American human race—is the statement by self-professed "thinkers" who find the public lethargic to their crusading ideas: "The masses of our people aren't worth a tinker's dam. Since they won't awaken to the warnings given them by those who know the score, let them go ahead and suffer the penalties of subversion and collapse."

Scarcely a week passes that such expression does not appear at least once in communications to this publication. The human race is too stupid en masse to merit "saving," so why be exercised?

Nevertheless, the same crusading commentators demonstrate that they don't truly believe it because three days later they are right back with renewed zeal and angrier assailments of the nation's distempers, working themselves at times into intellectual frenzy over the possibilities of their own futilities.

If the human race be so dumb and so worthless, what are they so "all het up" about? Do they expect to make sages and demigods out of the American populace in a twelve-month because they have come upon the scene and given expression to their favorite panaceas?

Is not the whole position and attitude a childish disclosure of their own slip-

Neither Dumb

Maybe He's a Young Soul Merely Fed Up with the Propaganda of the Red Do-Gooders . .



tity—the aforesaid defense-mechanism acts to transfer them intellectually into “neutral.”

This is not apathy. It is decidedly not stupidity. It is a sort of automatic immunity they exercise, to adjust the overload of educative intelligence coming through to them along the wires of event. Just as thoughtful Providence provides the phenomenon of Fainting when the experience of mortal agony becomes too severe for the enoused spirit to stand, so does thoughtful Providence provide the hiatus of intellectual indifference to operate till educative experience levels off to the point where they can “take it” again.

And yet, overshadowing all, is a still greater condition that has to be recognized.

Remember, that if all persons alive in bodies had already attained to the lofty octaves of intelligence exhibited by intellectual mentors of society that more truly have received their brevets from Higher Regions, *they would by no means be found in this earthly situation at all.*

It is the fact that the so-called “masses” of society are young and adolescent souls that they have come into this earthly classroom to be educated. It is, however, VALOR’s considered opinion that they cannot be so educated by talking baby-talk to them. The thing that educates them is passing through Experience of such instructive degree that they truly imbibe permanent temperamental profit from it.

Screeching at them, criticizing them, abusing them, declaring that in consequence of their spiritual adolescence they should be regimented or patronized, does little more than identify the blanket ignorance of those who insist that this world shall conform more to the pattern of their own closed ideas.

SO, HE WHO screeches, criticizes, abuses, or tries to regiment the younger members of society spiritually, by taking them to task en masse for their stupidity or apathy, is declaring in consequence: “Really, I don’t know the first thing myself as to what life’s all about,

nevertheless out of the profundity of my own blindness and bombast I shall rant as I please. If people get tired of hearing me harp on the one everlasting string, and turn to television to escape me, I shall make it a point to have laws passed prohibiting television—figuratively. I will be harkened unto, though I be called to break the pates of all these immature dullards. Yes, society is in a bad condition, principally because it refuses to pay me attention.”

The more erudite way to approach the whole problem of raising the General Intelligence is to save the energy expended in abuse and apply it to diligent searching-out of those souls in life old and wise enough to enlighten and encourage as day-to-day mentors of those about them. Intellectual elevation is never a mass accomplishment, always it proceeds slowly by and through individuals. Actually there is no “mass” . . . there is only the one mortal, duplicated a great many times.

When you apply the multiple birth hypothesis to the world picture, you make allowance for the fact that certain souls have been in mortal lives more times than others, and each time has added to their intelligence as they have profited from experiences. So there is a legitimate excuse for some mentalities being less efficient than others. As sensibly indict or even arraign children in a schoolyard for being “not worth a tinker’s dam” because they are not yet advanced enough to think on levels of postgraduate work in college.

Anyhow, we don’t find the Elder Brother castigating *hoi polloi* for being either “dumb” or indolent. It’s taken Him nineteen centuries to bring the human species up to its present levels of moral attainment. But what’s nineteen centuries in Eternity?

Let’s have a little more consideration for the run of people who may be weary of do-gooding noise! . .



At Last! . . . Pelley's Hearing To Be Called May 13th . . .



LEN YEARS, nine months and four days after William Dudley Pelley was sent to prison for being anti-Communist in wartime—when Russia was our much-vaunted military ally—a motion comes up before the Federal Court at Indianapolis to correct scandalous injustice. Justice William Steckler the past week announced that on May 13th he would begin case hearings on the Civil Docket and Maurice W. Graston, Clerk of the United States District Court, posted the following to the Pelley attorneys—

"NOTICE is hereby given that the Civil Docket will be called on Wednesday, the 13th of May, 1953, at 9:30 a. m., at Indianapolis, and it is desired and expected that the attorneys will be present and prepared to advance or dispose of their cases as they are called. This case (the Pelley motion for exoneration) will be called at that time if it is still pending."

This signifies in substance that Judge Steckler is giving official attention to the motion filed last July 1st to correct the illegal sentence passed on Pelley by the late Judge Robert C. Baltzell for writing the pamphlet *We Fight for this Republic Only* three months after Pearl Harbor. The Federal Government took the position that America was fighting for Britain, France, and Russia—especially Russia—and Communists swarmed the court room and testified against Pelley from the witness chair. The jury brought him in guilty of alleged Sedition for inveighing against Russia in wartime, and the Judge in sentencing Pelley to 15 years in the penitentiary excoriated him, "It's going to be a long war and I'm putting you away so that you cause no more hard feeling between the two great countries during the period of hostilities."

Celebrated Exoneration Case to Be Argued by Dillings and Henry

Now that Russia has turned America's enemy in a cold war, Pelley asks that his 1942 record be cleared.

Besides, the Supreme Court has long since indicated that Pelley had every right to publish, *We Fight for this Republic Only*.

And May 13th can mark the start of his vindication.

ALBERT W. Dilling and Kirkpatrick Dilling, of Chicago and George A. Henry of Indianapolis, are attorneys for Pelley in this action. They have asked Justice Steckler that the entire proceedings in 1942 be pronounced null and void, due to later findings of the Supreme Court in the alleged sedition cases of Baumgartner and Hartzel. Attorney Henry has sent the following letter to VALOR qualifying this vital action, of interest to national Soulcrafters—

"On the 'call of the docket' anything can happen. It is possible that the Court will dispose of both motions at that time . . . It is suggested that attorneys come fully equipped to discuss the Government's motion (to dismiss) because I believe that the Judge will undoubtedly act upon it on the 13th. No evidence will be heard but a trial date may be set on the 13th. The 'Call of the Docket' is an informal matter in which the Judge asks both sides what the situation is, and what can be done about it, also when he should set the matter for trial, if at all."

PELLEY has been trying, ever since the High Court at Washington handed down its decisions freeing defendants in the Baumgartner and Hartzel cases, to get into court and have the same decisions applied to himself. But so long as a pro-Kremlin group exerted in-



fluence in the Federal Administration, his every legal move was blocked.

At one time Judge Robert Baltzell commented that "the Pelley case was the only black mark on my 30-year record as a Justice", likewise intimating that the inadequacy of Pelley's legal defense left him no alternative but to pass sentence as he did. In 1950 he was on the point of bringing Pelley back and applying a shorter sentence that would have freed him, but the hand of death prevented him from carrying out such decision.

With the coming of Albert W. Dilling of Chicago into the Pelley Case a 48-page motion was filed setting forth to Judge Baltzell's successor the points of vindication which Pelley merited. Copies of this motion were sent to outstanding Soulcrafters and Justice-for-Pelley-Committee members last year under the printed title, *Justice is Truth in Action*.

THERE were approximately 900 cases ahead of Pelley's on the docket in Indianapolis, and for a time it appeared that Pelley's parole term would run out before he could be heard in court. Suddenly, however, comes this "break" . . .

The defendant has won each of three successive court cases since his release from Terre Haute Penitentiary on parole in 1950. It remains to be seen whether "Truth in Action" will prevail a fourth time in the hearing that is imminent.

How Cosmic Romances Differ from Idle Love Affairs . .



MAN and a woman, let us say, have had a flaming love affair. Their attachment has been deep, true and sincere. They surrendered themselves to one another without reservations. For the time being they were all-in-all to one another and because of the romance, their twin worlds were enshrined in a glorified mist.

They may have married or not married; the point is unimportant. What we are the more concerned in examining is the circumstance that constant propinquity and mutual association to surfeit produces a condition where other interests gradually engage the attention of one or both. In other words, the personality of either no longer completely monopolizes the interest, and friends or acquaintances remark that their love is "cooling."

If this lessened concentration of the temperament occurs in one person and not in the other, a situation that savors of pathos arises. As the "neglected" one discerns it, the moment is certain to arrive when he or she goes to his or her erstwhile partner in the romance and puts the most poignant of all mortal inquiries: "What's the matter? Don't you love me any more?"

The person so addressed, of course, is thereat impaled upon the horns of a dilemma. If he says "No, I don't!" he is doing three things: He is telling a sort of falsehood, he is knowingly inflicting a spiritual wound upon his beloved's heart, and he is letting himself in for a distressing bout of explanations.

And of the three distresses, the third is the worst!

Probably in nine cases out of ten, he or she couldn't explain, anyhow, wherein or how their status had been altered. It was not something done with malice aforethought. It gradually "just happened."

Yet such a situation never has arisen, or the Poignant Question never has been

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

put, that certain Cosmic Mechanics were not involved, making it of moment. Can we view the usual "heartbreak" abstractly for a moment, and examine what Spirit may be assiduously working out?

FIRST of all, no romance ever comes to fruition between a given man and a given woman without one of two postulates being in process of mortal denouement: Either the involved man and woman are male and female halves of the one bisexual Eternal Spirit, resuming their cosmic companionship after the incident of two new physical births, or they have errands to perform to one another no less lovingly for the adjustments of karmic compensations.

The former event requires little expounding. The latter should be considered as dispassionately as possible in order that its eccentric increments may be realized. A man and a woman with errands to perform toward one another usually have undertaken those errands from one of two causes:

They have fallen in love in a previous life because one of them vaguely resembled the other's cosmic half—who has not yet been contacted—and the effects of such blunder had to be repaid in kind, or it was necessary for the soul-half of some unknown fourth person, that the two soul-halves so meeting might obtain increments that were not possible to gain from their own spiritual affinities.

There is this difference between the two: Apparently, or from all that we can discover or have discovered to the moment, when a man half-soul and a



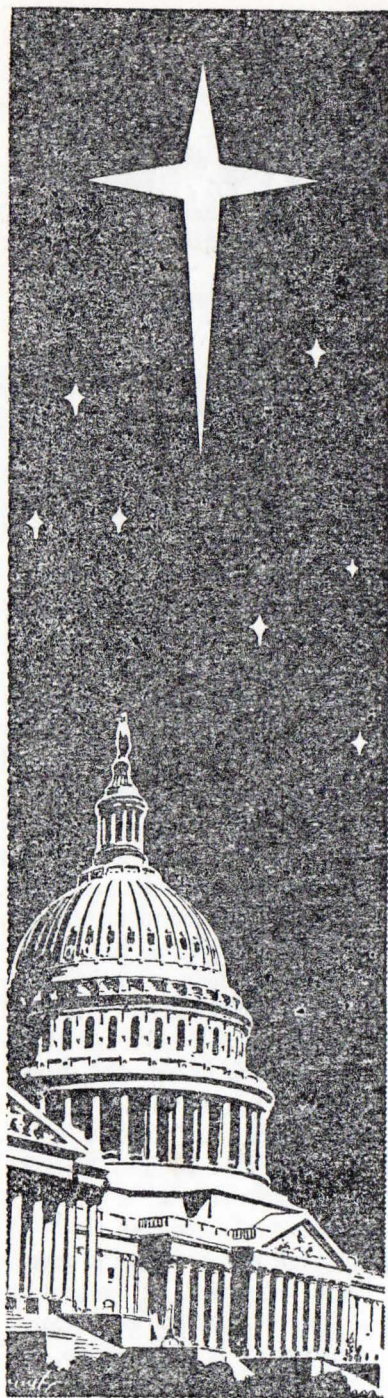
woman half-soul have been hatched from the same cosmic egg—that is, when they truly belong to one another because each is a completion of the other—there is very little falling "in" love, or falling "out" of love, concerned in their relationship.

They simply demand and receive one another from the sheer fact of Being. Can it be said that a person's left hand "falls in love" with his right hand? The case of true Cosmic Complements is similar. Such a complementing has existed since the commencement of their spiritual functioning. Periodically, life on life in flesh, it is resumed or renewed—and in such resumption or renewal there is a super-conjugal tranquillity.

By the same token that such a pair cannot fall in love—that is, into a state in which they already are, or have been since the beginning of time for them—neither can they fall out of love. No matter what life's exigencies or romantic competitions, any separation or departure from one another is unthinkable. It is quite as unthinkable as the right foot's saying to the left foot: "I have other interests in life henceforth besides padding along in company with you. From now on, you go your way and I go mine!" A pair of feet are a pedal tandem that has to be composed of both its members because either taken separately is useless—even to itself. In the case of the two halves of the bisexual soul, secular interests could not intrude to disrupt their partnership because the activities that interested one would automatically engage the two of them. They are, to all intents and purposes, one person—not two people trying to be copies of one another.

So it is not with such spiritual affinities that our proposition deals.

(Continued on Page 14)



Communism Must Be Unsuspected

*A Significant Address by
ADMIRAL
BEN MOREELL
of Jones & McLaughlin
Steel Co., and Foundation
for Economic Education*

That unsuspected innovations in civics and education may conceal the most subtle of all Marxist measures as they come to final flower, is something that John Q. Public rarely has called to his attention. Actually he is being asked to espouse Communism by a majority vote, not recognizing it for what it is.

Last week VALOR printed the first one-third of the Admiral's speech, describing seven of the points of Marxist encroachment on our free institutions. The second installment picks up the speech afresh, with exposition of the Labor Corps for Agriculture and Industry.

Admiral Moreell continues—

Plank 8 of the communist program is the establishment of labor corps for agriculture and industry. Fortunately, that has not yet gained wide acceptance in America, although the Works Progress Administration (WPA) and the Civilian Conservation Corps (CCC) of the early New Deal years made a good beginning on this program. And the recent recommendations by Government agencies for the institution of compulsory unionism certainly contains the nucleus of the idea. In fact, in February, 1921, the Central Executive Committee of the American Communist Party published a statement which suggested that the closed shop is essential to give Communism the control of industrial power necessary to create a Red America.

Many of us lost sight of the strenuous

effort made by the Federal Government, in 1946, to draft all striking railroad workers into labor corps, a genuine "slave labor act" which was barely averted.

Because of its importance to our subject, I believe a brief review of that incident is in order. As the result of a special message from the President, a bill entitled "Temporary Industrial Disputes Settlement Act" was introduced in the House on May 26, 1946. The bill provided that if management or labor, including unions, refused to return to work in an essential industry after an emergency had been declared by the President, the President would have the power to draft *workers, labor leaders, and management* into the Army, on such terms and conditions as *he* might prescribe following seizure of the struck or locked-out facilities by the Government.

The House of Representatives, acting under the alleged stress of a national emergency, suspended its rules and passed the bill, practically without debate, by a vote of 306 to 13.

In the Senate the bill was amended to eliminate the section providing for the draft powers, referred to above. The bill was passed by the Senate but died in Conference Committee.

In the light of current events, it is interesting to note that the removal from the bill of the draft section was the result of a vigorous attack by Senator Taft, who denounced that section as follows: "I object, in peace time, to giving the President power under which, during an emergency, he could requisition every industry in the United States, put every workman in the United States in the Army, and set up a Fascist state within the United States of America. . . . I wish to say that it seems to me that Section 7 goes further toward Hitlerism, Stalinism, and totalitarian government than any provision I have ever seen proposed in any measure . . . What is the purpose of including the drafting of labor union leaders? Does that not make



LHAT the various Social Welfare programs so raucously promoted in the attractive names of Progress and Prosperity can be the most artful variety of Communist inductions, was brought to the attention of the American Petroleum Institute in Chicago last November in a masterly address by Admiral Ben Moreell. Admiral Moreell has produced a great public document in this speech, which is enjoying heavy reprintings from coast to coast.

Watched for “Innovations”

this purely a punitive measure, rather than a measure in good faith intended to obtain workmen to operate the company?”

Senator Taft pointed out that the President's authority to fix the terms under which individuals could be drafted into the Army gave him absolute and sole power to fix compensation and all other terms and conditions of service *without regard to the general statutory provisions applicable to the Armed Services.*

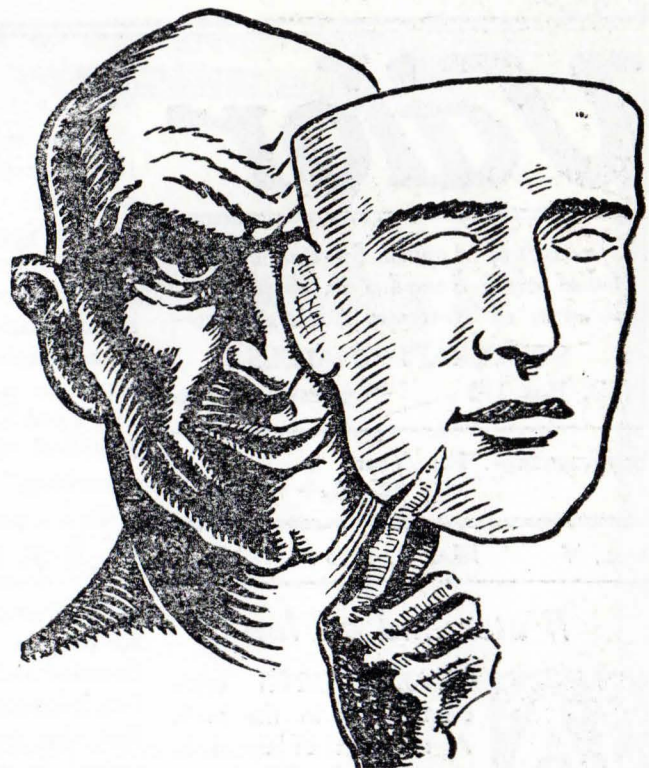
Is it not ironical that the man who is now proclaimed by union leaders as the great friend and protector of labor should have proposed such a dictatorial measure, while the man who is being denounced by those same leaders as the enemy and oppressor of labor should have prevented its passage?

It is pertinent, also, to note that we now have Federal laws regulating the wages and hours of labor and other conditions of employment. It is almost inevitable that once the precedent is set for the exercise of government power in this area, it will eventually be used to *oppress* labor as it is now used to *favor* it; political winds shift easily, and sometimes quite rapidly. We appear to overlook the fact that what the Government gives, it can take away; and when it chooses to do so, the taking is usually in increased measure.

Government Planning In Agriculture And Industry

Plank 9 of the communist program is the listing of other ideas for government planning in agriculture and industry and population controls. In one form or another we seem to have accepted the fundamentals of all of these.

A series of proposals have recently been made for the decentralization of industry by use of the emergency powers granted under the Defense Production Act.



Certainly no one can deny that the notorious Brannan plan for aid to both farmers and consumers is a vicious scheme to lock a large segment of agriculture production in the vise of bureaucratic controls. And the entire scheme of agriculture subsidies based on “parity”, or a percentage thereof, thus linking farm prices to industrial wages, is certainly part and parcel of that “combination of agriculture with manufacturing industries” envisaged by this plank of the communist platform.

Government Controlled Schools

Plank 10 is government ownership of schools, with compulsory attendance and compulsory support. It is quite clear that Marx intended that government ownership of schools should be exclusive, i.e., its fundamental purpose was clearly government *monopoly* control of the minds and bodies of our children. We have already taken important steps in that direction. Recently one of our most eminent educators, the President of Harvard University, frankly advocated the abolition of all privately operated grade and secondary schools.

Now the Federal Government is moving into this area by means of its Federal Aid to Education Program. In a study recently published by Columbia University, the author, Dr. James Earl Russell, traced the many ramifications of federal financing of higher education and reached this important decision: “The Federal

Government, in a typical post-war year (1947), spent just about 500 million dollars of the 1 billion dollars that it cost the colleges to operate—50¢ of every dollar that the colleges took in came from the Federal Government. And not all of this came in the form of payment of fees for the veterans under the GI Bill. Much of it came from research contracts, direct federal grants, and for other services.” Dr. Benjamin Fine, education editor of the *New York Times*, who appears to favor participation by the Federal Government in education, seems pleased to report: “The Russell study plainly shows that higher education has become a major concern of the Federal Government.”

Let us here again recall the dictum of the Supreme Court that “It is hardly lack of due process for the Government to regulate that which it subsidizes.” The history of totalitarian governments indicates clearly that when government moves into education there is great danger to freedom of opinion and true liberal education for our children.

The ten planks which I have discussed briefly above could, of course, be discussed in greater detail. I have listed only the most familiar and obvious examples. But this startling fact cannot be denied: since Marx enunciated his doctrine slightly more than 100 years ago, we Americans have adopted in varying degrees—practically his entire program.

(Continued on Page 10)

Valor

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Water and a Plan



CHALLENGING criticism comes in the mail. A recipient of the Liberation-Soulcraft literature writes, "I have read your advertising with inter-

est, but what your objective is, I can't make out. When I understand clearly what it is you are seeking to accomplish, not to mention how you expect to accomplish it, I will feel more like owning some of the books you publish and perhaps becoming identified with your Movement."

This is expressing in different form another comment that is common, to wit, . . . "Why doesn't Liberation-Soulcraft have a Plan and a Program? Communism, for instance, has a plan and a program—which it seems to be carrying out too realistically for comfort. Catholicism, Christian Science, even the various Protestant denominations, are at least aggressive in making clear to the prospective convert just what he receives by joining up. But Liberation-Soulcraft, outside of asking a few strangers to come and hear discourses, or buy a book, is more or less philosophically nebulous."

These criticisms are uttered on an implied premise that someone is at fault for not organizing Liberation-Soulcraft more effectively and pursuing promotional work in the field.

The fault lies, perhaps, in quite another quarter.

Let's say there's a parched and barren land whose scant waters are brackish and only make the thirst greater. Suddenly comes the day when a landslide breaks open a hidden spring. Clear, cool, thirst-

quenching waters pour down across a valley, available to all.

What sort of criticism would it be that addressed this water as to its qualifications? . . . "I have noted that you are gushing forth from the rent made by the landslide, but what your objective is, I fail to make out. When I understand clearly what it is you are seeking to accomplish, not to mention how you expect to accomplish it, I will feel more like drinking of you, perhaps becoming identified with the business of thirst-quenching."

Or suppose the more "practical-minded" desert sojourners asked each other, "Why doesn't this stream have a Plan and a Purpose? There is a stream of water over in the next State that, properly dammed and harnessed, produces two million kilowatts of electrical power per day. But this stream that has suddenly appeared in our valley is just content to meander. It is, on the whole, philosophically nebulous."



And while the critics are regarding the new clean water, puzzled, what if it abruptly occurred to someone to realize that water *was* water in its own right, to be drunk to quench human thirst and not created to be "organized"?

What if the dwellers on that desert merely drank of that stream and were refreshed—wouldn't the water be justifying its existence?

Must it be dammed up, commercialized, made into electric power, sold for ten cents the cup or a dollar the gallon before it "means anything?"

Liberation-Soulcraft recommends the supernal doctrine of the *Golden Scripts* as life-giving water for those people of a modern generation who may be parched and thirsty. That it is water in itself, justifies its existence. That it is a failure as water merely because the inhabitants in its vicinity don't beat tom-toms ag-

gressively enough, or as aggressively as the Commies, Romanists, Scientists, or evangelical Protestants, appears somewhat absurd.

It is far from being uncharitable to declare, "Let those who do not care to drink, continue to go thirsty. The water is available. If they must be coaxed, threatened, or commercially coerced, to have their barren throats laved, something must be wrong. After all, there are people, now beginning to add up into thousands, who *have* sampled the water and discovered its beneficence."

Must a stream of life-giving water have a purpose to accomplish outside of its own essence?

Fall back on this analogy when the next criticism of Liberation-Soulcraft comes up.

Drink of the doctrinal water for soul-profiting purposes, before bethinking how it might turn dynamos or wash away obstructing mountains.

What Price Cataclysm?



PEAKING of mail, . . . another standard inquiry made of VALOR is whether or not there is coming a universal terrain cataclysm this summer—because it is 1953—that will erase half the United States territory and prostrate the remainder practically beyond recovery? Certain passages in the *Golden Scripts*, notably Chapter 72, are too often interpreted as predicting catastrophe, preceding the Second Coming. In the "mountains know movement" reference, in Verse 47, the timid are certain that even the *Golden Scripts* predict wholesale demolition.

The editor of VALOR, having lived 63 years in this world, experienced two world wars—the first of them in Godless Russia during the Marxist revolution—and lived to transcribe a million and a half words of Higher Counsel that present entoto a fairly accurate picture of what still is to come, does nevertheless, like Secretary of Defense Charles E. Wilson, go to bed each night and sleep unworried till morning.

Does anyone care to lay a bet with him that the United States won't be the same old bickering, restless, conniving, progressing country on the morning of

August 21, 1953 that it has always been?

Calamity remember, is ever a personal matter. The world can fold up for you at four o'clock this afternoon if news comes that the one you love dearest in life has suddenly made The Passing by a motorcar accident.

An earthquake that merely shakes half a state may mean quite as much "the end of the world" to those involved, as a cataclysm that buries an entire distant continent.

No, from all that the editor of VALOR has gathered from 25 years of clairaudient counselling, the "End of the Age" means the passing of this sequence of diabolical deceit and hoodwinking of naive humanity by Sons of Darkness. As for the *Golden Scripts*, notice in Verse 52 of the above-quoted chapter that the wording is explicit: ". . . then do come earthquakes and cataclysms of a *spiritual* order."

Probe into these dire portendings of universal cataclysms that are due to demolish humanity lock, stock, and barrel, and find—as in one outstanding instance—that their authors are Kremlin educated. Putting a general Fear Complex into humanity, breaks down poise and valorous achievement to withstand the depredation that is fundamental in Marxism.

No, the nation is going through the karma of paying for the murder-bust of two world wars, and the paralyzing deflation that comes from spending money without sense. It is, however, a *brief* Valley of the Shadow through which Americans pass, and more spiritual and economic than literal and material. And a grander and greater United States is coming from the whole of it than anything Americans have known since the Constitutional Convention.

Yes, VALOR is "going out on the limb" by saying it, but a dozen so-called psychics have already gone out on limbs—prophesying wholesale catastrophes for 1952. Two slight shakes in California, one of which knocked down a woman's prison.

As a matter of fact, anyone can safely predict some sort of earthquake somewhere, during 1953. But as for the universal "end of the world," Soulcrafters have only to read that masterly Script, "*If I But Gave the Word!*" to obtain the guarantee that "the end of civilization" is still a long way off. "I give not such

"If I but Love . . ."

IF I but love
No shadow will I cast
Across the pathway of another's day;
Whatever I may do or say,
I will but help another on his way
If I but love.

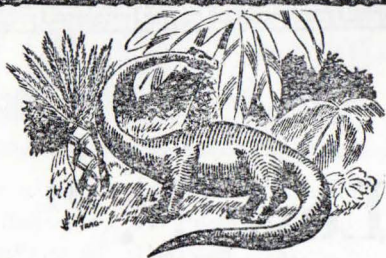
If I but love,
I may rebuke some sin
Which lurks unseen within a worthy friend,
And know that motives pure will not offend
But rather, will a deeper friendship lend
And make us more akin,
If I but love.

If I but love,
I then may see that light,
Of Love Divine, which in its healing glow
Dispels all sickness, sin and woe;
And in that holy hour I too shall know,
There is no earthly night,
If I but love.

If I but love,
You ask, how shall I know?
If little children smile their trust in me,
If little creatures want to friendly be,
If I but wish to bless each one I see,
These signs shall tell me so,
If I but love.

If I but love,
All Nature's bounteous storehouse open stays
To him who knows naught but to love; his ways,
Shall be directed by the Love that plays,
Upon the harpscord of the soul always
If I but love.

through WINCHESTER MACDOWELL



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SOULCRAFT CHAPELS
NOBLESVILLE, INDIANA

word," the Great Avatar promises.

That's good enough for VALOR.

If any "end of the world" were ahead, how account for specific instructions of matters to be consummated in the months and years ahead? If the terminus of civilization threatened, would those in authority over all of humanity not be aware of it? Not even the atom bomb is to proceed to such might that it destroys what we know as civilization of the present.

VALOR refuses to get excited.

What price cataclysm indeed?

What Happened to Milt?



MUSEDLY enough, the Liberation audiences all over the country, seem to have been stimulated through the "Harriman Milton Serial". The average human temperament cannot withstand the lure of a story, and the injection of esoteric transcripts only incidentally makes them the better understandable. So it seems to be working out.

All of which calls for the announcement that the "Eyes of Understanding" series of discourses *will continue uninterrupted throughout the approaching summer*. Rumors to the contrary are without official foundation.

Other characters will be introduced from time to time; in fact, the Wallace and Charlotta Cornings come into the current reel under the title of *Karmic Messengers*. And the wealth of clairaudient transcripts relating or pertaining to all these persons, has scarcely yet been scratched.

Scores upon scores of pages of transcripts as bound and preserved in the Revelator's books came to be recorded as he went to Supernal Sources, back in 1929-30, to get counsel in the plights or predicaments of his friends. Thus the wide variety of the material is accounted for.

All these persons were very real flesh-and-blood personalities, but frankly they have had their names altered so as not to cause them present-day embarrassment.

There is only one catch in the series, insofar as it involves Headquarters . . . getting the reels back to Noblesville that new installments of the narrative may be recorded. Chaplains write, "How can I

send back any reel of a vital sequence in this series? It spoils the continuity." Nevertheless, Headquarters is "up against" a major headache, getting enough reels returned to transcribe each new weekly broadcast. The number of group assemblies now listening to the "What Happened to Milt?" story, exceeds one hundred. That means that over a thousand physical tapes or wire spools are coming or going all the time. Headquarters has a \$5 investment in practically every tape or spool in transit.

If you wish to retain a complete story of the Harriman Milton vicissitudes, that is quite all right, providing you supply Headquarters with physical reels to replace those you are keeping.

Headquarters has now purchased and circulated over 5,000 reels or spools since this electronic broadcasting started.

The vast majority of these have been retained by chaplains, with new blanks provided and remitted to maintain the reel-bank. But the new Milton Serial is obstructing the circuit among those who are not returning "empties."

If you wish to keep on learning "What Happened to Milt?" get us the physical reels on which to make report. And, incidentally, don't skimp on attention to the esoteric excerpts recited on each reel.

Something of more than passing importance may suddenly appear for your material profit and edification.

Communism

(Continued from Page 7)

Please note that I have not called any one of those specific measures communism. Nor do I call any person who believes in them a communist. I am not interested in name-calling. I am interested only in fighting communism. But the fact remains that, according to the father of communism, all of the measures I have listed are communistic ideas. And so long as I support any of them, I am—according to Marx—supporting the communist program as set forth in his Manifesto. That is what disturbs me, and that is why I bring this vexing problem to you.

After having studied THE COMMUNIST MANIFESTO, the thought struck me that perhaps the fundamentals of communism have changed over the

past 100 years and that this program of government controls, directions, prohibitions, and coercions—this movement toward the ultimate objective of state capitalism—is *no longer* communism. So I turned to the present-day writings of Earl Browder, the leader of the communist movement in America for many years.

Browder And Communism

In his 1950 pamphlet entitled, "Keynes, Foster & Marx; State Capitalism and Progress", Browder lists 22 specific items of present-day governmental action in the United States. These include government housing, social security, tariffs, foreign loans, deficit financing, insurance of bank deposits, guaranteed mortgages, credit and price controls, subsidies, R.F.C. loans to business, and others of a similar nature. Then he states: "They have the single feature in common that they are in the main particular aspects of the tendency to concentrate in the hands of the State the guiding reins of the national economy—i.e., they express the growth of state capitalism (which) is an essential feature of the confirmation of the Marxist theory . . . (This) makes socialism inevitable . . ." And by "socialism" Browder means "communism", because he is well aware that they are the same thing. He then goes on to make this startling statement: "State capitalism, in substance if not in formal aspects, has progressed farther in America than in Great Britain under the Labor Government. . . . The actual substantial concentration of the guiding reins of national economy in governmental hands is probably on a higher level in the United States of America."

Thus I find no escape from my dilemma by turning from the "old masters" of communism to the "new". Browder, communism has "leaped forward to communism has not shifted in any respect since Marx defined it more than a century ago. And, according to Browder, communism has "leaped forward to a new high point in America in the decade 1939 to 1949. It became overwhelmingly predominant in every major phase of economic life and changed the face of politics."

Let me remind you that it is not I—but Browder—who calls these measures communism.

(Concluded Next Week)

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Noblesville, Indiana

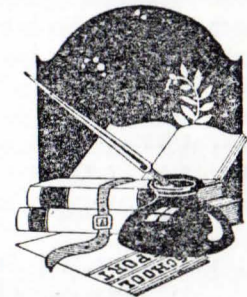
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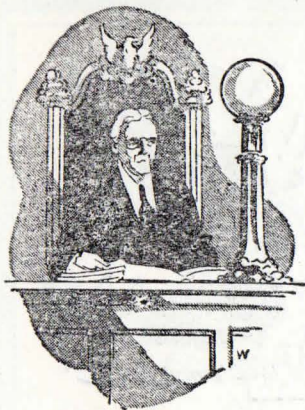
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CHAPTER XI

THE STRUCTURE before which we had halted was two stories in its main section, with a large garage to the west, conjoining a third stretch of buildings making four smaller rooms that apparently in the heyday of the premises had been used for offices and stockrooms. But the windows of all sections were small and boarded over, and a lean-to shed stretched across the front, under which were stored dumpcarts, drays and mowing machinery. There was no sign anywhere in evidence conveying the intelligence that the place was for sale. Across Pleasant Street to the northwest, the nearest dwelling was a white cottage house. Johnny went over and knocked on its door.

A rotund, bright-eyed man in coveralls responded.

“What’s this building across the way?” Johnny Norse inquired.

The one in coveralls answered, “Used to be known as the Box-Shop. Built about forty years ago for the manufacture of berry crates and wooden measures.”

“What’s it used for now?”

“Storage, mostly. For the strawboard works over there to the south.”

“Could it be bought?”

“Might be. Depended on the price.”

“Do you own it?”

“Nope, but I’m caretaker.”

“My name’s Norse,” Johnny introduced himself. “I’ve got Chief Pelley of the Silver Legion out here. He might be interested in acquiring it.”

“My name’s Randall,” said the man in the coveralls. “Let me get my hat and I’ll be with you.”

The hat was a faded cap, and I shook

hands a moment later with “Chet” Randall. He was driver of the school bus, it seemed, which we presently beheld stored in the garage. He was typical Hoosier “folks”, and the cheery, wholesome sort that seemed to distinguish all these Noblesville people.

He took us through the property with a flashlight. The main building was sixty feet in width and a hundred feet long. A great galvanized iron storehouse backed it in the rear.

“Who owns the property?” I naturally asked.

“H. C. Gaeth,” Chet Randall told us. “Once he owned all the property in this whole section of the township. He ran the box factory when it was one of the town’s main industries.”

“Think he’d sell it?”

“Money’s money,” Chet said cryptically. And he informed me where we might find Mr. Gaeth. “He’s a right-guy,” added Randall. “I think he’d like to see you have it.”



GAETH did.

I drove home to Finehaut’s in Indianapolis that night but was back in the morning. Mr. Gaeth, now in the banking business in the community, had owned the premises since his marriage forty years before. He was a fine type of canny but public-spirited businessman, and

when he learned for what purpose I wanted this property, I thought he leaned over backward to see that I got it.

He has been my friend ever since.

This was Noblesville in capsule. It was a town without a slum element, populated by grass-roots Americans who believed sincerely in the American tradition and voted Republican. It was situated in the center of a great agricultural element whose farm homes featured bathrooms.

We bought the “box-factory” . . .

CHAPTER XIII

BUT acquiring the box-factory property was only the beginning of the Indiana saga. It had to be, not renovated, but *reconstructed*, before we could hope to house our Asheville equipment within it on a practical publishing basis. With one Carl Losey, an Indianapolis Legionnaire, I formed a new Hoosier corporation, Fellowship Press, of which Carl became president. Procuring the necessary finance, we started alterations.

All through the summer of 1940, while I was likewise commuting back and forth to Washington on serried extradition hearings, the changing over of the buildings after the pattern of their present lay-out proceeded. Local workmen under another typical Hoosier, Sam Redd, did the the job by the day. The front rain-shed, sheltering the dumpcarts and drays, came off. The strawboard company had to move out their stock and the board covers were pried off the old-fashioned windows. We ordered big five-by-seven windows from the local sash-and-blind mill, and Sam installed them. We mowed the frowsy grounds and pulled off barnacle out-buildings. Inside, floors were repaired, cement bastions constructed for the forthcoming heavy printing machinery, partitions put up, and new doors hung. A fresh lease of life began to exhibit in the mid-victorian old box-factory. Finally, to cap all, the en-

tire building received a new coat of brick-paint and a sign, FELLOWSHIP PRESS, INC. went up along its eastern front. Late November had come, in fact, before we were ready to send down Indiana trucks to Asheville for the printing machinery.

Meanwhile, *I had lost the first round of my fight against extradition in Washington* . . . If I were to be saved the fate of going back to North Carolina and serving a year on the rock pile for the felonious act of publishing my corporate statement in my monthly magazine, either the Washington Appeals Court or the Supreme Court of the United States would have to perform it. In 1940, make no mistake, FDR was the Joe Stalin of Federal politics and when he wanted a dangerous critic hung—symbolically speaking—he was hung . . . and tried afterward. Francis Biddle was his hangman, and every justice on the Washington Bench seemed to fear the knock of the OGPU on his backdoor o' nights. Nevertheless, Eddie O'Connell still clung to the cheery fiction that he could save me.

My first hearing, at the end of 30 days, had come before the late Chief Justice Wheat of the District Federal Court, a personage so aged that he could scarcely speak distinctly from his withered gums. There were times, I thought, when he did not speak anyway. He gibbered.

His only formula for hearing an extradition case, I was to learn, was the stereotyped whimper, "Are the papers in order?"

"No, Your Honor," Eddie O'Connell had exploded that first morning, "they are not in order. I have never seen a case that so closely approaches shanghaiing a man out of Washington as this one."

Justice Wheat had fingered through the papers and regarded them from lack-lustre eyes. "They seem to be regular," he protested in senile complaint. "Why are they not in order?"

"When a man has committed no crime during the running of a suspended sentence, violating it, he has the right to assume that he must be wanted for some fresh charge. These extradition papers disclose no new indictment of my client and no new charges made against him. *Why does North Carolina want him?*"

"Do we have to go into that?" the old man whimpered.

"Your Honor, I respectfully call your

attention to the fact that a man's liberty is at stake."

"Then we'd better have a hearing when representatives of North Carolina can be present. The defendant can continue on his bond at present, and come back on the 17th," or words to that effect, whatever month it was.

This was all the satisfaction I got. This was an extradition hearing, when one ran foul of Roosevelt.

When I returned on the 17th—if that was the date—the Chief Justice was not presiding. The notion to release me was heard before Justice Jesse Adkins, later to become of Mass Trial distinction. But before the day of the hearing arrived I had gone up to O'Connell's office to find him in high fettle.

"Know who we're going to have as chief witness for examination in your case?" he exalted.

"Roosevelt?" I suggested facetiously.

"Almost," he answered. "We're going to have Governor Clyde Hoey of North Carolina. I rather think we'll bring out what hijinks are beyond this whole dirty business."

"Has Hoey agreed to come up and testify?"

"I got a subpoena on him," laughed Eddie. "He happened to be up here yesterday attending the annual dinner of the North Carolina Society. I had the process server stand in the receiving line to meet the Governor. When they shook hands, the Governor found a little paper in his palm. He hit the ceiling but it was legally served."

We went across to the Court House.

Was Governor Hoey present? He was not. The only persons present were one of the lawyers who had taken the case against me in 1934 as "assistant" to Prosecutor Nettles, and two Buncombe County deputy sheriffs. But before the proceedings got under way, up stood an Army man, one General Cox.

"Your Honor," he addressed Justice Adkins, "I ask to be heard for the Honorable Clyde Hoey, Governor of North Carolina. He was subpoenaed to attend this hearing and testify in respect to why North Carolina wants Mr. Pelley back. Unfortunately, as he happens to be Governor of a great State, he could not tarry in Washington for a mere extradition hearing. He has returned to Raleigh and asks you to cancel his obligations under legal process."

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SOULCRAFT CHAPELS
NOBLESVILLE, INDIANA

Well, well, well! The Governor had walked out! Governors of "great States" had plenty of time, it seemed, to listen to arguments for shifts of judges from jurisdiction to jurisdiction when there was an anti-Roosevelt culprit to be dealt with, or extradition papers to be signed, or annual meetings of the North Carolina Society available for speech-makings. But they had no time for obeying legal processes that might redound to the culprit's favor.

Justice Adkins was duly sympathetic . . . not with me but with the Governor.

Ofcourse it was unthinkable that anyone so august should be asked to testify in a mere extradition hearing where nothing more was at stake than the liberty of an anti-New Dealer.

"That's quite all right, General," he assured the Army man, not blinking an eye. "Proceed with your case, gentlemen."

It was my first glaring lesson that the Law was evidently in existence to apply to hoi-polloi only. Officials were immune.

Choking back his Irish ire, Eddie said, "I'll ask the legal representative from Buncombe County to take the stand. We would like to examine him upon the major features of this case."

The prosecutor's "assistant" came forward and was sworn . . .

(Continued Next Week)

Cosmic Romances

(Continued from Page 5)

NOW to arrive at the vicissitudes constantly occurring between the male and female expressions of third or fourth persons, and ascertain why there should ever be a premise for the query: "Don't you love me anymore?" we must be honest with ourselves as the scientist is honest, and set ourselves to examine what Love between ordinary man and woman is, in the first place.

In true spiritual physics there is little room for sentiment, because sentiment is a category of spiritual activity unto itself just as spiritual physics is a category. We are not being callous when we take such an attitude; we are simply discriminating as between cosmic processes.

So we have to look candidly at the stark fact that the influence known as Love—that first attracts and then binds into a partnership a given man and wom-

an—is nothing more nor less than Self-Profit in Action! In the man-and-woman relationships aside from cosmic complementings, either the man or the woman—or both!—behold a vast improvement to their physical, mental, or spiritual selves by affecting to assume the role of partner to the other.

There is nothing particularly sordid in taking this view of it. To some measure or other, all life-roles hold profit. But in the case of a conjunction with a human being of the opposite sex, one or the other—or both!—propose to balance their karma or pay their karmic debts and thus profit by freedom from the weight of them, or they aspire to material, philosophical, or ethical gains which would not be theirs if such partnership were not effected.

To use a common expression, we might say that such people "Marry to better themselves!" In other words, they are after a specific profit from the relationship with each other.

There is nothing ignoble about it! It is Nature's method for increasing the self-awareness or improving the species, if there be offspring.

The man marries because he wants the improvement or profit of a home and a woman's domestic ministrations. The woman marries because she recognizes that the man is more learned than herself, or has the greater sophistication which he will impart to her. Whereupon take note of this—

The "love" that is assumed to exist between them is a sympathetic acquiescence to the other's foibles and private habits, based upon, or bred by, the romantic and domestic intimacy!

But by the very essence of the man's "knowing more" than the woman, or the woman's "knowing more" than the man, there is evidenced an inequality in the relationship that must ultimately become balanced. When such balance is effected, the basis for the romance or marriage commences to grow unstable. Other interests become of more imperative significance. Comes the day when the poignant question is voiced: "Don't you love me any more?"

Eternal reams of paper have been filled with the dramas and tragedies resulting when such status is reached. But fundamentally it means that the party so interrogated simply may have been first to reach a recognition that he has

given all of himself—or herself—to the relationship that karma requires of him in the present life-span. The present life-span likewise holds other claims on his attention, to make the career well-rounded and prolific with the expected profit. The queried party must be about such other business as well. What the deficient partner, or the not-yet-awakened partner, truly is asking is: "Has the time arrived when I cannot be the monopolizing interest in your career any longer?" The vanity of the querying party may be hurt by an affirmative answer, so it is withheld out of sentiment.

ALL THE same, karma will not be thus hoodwinked or ignored. If the monopoly is kept up longer than just to either party thus involved, strange vicissitudes in life will arise and intervene in the relationship—or there will be many kinds of unwholesome strategies resorted to, which in common parlance make the offending party "untrue" to the one who is demanding to exercise the monopoly.

Remember, in nine cases out of ten, when such a would-be monopolist is thus "hurt" by the erstwhile partner's "neglecting" him for other persons or other pursuits, the hurt actually is to the vanity. It is insufferable to the ego, either in man or woman, to face the fact that he or she may no longer be indispensable to the other.

It was at no time a case of indispensability from the beginning. It was a case of one man and one woman having karmic obligations to adjust toward one another, or ministrations to give to each other that were to effect certain results in the character of one or the other—or both. The karma having been adjusted, or the gains delivered, then new interests demand that they shall be served as well.

Why not face such facts philosophically? Becoming lacrimose over them, or resorting to various types of violence to get "redress" is, after all, but stirring up new karma that in a subsequent life will have to be adjusted afresh!

Anything rather than that!

A TRAMP knocked at the back door of a farmhouse.

"Madam," he said to the hard-eyed woman who responded, "would you help a poor man out of his troubles?"

"Sure," she agreed. "Would you rather be shot, or hit with an axe?"

"In a lilac-scented summerhouse in a garden, in the hush of May night. Try to think ahead to that. It may keep you from feeling homesick," Norval said . .

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SOULCRAFT STUDIOS
NOBLESVILLE, INDIANA



T H E P A Y O F F

THE TRAIN had just come out of a long tunnel. The conductor noticed a lad and a girl who looked decidedly flustered. The boy was brushing powder off his coat. The girl was rearranging her hair.

"Did you know," he inquired, "that the tunnel we just passed through cost \$15,000,000?"

"Did it?" cried the girl. "Well, it was worth it."

A HOUSE-OWNER sailed for Europe, leaving his pet parrot in charge of his brother. He worried about his bird all the way over. When he got to Southampton, he sent this cable—

"Be sure and feed parrot."

The brother cabled back, "Fed parrot Thursday. He is hungry again. What shall I do now?"

A TEACHER wished to bring out in her pupils' minds the idea of size. "Which one of you," she asked, "can mention a difference between an elephant and a flea?"

One boy said after a moment's scowling, "Well, an elephant can have fleas but a flea can't have elephants."

THE MAID said, "You know that old vase, mum, you said had been handed down through your family generation to generation?"

"Certainly."

"Well, it ain't gonna be handed down no more, mum. This generation has dropped it."

THE SOLDIER was describing what had happened to him in the war.

"A bullet struck me in the head," he related, "then went careening into space."

A modern girl was unimpressed.

"Well, you're being candid about it, anyhow."

COBBING, the woman presented a man's picture to the desk sergeant.

"This man, my husband, has disappeared," she said. "I want you to find him."

The officer looked up from the photo. "Why?" he inquired.

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"Karmic Messengers"

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SOULCRAFT STUDIOS

Noblesville, Indiana

THE MAYOR of Detroit spread the report that Billy Graham was preparing an evangelistic campaign in Cleveland. He wrote the mayor of Cleveland for names of any citizens who might be in special need of salvation.

The mayor of Cleveland sent the mayor of Detroit a copy of the Cleveland telephone directory.

TWO THINGS we can always be sure of—Death and Taxes. There is this to be said about Death however. It doesn't get worse with each new Congress.

SHE REMARKED, "Two months ago I was mad about Edward. Now I can't see him for dust. Strange how changeable men are."

THE MOTORIST yelled to the hill-billy, "Hey, your house is on fire!"

"What say?" drawled the native.

"I said, aren't you aware that your house is on fire?"

"Yeah," said the hill-billy, "I know it."

"Why aren't you doing something about it?"

"I am doing something about it."

"What are you doing?"

"Ever since the dang fire bruk out, I been prayin' for rain."

"MAMA, do all angels fly?"

"Yes, Willie, what makes you ask?"

"'Cause I heard daddie call our new maid an angel this noon. Will she fly, too?"

"Yes, Willie, just as soon as I can get upstairs."