

# Valor

The Golden Times Weekly . . .

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

Volume V

Noblesville, Indiana, Saturday, October 10, 1953

Number 24



## MUST THE EARTH OBEY FIATS OF BRITAIN'S CLUBMEN?

**T**HE EDITOR of this journal happens to be of purest English-Scot ancestry, with his personal name on Page 2859 of *Burke's Peerage*, under the heading: FAMOUS SONS OF BRITISH FAMILIES OVERSEAS. All the same, he was born an American and exults in that fact.

Because of his ancestry, however, he considers he has every moral license to criticize Britain in VALOR under the prerogative of discussing the world conduct of his own breed. It is not pretty record—at few periods in the world's history



# If Britain Wants to Side with Finished to Her Long and

has it ever been a pretty record. It has been a record of spoils and force and arrogance, of dividing and ruling, of diplomatic hypocrisy and commercial exploiting. Now in the wake of two major wars, it seems, with a new era dawning upon the world's bruised and battered nations, Britain at last is being called to an accounting. The pity of it is, that Britain herself doesn't sense this accounting. Her Tory policies are shaped and guided by the generation of yesteryear, snugly ensconced in their London clubs, unaware that life across the entire globe has altered.

Few writers of recent times have portrayed the character and temperament of Britain's postwar rulers more accurately than Douglas Reed, former continental correspondent of the *London Times*. His two war books, *Insanity Fair* and *Disgrace Abounding* cannot be bought in this country; evidently the British fuddy-duddies will not permit them to be circulated abroad. But they constitute the most scathing indictment of a people ever penned.

Reed, impoverished and ill in an African hospital when last heard from, went through the whole Nazi saga as correspondent at Berlin, Prague and Budapest, only to find himself jobless and friendless for telling the truth about the hollow mockery of British aristocracy. VALOR has all of Reed's books and its editor has read them minutely . . .

**B**UT IT has taken two outstanding newsmen of our own country to tell the story of England's moral bankruptcy growing out of the Hitlerian and Korean Wars—William J. Baxter of the Baxter International Economic Research Bureau in New York, and Henry J. Taylor, lead-

ing radio commentator for General Motors, who has just come home from a three-months study of the real Europe of the present. Like Reed, they unhesitatingly attribute Britain's collapse as a world power to the English caste system, that smugly bethinks to run the earth with its Public School graduates or members of an aristocracy that has run its day. The contributions of both are of utmost importance to VALOR readers, inasmuch as they forecast what the foreign policy

of the United States must become shortly to fill the vacuum left by the decline of British power politics.

Taylor's broadcast of September 14th in particular, stressed England's precarious position in being ruled at present by a paralytic. Before Baxter sounds off on Britain as an economic factor in our affairs, consider Taylor's information that has reached VALOR's desk in a mailing from General Motors' publicity department—

## Winston Churchill Suffered a Brain Stroke



WINSTON Churchill is a very sick man. That's true. The sad illness of this great man before the proposed Bermuda conference was actually a paralytic stroke.

It occurred at a small dinner that the Prime Minister was to address. He rose, but suddenly he could not speak. He was taken from the dinner in great privacy.

Since then there have been two small recurrences.

But, contrary to all rumors and predictions, Britain's famous leader, now 79 years old, *does not propose to resign*. In fact, I can tell you, on the direct statement of his closest friends in London, that so far he absolutely refuses to do so.

Why?

The real answer does not concern any question about his successor, Mr. Eden, or anyone else. It actually involves Winston Churchill's own idea about history.

Winston Churchill has a very keen sense of history. He is, in fact, one of the great historians of our day. And no living man helped to make more history than Winston Churchill himself—intensely history-minded.

**H**E IS deeply affected and angered by the unfair charge, made by his political opponents and others, that he is a great war leader all right, but that he is not the kind of man who can make peace—that in peacemaking he is a failure.

"History must never say this of me," he has told close friends again and again.

Accordingly he feels, at the bottom of his heart, that he must see completed some kind of peace after this last war—some written agreement that can close out his war victory and express the brave purposes of freedom.

He has set his own goal for history's picture of him—namely that he will go down not alone as a war maker but as a maker of the peace. If you are perplexed by the strange clouds that move and gather on the horizon of British policy with the Russians today, remember that fact.

For the tragic warning of his paralytic stroke is plain to Britain's great leader. How, at the age of 79, he knows full well that, as with all that is earthly, his days are numbered.

Thus he is, in fact, a very old man, a very ill man, who is in a hurry. He knows what history will finally write of him and of his enormous life must be pressing to a close.

An indication of this pressure within himself occurs in an event so far untold.

It is news. It is a fact. And, in principle, it is very revealing.

**S**IR WINSTON is now preparing for himself, and on a large scale, the story of his own death. He has asked the British Broadcasting Company to engage in a project.

He is now supervising the project himself at his personal country residence at Westerham, Kent.

# Russia, She Writes Muddled Life ..

The work consists of quietly assembling his own choice of excerpts from his television, radio and newsreel appearances across the years to arrange them into what he considers to be their proper balance, to be shown on the announcement of his death.

Memorial statements regarding his death are to be obtained now from his television, radio and newsreel appearances across the years to arrange them into what he considers to be their proper balance, to be shown on the announcement of his death.

Memorial statements regarding his death are to be obtained from British Commonwealth leaders and friends and associates in England and abroad, so that they can be included in his project in advance.

Sir Winston himself is choosing the list of people to make their memorial statements and is doing the cutting and arranging himself.

When the late King of England died, King George VI, Winston Churchill, as an historian, was appalled, I can tell you, by what he considered to be the lack of completeness and accuracy in the television, radio and newsreel memorials rushed onto the air at the moment the news broke that King George had died.

He does not propose to have this happen again.

For here is the feeling of the historian once more in Winston Churchill, rather than merely the feelings of a man.



What news you read of British policy today, and its effect on us and on the world, including Britain's insistence on a quick talk with the Russians, is most wise-



ly read with this unrevealed background in your mind.

## *What Baxter Says about It*

“ONCE again, let's turn the clock back to 1913, when the position of both the British and French Empires was threatened by the rise of German industry and German commerce all over the world. Two wars have been fought to save these empires and knock out German competition. At the 'end of the road,' 40 years late, what is the economic situation you see before your very eyes? Although we, as a nation, are busted higher than a kite, have we saved either of these dying empires? Hardly! As a matter of fact, both of these empires are dying faster than ever, and they are not operating under a system of private capitalism, but rather under a system of STATE SOCIALISM. 'Ruthless Nature' is Cruel in Many Ways. Time means nothing to her. She demands that a nation be efficient and that the people who lead must possess 'white gold.' Actually, after 40 years of warfare, I believe the economic future of Germany is now brighter than before all the shooting started to knock her out. Man may have ideas that he can maintain dying empires, but Nature de-

mands that the cup of success only be given to the 'fast runners' in the race. There is nothing that has dominated the lives of the American people more in the past 40 years than the fact that the once-great British Empire was dying. It has meant that our sons have either had to be engaged in war during most of this period, or preparing for war to try to preserve the empire on which for years, 'the sun never set.' Now, if today the balance of power had not been restored and Germany were still weak, I would have to report to you that the chances of your sons' getting engaged in another war in the not distant future were great. *But I am convinced that the restoration of the balance of power on the continent, with Germany strong again, means that the last shot has been fired in this suicidal effort to try to save an Empire that no one, including man, could possibly save.* You might almost use the French expression, 'The more it changes, the more it remains the same,' to describe the position of Germany right now in 1953 as compared to the position of Britain and France now and 40 years ago.

"Sometime take time off and study the history of relations between Britain and ourselves since the year 1913. It is a con-

(Continued on Page 11)



## FEAR AS AN ECONOMIC ASSET . .

¶ *THE POLITICIANS Give Us Our Choice Between Going Bankrupt or Being Bombed in Our Beds . . Let's Choose Beds*

**T**HIS WEEKLY has quoted frequently before from the editorial page of Indiana's sterling American newspaper, *The Indianapolis Star*. On Tuesday, October 6th, the *Star's* lead editorial proclaimed a situation, the exposition of which deserves the national circulation that *Soulcraft* publications are able to accord it.

The business of frightening the nation into going bankrupt is playing Russia's game just as surely as giving hospitality or support to her invading armies. Here is the *Star's* editorial gem—

“**C**ONGRESSMAN W. Sterling Cole, the top congressional atomic energy watchdog, has virtually urged the American people to open wide the doors of the Treasury and throw away the key in a panicky effort to achieve what he admits would be an illusory defense against the Soviet H.-bomb.

“In a nation-wide radio interview last week end Cole flatly said that information he has gained in the last three months leads him to the conclusion that all hopes for a balanced budget and reduced taxation must go out the window. We must

be prepared to spend an additional \$15,000,000,000 to \$25,000,000,000 on a continental air and radar system of defenses. Cole said that between courting financial ruin by all-out defense spending and inviting all-out devastation by leaving ourselves vulnerable to nuclear attack, he would have to favor the former course. Cole thus becomes the highest official, to our knowledge, to plumb directly for the Oppenheimer idea of a continental atomic Maginot line as the most expensive single element in our defense strategy.

“His warning of our peril, coupled with the report of Mobilization Director Arthur S. Flemming, is ominous. But we do not agree with his conclusions. Cole himself says that even with unlimited spending on continental defenses one out of three, or one out of four at the very best, Red atom bombers would be able to get through to destroy our cities. Asked point-blank if there is any real defense against the threat of nuclear attack, Cole answered that ‘short of a preventive atomic attack on our part, there is no real defense.’ Obviously, then, spending ourselves into bankruptcy is no solution. We can be defeated as surely by sapping and demoralizing our economy as by open warfare. It merely offers

us the choice of slavery as against death.

“Congressman Cole has, however, done the nation a service by dramatizing the situation in its starkest outlines. Once we are prepared to shake off our lethargy and get down to cases, it will be found that other choices exist.

“It must be assumed that the Reds like the prospect of obliteration of their cities as little as we do. Therefore the aggressive force of world communism will concentrate on winning a victory by means of subversion, espionage, infiltration, economic warfare and diplomacy—fields where their almost uninterrupted string of successes has begun to run out with the advent of the Eisenhower administration in the United States. The enemy, sitting on a smoldering volcano of discontent is actually much more vulnerable to this kind of attack than we are—once we know the kind of battle we’re in.

“If Cole is right we are now a beleaguered garrison. It’s about time we pulled in our belts and went on rations. Can the expenditure of billions in foreign aid for old-fashioned ground and sea forces be justified in terms of the hydrogen bomb danger? We could remove the need for this kind of help immediately by stating unequivocally that in any future military aggression by communism against one of our Allies, we would reply with nuclear weapons at once. And at home—

(Continued on Page 10)

# YOUR Ideas about Religion Will Alter After Your Demise

(A Higher Psychological Dictation)



HERE is a proneness on the part of people while in earthly life to argue religious issues and call it Religion.

Warnings have been given by theological authorities that what is taught must savor of sanctity, else it has no meaning to the crowd in religious thinking.

We say to you, never has a premise more execrable been laid down for the formulation of any great religious movement.

*We on This Side have discovered that Religion does not consist of continually talking about Deity. Pure and undefiled Religion before God and Man shall consist of making known to one another the facts about your own Godhood and doing good to one another.*

ARGUMENT is useless in discussing God. Whether God is this, that, or the other, affects no circumstance. You are reaching a point in your earthly development where the true fundamentals of theology must be: *God is, Man is, the Universe is*; stop talking about them and be a good neighbor!

These tenets are the components of a new religious movement that shall presently sweep the earth.

Proposing to mankind to outwit the adversary and build a temple to Holiness at one fell stroke, is not the idea for which we on this side are laboring.

You will see the sense in the reason for this when you have graduated from your earthly bodies and blind man-made concepts, and joined us in these areas of higher spiritual perceptions.

MANKIND is not saved *en masse* in the abstract. He is brought together *en masse* for instruction, it is true. But the technique of his ultimate salvation is

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

something else again, the instant he considers himself.

We tell you that it is impossible to consider mankind in the accumulate in the Plan that is now working out among the nations. Man as man is the individual, solely and utterly. *Saving the individual is the true salvation of the races.*

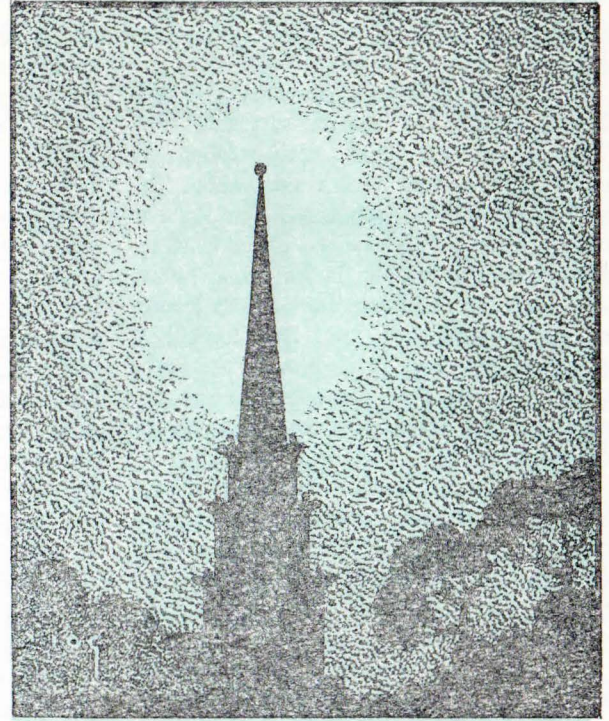
Proficient performance in what is being attempted, consists in utilizing the individual in every instance that offers to the hand.

Individuals are clarified mankind as well as mankind classified for your purposes. We have treated with you in the past on the basis of abstract performance because group truths must be taught before the individual is reached. But this arm of power is utilized by the individual's performance and execution toward any given goal.

The time comes when the warfare of individuals as such must be recognized, not the warfare of abstract mankind.

Each man persists in something to his hurt. He follows his own manifest idea upon a subject, perceives it, acts upon it. He is the link in the chain of circumstances that binds circumstance into a recognizable thing.

When you think of mankind, think no farther than one individual. A million individuals or mankind in the accumulate is man added to himself one million times, no more nor less.



We have, therefore, reached a point where the woes of humankind are no greater or no smaller than those of the single given case.

People are distraught today, obsessed with lechery, hounded by penury, considering ways and means to increase their riches at the expense of others, giving a farthing and expecting a pound. They wish us to propose for them some means or method by which the world may be saved at a blow. And while it may be saved by *mass action*, that will not come about until the powers of each individual man and woman are explained or postulated so that they see that all the world is no greater than themselves.

You have heard it said that the world is to fall on barren times, ushering in calamity, giving no thought to the weak, proposing that the strong shall relinquish their strength, expecting that those in authority shall give of their substance toward profound movements for the general edification of the mass before the time of trial is ended.

All this is apparent as happening in the present. The degree to which it proceeds is one of ignorance and calamity so long as mankind fails to perceive that the factors involved are of his own making, that each man has it in his own power to alter and destroy circumstance when it is in error, and to generally improve that which is approved as his apportionment.

Mankind is in error in thinking that the mass is responsible for his woes. *There*

is no mass, we tell you, and this applies especially to your work.

You have heard us say that the million is the one and the one is the million. That is correct, emphatically, when we come to the woes which now afflict the individual. True, it is impossible for the one to alter the dictates of social custom. Man moves as a class in his social habits and business employments. He is bound to certain economic laws that have him in their grasp and bend him at the force of movements that treat with large apportionments of peoples constructively or destructively.

He is made to realize that he is a unit in a mass when he considers himself socially or economically. *He is not a unit in a mass when he considers himself spiritually.*

He is the mass!

He will leave much of his animosity against his fellows behind him because of the social and economic pressure they exert upon him, when he makes up his mind that he alters his world according as he alters his individual spirit.

Life is a transcription of true spiritual factors into economic pressures and the integrity of the individual becomes the watchword of the time. Today people think of themselves as buffeted by factors over which they have no control. Perfidious belief! *Who are people but themselves?* We say this to you having understanding.

**C**ONSIDER this: A man builds a house and plants himself a vine. He considers he has a home and a tree to give him nourishment. He comes to the point where he desires more than these. He looks abroad and sees that other men have these also. Not being content with his own possessions, he desires that which shall exceed his neighbor in social and economic apportionment. He wants two homes, two trees, to give him individuality.

Right there he has erred.

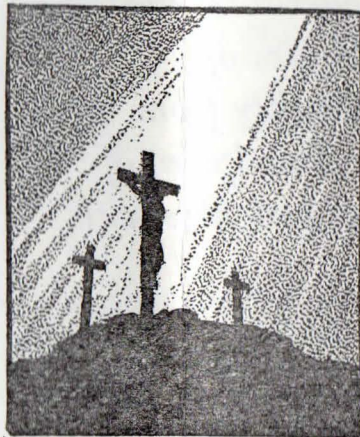
*Two homes or two trees introduce economics!*

Behind them was the spiritual equation of wanting to surpass his neighbor. The time has come for a housecleaning of ideals and that is a spiritual gesture solely.

Mankind is obsessed with making himself lord of all he surveys whether it be nature's property or his neighbor's. There lies the cancer of the present social malady, an old one perhaps, but now new

in its vitality. You are to explain that to him in no uncertain terms. We call on you to do it.

**B**UT THIS does not mean a harangue in the market places as you have decided by some of your preachments. Instructing you in eternal principles has enabled you to grasp fundamentals of living. That far you have been right. You have not been right in your pronouncements of procedure that will lead mankind out of his present hiatus of woe. *It is not a question of reforming the race but a question of a spiritual economics of the individual life.*



Men must have a set of new ideals by which to live. This does not consist of new palliatives for aged sores, but in making each man realize that is the artisan of his own temporal adjustments to life.

A return to fundamental sobriety of conduct in apportioning the dictates of the mass and mob to the individual life is the question at issue, after which all things else follow.

We have said in the beginning that the question of God is not paramount to this—that man shall love his neighbor as himself. Man is not now loving his neighbor as himself, *but loving himself in terms of his neighbor.*

Do you perceive the difference and be wise.

It costs money, time and effort to call the individual man's sense of himself to his attention in this respect. We have been nearly two thousand years doing it and only succeeded in specialized cases. Now the time has come to make a gesture in self-reliance as it were and convince mankind that his woes are brought upon himself by a grasping and a grubbing after the unimportant.

No spiritual essences are procured through possessing inanimate properties. Quite the contrary. Life is an equation in foregoing that which seems to be desirable from the point of view of the pocketbook; not that man should return to a state of savagery and nonpossessing, for that is silliness. Lawful possession for lawful needs is a tenet of life too profound to be ignored in any social state. *Unlawful possession comes in attaining and having that which possesses spiritual distortion in the mind of one's neighbor, setting up an unbalanced ideal as to what is necessary to attain unto individuality in the personal consciousness.*

We have heard of statesmen, poets and philosophers who have lived great lives without possessing an unnecessary farthing, dwelling in humble cots, making no undue display of their increments, not usurping that which was not theirs by right of lawful manufacture. To say that they denied themselves individuality is to utter a paradox. Life gave them more than they gave to life.

All this is history to one who will read the biographies of the great. But rarely has a rich man attained the kingdom of heaven, because he started with a perfidious premise. He seeks individuality in the number of his orchards, not by cultivating the one tree of his own temperament. Thereby does he open himself to universal competition in creating individuality and quickly finds himself surpassed and his individuality thereby lost the instant that his affluent neighbor has one tree more in one orchard more.

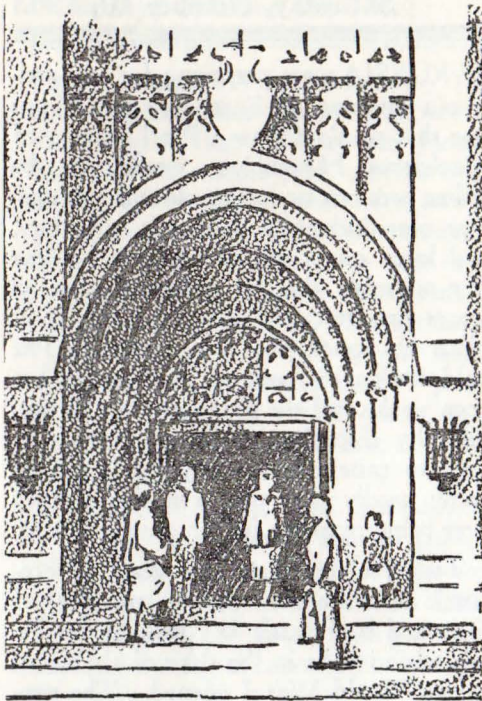
**T**HE REMEDY for all this lies in the individual soul who seeks the individual way out of this sheepfold of colossal misinterpretation of what individuality really is. We speak of this with reverence when we say that God is not interested in mankind as a mass. *God is interested only in the individual as a soul, and the reactions of the individual as a soul to life make up the essence of his godhead.*

Men and women await to be told this with thunderous force at the present time.

This is not a purblind homily on social economics or spiritual quandary. It is a direct command to service of a specific character with a weighty import in the years just ahead.

The time has come for the swing of the pendulum of achievement away from com-

*(Continued on Page 15)*



# Soulcraft Rostrum

Filled by the REV. OLLIE W. JADWIN

## Rainbows of Hope

We are given the allegorical story, in the Old Testament, of God setting his rainbow in the clouds as a token, or pledge, that the human race would not again be destroyed by the catastrophe of flood waters. There is a great moral truth expressed in that story. However else you may interpret the story, there is this positive note about it: that man will be free to develop and use his own ingenuity for his own progress—that he can always behold rainbows of hope for a brighter day after the storm-clouds disappear. How he proceeds to actualize that hope is the thing that counts.

There are certain movements and efforts in the fields of human endeavor today that provide real rainbows of hope. Let's take a look at them.

ONE SOURCE of hope for the progress of humanity is in the field of education. While it is true that there is much superficial learning, yet great advancement is consistently being made toward true knowledge and enlightenment of the human mind in that field. More and more are we learning the value of freedom of the mind to explore and evaluate man himself. We are finding out how to give "recovery of sight to the blind" by freeing men's minds from fear and superstition, and giving them the incentive to discover and utilize the facts behind and in the causes and effects of life as we behold it. Real and true education helps man to know himself. The general course of education is in that direction—to help man know what he is, why he exists, and what the significance of all of it is.

The field of education—of true knowledge—leads to scientific progress for human welfare. True science is making possible an understanding of man's make-up, and of his potentials and possibilities. He is learning not only the wonderful mechanism of an atomic assembly—the human body—but he is discovering the mighty reservoir of power resident in the life force of that body, the soul-conscious-

ness that finds expression through its instrument, the human mind. As the mind expands through study, exploration and discovery, it arrives at an understanding of the causes and effects of life and human relations. This is leading to increasing efforts, on the part of men of good will, to relieve human suffering, to cure and prevent the causes of war, to promote incentives for peaceful and constructive human relations, and to provide the instruments and the instrumentalities for a finer and more wholesome way of life for mankind.

The expansion of correct education leads to social endeavor for human equality—equality of opportunity, within the confines of that which is right and equitable for each and all races and nationalities in relation to that which is best for the total human race.

When one possesses true knowledge, he is lifted to great moral living which produces the inevitable effect of human liberation. A man can't lift others if he lives below them. But dynamic, altruistic living inevitably gives a lift to others onto higher planes of living.

Last, but not least, true knowledge and wisdom will lead to the earnest practice of Christian ideals for human salvation—the kind of salvation that frees the human intellect from its fears, and sets it upon the high road of faith and trust.

Let's hold in our thoughts those meaningful words of the Elder Brother in which he says, "Be still and hear me. I shall come in a thousand rainbows but in only one speech that delighteth the intellect—in the Father's name we conquer." Let's get the correct view of our world and our time. To do so is to find real freedom and true peace of mind.

Two men were standing at the edge of a vast desert. One man, with upraised head and clear, bright vision, exclaimed, "I see a beautiful city!" The other man, somberly gazing at the sand at his feet, said, "I see only the sand."

WHAT DO YOU SEE, MY FRIEND?

**S**OMEONE has said, "God meets man in an especial way at every great moral crisis of human history."

This, I believe to be true. By this, I do not mean to imply that the Almighty takes time out to personally supervise and direct mankind in his periods of great danger. But the great plan of Holy Spirit, and the constant concern of our beloved Elder Brother, makes possible a watch-care in the affairs of men by which the ultimate welfare of the human race is worked out.

True, there are many obstacles that produce hard experiences, but we should always keep in mind that it is those very experiences, both as individuals and in the mass, that teach us lessons for our welfare and for our constant growth and advancement in the eternal scheme of things. And, in meeting those experiences, with equanimity, either as individuals or in mass human endeavors, we constantly have the help of beloved friends from the discarnate planes.

HOWEVER, it is our own efforts and actions in the drama of life I'm considering now. It is the part we play that constitutes the difference between progress and retrogression. In this field of human endeavor, the Divine Plan, if we may call it that, makes provision for humanity to solve its dilemmas through the agencies of great fields of endeavor.

# Valor

A Journal of Applied Spirituality, published every Saturday in the national interests of American Soulcraft, by—

SOULCRAFT CHAPELS

P. O. Box 192      NOBLESVILLE, IND.

Edited by William Dudley Pelley

SUBSCRIPTION: Per Year      \$5.00  
Six Months      \$3.00

VOL. V      OCTOBER 10, 1953      No. 24

## Collapse, Not War



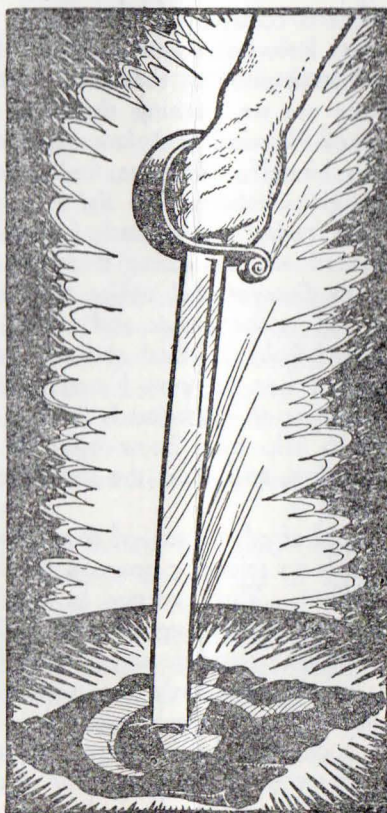
HERE'S only one thing wrong with the *Star's* editorial, reprinted on Page 4. It doesn't come out flatfootedly and tell its readers what is generally known behind the scenes, that we stand in no more danger of going to war with Russia—with hydrogen bombs or any other brand of bombs—than we do with Mexico but that war hysteria must be kept up at all costs to mitigate the sufferings from a collapsing economy. A completely collapsed American economy is undoubtedly to be charged to the Republican Party. If, as, and when it comes the Democrats after the next national election are likely to be in power from here on out. That is, if the world follows conventional patterns.

But sooner or later John Q. Public is due to arouse to the fact that every time business conditions start to slide, the "boys" in Europe who want more United States money give the prod to the boys in Washington, and the bloodcurdling "reports" start out as to how strong Russia is, and how much more cash we are required to dump into Europe to stop the Reds at the Oppenheimer Maginot line. As deflation continues in result of conditions that have been artificially maintained for political prestiges, more and more talk comes out about the "Russian Menace"—but the titanic farce is due to end in catastrophic exposure when the news begins flashing from the continent soon after freezing weather sets in, that

Russia is breaking up completely and that by Spring there's every indication the Kremlin mayn't be with us any longer—not at least holding Bolsheviks.

Bill Baxter said in his most recent report, "As an example of what is going on, this past week New York City had an air raid drill, during which people had to run into shelters and all business stopped. Now if you had suggested in any of the leading cities of Europe that such a raid be put on because of the fear of Russian bombing, you would immediately have been examined by a psychiatrist and definitely pronounced a candidate for a mental institution. But here we are, thousands of miles away, when it is generally admitted that the Russians do not have bombers capable of traveling any such distance to our shores, and yet the war hysteria is kept up so that billions can be spent, and our economy taxed till it collapses. The more you study the whole matter of the relative position of Russia and our own country, the more fantastic even *approaching* war is to the safety of our nation."

Baxter doesn't ask you to take his word for it—he then proceeds to lay the data on the line showing among other items that the food situation in Russia is so desperate that major revolt must come to head this imminent winter.



IF RUSSIA were preparing for any serious invasion of Europe or the all-out war that would follow a Pearl Harbor of Manhattan H-bombing, would she be selling western countries chrome, manganese ores, industrial diamonds, platinum, and large quantities of silver—all prime war materials that no government in its senses can stockpile too much of, if it plans to attack the free nations? The gold market in Paris this past month has been weak, and the Russians were having difficulty disposing of large amounts of gold to raise cash to buy foodstuffs so badly needed that not even the soldiery were being properly fed, let alone civilians.

Today, after thirty-four years of economic experimentation, the number of cows and beef cattle in Russia is far below what it was in the days of the Czar, before World War I opened. The production of fodder or cattle food is such a colossal failure—even admitted in the Soviet press—that meat is well-nigh vanishing. Statistics show that there are 3,500,000 less cows in the Soviet, exclusive of the satellite countries, than there were at the close of World War II, and 8,900,000 less than there were in 1928. An army that contemplated going to war without meat for its men to supply them with Vitamin B—to say nothing of properly fed civilians behind the lines to keep up the munitions potential—would be committing military suicide. The hysterical alarmist who cries that the Russian armies would overrun Europe and feed on the fat of the countries so invaded, should realize how inane he is talking through his hat if he knew what precarious viands existed throughout the Europe thus jeopardized.

Farmers producing crops of grain have only to look six months ahead, but stock raisers, to maintain their herds, are compelled to look years ahead, and as Baxter says, it seems fairly well proven by the complete failure of the Soviet farm program that the peasant farmers have refused to work for nothing over such a lengthy period. What they do is, eat the young animals rather than risk losing them after they are grown.

Individuals who have escaped from behind the Iron Curtain have declared in interviews that improper nutrition among soldiery and civilians alike has resulted in a high rate of disease among the general Soviet population, but more serious than disease, a widespread physical inability to bear arms or stand army life.



First Lieutenant Viktor Makeyev, 33, a chemical technician who deserted the Soviet Army in East Germany last January, believes that *at least forty percent of the Soviet Army officers themselves are opposed to the entire Soviet-Communist regime* and would gladly come over to our side in event the Kremlin fanatics started hostilities in desperation. Private Leonid Ashekhnin, 23, who fled to our side in Berlin in July, estimated that 75 percent of Russian soldiers would desert to the free nations' military the first opportunity that offered.

These are not isolated instances, nor chaff from propaganda opinion polls.

*Russia is due to finish this winter*—every sign points to it. Unless United Nations gets busy and bestirs some other conflict in some other section of the globe, everything to be paid for by American taxpayers, all that America possesses in the way of military equipment is going ruinously obsolete. In a grim expedient to keep up Republican Party prosperity to rival the You-Never-Had-It-So-Good Democrats—if they still *are* Democrats—the Pentagon recently placed an order for \$200 million of tanks with General Motors, every tank admittedly obsolete before it comes off the assembly line. Besides, against what invading armies could \$200 million of tanks be used?

The whole situation is as tragically archaic as Noah's Ark.

**F**RANKLY, it isn't a national-coastline radar belt that we should erect for keeping out Russian bombers—not one specimen of which has ever been seen by American airmen—but a radar belt of fortitude and Christ-Spirituality to protect us from Luciferian propagandists.

Let a host of Space Men, from civilizations tens of thousands of years in advance of us, begin landing in numbers in all countries of the world, and the discovery that they are sane and constructive *friends* will bring a reaction to all this hysterical military-economic plotting that the military of the world may be laughed out of court.

Soulcraft sees *no* third international war launched nor pursued by Russia. It does see a whole world brought suddenly face to face with the nonpayable bill for mass murder by continents.

The Space Men are beginning to acquaint some of us with the fact that this globe is the only one in our galaxy distinguished by the insanity of militarism. If



## Flight of the Fly



WE LEARNED a lot of lessons from this Journey  
in the flesh,

I trust I've learned the main one, as I planned;  
I often sit in quiet thought to listen and absorb  
The truth, which comes to help me understand.

King Richard watched the spider spin upon an old barn wall,  
That wove its web until it was complete,  
Nine times he could not stretch it, but persevering still  
Its lesson saved great armies from defeat.

I watched a bug escape its shell to spread fine dainty wings  
And take off into sunlight's cosmic blue  
Up from the bondage of the muck of river hid below  
Its lesson holds full meaning for us, too.

Impossible this bug's return to brethren Down Below  
To tell them all that happened in his flight,  
He'd left his liquid haven for the realms of upper air  
Above the darkened barriers of Night.

About us all such lessons are if we but wish to see  
The Cosmic Laws, so simple and so sure,  
By our own choice we entered flesh its bondage to refute,  
Without *resistance*, we could not endure.

And so we learn the lesson of the dragon-fly in flight,  
And thank our Elder Brother for this thought:  
That as we live, and live again, upon this plane of flesh,  
We learn all Spirit's wing-flights that are taught!

—through WINCHESTER MAC DOWELL

# "Adam Awakes"



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**Soulcraft Chapels**

they help us become sane in the approaching decade, what then, watchman, of the night?

What, indeed!

Politicians by continents may be forced to come down off their soap boxes and go to work to pay up.

### Sorrowful Planet

WHEN individuals set out to exterminate one another, the act is known as Homicide, and it is punishable by similar extermination decreed by a court of so-called Justice. When States set out to exterminate one another's populations, the act is known as War, and fighting in wars is considered to be both valorous and glorious. What seems never to have occurred to the denizens of this solar satellite is the peculiar phenomenon of extermination in itself.

Our specific planet, of all the inhabited heavenly bodies, we are now being informed by the advance space visitors, appears to be the only orb in Cosmos where fratricidal strife and slaughter is a feature of daily life without being regarded with more than passing horror.

It occurs, of course, from universal ignorance of the major life process itself. And this universal ignorance is not only encouraged but promoted by clerics who have fashioned for themselves and for society a fantastic allegorical hypothesis of Sin, Redemption, and Vicarious Atonement.

It is held to be paganism to expound to the masses that human souls come back into physical bodies again and again until each has learned through bitter experience a higher set of ethics. Killing a man in the physical sense is actually naught else but driving him temporarily out of his mortal organism. Nothing is done to his sentient consciousness but free it to seek another vehicle or obsess some weaker brother in flesh who forthwith develops the homicidal tendencies for which the first was stupidly chastised. Tell a man that this is the only life he lives and upon "losing" it he will be a long time dead, and in a sort of dull despair at the inequity of his situation he doesn't care really whether he lives or not.

In result of this incorrect teaching, men run amuk and exterminate at random, knowing nothing of the retribution that unerringly is in store for them—that they

must go back into physicality again and again until they have learned the folly of such behavior.

AS THE result of such incorrect instruction, the third planet out from the sun is the planet of slaughter and sorrows. In summing up the second chapter of the monumental book *Flying Saucers Have Landed*, Desmond Leslie, co-author with George Adamski of Palomar, California, cites the cases where the immediate reaction to aerial phenomena from other globes has always been to kill, to exterminate.

"We can only conclude," Leslie comments, "that our planet has a bad name in the stellar year-books and travel brochures." Like those signs on the roads running through jungles, which caution tourists not to tarry nor leave the safety of their cars, our planet might well be designated among the Space Travelers of a higher octave of spirit development—

#### WARNING!

Do Not Land on Earth  
Natives Are Dangerous!

And all of it fundamentally stems out of a persistent and dogged stupidity at refusing to acknowledge or concede the cosmic process of reincarnation of the individualized spirit in series of bodies, age upon age. It can be discerned, it can be proven. But it must not be accredited, else it tips over the established religious institutions that have vast cohorts of clerical adherents to be supported from the revenues from error.

Man is paying the price for these, a price figured in more expensive values than Money.

A terrible accounting must await those who inadvertently promote and cultivate slaughter by willful misrepresentation of the cosmic fundamentals, as the residents of other globes succeed in bringing the Truth home to those so victimized.

"This is the Planet of Slaughter. Do not land on it." People of earth are too elemental and uncivilized to join as yet in the advantages and wisdoms of interplanetary society. What an indictment!

### Fear as an Asset

(Continued from Page 4)

can we afford the colossal waste of our national wealth inherent in a subsidized agriculture producing foodstuffs for spoil-

age in Federal warehouses? Or the loss of billions of dollars in the value of man-hours of work needlessly sacrificed in industry-wide strikes? Or bigger and better welfare programs?

"It is imperative that we understand that when President Eisenhower said no burden is too great for our citizens to shoulder in the national emergency, he meant it literally, and he meant all of us. Yes, we must have adequate continental radar and air defenses. But they've got to be only one component, and by no means the most important, of a clearly thought out total strategy for the new kind of war we're in. They must be erected within the framework of national solvency. Any other proposal is the voice of frightened defeatism."

## Britain's Finish

(Continued from Page 3)

tinuous record of false promises; of lying and deceit on the part of the British Foreign Office—and, on many occasions, they have done everything possible to hurt the few writers who have seen through their quackery. Winston Churchill announced, when he took office, that he did not become Prime Minister to liquidate the British Empire. However, if you look at the record, you cannot escape the conclusion that, next to Stalin and one other individual, he is the greatest failure of our time. What is left of the British Empire anyway? For all purposes, they have lost control of South Africa, and the Egyptians have practically kicked them out. India is gone. Temporarily, we have saved their oil possessions in Iran. You will notice that the last month the Foreign Ministers of Australia and New Zealand, in planning their defensive preparations for the future, journeyed to Washington, and not to London.

Churchill and the British Foreign Office have never been "pro-American," despite all their present psalm-singing to that effect. When the lifeline to the empire was threatened in the Mediterranean and Middle East, the British Foreign Office persuaded us to take over the problem of policing the Mediterranean at a fantastic cost to us. In this case, she needed our help to prevent Russia from moving in the Middle East. Her policy has always been to play one country against the other. When we went to war in Korea, we had the usual doubletalk from the

British diplomats about being 'with us' in our Korean War, but it has been proved that British ships and British trade sold billions of dollars of goods to the Communists through China. Or, when it was proposed to create a big steel cartel on the continent of Europe, with Germany included, the British Foreign Office showed its true colors again in fighting anything which would make Germany a powerful competitor of the English steel industry, even if it meant instability in Europe and the strong probability of another war.

"I see no reason why any tears should be shed at the present dying position of the Tory group in charge of the British Empire and British foreign policies. *There is a vast difference between the British people and the British Tory group.* No other single group in the world has been so arrogant or has provoked so many wars. No other single group has done so little for their own people or for the civilization under which they lived. The Churchills, the Edens, and the other Tory leaders have, with very few exceptions, so much to keep the nations of the earth embroiled. Study England's history, if you will, and you'll find that in almost every Tory family the sons are educated at Oxford, Cambridge, or some other school where the 'education' was more in keeping with an age that had already passed by. I have often said that their failure to develop great engineering schools and turn out in their own country men like Andrew Carnegie, Henry Ford, Walter Chrysler, George Westinghouse, etc., resulted in their own country winding up in a dying position and far behind the times. Their people are bitter, and they have a right to be bitter. Their people are unhealthy and tired out, and it is no wonder they are in that position when you see the miserable houses and conditions that this Tory generation has left as a heritage. In our own country, the heritage of the Tory leaders is not pleasant to contemplate either.

"OVER the past 40 years, the Foreign Office of England and our own State Department have subjected you to the most powerful propaganda program in history. One year you were taught to hate the Germans—the next year to love them. One year the Russians are supposedly your blood brothers—the next year you were told they are a bunch of gutter rats. *You and I have all been*

(Continued on Page 14)



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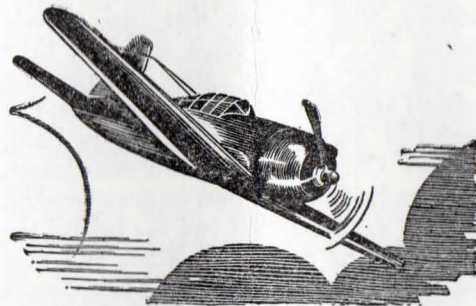
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**N**ATURALLY we're all Space-minded at Soulcraft. Increasingly Headquarters seems to be turning clearing-house for latest Flying Saucer information. The past September proved ideal for cloudless skies above Indiana. Nights on the west patio a canopy of clean-pricked lights arched overhead verily from horizon to horizon. We sat out watching this cosmic display until the clock-hands neared eleven on Thursday night, October 1st. Periodically would come meteorites like great vivid slashes down turquoise dark. Commercial aircraft droned intermittently overhead, signal lights blinking measuredly. Then as we were ready to drag in our cushioned chairs, one of us cried, "Can that be a plane, moving so fast off there in the west?" . . . I raised the binoculars hanging around my neck. "If it is," I declared, "it has to be a jet!" Again and again I was compelled to relocate the focus, because again and again the pinpoint of light passed off my lenses. It had come into faint view about two points north of west and while it seemed to be traveling north at unusual speed, the binoculars disclosed that actually it was following the Great Circle curve eastward. It was coming toward us! Furthermore, its light was steady and continuous, not the flashing exhausts that make a jet's propulsion luminous. I felt it was too far away for a jet's propulsion to be seen at all. *It went completely across the great arc of northern sky and disappeared behind low eastern cloudbank in less than*

*twenty seconds!* I could have held my breath without distress in the time consumed to traverse the entire state of Indiana from west to east. No jet could do that. Besides, jet planes passing overhead unfailingly sent down muffled roars of their exhausts. This Thursday-night craft was eerily soundless. I did not drag my chair indoors and call it a day. I sat down in that chair and meditated. In another five years, would night signals of space-craft flash from horizon to horizon in matters of seconds while one held one's breath? My mind went back, not to the time as a lad of twenty that I had seen Glenn Curtis fly his flimsy biplane above the Steel Pier at Atlantic City and set it down on sands three hundred feet northward. It went back to my participation in a more momentous project—the Dole Flight between the Hawaiis and California so late as the autumn of 1927.



**I** WAS Public Relations counsel—press agent to you—for a dozen outstanding stars of the silent screen in Hollywood, hooked up with the Dolge Casting Agency. Don't get the two names confused. Dole was the family name of the pineapple interests in the Islands that had posted a prize of \$25,000 for the first flyer to span the distance between Hawaii and the mainland in a motor-driven plane and thus duplicate Lindbergh's flight to Paris. Dolge was the name of my closest friend, outside of Lon Chaney, who had been established a dozen years in film-dom as one who furnished actors to the various producing companies as their services might be required outside of lists

of contracted players. Grant Dolge was his full name and he'd come out from Massachusetts just after World War I, where he'd been a Major in the American forces. He was a handsomer man physically than any male player he'd ever gotten jobs before the flicker, about 45 years old, six feet in height, with the most luminous and intelligent brown eyes in his well-proportioned countenance that I'd ever seen a man possess, again with the exception of the man who made *The Hunchback*. Our camaraderie had been swift and permanent after our original Hollywood meeting in 1922. And I'd discovered he enjoyed dabbling in side enterprises of a profit-taking nature. We'd worked nearly five years in perfect liaison and friendship, when he summoned me into his private office one afternoon in 1927 to ask me to handle the biggest public relations job of my career. "I've bought the mate to Lindbergh's *We*," he announced, "and intend to enter it in the Dole Hawaii-California contest. Dick Grace, the movie stunt flyer, is going to pilot it."

o—o

**I**T SEEMS incredible now, when I pause to give it thought—as I did Thursday evening after seeing that Something streak across northern sky—that up to 1927, no earthly aircraft had ever traversed the stretch of Pacific Ocean from California to the Hawaiis. Ryan Brothers of San Diego had built two ships of identical pattern, one of which had been flown to fame under Lindy's guidance, the other had been sitting its time out in a San Diego shed, too sleek and fast for commercial work but not heavy enough for postal service. Grant informed me he'd nicked his bankroll to the tune of \$30,000 for this idle twin. And it was up to me to get him back his money, whether he won the Dole prize or not. For the benefit of the small fry, those were the days when such spectacular stunt was financially underwritten by "commercial hookups". First the exclusive story was sold to some great newspaper chain, like Heart's or Scripps-Howard. Then

all the commercial articles associated with the project, from the brand of underwear the competing flyer wore to the fountain-pen he carried, came in for publicity at adequate compensation. Dick was the intrepid movie-stunt flyer who had broken a vertebra in his neck doing the spectacular flight-work in *Wings*, but recovered, and should he become the Lindbergh of the Pacific—at least insofar as Hawaii was involved—his remuneration would accrue not only in the exclusive book which I would probably ghost-write for him, but from his personal appearance flying at county fairs from Oregon to Connecticut. Grant stood to make a cool hundred thousand in event his craft copped the Dole prize as well. I rolled up my sleeves, unlimbered my typewriter, and cut a sizable chunk off Grant's initial investment by selling the newspaper rights to Hearst newspaper syndicate for \$8,000. And in a couple of weeks I had the rest of the customers . . .

o—o

**I**T TAKES all kinds of experiences to compose a given life. That's bromidical. I'd gone into the project purely to bail out Grant, those were the happy days when I rarely needed money. That's not bromidical. But it did repay me in rich dividends of wisdom respecting contraption that flew uncharted oceans. For one thing, we found, just before we were ready to start the Ryan crate off the Oakland runway, that its old-fashioned wooden propeller disclosed a crack near its hub into which the blade of a penknife might be inserted. We couldn't risk our boy's life out over Pacific wastes with a propeller thus faulty; we had to send to Pittsburgh and have a brand new steel propeller shipped out, *airmail*. The next time you gripe over what postage it cost you to airmail the newspaper page containing the story of your divorce to your wealthy Aunt Jane, remember what I had to face bringing a steel propeller out from Pennsylvania at air rates. The "prop" cost \$200 and the postage \$350—if memory serves me right and \$350 is an item you don't forget in a hurry. By the time the gadget got to Oakland, all the U. S. Army fliers were warming up their craft to bring home that prize money. And Harry Chandler, publisher of the *Los Angeles Times*, happened to remark to Grant one noontime, "Has it occurred to you, friend, that the Dole prize offer doesn't specify in which direction this flight must be made. Most of

these army ships will take off from California and fly to Honolulu, but finding the Hawaiian Islands, even by compass, is bound to be as difficult as finding a ten-cent piece in the center of the dance floor of the Los Angeles Armory. Most of them in result will go down in the drink. Why not be smart and ship your machine to Honolulu by boat? Have your boy take off from Barking Sands Field and head for California. So long as he flies east, he doesn't need a compass. He's naturally bound to discover the North American continent and come down upon it." Grant returned to Hollywood after that luncheon, flaunting four traffic tickets—he'd run four red lights getting out to the office to announce change of plans. And three days later, our ship—twin to Lindy's *We*, I say—was rolling West on the deck of a steamship, with ground crew and pilot, whose mended neck was about to be jeopardized a second time trying to be the first human in a winged contraption to span the waste between Honolulu and Los Angeles.

o—o

**S**HALL I ever forget those days and nights of waiting, till the steamer made port, the plane taken off, its gas tanks filled and tires inflated, and we began getting cabled reports of the tropical weather conditions under which Grace was battling to get into the air? The atmosphere in the Islands was too "mushy" to lift our machine with its requisite gas-load excepting in very early morning, just before sunup. Again and again Dick assayed it. Again and again he had to return to the runway, that weighty gas-load exploding his tires. They cost \$200 a piece, by the way. But the fourth day he made it. *Our man was in the air!* Nothing remained now but to pray the engine kept throbbing till it bumped North America—then my partner and I would proceed to "clean up." It was going to take Dick 24 hours at the least to cover the distance and we expected him at the L-A airport around nine a. m. of a Saturday. As we wouldn't be apprised if he went down in the drink anyhow, there was little to do but to seek our beds and sleep. I bunked with a friend that night out in Culver City. At 5:30 a. m. I was aroused by the phone dinning on my bedstand. Grant's voice inquired wearily, "How's your courage this morning, Bill?" . . . *Courage!* All I could ask Grant was, "Have we lost Dick?" No, we hadn't lost Dick. "This cable that's

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just come in," Grant informed me, "says that he had to turn the plane around after forty minutes flying and go back to Barking Sands. Seems just as he was leaving ground in his final successful getaway, his drag-stick hit a hummock. When the control stick began to wobble in his hands after forty minutes out, he turned and looked rearward. The welding on his whole rudder-post had broken and his rudder assembly was about to drop off. He maneuvered around, went back in sight of the islands, dumped his inflammatory gas load and set the machine down in a mess of beach haw-bushes. We may salvage the engine. 'Bye!"

o—o

AND THAT was only twenty-six years ago, Wednesday. How many centuries have I lived anyhow, in those twenty-six years? And Sunday's newspapers carried the story of Lt. Cmdr. James B. Verdin sending a new white Navy interceptor—a Douglas jet F4D Skyray—at 753.4 miles an hour at Thermal, California on Saturday. Verdin could have come in from Honolulu over Dick's ill-fated route in less than two hours. But that Something-Out-of-This-World that crossed from Illinois to Ohio before our vision last Thursday night, could have come in from Honolulu *in less than a minute*. Spare me the bromide that it's a wonderful age we're living in. There wasn't a thing wonderful about the \$30,000 Grant kissed goodbye attempting to make Dick a second Lindbergh, or the \$8,000 I dropped in aiding and abetting him. If I recall, we got \$240 for the engine. Grant spent that much for good Burgundy the ensuing year, trying to forget it . . .

—THE RECORDER

## Britain's Finish

(Continued from Page 11)

*tools in the game to try to save a dying empire when no power on earth can save it.* Today, the very same people who a few years ago told you to love the Russians now beseech you the same Russian people are the real threat to our American way of life.

"Actually, it can be definitely proven from the history of the past forty years that the major threat to our way of life and our whole future is the British Foreign Office. The question arises, then,

when there is so much talk of war, *just what can the 'schemers' in London and Paris cook up next?* They have been living on our money so long that they no longer go through the pretense of asking for a loan, but 'threaten' us with Communism if we don't give them an outright gift. *You see more and more their foreign policy tending toward Russia, as I warned you months ago.* Clients write and ask, 'Can they start another war in Indo-China?' I can hardly blame them for being skeptical. When you see, in a single week, unemployment increasing in Detroit because they cannot sell cars, and during that same week a \$200 million tank contract going to General Motors, you naturally ask, 'What the H-- is going on anyway? What's cooking.'

"Well, friends, I believe the goose of war is cooked. I do not believe the doubletalking chaps in London and Paris can cook up anything. One of these days you will see, when Churchill passes from the picture, the quicksand foundation of the whole monetary and economic position of the British Empire. The true weaknesses that exist in the British banking structure will shock the markets of the world as they are revealed to the public. It was certainly lucky for the American people that a man like Adenauer was made the leader of Germany, and that he had enough sense to try the system of private initiative to bring real recovery. The balance of power is restored *and with it the chances of war have practically disappeared.* Oh, yes! The boys in London will turn in desperation to Russia as a last resort. But in turning to that direction, *they are turning to a quicksand structure that is even weaker than the dying British and French Empires.* During all the years when the propagandists were telling you that Russia was strong and we were weak, I pointed out, in the strongest words possible, that Russia was a bluff, and the Russian system was collapsing. You will recall in our Annual Report at the beginning of this year, we were the only organization in this country to tell you to watch East Germany during 1953 for there our studies showed *The Collapse of the Russian Empire Would Begin.* The mad Russians are at the end of the road. They openly admitted in their own newspapers this week that their farm program had been a failure. They propose from here on to give the peasants more control over their production and try to let them make some money. Does

this sound as if the program has been successful? It certainly doesn't. The program is even a worse failure than the state socialism of the English, the French, and the New Deal program here. I stated in previous reports that there has never been a case in history of the success of collective farms and that the Russian system would collapse *Because the People Would Not Eat*.

"THE desperate, cornered Russian leaders want to change the agricultural system now. It is too late. The people are not going to eat this winter. The shortage of food has been aggravated by the serious drought and abnormal weather in the greater part of Russia, as I have informed you before. *The desperate position of the Russians is evidenced by the fact that they have been selling on world markets vitally needed war commodities to raise cash*. Consider, if you will, the following facts—

"A. For the first time in years, the Russians have dumped 15,000,000 ounces of silver in the London market to raise cash, and silver is a vital war metal.

"B. The Russians have also sold *large quantities of platinum, manganese, chrome and industrial diamonds*, all vital war commodities. They have been steady sellers of gold in Switzerland as their exports have been nil, and they must sell anything possible to raise cash.

"C. When the English were cut off from oil from Iran, the Russians sold them a substantial amount of oil from Rumania, although no publicity was made of this transaction anywhere.

"D. Russian negotiators have been trying to buy raw materials in many neutral countries, but in every case the deals fell through because the Russians wanted credit and could not pay in cash.

"And so in conclusion, then, I would say that we are at the end of the road as far as war rabbits being pulled out of the hat are concerned. Don't be discouraged. It's a therapy that cures."

## Religion after Death

(Continued from Page 6)

mercialism and into bigotry of a spiritual type. That is to say, mankind has suffered mass recalcitrance to such a degree that each man making up the mass is asking himself whence this hiatus of common sense arrives.

**"FIGURE  
YOURSELF  
OUT!" . .**



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He is asking himself why it is there is no Balm of Gilead in dollars except to create more and more stringent want spiritually as wealth piles in greater and greater manifestations of coinage and influence.

Coming to him at this time are the true saviors of humanity who preach a strange sermon, not a sermon of chastisement but a sermon of enlightenment, not a sermon of society going to pieces under the pressure of mass action but society building itself on a surer foundation: universal acceptance of the truth of truths about individuality that mankind can attain it not by temporal acquisitions but spiritual recognitions that have naught to do with God only as God applies to himself.

The time has not come to date to start a reactive movement away from the demands of Mammonistic penury and into affluence of spiritual nobility. Mankind must go on for a while yet in its various recalcitrances, thereby creating for itself a more and more devastating hunger for the truths which we on this side have to promulgate.

We bid you do this however: Take thought to our message and bear it no

malice because it does not seem duly specific here as to procedure and action. There is at hand a time when the generality becomes the specific in circumstance. You will be apprised of that time by the circumstances themselves.

But this is true none the less: We have a condition in society today where the mass is eager to see the integrity of the individual brought forward, *and he who brings it forward strikes a keynote in the manufacture of a vast world anthem playing a paean of peace to harassed peoples everywhere*.

We have been charged with treason to our fellows. We have been told that we have transgressed in not supplying mankind with a sure panacea for his social ills. There is none but this: *that man and woman realize that the whole world is themselves*.

It is not a pretty task that confronts us in this world at present.

Bring people to a sense of this and they will grasp spiritually the Divine principle underlying all life, not waste themselves in vagaries that would solve mankind's problems by executive fiat or perverse legislation.

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SIX MONTHS: \$3.00

## A f t e r t h o u g h t

**I**T MAY seem an odd thing to say, but there is just one period in the week when I know utter solitude and can commune with my own soul. That period presents itself when I arise at five to six o'clock of Sabbath morning—any Sabbath morning—when a thunderous silence permeates Headquarters. Many of the staff members, after working hectically all week, depart on motor trips, perhaps to nearby cities where they have relatives. Others who live at the plant, are indulging in the luxury of sleeping as late as physical caprice desires. I make my own coffee in a completely moribund household, feed a pack of famished canines who have policed the premises through the nocturnal hours, deposit myself before my typewriter in my writing-room, light up the most savory pipe of the day—the first one—and give over a whole three hours to uninterrupted *thinking*. I am physically rested. My brain is at par. Human values have sorted themselves out in my subconscious mind during slumber. Whatever my general impressions may be of the entire labor in this blessed Sunday morning session with myself, I find as a rule will stand up under the analyses of practicalities the rest of the new week. It is the one respite I have come to consider blessed.

**A**ND YET I do fight some strange battles with myself in such cogitative interludes. Principally I fight over the battle of whether or not what I am doing is worth-while. Understand me, these aren't moods of depression because the week's sales of literature mayn't have been up to par, or because a fanatical Fundamentalist named Hinklehooper may have written me from Dakota on Wednesday telling me that I, myself, am the Man of Evil predicted in Revelations, or because Emma despite all canine precautions is bent on having another brood of pups. Sales of Soulcraft literature have never been heavier than they are this autumn of 1953, Hinklehooper's sister wrote me apologetically on Saturday to disregard her brother's letter because it took three white-uniformed attendants to get him into the ambulance for the mental institution two days after he wrote me and do I mind praying for his benighted soul, while as for Emma and her obstetrical complications there are undoubtedly six households waiting to possess a Soulcraft Pup, and getting them borned and shipped is more or less detail. I fight over the battle of whether or not what I am doing is worth-while in the sense that never can I reach a stopping place and say, "This is my Goal, I have achieved it!"

**I** HAVE, almost by adding machine tally, added over a thousand new Soulcrafters to the Soulcraft reader-list during the heated months of this recent summer. I mean people who've written back with all sincerity in the world, "Thank you for bringing this great doctrine to my attention, it is precisely what I've been waiting for all my life." They are people who are proving already they will go on acquiring and reading the litera-

ture in increased volume as it appears. Between now and January 1st I can add ten thousand by similar methods. Without attempting to scold earnest chaplains in the field, doing the best they can to swell our ranks according to their ability and light, my own letters to strangers are bringing in ten new Soulcrafters to one who becomes a student through a field study-group. All right, I bring in one thousand new Soulcrafters a summer, ten thousand, a hundred thousand. Supposing I bring in a million, is the effect any different than as though I brought in twenty and no more? At what point can I drive in a tack on the tally sheet and say, "This is Success, I've put it over!" It is a conservative and honest statement to say that since 1931, something like 30,000 to 50,000 fine American citizens have had their lives and thinking entirely regenerated and reorganized by the literature I've issued. But what's 50,000 in a nation holding 64 million thinking and bedeviled adults? Am I to tell myself that altering the philosophies and ideologies of 50,000 persons is worth-while, when there are 63,950,000 persons who will never have heard of Soulcraft? If changing the spiritual outlook of 50,000 makes the whole effort worthwhile, why should I not have called it worth-while when I altered the ideologies of the first five persons to call Soulcraft great? Again I say to myself, *what makes a work of this nature truly worth the time, energy, and anxiety that one must give it?*

**T**HE STRANGEST feature of the quandary now is, that I know to the fraction of one per-cent exactly what quota of returns I can reliably expect, whether ten pieces of literature go into the mail daily or ten thousand. I am proving that as I supervise the Headquarters staff to increase the daily volume of mail going out, so may I add a definite volume of New Soulcrafters coming in. It is almost mathematical. If I could put 5 million pieces of mail into the postal system, I could have the proportionate number of fresh students in result. I can have VALOR and *Bright Horizons* up to a circulation of 50,000 a week and month each, by mailing the appropriate number of pieces of mail describing them. *But would it be "success" and precisely what is the final figure to be achieved that makes it worthwhile*, when 5,000 readers each a week or month demand the last iota of my time and attention even in the present? . . . Yes, on quiet Sunday mornings, I view the burden of the labors devolving on me as progenitor of all this and try to determine what the standard is, by which I ought to adjudge results. It took Mohammed nine years to make his first three converts to Islamism, but who the devil wants to be a Mohammed? I find myself engaged in a vocation where no Success can be envisioned as the Goal in the end. Maybe it's about time I took a month off and went out to Palomar for a good look through the new telescope to restore my spiritual balance.

