

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 9, 1953

Number 2

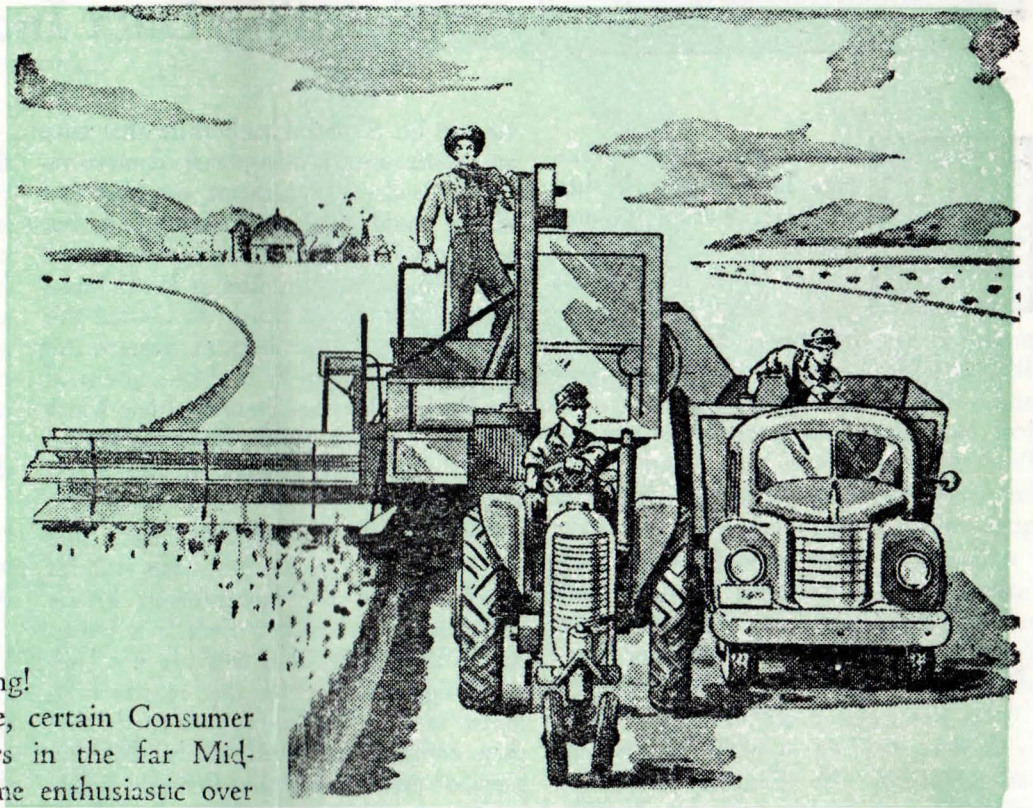
WHAT ABOUT THESE CO-OP'S?



ONE LEARNS by doing!

Six months bygone, certain Consumer Cooperative managers in the far Midwest, read and became enthusiastic over the Pelley book on the Christian Commonwealth, *No More Hunger*. Why was not the great Consumer Cooperative Movement, with its 5,800,000 members, the perfect forerunner of the Christian Commonwealth Plan as well as being the solution to the Marxist menace? There were 10,135 Cooperative units in the nation. The proper rewrite of the *No More Hunger* book, marketed in the Cooperative stores, might solve our economic problems of the present?

The book that was produced in response to this interest was *Something Better*. It was published in a deluxe \$5 edition for libraries and a popular \$1 edition for Cooperative enthusiasts. Bundles of \$1 copies began to be shipped in quantities, for window displays in Cooperative stores. The first printing became exhausted in ten days. The second was put on the presses.



SUDDENLY something happened. Books ordered on consignment began to be returned. The same Cooperative managers who had been so enthusiastic over *No More Hunger*, went mysteriously mute. Soulcraft dispatched a representative to the Kansas City Headquarters.

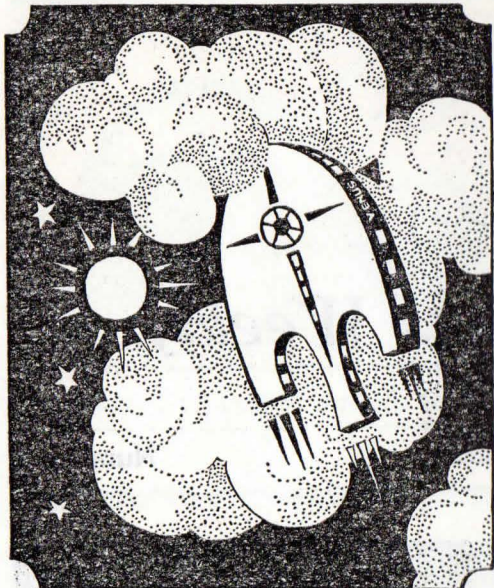
He had his hand frozen off and the Welcome on the door-mat reversed.

While waiting to see the regional executives, regardless, he chanced to pick up a list of the volumes approved by the Cooperatives and on loan in their libraries.

It was heavily padded with Communist volumes!

HE WAS not permitted to get up to top levels. "The book," said the minor executive who finally gave him audience, "is all smeared throughout with the qualifying

(Continued on Page 11)



Will Flying Saucer Have Insect-Body

Gerald Heard's New Saucer Book,
Is Another World Watching? Poses
Startling Data Indicating Martians



BOOKS on the Flying Saucers have been published a score, but a volume soaring into the stratosphere above all of them is Gerald Heard's masterpiece, bearing the title *Is Another World Watching?* A special edition, revised and with new material by its author, has just been issued in pocketbook size by Bantam Books, New York. You should be able to buy it at the nearest drugstore newsstand.

What is it that raises Heard's treatment of the controversial Flying Saucer subject clouds and cloudbanks above Frank Scully's, Kenneth Arnold's or Donald Keyhoe's works?

It is the startling scientific data which he reviews, tending to prove by the maneuverings of the Saucers themselves that while their occupants unquestionably rate an out-of-this-world IQ, the only explanation for their being able to withstand the terrific pressures they do when banking, is the startling biological fact that only creatures with the bodily structures of this world's insects could survive them.

The author has not attempted to be overly sensational. He has drawn a conclusion that it is difficult to scoff at.

Are they Insect Men who are penetrating to our planet?

A VALUABLE feature of Heard's account is the fact that its author has brought his data up to 1953.

He has done far more than recount the various phenomena that is at last con-

vincing U. S. aerial authorities that they are confronting other-planet demonstrations. He develops a theme, omitting few of the major phenomena aforesaid, but further with his references to personal talks with such authorities as Prof. James Jeans, Capt. E. J. Smith of United Air Lines, Capt. C. S. Chiles of Eastern Air Lines, Commander R. B. McLaughlin of the Rocket Proving Grounds, New Mexico, and Captain Eddie Rickenbacker of the U. S. Flying Forces in two world wars.

The data as of May, 1953, has it that the Flying Saucers are real—too real for comfort—that the government knows more about such reality than it is releasing to the public, that they are not Russian originated nor for that matter originated in any other country on earth, that they conform to four widely differing types of mechanisms, that the only neighboring planet in our solar system from which they can be coming is Mars, and that despite the Scully, Adamski, and Williamson findings, their occupants must be of far different skeletal structure than this planet's humans'. What sort of skeletal structure? Heard makes out a startling case for the insectivorous, where the internal organs are enclosed by a hard outer shell. Creatures so constructed could not only withstand the terrific impacts of gravity when their ethereal machines bank sharply while estimated to be traveling at a rate as high as 18,000 miles per hour, but easily hide themselves on the earth's surface, due to their smaller size and design, in event they encountered forced landings and survived.

Intelligence, as Heard shows, does not depend upon the enormity of the physical brain but quite the reverse. The most intelligent creatures in earth-life development at present—and Heard goes at length into his authorities—are the ant and the honey-bee. That bees not only converse with each other but actually are capable of working out mathematical calculations, is presented in several pages of startling evidence, giving analogy to the behavior of the Saucer Men.

How would creatures analogous to insects go about fabricating a metallic mechanism capable of crossing interstellar space?

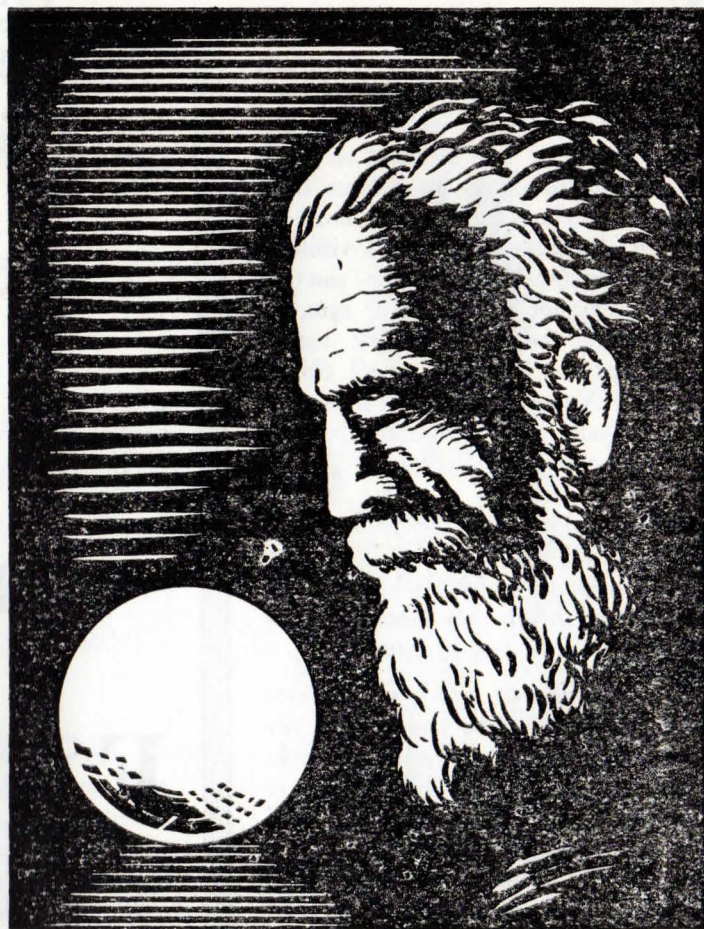
"When you have real skill," says Heard, "you don't have to release any kind of violence. Real skill means that force is exerted without explosion. Look at what even we have discovered about that essential power process, the tempering of steel, so as to give us our super cutting tools. Once, tempering a quantity of steel was a scene out of *Inferno*; the blaze of the furnace scorching any flesh left bare, giving anvils with bursts of sparks. The sudden explosive "quenches" as the hot bar was plunged into water or oil. Much, if not all of this has been altered; for such tempering can be done in absolute quiet, with no indication that it is going on, by putting the bar between powerful magnets. It was the rearrangement of the atoms that gave the steel its new temper. The magnet will do that more exactly and with perfect quiet. When we think what our electrical and magnetic knowledge will be in another generation, might we not expect intelligent life geological ages ahead of

Occupants Structures? . .

us to have made inventions by which, in as great a quiet as sugar or alcohol distills or water condenses out of air, metals, far harder and more resilient and lighter than any we now know, would build themselves up between the poles of some 'precipitating engine' in the very shape that was desired, as a crystal forms in a supersaturated solution?"

THE MOST ingenious portion of Heard's book treats of his scientific and astronomical reasons why Mars is the only planet in our solar system that could originate the saucers. The oft-repeated conjecture that they might be coming from Venus, or even ethereal regions around Venus, will not stand up. To quote his reasons—

"Sir Spencer Janes, the astronomer Royal, has said that our bodies might be constructed, not from carbon—as ours are mainly—but with silica as a base and so resist heats which would be deadly to us. But Mercury, the innermost planet



(that is, nearest to the sun), has on its sunny side a temperature that in daytime will melt lead . . . There may be creatures in the sun itself but they must be fields of force, electric vortices, subtle bodies, what you will—but not beings that need to man space-ships. We leave Mercury then, after one almost blinding glance, and take refuge on Venus.

"With Venus, serious inquiry begins, and, indeed, a proper sequence, one that everyone knows. The sequence runs, Mercury, Venus, Earth, Mars. Most people believe it's a chronological sequence: Venus young, ourselves middle-aged, Mars old. But Venus is *too* young. It is amazing what now is known about our neighbors, especially these two, Venus and Mars, one on our inner and one on our outer side.

"The first thing, of course, is to try and find out what may be the nature of what you see. If there are clouds you will first see them. And if they are dense, that is all you will see. And they are dense, unrelievedly dense, on Venus. They have once or twice been seen to eddy but never to break. Their bright, blank covering turns back all our peering. But we

can turn our telescopes on that bright screen. And that does tell us something, something that seems pretty final. That blanket is not cloud, the white sort of cloud, that we know in our sky. It is made of carbon dioxide. It is not to be unexpected. If Venus is much "younger" than we, then of course she would have that kind of clotted atmosphere, made of that kind of gas. For carbon dioxide is a gas, or air, very favorable for plants but not for animals, least of all for a 'brainy' animal that needs oxygen.

"As the carbon dioxide became less in our atmosphere, it would seem that the great masses and messes of vegetable growth, that were laid down as the coal measures, withered away for good. And in their stead came more and more animals, more and more active, more and more interested in staying on land. Finally more and more interested in what was appearing clearly: the sky and the stars. For that fact, or the negative side of it, would alone tell against a "Venusian" being a space explorer. For you don't explore what you have never thought about, thought existed. Even if a fish-like creature swimming in a hot swamp, even if



an intelligent Venus flytrap (a plant which can catch insects) thought of leaving home, where would its thoughts go? Above is nothing but a cloud so thick that its underside may be almost dead dark; and anyhow, all around must be steam and fog that must reduce visibility to a few yards. If you never can see more than a foot or two, your eyes are apt to have the most modest range, granted that you have eyes at all. So we must leave Venus, as we left Mercury. The one would give us too much light, the other too little."

AFTER making out the perfect case for Mars—which you should acquire the book to understand completely—Heard has this to say about the remaining planets in our system—

"On again: In our search we come to Jupiter and Saturn, the two giants. We know what their atmosphere is. It is probably frozen; it is with high certainty methane gas, an utterly suffocating fume to any animal life with which we associate intelligence. Under that more than arctic sea of frozen methane it is hard to think of anything that we know as life, keeping on or breaking out.

"Uranus, Neptune, Pluto, and perhaps a hither-Pluto, a final Proserpine—what of these? Further cold, further darkness, further uncertainty of anything that would guide us to a home of life. Sir James Jeans told me that if there were a person on Pluto and he were looking for sunrise, he would have to search carefully the sky—granting that the sky was visible at all on that planet—to be sure the Sun had arisen. Among the stars and the larger, nearer planets, the Sun would be just another distant pin-point of celestial illumination."

So Heard returns his reader to Mars and discusses every indication possessed by that planet of life, atmosphere, engineering skill in her canals, finally her two mystical satellites, Deimos and Phobos, which now appear *not* to be moons, as astronomers have assumed ever since their discovery in 1877, but very possibly the same type of space-landing platform which earthly scientists have talked about, to be launched 500 miles up into the stratosphere for takeoff stations in interstellar voyaging.

Remember, that appearances of "sau-
(Continued on Page 10)



Honey

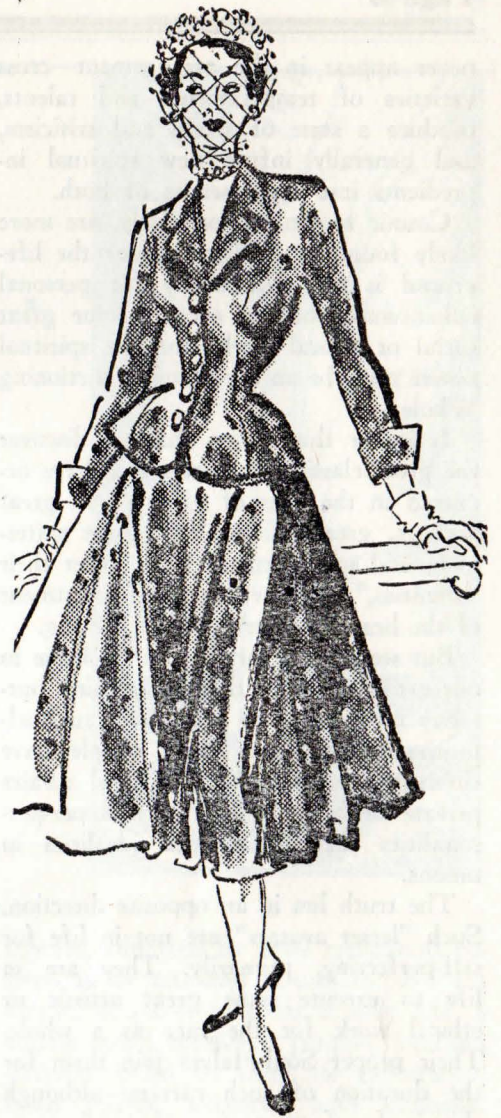
FLOWERS always seem to hold
Some special message, to unfold
To weary heart in garden fair
The thought some heavenly beauty's there.
Cricket calling to the moon,
Soft night music, call of loon,
Over all, God's peace is rare,
Lilac scent is on the air.

"Come forth, dear heart, and share our peace,
Come out from earth, and love release.
Leave weight of discord far behind,
Come out with us, know peace of mind."
A rose spake softly from her heart,
A special solace to impart,
"Our whole life is Giving, dear,
In teaching those who strive to hear."

"We offer peace and beauty, too,
We give our nectar just for you,
Absorb the honey which we give,
Come forth to us and learn to live!"
Flowers always seem to say,
"Come forth with us and learn to pray,
We promise, with us, you will find
The heart of life, . . . God's Peace of Mind!"

—through WINCHESTER MACDOWELL

Which Make Better Wives, Affinities or "Pick-Ups"? ..



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

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

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

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

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

It is by no means true that the average man, meeting a desirable woman, falling in love with her, and winning her acquiescence to a marital sequence, is

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

thereby postulating that the pair of them originated in the same Cosmic Egg.

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

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

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

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

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

At first this might appear to be the cynicism of a misogamist. It is nothing of the sort. It is a description that ap-

plies to the average karmic union.

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

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

Karmic marriages between male and female half-souls—both such half-souls truly "belonging" to parties who may

never appear in the arrangement—cross varieties of temperaments and talents, produce a state of strain and criticism, and generally infuse new spiritual ingredients into the essences of both.

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

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

But we get the cart before the horse in our explanations of them. We think ourselves more prone to hear about such affinities because such great people have difficulty keeping their personal affairs private or because it is their super-personalities that effect such idealities in unions.

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

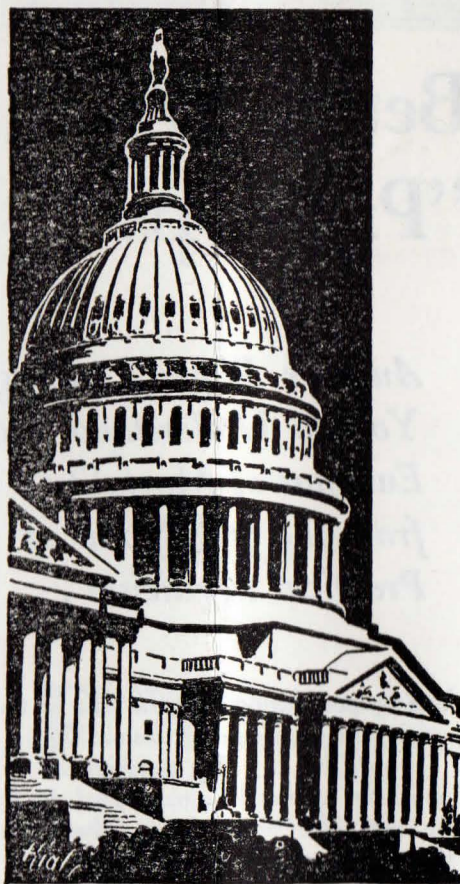
CONSIDERING for a moment the Initial Causation of the marriage that is karmic, we behold this situation—

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

Coming along finally to the mating age, each meets one of the opposite sex who seems to stand terribly in need of what he or she has to supply. It may be practical and material aid, it may be sympathy, or sentimental cooperation.

Society says that too close a compan-

(Continued on Page 14)



(Continued from last week)



EINALLY, in desperation I referred to my dictionary. Communism was any "theory or system of social organization involving common ownership of the agents of production, and some approach to equal distribution of the products of industry."

This definition serves to confirm what Marx and Browder said. The writings of Lenin, Stalin and other communist leaders are in agreement. Thus, nowhere could I find an easy way out. The definition of communism always emerged as government ownership of industry or rigid government controls over industry, the professions and the people in general.

If this is true—and I see no way around it—then we are indeed in serious straits. We have already noted the great proportion of the total land area owned by the Federal Government. Now let us examine the amount of wealth *other than land*, which the Government owns. The National Bureau of Economic Research, in its 1950 "Studies in Income and Welfare", puts the figure at 21 percent of

Communism Gains through

the total national wealth in 1946, an increase from only 8 percent in 1929. I have no later figures, but my guess is that it would be even higher today. And it should be noted that the Government has more or less control over much land and other forms of wealth that it does not directly own. In fact, in the report of the United States Department of Commerce entitled, "Small Business and Government Licenses", for 1950, the department states: "Practically every business, large or small, is affected by some form of government licensing control. A license is a permit or authorization (from Government) to engage in some business or activity."

Now, let us look at some other areas in which we find significant indicators of the extent to which government ownership of capital has encroached on the domain of private enterprise and the rights of the States.

On July 1, 1952, the population of the United States was $1\frac{1}{4}$ times the population on July 1, 1932, twenty years earlier. But during this same period the total *federal* revenue from all sources, excepting trust fund receipts, increased from \$1,924,000,000 to \$62,129,000,000, or 32.3 times.

At the same time the non-tax revenues of the Federal Government increased from \$111,000,000 to \$1,814,000,000, or $16\frac{1}{2}$ times. Of these non-tax revenues, approximately 53 percent were derived from what might be termed government operations of industry, such as sales of electric power, interest on loans, dividends, rentals, sales of minerals and other products, etc.

As a corollary, it is interesting to note that for 1951, government payments (Federal, State and local) accounted for 15.3 percent of the *total of all income payments throughout the United States*. These government payments were more than *double* the country's total agricul-

Must Be Watched for Basic Unsuspected "Innovations" . .

A Significant Address by

ADMIRAL

BEN MOREELL

*of Jones & McLaughlin
Steel Co., and Foundation
for Economic Education*

tural income and two-thirds of the total manufacturing payrolls!

Against the increase in population of $1\frac{1}{4}$ times, the total Federal civilian employment increased from 622,000 in 1932 to 2,600,000 in 1952, or 4.2 times. Of special significance, as indicating the transfer of power from the States to the Federal Government, is the fact that in October, 1950, the date of the latest available figures, Federal civilian employees located in the States themselves outnumbered state employees in 36 of the 48 States. The totals for the 48 States were as follows:

State civilian employees . . . 1,077,000

Federal civilian employees . . . 1,980,000

i.e., there were almost twice as many Federal employees located in the States as there were States employees. It is important to recall, at this point, that Lenin stated in 1917 that political power must be completely centralized before communism can successfully take over, i.e., power must be transferred from the States to the Federal Government.

A corollary of this is that in 1932, of the total tax take (Federal, State and local), the Federal Government received only 22 percent. But in 1951 the Federal take had increased to 74 percent of a much larger total.

A statement of the grocery manufacturers of America is to the effect that the taxes we pay are costing us more than the food we eat. They estimate that in

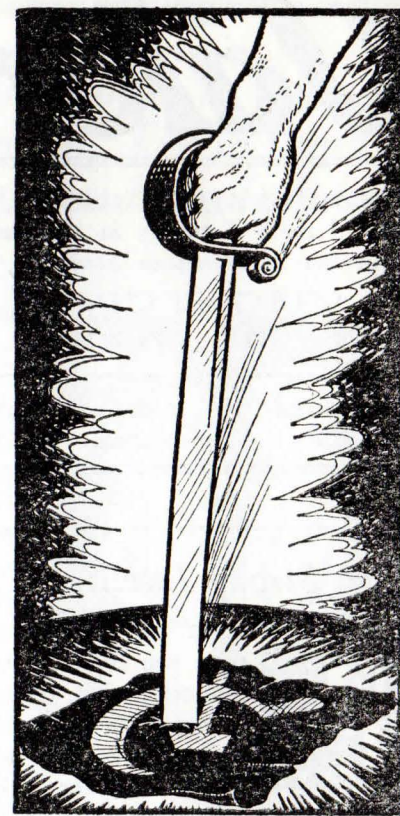
the current year the average family will spend about \$900 for food, but will pay approximately \$1,100 for taxes, both direct and indirect.

In this connection, it is pertinent to note that in recent years there have been major Government interferences with the distribution of the country's food supply. For example, from 1945 to 1951 the government purchased \$478,209,000 worth of Irish potatoes, or 14.4 percent of the total national production. Practically all of these were wasted or given away. There was negligible cash return to the Government. From 1945 through the first half of 1952, the Government purchased \$318,000,000 worth of eggs, and from 1949 through 1951, \$158,000,000 worth of butter. Almost any businessman will testify to the inflationary effects on living costs of these capricious interferences with the free market economy.

It is said that Jefferson declared, "That government is best that governs least." It appears that the socialists have appropriated this dictum to their own use, in this corrupted form: "That government is best which spends most."

I will not cite the many other examples of the constantly lengthening steps toward complete Government ownership of our capital. But I would like to invite your attention to two outstanding illustrations of how originally well-intentioned schemes for "doing good for the people" rapidly deteriorate into vote-buying or purse-lining activities.

The first is Federal Social Security. This started out in 1937 purporting to be a well-conceived plan for old age benefits on a sound actuarial basis. With the passage of only 15 years, it has lost its original character. In 1939 the name of the plan was changed from "benefits" to "insurance", although the plan moved far away from ordinary insurance principles. The 1939 amendments, coupled with those of 1950, justify the opinion that the plan is becoming a vast vote-buying



scheme, admitted by some recognized experts to be unsound actuarially. For example, at a cost to them of only \$54, a couple could receive a pension totalling \$12,000, based on their life expectancy. Even Federal actuaries have indicated that, under existing law and current procedures, the fund could be "broke" in 48 years! It is no secret that the revenues are spent for current expenses of Government, so that the payments, when due, will have to be provided by current taxation. The amount which the Government states is held in the reserve fund of this account is \$16.6 billions; but \$16.3 billions of those moneys have been spent for general expenses of Government and there is nothing in the till to show for it except Government I.O.U.'s! If you would like a long vacation—and "total security"—at Government expense, I recommend you adopt that practice in your own business!

Parenthetically, other Government trust funds (unemployment insurance, national service life insurance, civil service retirement, etc.) have been handled in the same manner, so that, at present, there is a total of \$39.3 billions of Government I.O.U.'s in the treasury as reserves for these funds . . .

(Continued Next Week)

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.

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

VOL. V MAY 9, 1953 No. 2

Strong Intellect

VERY little while in the press you come across the comment, "It takes a strong intellect to stand up to the bedlams of today," and the average person concurs instinctively and turns the page to the ball scores. By "strong intellect", of course, is meant "exceptional mentality." It is taken for granted that the "pace" of human life in modern society exceeds the standard of mind's capabilities. Subconsciously, it appears, John Q. Public has something that suggests as remedy for it. Slow the pace. Uncomplicated society. "Going back to the fundamentals of the forefathers" is merely the capricious way of wishing to return to the simplicities of the personal childhood. Turn the world back four or five generations and life will come right-side up again. Why doesn't it occur to John Q. Public to take his critical attention from the accelerations of society and focus on his own brain?

Coming right down to it, what is bedlam?

The dictionary describes it as "any place or scene of wild uproar and confusion."

Is modern society that? No, of course not. The thing or condition so described today is merely perplexed reaction to the social and political adjustments of an increasing population, amidst the complexities of which, the individual gropes for personal security.

But the fact isn't pertinent that complexities between groups are bound to increase as a populace increases. The more

significant thing is, that given a problem, the method of the average individual for solving it is either to run away from it or let the other fellow tackle it.

There's little or nothing wrong with society as society. As Science and Invention evolve processes tending to make life healthier and more enjoyable, the birthrate goes up—for the simple reason, apparently, that larger numbers of souls seek to have the experiences that come from earthly living under improving conditions. The item of this increase in sheer numbers of souls pressing into organism, demands that constructive intelligence be applied to the conditions bound to result. But the average man discovers early in life that it distresses him really to draw on his mental energies and *think*. So, "instinctively", he's ready to castigate the conditions of life as he confronts them.



He's perfectly willing to accept the enjoyments of existence in the highly complicated State, but paying the price for them by assuming his share of responsibility for problems as they arise, is a thing he resents.

His own mental development is sadly deficient in moral vitamins so his alternative is to deplore what he isn't up to handling.

We shouldn't worry about him—too much.

Experience with complication that cannot be avoided will compel John Q. Public to turn on the mental power, and what the pundits call "orientation to the quandaries of environment" will make John think when he's not aware he's thinking. *That's what life's all about!*

If the whole evolving scene didn't have profit in it, it wouldn't exist.

The trouble isn't with the evolving scene.

The trouble would seem to lie in a common looking in the wrong quarter for the source of the irritation to complacent spirit.

Few dare to try it.

Sorrowful Planet



ONE-THIRD of the year 1953 has passed into history with only one truly consequential development, the elimination from the international subversive circus of one Josef Stalin. Of course there are eight months still to come in which plenty can happen. But outside of discovering positively what sort of intelligent creatures are operating the Flying Saucers, little can happen that hasn't been forecast.

Abroad, NATO is falling apart at the seams, so the political pundits pronounce that the Russian Menace is by no means so virulent as it was back at Christmas. The truth is, we can't pay the bill for what it costs to keep Russia so much a "menace".

At home, irresponsible political spending is draining off the public's reservoir of ready money, so Economy and balancing the budget is the laudable federal policy. When you haven't got it, you can't spend it.

Nationally, prices are dropping all over the 48 States, which means the dollar is becoming worth more. On the other hand, you possess fewer dollars. Politically, the wage-earning "little man" is being told by Commissioner of Internal Revenue T. Coleman Andrews that there's a chance next year of doing away with income tax returns. The joker in it lies in the emphasis on "returns" . . . A glance at the headlines would make it appear that taxes for the wage-earner are due to be called off. Instead, what Andrews really has said is, a system may be adopted by which people who have no income besides their salaries or wages, would be under no obligation to file the formal return. Their income taxes would be paid, as now, by weekly deductions from their pay checks. The little fellow will continue to pay . . . and how!

Militarily, the Chinese Reds are again stalling for time to rebuild shattered Korean defense forces, so truce yak-yak is held on schedule. The initiative lies in the hands of the Reds, for peace as for war. Peace will actually be real when lack of supplies from countries that are America's allies, quit—or are forced to desist—from giving aid and comfort to the enemy. But all of it could have been forecast back in August.

Administratively, Eisenhower has as yet made no major executive blunder and is proving to be as capable a President, all circumstances considered, as the times might produce. Let him get his election obligations paid by appointment of all the double-domes who assisted him to office, and as they drop away through demonstrated incompetence, we may find that Ike has a really firm and capable hand upon the wheel of the Ship of State. But the reason Ike is starting to rate as a man who may really make good in the job is the fact that his recent predecessors have been so much worse.

All things considered, why not admit that, look where you will about the nation or the world, conditions are mending, *not getting worse*.

True, they're not mending in any spectacular manner but what if the epochal August of Great Pyramid prediction—whether the 20th or not—suddenly sees an induction of *real* improvement, spectacular improvement, that starts world civilization upgrade like an elevator lift?

The big point is, where have we acquired this fixation that all prophetic forecasts must concern woe and wreckage?

We're told clairvoyantly from higher octaves that this terrestrial orb in the lexicon of parapsysics is constitutionally described as The Sorrowful Planet.

Denizens of the loftier worlds should correct such designation and call it The Pessimistic Planet.

As a matter of fact, there are just as many—if not more—signs that highly profitable and beneficial things are due to happen than that 1953 is the year when the floor collapses from civilization and drops society into the cellar.

What a disservice St. John *did* do the human race when he took that trip to Patmos and brought back his memoirs.

Suppose we get healthy-minded!

What Price Success?



WHAT standards do we gauge the success of a spiritual philosophy?

The average enthusiast for the *Golden Script* doctrine declares over and over in correspondence that he covets the support of Billy-Graham-sized crowds before he can think of Soulcraft as "suc-

"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 . .

What woman can resist the lure of the matchless story--

Road into Sunrise?

Women enjoy novels by reading themselves into the roles of the feminine characters. If *you* are a woman, which role would you choose for yourself . . Sophie Blicher, Melissa Sheppard? . .

One of the truly great novels of the current generation is being Killed with Silence by the book reviewers because of the Communist bias against its author.



Road Into Sunrise

By William Dudley Pelley

"IT'S GOT EVERYTHING!"

You should smash this stalemate of the book-reviewers by buying a copy of this 657-page book and giving your soul an ecstasy. It costs you \$6 but that's because of the size and thickness of it. The romantic and spiritual pick-up you'll get from it may well be worth six *thousand* dollars to you.

ROAD INTO SUNRISE was written by a professional novelist who deserted the book field to explore sacred metaphysics. And when he had explored for 25 years, he sat down and wrote a romance to end all romances.

If you want to be lifted out of this world, and get a thousand-dollar metaphysical education as well, gamble six dollars on this book. It means a wholly new angle on present-day mortal life for you.

"In a lilac-scented summer house in a garden!"

This is every woman's dream. Dream it yourself. Send for this book and read it. Life will never be the same for you again after you have done so . .

Send \$6 to . .

SOULCRAFT STUDIOS
NOBLESVILLE, INDIANA



Behold Life

The Outstanding Book
on
SOULCRAFT

¶ You need one book in which the entire pattern of mortal life has been expounded, so that you understand whereof the Soulcraft doctrine treats of it. *Behold Life* is such a book. Now in its Second Large Printing, it gives you the true background for all mortal processes—331 pages of a new interpretation for all sentient existence . . .

\$4 Leatherette \$4

"Thresholds of Tomorrow"

Don't worry
that America
isn't coming
back in
a big way!



¶ That the United States is seen clairvoyantly as emerging triumphant from this current bottleneck of politics and economics, is described in this valuable volume of 320 pages.

¶ You will discover *Thresholds of Tomorrow* to be a God-send to your peace of mind . . .

\$5

SOULCRAFT CHAPELS
NOBLESVILLE, INDIANA

cessful." Billy Graham "gives 'em hell-fire and brimstone and makes 'em like it," and the mass hysteria that results from the orthodox approach is considered evidence of triumph.

Ho-hum!

Billy Sunday did it equally as spectacularly a generation ago, and still 65,000 persons have quitted the earthly scene every twenty-four hours since and gone where their anticipations carried them regardless.

Which is better, . . . to quietly supply an harassed soul with a firm foundation for his spiritual feet, so that he thereafter climbs the Upward Path in a joyous confidence, or corral a circus crowd and get it to bellowing Hallelujahs with the similar hysterias that it once acclaimed Roosevelt?

Soulcraft makes the irrefutable discovery that it is quietly converting the individual soul in the cloister of the personal closet, *but converting him to stay converted.*

The backsliders in Soulcraft are practically negligible.

What other spiritual incentive in doctrinal form can claim as much?

Still, there is a measure of success. The Revelator has his own eccentric estimate of it.

When the national support is heavy enough that it can support an executive organization that—after the pattern of all efficient Business—runs itself, Soulcraft will be successful by all mundane standards, whether it serve ten hundred people a week or ten thousand.

Liberation-Soulcraft in its present status is beginning to serve its converts by the thousands indeed, but upon a basis of volunteer executiveship. This is not success because of its instability.

Every Movement, every Philosophy, every Great Business Enterprise, must encounter and progress through that period of gestation when it shifts from a one-man concern to a group organization. The founder of such Movement, Philosophy, or Enterprise, if he be wise in life's ways, knows and accepts this, and reacts accordingly. There is a period when he must master-mind every department, every activity. The measure by which to gauge his success is the time-period required to locate and qualify permanent assistants, forming them into a phalanx that carries on the labor whether the progenitor be present or not.

The mere fact, however, that an enthusiast volunteers, by no means supplies proof that such gestation is terminating. Neither does it guarantee that because he volunteers, he personally is capable of performing what is needed.

Every truly successful organization is the ultimate demonstration of capable selectivity. Enthusiasm is prime qualification, yes. But efficient performance through adequate ability is a greater.

And it requires a steady backlog of practical revenue to maintain such artfully selected phalanx of executives after they are gathered.

What price success?

The price of stable agglutination of those capably trained to render the service. And Time, Vicissitude, and most of all Patience, is required to attain to it.

Flying Saucers

(Continued from Page 4)

cers" and other aerial phenomena have been scientifically noted in and about terrestrial ball for the past two hundred or more years. And fifty years ago, both the town of Sisterville, W. Va., and the city of Burlington, Vt., were visited at night by some sort of space-ships that had the appearance of dirigibles, that flashed brilliant searchlights about the countryside as though examining it, then disappeared into limitless space. Dirigibles had not been invented fifty years bygone . . .

THEOLOGY will be hard put for explanation of Biblical assertions if, during this year 1953, or shortly thereafter, this planet be the scene of a landing of creatures possessing intelligence and ethical development far in advance of ours, yet who bear almost no resemblance to the anthropomorphic forms at all. In such an event, it is going to be, not the account in the Hebraic Genesis but the explanations for terrestrial origins set forth in the *Golden Scripts* and *Star Guests*, that bids fairer to be substantiated, . . . that the human species, created "a little lower than the angels", came to this planet in spirit form and debased itself by copulation with anthropoid apes.

What the effect upon this earth-species is due to be, if it comes suddenly in contact with denizens of a distant planet,

say ten thousand years in advance of us in every department of science and intellectual activity—not to mention invention and discoveries about true Divinity, the mind can scarcely realize.

You are due to get a wholly altered view of life and consciousness, when you have read Gerald Heard's book. There are few controversial accounts in it, as distinguished Frank Scully's.

One is led to understand to a degree why the Soulcraft mentors have been so reticent to pass comment on the origin of the Saucer Men, knowing as they must the surface conditions on Venus, not to mention what would happen if a Venusian set foot on this planet. His normal weight on his own planet would be doubled on this globe, but if he were biologically constructed like human mortals, he would be crushed to a pulp the first time he essayed a "bank" in a Saucer moving at 18,000 miles per hour.

Actually, as Gerald Heard shows, he would be pressed against the side of his ship at five times the force of this world's gravity. Imagine what would happen if you jumped off even a ten-foot roof with five times the speed of fall of present earth conditions.

The trouble with most writers of neomantic rationalizations for the Saucer Men, they do not know their astrophysics. Gerald Heard does.

More power to him.

Cooperatives

(Continued on Page 2)

term *Christian*. Furthermore, it goes into politics, and the Consumer Cooperatives have a fixed policy of taking no hand in politics."

FAIR enough!

The Consumers Cooperative Association is acting within its American rights in not distributing a book with whose theme its policies do not align. There is no hard feeling at holding diverging political or economic views. In fact, there is no hard feeling of any sort but disillusion.

There is only a great curiosity as to how it can come about that so many of the top echelon executives of the Consumer Cooperatives have attained to their positions without being aware of the nature of the economic vehicle they are riding, and where it is carrying them.

There is a slightly lesser curiosity as to why they behave so arbitrarily against letting their rank and file read the economic analyses in *Something Better* and draw its own conclusions and pronounce its own verdicts.

It is by no means a time for acrimonious debate over the merits or demerits of the book—or a program. It is by every means a time for the grass-roots American to have shown him what the vulnerable phases of irresponsible enterprise may be, producing panics and depressions at shorter and shorter periods, more and more severe in effects on the general population.

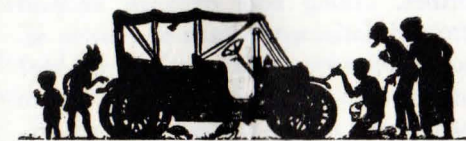
The ironical situation arises of the Consumer Cooperatives being ahead of their times in their *motif*, and to a degree in the scope of their industrial accomplishment, yet declaring in effect, "We are Cooperative up to a certain point—the point of distributing predatory profits—but after that point we stand for just as much cut-throat competition as distinguishes any commercial enterprise."

As a matter of fact, the question is an honest one to ask—

"What about these Co-ops? Are they truly cooperatives or are they merely using the fraternal spirit of mankind to reach an arrangement that eliminates the middleman and distributes the revenue formerly going to him on a dividend basis which they repudiate as the competitive motif stands the chance of discard?"

It is a paradoxical circumstance to behold the executives of a national association repudiating a book that portrays the very thing they are doing so successfully, and negates the objectives toward which they are riding at the clip of eight billion dollars a year.

It is somewhat similar to writing a book on Christianity but having it rejected by the clergy because, after all, it might result in too many souls being saved for Christ.



THIS being America still, however, and *Something Better* being one way to operate on the Communistic ganglion in a period when the American economy

is being strained to its snapping point, the executives of the regional Consumer Cooperatives cannot prevent cooperative members in large numbers reading the book as individuals—which is precisely what is happening. If then, a situation develops where the cooperative economy is the only practical expedient to solve Communism on the one hand and financial breakdown and collapse on the other, and a sufficient number of the cooperative clientele come to grasp it, where are those executives as a caste to be left? Would it not be astute to decide that those executives will have led their clientele up to a certain status of cooperativism and then refused to go whole hog?

How will those executives bow out of it, and where will they expect to sit if the Movement takes the bit in its teeth and gets bigger than their current vision?

It will be an interesting thing to watch in *denouement*.

Not all top echelon officials represent the rank and file of executives in the Kansas City policy as enunciated . . . in fact one of the biggest is reported to have commented on finishing *Something Better*, "Pelley's written what I've been preaching for years, only he's written it better than I've ever preached it."

But apparently the less perspicacious gentlemen would say to their clientele, "We believe in the principle of what we are doing only up to a given limit. Beyond that limit we're agin our own doctrine. So take your book and get out of our store."

Taking the book and getting out of the store, however, doesn't unwrite the book nor keep thousands from reading it. It merely leaves the store officials in the position of repudiating their own principles when one expresses them in print.

It's a matter for sober and dispassionate cogitation.

Too bad that some men do write books that disturb other men's equanimity. However, the subject is too sizable to be dissolved by one Kansas City interview. We shall hear more about it.

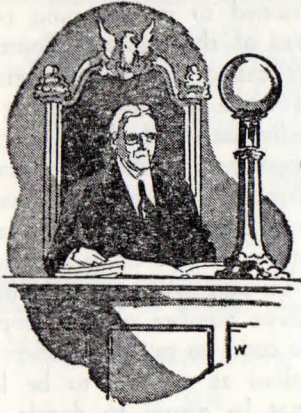
At present the dictum seems to read—"Come and join our Movement up to a certain point."

Where's the integrity in that?

Meanwhile, what of the volumes in the Co-op libraries penned by well-known Communist publicists?

VALOR is merely asking.

Why shouldn't both sides be heard?



CHAPTER XIII

L WAS sickened to the marrow by the "testimony" that now ensued.

I would not care to identify this party in print and shall not do so, having regard for the hair-trigger sanctimony of Buncombe County officialdom and the uniform squeamishness with which it regards any assailment of its political integrity. Besides, I am not yet finished with North Carolina in respect to obtaining my vindication of any moral or legal infractions of the statutes of that State.

The story was openly being talked about in Asheville—and still is—that one of the nation's outstanding Communists, the editor-paper of a radical sheet in New York City, had earlier in all the Blue Sky litigation involving me, come to Buncombe County and posted \$15,000 in escrow, to be paid over to the law firm or prosecutors whose court actions succeeded in carrying me across the threshold of Raleigh Penitentiary. I now know the name of the escrow officer and approximately how the fund was disbursed. I have legal friends in Asheville willing to go on the stand and testify of this conspirator's activities against my publishing rights under the First Amendment.

But do you think this Buncombe County representative could be induced to concede any part of his own involvement in such colluding? With a dead-pan countenance, and under oath, he told court and public that he was merely serving voluntarily in the public interest, without remuneration of any sort, "purely as a favor" to the harassed North Carolina authorities, who were being hard pressed

"Garden of Prophecy"

. . . Second Volume of "Door to Revelation" . . .

to restrain this double-dyed publishing fiend that was myself. What was I wanted for, back in the Tar Heel State? To answer charges that would show on proper presentation in court that I had committed acts that violated the 5-year suspension of sentence that Judge Warlick had given me in 1935. What were those charges? It was not his province to say. North Carolina doubtless had its own sovereign reasons for not wishing to make them public.

Eddie O'Connell inquired, had my 5-year suspension of sentence carried any conditions that I remain within the State or refrain from publishing? Yes, of course they had. Eddie read the suspension of sentence to Judge Adkins. Where in its phraseology was there the slightest implication of these inhibitions? The Buncombe County representative told the Court that when the subsequent parole law became enacted in 1937—two years after my sentencing—it applied *ex post facto* to all miscreants then free on suspended sentences. And if North Carolina could once get me back within its jurisdiction, it would show clearly and swiftly enough that I had breached the 1937 stipulations.



This was a poser and Eddie was stumped. Had the Buncombe County authorities, taking note of such *ex post facto* stipulations, tried at any time to extract parole reports periodically from me? The representative couldn't say as to that, he not being interested in the enforcement of *all* stipulations of that law, only those applying to my professional behavior while living in Buncombe County.

Plainly enough this was a case of "heads I win, tails you lose." "Dignity" and "sovereignty" were two adjectives heavily dealt in during this testimony, of course having reference to the Tar Heel commonwealth.

"It amounts to this, Your Honor," Eddie addressed the Bench, "these Buncombe County politicians are merely working to get my client back within their jurisdiction, that they may make their own law against him as they go along. As this public-spirited character has just told the Court, they're only interested in halting Pelley's political publishing against the current Administration. They don't dare tell this Court why they want him, because they know it wouldn't hold water in any jurisdiction but their own, where they can act as judge and jury, to say nothing of prosecutors. I ask this Court not to release him until North Carolina divulges what charges he must face if he should have to go down."

Justice Adkins blinked blandly at the two western corners of the courtroom.

"This Court," he told Eddie, "is only interested—in a hearing of this sort—as to whether or not the papers are in order and the identity of the fugitive shown beyond any challenge. It cannot enter into the merits of a charge against a wanted person, since that would be sitting as supreme court in a contest between the demanding state and the asylum state. Your client can assume, of course, as this Court must assume, that if he does go down and submit himself to North Carolina's jurisdiction, he will be dealt with strictly on the legal issues involved and have all due process respected."

"Your Honor," Eddie declaimed, "insofar as my client is concerned, having had plenty of samples of so-called North Carolina justice, he can assume nothing of the sort. Staying out of the hands of North Carolina's county courts—which we declare to be nothing but kangaroo courts insofar as justice and equity toward a Northerner are concerned—is precisely why we're fighting this extradition.

Furthermore, we contend that without the charges against this man being shown, the papers are *not* in order."

"They are signed by the Governor," Justice Adkins rebutted. "The State's sovereign seal is affixed to them. You yourself concede there is no contested point about this fugitive's identity. So I shall remand the prisoner back to Buncombe County."

"Your Honor, we serve notice of appeal from your ruling and ask that reasonable bond be set pending confirmation or nonconfirmation of this from a higher court."

"That is your privilege," Adkins generously conceded.

"We ask that the bond continue to be set at the figure stipulated by Justice Letts until the Supreme Court has decided this."

"I'll rule in your favor on that. This hearing is dismissed."

We repaired to the federal clerk's office and rearranged the bond for an indefinite period, assuring me of freedom until the Supreme Court had considered the matter. Then we repaired to Eddie's office.

Eddie gave his swivel a twist and sat down.

"The sons of bees!" he pronounced with feeling.

CHAPTER XIV



IF the Governor of North Carolina had been called to obey the entirely lawful subpoena served upon him, the information which could have been extracted from him—as to the political maneuverings causing the transfer of Judges that had made my former prosecutor my Nemesis—must have placed a wholly different aspect on my prospects. But it was openly known in Washington that so long as it was Roosevelt Himself who wanted me squelched, I was playing against a stacked legal deck.

All right, if I were playing against a stacked deck, I was playing against a stacked deck. Nonetheless, I would go ahead and play against it, running the chance that some opposite player might fumble a card.

"How much time have I got?" I asked O'Connell. "I mean, how long can this be kept in the courts of appeal?"

"Maybe two years," Eddie assured me.

"Oh well, a lot can happen in two years. FDR Himself might run off to Russia with a blonde."

I returned to Noblesville.

We completed alterations to the property and the day came in late autumn when five 25-ton trucks were dispatched from Indianapolis to bring our printing machinery up from Asheville.

In Asheville, in result of these hijinks and this forced removal, I was surrendering heavy equities in my model publishing plant as real estate, as well as losing my home in Monticott Hills. But my loyal associates had printed two numbers of our weekly *Liberation*, then unbolted the machinery and crated the portables. Everything was ready for loading upon the five trucks on arrival. Everything was ready in Noblesville as well, to lag-screw the presses to the floor and throw on the power-switches. Thus the issue of *Liberation* published in advance, would maintain our publishing file without operational break.

The five big vehicles, hired of an Indianapolis trucking firm, made quite a parade moving down to the little resort city in the Great Smokies. Five days had been the estimated time required for the job—two days down, one day loading, two days back. But during sunset of the third day, the long distance phone rang. It was Talpey, my plant manager, calling from Asheville.

"Bad luck, Chief," he broke the news to me. "Four trucks got loaded with the linotype and presses, but we left the fifth truck till last, intending to stack all the office furniture and equipment on it. That one got nabbed."

"Nabbed!" I cried. "What do you mean, nabbed?"

"An officer arrived with an attachment just as the last truck with the office stuff was pulling out. It restrained you from moving the equipment until a certain attorney's bill was settled," . . . and Alfred gave his name.

"I don't owe that lawyer a nickel!" I fumed. "I don't owe a single bill of any sort to *anyone* in Asheville!"

"Well, he claims to the contrary. That's good enough to make the removal sour. Of course, the officer couldn't do anything about the four trucks that had already loaded and departed the county. But all your office furniture and rec-

"STAR GUESTS"



A Book that will give you something to think about so long as you are alive! . . .

MORE and more the evidence mounts, indicating that human life may not have originated on this planet but come here in spirit form from another heavenly system. Such is the disclosure of the Ageless Wisdom. And the manner of humanity's coming, and the reasons for it, explain a hundred enigmas in sacred Scripture.

Are you subconsciously troubled by worry about Death? You will lose it upon reading STAR GUESTS. You can't understand the massive doctrine of SOULCRAFT without reading it.

Clothbound: \$3.00

SOULCRAFT CHAPELS

NOBLESVILLE, INDIANA



Why I Believe THE DEAD ARE ALIVE!

NO MATTER what your views may be on the After-Life, hold them in abeyance until you have read this challenging volume narrating most of the supernatural experiences undergone by the Recorder of the SOULCRAFT SCRIPTS, practically all of them attested by witnesses, then deny or refute continuity of existence if you can . . .

Here are three hundred pages of "true ghost stories" that carry a stupendous significance. If they had happened to you, would you have reacted to them any differently than the Author, taking him into his role of the present?

\$3.00 the Copy

SOULCRAFT CHAPELS
NOBLESVILLE, INDIANA

ords, along with files and stationery, have been impounded and the fifth truck's returning empty."

"How much does he claim I owe him?"

"Eight hundred dollars."

"But all that furniture is worth two to three thousand!"

"I know it."

"Furthermore, I hold our cancelled check for that eight-hundred-dollar fee, with his endorsement on its back showing his bill was settled."

"Oh, this is another eight hundred for something else. Or rather, what he's claiming is, that his last bill to you should have read sixteen hundred dollars and the sum has only been paid as to half."

"The dirty so-and-so!"

"Well, it's one of those things, Chief. The Crowd down here is plenty sore that you're pulling up stakes and moving from the State. He could set his bill at anything, just to make the impounding order good. If they'd learned of the removal sooner, they'd have sewed up all five trucks."

"If I should pay such amount, what guarantee have I got he won't say his bill was a couple of thousand?"

"Not a guarantee. In fact, from the talk I'm hearing, he'd do precisely that. You see, they never dreamed you'd actually pull off any move so drastic. But the big thing is, they're hoping you'll come back down here to fight it and recover your records."

"Do they imagine I'm that soft in the head?"

But the hardest blow in losing any office effects was the sentimental value of what had been impounded. Almost desk by desk, the office layout represented the accumulatings and compoundings of equipment over the past eight to ten years. Some of the articles had been with me in my New York apartment, some in the Salmon Tower office during the regime of Sumner Vinton, others had been acquired for Galahad College activities. I had pictures and rugs that were of little value to strangers but worth everything to the Movement as historical souvenirs. And one of my own North Carolina attorneys, to whom I had earlier paid thousands of dollars, had given me the double cross.

What new thing was coming? Was this the United States of America in which I had been born and raised? I suddenly felt the alien.

Later I was to learn that he had commented, "I might as well have gotten as much as I could out of him, as a last shot, seeing he isn't coming back."

North Carolina! , ,

"Come down on your next vacation and see the beauties of our mountains!"

"Forget the office furniture," I told Talpey. "We'll reequip the office from Indianapolis."

I hung up the receiver and awaited the four trucks of priceless machinery. The fifth day it arrived. But again I had caught some tail-feathers—figuratively speaking—in a gate. Was it forever to be thus? I survived my barren office. Oh, well! . . . I would crusade against the New Deal in the South! . . .

Affinities or Pick-ups

(Continued from Page 6)

ionship between them under all circumstances is not permissible without violating the conventionalities or proprieties. They are conscious of this tenet in advance. The result is, to comply with society's squeamishness, they go before a clergyman or magistrate and are "married."

They are not particularly in love with one another. They are in love with the fecundities of romance in a physically sensitized period of their current incarnations.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

What is being arrived at is one and the same, no matter which way you view it. What people who are principals in Cosmic Romances truly are doing is seeking those additions to their own characters,

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

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

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

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

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



**P
R
I
C
E**
\$1

“My Seven Minutes in Eternity” . .

A NEW EDITION

The American Magazine Esoteric Classic

Has been reprinted in a small and beautiful book of 80 pages, with *Aftermath* rewritten and brought up to date, offering the unabridged and corrected manuscript of the narrative as The Author regards it 24 years later . . .

*Two new half-tone photos of The Author
this past month*

This is the final version of “Seven Minutes” which will now take its place in the literature of Soulcraft . . bound in wine-red covers and gold-stamped . . Ready for Delivery Now!

SOULCRAFT CHAPELS

Noblesville

Indiana

T h e P a y o f f

EUGENE FIELD at a London dinner was queried about the extent of lynching in the United States. Englishmen generally understood that a heavy proportion of the population met death at the end of a rope, especially if they were colored. The hostess turned to Field and asked, "And have you ever seen one of these affairs, sir?"

"Hundreds of 'em," said Field.

A score of voices immediately cried, "Oh, tell us about one, Mr. Field!"

"Well, the night before I sailed for England," Field complied, "I gave a dinner party when a waiter spilled some soup down the décolleté gown of a prominent lady. The gentlemen of the party seized the fellow, took him out front, knotted a rope around his neck and swung him up to a lamp-post in two minutes flat."

"Horrible!" the hostess shuddered. "And you saw this yourself?"

"N-No, not exactly," faltered Field. "Just at the moment I happened to be out back in the kitchen, killing the Negro chef for putting mustard in the pie."

A DEMOCRATIC senator was sneering at the affliction of a Republican colleague, missing from the vote on an important bill.

"I understand," he said to the Speaker, "Senator Whoozis is supposed to have brain-fever. How could that be possible? It takes brains to have brain-fever."

Another Republican arose to his feet. "Will the gentleman yield?"

"Only for a question," said the Democrat.

"The question I would ask is, how did the gentleman who has the floor find that out?"

ONE IRISHMAN met another before a house that showed a door-reath.

"Who's dead?" asked Dooley.

"Faith, 'tis one of the Flannery twins,"

"Which one?" asked Dooley.

"That's the worst uv it, Mike. They looked so much alike no one kin tell which one is dead, and they're afraid

"Eyes of Understanding"

Hear the Electronic Lecture
for the week on the Subject:



"Mind's Alarm Clocks"

The meat of these new discourses has been taken from the Revelator's books of personal transcript, hundreds of pages of which have been untouched since typing and binding back in 1928, 1929, and 1930. The text is concerned with Higher Octave reaction to practical problems of our lives—Finance, Matrimony, Parental Relationships, Reincarnation, Karma.

Own a Recorder!

Play the Soulcraft Reels!

SOULCRAFT STUDIOS

Noblesville, Indiana

they'll bury the wrong one. So they've locked up the other until they make sure."

THE TRAMP stopped the elderly woman in the park. "Could you help a poor man, mum? I'm dying from exposure."

The woman assayed him.

"And which might you be, my good man, vagrant, politician or financier?"

THE TRAIN labored up the grade in the Kentucky mountains. The engineer, a kindly man, suddenly stopped his locomotive as a great concourse of natives, hounds, and mules crossed the right of way with clamor that echoed about the heights. A Northerner got off and sauntered up front,

"Sheriff's posse, I suppose?" he asked the engineer.

"Nope," said the other.

"Maybe a lynchin' bee, then?"

"Nope."

"Then what's the big chase all about?"

"Zeb Atwater's oldest boy Ranny comes o' age today. The folks is running him down to put shoes on him."

JUNIOR and his mother, looking through the family album, came upon the picture of a handsome young man, dark of locks, with very fancy moustache. "Who's that?" asked the boy.

"Why, that's your father," the mother said proudly.

"Yeah?" said Junior. "Then who's this baldheaded old guy who's livin' with us?"