

# Valor

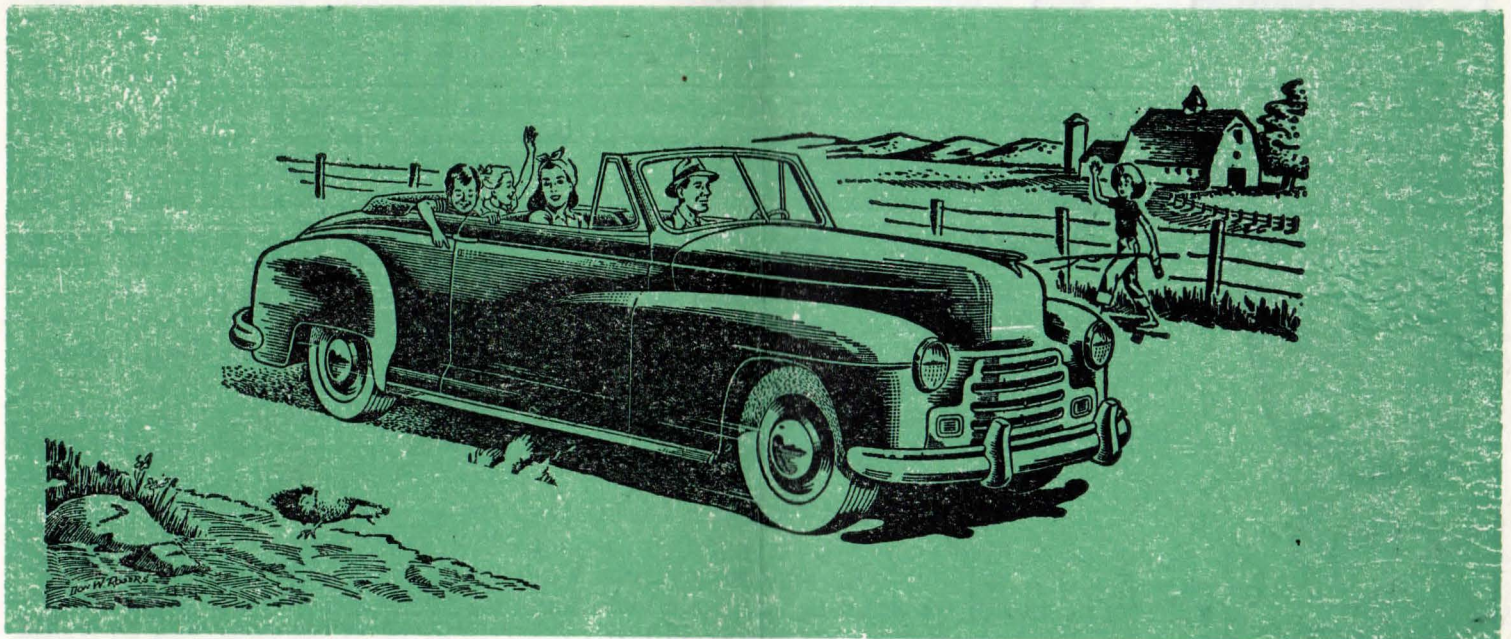
*The Golden Times Weekly . . .*

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

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Number 7



## FOUR-CYLINDER WALLETS; EIGHT-CYLINDER HABITS



LET'S NOT blame the American people as a whole because they have been enjoying an era of easy dollars. On the other hand, let's not blame the successful Republican Administration because that era of easy dollars is approaching its end. Let's try to understand the forces at work beneath our economic lives, and act intelligently and constructively in preserving our free institutions when the international despoilers use the readjustments of deflation as their argument for Communism.

They're marking time to do just that!

IT IS the great basic weakness of our free-enterprise system—in fact its major paradox—that prosperity under it can only come in cycles, and each cycle be followed by stalemate and distress.

When you set up a line of productive machines, attach power to them, and take finished goods from their hoppers, you should expect to sell only as much of those goods as can be bought by the wages you pay the attendants. Taking the country as a whole, if your machines chop out two billion dollars worth of goods in a year but you pay the men operating them only one billion dollars, then only one billion dollars' worth of those goods can



## Why not forever lay Communism by correcting the premise on which Communism erects its structure of economic and industrial turmoil? . .

made, our hallowed Free Enterprise system is really only freedom to overproduce and make Depressions along with the surplus.

In fact, has anybody informed you that surplus and Depression are synonymous?

**T**HE TRADE indexes of the U. S. Departments of Commerce and Labor show that since the close of the World War II the annual salaries and wages paid in this country have averaged around \$116 billion. And this labor bill was figured into \$200 billion finished products—or thereabouts. The difference of \$84 billion represented Depression. No matter how long delayed, it still represented Depression.

It represented Depression because Depression is the disruption or slowing up of industry until various ruses have been employed to use up the surplus so that the process can start all over.

The faster we overproduce—by reason of providing more extensive equipment—the shorter the period between these attacks of stalemate.

We simply refuse to acknowledge, however, that the American machine-tender and the American consumer are one and the same person, and busy ourselves at expedients and ruses for getting rid of such surpluses—for which there are no buyers with money—calling it collectivist heresy if anyone declares that Depressions come regularly in that our free-enterprise system isn't working.

Our Free Enterprise system *is* working even if artificial and automatic Depressions are part of its product. They're *our* Depressions, and if we choose to create them, it's our business only. There are many ways to erase or demolish these gluts of goods.

The biggest ruse we can espouse is that of Installment Buying. Let's look at that for a moment . .

**W**E'VE made \$200 billion of goods in a given year, we'll say, and paid the total force of consumer-workers \$116 billion. Very good, we'll first try fanagling a market for the \$84 billion surplus by selling it "on the cuff." Here are thousands of cars, fresh out of Detroit, for which there are no customers with cash. Here are tens of thousands of television sets—which nobody has the cash left to acquire after paying for necessities and taxes. Here are hundreds of thousands of articles—from new living room furniture to power lawn-mowers—that are "a drug on the market". Very good, get three dollars down and obligate the consumer for all this overproduced and unwanted stuff at a dollar a week out of future earnings. Borrow the money at some bank to carry these accounts. Load up four-cylinder wallets with eight-cylinder standards of living and because the items are all nicely entered on the books, call it you've done a tremendous business. "You never had it so good," is the way the politicians put it. And you agree with that.

But the poor devil who's drawing \$100 a week at his job, and paying \$20 of it for various taxes, must expend the remainder for food and shelter for his dependents. Then he must meet the \$84 to \$100 additional of installment payments on this and that as he can. By the time he can't squirm himself out from under the load of them and the stuff bought on the cuff comes back by repossession, the Depression arrives anyhow. Because the banks have said they can't carry all this installment buying any longer and hike interest rates.

That tears it.

Nothing has been gained but a little longer period of "prosperity" before the showdown of Depression hits so that everybody feels it.

But right here the federal government compassionately takes a hand.

It arranges for the whole body of the citizenry to go on a titanic dole system.

find markets, because outside a fractional export trade and a small minority of "wealthy" people, there are no other consumers in the nation but the citizenry that works for salaries and wages.

So you are going to have a billion dollars' worth of goods left over, unbought, to pile up and glut the market. You may put these goods in warehouses, you may ship them abroad to needy peoples free in various forms of Foreign Aid and feel noble for dispensing wholesale charity, you may pile them up and set fire to them, or—if they be perishable—let them spoil and throw them out . . as we're doing at present to millions of tons of butter for which there's no market at present stratospheric prices. But so long as you don't pay the total of your working people enough to buy the total amount of the goods their machines have

It calls this dole system a "Military Preparedness Program." We have to whip Russia, we have to whip China, we have to whip Mexico, and if we're not careful Guatemala will bomb us any night in our beds. Billions must be appropriated for the maintenance of war industries.

What happens from the economic standpoint is, that plants running wild in production for whose goods there is no market, are called to shift over to war production. This is paid for, by, or from, the taxes of the whole American people, and what can't be paid from such taxes is charged to the national debt. The present national debt is around \$285 billion and annually climbing higher, but no matter. Government borrowings on bonds shoves the settlement far into the future. So we've got prosperity *now*, and again we never had it so good. The money paid for producing war goods—which nobody requires to buy from their own wages, but which are fired off at the enemy or sunk without a trace—finds its way into settling for that earlier \$84 billion shortage in consumers' buying power. So the surplus is dissolved anew and commercial prosperity comes back in reaction. The populace rallies 'round, starts a new program of wild-cat production, and begins piling up a new bank of un-buyable goods.

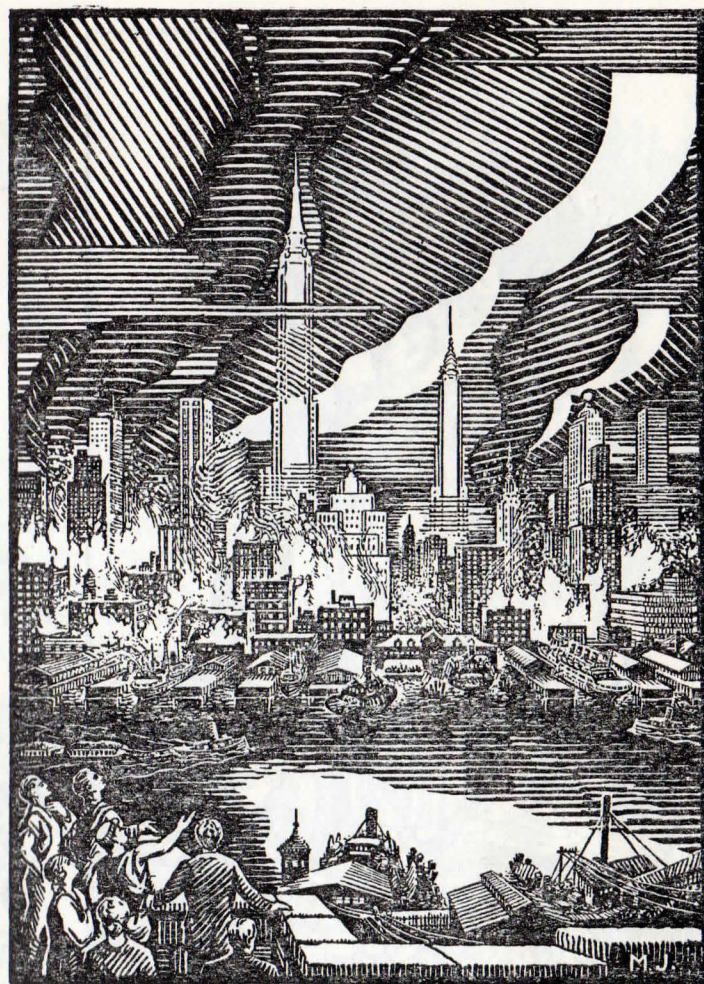
But we still are the greatest country in the world, because we *do* eat regularly whether on the cuff or off it, and we do drive a \$3,000 motorcar on a wage check that back at World War I couldn't have paid cash for a jallop.

No, let's not blame the American people for having become accustomed to an era of easy dollars. Nor the new Administration for trying to solve the New Deal headache.

Let's blame nobody.

There's been too much "blaming" going on the past thirty years, and not enough thinking. The human race dearly loves to find scapegoats for conditions that are actually the result of its own stupidity or at least, lack of intelligence.

The economy of the human species over the whole earth altered when machines were installed to "save labor", because while they did save labor—that is, lessen labor or make it unnecessary—they likewise lessened public buying-power. Every dollar the producer-manufacturer "saves" by substituting a machine for a workman, subtracts that



much from the overall public purchasing power . . . machines neither drawing wages nor being able to consume what they produce. Get around this fact, you cannot. You can ignore it, damn it, bury it in the ground like the fox who dug a hole for the chain that attached to his collar, hatch up a thousand and one palliatives to make it appear something else, but always you must come back to it. It's the great grim fundamental that, ignoring which, makes communists.

*Your manual worker is the consumer for what he produces by tending a machine that creates more goods than he receives the wages to acquire.*

So another period of paying for the public perversity in acknowledging this fact, appears to be at hand. And in it, instead of increasing wages and lowering taxes, so that the machine-tender has the proper funds to buy and consume what his machine produces, wages will be made to tumble with prices, the same ratios maintain as before, and destroyers of the American Way of Life will use the resultant distress to promote industrial and political turmoil. Still more la-

mentably, the new Republican Administration will be blamed for conditions it had no more to do with, than the man in the moon. But from whence will come the national relief *this* time?

The national relief this time—*providing the Communists can be held down*—must come from mass ordeal rigorously forcing people to think, because that's how God and Nature work to lift the mean intelligence of the race. When enough American laymen have been *made* to think—by the experiences they're being compelled to endure—the adjustment can be effected in a matter of months or weeks or days.

What part do you imagine a book like *Something Better* is meant to play in the depths of such a total deflation?

The demands of the hour are not to be met by cutting eight-cylinder habits back to four-cylinder wallets, but by raising four-cylinder wallets up to eight-cylinder habits.

Understand the principles that are being worked out arbitrarily in action, and the ordeal is not so insufferable.

(Continued on Page 14)



# CAODAISM COULD SPIRITUAL TREND

## Reformation of Buddhism May Disclose Far-Reaching Consequences . .

Buddhism, as every school child is aware, is the second great religion in the world, in point of communicants, Christianity being the first. It was named for its founder, Gautama *the Buddha*, a name similarly compared to Jesus *the Christ*. There are alleged to have been many Buddhas, but the name indicates merely "sacred teacher" or "spiritual mentor." In other words, Buddha was a theological title and Gautama a family name.

An early life of luxury in India—not China, where nonetheless the religion came to fullest flower—coupled with a great spiritual unrest, caused Gautama at the age of 29 to abandon his wife and young son and become a wandering ascetic. Six years of extreme bodily penance and meditation brought about the knowledge and enlightenment that constituted him the "Buddha" of his time.

His disciples, chiefly aristocratic Brahmans, after receiving discipline in ethics, gained intellectual comprehension of four cardinal doctrines—

*First*, Suffering is inescapable and a man's acts in one life are the cause of his lot in the next;

*Second*, The origin of suffering is the craving for continued existence;

*Third*, cessation of Suffering is abandonment of desire;

*Fourth*, Paths that lead to the cessation of Suffering are, Right View, Right Intention, Right Speech, Right Action, Right Living, Right Effort, Right Mindfulness and Right Concentration.

The goal of Buddhism is Nirvana, or quiescence, a state of perfect calmness or purity, reached in its entirety only after death, but partially achieved in life by those who are absolutely consecrated and withdrawn from the world.

The Ten Precepts required of all aspirants to the Buddhist ranks have always been: To abstain from taking life, from taking what is not given, from unchastity, from false speaking, from using intoxicating liquors, from eating at forbidden times, from worldly amuse-



RELIGION which in twenty years or thereabout has so established itself that it has gained three to five million converts, is an event of major world importance. Those interested in esoteric thought should be taking note of it. Mohammedanism was the most recent religious faith to approximate such figures. Before Mohammedanism, Christianity did it. Six hundred and twenty-two years before Jesus, Gautama the Buddha did it. Moses is supposed to have lived some 1,400 years before Christ, and his earthly errand is synonymous with Hebraism. Antedating Moses came Zarathustra, the founder of Persian Zoroastrianism. Of religions before Zarathustra we know little. Is this new faith that is spreading everywhere in the Orient from Indo-China to mark a similar category of religious departure?

The name of it, as previously announced in these pages, is Caodaism—apparently pronounced as though it were spelled Kayo-day-ism. Accent on the "o".

The word derives from Cao-Dai, the literal translation of which corresponds to *Supreme Palace*. This double term is found in the most ancient Buddhist prayers. It establishes the principle origin of this religion, which is, first of all, as we shall see, a kind of reformed Buddhism.

CAODAISM is, up to a certain point, comparable to what Protestantism had been to the Christian faith in its origin, in respect to Catholicism. It is a switchback to the emphasis on spirituality instead of formality and ritualism.

But what characterizes Caodaism is its spirit of synthesis. In logic and philosophy that means the combination of separate elements of thought or sensation into a whole, as the simple into complex concepts—the opposite of analysis.

Let's give a moment's thought to a survey of Buddhism, the better to understand what Caodaism is coming to represent in the current thinking of the Orient—

# ALTER THE ENTIRE OF THE ORIENT . .

ments, from using perfumes and ornaments, from sleeping in a high or broad bed, and from accepting gold or silver. Note the similarity of some of these to the Hebraic Ten Commandments.

Gautama, the last of six pre-supposed Buddhas, claimed to have received the accumulated piety and experience of his predecessors. Sects of this religion in different countries have a different bible but the fundamental requirements remain the same. The number of Buddhists throughout of the world is estimated to be 150 million . . whereas Christianity claims around 300 million.

All in all, it is an ethical religion without a Martyr Progenitor, as was Moses to Hebraism and Jesus to Christianity.

**C**AODAISM has appeared of recent years, we are reliably informed, as the Protestantism of the decadent ancient faith of the Buddha. Its role is one of conciliation, and its mission religious peace. It has no sectarianism and calls for good will among all the divergent spiritual creeds—religious, mystic, philosophical or esoteric. Understanding of all spiritual forces, it declares, will give the world the best harmony at all levels.

In order to penetrate the rites of this new, and at the same time very old, religion, it suffices to be spiritually free, intellectually sincere, cordially kind to one's fellows, and physically at the service of universal Good. The spiritual freedom required is that which relieves the being from dogmatically imposed restraints and mental frauds due to undemonstrated religious traditions.

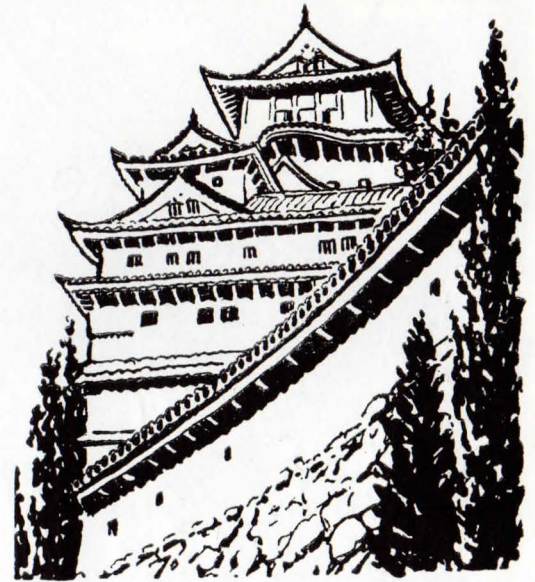
What will surprise and perchance astound the West is that Caodaism arises from contemporary revelation, and that this revelation was attained through the course of Spiritism—or, as we understand it in America, through Extra-Sensory Perception and Clairaudience . .

It was early in the year 1926 that Caodaism was founded. But for six years one man had been worshipping the Great Master Cao-Dai. His name was Ngo-van-Chieu, and he was at the time in the service of the Criminal Investigation Department of the Cochin-China government.

Ngo-van-Chieu in 1919 had secured a political post on the lonely island of Phuquoc, in the Gulf of Siam. Here he led a life of quiet consecration to the spiritual principles of Taoism. From time to time, in this isolated place so favorable to a contemplative life, Chieu gathered about him a small and select band of youthful disciples who began sitting in a spiritist circle, trying to induce phenomena and "get messages."

They succeeded beyond their most fantastic expectations.

Using first a ouiji board, that gradually developed into adept clairaudience, and then apparently the Audible Voice, the naive little group suddenly established communication with a powerful Master-Spirit who gave his name as Cao-Dai. Much of the phenomena described has had its psychical counterpart in other lands, but it was unprecedented and awesome to this little group off the Siamese Coast. Particularly so, when specific scripts began to outline what was necessary for the purification and resurgence of Buddhism, and to give instructions for the erection of a temple, the main architectural feature of which was to be a gigantic symbolic Eye.



A prayer was dictated, that was to be intoned to this "Eye of God", which ran as follows—

## EYE OF GOD . .

Thou art the gold and the crystal of heaven;

Ethereal essence of all things, Thou seest in all;

Bodiless Spirit expressed in a look, Thy vision is infinite;

Total Intelligence, penetrating, enveloping, zodiacal, Principle of Life, life of all principle which the sun's regard develops and multiplies in the Gold of Heaven:

Crystal of heaven, Sidereal Light, Solar Light, Lunar Light, Unique Light in the Eye of God, Thou Three-in-One of the One Look,

BATHE MY SPIRIT IN THE LIGHT OF CRYSTAL AND GOLD . .

Amen

Such was the inception of the first Caodaist circle, and the fetus of the new religion that six years later was to plant itself in Saigon. Chieu's administrative duties had recalled him to the Capital, where he began recounting what had happened to him and his colleague on Phuquoc. He started making converts to the mystical tenets in the Cao-Dai Scripts.

More interesting than all, had been Chieu's methods for developing the Extra-Sensory Perceptions of the young men associated with him . .

(Continued Next Week)





# DO YOU TO RISE

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



ACCORDING to the dictionary, Mediocrity signifies: "Being of a middle quality; indifferent, ordinary, commonplace." The term comes from the Latin word, *mediocris*, which conveys the idea of moderation, or whatever concerns the middle. In popular parlance, whatever is mediocre is drab and inconsequential, lacking in talents, merit or ability.

The mediocre person is the one who shrinks from breaking conventions, who slavishly follows the habits, customs, and conventions of his predominant fellow citizens because he has been told that it is the correct thing to do, and who finds himself in a cold perspiration of embarrassment when singled out from the rank and file because notice is called to his exhibited individuality.

It seems strange to sophisticated, self-confident, and cosmopolitan persons that life holds human beings whose whole instinctive effort is to keep themselves representative of the nondescript masses, or who pass their lives from birth to death without deliberate efforts put forth to improve their status or make themselves more noteworthy personages at the end of any given year than they were at its beginning.

The sophisticated, self-confident and cosmopolitan person wants to know what may "ail" such mediocrities, scarcely recognizing that the latter may view the aggressive individualities of the former as equally eccentric.

Here then, are two great classes of mortal entities, each viewing the other as anything but normal, but with the nondescripts in the preponderance. As Carlyle has so unkindly pointed out, "clever people are not in an overwhelming majority." Yet the clever people, despite their smaller numbers, seem to enjoy a monopoly on the good things of life and generally speaking are envied by the nondescripts.

Why are the nondescripts in the preponderance and what principle is operating—which aggressively clever people disregard—causing the vast rank and file of the human race to make a fetish of mediocrity?

SEEN in the light of Higher Instruction, we find races, nations, and castes, fundamentally installed to provide spirit-souls with what might be described as Cultural Class Rooms during the sequences of their mortalities.

In each of these class rooms, the tenets of a definite culture wait to be imparted to the incarnating student. Each of these cultures proffers a specific spiritual gain, of itself, which the expanding consciousness of the student takes into himself, or avails himself of, and which leaves him definitely more unfolded at the end of it than he was at its beginning.

It may be a Chinese culture, an Italian culture, a French culture, an American culture—which is a derivative of the English Anglo-Saxon—or any one of a

hundred gradations within each racial classification. Naturally such a culture must be preserved, that the incarnating individual may profit from its peculiarities. Preserving the culture as a culture, till all its increments have been assimilated, stacks up to the rank and file as of greater cosmic import than distinctive exhibition of the individuality. Distinctive exhibit of the individuality can come later, after the increments from race, nationality or caste, have been absorbed. Commonly we say that the mediocre person runs "true to type." By so describing him, we are paying an adulation to the type as of more importance than any possible display of isolated personality.

When the mediocre person is upset by "sticking his head out," or offering himself as someone raising himself above the norm of his caste, he is communicating in effect: "I have not yet discharged my obligations toward this culture which holds profits for me that I have not fully encompassed. I must do my part toward impressing the distinctive fecundities of this culture upon the world, that I may aid in stabilizing and preserving that culture's fundamentals for those yet to be born and enjoy its benefits. I must represent, not myself as a personage, but my type in an individualized exhibit. When I have done my part, and played my role, emphasizing the qualification of my type upon humanity, so that its preservation in my sequence is assured, then I shall be morally free to give more specific attention to myself."

# POSSESS THE METTLE ABOVE MEDIOCRITY?

Consequently the great run of humanity is not very good and not very bad, and the average person as life finds him today seems content to submit his earthly career to a pattern which Kismet has obviously provided before his mortal advent. He makes himself as much as possible "like every other person," because if he did not, races, nations, and castes—all synonyms for types—would tend to disappear and human cultures would be bedlam.

**T**HERE is always the period or point of "break away" from the type, however, for each individual composing it. In other words, the situation ultimately develops for every mortal, somewhere up through the series of his incarnations, where he says to himself: "I have done my part, and discharged my cosmic obligations, toward preserving the type so that it may endure and become of benefit to others who have been like unto me but not yet born. I have helped by my mediocrity to impress the distinguishing features of the type upon humanity and now find it permissible to give attention to myself as a personage. I will snap out of this role of being "average," and a nondescript, and go in for solitaire performance looking toward the enhancement of my own identifiable ego. I will, insofar as I may, become a specialist in some phase or aspect of the culture I have hitherto been content merely to help depict in the mass. I will try to stand a trifle higher than my fellows, by proficiency in my specialty, so that they point me out and in a measure accept me as an example to follow in expanding the scope or character of their own performance."

This is the point where the nondescript stops "drifting," as an unrecognized human drop in the ocean of the mass, and puts course and purpose behind his endeavors—to make his individuality of moment without doing injury to his type as a mundane institution.

It takes stamina to reach such a decision, and act constructively upon it from that point onward, for two reasons: Mass inertia must suddenly be combated—that is, the practical disapproval toward such a gesture, on the part of those who still consider preservation of the type to be the more important—and the nondescript must thereafter proceed on his own initiative, pilot his own course, and suffer its rebuffs alone, without the bulwark of mass fellowship to turn the edge of the vicissitudes resulting.

There is, in human life, a queer willingness on the part of the individual to bear misfortune or suffering, provided all those with whom such individual may be in company, are called to bear it too. The old saying: "Misery loves company," is not only true, but when misery enjoys company, half of such wretchedness is allayed.

One man, made a target for another man's rifle bullet, will screech his resentment till he loses his wits. But put the same man in the line of fire from the same rifle, yet with a thousand soldier-companions to right and left of him, advancing across No Man's Land, and he will make a great and glorious game of



it—and if he is shot, will scarcely feel the wound.

The man who decides to leave mediocrity, or the "great middle" of humanity, behind him, must be willing to advance across the No Man's Land of human affairs, alone. More than that, he must begin to adjust himself to the discomfort of breaking the precedents that hitherto have seemed to bring him greatest consolation in preserving. He must do this without damaging the type that must still remain as his foundation of all action.

If he tries to make himself noteworthy and "different" by merely destroying the type, he will be known as a Destructionist and lawful prey for the followers of every culture, who recognize in Culture a divine edict to social organization.

It is the protests and disparagements of those still making an obligatory fetish of type and culture, at the cost of their own individualities, that the candidate for graduation from mediocrity must suffer from, most. And he will suffer from them, for they will go out of their way to protect and preserve an ethical or social system with which they, as individuals, have by no means finished, by decrying him as an upstart, a revolutionary, a swelled-head, or an eccentric.

**T**HE PERSON who makes up his mind to leave mediocrity behind him and truly become distinctive before his  
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## Tornadoes



THE MIDWEST is suffering this year from an epidemic of tornadoes. Flint, Michigan counts 112 dead from Monday night's storm. On Tuesday, rural Shrewsbury, Mass., near Worcester, counted 50 dead. Two years ago the entire town of Coatsville, Ind., was wiped off the map of a Sunday afternoon. These are not sections of country hitherto known for such catastrophes. Thus the question is natural, have the atom-bomb test explosions any bearing on an apparent change in American weather?

What, in the first place, is a tornado?

The term is Spanish, *tornado*, and means "turn about". It describes a local whirlwind of extreme violence, usually formed within a thunderstorm—mark that!

In appearance it consists of a funnel-shaped cloud, suspending from a heavy mass of storm-cloud above, and when fully developed, tapering downward toward earth. Besides its whirling movement, a tornado has an advancing motion of from 20 to 40 miles per hour, and along its narrow pathway it carries destruction. Its duration is usually from half an hour to an hour.

Tornadoes, strange to observe, are more common in the United States than in any other country on the globe. They have always distinguished the Southern States, particularly those in the Mississippi Valley. In Europe and elsewhere they are almost unknown. Owing to their association with thunderstorms, they generally occur in warm weather.

A tornado—mark this, too—is declared by meteorologists to be a condition of local instability in the atmosphere, originating high above the earth's surface. A current of air is induced to ascend with a rapid spiral motion around a central core of low pressure. The moisture in the ascending air is condensed by cooling, both as it ascends and as it expands, into the low-pressure core. The funnel cloud appears to grow downwards because the moisture in the air is condensed more rapidly than the air itself—following a spiral course—ascends. When temperatures and pressures are brought back to equilibrium, the tornado dissolves.

To say, therefore, that the auto town of Flint, Mich., or the remote rural hamlet of Shrewsbury, Mass., developed these twisters because of a hydrogen bomb detonated in distant Nevada days before—one to two thousand miles distant—would appear to be rationalizing beyond common sense. If the detonation of atom bombs in western proving grounds actually were altering the weather, why should such tremendous areas of country be skipped to hit in remote sections of Indiana, Ohio and New England?



The more plausible explanation for the tornado epidemic would seem to lie in an alteration in the North American climate with which atom bombs as such have little or nothing to do. Not long since, it was observed by oceanographers that due to submarine alterations on the sea-floor of the North Atlantic, the Gulf Stream had altered its course and was running dramatically closer to the Eastern shoreline of North America. This would bring the tropical temperatures of Central America to the Atlantic Coast States, from the Carolinas northward. Texas and the Southwest would thus become drier, even to aridity, while the Middlewest and Northwest States would suffer a greater precipitation of tropical rainfall.

The change in the tornado belt, which

formerly confined itself mostly to the prairie States, results from the change in the electrical storm belt, and what has gone on deep down in the Atlantic seems of more logical consequence than man-made noises connived in New Mexico, Nevada and other desert sections.

Like it or not, the American climate—as previously observed in these pages—is altering. Florida weather is moving northward to New York. New York weather is moving northward to Montreal. More and more sultry summer temperatures in the northeastern United States, therefore, mean more and more violent thunderstorms, with heavier rain precipitations and resultant tornadoes.

Try to take this fact in stride and not be overly alarmed by it. No one can lose his or her life in any Northeastern "twister" who is fated to die peacefully in his bed of heart failure in the year 1978.

Until meteorologists have determined with greater accuracy the behavior of air bodies impregnated with radioactive compounds, it is better to suspend judgment on what is "changing the weather"—or credit the more rational alteration in the Gulf Stream for the more violent electrical storms developing spiral vacuums where whole communities burst skyward in debris.

## What Peace?



THE NEWSPAPERS of the Midwest at least are by no means happy editorially over our method of backing out of the Korean war. At last the folly and inconsistent nonsense of U-N essaying to conduct a conflict against an international bloc that has representatives in its own councils, shows up in perversities of checkmate and defeat. After three years' loss of life and expenditures practically comparable to the costs of World War II, we are exactly where we were when the U-N shenanigans carried us into it. Without consent of Congress.

The \$64 Question is, are we not altogether naive to expect anything else?

The Great Bamboozlement of United Nations was created for the clandestine purpose of emasculating and collapsing Great America, ultimately gaining control over her government. Most of its protagonists were pro-Reds. To keep America involved in a series of wars all



over the earth, meant dissipating her resources in riotous militarism dictated by internationalists. The real objective was enactment of the Universal Military Training Act. This would scoop millions of the rising generation into the armed forces, making substitution possible in jobs and living conditions of equal millions of foreign Displaced Persons.

What could be simpler?

Senator McCarthy's committee has brought out that while U-N has been conducting operations in Korea, something like 165 ships of our own "Allies" in the embroilment have been running munitions to the enemies our American boys have been so tragically confronting. Red China has been able to put up a show of major resistance, not on the military or industrial potentials of Soviet Russia but on the military and industrial potentials of Great Britain and France. And our "Foreign Aid" funds have been pouring out in a mass gesture of postwar altruism to finance such skulduggeries. Could imbecility go deeper?

Eisenhower and the Republicans are seeking to withdraw from such paradoxical and treasonable situation without making the tragedy worse. Sane men of any persuasion would not do otherwise, not that Eisenhower and his Republicans are necessarily any master minds for doing it over night.

Actually, it all comes back to the question of Economics.

We must halt the expenditure of men and munitions in Korea in order to conserve our by-no-means-exhaustless resources. We must confine a war that the Red-bloc projected for us, so that it does not reach the atom-bombing status. Yet, on the other hand, if we cancel out our Military Preparedness program, our war-economy collapses, and overproduction and deflation present us with a renewal of Depression.

These are not problems for the consideration of children, or immature intellects of any age.

The fact does remain, however, that American peace benefits from U-N may ultimately demonstrate not to be worth the cost of American participation and tricked commitments. The day that a Republican Senate tumbles to that fact, U-N dies the death.

Well, we are living in that generation when such issues and decisions come to climax. That is why the year 1953 has  
(Continued on Page 12)



## Love's Guest

**W**HY waste ye time in vain regrets?  
Haste onward toward the new,  
For all of God's great love is thine,  
Is held in store for you.

Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard,  
The beauty power and grace  
Which is in store for you, God's child,  
If you but seek your place.

Dwell not upon the past mistakes  
Time marks them for decay,  
For past mistakes are past and gone,  
Push on! this is God's day.

Fling wide the door of Truth and Love,  
Let sunlight flood thy life;  
God's child has naught in vain regrets  
In discord, war or strife.

No bondage chains can hold a thought,  
No whips can scourge a dream,  
No mortal thought may check the flow  
Of Love's eternal stream.

Clean well the house, throw wide the door,  
And hear the angels sing,  
Think naught of night, the day awaits  
And Love shall enter in.

Why waste ye time in vain remorse?  
Awake! be on thy way!  
God's freedom, love and Father's home  
Are thine to have, today.

A messenger, Dear Christ, the King,  
I sing, I laugh this day,  
My house must every whit be clean,  
*Love's guest has come to stay!*

through WINCHESTER MACDOWELL



# COGITATIONS

Back in those halcyon days of childhood, it took a good song writer sixteen weeks with a thoroughly broken heart to put out a ballad that lingered in the memory. Today, song writing is a business. The stage, the movies, and the swing orchestras must have new tunes overnight. All the world is buying some sort of instrument and torturing it overtime, too many compositions are being propelled into the ozone, and the result is bedlam, pressed down and overflowing. Verily I contend that, as I live and breathe, I am overflow-ee.

**O**F A RECENT evening at a drive-in theatre, I had to sit for the one to two hours while a celluloid opus of boogie-woogie played its strident antics called Music, with no way to escape unless I forfeited the chance of seeing the film I had come to witness. I take credit for great strength of character in sitting it out. But upon returning to my domicile, I went for my dictionary. What had one Noah Webster defined as Music back in the 1830s?

I found this explanation—

*Music: the art of making pleasing or harmonious combinations of tones, technically, the effect produced in the human mind when regular periodic vibrations from a sounding body reach the sensitive auditory nerve: characterized by four attributes, pitch, duration, intensity, and timbre; harmony or melody; musical compositions, written or printed.*

Having learned this definition of Music, I tossed the book in the fireplace and sat an hour contemplating a foaming tankard of potassium.

Once upon a time, far back in my boyhood, music was soft, sentimental, bewitching stuff, done with or without instruments, but specifically intended to cajole the mind into dreamy seduction, anesthetize it with chords, and reduce it to bittersweet melancholy by references to happier far-off things like dead sweethearts, boyhood aspirations, unrequited raptures, and graves beneath weeping willows where lay interred the remains of romances that could never be exhumed.

**I** HAVE long meditated on what sort of psychology is functioning in the human brain when a young man who has failed at all other life-pursuits finally buys himself an instrument and bethinks to become, say, a tuba expert. Why, in God's name, anybody should want to become a tuba expert is beyond my mentality to figure out. And yet it seems there are such people. I knew one, once, intimately. He had tried to sell hides, paper, glass, and lawn mowers. Nothing had come of it. Next he had taken up life insurance. People saw him coming and refused to respond when he pressed the front doorbell. Being one of life's misfits, he had finally given it up as a bust. And yet he did want to express himself. His aunt died in Missouri and left him ninety-five dollars. Did he take the money and buy himself culture? He did not. He took the spondulics and bought himself a tuba.

He lived next door in a rented room up under the eaves. This compartment had a window. He would open this window. Having opened this window, and placed a chair behind it, he would fetch out the tuba. Sunset having arrived, and all the neighbors being tranquil, this young man would place the lesson book before him on a tripod, take the tuba from its bag, and fit its mouthpiece to his lips. Thereafter, till the street lamps came on, he would blow the breath from his lungs into this mouthpiece. From the other end of the grunter, horrible noises would come out. Some would be in one

pitch, some in another. This young man would not particularly discriminate the pitches. To make the grunts seemed to be the thing.

Hour after hour he would sit up there in twilight and make grunts and blurbs. It seemed to give him pleasure. That what came out of the bell-end of the tuba spoiled people's suppers, caused them to close windows, indulge in profanity, cast household accoutrements up into his vicinity, and call his landlady upon the telephone, bothered him not a grunt's worth. He simply sat there in twilight and gobbled out the repressions of his soul.

What was going on in his mind, I wondered. Was he doing it in revenge or because some secret aspiration of his spirit must be met? If so, what was the aspiration? Hour after hour he would remain there. Grunt would follow grunt. Sometimes they were high grunts, sometimes low grunts. But they were grunts and nothing but. People would collect on the law beneath his window. They would meditate on how to reach his aerie by ladders. He would pay them no attention. They would even shout up to him that they were willing to buy his life insurance. He was beyond the brassy enticements of compromise.



Finally an enterprising householder rigged up a firehose and turned it on full blast. The stream reached the window. With electrical suddenness, the water going in, no further sounds came out. It was a clever idea and the householder was applauded. But the landlady socked the householder with twenty-two dollars damages done to her carpet and furniture. She said the young man had the right to indulge his artistic temperament if he chose.

WELL, perhaps he did. The trouble with making a so-called musical noise is, that although you can make it, you can't control where it goes or who receives it. Practically everybody must receive it. It is one of those take-it-or-leave-it propositions. You want to leave it, but it follows after you, pries into your windows, and gets into your ears, hair, clothes, and under your fingernails. You swallow it in your soup.

By the same token, there is small escaping the product of the human vacuums behind the modern jazz—or rather, swing—orchestra of the moment. You may refuse to have a radio in your home but there is no way of stopping the bachelor gentleman or spinster sister across the way who finds that a radio relieves loveless sterility. Over its photocells comes sound that doesn't soothe the savage beast, it makes any beast savage. Tom-tom-tom! Boom-boom-boom! Like my young man in the attic with his tuba, someone is getting pleasure out of making noises. And the louder and sourer the emanation, the more he goes to it and the more gratification he seems to get from it. A modern orchestra is merely twenty or thirty psychopaths, each striving to out-do the other in vibratory antics. No one pays attention any longer as to whether or not there is harmony in any of it.

It's the alien influence, of course. Music is no longer a thing of inspiration. *Schubert's Serenade* is one of those things that come to the composer psychically from ethereal spheres. The only sphere that the alien composer knows is the corner barroom where some soak sails forth and lands on his ear. Do it to a tempo, and it becomes orchestration. The result is a land of noise produced by musical instruments with melody as rare as fresh air in a night club.

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melancholy; *Traumerei* the philosophy of a martyr awaiting crucifixion with tranquillity, a moonlit garden spread in dreams where angel wings beat softly—what have these to do with *I Don't Wanna Make History, I Juss Wanna Make Love, Hot-Cha, I Got My Eye on You, Kid, You're Juss Murine to Me!* Hasn't it ever struck you that all this noise, discord, psychopathy, may be a concerted Luciferian attempt to fray our nerves, shatter our poise, and send us all to the bug-house prematurely that an alien "government" may come in, building its structure on shattered mentalities?

At least we can forgive the tuba player, for he is honest. He actually thinks he is contributing something to an orchestra ensemble. But the primate-blither-skite who claps a derby hat over the blossom-end of his saxophone and proceeds to emit belches that sound like a hotbox on a fast freight—where shall we tag him in the roster of lunatics?

Ah, verily, music has died the death!

We are delivered into the hands of Philistines whose god is crash! Oh for an 1898 tenor singing "*That's a Picture No Artist Can Paint!*" through his nose.

I understand that more fine victrola records were sold last year than any previous year since phonograph was invented.

Maybe these jazz boys with their instruments all in minor keys are meeting with the law of diminishing returns. Thank God they're meeting with some law, anyhow . . .

Personally I prefer the old-fashioned parlor musicbox that would fit into a case the size of a cigarbox.

Did you ever own one of them and have it croon you to sleep on a spring night when the air was heavy with the scent of white lilacs?

What's the matter with the world? Or is it me that's skewed?

## What Peace?

(Continued from Page 9)

loomed so large in Prophecy and alteration.

There has been no peace won in Korea. There has only been public education derived from that conflict.

But considering every factor, the men at the head of American affairs in the current instance merit as much confidence and crediting as any bloc that might find itself in the predicament of

governing. This no longer the vicious and predatory bloc that occupied the seats of the mighty until recently. This is the victim-bloc manipulated to suffer the reprisals.

Mr. Eisenhower seems to be getting us out of the Far Eastern conflict by fair means or foul . . . *only getting us out.* That was what we applauded when we elected him. If we want whipping-boys for our dilemma, they are still in the land of the living . . . Truman, Acheson, Marshall et al. And behind the whole tragedy still smirk the countenances of the predatory aliens, arranging matters in our Republic to suit their convenience.

This is the period, or agenda of denouement, when the basic motives behind everything become of public knowledge.

If the Korean conflict succeeds in educating the American populace adequately in such erudition, it shall have been worth the price! After all, remember America still has a long and dominant history ahead of her.

*Only by such instruction from ordeal, however, does Almighty Providence enlighten whole populations!*

### Garden Story Premature



FROM an editorial standpoint, VALOR must do an extraordinary thing. At the behest of legal counsel in the various Pelley court cases, this Weekly must withdraw temporarily the publication of the second volume of the Pelley autobiography, *Garden of Prophecy*, which has been running serially in its columns the past two to three months. Beginning the publication of the story of the various court cases, while matters are pending before the courts, is haz- ardously premature, counsel declares. Public recital of facts by a defendant—who by the filing of the many Pelley motions for vindication automatically alters to plaintiff—is not a privilege enjoyed by the average layman, and hence becomes unethical to a high degree in the current instance. If, as, and when this defendant-plaintiff achieves full vindication in these various court matters, the story will be resumed.

The author had particularly brought up the narrative this week to his recital of his return to North Carolina in 1941 to face Judge Nettles' extradition demands, which action the author had lost

in the Washington courts. VALOR will let the story stay in status quo at that point until the author is entirely exonerated from the many charges laid at his door by the country's various political elements.

It is a conceded fact that North Carolina in particular holds many fine citizens who by no means approve of the way the authorities handled the Pelley cases during the Roosevelt Administration and they regret that soiled linen must be exposed in print while they themselves are making every kindly effort to alter sentiment in that State to Pelley's favor.

The whole matter—not to mention the Indianapolis situation—is too controversial to make a continuation of the story a matter of vital import at this time. So *Cogitations* comes back as the editor's weekly feature until these court strictures are cleared.

#### OUT OF THE MAIL

A MISSIONARY collection was being taken. The sour-faced gentleman on the aisle motioned to the collector to bend down close.

"I am not putting anything in," he declared, "because I positively do not believe in Missions, Home or Foreign."

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The collector offered the plate, and said, "Here, take some out then. It's for the heathen."



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## Mediocrity

(Continued from Page 7)

career is finished, must recognize from what source the opposition and animosity against him arise. He will be told that his former equals have become jealous of him, or envious of him, or facetious toward him, because he has implied by his break-away that he suddenly considers himself better than they. He must know consciously that it is not jealousy, not envy, not rancor at his altered relationship toward them. They are simply defending themselves as exponents of a type of culture whose essence is an ordained factor in earthly life, and from which they themselves cannot depart until they have imbibed all that it has to give them.

In other words, the great sheep-flock of humanity has to be defended as a sheep-flock, in order that sheep who develop initiative, self-reliance, sophistication, and aggressiveness, may have the mass to break away from, and thus mark the fact that they have finished the sheep-flock lessons!

If it were expected that none should break away, then dividing the flock into units of individualized sheep would have been purposeless. The fact that individualized development is the Plan. And what goes for sheep, goes doubly for Man!

## 8-Cylinder Habits

(Continued from Page 3)

Instead of scurrying up and down the public highways chasing scapegoats, however—which again accomplishes nothing—society must conquer the rapacities of its own productive machines, and come back to the Christian consciousness that *no one but the wage-earning machine operator truly counts.*

Society, this time, will do it. Because it must.

That's why the crisis now building is to be different from other crises. But the first thing to recognize is the dispassionate insistence of logical economics.

Have you the intellect to grasp what's in process?

Then sooner or later Crisis itself is going to demand why you're not doing what you're supposed to do, in exercise of it.

### The Pay-Off

THE BRIDEGROOM got the clergyman aside, after the latter had married him to a plain-looking girl in a parsonage ceremony.

"Lookit, parson," the young man said, "I had to marry this girl to make an honest woman of her, and it's caught me short of cash. Instead of paying you a fee, I tell you what I'll do. You take me down-cellar and I'll fix your gas meter so it won't work. You see, I'm an employe of the gas company."

KIDNAPPERS wrote a man a letter which said—

"You are hereby notified to put \$5,000 in unmarked bills in the hollow log on the west shore of the lake, or we will steal your wife and you will never see her face again."

When they went to the log they found this note—

"Sorry, I do not have five thousand dollars but I wish you to know that I am entirely in sympathy with your movement."

A COLORED minister was asked what subjects he preached upon mostly. He said that he preached mostly on baptism, celestial love, forgiveness and faith.

"Why don't you preach on the stealing of chickens?" he was asked.

"Well, sah," he explained, "to tell yo' de truf, when Ah preaches on a subjeck so personal, it generally casts a wave o' coolness ober de whole congregation, sah."

A PORTLY bishop fell and for the moment was unable to arise. A little girl came up and offered him assistance. The reverend gentleman gazed up at her in amazement.

"You can't help me, my child," he declared: "You're too small."

She replied confidently, "Maybe I'm small, but I certainly have helped my papa get up again when he was drunker than you are. Let me have your arm."

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

**W**ELL, incredible as it seems, exactly one-half of 1953 has passed into history and none of the fearsome things predicted for this alleged Pyramid Year have as yet matured. It is now little more than 60 days to August 20th. If some titanic happening occurs on August 20th—right on the dot, that is—no one is going to be more astounded than myself. This for the reason that not only have Dr. D. Davidson's Great Pyramid calculations been technically "off" in the past, but I can get no advice counsel from the People Upstairs portending woes and tragedy. What I get from them instead are hopeful and inspiring rumors of great changes for the better, as mankind continues to arouse to the nature of the mischievous forces seeking to confuse and discourage it.

Relax!

The spiritually erudite have no cause for alarm. It's those creating their own madhouse of tragedy out of their fears on ignorance who furnish the real headache . . .

**O**CCASIONALLY such a one turns up at Headquarters intent on "making me see sense" on the hopelessness of the situation in which the country is enmeshed. The nation is insolvent—morally even more than financially—they declaim. Alien racists "own" everything. Absolutely nothing is honest and above board any more. Christian ethics have gone out the window. It's merely a matter of time before all of us wake up atom-bombed in our beds. Most of all, what do I mean by passing out any good words for the executiveship thus far of one Dwight Eisenhower when "everybody knows" he's owned body and soul by the Dark Forces else how could he otherwise have attained to his place as President?

One man almost foamed at the lips when I failed to be impressed.

**T**HE THING I do try to keep amid all this hysteria and calamity-yowling, is Balance. Keeping the Balance is chiefly a matter of seeing facts clearly as they are. In years past, when there were truly causes for alarm at chicaneries being perpetrated in high places, I made plenty of vocal contribution to the Whither-Are-We-Drifting? cacophony. But when matters started to mend, I noted it. I have lived to see the nation come completely awake on the pernicious nature of Red infiltration. I have beheld grass-roots Americans show the character to refuse federal patrimony, and the New Deal paternalism be nationally repudiated. By the same token, I refuse to acknowledge that the alien racists "own everything" or that the predatory internationalists have contrived to make everything captive from Eisenhower down to the nearest cross-roads schoolma'am. There can be such a thing, you know, as becoming so innoculated with your own virus of vigilantism that you ape the punch-drunk boxer—the mere sound of a gong

brings the reflex of flaying fists, even though your punches land in the faces of your dearest friends.

For one thing, I have yet to be convinced that Dwight Eisenhower and his new cabinet are "owned" by any particular group on earth. Eisenhower to the moment has made few mistakes. The real complication is, that he and his counselors inherited such an atrocious mess from the late skulduggery-merchants that it's going to take superhuman ingenuity to pull the nation out. True, the honeymoon with the voters of last November 4th still continues, but it could have terminated within a week of Ike's Inaugural. The fact that it didn't, shows that a gentleman of character has attained to the Driver's Seat. There's little or no poison in the man. More power to him.

He's doing pretty good.

**I**F ANYONE in the nation has cause to berate the integrity of our federal and county courts, I nominate myself to such dubious honor. And yet I say that our federal and county courts are by no means dark cesspools of iniquity, but that some fine and high-principled men occupy their benches. *You can still get a square deal at the hands of the constitutional authorities in this country*, and some of the Judges I have appeared before, in earlier years, are turning out my firmest friends. How or wherein this should be so, would be unethical to reveal, but it will come out in due season.

Boiling it all down, I say that I still have 100 percent reason for keeping my faith in humanity, faith in our institutions. We have an indomitable and resourceful nation in which to continue our living, populated by honest and earnest people in the main—people who basically revere God and try to keep His commandments. True, they may not always understand what shenanigans are afoot, but give them credit for being, perhaps, too wholesome; they can't bring themselves to accept humanity can be generally as bad as the calamity-howlers try to make it. I say this, not in maudlinity, and with as much scar-tissue in my spiritual self as any citizen in the Republic.

No, the caller who comes to Noblesville to sell me a program of all-is-lost-save-honor, is wasting the time and energy of us both. I've learned that little human character is built or damaged in one mere life—the real saints, and the real scoundrels, are the products of karmic experiences stretching over many lives. God knows. I've had plenty of cause to hate the eternal vitals of certain shysters who perform on the radio and elsewhere, but somehow I've learned up a whole program of lives to be allergic to the Hate that poisons.

I'm doing rather nicely, thank you. And while I can be wrong, I'm looking for something particularly fine to happen, marking the Pyramid Year of 1953. See if I'm not right.

*Pellegrini*