

Valor

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

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How the Final World Legislature Will Differ from United Nations

THE TROUBLE with the average citizen who assumes that the United Nations is the first attempt of the earth's peoples to set up a World Parliament, is his ignorance respecting the history and purposes of parliaments. If he were lettered in history he would know that the United Nations is scarcely a parliament in any sense.

United Nations is merely a modern version of a very old-fashioned league of governments. As a very old-fashioned league of governments it is bound to go the way of its predecessors, and for similar causes.

The name Parliament comes from the same root as *parley*, to talk. It is French in origin, *parler*. Ironically enough, as an institution it is, however, strictly British. It originated with the Great Council of the Normans and Angevins which followed the Anglo-Saxon Witenagemot, and developed into a bicameral or two-chamber assembly

when the knights of the shire and burgesses withdrew from the council dominated by noblemen and church bishops.

The British Parliament in its present form consists of the King, the House of Lords and the House of Commons. In other words, it is an assembly with the Throne, the Aristocracy and the Proletariat having definite representation in the government of the Empire.

OTHER nations may have congresses of ruling politicians, or official electees of political parties standing for given policies in civil affairs, but strictly they're not parliaments. They're glorified town meetings of the New England type where the majority rule counts. The Parliament of the British is a compromise system for making and enforcing laws. The Throne, the Aristocracy and the Proletariat supply ministers to represent them in a sort of perpetual conference for framing the laws that are to control the

country. But take note it's the same country, the same language, the same culture, the same traditions, characterizing the three elements named. The interests represented are merely caste interests.

If the King of England were a Chinese mandarin with an oriental background and character, the Lords all Spanish grandees with a Mediterranean background and character, and the Commoners African negroes or arctic Eskimos with still a third scheme of racial backgrounds and characters, the British Parliament would have a far different aspect.

WHEN you put together an assembly of people with different backgrounds—meaning racial traditions and customs—and contrasting characters and diversity of languages, what you get is a league.

These contrasting elements associate themselves to serve certain purposes and effect certain conditions. They don't forego their traditions, backgrounds, racial customs or speech. Actually they accentuate these, by the very nature of their assembly.

They come together, not to compromise on their differences but to preserve or protect their racial or civil individualities.

Again it will bear repeating that the association is a league.

And the history of humankind up the ages reveals that when, as, and if, racials of peculiar background, traditions, customs and speech come together in leagues, it is to achieve certain objectives.

When these objectives are arrived at, or it is demonstrated they can't be arrived at, the league dissolves.

It dissolves for the very reasons that brought it into being—that the backgrounds, traditions, customs and tongues are of paramount consideration with them and stronger than the motives which caused the league to be established.

When backgrounds, traditions, customs, and tongues—not to mention psychologies—are similar or reasonably the same, you can have parliaments or federal Congresses without number and they may be permanent and succeed.

A league, essentially, is ever a state of vigilant truce, where backgrounds, traditions, customs, tongues and psychologies are being *defended*. The very desire to parley over certain issues is proof of such defense.

NOW applying such analysis to United Nations, or any similar international body, would seem at careless glance to be splitting hairs. But history shows by the results that the compositions dictate the nature and permanence of the two types.

Study the history of parliaments, or republics ruled by majority votes of free men, and you note that they have usually been called into being to obtain civil rights and recognitions for the Have Not's as against the Have's. The contest of the Have Not's and the Have's in any given country is a perpetual contest, based on the very nature of the economic and social circumstances. The Have's would rule by force of their superior fortunes or intellects over the Have Not's—if the Have Not's did not surpass them in numbers and the ultimate interdependence of the two, economically. So the Have Not's band together and seize as much justice for themselves as possible in a state of armed truce.

SCARCELY a measure comes before the British Parliament or the American Congress—House or Senate—that such contesting can't be recognized if astutely analyzed.

Where's the practical results from knowing or recognizing it?

Just here—

Where this vigilance between social elements doesn't exist, there is no real certainty of permanency to the parliamentary institution.

There is no real certainty of permanency to the present United Nations—because in true essence there is no incessant social tension to keep it alive. It will either fall or alter in character, and when it does, the unlearned will decide in a sort of despair that mankind can't come together for universal legislative enactment on any basis at all.

Mankind *can* come together for universal legislative enactment but not on the spurious basis of a league . . .

IF ALL the little Have-NOT nations banded together as a political or military force to wrest consideration from some colossus of sovereignty like the United States or the Great Britain antedating the Socialists, and the necessity for such consideration were perpetual, the United Nations would be truly a parliament and have natural longevity so long as the United States or Britain continued

dominant. But no such state of tension exists.

The Little Nations have no natural quarrel with the United States or Great Britain, that is perpetual in character due to economic or social transgressions. So United Nations is already encountering rocky going on the old-fashioned league basis—because of the misbehaviors of Russia as a member.

In a league, all members are supposed to be equal in sovereignty—in theory.

Therefore are the seeds of its ultimate disintegration sown at the top.

The moment Russia, for instance, sees her best interests lie in going her sweet way and making war on the United Nations peoples, she will withdraw from the league—as governments with equal sovereignty theoretically have been doing for the past thousand years.

And United Nations in that moment will either reorganize on a true parliamentary basis or go completely to pot.

LET'S NOT agonize ignorantly over it if it does go to pot. It was organized, not in the face of but at the termination of, a menace.

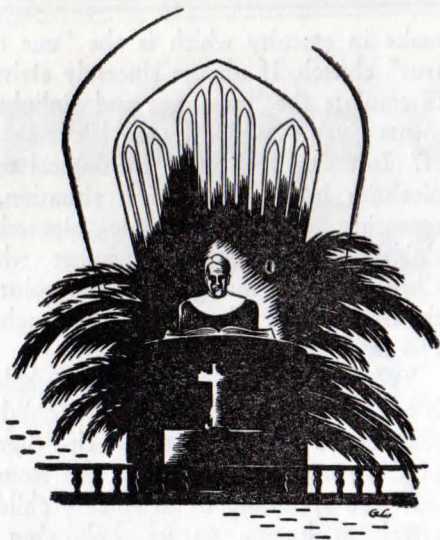
The excuse for its establishment had it that the world wanted no repetition of the Nazi oligarchy and the time to perfect an organization against such repetition was while the sufferings from the war to smash it were still vivid in people's minds. This actually was putting the motive for it in reverse. Instead of the tension of menace cementing it, it must weaken in precise ratio that the world public forgot those sufferings. Without any real social tension continuing between the nations, instinctive nationalism and racial interests must return to be served.

So the disintegration will become automatic—despite the frantic efforts of the World Power Bloc to use it as a means for exercising dominant direction over the peoples of the world as a unit.

However, prophecy and sacred clairvoyance both tell us that a legitimate World Legislature is coming. The Roads Courageous Program of Soulcrafft describes it as one of the major achievements of the Golden Times . . .

Suppose we see, in a continuation of this somewhat lengthy article next week, what perpetual situation may bring it about with the cement of permanent jeopardy to make it a world institution . . .

(To Be Continued)



“Can We Trust the Bible but Doubt the Church?” . .

A Protestant's Reaction to the Knights of Columbus Advertising

THE KNIGHTS of Columbus of the Roman Church, for whose moral motives Soulcraft has the most sympathetic respect, are running a series of effective advertisements in the nation's newspapers, winning converts to Romanism through newspaper publicity. The claim is made that 100,000 persons a year throughout the United States are turning to Romanism in result of such proselyting.

On Tuesday, August 28th, the Knight's newspaper appeal was headed with the byline, *Can You Trust the Bible but Doubt the Church?*

Presuming that the Knights desire as much publicity as possible for their secular solicitations, VALOR wishes to present their statements—with such sincere journalistic comment as may be feasible.

Said the lengthy “reader” that was the August 28th appeal—

“CHRIST didn't write the Bible. As far as anyone knows, He didn't ask anyone to write . . . didn't suggest it . . . didn't even mention it.

“In fact, there wasn't any Bible until 363 years after His crucifixion, and not a single printed copy for 1,450 of these past 1,950 years! How, then, can we be sure the Bible is God's Word? And how was God's Word brought to the millions of early Christians who were *without* the Bible nearly three times as long as we've had it?

“Since this space is small, we're offering you a free copy of *The Story of the Bible*, a 40-page booklet telling fully and simply how the Bible came to exist, and

exactly why all Christians, Catholics and non-Catholics, can be certain it *really* is God's Word!

“First, there is just One Christ. He is God. He left no writings. But he set up one true church to carry His teachings to all men, and promised that He, God, would protect it from error—even though its members, being human, would not be divinely protected from Sin.

“SECOND, in 396 A. D., the Bishops of the Catholic Church convened in the Council of Carthage. After careful study, and under God's promised protection from error, it named the 46 authentic books of the Old Testament and the 27 authentic books of the New Testament written after Christ.

“Third, thus, these 73 books became the Bible through that Catholic Church which, on Christ's same authority, had taught millions of Christians without it. Many of its members were the ancestors of today's Catholics and Protestants. *It is the only authority in world history on which anyone accepts even any part of the Bible as God's Word*, whether one realizes it or not, whether one is a Catholic or not.

“This is one reason why, every year, over 100,000 American adults decide to join the Catholic Church—embracing not just part but all of what Christ taught. They are no longer confused by the 700 sects which have arisen—nearly two a year for 350 years—with so many versions of the Bible and so many contradictions. They cease to be among the nine out of ten non-Catholic Americans who do not regularly go to church to worship God.

And they find a new peace of soul and mind which they never dreamed possible.”

NOW freedom of conscience and religious opinion is one of the fundamentals of our American way of life—which should be granted to Catholics quite as much as to Protestants. And comment on the foregoing presentation is permissible when it is honest and constructive comment.

The astute and analytical Protestant has inability to follow the line of conclusive reasoning set forth in the Knights of Columbus statements, because they're not borne out by either historical nor scientific facts. In all reverence and patient logic, let's consider it this way—

Christ may or may not have uttered His famous commission to Simon about being Peter, the cornerstone on which He would build His church. The episode seems peculiar in that nowhere throughout Christ's teachings did He overly emphasize any establishment of His church. But write-in or interpolation or not, the fact does remain that Peter did *not* “found” the Roman Church, the Christian Church or any other church. Peter preached and did miracles up and down Asia Minor for the run of his life of sixty to seventy years—depending on how old he was when Christ is alleged to have “called” him—finally went to Rome and was seized and executed there, according to theological history, in the year 64. But there had been a Christian church in Rome, established, holding services for twenty to thirty years before Simon Peter ever set foot in the place. St. Paul had effected that, far more than the Apostle

Peter. *He* is the Church's "cornerstone."

There is no reliable record that Simon Peter ever took even an outstanding role in the affairs of the church at Rome, was never recognized as its pastor, and was merely a notable lay visitor to the congregation there. Peter never performed one-two-three for the Christian Church what St. Paul performed. If Jesus had said to St. Paul, "Thou art Peter; on this rock shall I build My church," he would have been prophesying more accurately in line with what subsequently happened.

THE KNIGHTS solicit new members for the Roman Catholic Church upon the logic that theirs is the true and original church, and they are the progenitors of the Bible, because their bishops gathered in Carthage 363 years after the sacred events of Jesus' departure, and said what should be recognized as truth and what error. That is as long after the events of the Messiah's life as our present years run after the life and times of Martin Luther, father of Protestantism.

The Roman Church, effecting to speak through the energetic and zealous Knights of Columbus, seriously tells would-be converts that their bishops gathered in Carthage as long after Christ as we now live after Martin Luther, and solemnly pronounced what was true and what was spurious in Holy Writ, when by their own admission and advertising, *no Holy Writ existed!*

It is true that what afterwards became Holy Writ, "written infallibly by God" take note, was, up to the end of the 4th century, a mass of uncorrelated notes and manuscripts containing all sorts of fantastic reports, which Pope Damascus commissioned Jerome to work into some semblance of order, logic, and creditability. From Jerome—who was sainted for his compliance—came the Roman Vulgate Bible.

It simply doesn't check up.

THE PAPACY grew out of the offices of the Bishops of Rome, true. But the infallibility of the Books of both Old and New Testament, protected by God against error, didn't extend, apparently, to the conflicting genealogies of Mary, Christ's mother, where the people came from that peopled the cities which Cain founded after the Edenic ejection, where Adam and Eve's erring son obtained his

wife, or any of the astronomical truths which Science has since determined respecting the creation and operation of the heavenly bodies. Lastly, how about the story of the Woman Taken in Adultery, which was admittedly a fiction inserted in the biblical New Testament manuscripts in the 11th century? Weren't all of these errors, from which God couldn't have protected the Carthagian clerics?

If our Romanist brethren would base their claims more accurately on substantiated historical doctrine, they might be the more logically credited.

VALOR maintains that the Knights of Columbus and the Roman Church doesn't need to do this sort of bragging. The Roman Church stands for a set of living Christian principles. It is big and vital as a world-wide organization. Much as it deprecates Protestantism, the statistical fact remains that its membership is *not* as great throughout the United States as the combined non-Catholic sects and denominations, if *World Almanac* for 1950 is to be credited. But it is one of the dominant bodies religiously, of Christendom.

All right, let it be so.

The Protestant's one and only criticism of the Roman Church as such is the constant agitation and attitude of "We are the one and only true Church, all others are spurious" sustained by its clergy and members. What lasting difference does it

make in eternity which is the "one and true" church, if all are sincerely striving to emulate the Teachings and Enlightenment given mankind by the Elder Brother? Injecting a mass of theological technicalities into the salvation situation, is repeating on the Hebraic hierarchy's claims and contentions against which Christ Himself inveighed to the point of the only rancor He displayed throughout His ministry.

"We are the one and only" psychology is one of weakness, conceit, and childishness, that's actually beneath the dignity of Christians as powerful as the Romanists. It's appealing to an equally childish streak in human nature, belonging to "the biggest and earliest."

Of course, it's understandable to the erudite that when a great ecclesiasticism has reached the stage of clerical ritualism, "We are the one and original" philosophy takes precedence over inspirational doctrine. The history of religions attests it's actually a form of decadence.

Why can't we all rise above this sort of competitive conceit and be steadfast Christians against the atheistic and communistic adversary?

Don't the times command it?

Regardless of the answer, the Knights of Columbus' advertising is commendable and effective. Other denominations might copy and do worse.

Claims Mind Knows Past but Also Future



LHAVE been handed a copy of VALOR in which appears an article on Dianetics and reincarnation. As I have studied the matter deeply and practiced it, I feel I have an opinion on the matter.

Yes, it is true that we can take the patient back on the time track into previous incarnations, some as far as Ancient Greece and Egypt. But, this is only done to release engrams, so-called, that are giving trouble to the patient, engrams having their roots in a previous incarnation and re-stimulated in this life by some other incident.

We must remember, we who have be-

lieved in karma and reincarnation, that the rank and file of people have no proof of such activities. Now, with Dianetics, for the first time is this data readily available and the ranks of reincarnation believers grow rapidly in a manner that could have happened in no other way.

The only "headache" that can occur to Dianeticists is the headache of orthodox people who are now confused in having their cherished beliefs upset with actual proof which they never had before in any sort of orthodox activity. I do not know yet what the effect is going to be on church people, but I do know that Dianetics will persist in some form. The Catholic church has already ruled against

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Plato's Origin of the Lost Atlantis . .

IT WAS Plato who preserved for us the history of Atlantis. He lived 400 years before Christ. Two hundred years earlier his ancestor, Solon, had been the great law-giver of Athens. Solon had made a visit to Egypt, and there visited certain priests in the city of Sais, who purported to have a full account of the existence of Atlantis preserved in their archives. These they had disclosed to Solon, who had tried to perpetuate them in a great poetical epic like the *Iliad*, but to, however, familiar with what his ancestor had secured and already composed, unfortunately gave a fictional aspect to the material by presenting it in the form of one of his Socratic dialogues. Critias is supposed to be sitting with Socrates in an Athenian garden and telling the great philosopher the tale in the first person. He says—

“**T**HEN LISTEN, Socrates, to a strange tale, which is, however, certainly true, as Solon, who was the wisest of the seven sages, declared. He was a relative and great friend of my great-grandfather, Dropidas, as he himself told in several of his poems. Dropidas told Critias, my grandfather, who remembered and told us, that there were of old great and marvelous actions of the Athenians which have passed into oblivion through time and the destruction of the human race—and one in particular which is greatest of them all, the recital of which will be a suitable testimony of our gratitude.

“At the head of the Egyptian Delta, where the river Nile divides, there is a certain district that is called Sais, and the greatest city of the district is also called Sais, and is the city from which Amasis the king was sprung. And the citizens have a deity who is their foundress; she is called in the Egyptian tongue Neith, which is asserted by them to be the same whom the Hellenes called Athens.

“Thither came Solon, who was received by the citizens and priests of Sais with great honor, and he asked the priests, who were skillful in such matters, about antiquity . . . Thereupon one of the priests, who was of very great age, said, ‘Oh Solon, Solon, you Hellenes are but children and there never was an old man who was a Hellene. Solon, when he heard this said, asked, ‘What do you mean?’ ‘I mean to say,’ the priest replied, ‘that in mind you are all young; there is no old opinion handed down among you by ancient tradition, nor any science which is hoary with age . . . As for those genealogies of yours which you have recounted to us, Solon, they are no better than the tales of children, for in the first place, you remember but one Deluge only, whereas there were many of them. In the next place, you do not know that there dwelt in your land the fairest and noblest

race of men that ever lived, of whom you and your whole city are but a seed or remnant . . . This is unknown to you because for many generations the survivors of its destruction died and left no sign. For there was a time, Solon, before that great deluge of all, when the city which now is Athens was first in war, and was preeminent for the excellence of her laws, and is said to have performed the noblest deeds and to have had the fairest constitution of any of which tradition tells under the face of heaven.’

“Solon marveled at this and earnestly requested the priest to inform him exactly and in order about those former citizens. ‘You are welcome to hear about them, Solon,’ said the priest, ‘both for your own sake and for that of your city, and above all for the sake of the goddess who is the common protector and educator of both our cities. She founded your city a thou-



sand years before ours, receiving from the earth and Hephaestus the seed of your race, and then she founded ours, the constitution of which is set down in our sacred registers as 8,000 years old. As touching the citizens of 9,000 years ago, I will briefly inform you of their laws and the noblest of their actions, and the exact particulars of the whole we will hereafter go through at our leisure in the sacred registers themselves. If you compare these very laws with your own, you will find that many of ours are the counterparts of yours, as they were in the olden time.

IN THE FIRST place, there is the caste of priests, which is separated from all the others. Next are the artificers, who exercise their several crafts by themselves and without admixture of any other. Also there is the caste of shepherds and that of hunters, as well as that of husbandmen. And you will observe too that the warriors in Egypt are separated from all the other classes and are commanded by the law only to engage in war. Moreover, the weapons with which they are equipped are shields and spears, and this the goddess taught first among you, and then in Asiatic countries, and we among the Asiatics first adopted . . .

"Many great and wonderful deeds are recorded of your State in our histories, but one of them exceeds all the rest in greatness and valor, for these histories tell of a mighty power which was aggressing wantonly against the whole of Europe and Asia, and to which your city put an end. *This power came forth out of the Atlantic Ocean, for in those days the Atlantic was navigable, and there was an island situated in front of the straits which you call the Columns of Hercules.* This island was larger than Lybia and Asia put together, and was the way to other islands, and from these islands you might pass through the whole of the opposite continent which surrounded the true ocean, for this sea which is within the Straits of Hercules is only a harbor, having a narrow entrance, but that other is the real sea, and the surrounding land may most truly be called a continent.

NOW IN the Island of Atlantis there was a great and wonderful empire, which had rule over the whole island and several others, as well as over parts of the

continent. Besides these, they subjugated the parts of Libya within the Columns of Hercules as far as Egypt, and of Europe as far as Tyrrhenia.

"The vast power thus gathered into one, endeavored to subdue at one blow our country and yours, and the whole of the land which was within the straits. And then, Solon, your country shone forth in the excellence of her virtue and her strength, among all mankind, for she was the first in courage and military skill, and was the leader of the Hellenes. And when the rest fell off from her, being compelled to stand alone after having undergone the very extremity of danger, she defeated and triumphed over the invaders and preserved from slavery those who were not yet subjected, and freely liberated all the others who dwelt within the limits of Hercules.

"But afterwards there occurred violent earthquakes and floods, and in a single day and night of rain, all your warlike men in a body sank into the earth, and the island of Atlantis in like manner disappeared, and was sunk beneath the sea.

"And this is the reason why the sea in those parts is impassible and impene-

trable, because there is such a quantity of shallow mud in the way, and this was caused by the subsidence of that island."

IT IS a fact of record among geologists and oceanographers that one of the chief reasons why there was no attempt to explore the Atlantic Ocean until down here into modern times, was the existence of the very sand-bar that the priests of Sais reported to Solon, not far outside the Straits of Gibraltar. By the middle of Piscean times, this sand-bar seemed to lower, so that when Columbus conceived his great project to going east by sailing west it was no longer a hindrance to his western-bound ships.

Of this great sunken continent, which apparently continued to sink as the generations and centuries passed, its terrain and physical aspects, we apparently have only the mountain peaks observable today in the islands of the Azores.

Next week we shall see, in these columns, what the priests of Sais had to tell Solon about the physical features of Atlantis, its people and something of their institutions . . .

Popular Psychics

The Phantasm that Toted a Shotgun



AFTER devoting the later years of his life to a scientist's study of psychical phenomena, Dr. Camille Flammarion, likewise one of the outstanding astronomers of our time, came to this conclusion respecting the soul—

"Around and about death, various unexplained happenings take place, an attentive study of which should bring us gradually to a knowledge of what exists after death. Such are, among others, apparitions of the living and dead *dressed as when one knew them*, whose looks, de-

meanor, and clothing present veritable enigmas . . .

"The soul seems to be a substance of some sort, a reality, like an atom of oxygen, of nitrogen, of iron, of radium, but without extent in space, a subtle entity beyond our conceptions of material measurements of weight, a psychic atom, a thinking atom, an energy atom.

"Your body is not your absolute ego. Your spirit is the force that moves it, through an invisible organism, one totally distinct from the body, endowed with special senses—sight, hearing, touch, and

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What You Should Know about . .

The ROSICRUCIANS

17th century, he who calls himself a Rosicrucian has more correctly been implying that he belonged to this or that society that dealt in the tenets of ancient mysticism without any infusion of particular sacred emphasis.

Eleventh in a series of articles on the world's religions and cults . .

THERE WOULD seem to be as many explanations and theories for the beginnings of Rosicrucianism as there are branches of the cult to proselyte its "teachings", but one and all apparently stem out of the ancient Hermetic "mysteries" of Hermes Trismegistus, "the thrice greatest Hermes", an honorific designation of the Egyptian Hermes, or Thoth, the God of Wisdom.

Always and forever there has been, beneath the current of human society, the scarlet thread of cosmic knowledge, transcending or interpenetrating orthodox religious knowledge, whether Christian or pagan. In ancient Greece it took the aspects of the various Mysteries, Elusian and otherwise. Actually it had the same foundation that Soulcraft Enlightenment does—investigations and researches into the arcane facts of life, or cosmic practices operating Behind Mortality, which no church religion has succeeded in formalizing.

What is known as the Society of Rosicruciani—Rosenkreuzer—or the Society of the Cross and the Rose, seems truly to have been a number of isolated individuals who early in the 17th century held certain psychical views in common, but of a society holding meetings and having officers, *there is no trace!*

From the days of Pythagoras and Apollonius of Tyana it has been disclosed among men that mortal life had an esoteric side that conflicted with the theologies of orthodoxy, purportedly reserved for the wise and discerning. But since the

YOU CAN hear a mystical tale told within Rosicrucian circles of a time in southern France, known as the period of the Albigenses Heresy, when sects of devotees arose against the malpractices of the Roman Church and spread more enlightening esoteric doctrines among the laity. Put down with maximum savagery by the agents of the Inquisition, it was reported that one man escaped the ranks of the mystics at Tours—a German—made his way north to the Rhine and initiated his two brothers in the rites that had so upset the established church. These three were alleged to have formed a society of the Rose and the Cross to keep alive and pass along from generation to generation the fundamentals of so-called Mysticism, changing their names from Greber to Rosenkrenz, and that true Rosicrucianism stems out of this heretical sequence. True or false, the brothers Rosenkrenz might have saved themselves the trouble, because any psychical person, developing his clairaudient and clairvoyant powers, can readily acquire his own knowledge of the mystical cosmic processes operating behind physical expressions of consciousness.

So far as the numerous works are concerned, effecting to supply the facts about the origin and growth of Rosicrucianism, it is evident that the writers who posed as such were moral and religious reformers, utilizing the technicalities of psychical development, along with chemistry and alchemy and the sciences generally, as media through which to make known their opinions, there being a flavor of occultism promotive of inquiry and sugges-

tive of hidden meanings discernible or discoverable only by adepts.

BACK in 1614-1615 in middle Europe, a theologian named Johann Valentin Andrea caused immense excitement throughout Europe by the publication of two books on mysticism, bearing the ponderous titles, *Allgemeine und General-Reformation der ganzenweiten Welt* and *Fama Fraternitatis*, and affecting to release to the public generally most of the "secrets" of the arcane schools. The author, however, generally favored Lutheranism as against Roman Catholicism but along with the works of John Heydon—who refused to declare himself a Rosicrucian—the works sought to make Hermeticism and other curious studies more useful and popular, and for a time succeeded.

The curious legend, in which the fabulous origin of the so-called society was enshrined, namely that of Christian Rosenkreuz who had discovered the secret wisdom of the East on the pilgrimage in the 15th century, was so improbable though ingenuous, that the genesis of the Rosicrucians has been generally overlooked or ignored, but the worthy objects of the *fratres* in the main have been discovered and supported by many able and worthy men.

THERE is a type of mind that delights to make much of "the Wisdom of the East" as assuming to cure all the spir-

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What Price Scorn?



ALTHOUGH Christianity "mandates" correction of racial and economic injustices, young people venturing out to do this task may expect the discouragement of public scorn.

This, according to the morning's paper, was the "grim" warning given a group of delegates to the National Methodist Youths Convocation on the Purdue University Campus, Wednesday of this week, during a discussion of Christian social action.

Mrs. Eleanor M. Curry, staff member of the Methodist Board of Missions and Church Extension, acknowledged to the youths that minority group discrimination, loose alcohol legislation, and substandard housing and wages are unpopular to oppose.

But she reminded her listeners that the Methodist creed states that inaction in the face of social injustice amounts to a denial of Christ.

In another discussion session attended by some of the 4,950 delegates, Herman Will, Jr., Chicago, director of the Methodist Commission on World Peace, advised an objective study of Russia's people and policies.

"We cannot say we're not going to study this area because it's a sort of taboo," he continued. "This attitude is a denial of our American faith in freedom of speech and inquiry, and block to the Christian search for truth."

Why the worry over taboos, Herman?

NEARLY 5,000 young men and women are convoking this week at Purdue University in Indiana, but there's an angle to their cogitations that probably is missed by the average observer.

A hundred years bygone, a convocation of 5,000 young men and young women of a religious denomination—granted it could have occurred under primitive conditions of travel—could reasonably have been expected to concern itself with religious themes. Why should 5,000 of a particular denomination convene otherwise?

Today, take note, when 5,000 young people of a given denomination convene, differences in creeds—or why there should ever have been differences in the first place—never cross the minds of either speakers or attendees. "Racial and economic injustices" and "objective study of Russian people and policies" are the topics commanding attention. The fact that such young people so convening are Methodists lacks the slightest significance. They could be Baptists, Episcopalians, Roman Catholics or Jehovah's Witnesses and the discussions would be the same and the conclusions similar.

In other words, denominationalism has lost its significance excepting as the creeds attempt to outdo each other in secular works and thus earn public commendation for "getting something done" to mitigate the rigorous social circumstance.

INASMUCH as all creeds are being led up these bypaths, away from doctrinal examinations into participation in strange types of social experiments, the need for denominationalism as denominationalism has obviously passed, else it would be the more impelling than the social circumstance.

In result, in the Purdue case, there is no particular examination of the need or excuse for Methodism as Methodism, so the youthful Methodists are given the alternative of becoming Do Gooders—which they could become in the political sense without requiring to be Methodists, and earn the title of New Dealers.

Religion as religion, or theology as theology, no longer commands the spotlight of importance. As a matter of fact, there's nothing to be said further about religion as religion, or theology as theology. Examining into the theological basis for Methodist doctrine as against other doctrines no longer holds profit. It is dis-

couraged not only because it challenges doctrinal tenets that in the present age might represent headache for the elders to defend, but it might also show up the sterility of current-day motives for being Methodists—or Baptists or Episcopalians or Romanists or Jehovah's Witnesses—at all.

AS A MATTER of fact, orthodoxy has arrived at that state of general ritualism where there's nothing more to be said that hasn't been said so often and so much that it's become more second-hand than a sixpence.

All these do-gooder expedients conveniently called "Christian social action" are obviously substitutes for creed controversies gone—or going—arid. Affecting the do-gooder expedients "in the name of Christ" by no means makes them religious, anymore than doing them at one time "in the name of Roosevelt" made them democratic or utopian.

Obviously the Methodist leaders of youth are "up against it" for issues on which to function. So Liberalism has made its appearance. And Liberalism serves the educational purposes of the World Power Bloc.

The "public scorn" that Mrs. Curry talked about, or at least referred to, might more properly be identified as the propaganda of a defense-mechanism that has been promoted to surround Liberalism and thus bend the thinkings of these young people "to studies of Russia and her people and policies" and kindred subjects, which the Rotarians could sponsor as well if not better.

The Methodists, in brief, are going short on issues to alibi their existence as Methodists, since trenchant examination of religious doctrines is taboo. Therefore they become denominational new-dealers.

And the young follow after, because they've nothing else given them.

Scorn isn't involved. What's needed is the moral honesty to examine what actually is happening among the creeds—and why.

As a matter of fact, no church in Protestantism has had a greater infiltration of pro-Sovieteers than the Methodist.

"Doing Christ's work" in a practical way doesn't mean embracing departures, no matter how seemingly altruistic, that lead down the road to Communism.

However, it would deprive the "liberals" of a rich field for proselyting . . .

World Policy



Our plagued western people are finally coming awake to the menace of Communism—after men have gone to jail for striving to make it happen earlier—so the American people will presently come awake to the existence and functioning of what VALOR calls the World Power Bloc, audaciously directing general world affairs out of London. In this World Power Bloc, it will be discerned that Britain stands supreme. At least it operates most effectively through British instrumentality.

Ask any well-informed diplomat in Washington and he will acknowledge that American foreign policy is always shaped at the instance of Britain, and as Britain wants it shaped—seemingly.

Thus the broad shoulders of John Bull take any repercussions for any resentment that may arise at the Power Bloc's maneuverings. He is the stalwart "fall guy" for mistakes or blunderings.

Right now the policy-makers want no war with Russia. This isn't due to fear of what might happen to Britain in such war as for the overall plan of the Power Bloc to keep Russia and the United States in a stand-off growling match, while it gets control of the economy, manpower, and legislative machinery of the West. The traditional course of British "muddling through" is to hang on greedily and arbitrarily until all seems lost, then make a humiliating deal at some third party's expense—currently America's—to save what can be saved.

However, the military situation building up, and the necessity for making sure of Iranian oil, plus the foment of the Orient gone Red, may run maverick for the Power Bloc, give it a situation that goes beyond its control, and precipitate an atmosphere wherein its machinations become disclosed.

APPARENTLY the Korean truce talks have gone bust. So the oriental conflict is due to spread. The United States won't, because it can't, go ahead indefinitely pouring men and material down the Korean rat-hole to re-establish a status quo that prevailed in that country a year bygone.

There's such a thing as the World Power Bloc not being so clever as it

Scripts in Bindings

DID YOU KNOW YOU CAN
OBTAIN . . .

the SOULCRAFT SCRIPTS in bound volumes, No's 1 to 39, for \$5 per volume? They are done in deluxe leatherette, Burgundy in color, as each 13 weekly issues are completed. You can obtain all back numbers in this beautiful and enduring form. Remember, \$5 per volume, each volume containing 13 numbers. Address—



SOULCRAFT CHAPELS

Noblesville, Indiana

sometimes seems behind its cloak of anonymity.

There's such a thing as world events taking their bits in their teeth and bolting.

A break-out of Chinese troops *westward* may be sensibly envisioned.

Make no mistake, we as Americans are still in a war. But only those who are wise in the cosmic pattern of what's maturing, are able to regard world prospects with any degree of equanimity.

In the light of what's happening—and due to happen further—listening to the electronic programs of the ROADS COURAGEOUS broadcasts becomes almost a "must" in the preservation of one's mental balance.

These Soulcraft Broadcasts start Sunday night, September 9th.

The drafting of 253,000 childless married men for the United Nations armed forces, is only the beginning of a drain on American resources that must be faced.

The World Power Bloc Situation must erect its own gibbet and hang itself—that seems to be the Divine retribution provided for treating with it to stay treated.

Rosicrucians

(Continued from Page 7)

itual ills of man and make him healthy, wealthy, and wise by subscribing to a course of "degrees" or reading certain books. Actually the "East" has no wisdom that isn't obtainable by psychical adepts in the West, South or North. Society after society calling itself Rosicrucian has been started both in the United States and the Old World over the past two hundred years, but with rare exceptions they have been commercial ventures, advertising in magazines, and charging moot fees for instruction in the most fundamental phases of psychics. Others have been associations of sincere philosophers, associating themselves for study of a truly described Ageless Wisdom, which in the last analysis is a knowledge of life gained through the super-senses. Soulcraft comprises the same erudition, but Soulcraft essays the subject from the sacred viewpoint and Christ's teachings.

NEXT WEEK—What you should know about Emanuel Swedenborg and the Swedenborgians.

Popular Psychics

(Continued from Page 6)

others—of a psychic order.

"Every thought acts with more or less intensity, virtually as an agent that is called 'material acts', as a projectile, a stone, a bit of metal—and may project itself afar.

"If a man thinks a murder, he projects into the air a murder element! . . . Certain apparitions seem, very often, to be projections of a sort, animated telephotographs, cinematographic pictures. A human being, such as he is, or such as he conceives himself to be, projects his image to a distance, *with his clothing*.

"It is autoprojection.

"Our thoughts act materially and carry with them a kind of effluvium. They may stamp themselves upon an object, upon a sheet of paper . . ."

THE THING that puzzled and challenged Flammarion all his life in psychical investigation, wasn't so much Auto-projection of the Self, however, as projection of accessories to the Self. A man or a woman might rationally and understandably project the pattern of his or her Thinking Self, or the image as he or she thinks of himself, across a distance. But how account for a case like the following, typical of thousands of record in the annals of the great psychical research societies both in this country and abroad—

Dr. Rowland Bowstead, a reputable physician of Caistor, England, supplied Flammarion with affidavit of this apparition, *which carried a shotgun*. The affidavit, as published by the great scientist, declared—

"I was playing cricket. A ball, which I should have caught, rolled over a low hedge. I ran toward it, with a fellow team-mate. When I had drawn near the hedge I saw on the other side of it my brother-in-law, to whom I was greatly attached. He was dressed in hunting costume and carried a gun on his arm. He smiled and waved at me.

"I told my companion to look at the apparition, but as I started to refix my gaze upon it, it had totally disappeared. Greatly depressed, I stopped playing, went to my uncle's home and told him what I had just seen. He pulled out his watch. It was exactly ten minutes past one o'clock in the afternoon.

"Behold Life!"



A BOOK OF 384 PAGES EXPOUNDING THE PLAN OF LIFE FROM AMEBA TO ANGEL ACCORDING TO INTERPETATIONS GIVEN IN SOULCRAFT

YOU MAY have wondered if one book could be acquired that gave you the whole Plan of Life as propounded by the complete agenda of the Soulcraft Scripts. The volume you're looking for is the 384-page BEHOLD LIFE—written by the Recorder of the Soulcraft Psychical Scripts back in 1937 and now reprinted in a deluxe edition. This book tells you in popular, understandable terms all the spiritual-biological processes, making existence and human society in Cosmos what it is. No other interpretation so simple of narration and yet disclosing so much. If you want proven to you that the Soulcraft Plan of Life is sound and worth studying, add BEHOLD LIFE to your reading-shelf and raise your spiritual sights!

Price, Leatherette, \$4 Copy

TWO DAYS later I got a letter from my father, *telling me of the death of my brother-in-law*, which had occurred at precisely the time—making proper deductions for my getting to my uncle's house—that I had seen him on the opposite side of the hedge. But his death had come about in a curious way.

"The morning of that very day, since he was feeling fairly well although recently recovered from a serious illness, he had declared that he felt himself able to go hunting. Having clothed himself in hunting costume—the same one I had seen across the hedge—and secured his gun, he came back into the room where my father was, and asked him if he had sent for me.

"My father had answered, No, he hadn't sent for me, why should he do so? To my father's amazement, and for no apparent reason, my brother-in-law had forthwith flown into a violent rage, and had said that he would see me in spite of everything—behaving as though some obstruction were keeping us apart.

"It was while in this rage, striving to make clear to my father why he wanted to see me, that he paused, staggered, and dropped as though hit by lightning, a blood-vessel having burst in his lungs. He expired within a few minutes.

"He was wearing during this fatal seizure, as I say, the precise costume—even to the weave and cut of the cloth—

(Continued on Page 15)



What Resignation Did

Experiences We Can't Explain . .

IN A RECENT issue of VALOR, as I recall, you asked for experiences concerning answers to prayer . . . You were well acquainted with my son, when you were in southern California in 1934. He is now 28 and the father of a son in turn. The experience with prayer I want to tell you about, in the hope that it may help someone struggling with a heavy load, occurred some five years before you knew him . . .

A telegram had reached me while I was away from home, apprising me that he had suddenly become ill and was pronounced as dying.

Long miles that I journeyed back, gave me ample time to think soberly. Had the rugged type of life I'd lived, put me apart from God? Did I have any right to ask Him to intervene? Dare I plead to Christ to save my son, *who had lain in a coma for two weeks?*

THE ONLY answer I had to these and other questions was the growing sense of peace that enveloped me. Well, I finally arrived home. In the early hours of morning, when I walked into the house, my aged mother said, "The doctor has just left. He declares there's nothing that can save him." This doctor is now a well-known physician in Hollywood . . .

I told mother to lie down and get some rest, that I would stay with the boy. She went exhausted to the davenport and I entered the sick room.

With the "dew of death" on his forehead lay the one little human who had been in my thoughts for so many hours. I sank down by his bed.

Again those questions persisted in coming. By what right could I ask God to save this boy? Then suddenly the thought occurred to me—

"Well, if you don't feel entitled to ask

God to save him, *why not tell God how much you appreciate having had such a son for at least seven years?*"

SOMEWHAT timidly I recounted consciously the joys this boy had brought, the tenderness he'd instilled in a heart that could otherwise have been cold and callous, the hopes he'd kept alive when the going had been rugged. Scores of such thoughts and recollections raised my gratitude to the point where, I might put it, I "released" him to go from my life if he wished, and reconciled myself to being merely appreciative of the place he'd filled up to that time in my affairs.

Truly it seemed that the instant I'd reached that point of surrender and really felt appreciation for having had him, however briefly, at all, *one of his eyelids fluttered and came open!*

"Hi, Pop!" he said weakly.

Supposed to be dying, and yet talking and recognizing me!

"Hiya, fellar!" I answered him. "Anything you particularly want?"

"Yeah," he whispered with more strength. "Want to go to the bathroom, then have some meat and ice cream."

I helped him from the bed, scarcely crediting my senses. When I'd gotten him food—and most certainly the ice cream—he as suddenly decided he wanted to go outside. It was beautiful weather in the yard and weak though he was, he wanted to play in it.

As we tiptoed past grandmother, she opened her eyes.

"Oh," she cried out, "he's died!"

She had thought it was his Light Body she'd seen go past her.

I assured, and proved to her, it was Bill Jr. in the flesh. To her it was a miracle. How could the boy have recovered the strength to arise and walk in so short a time and after a fortnight in coma? I marveled myself. But there it was.

Personally, I've always considered it the sort of 'miracle' of what God can do when we're grateful for what He's already done for us.

Maybe it's that simple. Why not?
W. W. K., Wash.

Brother's Sensitivity

ARCADIA, Ind., Aug. 17—A strange story of a boy's telepathic dream that preceded one of the Defense Department's casualty messages by 48 hours unfolded here today.

Mrs. Nellie Hinshaw, who lives west of here on U. S. 31, says the dream events linked two of her sons, Capt. Don Hinshaw, in Korea, and Reece Hinshaw, at home.

Three weeks ago, Reece told his mother:

"Don't be too surprised if we hear that Don has been wounded. I had a dream last night and could see Don with his hands over his eyes. He seemed to be groping around in the dark."

In 48 hours, Mrs. Hinshaw held in her hands the official notification of her son's wounds. The telegram, however, didn't tell of the nature of the wounds.

The mother had a letter yesterday from her wounded son. Capt. Hinshaw described how his bomber was hit by artillery fire while on a mission. He said a sliver of glass had struck him in the right eye—that he had been blinded temporarily and climbed to a higher altitude before he was able to see.

THE HUSBAND was telling his wife what had happened while she had been visiting.

"One night, I tell you, I heard a burglar. You should have seen me going downstairs three steps at a time."

"Where was he," the wife asked, "on the roof?"



You Should Hear Pelley's LIFE OF THE CHRIST

A Series of Electronic Broadcasts

STARTING Sunday night, April 21st, the Recorder of the *Soulcraft Scripts* began a series of Electronic Broadcasts on *the Life of the Christ*. The first one was a general eulogy of the Man, sitting on a hilltop across from Jerusalem and crying, "Jerusalem, Jerusalem, how oft would I have gathered you as a hen gathereth her chicks beneath her wings, but ye would not!" It was an introductory discourse on the Christ as Soulcrafters have come to conceive of Him . . . These broadcasts will continue into the autumn. They portray a Christ that the world knows not at present, *the Christ of the Golden Scripts!*

GET AN ELECTRONIC RECORDER

and hear these matchless expositions of the Great Lawgiver, that are running for fifteen recordings. They are extraneous to the regular *Soulcraft Scripts*. No other character in history is having so many lectures delivered about Him, so many treatises of His life and doctrine offered the world in its present hectic turmoil. Nineteen centuries after His death, He stands forth as the most resplendent character in either ancient or modern history. There must be a reason for this! And yet, can it be possible that all is not known that exists to be known about the true speakings of Jesus?

Write Soulcraft Headquarters for Particulars

Soulcraft Chapels : Noblesville, Indiana

Dianetics

(Continued from Page 4)

Dianetics in Florida and I presume that rule is general.

We can see that if reincarnation is true, that upsets all the orthodox ideas about heaven and hell after this life span. The mechanisms of the various sects for salvation are also upset, together with the necessity for a clergy to manipulate us into heaven and see that we do not go to hell.

Just as communism upsets orthodox religion, so does Dianetics from another standpoint. So, it looks like organized religion is on the way out, to be replaced by the religion that the Master taught, not what the churches teach about what the Master taught.

There is another feature of Dianetics which is developing now and that is going into not only pre-natal and pre-incarnational data but going forward into future time. This is practical. I do not have the time now to go into that but I have done work in that line and it is more promising than work in past time.

As to religion as we know it today. The first church organization was the Catholic, which was and is 95 percent pagan and 5 percent Christian. Luther threw out the most objectionable (to him) features of Catholicism and retained the rest, and this remainder is Protestantism today, 25 percent Christian and 75 percent pagan.

One basic difference between Dianetics and religions is that in Dianetics men are considered good, unless they become aberrated. In the religions, man is intrinsically bad and needs the particular mechanism of salvation provided by a particular church or by churches in general. This, in itself, was enough to get the Catholics down on it. Dr. A. O. N.

A MOTHER, listening to the evening prayer of her sleepy small son, was astonished and amused to hear him say—
"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
When it hollars let it go,
Eenie, meenie, miny, mo!"

THE CHILD demanded, "Grandpa, did you once have hair like snow?"
"Yes, my boy."
"Who shoveled it off?"



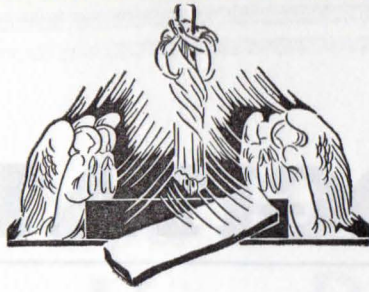
.. COGITATIONS

I SHALL write in the first person singular, very singular, for a page or two, from now on out. A lot of funny things happen around this plant. People without a sense of humor are usually sanctimonious, and sanctimony, to me, is the Unforgivable Sin . . . The Scriptures say Humor is merely a sense of values, but where are values in Butch getting into a dog-fight or Bill Renfrow getting into bees? And yet both were funny . . . Butch is the beagle of previous mention and unmentionable parentage. The other evening I'm putting the finishing touches to a most beautiful and delicate hymn on the recorders just before midnight when a black Shepherd came sniffing into the dawg department to investigate Emma's depleted supper dish. Emma saw him first and objected vocally, and when any dawg around this place objects vocally, it's usually heard by Sunday night audiences in South Portland, Maine, or Bellingham, Washington. I went out to say, "Really, dawgs, you mustn't, don't you know," or words to that effect, when Fritz got upon all four feet without the aid of a winch and went to Emma's assistance. The Shepherd stood his ground and made several savage chops at both, and Emma kiyied. Butch, the Beagle, alias Shorty-Pants, was somewhere Out Back. He heard this rumpus. I saw a Long Dawg move across the garage floor. When Butch travels into a Fight, he gives short and happy yips the way along. He gave a short and happy yips the way along to the Shepherd and having arrived, he nearly knocked the intruder into the trash bin with the speed at which he hit him. Thereat all dawg hands tangled. If peo-

ple were going to hear a dogfight on the sacred reels in Portland and Bellingham, they were going to hear a good one. Little twenty-pound Butch hanging to the shaggy fur of a sixty-pound Shepherd at seven minutes to midnight in our garage, with Emma and Fitz getting in and out as they saw openings, was guaranteed to do sundry things, including waking up the neighbors. Mel came forth in slippers tying the cords of a pretty robins-egg-blue bathrobe and saying What Goes on Here like a phonograph needle in a broken channel, as if he couldn't see—or hear—what went on here. The dawgs fought all over the front of the garage and under a couple of automobiles and knocked down a crate of emptied paint cans and out on the cement apron and back again, with Adelaide in dishabille in the side room wondering, as a woman will, whether it was worth her trouble to go out and stop it, and Mel looking around for a tire-jack or a pry-bar to beat some dawgbraains out. But all this time Little Butch was Hanging On. The Shepherd had three times the height and four times the weight, but Butch had the Shepherd's neck in the front and that's not a place to have your neck when Butch is attached to it. Emma had enough of it when Mel finally connected with an old rake, and Fitz decided he was getting too old to engage in such antics. But it isn't in Butch to throw in the sponge, granted he'd had a sponge at seven minutes to midnight in the Soulcraft garage, so he Stuck. Butch is the Sticking Kind—I've remarked that before. The neighbors in the house over yonder had their windows all lighted up by this time, wondering why I picked midnight to beat up my kennel stock, and I saw the silhouette of a woman hanging out a window and waving her arms. What she hoped to do at six hundred feet by hanging out in a kitchen window and waving her arms, I haven't the groggiest. But the Shepherd decided he'd had enough, about the time

the southwest quarter of town was pulling on its pants. So the instant the Food Snatcher managed to sever relations with Butch, it took off up Pleasant Street. Butch followed as close as he dared and not get kicked in the face, giving those short happy yips. . . How I do love that beagle! Not because I like the thought of stirring up Noblesville in the dark just to see it stir, but because Butch has so much pluck of the sort the human world needs . . .

WHEN Bill Renfrow is home week-ends from sales trips, he has a weakness for finding Queer Hats around the place. He puts them on his head—one at a time—and goes forth upon the premises to see if there isn't something he can fix. He fixed the leak in the roof on one occasion, and the wiring in the Reel Room on another, and then he got it in the head under the Queer Hat he'd find a scythe and mow down all the ragweed in the lot to the west. Bill was a landscape gardener, among other things, before he started to find markets for Soulcraft books, and our land to the west could be Fixed to look like Lady Astor's estate, horse and all, if he could only get a good mow at it. He does not look at all like venerable Father Time, swinging that scythe, for Bill is portly, and if Father Time ever wore any of the hats Bill finds around this plant they'd pinch him for disorderly conduct. Anyhow, I saunter over to see how Bill is scything it, and that was about the moment that I saw Bill *erupt*, heave his scythe in a way Father Time never did—for who is Father Time without his crooked knife on a stick?—and go past me in a long blur. At about the same instant, or sooner so so speak, I get ringed around by a swarm of miniature jet planes, and Bill is over behind the pile of cement blocks for the new bindery, peeking an eye around the corner and yelling "Bees!" I hoped he was calling them, but he wasn't. Seems



“Why I Believe the Dead Are Alive!”

DO YOU believe in survival after death? Have you ever had experience with evidences of ex-carnate intelligence? If you are skeptical about survival, what evidence would you require to convince you that human people do continue to live consciously after vacating their bodies? Are you open to conviction that personal survival is a provable fact?

Supernatural Evidence that Astounds

Ever since boyhood, the man who was to project and found the great doctrine of Soulcraft had encountered supernatural experiences in his affairs. With maturity these increased. He got his first direct evidence of survival in his epochal “Seven Minutes in Eternity” adventure, published in the American Magazine, when he met face to face, and talked with, people whom he had seen buried in caskets. Since that episode, evidence of survival piled up in his affairs, terminating with the full materialization of his daughter Harriet, a woman of thirty-seven, who had died physically at the age of two.

You Should Read this Volume First as Prelude to Understanding Soulcraft

Finally, in 1942, the author put the whole uncanny history of his explorations into phenomena, between one pair of covers. He called this startling and entrancing volume, “Why I Believe the Dead Are Alive.” It is a book that belongs in the hands of every student of Soulcraft, that he may find his own peace of mind at preserving his personality after death as well as become conversant with the whole agenda of mystical happenings that have put Soulcraft in the forefront of current thought.

¶ You can buy this book in the cloth edition, printed on white paper, at \$3 the copy, or in the India paper, deluxe edition, in Burgundy Leatherette covers, for \$4—each postage prepaid.

Soulcraft; Noblesville, Indiana

he'd taken the roof and a couple of skylights off a bumblebees nest in the tall ragweed and the bees were holding me responsible. Not that they backed up on me and pushed, but they told me what they thought about Minnesota coming down into Indiana and messing their place up. And I agreed with them as adversaries quickly because I had places to go. I had several places to go, and went them all at once. The bees returned to take stock of the damage and were still talking about it when the sun sank. Bees must think it's a queerer world than even we do. They're minding their own business and paying their taxes, and a monster in something called a Hat—and what a hat—comes swinging a doohickey that slithers their attic from their guest chambers. And the instant the doohickey ramrods between their parlor and bath, the monster jumps, hat and all, and craves horizons with great craving. The bees should take it up with their pastors. Their pastors would undoubtedly tell them that Bill was Satan and if they hoped to be saved—or bee saved—they should take life more seriously and think about Eternity. As if anybody took life more seriously than bees. Anyhow, Bill got into a bumblebees nest and refused to tarry—as the devil usually does when the community is organized . . . It's all comedy-relief for a fifteen-hour day of saving the nation's Soul . . .

ADELAIDE and Mel now have a picturebook house uptown and are moved and settled. Their former living quarters at the plant have been turned into offices. “Bob” Bennett, ex-Marine, is new Plant Boss. An assistant on the presses and two more women in the bindery to handle this *Golden Script* publishing convulsion. It looks like 1942 again around these premises. Out Back, walls that were getting dangerous had the roof rafters taken off and were allowed to topple. Then a new bindery space of new cement-block walls was begun and it's practically ready for rafters. Presses and folders are merrily chewing their ways through thirteen tons of paper on the *Golden Scripts* and Page 256 has been reached. Something like 588 pages still to go. So the summer ends and the autumn comes in. But we've had an enjoyable time this summer . . . I'd better quit cogitating and do some work . . .

—THE RECORDER

Popular Psychics

(Continued from Page 10)

hat he had worn when I beheld him across the hedge, and had his shotgun in the crook of his arm."

Why this apparition, demands Flammarion in his memoirs, in this costume, with this hunting outfit, a gun on its arm? How could the exact shape and tangibility of the firearm be projected by the brother-in-law's mind across the intervening distance from my father's home to the hedge by the cricket-field? The brother-in-law, curiously enough, did *not* appear to be in any rage when he showed across the hedge. He had smiled pleasantly but made no effort to communicate. Dr. Bowstead had not been particularly dwelling upon his brother-in-law, and had been surprised and startled to thus behold him.

If this were an isolated case, that would be one thing, but the records of such cases, where the "apparitions", if they are that, seem to be toting insensate objects, run to the thousands in the annals of the psychical societies. That they are not phantoms, too, is demonstrated by the fact upon occasion, they open and close doors, draw diagrams on walls or blackboards, and even to embrace the parties to whom they have made the projections. Moreover, the feeling of the physical contact on the parts of those receiving it, is so normal that the latter are not always aware the projection is a phantom till they learn of it later.

All we know now is, *that they happen.*

Can Science ever determine reliably how it is done—particularly the toting about of insensate object like the gun under the arm of Dr. Bowstead's brother-in-law?

The enigma propounds an interesting enigma: What if the brother-in-law, for reasons of his own, had swung the "phantom" shotgun around, leveled it at Bowstead, and pulled the trigger? Would Bowstead have received any discharge of powder and buckshot? . . .

Such a phenomenon has never been attested.

THE YOUNG man sighed, "Dearest, couldn't you learn to love me?"

"I might," said the girl. "I learned to eat spinach."

"ROAD INTO SUNRISE"

A Big
Two
Volume
Novel . .

The biggest job of writing the author of the *Soulcraft Scripts* has ever done . .



CONGRATULATIONS are pouring in from all parts of the nation! *Road into Sunrise* is a literary and esoteric hit! Readers who weren't certain about the first volume—wondering if the author had been unnecessarily erotic in some phases of his romancing—have gone all out for the second volume, which has now reached all mail purchasers. The book, taken collectively, is a masterpiece of delineation of Reincarnation and Mysticism, not to mention being a tale of smart, modern people entrancingly told.

If you want your metaphysical instruction in story book form, here it is! The character of the girl whose memory was lifted to reveal she had once been the famous Egyptian queen, Nefertiti, is only surpassed by the real heroine of the narrative, Melissa, who could paint, fly a combat plane, or be wife and mother with equal facility and courage. You will read a well-written book in *The Road*. Its people are real persons, doing heroic things. Many a reader has written that he read the final chapter with blurred vision. Letters of commendation—and repeat orders—are arriving by every mail. It's a Big Book—658 pages—written around a Big Theme. It may yet prove a season's best-seller on private publishing lists.

You can buy the story in one thick volume, on white paper, bound in attractive blue cloth, for \$6—or in two deluxe volumes, on ivory paper, bound in Burgundy red leatherette, for \$4 the volume or \$8 for the complete story. You will be doing yourself a disservice by not reading this tremendous narrative. Remember—

Cloth, \$6.00 Deluxe, \$8.00

SOULCRAFT, Noblesville, Indiana

T h e P A Y O F F

THE JUDGE said, "Gentlemen of the jury, you have heard the facts on both sides of this case. Mr. Brown had a public fight with Mr. Smith. Mr. Brown had in his possession at the time one butcher knife, two razors, one set of brass knuckles, and a blackjack. Mr. Smith had on his person one sickle, one hatchet, two meat saws, cleaver, and an icepick. Both men pleaded Not Guilty, each entering the plea of self-defense. I judge you have reached a verdict."

"We have, your Honor."

"And your verdict is what?"

"We, the jury, would cheerfully have paid one dollar per man to have seen that fight."

AN OLD gentleman clad in a somewhat youthful suit of light grey flannel, sat on a bench in the park in the springtime enjoying the beauty of the day.

"What's the matter, sonny?" he asked a small lad who lay on the nearby grass and stared at him intently. "Why don't you go and play?"

"Don't wanna," the boy answered.

"But it's not natural," the old man argued, "for a boy to be so quiet. Why don't you want to?"

"Oh, I'm just waitin'," the youngster said mysteriously.

"Come, come, waiting for what?"

"For you to get up. A man painted that bench green just before you sat down on it."

AN OLD colored man angrily demanded of his shiftless son, "Ah hearn tell yo' is got yo'self married. Is yo'?"

"Ah ain't sayin' Ah ain't."

"Ah ain't askin' yo', is you aint. Ah's askin' you', ain't yo' is? Is or ain't yo'?"

THE TRAGEDIAN had just signed a contract to tour South Africa. He told a friend at the club about it. The friend shook his head.

"What's the matter?" the actor asked.

"Are you in for it!"

"Am I in for what?"

The "Roads Courageous" Broadcasts



Start Sunday, September 9th

THE WAY OUT

Soulcraft audiences all over America can look forward to something special and vital in the way of electronic programs commencing September 9th. Preliminaries are being worked out for a super-Magic Casement series of broadcasts that herald the Way Out for the United States, from its present international complications. If you want to be in advance of your fellow citizens in knowledge of solutions to our dilemmas, get a recorder and stand by for Something Big!

SOULCRAFT CHAPELS

"It's South Africa you're signed for?"

"That's right."

"Where the ostriches come from?"

"What's ostriches got to do with it?"

"Don't yqu recall they lay eggs weigh-
ing two to four pounds?"

SAID a colored pugilist to his opponent as they squarred off, "Big boy, does Ah pity yo'. Ah was born wif boxin' gloves on."

"Mebbe yo' was," returned the other, "an' yo' is gwan die the same way."