

# Valor

The Golden Times Weekly . .

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

Volume II

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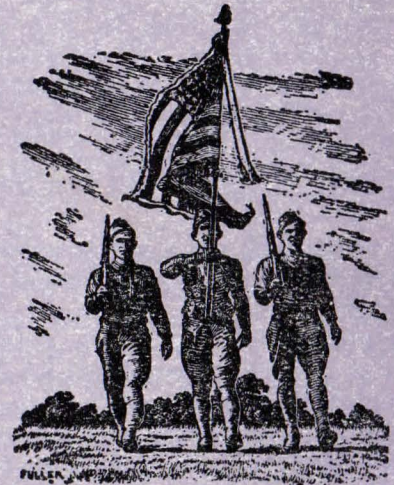
Number 10

## STEADY, UNCLE SAM! . .

**D**EEPER and deeper the UN forces—meaning of course the American army handed over to United Nations—are due to be drawn into the new global conflict that is developing and enlarging. The Chinese Reds must turn from the cul-de-sac of Korea and prevent loss of face by staging a major diversion elsewhere. The “elsewhere” is obviously Indo-China, which lies on the road to Burma.

Take down your globe, showing the pattern of the nations of the East in their territorial distributions, and you will see that Indo-China borders on Burma. West of Burma lies the rich spoils of all India, and the wealth of the Indian princes. Proceed across Burma and you come to Baluchistan, that borders on Persia—we call it today Iraq and Iran. And Iraq and Iran brings you to the Eastern Mediterranean territory of Arabia, Israeli, and Suez, not

## HERE IT IS! . .



**HONG KONG, Jan. 7, (UP)**—Persistent but as yet unconfirmed reports circulating here say Communist China will invade Indo-China as soon as an armistice or a stalemate eliminates the need for strong Red forces in Korea.

Some Hong Kong newspapers say a force of 100,000 to 500,000 men already is being assembled by the Communists in Kwangsi Province, near the Indo-China border.

These reports say the new invasion force would be commanded by General Teng Hua, commander of the 15th Communist army group in China and formerly deputy commander in Korea.

A Chinese invasion of Indo-China, where the Communists recently suffered heavy defeats at the hands of the French and loyal Indo-Chinese, would follow the pattern set in Korea, where the Chinese went to the rescue of the shattered Communists in North Korea.

Indo-China's rich rice bowl would be a vastly more valuable prize to the Chinese Reds than the bleak mountains of Korea. Most observers here believe, however, that any “attack” on Indo-China must await a settlement of the Korean conflict . .



to mention Anatola or Turkey.

Therein lies the blueprint for the Armageddon to which the free nations of the earth are committed by the Anti-Christ forces operating internationally and with increasing boldness, now that UN exists, in which they can "play both ends against the middle."

**N**OT until the sprawling and spreading Chinese overrun India, Baluchistan, and Anatola, will Stalin be expected to move—which is why there is small danger of any present war in Europe. It lies within range of military strategy that as Mao-Sei-Tung seizes India and begins annexing rich lands in Iraq and Iran, the Machiavellians of the Kremlin will attempt to force a pincers movement to "protect" the Ukraine. It won't be strictly protection, of course. It will be the necessity of getting in on what Mao-Sei-Tung is grabbing . . .

Of course UN, which is another name for the American Army commanded by foreigners, aliens, and left-wingers, can be expected to issue the call for defense of India and the Levant. These advancing and looting Chinese armies must be opposed—at unbelievable expense to the United States taxpayer, seeing that other nationals are contributing only about ten percent to the cost of UN's military and the United States ninety percent—in a terrain that is well-nigh inaccessible until the Chinese spill out upon the plains and mountains beyond Baluchistan.

The mess grows mightier, as the free nations of the earth have been duly forewarned that it would grow mightier, and their response has been to snuggle more and more securely under the aegis of the Reds. Ultimately the Red nature of the whole United Nations will come home to the American people, but again the latter are in no mood to believe that now. It doesn't make sense, they say, that a Red United Nations should combat a Red Russia and China.

Those in the know, realize that it makes the hardest kind of sense to the intriguing oriental mind. War must be a constant actuality to give the Red United Nations increasing authority to act in the circumstances, and to function in the various peace settlements which they assume will follow. It is in those peace settlements, so-called, that the Reds make their permanent gains. War is merely the means by which they are ar-

rived at. The free peoples of the world are seemingly children in the hands of satanic and adult experts.

**I**T MEANS, of course, that the next step in this colossal squeeze-play on the free nations, is to order heavier drains on the American forces to attempt to "confine" the Chinese armies moving into Indo-China, Burma, India, Baluchistan, Iran and Anatola.

India is in no position to defend herself against this Chinese onslaught unless she has Britain to rely on. And Britain is in no position to fight India's fight unless she has the United States bankroll and industrial potential to draw upon.

Everything comes home to America to defend.

Small wonder Old Winston is commuting between Washington, D. C. and Barney Baruch's plantation in South Carolina this week, as the radio reports inform us this week. All of it adds up. All of it makes sense.

By the way, there's that item of the atom bomb.

**D**OES Russia have the atom bomb? There is obviously about as much evidence of it as there has been evidence of those "vast flotillas" of Russian submarines that were going to patrol the China Sea and prevent us from landing troops in Korea.

Have you forgotten those "vast flotillas" of Russian submarines? You probably have, because no evidence has been forthcoming that they exist.

Similar lack of evidence of the Russian atom bomb existing may be surely forthcoming.

Russia does not possess, and never has possessed, the hydro-electric power development to manufacture the atom bomb. Neither has she possessed the perfection of allied industry necessary to the contribution of highly specialized parts entering into atom-bomb construction. It takes more than a cupful of pure uranium to get an atom bomb. It takes contributions of highly developed and specialized lines of industry which no country in the world possesses but America.

More than this, however, if Russia possesses the atom bomb, isn't it adult reasoning to assume that she would have given demonstrations of it in the Korean *impasse*. Since when did humanitarianism deter the Russian Mongols in any

strike that promised them more loot? Would Genghis Khan have desisted from using the atom bomb on Europe, if he had possessed it? . . .

**A**GAIN this journal apprises Soulcrafters that these so-called "Red" countries are bankrupt and desperate, disorganized and treacherous. They must have more and vaster loot to maintain their rag-tag regimes and feed their troops. This news dispatch about the "Rice Bowl" of Indo-China is a dead giveaway as to how strong the Red China armies truly are.

But they are promising to operate in and across terrain where American gunboats and transports cannot reach them, as they could be reached in Korea.

Then, of course, following the pattern of such humanities, after Russia and China have been slashed to ribbons in the Levant, there is the unpleasant little headache of America's having to turn about and saddle herself with the gargantuan expense of rehabilitating China and Russia and repairing all the damage that such conflict has consummated.

This is the eternal embroilment that a majority of senators plunged us into, when they ratified the United Nations proceedings following the San Francisco convocation of 1945.

**S**TEADY, Uncle Sam! . . . You're actually on the worst batch of flypaper you've ever stepped upon since 1789, but you *are* coming out of it under the aegis of leaders you little reckon exist, to rise to authority and aid you.

Nostradamus and Sacred Prophecy said a long time ago that the stramash couldn't be stopped till the Chinese and Russians reached the Plains of Megiddo. But long before that happens, the whole American people may be made aware of the folly of this United Nations set-up and what it was organized to achieve, and what it truly represents in America's destiny.

Sacred prophecy tells us that this United Nations is *not* the true Parliament of Man that is to preside over the world in integrity and efficiency when Golden Times have come in.

But one thing these current new dispatches do confirm, and that is the agenda of events that presage the Elder Brother's appearance in person. Every day is one day less before it happens. It's

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What You Should Know about . . .

# PROPHETS AND PROPHECY



## The Old-Time Prophet Was Merely a Natural Clairaudient Psychic

**U**SE the word Prophet today, and you call up in the mind of the average person the picture of a Divine Soothsayer, or Sacred Clairvoyant. Prophets, up all the ages, have been regarded as primitive characters gifted with the talent for predicting the future in terms of mystical or celestial happenings. In the main, they stood forth in the various periods of civilization described in the *Bible* and thundered forth anathemas against the rulers and peoples of their times for their godlessness.

But strictly speaking, research in religious origins turns up the fact that such wasn't the original notion of a prophet at all. The names given the prophet—any prophet, or describing the functionary as an intellectual peculiarity—are extremely significant. In the Old Testa-

ment originals he is called *roeh* or *hozeh*, two terms almost identical in meaning. And the meaning conveyed is "man of vision", more properly rendered "seer". The prophet was one whose sight pierced through the veil that hid the world of Divine things, or one for whom this veil was lifted occasionally, so that he obtained an inner knowledge of the realities beyond.

What are we meeting here but an interpretation of one gifted with higher psychical powers? In today's terminology we would call such a "seer" one who was gifted with, or practiced, Extra-Sensory Perception.

The ancient *roeh* or *hozeh* was one who was clairaudient or clairvoyant, and who was known to have established intelligible and usually fateful communication with the loftiest aspects of the incarnate world . . .

**T**HERE is another interpretation of the word Prophet, given in the designation *nabhi*.

It came from the verb *nabha*, meaning "to announce", although some authorities make this root a weaker form of *nabha* that implies a "bubbling up" or "pouring forth" a stream of speech "under inspiration." This presents the Prophet as a man of speech, who gives forth words under strong excitement or an exalted state of feeling.

The difference between the first two and the third of these terms lies in the fact that the first points to the method of the prophet's *receiving* his information and the nature of the information, whereas the third points to the *method of the delivery* of what he may have to impart.

In addition to these strictly technical terms, the prophets had applied to them other designations, more or less descriptive of their offices and work. They were "keepers" or "watchmen". In the New Testament the common idea of the designation is "one who speaks before" an august personage, as a minister before a potentate, and communicates his will to the people, who have no immediate access to him.

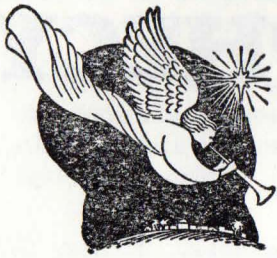
A Prophet then, is a servant of God who represents Him before men.

All through the books of the *Bible* he is specified more or less as the obverse and complement of the priest. Just as the priest represents the people before God, taking their prayers and offerings into His presence, so the Prophet represents God to the people, taking His message or word to *them*.

But the prophet, to be a prophet, had to possess extra-sensory gifts of a nature high enough to vouch for the fact of the apparency of the celestial connection.

**T**HE difference between the prophet of early times and today is, that the prophet of early times was supposed to





## “Thousands Are Coming In, to Do Battle for the Lord! . . .”

**T**HE MOST significant passage in the *Golden Scripts*, applicable to current conditions, is obviously found in Chapter 240, Verse 22. Soulcrafters can do themselves no greater spiritual service for the next sixty days of fraught event than to read this chapter en toto every morning and before they confront the challenges of each day. After exulting in the presences in the earth of the coming leaders of the Golden Times, the Great Teacher utters this inspiring tocsin—

**“The times have an unction, the day hath a contest. The Lords of the Mighty are coming from their tents! The plain is a glory sight! Thousands are coming in, to do battle for the Lord!” . . .**

We are living in the mightiest days the earth has ever seen or known. Those things transpiring throughout the world are the culmination of two thousand years of prophecy and human destiny. Presently come the closing sequences of the Great Armageddon that began in 1914.

Then comes the Long Armistice . . . a thousand years of celestial tranquillity!

Let's not ignore this colossal fact, that there exist thousands who will do battle for the Lord. There are times and days of battle for which the current hosts of earth have incarnated. Suppose that we, as individuals, had lived in the historic days of Waterloo and taken part in that battle? Suppose we had lived in Lexington in April of 1775 and been privileged to respond to the tocsin of Paul Revere, joining the embattled farmers for that brief but epochal fight on Lexington Green? Would we have complained of trials and hardships? Would we not have been proud to be numbered among the hosts who “did battle for the Lord” on those occasions?

Now we are facing a greater contest than all the Waterloos and Lexingtons that have ever been fought.

The Plain is a Glory Sight!

Every Soulcrafter in America has his tent upon that plain.

And daily he prays—as he waits for the conflicts beginning—

**“Thy kingdom cometh . . . we usher it in!”**

be sanctified and divinely ordained personage, the mere fact of possessing his gifts automatically authenticating him. The rank and file of society knew nothing of psychics, or psychical research, as we know it scientifically today. When a man stood forth whose utterance was of such a nature that he seemed to have been favored with the higher sensory gifts, he was almost automatically honored—or at least recognized. There were no Freudian psychologists to ask, “Does he ‘hear voices’? He’s a nut. Bug him and lock him up!” A venerable man, who “heard voices” was respected and harkened to, as having incurred especial divine favor. Even the greatest of kings sought him out and solicited his favor.

But the contact had to be on a high plane of demonstrated celestial wisdom. Persons who practiced or developed communication with mere ordinary mortals gone beyond their flesh—what today are designated as spiritualists—were looked upon as mere magicians and soothsayers who trafficked with “familiar spirits”. Because they were talking with ordinary discarnate persons no wiser than themselves, and more often discarnate persons who delighted to direct the petty affairs of people in organisms, they were practitioners of occult necromancies and shunned, excommunicated, or punished with death.

**E**XACTLY the same spiritual phenomena maintain today that have always maintained, and the prophets of a hundred generations ago did nothing that cannot be done today, or isn't being done today, but society's attitude toward them has altered.

A hundred generations bygone, before man had attained his current sophistication, a compendium of work like the *Golden Scripts* would quickly have distinguished its recorder and compiler as the most certain of prophets. Tell the average person today—or even the average clergyman of today—that the *Golden Scripts* may be a modern version of divine prophecy, and in the aforesaid sophistication—which is nothing more nor less than spiritual illiteracy—he will retort, “Who says so?” . . . or, “Prove it! Prove that it isn't a clever expression of metaphysical tenets that someone has merely thought up.”

Anything that isn't hoary with age or tradition, cannot possibly be celestial,

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Do You Accredit Astrology? . . .

# Recorder's Horoscope

1952 Is Forecast as a Vital Year for Soulcraft, with Enhancements of the Recorder's Psychic Gifts and Financial Prosperities . . .

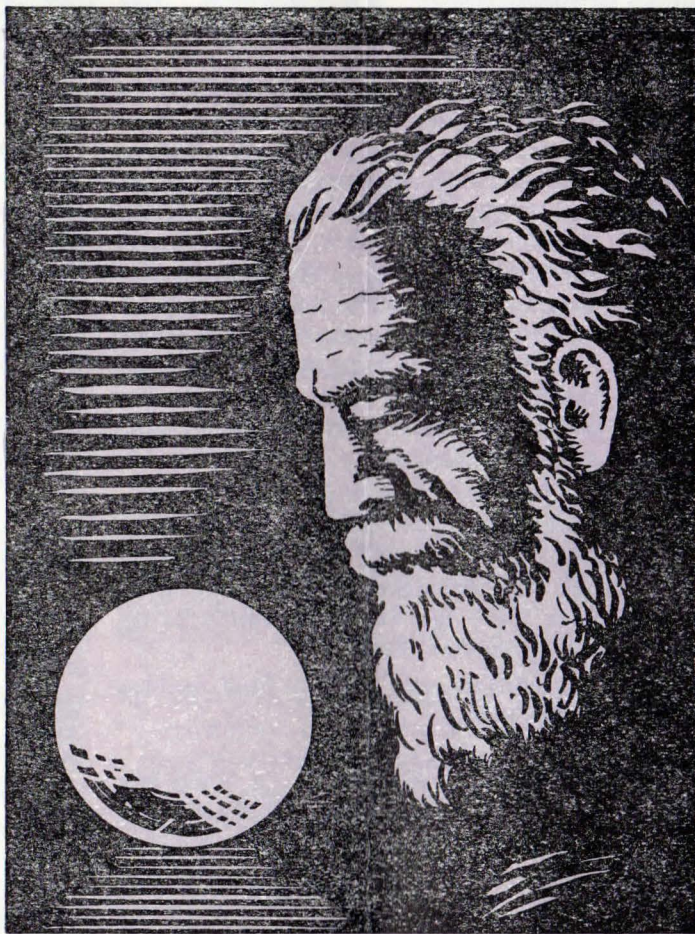
**E**ACH of us have our own ideas about the efficacy of Astrology, but here's a strange circumstance—

Throughout the last sixty days of 1951, the Recorder has been getting mystical communications to the effect that the Big Year of Soulcraft is 1952. Soulcraft was—or is—to flower nationally in 1952, accompanied by a status altered for the better in the Recorder's personal affairs and psychical talents.

Suddenly on Christmas morning an elaborate horoscope entitled "Your Future" was placed in his hands as a Christmas gift. The double check with his own communications was as weird as it was intriguing. Hundreds of VALOR readers will have a keen interest in the following predictions—

**R**ELEASE from personal limitations by strange and mystic star power is your 1952 planetary design. This is a new cycle for the regeneration and revitalization of your whole life. The influences at work for you are subtle yet strong. You may not see the results and profits from your efforts on a day-to-day basis, but they are there and can add up to materialized worth. You should practice tuning in on your highest inspirations, as this will help you, guide and enable you to emerge as a person of extraordinary surety.

The keynote for your progress in 1952 is coordination—coordination of your deep psychological wisdom and intuitive sensitivity as to when and how to act; coordination of your new hidden powers to perceive reality behind the passing show of life. Combine with this the awareness of a new-born incentive to become a real power in your workaday world, business, or job, and you have a



rare opportunity for solid success, security, and individual reputation which will be to your permanent credit and well-being.

Self-confidence is never an easy attainment for you sensitive Pisces people. But during this year and next, you should be able to master your insecurities so that never again can your poise be thrown off-base. This begins a time when real substance, both material and psychological, is being added to your emotional being. You can have a spiritual depth that will bring you wisdom.

**O**N the material side an inheritance of some kind—whether it be the literal receiving of money or property, or the discovery of a talent which you have inherited from your own star gifts—can

set down secure foundations for the rest of your life. This picture may contain your inheritance and profits derived from past experience.

At any rate, attention will be focused on matters of the past this year, on occult studies, on psychological problems and the eradicating of limitations that stem from your mind or feeling. Dip deep. Clear out the old personality handicaps of your nature. Discard useless inhibitions by looking at them squarely

Older people, or people of authority, are also apt to play a real if somewhat undercover part in your life this year. One of these could be a person of hidden wealth or prominence, perhaps connected with your job or workaday affairs, who could not only support your efforts but also be a power in your advancement, especially during March. Finances until May are inclined to be on the spotty side perhaps because of necessities or old obligations to things or people, so don't day-dream where your budget is concerned, for the unexpected could really cause difficulty.

**Y**OUR personality and personal affairs have earned attraction, particularly through March. For those born between the 20th and 22nd of March there may even be a "touch of destiny" in these riches and good fortune. Meanwhile, romance and your ambitions and enterprises are highlighted by progressive, electric, and unusual circumstances. Glamorous people can be met, unusual events turn into real opportunity for you from May to the end of the year. Certainly there will be lots of unexpected excitement circling around romance and your ambitions and life-work.

You will do well to balance these dynamic expansions with your own base of



well-being, as well as the wishes of elders and people in authority, for there could be some sort of conflict here between what you want to do and what you feel you should do. Always do your part, but you should also learn to let others do their shares too. This should be easier now, for you no longer have the limitations that stemmed from partnerships and responsibilities, personal or business, of the recent past. This points up your need to free yourself from psychological limitation.

By using your head, not your heart, by sound reasonable behavior and not wishful thinking, there is no reason why you cannot do all which you wish to see achieved this year. This is the new star program for you—to learn to adjust your emotions and impulses into an harmonious relationship with outer affairs and with your own responsibilities so that neither is neglected or stifled.

**YOU WILL** have to learn to cooperate with life this year and next, and this means also with circumstances and people. This will prevent you from withdrawing from excitement or from being bowed down by conditions whose aspects are made difficult by your imagination. Manage your own life and affairs, because you of all people have the power to penetrate intuitively into the hidden side of things and find there the truth to situations which others do not perceive. *This knowledge and talent is a beacon that can guide you to the highest summit of fulfillment.* As your personality is ever pleasing, considerate, and loving, by conscientiously adding the strength, wisdom and material increments that the planets offer you this year, you can emerge as a rare and truly wondrous romantic creature.

You are now going through a most interesting period of adjustment to your whole life outlook and your whole life program. The stars are showing you broader vistas of life, comprehensions and spiritual values and proclivities. In this broadening process, wonderful worlds are waiting to be opened to you. You should no longer be just the idealistic dreamer; you should, from this point onward, be the idealistic *doer* who makes his dreams come true. You have the power to do this now, but do not use it, due to wrong orientations in your personal situation and the unlikelihood of attending.

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miraculous, or truly prophetic. Obviously, the average cleric or orthodox communicant of today accepts that God or the Higher World lost the power of Direct Thought Speech twenty centuries or more ago, and have held no intercourse with man since. By some strange paradox of logic, nothing savoring of modernism in any respect can be recognized as celestial. Mankind must go back two thousands of years to get miracles, or they are fakes and must have some rational explanation.

Really it is a type of insult of God, implying that He is incapable of doing today what He did two thousand years ago, or that humanity two thousand or more years ago was more worthy of direct communication.

Tradition and sanctity have become synonymous.

**H**EBREW Prophecy in its origin was rooted in the desire to know the Divine will with reference to the ordinary affairs of life. This desire has produced among all races, countless forms of soothsaying and divination. Among the Israelites, this craving for supernatural knowledge became purged of its lower associations, and as it gathered spiritual strength it grew into public-spirited and lofty service of God and His people. Today, so debased has idealism become, that the same thing cannot happen without being somehow "a religious racket" . . .

From another point of view, the "man of God", who at first secured and gave men knowledge from God affecting their private welfare, had been called of God to a higher mission as a vehicle of His spirit and voice, to the end that His kingdom might be advanced upon earth. Today society in its superficiality, delights to alibi the same "gift" as "delusions of religious grandeur."

None of it alters the fact that "one who sees"—or hears—is still the Prophet

# PROPHETS

## Continued from Page 4

in very fact, if the burden of his communication affects men for the better. He does have to carry on his talent, however, against the inertia of the odium that modern sophistication creates and plants in his pathway.

All of which is another way of saying that it is more and more difficult to play the role of prophet because man's spiritual recognitions are so low that he has lost the capability to know prophecy from fabrication. That the practices of *Bible* times may be coming back into celestial vogue, however, is something not to be derided. It isn't eternity, or its practices, that alters. It's mankind's attitude toward realities, behaving according to the barometer of his wisdom.

**S**TILL another factor making for illiterate sophistication in respect to the literality of the modern prophet, is this callow repudiation of the provable fact of soul reincarnation. People who angrily and childishly snap that "they don't believe in reincarnation" automatically preclude the fact in logic that it might be not only possible but likely that great prophets of earlier years in human cosmology can be born back into current bodies—in other words "Come again" as Jesus phrased it on the Mount of Transfiguration in respect to John the Baptist having earlier been Elijah.

For the prophet of one stage of spiritual civilization to "come again" in a later age, must be fantastic absurdity to the individual reared in the tenet that he was originated by the procreational act of his father and mother, and that he derived a soul from having been furnished an organic body. Millions, too intellectually indolent to investigate otherwise, refuse even to credit that "coming again"—in the prophet's sense—and reincarnation are synonymous. To credit this "coming again" business, the original man would have to reappear, exactly as he appeared to his fellows two to six thousand years ago. He can have no childhood in this current sequence. He must "appear" fully formed and mature, as he did in the

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# When Nature Displays a Sense of Humor



## Freaks of Lightning



WHILE we're talking about facts of psychical significance, there are other forces in nature for which we have no more explanation chemically than we have for psychical experiences mentally. Back in 1904, the great astronomer, Camille Flammarion, published an entrancing small booklet which he gave the title, *Les Caprices de la Foudre*, or "Pranks of Lightning". Recorded and fully authenticated data on effects caused by lightning almost surpass belief. What force in nature can accomplish the following? . . .

Objects are moved without any hand touching them, and without being broken;

Pictures are torn from walls and distributed about rooms or houses without particular burns or damages;

Cupboard doors are pulled off hinges and sometimes carried to considerable distances without anything being broken or disturbed in the cupboards themselves;

Chests of drawers are pulled to pieces, nails or screws vanishing completely but contents not damaged;

Keys are taken from locks without the locks being scarred, in one case a whole bunch of keys being extracted from a lock, carried around a corner into a nearby room and dropped in an empty shoe;

Bells are rung and clocks stopped, with no noticeable effect otherwise on mechanisms;

These are the most common occurrences of what we are pleased to call Freaks of Lightning. But Flammarion in his book went on to list still more unbelievable happenings.

ONE of his most famous cases had to do with the unfastening of a heavy mirror off a wall and placing it so lightly on a stone floor that it wasn't even

cracked. Another was an instance where, during a heavy thunderstorm, several large stones were pried up from a hearth and laid evenly on both sides of an infant sleeping in the room, without the baby being disturbed or even awaking it.

Three children, Flammarion relates, in bed at the time an electrical storm began, were thrown out of a house, to land on outside lawn without a scratch, while the bed in which they had been sleeping was smashed into a thousand pieces.

In another instance an infant was asleep on a pillow. The pillow was snatched by the lightning from under the baby and carried a great distance, but with only a little cry of annoyance the baby turned over and went on sleeping.

STONES weighing hundreds of pounds have often been moved by lightning, a common occurrence, but what shall we say of a man's hat, worn upon his head, being reversed by the lightning-bolt that struck him, without head or hair being burned or any other harmful thing resulting?

Ball-lightning has been known to move as slowly as bolt-lightning moves swiftly. Ball-lightning has been observed to push a door open and enter a house, exactly as a curious dog might do when he finds a door that yields to his touch. After taking its time to move around through several rooms, it seemed to explode with a noise like disgust—as though the house had offered nothing to its interest. Ball-lightning also was noted, playing around a young girl without harming her. But the gardener who tried to go to her assistance was killed instantly.

However, here comes one of the most startling statements in the Flammarion book: Did you know that one of the commonest freaks of any kind of lightning, besides knocking down chimney pots or ripping pictures from walls, has been recorded as stripping the clothing

from men or women and leaving them entirely naked?

Persist in walking through a thunderstorm, when the downpour is heavy and the lightning flashing in your vicinity, and this is the most mediocre fate you invite. More authenticated cases have been recorded of it in France than any other prank of the electrical elements.

In one celebrated case a woman had gone about for a considerable time, disguised as a man. It took a rip-snorting electrical storm to rip off her masculine gear and disclose her true sex.

In another instance, a woman was so struck by lightning, every stitch of her clothing, including stockings, being removed and hung in a nearby tree. The tradition that if you're struck by lightning you'll never know it, is fallacious. If you suddenly find yourself walking around in your birthday suit, while a heavy thunderstorm is playing about you, you can conclude that lightning has struck you and departed. No case is recorded, however, of lightning substituting a handy towel, a swim-suit, or a bathrobe.

"The number of cases of those struck by lightning and stripped entirely naked, is large," says Flammarion. "Equally large are the numbers of those whose garments are rent to ribbons, shoes violently torn off, and the person who has been struck getting up without injury otherwise."

HERE ARE some lesser but more freakish freaks—

Two women were knitting. The lightning took away their needles but did not set fire to, nor molest, their yarn.

A stroke of lightning killed a priest at the altar, bore away the host and hid it under a pile of rubbish.

A miller's boy was split from head to foot as though a giant sword had bi-

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# Valor

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## Super-State

**L**ETTERS are starting to arrive at Headquarters, essaying to educate the Recorder in respect to the pernicious features of United Nations. The Recorder appreciates the solicitude involved. Without bombast, however, he knows much more about the true "inside" of United Nations than anyone writing him so solicitously. For instance, he knows who actually is controlling and actuating United Nations, and approximately how far they are going before they are stopped and brought to book. And that is a fact known perhaps to less than a dozen people in the world. It is no bragadoccio that brings forth such statement. It implies a responsibility that has an esoteric basis . . .

The United States has lost its sovereignty by harkening to political sirens and stragesists, but not until the whole American people awaken to what's happened will anything concrete be done about it.

Then there'll be Big Trouble.

Among other things, the year of 1952 is the Great Year of Disclosures of the international chicane. People are going to awaken and arouse in 1952, as the effects of the Russian-Stalin behavior aroused them in 1950-1951 to the real peridy of Russia.

Enough people have been enlightened, during the past fifteen years, across the whole 48 States to cope adequately with the climactic events that are due to distinguish 1952-1953.

Be quiet, all you dear people so avidly aware of what impends.

Let it be the ignorant, the illiterate, and the stupid, who rave and rant.

VALOR is going to tell you a lot about United Nations in the weeks and months ahead, that will make you even wiser than you are. Let the American people learn the hard way, how to recognize and evaluate correctly the predictions made by wise and sincere people in times that presented opportunity to correct the trend along which the nation was galloping.

God Almighty always offers counsel in advance as to how to treat with catastrophe, so that sagacious and deserving avoid it. At the same time He decrees that the willful and illiterate learn the hard way.

There is a year or more ahead of America learning the Hard Way.

So be it.

Let the American people learn, in the next twenty months, just what membership in the United Nations has let them in for. Then the prophets of the 1930's may come into their own. At least they'll not appear to be such fanatics and stirrers . . .



## Brainy Mac

**D**OUGLAS MacArthur, statesman, delivered the supreme speech of his career—to the moment—at Seattle, on the night of November 13th.

The left-wingers of the Northwest had moved heaven and earth to try to get the pavilion on the University of Washington campus denied the General for the speech. But public sentiment overrode them.

It seems to have been only the people on the Coast who had the privilege of listening to that speech in full. Back east here, the papers foreshortened and garbled it. But the General had everything in it, including the kitchen stove.

And he threw it.

VALOR is reprinting the speech in full, without political comment of any kind,

purely as a public service to its readers. Almost no newspapers carried the full text, especially the most vital parts of the text, and the weather on the night of the speech's delivery made radio reception east of the Mississippi an exhibit of super-static. General Mac—the mightiest and clearest intellect in America in this fraught time—said everything that required to be said, in that discourse. It will be made available in pocket booklets for readers at an early date.

The gauge of America's super political control will be demonstrated in the circumstance of just how long the General is "permitted" to go about America uttering the sort of thing he projected in Seattle.

Uh-huh, he's not so big that he can't be stopped.

He was stopped in Korea, wasn't he?

We can cherish indeed, what he *does* say before he is stopped . . .

## Putting It Over



**A** CAMPAIGN to raise \$9,300 to make a complete job of publishing and distributing 5,000 copies of the Cleric's Edition of the *Golden Scripts* in 448 pages, and 7,000 copies of the *Scripts* in 844 pages, is presently to be launched out of Soulcraft Headquarters. It will mean that something like \$60,000 worth of these superb books, bound in limp leatherette, will have been presented to the spiritual leaders of America *absolutely free*.

Soulcraft wants to compile this sum, this present month of January, and to do it exclusively in \$500, \$250 and \$100 donations.

Twenty copies of the Unabridged Edition, will be allocated to every donor who sends in one of the above-named sums.

There are less than 200 pages lacking on the completion of the Unabridged Edition at Headquarters. They are being produced at the rate of eight to sixteen pages *a day*. Two thousand copies, approximately, of the Cleric's Edition, reached the hands of ministers by Christmas Day. Three thousand will go forth during January as names are supplied. By the latter part of January, 7,000 copies of the 844-page edition will be ready.

Soulcraft refuses to credit that there is not \$9,300 in the hands or bank accounts



of Soulcrafters collectively, to polish off this stupendous undertaking in a workmanlike and triumphant manner.

Out of 2,000 such deliveries of the A-bridged Edition, not one copy has been returned as undesirable, and only five letters have reached Headquarters expressing the disfavor of recipients.

Multiple have been the letters from clergymen, wanting to know more about the full agenda of Soulcraft literature.

The average clergyman is startled and extremely reverent, in the face of the Speakings in the *Golden Scripts*.

Practically every individual who requested a gratis copy, as announced in previous issues of VALOR, has received it.

One pastor stated openly that he fully intended to read chapters from his copy of the Cleric's edition, to his congregation.

Clergymen are by no means the stuffed shirts or "pinheads" that the skeptical implied, back at the genesis of the project. The year that opens may well see a sudden resurgence of spirituality out of the *Golden Scripts*. Acrid assailment of the Scripts is simply not maturing.

And that's that.

### Christmas Card



FROM the State of Washington comes the following unsolicited attestation of the efficacy of Soulcraft, written in penmanship on three blank pages

of a Yuletide card—

"I can't tell you how much Soulcraft has come to mean to me, especially in mental serenity. However, I have been reading it for over a year and it amazes me that only in the last month has its true meaning begun to dawn on me. I hope others are not as slow as I am, but it has changed the whole world for me and I have so much more tolerance for people. Many, many orthodox problems have always troubled me and kept me stirred up inside, rebelling at them, but now they have all been answered and I have reached a state of mind that is so peaceful.

"The wonder to me is, that so few people around me even wonder or care about who or what they are? I am teaching in a Sunday School (Presbyterian) here. I teach only little ones, so I don't feel so badly yet, but of course I don't believe in the doctrines. However, I can



## Scripts in Bindings!

FIVE VOLUMES OF SOULCRAFT SCRIPTS are now available, done in beautiful Burgundy bindings to last through the years—each volume holding 13 Scripts in the order as compiled and published . . . PRICE \$5 per Volume

### A Complete Library of Scripts

means that you will have acquired a finished compendium of all phases and aspects of the Ageless Wisdom, expounding practically every enigma and quandary in human affairs. There will be 12 volumes of these Scripts, holding 156 discourses in all, covering eventually all the esoteric matter formerly issued in the *Liberation Pink Scripts* incorporated into the Soulcraft series with additional and timely comment.

## \$25 for the Five

### SOULCRAFT CHAPELS

*Noblesville, Indiana*

teach the main laws or philosophy of Christ without teaching the doctrines of theology, but I am rebelling against not belonging to something I believe.

"My husband is a teacher in the high school here and also an Elder in the church. We both enjoy Soulcraft and believe in it, and don't really want to belong to any church, (as it stands today), but I don't know what we can do about it yet. We have decided to let things ride a while and see how our min-

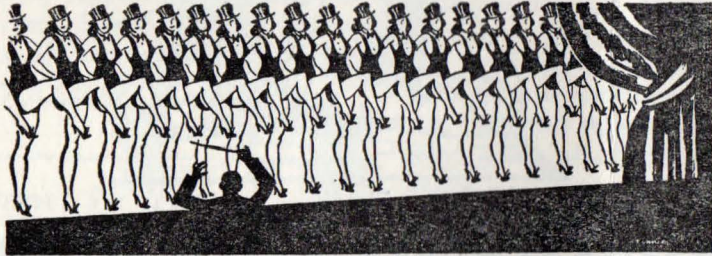
ister takes VALOR . . . I want to help others as Soulcraft has helped me, and I am sure that someday I shall be able to do so."

Mrs. E. W.

LETTERS mounting into the hundreds—they will presently be thousands—of the above tenor, are reaching Soulcraft Headquarters. Here is something that lays no claim to being Religion, and yet it is aiding people to consciousness of the higher spiritual life.



*A Book that would be a Best-Seller this year if it could be marketed through the nation's bookstores*



## **“Road into Sunrise”**

Man first discovers the Universe; then he discovers God; then he discovers himself. *What was the fourth discovery that Norval Grane succeeded in making?*

### **A Two-Volume Story of Smart People on a Quest for the Eternal Verities**

*Road into Sunrise* was written for those who can follow readily and easily the dramatization of life's fundamentals when they see them operating in the careers of story people with whom they can sympathize, real people doing real things, yet conforming to the Master Plan that is directing this generation's society.

### **A Novel Written for Women that Only Men Will Understand**

This novel has been pronounced a truly big book by all those Soulcrafters who have read it. But only a fraction of them have done so.

Make a business of reading *Road into Sunrise* this winter as a matter of your own mystical education and inspiration. You will get a big *lift* from it.

In One Volume, Cloth—\$6      Two Volumes, Deluxe, \$8

Soulcraft Press, Inc.      Noblesville, Indiana

Doctrinal theology affects to do it. Soulcraft is *doing* it.

As this Presbyterian Sunday-School teacher expresses it, doctrinal theology doesn't have the answers.

Soulcraft does have them.

So what?

Whole phalanxes of students of the Soulcraft tenets have lamented up across twenty years that the Recorder hasn't attempted to establish the Soulcraft philosophy in such religious form that it assumes some aspect as the Christian Science Church—in other words, make a denominational creed of it.

Such students fail to grasp the fact that Soulcraft's not being formalized as a denominational creed, gives its greatest drawing-power. Soulcraft is non-denominational and therein lies its strength.

*Soulcraft is cosmological actuality, and all creeds can partake of wisdom derived from it!*

The real kernal of explanation is perchance found in the fact that the Recorder's life brevet contains no commission to found any church, competing with a hundred other churches. He simply wishes to get an extremely obnoxious job done and get back upon his personal cloud. Life on a cloud, surrounded by spiritual compatibles, is much to be preferred to the yammers and dissensions of this organic bedlam.

Found any church?

That's an expression of mortal vanity alone.

To install a school of spiritual philosophy that endures through many generations—well, that's something different.

People are being *helped* by Soulcraft.

Why apostrophize it by building extremely sharp church-spires, of practical utility only to flocks of pigeons?

## **Horoscope**

(Continued from Page 4)

ant circumstances coming to your assistance.

Expand, for new roads are being broken for you and they beckon you. New powers, realities, and material sureties can be yours if you think and act upon the deep urges and capabilities that lie hidden within you. Keep a steady hand upon the ship of new progress that your travel in throughout 1952, for there can easily be squalls. But after May, a new



ease should be felt. By November, some revelation, or realization of a national dream of yours can be yours and probably will be.

So great is this potential possibility that it might change your whole life into a mystic beauty of love and material security.

**WHEREUPON** the horoscope goes into astrological technicalities, wherein Neptune continues its long transit through the Recorder's solar eighth house, dominating the world changes, psychological regeneration, inheritance and revitalization, adding, "This is your great chance to combine all your wonderful Neptunian talents and make them concrete realities and material assets, permanent factors in your life. *This is your chance to realize a life's dream*, an inspiration, a romantic ideal, by seeking within yourself and consulting your highly sensitized intuition for the ways and means to accomplish practically. Whatever gift or goal you have, you can now demonstrate your talents to the world and, to your own profit."

All of which makes nice reading for New Year's afternoon, were it not for the fact that this and much more has been coming independently to the Recorder ever since September. A new phase or cycle for Soulcraft—or what Soulcraft is bound to mean ultimately to the United States—opens during 1952. The Recorder has seen every evidence demonstrated that the only thing holding Soulcraft back from a general sweep through the country has been the underwriting that provided personnel to handle the multifarious details of such a sweep. Somewhere in America, so several psychics have communicated to the Recorder, is a person of wealth who is going to earn undying fame and spiritual increment by being the national financier of Soulcraft. The movement starts to the summit when the astrological events of 1952 bring the identity of this personage forward.

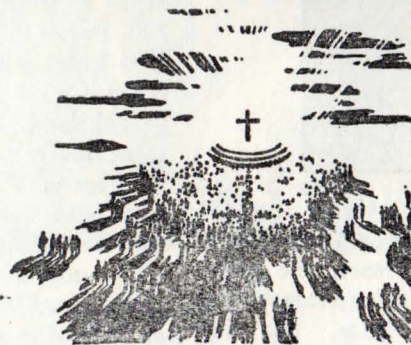
Who is he or she to be?

The financial stimulus given to the national work by the increment of the past summer that made possible the printing of the 5,000 Abridged Edition of the *Golden Scripts*, disclosed what could happen when Soulcraft had reasonable capital on which to operate.

(Continued on Page 15)

**D**O 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?



## “Why I Believe the Dead Are Alive!”

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.

### Supernatural Evidence that Astounds

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**





## .. COGITATIONS

**I** CAN'T account for the strange way that the life of O. Henry, the greatest of American short story writers, has impinged on my mortal affairs. I've felt many times as though I'd known the man personally. If you're an O. Henry fan—and what intelligent American is not?—listen to what I mean by this impinging on my mortal affairs. I first ran into the O. Henry Influence as a fledgling short-story author in New York, early in 1917. I came to know Gilman Hall, editor of the old *Everybody's*. Hall was the man who'd taken most of the early William Sidney Porter stories while Porter was in the tank in Ohio for some sort of bank mess earlier in Texas. When Teddy Roosevelt as President pardoned Porter, the latter married, came to New York, got his famous lodgings in Irving Place, and received tutelage from Hall as I subsequently received tutelage from Hall. He was a fine, white-haired literati of the old school, kindly, paternal, always ready to help a struggling youth get into print. There aren't many of them left. Bob Davis, of the old *Munsey's* and *All-Story* was another. He, too, had done his bit with O. Henry. I knew Bob so well that I understood him perfectly when he swore at me in seven different languages—and grinned. But it was in North Carolina and California, strange to relate, that I came closest to the celebrity. Listen to some home-town secrets . . .

**O.** HENRY had been born in Greensboro, North Carolina, in 1862. At eighteen he'd gone to Texas, where he'd tried to publish a weekly humorous paper, the *Rolling Stone*. Working in a bank in Austin, the president had a hab-

it of making loans and chalking them up on the stove-pipe, and when the federal bank examiners came around Sydney Bill Porter was caught in the middle. You know where I got the whole inside account of it? From the equally celebrated bank robber, Al Jennings, who spent several months in Honduras with O. Henry. Al had written a book you may have read, *Through the Shadows with O. Henry*. I've still got his personally autographed copy in my private library. I understand Al is up on a cloud at present, which is why I value it so highly. He died owing me four hundred bucks—that's how well I knew him. But long after I met Al, and loaned him sums of money that finally totaled four hundred bucks, I'd lived a spell of my life in Asheville. Asheville, North Carolina. Maybe you've heard of the place. And in Asheville, it had been, that O. Henry had taken unto himself a wife, and I came to know the lady's relatives. One of them sat beside me on a divan in a neighbor's home upon occasion, back in the 1930's, and related to me how Bill Porter "hadn't done right by Our Nell." Seems there'd been some incompatibility and when Bill got out of the hoosegow on the bank mess and they went to Manhattan together, Bill parked the lady over on Long Island so's he could get some work done. That was unforgivable to Ashevilleans, so they gave Bill Porter much the same "dam-furriner" treatment that they gave me. Writers don't fare so well in Asheville. They're merely type-writer workers and a pain in the neck. It was out in California, after Al Jennings and I got to be buddies of a sort, that I got the real O. Henry story . . .

**A**L JENNINGS wrote on the inside page of his gift copy of *Through the Shadows with O. Henry* this touching little tribute—

To William Dudley Pelley:

Dear Bill: Let this recall our dear mutual friend, the Other Bill, who made millions glad with his immortal yarns.

Sincerely yours,  
Al Jennings

To put in a plug for Al, he went wild as a youth in Oklahoma, and started a racket robbing railroad trains and banks with a family of brothers. The peace officers of Oklahoma and Texas made things so hot for him that he had to take off for Honduras. Down, in the Palm Tree Country he ran into Bill Porter and they shacked up together. Al was a little undersized squidd of a fellow with a face lined with more experience-slashes than mine, and a penchant of talking from one-side his mouth. I recall the day he swung aboard my roadster in Hollywood Boulevard and I remarked on his wearing his cow-boots, high heels, spurs et al, in public. What was the gag, I wanted to know? "Oh," sez he, "one of the Slaughter boys is in town, so I hear, and if I meet him face to face I want to die with my old boots on." Presently it developed that Al was toting a cannon the size of Hudson Tunnel. There was going to be fireworks on Hollywood Boulevard if, as, and when Al came face up with his old antagonist of the Oklahoma Bad-Lands . . . However, he didn't meet the Slaughter chap face to face and for all I know, died peacefully in his bed . . . But he did come home from Honduras, get picked up by the Secret Service and given a stiff sentence in the same penitentiary where O. Henry got his . . . Porter was put to work in the apothecary shop, while Al had the undertaker's detail in the Infirmary . . . When they both got out finally, through the magnanimity of T. Roosevelt, Porter went to Gilman Hall and Bob Davis in New York, whereas Al got religion, became an evangelist, ran for governor of Oklahoma, got elected, was picked up and thrown down the steps of the State House when he arrived to take office, and ended up as Man About Town in Screenland, where Eddie, my pardner, and I, took him into our shack in Culver City. I listened to his yarns about O. Henry night after night in front of the fire. If you'll turn to *Red Book* magazines for 1927-28 you will find two stories over my name in different issues, *The Skull* and *The Assassin*. Know where I got the plots for them? . . .



AL OFTEN said to me, as we sprawled on a Culver City divan, or viewed the sunset from some camp on the Mojave Desert, "There's quite a few yarns, Bill, I often wanted O. Henry to work up into stories, but he never could see 'em. Got 'em out of my own experience, when I was hellin' it back in Oklahoma. For instance, there was that story about The Skull, that happened to me down in northern Texas when a bunch of us rode into a cattle town to clean out a bank . . ." And forthwith he gave me the plot that I sent to *Red Book*. Owe me \$400? Al doesn't owe me a kopeck. I'll never forget a noontime in Los Angeles when a real estate slicker was trying to rope him into a deal up-north, and he wanted me to come down and talk to the bird and find out if I thought the deal was on the up-and-up. I kept the engagement in an L-A beanery with the slicker across from me and Al on my right. The whole business stunk, or should I say stank? Anyhow, it smelled. I proceeded to call the slicker's bluff and give him a piece of my New England mind beside. Al looked on, open-mouthed. Danged real estate shyster taking advantage of a poor, innocent, little bank-robber like that . . . Afterwards we came out and walked along Hill Street. "Bill," said Al, "I've robbed whole trains and cleaned out maybe twenty banks in my time, but damned if I'd have the nerve to talk to a bird as you just talked to Hinky-Dink." . . .

HOWEVER, O. Henry . . . They brought him back to Asheville—or his estranged Mrs. did—and put what was left of him in a hole in the ground called a cemetery. The cemetery ran west to Sylvan Place in Monteith Hills. Over the fence was a garage in which was the car of a stirrer-upper named Pelley. This Pelley Stirrer-Upper could go into his bathroom on the second floor rear o' nights when the leaves were off the trees and the moon was bright, and see a roignant little marker of white stone, about twenty inches wide by thirty long, on which was the simple name PORTER. Under it slept the mortal envelope of America's greatest short story genius. Out behind my garage! Often I looked out under the cold North Carolina moon and beheld that marker and wondered what the pomp and ceremony of mundanity was all about. That's all Asheville cared for a man of such international acclaim.

*A Book that Will Alter Your Angle on Life*



“Behold Life!”



ONCE every fifty years a book comes along so sweeping and dynamic and revolutionary that you never forget having read it. Your whole angle on life is altered by the thesis propounded in its pages. You look at the world differently thereafter.

BEHOLD LIFE—the entire digest of the Soulcraft philosophy—is such a book. It took two years to write and is now in its second large printing. There are 331 pages of fact and mysticism so irrefutable that you'll understand why EVERYONE who goes in for Soulcraft is automatically helped spiritually.

Price, Leatherette, Copy \$4

**Lightning**

(Continued from Page 7)

Oh well! Suppose my womenfolks took me back to Asheville for interment. Would I expect them to get out the county band and the Honorable Zeb Nettles preach my funeral oration? He probably wouldn't even accord me space in the nearest trash can. Hail and Farewell, Bill Porter and Al Jennings! I'll be seeing you . . . Both! . . . the devil take Asheville! . . . I'm luckier than O. Henry. I'm not buried in the place . . . yet!

THE RECORDER

IF YOUR wife laughs at your latest joke, you can be sure of one of two things—either it's a darned good joke or you've got a darned good wife.

sected him. He did not get up and walk away without injury otherwise.

The butt-end of a gun was torn from the barrel and carried into an adjoining room, with the barrel undisturbed in its hooks on the wall.

Shot was melted in another gun, without the powder being fired.

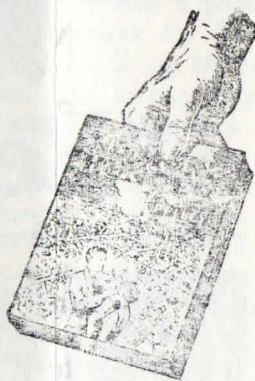
In a case down in Rio, in 1907, says Flammarion, M. A. de Vasconcellos, an army lieutenant, together with eighteen men in his squad, was thrown to the ground by a bolt of lightning. The men bounced, each one, as though equipped



## What Changes in Society and Its Institutions Are Actually Coming on the World? . .

**Wouldn't You Pay \$5 to Know?**

# "Thresholds of Tomorrow"



*By the Author of "No More Hunger"*

WE HAVE ready for shipment same day ordered, one thousand new volumes containing most of the prophetic material that Soulcrafters have been hearing this past winter and spring in the electronic discourses. The printed discourses are not complete as Soulcrafters heard them on the broadcasts, but the America we are going to have tomorrow after this Communist headache is laid, is described.

## A Clairvoyant Picture of Changes Coming at Home and Abroad

THIS MOST recent printing from Soulcraft Press runs to 385 pages, done on India-tinted paper in the usual burgundy covers distinguishing all deluxe volumes in the Soulcraft library. If you didn't hear the MAGIC CASEMENTS series of broadcasts, here is your opportunity to get the meat of them. These thousand copies won't last long, so get your order on record at once.

**A Beautiful Volume: \$5**

*Soulcraft Press, Inc., Noblesville, Ind.*

with springs. The officer remained on the ground unconscious, however. His uniform had been torn, all the buttons on it had wholly disappeared and were never located, as well as three thousand *reis* in money, which were in one of the pockets. His shoes were torn off and thrown to a distance. But the man himself was not killed. When shown these convincing proofs of what had happened to him, the lieutenant was the most astonished of all. He hadn't been aware of it.

In another case in Paris, a young man crossing a public square was picked up bodily by a bolt of lightning and transported through the air 150 feet, then set down uninjured.

In the midst of a brilliant evening dance, lightning entered down the chimney of the fireplace and covered every person in the room head to foot with soot, making negroes of the crowd of them.

BODIES, on the other hand, have been reduced to finely powdered ash without the clothing upon them being burned or even disarranged. Conversely the clothing has been reduced to powdered ash but the bodies left intact.

Gilding has been removed from picture frames, leaving the wood as natural as the day it was sawed. Nails in one case were totally torn from a satin sofa and found in a batch beneath one shingle on the roof. Windows have been split and the panes of glass vaporized.

In July, 1911, lightning struck the office of the station-master of Figanieres, in Var, France, and emptied every inkstand without putting a drop of ink on anything in the room.

One June day, back in 1896, a day laborer named Elisson was struck by lightning in a hut near Vauclose, and the rays photographed on his chest, *through his clothing*, which was not disturbed, a poplar tree tree and a pine tree a hundred yards distant. The man who was struck got up safe and sound, but the tree prints were permanent.

However, the pay-off story in Flammarion's book is the case of a Dr. Derendinger who had his pocketbook stolen while on a railroad train. Sometime later he was called to attend a man struck by lightning. Thereupon he beheld, on the thigh of the victim—who had not been killed—a photograph of his monogram that had been imbedded in steel letters on the tortoise-shell wallet.



The wallet was missing, but the victim had been the thief that had stolen it. The lightning had hijacked it . . .  
*(To Be Concluded Next Week)*

**PROPHETS**

*(Continued from Page 6)*

times of King Ahab or Ahaziah. Otherwise he's an imposter and what he's doing a hoax.

The *Golden Scripts* need a hundred years—a thousand years—to properly mellow them for humanity's credence and consumption.

Give humanity time, however.

The Scripts are with us. Events may authenticate them.

**Horoscope**

*(Continued from Page 11)*

But it isn't alone a financial problem. Release from personal inhibition and circumscription for the Recorder means a new and revitalized angle on the entire national program psychologically.

Soulcraft has had to dispense with the services of valued associates this early winter—people whom the Recorder could ill afford to lose—because finances had to be budgeted to bind the copies of *Golden Scripts* that had been printed throughout the summer and autumn. This has thrown so much work on the Recorder that weekly broadcasts had to stop.

One anti-Christian organization is known to have \$30,000,000 in its treasury to promote the designs of Anti-Christ.

Even a fractional part of such a sum would mean a new rebirth of spiritual Americanism if it could be utilized to promote Soulcraft.

But the astrological horoscopes say that the stringency cracks in 1952.

Let's watch it happen.

**Uncle Sam**

*(Continued from Page 2)*

those who are fully aware of what must transpire first, who are not especially terror-stricken at the development of Chinese and Russian expedients to "conquer" civilization.

**Fed Up with Life?**



**You Need the Soulcraft Scripts  
 to Tell You What It's All About**

**G**RADUALLY it's coming to be recognized that in the Soulcraft Scripts the people of the United States have the most sweeping and comprehensive course in Metaphysics that has ever been made available to them. Hundreds of students of Theosophy, Rosicrucianism, and Spiritualism, have voluntarily attested to it in their correspondence with Soulcraft Headquarters. It is more fundamental than anything in Blavatsky's Theosophy. It goes deeper than Rosicrucianism. It probes the truths behind modern Spiritualism and carries them forward into scientific rationalism. A wholly new page in the recapture of The Ageless Wisdom is being written in these extraordinary papers that expound every enigma and contingency of life as mortal man lives it.

**No Expensive Courses--Just Rich  
 Information in Weekly Brochures**

**T**HERE are 156 of the Scripts and they cost you exactly \$1 for sets of four. They cover the whole sweep of life and incarnation, give you the scientific facts behind Psychical Research and Extra-Sensory Perception, explain the affinities between Man and Woman, and describe what actually occurs at death and afterward. And the figure of The Christ stands supreme over all of it. Soulcraft does not "debunk" Religion, it rationalizes it. If you fell "fed up with life", start reading Soulcraft and get a new and revitalizing viewpoint . . .

*Just drop a postcard to the address below,  
 asking that a list of titles be sent you!*

**SOULCRAFT CHAPELS  
 Noblesville, Indiana**



## T H E P A Y O F F



## Golden Scripts

are not for sale! They have been financed and published as a labor of love—that the majestic Speakings credited to mankind's Elder Brother may be made available to the Spiritual leaders of America in this bedeviled generation.

¶ If you have helped in any amount to underwrite this publishing, you have as many copies of the book as you can place with people whom they will help, coming to you—up to twenty-five.

¶ If you wish a copy of the Golden Scripts for yourself, you have only to request it.

¶ However, no one is supposed to sell his copy so obtained, and no practice is being made of selling the Elder Brother's words under any circumstances.

¶ Get your name on the list as soon as possible, if you desire a gratis copy.

IT WAS the day after Christmas and the heavily laden postman was making his rounds. He was going away from one big residence when the butler recalled him, saying that the lady of the house wanted a word with him. Visioning a handsome reward for his years of faithful service, the postman stepped inside. Presently the lady appeared.

"You our regular postman?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"You been deliverin' our mail twice a day the whole past year?"

The smiling postman assured her he had.

"You're just the person I want to see. Who broke our bell?"

A SWEDISH trackwalker was testifying in court as to his personal knowledge of a head-on collision.

"You say," demanded an attorney for one of the plaintiffs, "that on the night of the accident you were walking towards Biggs Crossing and Number Four was coming at you, seventy miles an hour?"

"Yah," said the Swede.

"And behind you Number Seven was coming at sixty-five miles an hour?"

"Yah."

"All right, what did you do?"

"I step off track."

"Then what did you do?"

"I say to self, 'Olaf, this bane one hale of way to run railroad.'"

THERE have been many examples of confused speech due to excitement but the incident related by the late O. O. McIntyre remains the classic. A traveler rushed by to a station agent just as a train was about to start.

"Nice fix of a station when a suitcase-train can't find an agent. How do you think to catch me is all I hope!"

THE DIRECTOR of Education at Manila received this resignation from a native teacher—

"Dear Sir and Gentlemen: I have honor to resignate as my works are many and my salary are few. Besides which, supervising teacher makes many loving to me, for which I reply 'Oh not, oh not.' I am therefore venting your employment." Somewhat sincerely, JOSY

MOSE and Sam had been good pals on earth and when Sam died and went to heaven, and Mose died and went to hell, Sam called his friend on the celestial telephone.

"Mose," he queried, "how yo' like it down dar?"

"Fine, boy, fine," Mose answered. "All we got to do is wear a li'l red suit wif horns and shove coal in de furnace two hours a day. How yo' like it up dar?"

"We has to work all de time up heah, Mose. Fo' o'clock we has to get up an' haul in de stars. Den soon's we hangs out de sun we gotta lot o' clouds to get fixed fo' rollin' aroun'."

"How-come, Sammy, yo' has to work so hard?"

"Well, to tell de truf, Mose, we's a li'l short o' help up heah, dassa reason."

THOUSANDS of people dislike to hear a speaker read his speech. One of them was a wise old colored woman who went to church where a young minister had a practice of reading his sermons. Someone asked her why she came to church no longer.

"Cos Ah doan get mah soul comforted no longer," she said, "from crow-habits."

"Crow habits!"

"Yazzah. Two dabs and a look-up."

AN OLD mountain woman became ill and the doctor prescribed quinine in capsules. Granny had a hard time in swallowing them, and to reward her, her seventeenth grandchild brought her cob-pipe, filled, then went to the hearthstone and came back with a live coal for lighting it.

"Git that thar red-hot fire away frum me, chile!" she screeched. "Can't ye see I'se plumb full o' cartridges?"

A CALIFORNIA paper printed this news item—

"After the ceremony, Smith declared, he visited the home of his father-in-law, one Rooney, whereupon his mother-in-law hit him in the nose with a piece of stovewood, drawing blood, and his father-in-law fired at him twice with a loaded shotgun. The police believe the Rooneys objected to the match."