

# Valor

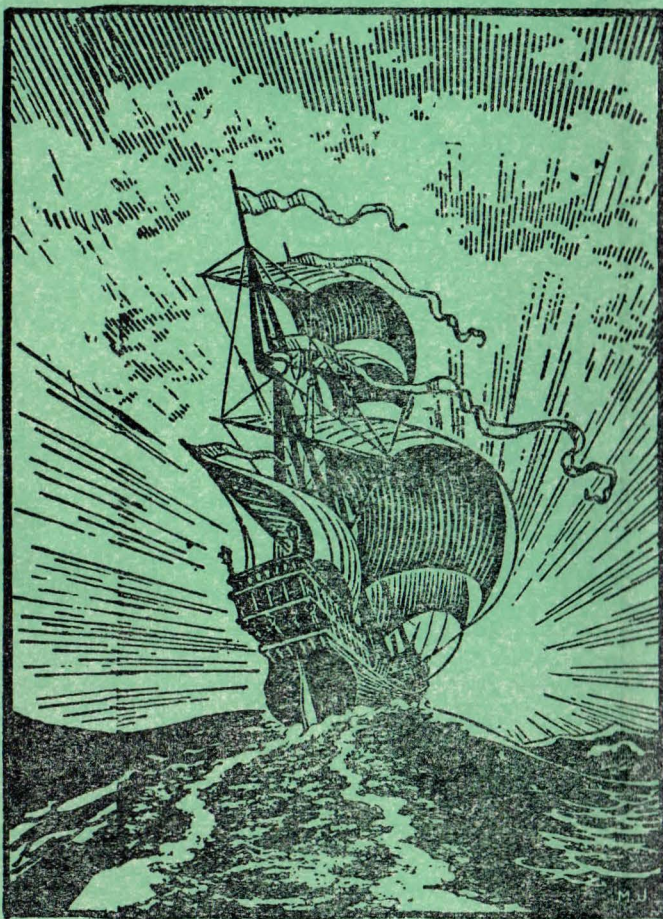
The Golden Times Weekly . .

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

Volume II

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Number 11



## “I Saw the Immortals . . .”

**A**ND I laid me down. And sleep came upon me. And in my sleep I beheld a Vision! Behold there were waters and over them heavens. And the waters were darkened because of the heavens. Their billows were chill. The skies had a famine.

And behold I saw a ship whose pride cleaved the spume crests. Its sheets were as daybreak. Deep-set in steel billows

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## UNITED NATIONS CLIP . .

**Y**OU ARE a federal taxpayer.

Your taxes, however, are not going to the financing of the United States, or underwriting its government. That was an archaic procedure, maintaining back in the days before United Nations ascended the international throne. You are paying taxes now to *underwrite the world*, as groups of aliens and left-wingers at Lake Success, N. Y. may designate.

It pleases the potentates in charge of United Nations to furnish a certain character overseas known as Tito, with funds to build up his private brand of Communism in Yugo-Slavia, so that he may ultimately become powerful enough to challenge Stalin. So orders come through to Washington, to take 25 millions of your wages and dividends this year, and give them outright to Tito.

Tito has an \$86,000,000 trade deficit for the first half of 1952 and he

must be supplied with finances to make it good. He therefore draws on the neighborhood grocer on Illinois Avenue, Indianapolis, Indiana, for his proportionate share in making up his shortage in Yugo-Slavia. To the devil with the American grocer's shortage in Indianapolis.

This grant is in the guise of a tripartite "gift" from the United States, Britain, and France—but where do you think Britain and France get their giveaway money?

**W**E presented Tito with 100 millions last year to cover his budget deficit. If Tito has his way, his total for 1951-1952 will be 266 millions, including 80 millions for a typical 5-year Red-Fascist "Plan". We are also supplying him with substantial shipments of arms for his military program.

You, the grocer on Illinois Avenue in Indianapolis—or his morning customer—are paying taxes in gargantuan and disastrous amounts, not to finance your government, but to finance Tito's "Red" government in distant Yugo-Slavia. You are paying taxes to finance a hundred governments in whose activities you enjoy no say whatever.

You are financing the world, and you are being asked to like it . . .

### IS IT Constitutional?

No, of course it's not. Nowhere in the Constitution does it specify that a grocer on Illinois Avenue in Indianapolis, Indiana, shall be assessed to provide funds for a Red dictator's maneuvers and deficits in distant Yugo-Slavia. But the men you put in office four years ago have long since delivered the nation, lock, stock, and barrel, to a super-state called United Nations. You had no say in such transaction, but you were not supposed to have any say. You're merely a taxpayer—supposed to provide the funds. This United Nations says it is to its advantage to see that Tito's trade deficit this year is made up. So your tax rate is what it is.

What are you getting for the enormous aid you are giving Tito? You are getting promises—worthless promises of an unregenerate Communist who fully subscribes to the Marxist doctrine that whoever trusts a Communist state deserves to lose—that if it comes to a military struggle, Tito will be on your side. Just a "gentleman's agreement". You pay the shot—for making up Tito's

trade deficit—and he assures you that at some future time, if it comes to a tussle with Old Halitosis in the Kremlin, he will kick in his fortunes with you. You, the grocer on Illinois Avenue, ring up about twenty to thirty cents of every sale for providing the money for Tito's current trade deficit so that ten to twenty years from now he will "kick in his fortunes with us."

**R**ELIABLE observers report that the oppressed, impoverished people of Yugo-Slavia hate their Red slavemaster with a burning hatred and are beginning to hate us, because our money continues to hate us, because our money continues to hate us, because our money continues to hate us. But it isn't our money, of course. It is money we've practically been assessed by Red Trygve Lie's United Nations, to "aid" all proponents of United Nations in foreign parts. The same observers tell us, however, that the majority of Yugo-Slavia's army officers are secretly pro-Stalin and will throw their country to the Kremlin in event of a showdown. So the grocer on Illinois Avenue is ringing up a percentage of his sales to augment Stalin's predatory power overseas, if he decides to move in on Tito and whittle him back to size.



The unthinkable sum of two hundred and sixty-six thousand thousand dollars of American taxpayers' money must be poured down this Red rat-hole abroad in the coming year, to prop up Tito for the present, so that he can bid defiance to Old Kremlin Halitosis, who dares not risk his army outside the Iron Curtain as yet for fear that he may lose it.

Can the earnest and sincere American stop the drain on his finances thus abroad?

No, of course not!

**T**HE RUSE for getting it out of America and into the hands of the potential Kremlinites is to say that it's "loaned" to build defenses against Stalin, who has a few thousand model soldiers that he marches around and around before the movie cameras, and thus scares American taxpayers into fits. United Nations is actually telling us

what to do in such matters.

We've abdicated our sovereignty to it. We executed a "treaty" with United Nations—or a majority of our Democratic senators did—authorizing the assembly of world Reds to adjudicate our foreign policies.

According to the *Indianapolis Star* for Wednesday, January 9th, the *Macedonian Tribune*, a foreign language newspaper published in Indianapolis and edited by Lubin Dimitroff and Chris Nizamoff—experts on the Balkans—rightly says we should refuse further grants until Tito allows a genuinely free election. But will Tito do that? Of course he won't. In a genuinely free election there might result a situation in which there is no more Tito. Then what becomes of our 266 millions? . . . Gone! . . . Kerflooie! . . . That's why your tax rate is so titanic this year. Dozens of items of a mere 266 million are being juggled about the world. The Constitution says not a word about the workaday American being liable for the deficits of a hundred irresponsible governments throughout the earth. But the American taxpayers' money is going overseas to serve such purposes regardless. It's "defense" . . .

**O**H, WELL! . . . the day of accounting is coming.

We'll lose the 266 million and shrug our shoulders and sigh, "Too bad!" But that 266 million reaches somebody's literal pockets. It hasn't gone out of existence.

We're being played for suckers in the whole of it, and Alger Hiss's United Nations—headed by Joseph Stalin's Trygve Lie—is responsible.

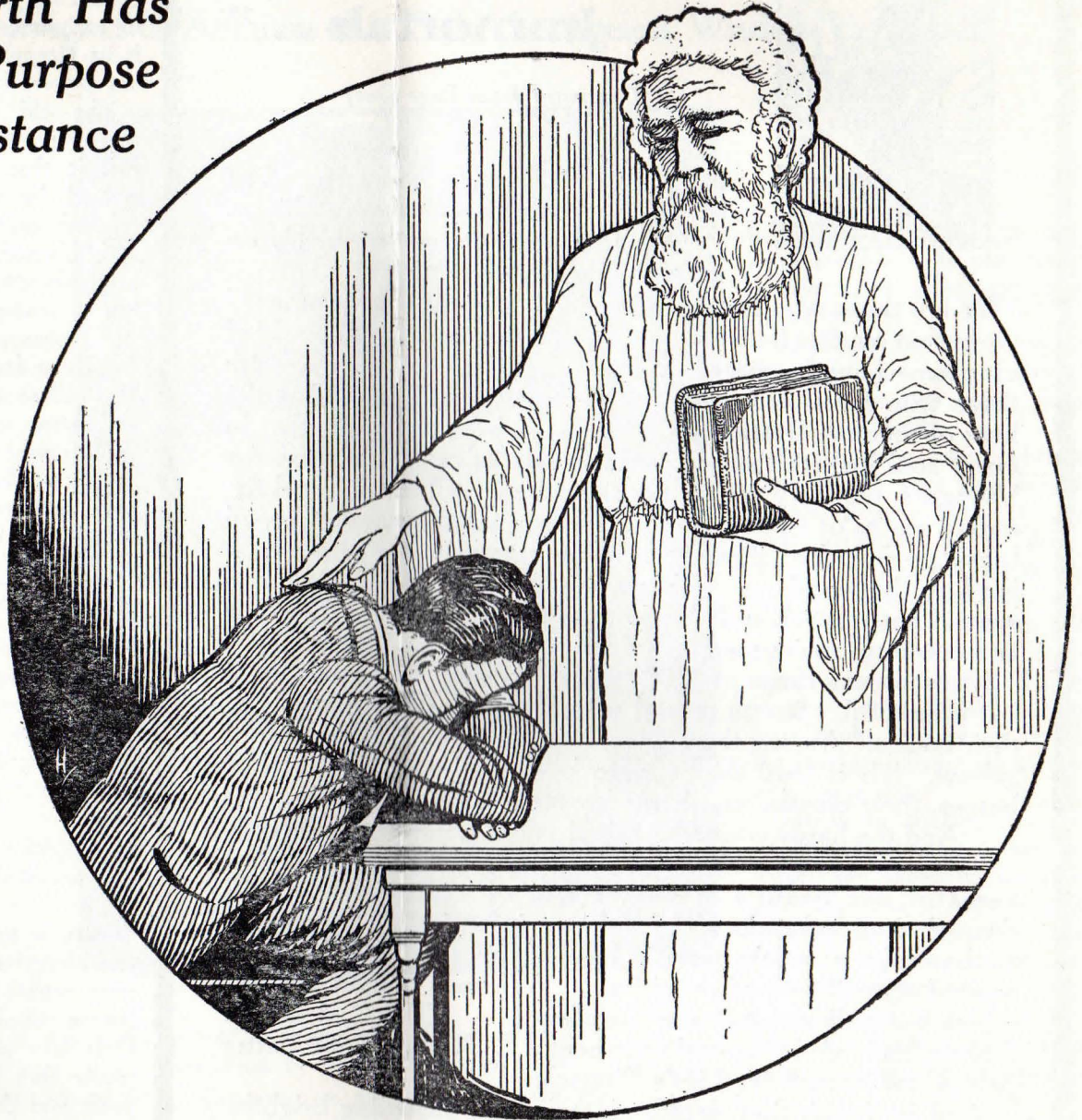
Douglas MacArthur in his Seattle speech declared in substance that we could stop all this international squandering of our money, equip ourselves to challenge the world, and run the whole international works, with a substantial saving to ourselves of dollars in pocket.

We could do that, if we could break loose from the United Nations' publicity blither. But why not do it by smashing United Nations and kicking it out of America to stay kicked?

Anyhow, Tito is going to have his trade deficit paid this year by a hundred grocers on the Illinois Avenues of the American Republic. And they've got to charge you almost prohibitive prices, to acquire the tax money to do it.

# Which of Three Reasons Brought You into Life?

*Earthly Rebirth Has a Definite Purpose in Every Instance*



**T**HE further we probe into the religious systems that have served men's souls in the past, the more we are impressed with one stupendous fact: The bitterest battles which men of all times have fought have been waged over the questions of what Life itself is, why men find themselves in it, what it should contain to offer most profit to the human souls living it, and what becomes of those souls after graduating out of it.

Examine carefully all of the civilizations that have ever come to flower on this planet and you will finally come to realize that the types of answers men have given to these riddles have largely dictated the types of culture and in cases even the political systems under which they have existed.

So suppose, right out of hand, we consider the first of these tremendous subjects: What is the nature of mortal existence in itself, and what does the average person gain from each succeeding experience in it?

We have our answer written in fiery letters on the skies of every spiritual Dispensation—

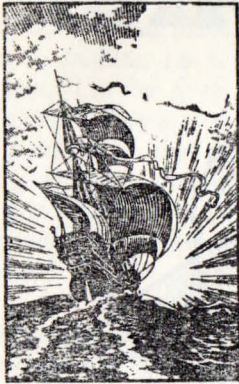
Every human soul comes into earth-life, and spends an adequate time here, to gain to a stronger and clearer awareness of itself—what it is in its essence, and what mighty fecundities may be compressed inside of it.

Everything is in it that will ever be.

This is the one colossal tenet that strikes us with overwhelming force as we probe the Great Mysteries that lurk in Holy Cosmos.

**N**O MATTER what your creed or your faith or what your churches or prelates have taught you to the moment, it is beginning to be discovered that no man and no woman is in Life by chance—every human being walking around on this planet at this moment on two legs, has a specific reason for being here. And this goes for yourself as well as for the mightiest king dominating the councils of statecraft at this hour, or the crudest Hottentot in equatorial jungle.

What the special purposes may be that have brought each one of us into life as



## “I Saw the Immortals . . .”

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it moved with a glory. And behold as it neared to the shores of my watchings, a rune lifted clear from the shields on its oarlocks . . .

“We are those who come singing in that Light hath renowned us, in that conflict hath sired us, in that bright gods of ennobled kingdoms have bestowed on us their embassies . . . We are those who have seen with the vision-sweep of ages that the lives of men are Destinies, that evils are but challenges, that in every soul lurketh the summons to accolades . . . We are the Voyagers, we carry the Beacons, we are the Chieftains and the strong mates of Chieftains . . . We see a pure blood, a proud brevet, a wreathed chivalry . . . The tramp of our armor rolls hard up the worlds . . . We are the New Northmen who have steered our staunch craft by the Star of the Manger, who come as a tocsin to incite men to valors . . .”

They were a cargo of Mighty Men though their ranks were but a handful. Strong-carved were their eyes and the hills of their bodies. Among them were women. Their hair was clean yellow. Their hard thighs were hewn for the child-birth of heroes, their breasts, unashamed, were as rich founts of vigors . . . And the hardy comrades raised voice amongst themselves.

“We are called to this people to rescue a birthright . . . The horns of our bonnets are as petards of alchemies to break through foul bulwarks and level vast infamies . . . We come as the sculptors of the pure in heart, to summon our kinsmen around council fires of probities . . . We seek naught for ourselves but enlistments unto Excellence . . . The God of our Fathers hath given us enthronement . . . We are your Better Selves, envisioned for Life’s Pinnacles . . .”

And forthwith they deployed, their axes glistening brightly. They bestrode a stricken firmament and wrought a sweet havoc . . . And behold, the darkness lifted. The sea took its marplots. The vistas showed wheatfields and the nights were hushed sacraments. Men cried in a paeon birthed of contriteness: “Lo, the New Vikings have essayed to this Vineland! We are captains of our hungers as these Voyagers bring us dignities!”

Where went the Dream? Whereof did I dream it? I only behold the White Conquerors voyaging inward afresh from the ocean of the aeons. That was my Patmos . . .

I SAW THE IMMORTALS! . . .

individuals, we can take up as we come to them. But speaking generally for all men and women, the one stupendous reason for human life in toto is the overwhelming and awesome fact that each divine soul learns by enduring and experiencing, and the greater the ordeals of endurance and experience, the keener is its recognition of itself and the inherent powers lying dormant inside it.

The old spiritual philosophy called Theology which already is crumbling, had it that a man named Adam was created by a sublimated Moses called Jehovah, put in a Garden called Eden with his wife, told to keep away from a certain tree, and live innocent and sinless in a tropical Paradise. But his wife got curious and disobeyed the edict about forbidden fruit. She ate, and gave to her husband to eat. So the first pair sinned and were ejected from that Paradise. God was all wrought up about it, and kept up His divine tantrum till some four thousand years later when a certain sinless man known as Jesus of Nazareth let Himself be crucified to bring the balance right. God appeared to be satisfied then—when a sinless Man allowed Himself to be punished for something that was done by somebody else.

For believing in the divinity of this sinless Man, furthermore, all descendents of the original sinning Adam were supposed to inherit eternal life.

**I**T WAS a one-cell legend, easy of understanding by the simplest child-mind. Upon it grew up a colossal and deadly dogma, supporting thousands of priests and clergymen in jobs. If any part of it were proven to be false, then the whole system toppled—or was discredited—and these men went into the breadline. Naturally they fought any criticisms of it, tooth and claw.

The big fault with it hasn’t been its simplicity but the discovery stumbled upon by modern psychical science that all human souls are immortal anyhow, and have been endowed with this promised Eternal Life since the beginning of Creation. Furthermore, they seem to go right along enjoying their immortality after each physical demise, whether or not they are pupils of St. Paul.

If everybody now alive, or who has ever been alive, has lived scores of existences before coming into mortal flesh—and who doesn’t find any Paulist court-

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# WHY LIFE BORES WOMEN QUICKER THAN MEN

An Esoteric Enigma of Affinities that Only the Ageless Wisdom Expounds

**A** WOMAN'S lot in life can become far more exasperating and tedious than man's for reasons that are little suspected by society in its present state of ignorance regarding cosmic fundamentals.

Women, as we shall see in the issue of this magazine given over to the theme of Romance and the bi-sexual nature of the soul in general, is the embodiment of all the soul's conservative, nurturing, and conserving attributes. Man, on the other hand, is the embodiment of all the soul's exploitive, aggressive, and promotive attributes. These opposite sets of attributes act and react upon each other by means of these two embodiments all through the worldly saga of the soul no matter what the period of the earthly visitation.

In the main, therefore, it is not woman's cosmic role to take the initiative in the world's pursuits. We might almost express it that man goes ahead and works the plow while woman follows in the furrow and gathers up the increment which the plowshare has upturned to the sunlight. Whereupon the pair of them enjoy such increment as a team.

Woman's role, therefore, through no fault of her own, is played out under an inhibition of waiting until the masculine takes the aggressive in worldly affairs, then doing her work as the conserving complementing factor in the earthly sexual arrangement.

This role ties her to the tempo of man's performance, and she is too often considered eccentric if she exceeds it. On the other hand, it subjects most women to the type of existence called "living in



a rut" . . . but what do we mean when we speak of people "living in a rut?"

Generally we mean that they are pursuing a life program day unto day that may require just as much muscular or mental expenditure as the most dramatic career in the nation but that consists of doing the same things over and over instead of new things that perpetually try and develop the talents.

The peculiar reaction to doing the same things over and over is, that they serve our souls with no new facts about life as we are living it, so we cry that life is "uninteresting" . . .

When a book, moving-picture, motor trip, or job of work, is described as uninteresting, the true statement about it

is, that it is delivering no new facts about life, or the mortal experience, to the participant in its contents.

Reveal to any person something he hasn't known before, and at once his interest is aroused and held.

By the same token, when a given job of work calls for initiative, creative skill, or constant adaptation of our attention from this item to that item, we are employed in learning things about ourselves and our own capabilities. This is equally as intriguing, if not more so, than learning things from books, movies, or traveling that are extraneous to ourselves as spirits.

Life is an adventure.

The reason that millions of women are bored to tears by their life-roles of the present with all sorts of nervous disorders resulting in consequence, is because with very few excep-

tions they are forced to perform mechanical labors of a sort that deliver them few new facts bringing spiritual development.

So they resort to the lighter novels, the romancings of movies, club life with others of their sex that seem to people with plenty of opportunities for expression as shallow or futile. Of course none of these is shallow or futile when we come to consider what such gestures are in essence.

By embracing such activities, women are striving to bring a balance true in their careers and have new facts presented to them to offset the awful sterility of old facts in their common household labors.

Now millions of both men and wom-

en meet with the same sterility in their daily programs and subconsciously decide that their dissatisfaction is due to having become detoured in the whole life mission.

They have not become detoured so, of course. They have simply reached the stage of taking all factors in their current careers for granted, accepting them as prosaic, looking for nothing new in them. In short, they take the attitude that they know all there is to know about their jobs, and that nothing more exists to be learned about such jobs.

The nature of such jobs themselves is giving them the experience-increment they entered life to get, but they have allowed their own personal attitude toward those jobs to go static within their own mentalities. Thus they come to the adept in Esoterics and exclaim: "I wish you'd find out for me what my correct life-role is! I know I'm not in my right one now because it bores me so."

Take, for instance, this sort of request made recently to the editor of this publication by a young man who was earning his living as a machine salesman in Manhattan. He was of that variety of salesman who took a sample machine in a carrying-case from office to office, forced himself to crash the gate on new prospects, asked the occupants of such offices how they'd like to punch a new typewriter instead of the hay-baler on which they customarily wrote their letters. If they said they weren't interested, he walked out and tried the next place. He had grown a shell about himself to arm against refusals.

Now this young man was probably in exactly the role he had arranged with cosmos to enjoy in this worldly visitation. It was a role made up almost exclusively of new human contacts, adapting himself to new personalities, perhaps overcoming a spiritual shyness that was holding back his growth in other directions.

But it had not occurred to him that his job was one whit different from the jobs of ten thousand other salesmen plugging around Manhattan week after week, wearing out good shoe leather.

In other words, that young man had let himself bog down into the role of common peddler. He had never made any analysis of the typewriter field throughout all of New York. He had never probed into human psychology to

find out why people use typewriters subconsciously.

He was doing not a single thing to make his job interesting, or make it deliver new information day after day to his hungry spirit.

If he had used the brains he was supposed to employ and expand to make his life-visit profitable, he would have stopped wearing out his shoe leather, found a method for assembling a thousand pretty typists in a New York auditorium, and put on a show for them that would have imparted such fresh information to them about their jobs as typists in turn that next week he would have had a thousand sub-salesmen for him in every office where those girls were employed.



**T**HE FACT that you are ensconced in a certain life role, that you were motivated back in adolescence to train or perfect yourself in some peculiar line of commercial or social activity, presupposes that your subconscious mind was acting strictly according to chart in turning you into channels where your worldly commission could be consummated.

Now then, whether you are man or woman, what are you doing weekly, daily, hourly, to increase the potency of that calling so that you are twice the powerful person today spiritually that you were yesterday?

The world of human life runs fairly smooth, in conformity with a pre-arranged chart that usually takes excellent care of each one of those mortal sardines in the half-mile wide packing-case. But when mental ossification, taking facts for granted, has resulted in sterility for a period, ninety-nine percent of them at once boil around to supply themselves with an escape-mechanism—something to counteract their boredom that essentially serves them up with new facts from new explorations even though it be

nothing of more consequence than taking up amateur photography as a hobby.

Coming back to woman, to the average wife or mother, her home is merely her home—so many pots and pans and skittles, so much soiled linen, so many beds to be put back in order every morning after the family's slumbers have disheveled them.

That her home may become the vivid expression of her exceptionally brilliant creative personality, is something that doesn't occur to her. Or if it does, at once she cries, "But how can I do it without any money? I have to put knock-out drops in my husband's coffee as it is, to obtain two dollars from his wallet to pay the iceman!"

So she wants to study Music, or go to Hollywood and be a picture actress, or write a novel about her repressions, or exhaust her vitality at all the hottest night clubs.

What she truly needs to do is to begin a trenchant examination of precisely the situation in which she finds herself, and begin to probe it for facts concerning it to which she is wholly blind, at the present. She will find plenty if she once starts to look.

**W**HAT the average dissatisfied person who wants his prenatal specifications revealed consciously to him by some freak lifting of the Memory Veil really would find out in such a happening is, that the prenatal memory would not designate some new job in Oshkosh, or some mission to Patagonia, or some role as finger-print expert to the police of Vienna. The prenatal arrangement would become disclosed to him as a sort of chart of what he lacked, that he started down into life to obtain. It would take the broad form of Patience, Persistence, Self-Confidence, Facility in Carrying Responsibility, Learning to Get Along with Folks in their Tantrums.

The actual social or commercial niche in life that served up increments in these items would scarcely matter. The subconscious mind will push and maneuver till the right orientation is effected.

It must be remembered that the soul contemplating a new incursion into Life, simply arranges for the vibration on which to make entrance and the factors in the environment which will result in such broad forms of increment becoming

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# When Nature Displays a Sense of Humor



## Freaks of Lightning

**I**NTRODUCE the subject of lightning among any gathering of people and invariably narratives will be forthcoming of well-nigh unbelievable antics caused by the strange element dismissed as "electricity." But how does electricity do the inexplicable things that it does, considered from the sheer standpoint of physics?

Flammarion, the astronomer and psychical scientist, compiled a hundred-page book of authenticated freaks of electrical performance, some of the outstanding cases being reprinted in these pages last week. But the list continues—

In July of 1911, during the heavy thunderstorm over Vilon, near Toulon, a bolt of lightning seemed to strike a swimming-pool on a private estate. About twelve to fifteen feet of water in the basin disappeared utterly in a split-second of time. The only water remaining in the pool when the storm had passed, was the rainfall that had accompanied the electrical display.

The learned physicist, Herr Hirn, of the Bergheim Institute on the Upper Rhine, sent Flammarion photographs of the bodies of two men, walking together when a violent thunderstorm broke. They took refuge under a linden tree. A bolt of lightning smashed the tree and bowled both men over but did not kill them. When they got up dazed, they both noted that the linden tree had been completely denuded of every leaf upon it. The frosts and gales of winter could not have made its branches barer. Nowhere was there any evidence of the leaves. They had wholly disintegrated. What was the consternation of each man, on reaching his home that night and removing his garments for retiring, to discover that his flesh under his clothing had been entirely peppered with tattoo designs of linden leaves like wallpaper. Dr. Hirn

remarked in submitting photographs of the men's anatomies weeks later, that the cleverest draftsman or artist could not have done a more delicate and accurate job. Even the veins of the missing leaves were etched on the living flesh, and yet neither man had felt the slightest discomfiture. There was, however, no substance of any paint-like nature to be cleaned off. The designs resembled the discolorations of birthmarks. So permanent were the disfigurements that the pair later displayed themselves as exhibits at village fairs . . .

**O**NE day lightning struck the Church of the Holy Savior at Lagny in France. It knocked over at least fifty of the assembled worshipers praying upon their knees, without killing one of them. It smashed the altar into a thousand pieces, but left suspended over it—no one could fathom how—a large painting of the Christ. However, it carried away the curtain covering this picture, pulling it from the iron rod without disturbing the rod itself or removing the copper rings. It tore into four pieces a card on which was printed a list of prayers for mass, but left traced upon the altar-cloth the sacred words of the Communion, but omitting the most sacred: *Hoc est corpus meum et Hic est sanguis meus.*

Is some sort of spirit intelligence, sometimes with an obvious sense of humor, operating in conjunction with lightning bolts? Why should leaves from a tree disintegrate and yet the very veins and tracings be transferred under the raiment of human beings in the vicinity?

Coming over to our own country, there is a case of record in New Hampshire where a farmer was out searching for a lost cow in his pasture when a thunderstorm caught him. Neighbors saw him running for cover toward a venerable tree in the pasture and a moment later a lightning bolt struck the tree. When

the storm passed, the farmer's friends went looking for him and saw him lying stretched on the ground beneath the tree, with hands behind his head as though resting and napping. They called to him but he did not awaken. Again and louder they called to him. He did not appear to be dead and they thought he was playing a joke on them. Finally one of them approached

At the touch of another's hand, every ounce of seemingly solid matter composing the man's hundred and sixty pound body, dissolved into the finest ash. Not a trace of a bone or drop of blood could be found in the ash residue disintegrated inside his clothing. Buttons and fastenings on his garments had not been touched, neither had coins and banknotes in his wallet. His entire corporal self had simply turned to powder in the flash of a second.

Coming still closer to home, lightning struck a building in Noblesville, Indiana, this past summer, split a heavy earthen stackpipe on its roof, plunged into the depths of the building, tore a hole in the ceiling of an office compartment and put out all lights in one area of the premises with no fire resulting. A woman ironing with an electric flat in a small sidebuilding received a shock from which she felt the effects two days. The most peculiar phenomenon, wholly unaccountable, was the fact that a man in another section of the building where the lamps had not been affected, had an instant before pulled an electric business machine. Standing in the center of a room with the wire and free plug in his hand and the machine on a nearby wooden table, he got a severe shock. But the lightning bolt itself did not blow one electric fuse in the entire building. The section where the lights had gone out had suffered a fusing of a wire bringing the current in from the main feed-box.

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## Pathos



SOME 140,000,000 American human beings proceed through each day with faith in their fellowman, believing that what they see take place before their senses is fact, trusting that when the average human being tells them something, he means what he says. And over against these are several other million human beings, thinking them goofs for being honest, plotting their ruin and their impoverishment as human gullibles who deserve to be bilked because they're such simpletons.

The situation would be pathetic—if it weren't so vicious.

We had a wonderful and reasonably honest country on this side of the Atlantic, till we began letting in all the undesirables of the earth in the name of humanitarianism. Such was the karma of their souls, that they despised those who befriended them and set about subverting their institutions.

But a great phalanx of Super-Souls, observing what has been transpiring, have said, "Poor human people, believing in the evidence of their senses and in the integrity of the average human being, shall not be required to pay with their hearts' blood for displaying the simple trust in human nature that is part of their spiritual achievements. We will go into life and bring the cynical and predatory to book."

That's what this contest is all about.

Left alone—that is, without the predatory mischief workers—the world runs

itself. It runs itself quite commendably.

It's the minority stirrer-uppers who keep it in turmoil.

The time is at hand to ring down the curtain on these antic-makers of Cosmos. When a man believes in a person or a thing, he should not be held up to facetious scorn—he should be honored and respected, no matter how dumb he may be academically.

Make way then, for Integrity. The Lords of the Mighty regard it as the Accolade of the Noble. All they decree is an earth where it isn't debased and cheapened by intellect Gone to Seed . . . But the pathos of it, that adjustment should be necessary . . .

## Transcendentalism



THE AMERICAN spiritual philosophy known as Transcendentalism, of which Ralph Waldo Emerson was chief progenitor, began in and around Boston in the 1830's. Ethically speaking, it was a far closer forerunner of Soulcraft than Theosophy, Rosicrucianism, or Spiritualism. The word is a mouth-filling term that denotes concepts that rose above, or transcended the Ten Categories enumerated by Aristotle.

In America, the term had particular application to a movement of scholars and authors against Puritanical and orthodox religious fixations, which was set afoot early in the 19th Century. Its organizers were much influenced by the writings of Thomas Carlyle and some of the German critics of the time. Some of the leaders founded the Brook Farm Colony, where discussions like those of the Greek schools were featured. Members of this troop included Margaret Fuller, George Ripley, Theodore Parker, and Charles A. Dana. Nathaniel Hawthorne was a sympathizer and Ralph Waldo Emerson's essays were concrete expressions of the philosophy of the membership.

Emerson, born in Boston in 1803 of clerical ancestry, graduated from Harvard in 1821 and after teaching for a short time, prepared for the ministry. In 1827, after serving an apprenticeship as co-pastor, he was made pastor of the Second Unitarian Church in Boston. Subsequently he resigned voluntarily because of differences with his deacons over

points of Hebraic doctrine. He went abroad for a year and on his return, began making a living by lecturing. During this period, and soon after publishing the first of his essays, he became affiliated with the Transcendentalists—whose aim seemed to be the reformation of society through plain living and directed intellectual researches after Truth.

That Emerson was definitely psychic, and got much material for his immortal essays by what was then called Illumination, is known only to a handful of erudite persons in and around Concord and Lexington. In 1925, the editor of VALOR was a guest in the home of Dr. Emerson, Ralph Waldo's son, then a retired physician in his eighties. Dr. Emerson resided in the north end of Concord Village, out by the famous Bridge, not in the sedate old white residence at the south end of town made celebrated by Ralph Waldo in his life-time. Conversing a whole evening with the Dr. Emerson housekeeper, many intimate family anecdotes came out.

For a long time, when Emerson himself was alive, it was thought that he was mentally unbalanced, because he withdrew to his study in the northeast corner of the second floor and implied that he was secluding himself to write at the behest of "voices not of earth." Clair-audience, of course. He died in 1882.

With the passing of the roster of famous folk who had been members of Brook Farm Colony, Transcendentalism ceased to be much of a factor in American thought because its members had never labored very hard to proselyte their principles. But Unitarianism endured—a religious denomination that rejects the Christian doctrine of the Trinity and believes in one God in one person, and regards Christ as a human personality that became endowed with celestial gifts from Holy Spirit.

Unitarianism was a foreign importation, originating in Poland and Transylvania in the middle of the 16th Century as a result of the Reformation. Extirpated by Casimir I of Poland a hundred years later, it spread to England and New England, where during the early part of the 19th Century many Congregational churches adopted Unitarian principles.

The point is, that over a hundred years ago there were cultured and intellectual people abroad in America, sin-



cerely starting to question the literality and infallibility of the Jewish Holy Scriptures. The idea that people not ad-dicts to the Jewish Holy Scriptures could have independent revelations and illuminations quite on a par, if not ex-ceeding, anything traditionally accepted as divine, prophetic, and miraculous, of course made them "queer" . . .

It isn't far afield, however, to look up-on Soulcraft as the Twentieth Century presentation of Transcendentalism, in that it reconciles the spiritual ideals un-derlying religion with science, psychical research, and extra-sensory perception—and is penetrating every corner of the United States, in a quiet but sturdy proselyting that is establishing its princi-ples down deep in human lives.

As one California lady writes upon her current Christmas card to Headquarters: "May this Christmas bring all of you the love and gratitude of many friends, with all the old ones, who feel that Soulcraft coming into their lives and homes is the biggest event of 1952."

Soulcraft is not only rejuvenating lives spiritually, it is transforming men-tally sick and discouraged people into courageous adventurers at life. Says an-other Oregon Soulcrafter—

"I wish to thank you for the copy of the GOLDEN SCRIPTS I received, and the only thing I can say is: After praying for understanding the past twenty-five years, I have found it. I studied all kinds of religions the past quarter-century but through them all I never had any idea it would be like this. But at last I am satisfied, for the first time in my life."

Soulcraft, in result of such testimoni-als coming in from across 22 States, is delivering the spiritual goods, which or-thodox sects, denominations and esoteric cults, do not seem to be doing.

The New Transcendentalism—and a spiritual philosophy to live and die by! There are those not above considering that it presages a new Reformation in Christendom, no less consequential than Martin Luther's of 1508 . . .

### Illumination



HE RECORDER is being deeply shaken spiritually in the item of what his broadcasting material over the electronic record-ers should be for 1952.



## 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, expound-ing practically every enigma and quandary in human af-fairs. 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* in-corporated into the Soulcraft series with additional and timely comment.

### \$25 for the Five

SOULCRAFT CHAPELS

Noblesville, Indiana

Time and time again he has prepared reels for Soulcraft audiences, only to shelve them. Crusading actively against the forces subverting our country in the present pass, is inadvisable. The momen-tum of national commitment to the left-winger policies of UN potentates, now appears beyond halting. The Senate and House of Representatives have abrogated their sovereignty as the legislating of-ficials of this Republic, by confirming

our "treaty" with United Nations. That treaty was a servile relinquishment of our national independence. Whether the millions of Americans under the Stars and Stripes know it or not, the United States is now being conducted by an in-ternationalist group in control of United Nations. Blasting at something that is *ex post facto*, gets nowhere. A *fait ac-compli* is something to hold a funeral over, and not much besides. (over)

*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

The supreme sovereignty of our country no longer reposes in Washington, D. C. but in Lake Success, N. Y. What can be said about it? The President of the United States has actually been reduced to a tractable servitor of the great mass of aliens and left-wingers constituting United Nations. The Senate and House of Representatives legislate for internal matters only. The real power over the nations is embodied in Trygve Lie, secretary-general of United Nations. *He was formerly Stalin's most active agent in Norway!* The Senate has sold the Union of Patrick Henry, Daniel Webster, and Abraham Lincoln to the Alger Hisses on an international scale. The thing has *happened*.

Can a United Nations as a super-state be smashed?

Yes, it can be. But *will* it be? That's the challenge.

The *Golden Scripts*—not all of which are contained between the covers of the book bearing that name, by the way—say that a great convulsion is in prospect, with America not only regaining her independence but taking charge of United Nations and "the tail wagging the dog".

But how to put it all on broadcasts?

Before one exposition of facts is recorded on official tapes, new developments appear. The kaleidoscope of happenings moves at almost too rapid a speed to make conclusions timely.

The big events of 1952 for Soulcrafters comprise your Recorder gaining complete vindication and divorce from the lecherous charges of North Carolina politicians, a terminating of federal parole restrictions, and his advancement to a strategic position where assailment of United Nations sugars off in the dissolution of that internationally subversive body.

Wouldn't it be peculiar if the Soulcrafters of America, through their resources and mass expressions, were the group that reconstituted America, "starting with the fundamentals on which religious thinking is based?"

There is one man in America who could make hash of the whole United Nations set-up, thus liberating the President of the United States from his subservience to its dictates, and altering the course of international events, if he were liberated from the strait-jacket in which the enemies of our free Republic have connived to bind him. You have three guesses at his identity.

But broadcasting?

It is increasingly a headache. The Higher Counsel declares that a period of "coasting" has been decreed, while the peoples of America and foreign countries are becoming conditioned for the titanic events that appear to be imminent.

Better watch VALOR closely for more timely and intimate reports on the denouement of this American sell-out to United Nations.

The broadcasts will come ultimately, but perhaps not until international events have stabilized . . .

## Bored Women

(Continued from Page 6)

realized. Much of this is taken care of in the items of parentage, the nation and culture into which one is born, the cycle of event in which one is to experience.

Half the people alive don't even begin to grasp the fecundities in the pursuits that seem so prosaic from too long familiarity with them. Find ways to make the life-role interesting and at once the desire to have the memory-veil lifted vanishes!

## Three Reasons

(Continued from Page 4)

room waiting for him on quitting his body—what then becomes of this Paulist doctrine of Salvation?

The preachers still preach it, and call it devilry when folks fail to believe it. They proceed on the assumption that when a man dies, he immediately goes beyond all possibility of reporting back on exactly what happens to him.

On the other hand, the annals of the psychical research societies of two continents are crammed with coded evidence that tens of thousands of persons have not found themselves in any such predicament of silence at all.

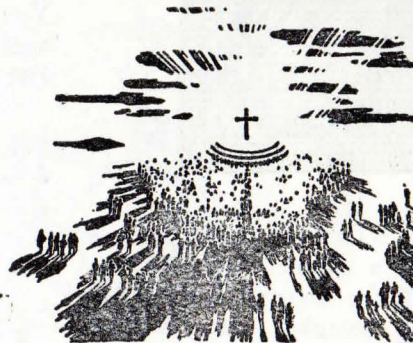
Neither have they found themselves in any divine courtroom where judgment for their sins was the major procedure.

Practically without an exception, all those persons getting out of their bodies at "death" have made report on exactly the same situations and conditions—that they have merely gained a quiet spir-

(Continued on Page 14)

**D**O YOU believe in survival after death? Have you ever had experience with evidences of excarnate 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



VISITOR to the plant on a recent afternoon used the somewhat hackneyed metaphor that so-and-so was as popular "as a skunk at a lawn party" . . . Believe it or not, I've seen that happen . . . Fifty-five years come Michaelmas, up in a little New England village, I actually saw a skunk walk in upon a lawn party—whereupon everybody else walked out—or ran out—or took unto themselves wings and *flew* out. Anyhow, nobody stayed. The skunk had that lawn party all to himself. What he did to the lawn party after he got it all to himself, I never learned . . . but father and mother and my baby sister, along with myself, of course, had been on a buggy trip to the metropolis east of our village all the afternoon and drove home in early evening. It was a pleasant summer night. We came in along East Main Street and the horse slowed to a walk. Ahead on our right the big lawn of the Ingalls residence had been converted into a fairyland of Japanese lanterns suspended along wires. The Ladies Aid Society of the Baptist Church was holding its August Lawn Party, with half a dozen pretty tables laid out with flowers, frosted cakes, homemade ice cream and other delicacies. Suddenly father drew rein and half-rose in the buggy-seat. "For pity's sake, Gracie," said he to my mother, "will you look at *that!*" . . . He pulled the horse to a stop. I looked where he was looking and where mother looked. The most peculiar kitty I had ever seen, with the longest and bushiest tail I had ever seen, stood with extremely pointed nose in the center of a cleared space of lawn between the tables as though uncertain where it was, and what it should

do. And the Ladies Aid Society of the Baptist Church, individually and collectively, was getting the hell out of there. You never saw so many people of all ages move so fast, and with such perfect coordination . . .

o—o

I CAN see the whole scene at this moment as though it happened within the past week or ten days. The summer-night of childhood. The roses and honeysuckle. The velvet-smooth green lawn under Japanese lanterns. And otherwise dignified adults suddenly rising up and going places that occurred to them they should go, whether they'd eaten their ice cream or not. I remember seeing a woman named Harrington come out of the Ingalls' house carrying a big black tray on which were cones of homemade ice cream, presumably in saucers. She looked over the edge of her big tray to put her feet in appropriate places to descend the steps, got down to the walk safely and started for Deacon Sargent's table. Suddenly she saw what was nosing hither and yon about the lawn. It had two long tell-tale white stripes down its sleek black coat. She opened the mouth that was in her face, but it took a delayed ten seconds for the scream to come out. Then she threw that tray with its dozen cones of frozen delectables straight up in the air—the neatest trick of the week. She wasn't under the mess when it came down. Deacon Sargent was "hard of hearing" . . . He didn't catch onto things as readily as people of normal senses. He looked at the woman and wondered if she'd suddenly gone batty in her brains. Something sniffed at his left knee, and being a kindly soul—who loved dogs and cats—he ran a hand down to pat the dumb brute. What his hand felt, seemed to puzzle him even more than the Harrington woman. It had too pointed a nose to be any dog, and too long and bushy a body to be a cat. He felt along its back till he came to its extremely bushy tail. Then Deacon Sargent looked down and perceived what was practically beneath him. He made a noise that could be heard as far as our buggy in the street. What he used to get traction,

puzzles me to this day, but he got it. The skunk sniffed about the seat he'd left and seemed hurt by his conduct. Undoubtedly it was a friendly skunk and only wished companionship. But nobody at Martha Ingalls' lawn-party that evening was having any . . . I can see that peculiar black animal under the lights darting hither and yon, to this moment. "Daddy, daddy," I cried, "what's that?" . . . "That, my son," said my father with squeamish profundity, "is a skunk." . . . "What's a skunk, daddy?" I asked in my innocence. Father said, "We're not staying around here for you to find out!" And Old Kit got a wallop with the reins. We got the hell out of there ourselves . . .

o—o

MAYBE you're not aware of it, but the skunk is strictly a North American animal. It wasn't heard about in Europe until 1636, when Gabriel Sagard-Theodat published his *History of Canada*. The Cree name for it was "seecawk". Another form of it was "seganku". This common skunk ranged from Hudson's Bay down to the middle United States. It was—and is—a beautiful animal, none the less, with rich lustrous black fur, varied by a patch or streak of white. The overpowering odor which has brought it into such opprobrium, arises from a secretion of the anal glands. The anal glands are over the posterior opening of the alimentary canal. The skunk brings his big bushy tail up, when attacked or excited, and throws it forward over his head. That muscular squeeze or pressure on the sac in the angle of tail and spine does the projecting of the malevolent liquid that gets this animal in wrong wherever people of culture and olfactory perceptions are gathered together. From the nozzle in the end of the tail, the skunk propels a clear yellowish liquid some eight to twelve feet, and whomsoever is contacted, is never quite the same person again. Emphatically from that instant he does *not* know how to win friends and influence people. For this reason, probably, the skunk, alias the Pole Cat, alias the Geranium Kitty, seems to be the one animal in the North

American brute kingdom that has never evinced a fear of man, and when met face to face in any human circumlocation, rarely thinks of running away. It is the bifurcated human specimen who frantically claws for traction. Funny thing is, of itself the skunk is one of the cleanest and most sanitary of wild animals. It carries no odor upon its own person. That night at Ingalls' Lawn Party, there had been no warning odor to apprise the patrons of what had arrived to enjoy the festivities. Only when aroused, with the old nozzle bent for business, is the mammal obnoxious. Otherwise he behaves himself around the clock. He lives on mice, beetles, and grasshoppers. No other species is half so valuable to the farmer. A mother skunk gives birth, I learned as I grew older, to ten young at a time, and all of them grow up to be strict ladies and gentlemen, never attacking anyone unless attacked . . .

o—o

AND YET a skunk *will* get itself in to the most compromising situations . . . It was a long swing of time from the mental impressions of that long-ago night in 1897 to an afternoon in southern Vermont when my esteemed mother-in-law had in a few neighboring ladies for some sort of quilting party or gabfest in her side sitting room, in a sedate old New England house with all the doors open on golden afternoon. They were very ponderous and dignified ladies, but they were native females of New England where a skunk in all the pomposity of his independence is rarely mistaken for two other fellows. My esteemed mother-in-law herself would never have been referred to, facetiously, as "Half-Pint." At any rate, they had torn the reputations of every non-attending housewife and maiden in the village to shredded-wheat biscuit, when Mrs. Adams looked up from her needle-work to remark, "Why Mrs. Holbrook, I wasn't aware you'd acquired a new tabby." Mrs. Holbrook, the esteemed mother-in-law, wasn't aware she'd acquired a new tabby either, and said so. "But there's one under your stove, you know," says Mrs. Adams. My esteemed mother-in-law didn't exactly respond, "The hell there is!" but such were her reactions. She reached for the winter-poker on its hook behind the stove, and began to poke and prod to dislodge the new tabby from under the base-burner.

## 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

She dislodged it all right. The new tabby came out. Mrs. Adams did a double somersault and went through the window, taking the glass. Mrs. Hurlock made a strange gurgle in her larynx and hit the backyard with the chair still attached to her. Mrs. Waste kicked a hole in the ceiling—figuratively—and went upstairs. The rest of the good ladies merely wrecked the sitting room. The new tabby from under the base-burner had the premises to itself . . . Under "favorable conditions", says the encyclopedia, "the ammoniacal and nauseous effluvia of the skunk may be perceived at a distance of more than mile." Mrs. Adams, Mrs. Murdock, and Mrs. Waste were all aware of this, not to mention Mrs. Calkins, Mrs. Brown, and Mrs. Abernathie

—the latter coming down from Brattleboro a purpose to be able to attest afterward that such data was by no means propaganda. The "new kitty" that the esteemed mother-in-law succeeded in prying out from under the base-burner was an evil-smelling North American carnivorous animal, and the assembled ladies beat it. I'll say they beat it. The esteemed mother-in-law faced the aforesaid carnivorous animal with nothing with which to defend herself but a poker, whereas she needed an Iron Curtain. But strange to relate, the Geranium Kitty merely sniffed at her and dragged its bushy tail out into the rose bushes . . . Many a time true skunks are gentlemen . . . Radio Commentators please copy . . .

—YOUR RECORDER

## 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.*

## Three Reasons

*(Continued from Page 11)*

itual interlude, where they can look back on their deeds in the body and decide for themselves which of them was evil and which was merely silly. Thereat, after an interval covering from two hundred to five hundred years, they make another incursion down into mortality and repeat on the process in a more improve manner. Finally comes the day when there is no necessity for repeating and they graduate from earth-life into the state called Heaven.

BUT before, during, and after such life-incursions, some mighty interesting and instructive processes take place. In the exact ratio that the soul gets a new body and starts a new life—especially a life filled with drama and ordeal—it comes to grasp with an ever keener sense the fact of its independence of all other souls, the fact of its inability to perish excepting by its own decision, the fact that it holds fecundities within itself so great that literally and figuratively it is an embryonic God in process of evolution.

Life on this mortal plane, whenever it appears, is the staggering business of going through personal experiences that teach it to take note of itself and its undeveloped capabilities.

All of which is informing you, for the first time perhaps, that life as it shows itself in the mortal for mis by no manner of means the same sort of life that shows itself in vegetable or animal forms.

Men and women come into life of their own election—

Humans come into to follow definite programs and have positive experiences. When they have gained those experiences, they die, regardless of whether their ages be eight, eighteen, or eighty years when the moment comes for leaving.

They select their own stratum of society on which they will live, and in a majority of cases the identity of their parents.

They bring with them into their newly possessed infant bodies the mystery called their Subconscious Minds. These subconscious minds dictate to them most of what they shall do after getting into life and growing toward maturity to make complete the life-plan that was their own designation.

*(Continued Next Week)*

## LIGHTNING

(Continued from Page 7)

PEOPLE don't understand the cause and operation of lightning. It is an adjustment of positive and negative electrical pressures. The General Electric Company once gave the statistics of the number of lightning bolts playing from cloud to cloud as compared to the number of bolts playing from clouds to earth. It was about seventy percent of the one to thirty percent of the other. Water in any form, or congested moisture, acts like an electric storage battery for electricity that produces lightning bolts.

Storms universally follow the direction of water. A country bisected by a river will usually have the storms following the water's course. Lightning-rod specialists declare that country barns are most often struck because of the masses of damp hay in their lofts, which act as cells of the ordinary lightning battery.

Bolts do not always come down from the clouds to strike a barn, tree, or flagpole. A definite number of bolts have been perceived traveling from the ground to the clouds—going up, in other words.

Lightning rods afford immunity to the average country structure not because they attract bolts and convey them safely to the ground, but because they "drain away" the static electricity in and around a building and convey it groundward without bolts forming.

All the same, the mystery of how a whole tree of leaves could be transferred to wallpaper designs on the flesh of two men, under their clothing, remains the outstanding enigma of electricity. Also, how a woman's nylon hose could be peeled from her limbs and hung in an adjacent tree, is a close second.

Intelligence in lightning?

It's a tigerish intelligence if it's there.

Better not experiment to see what will happen. It probably will.

AN ODD JOB man knocked on the kitchen door about lunch time.

"Did you notice that big woodpile?" asked the lady of the house.

"Yes, ma'am. I seen it."

"Mind your grammar," the lady snapped. "You should say you saw it."

"Lady, you saw me see it, but you ain't never gonna see me saw it."

# 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 feel "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.

A LADY of fashion was out airing her Pekingese when she stopped to look down in an excavation where men were working. A tractor was tugging away without success, trying to haul a giant crane from a hole. Presently the foreman climbed up and accosted the woman.

"Lady," he asked, "could we borrow that Peke?"

"Whatever for?" she wanted to know.

"We'll hitch him up and pull out that crane."

"What? Tie this poor little dog to that big crane? It's impossible."

"Madam," declared the foreman, "we have whips."

A YOUNG man was serving as usher for the first time in a fashionable church and his self-consciousness amounted to a large attack of stage-fright. Some mistakes were made because of this nervousness. Among others, an important wealthy lady marched down the aisle unaccompanied and seated herself one row in front of her usual place. The perspiring young usher took after her and sought to restrain her, whispering hoarsely—

"Marden me, Padam, you are occupewing the wrong pie. May I sew you to another sheet?"

THE INDIAN inspector at a western reservation accosted one of the eminent braves.

"See here," he stormed, "it's a violation of the law for you to have more than one squaw, and the law mus be obeyed. You get back home and tell all your squaws except one that they can no longer look upon you as their husband."

The Indian cogitated.

"You tell 'em," he suggested.

CRIED a spinsterish voice over the phone, "Hello? Hello? Is this the S. P. C. A.?"

"Yes, what's wanted?"

"Please send somebody over right away. There's a horrid magazine salesman sitting up a tree in my side yard, teasing my dog."

SOMETIME after the war, several veterans were in a barroom discussing one of its battles. A lieutenant, telling his version, was interrupted by a captain. He in turn was contradicted by a man who seemed to be a major. Finally a fourth spoke up.

"Let me tell you just how that fight went," he volunteered.

He did so and gave an authentic account.

"What was your rank?" the bartender inquired.

"No rank, just a private," said the fourth man, preparing to leave. "How much do I owe you for the drinks?"

"Not a cent," said the bartender. "I've often wanted to meet a private, to see what he looked like. The drinks are on me."

A FUSSY old lady, on her way to New York for the first time, annoyed the conductor by many questions.

Finally she asked shrilly, "Conductor, are you real sure this train stops at Grand Central Terminal?"

"If it doesn't, Madam," he retorted, "I can tell you one thing, there'll be an awful wreck."

SAID SMALL Wallie, "Gee, pop, there's a man at the circus who jumps on a horse's back, slips underneath, catches hold of his tail and finishes up on the horse's neck."

"Phooey!" said his dad disgustedly, "I did all that, first time I ever rode a horse."

THE VISITOR remarked to the small boy. "Your grandpop is a little deaf, isn't he?"

"Uh-huh," said the tad, "you don't know the half of it, Mister. Yesterday he led the family prayers kneeling on the cat's tail."

THE CYNICAL neighbor said to another, "Seems to me you don't think much of Jones."

"Good reason," said the other. "If he ever had his conscience taken out it'd be a minor operation."