

Valor

The Golden Times Weekly . .

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

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The Sign Beautiful!



The Prediction, 1929:

Sacred Psychological Prediction, recorded in the Liberation-Soulcraft Scripts, evening of September 6, 1929 . .

“THE MASTER has said that He will do something He never has done since Atlantis. With the help of the Host, whose concentrated Thought supplies necessary galvanism and power, He would show Himself to the nations (on the rostrum of the 50 Nations) at the psychological moment when mankind was about to run amuck and commit the excesses of a child crazed by fear . . before this happens there will be a sign

(Turn to Page 4)

WHAT PRICE LIGHT?

THERE are two schools of thought in respect to the bona fide nature of any religious teaching that lays claim to originality. There is the school holding to the viewpoint that if any religious—or spiritual—instruction be founded upon Truth, it should actually have no difficulty in acquiring the resource to make itself effective.

Contrasted to it is the school contending that the closer to Truth be the tenets propounded, the more difficult it will be to connect with material wealth to underwrite and promote it.

In addition to this last, there are ethical and moral points involved which the practical-minded person gives a dearth of consideration.

HOW MANY times in the Soulcraft work, to illustrate, the comment is encountered from the orthodox: “If the work you’re essaying to do, be actually

the Christ work, you should have no difficulty whatever in finding funds on which to pursue it, since He would see that you got them."

From some strange source comes the assumption that the Great Teacher must assuredly be a sort of straw-boss employer, and authentic agents of His must be lavishly "heeled" to execute His order or they are impostors. Q. E. D., if any religious or spiritual movement have a difficult time to become established, thereby is it showing itself fallacious, since He has only to speak the Word and millions should drop automatically into the exchequers of His emissaries.

Suppose we look at some aspects of this last viewpoint that maybe haven't occurred to those entertaining it . . . perchance there are karmic angles involved that the spiritually illiterate are not aware of . . .

LET'S say for sake of argument that nineteen centuries of the so-called Christian era have passed and a vast mass of misrepresentations and wrong doctrinal convictions have been arrived at. The time has come when Theology demands wholesale housecleaning. The world wants a respite from error. Truth deserves its day in court.

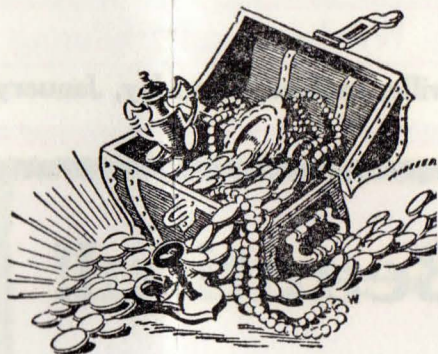
Very good, a given number of Christ Men volunteer to go into life to correct the misrepresentations and the doctrinal convictions. They arrive in flesh through the normal route as infants, proceed up through childhood, and in due maturity are ready to open their great campaigns of general mass enlightenment. Suppose each one of these mysteriously is supplied with five million dollars each, on which to bring Truth to the masses. Suppose that publishing plants for books and periodicals are founded, radio time bought, and sub-agents hired to go out and fill pulpits and platforms. The general proclamation of Truth begins. None of it costs the public a penny. All of it is generously underwritten from some divine source. With a vast clatter on the public eardrums the new tenets are proclaimed—for what they seem worth to the illiterate listener. What will be the practical effect of it all?

Let's say the great campaign of truth-spreading be reasonably successful from a standpoint of acquainting everyone with what the Christ People have to impart.

What would it actually total but a

grandiose gesture of buying the minds and hearts of men for a given outlay of cash, costing the persons who profited absolutely nothing and giving them no sense of either moral or practical values?

Seeing that everyday human nature attaches no value to what has cost it nothing, what too of the demoralizing effects on the characters of the proselyters themselves?



THE TRULY big thing that the critics of the apparent penuries of the Christ Men overlook, is the fact that Christ as a personage may be under no obligation to save men from their own ignorance and stupidities, as a business or vocation, with money or without money.

A given coterie of Christ Men, along with their supernal Leader, possess information of an enlightening and liberating nature to release to the race—good, bad, and indifferent. Not all are ready for it, but that's not the point. This Christ Personage and His earthly lieutenants have the one mission in common—to help the benighted human race to help itself. They come in sheerest altruism, taking their economic chances in current human society, and pitting the tenets of their renovating message against the entrenched bastions of ecclesiastical power, bigotry, and avarice. They say to the individual, "As you receive, compensate us, that we may spread the enlightenment to others."

People who actually have been helped, respond in acknowledgment of that help. And the work expands on its merits—as it should.

More than all else, the truths received are valued in exact ratio to what they've cost the recipient, in the labor represented by the dollars if not the dollars themselves as commercialized tokens.

FINANCIAL success of any spiritual movement is by no means criterion of its truth. If it were so, John D. Rocke-

efeller, Jr., should be able to convert the masses of America to voodoo if it so pleased him—inasmuch as he possesses the financial resource to acquaint every individual in America with the tenets of voodoo from Mexico to Alaska.

But overshadowing all of it is the greater truth—to employ the vernacular to make a fact register—that "it's no skin off the noses of the Christ Men" that the average citizen prefers to stick to his error and suffer from it. That's his karma and his career. Let him do it. In time he may alter his angle on error, but he doubtless will only adjure it when he's gotten an insufferable surfeit of it.

Do we want an historical analogy of what this monograph seeks to impress?

Suppose Paul Revere had said to his friends on the 18th April, '75, "Ride to Lexington tonight to warn the Middlesex farmers the British are coming and to be up to arms? Let the wealthy citizens of Middlesex buy me a thoroughbred steed and saddle on which to make the ride, and give me a thousand pounds to keep my family in eats and pay legal expenses in event the British take reprisals on me in my silversmith's business. Otherwise, nothing doing!"

No, Paul borrowed old man Larkin's horse and rode anyhow, whether the Middlesex farmers cared to hear his tocsin or no. But remember that *all* the Middlesex farmers by no means responded. Less than a hundred were ready on the Green when dawn broke. Plenty local agriculturalists said to their wives that night, "Stick my head out in all this treasonable business? Not me! If Revere wants to ride about and get into trouble, let him do it. I'm playing it safe. Besides, if this warning were on the up-and-up, he wouldn't have to go galloping hither and yon in the dark on a borrowed horse."

THE CHRIST knows the cosmic law on which the spread of enlightenment operates. When He was in flesh, He didn't materialize thousands of shekels and hire lecturers to fill all the synagogues of Galilee and Judea, with plenty of local criers to go out and invite all the sundry to hear Him speak. He's not running around in sublime appearances to rich men in the Twentieth Century and saying to them, "Contribute to My modern work or you'll find yourself in one devil of a stew when you come to pass out physically."

(Continued on Page 15)

Surgeons Find Method for Making Clairaudient Persons Deaf . .



HIGHLY controversial "scientific" article has gone the rounds of the nation's press over the signature of one Thomas R Henry, titled "Voices"

Cut from Brain by Surgical Operation. It comes out of Washington, D. C. under a press release known as NANA, and describes an operation which cuts "voices" out of the brain, as "perfected" by two Washington surgeons.

This operation is alleged to consist of the removal of two tiny areas of brain tissue, one on each side, called the amygdaloid nuclei. They are in the brain's temporal lobes, the areas just above the back of the ears, where are the centers of hearing.

One most obstinate symptom in many psychoses is "hearing voices." These seem to the victim to come from the outside world. Often they are threatening.

ABOUT 15 years ago, Doctors Walter Freeman and James W. Watts introduced in the United States the operation known as prefrontal lobotomy, in which nerve pathways from the front of the brain to the rear are severed. Since then, more than 20,000 such operations have been performed all over the country. They have resulted in considerable improvement in the psychiatric symptoms in most cases, but usually the "voices" have continued to be as annoying as ever.

These are the "voices" of non-existent persons, created in the imagination centers of the prefrontal lobes. They could not be heard, reasoned Freeman and Dr. Jonathan M. Williams, if there were no nerve pathways from the prefrontal region to the hearing centers.

The symptom for "seeing things," for example, completely disappeared, as a rule, after the prefrontal lobotomy operation. This was because pathways to the seeing centers in the rear of the brain were destroyed, but the first such operation performed here was highly suggestive.

THE PATIENT was a woman who was "being threatened by the devil." Immediately after the surgery, she reported that she no longer could see Satan, but that he was talking to her as loudly as ever. She no longer, however, regarded the threats as real.

The surgeons saw a possibility that some of these pathways to the hearing centers might go through the amygdaloid nuclei. Their function always had been mysterious.

Experiments with animals had shown that both monkeys and rats were rendered tame by their extirpation. On the other hand, tame cats were made vicious. Neither result can logically be explained, other than by assuming that the mental make-up of cats is quite different from that of rats and monkeys.

The single operation on a human reported to date has been on a 20-year-old man who had suffered from "voices" several years. He was quite deaf in both ears.

THE VOICES, coming from one part of the brain to the other never were derogatory, but they were so persistent that the victim was not able to work. Curiously, they were worse when he wore his hearing aid. This was so much the case that he had discarded the apparatus.

The amygdaloid nuclei were removed under local anaesthesia in two separate operations.

After the second operation, Williams and Freeman reported, "there was no elation, disorientation, apathy or impairment of judgment. The patient denied hallucinations. Three weeks later he was substantially brighter, and he was again wearing his hearing aid. There had been some mild return of the hallucinations, but their insistent quality, and general interference, were substantially diminished.

"We find our results in this one patient distinctly encouraging, and we believe that they lend validity to our concept," the doctors said.



THE RESULTS are reported in the *Journal of Psychiatry and Neurology* of the Washington Institute of Medicine.

In the same journal is reported the work of two French surgeons, Doctors Paul Abely and Paul Guyot of Paris, in producing many effects of prefrontal lobotomy by direct injection into the brain tissue of various drugs which temporarily and, to some extent permanently paralyze the nerve pathways. This is not followed, they say, by the extreme apathy which sometimes follows the surgical procedure.

AT FIRST estimate of the foregoing, it might seem that certain afflicted people are being cured of obsessions and hallucinations by the described operation. Note the glibness with which the statement is recorded that "these are voices of non-existent persons" . . .

Who says authoritatively that they are the voices of non-existent persons?

Such statement is merely an arbitrary assumption.

The psychical scientist challenges it. Surgeons Freeman and Williams assert the voices cannot be "heard" if there are no more pathways from the prefrontal region to the hearing centers. But this is equal to asserting that no telephone conversation from the relative over in the next street can be heard if the telephone wires connecting two family residences are severed. Is this such a "discovery" to make? Naturally the mental voices cannot be "heard" if the mental apparatus has been willfully and surgically severed.

If Doctors Freeman and Williams were as expert in psychical phenomena as

"An Evil and Idolatrous Generation Seeketh after a Sign"

Yet, nonetheless, sometimes the Sign is permitted

(Continued from Page One)

given . . . it will come out of Palestine where the Master last lived as an earthly man. It will be a sign of peculiar origin. The Fifty Nations will be battling strategically among themselves when a man will appear out of Judea who will have discovered a queer set of scrolls, on which will be inscribed the Atlantean narrative of the Biblical Flood . . . The Master's part, as the precursor of the ultimate salvation of the race, and the knowledge which is to be imparted to the present world, will also be inscribed on these scrolls.

"This man, unknown to you at present, will doubtless be an excavator of a sort. But what he brings out, when fully translated, should stagger humanity. It will start the nations wondering why they have been deluded so long, and who has been responsible . . ."

The Fulfillment, 1951:

The foregoing prediction was psychically received in August, 1929. Under date of November 21, 1951, an Associated Press dispatch sent out of Chicago announced to the country—

"**A**NCIENT scrolls discovered in the Holy Land, give 'proof' for the first time that Christ's coming was actually foretold before He came, a high Syrian religious authority said today. It is hoped that 'soon' the latest interpretations of the ancient papyri—understood to have been lodged with the Department of Ancient Languages of Northwestern University—can be published, along with translations, His Grace, Mar Athansius Yeshu Samuel, the Syrian archbishop of Jerusalem, said today.

"The archbishop, who has brought several of the scrolls to the United States, said in result of the study of the Isaiah scroll, it is regarded as an indisputable fact that Christ's coming was foretold long before the event took place.

"These scrolls, which contain the entire Book of Isaiah and verses foretelling the Messiah, predate Christ's birth by several centuries. Many believe the Isaiah scroll, found in a cavern in the vicinity of the Dead Sea, was the identical manuscript placed in Jesus' hands in the temple as a youth, when His followers wanted to show Him how His coming had been awaited, as described in Luke IV: 17 of the New Testament.

"Only a portion of the scrolls has as yet been deciphered."

they would appear to be with the scalpel, how would they explain the following attested episode?—

A clairaudient person hears a mental "voice" informing him of this or that, as the editor of VALOR has done on countless occasions. The identity of the person addressing him from the invisible is given. The information is of a specific nature, on a definite subject. He accepts it as coming from a discarnate intellect—which of course the materialistic pathologist laughs at.

But two days to a week later, the person who has heard the "voice" journeys to another place and attends a psychical seance at which the person who did the clairaudient speaking, materializes. In materialized form, he addresses the clairaudient person who has heard the "voice" and makes reference to the prior conversation and its context. In other words, logical proof is given that the "voice" the clairaudient person has heard has not come from a non-existent person. If such a clairaudient receptionist were subjected to the Freeman-Williams scalpel, would their operation be any different than cutting the auditory nerves from ear to brain that convey sound? In other words, wouldn't the Freeman-Williams "discovery" be practically the discovery of how to make normal persons totally and criminally deaf?

THE PSYCHICAL Scientist knows that hundreds and even thousands of otherwise normal persons are born and live their lives with extra-sensory perceptions and in cases visual talents for seeing into the invisible. The latter is called Second Sight, and the Scotch, and in a measure the Irish, are particularly distinguished in inheriting it. Clairaudient and clairvoyant persons hear and see the phenomena of life in more rarified stratas of Matter which the non-developed do not. The person not endowed with such trait declares scoffingly that it is all an obsession with the clairaudient and clairvoyant, that their super senses are all "imagination" . . .

Comes the surgical illiterate who says, "See, with my cruel little scalpel, I probe into the rare mentality with which nature has super-endowed you, and sever these nerves that give you 'inner' sound and sight. Am I not clever to do this? Should I not be given a medal for thus clipping you back to the mediocrity of a

(Continued on Page 4)

Why a Day of Judgment Is Mathematically Debatable

Some Facts about Death that Should Relieve the Spiritually Frightened

ONE would assume that if conventional theology vigorously denied any probability of men and women having lived earthly lives before their present ones, it would be equally sure of its premise as to what occurs to bring the Life Germ into the human body for the first time in any current birth.

When the average logical person takes a strong stand upon an opinion, an explanation for a process, or a conviction, he usually has had personal experience with, or observation of, the factors involved and seen them work out in the pattern that he defends.

The Fundamentalist, the orthodox religionist, the supporter of conventional theology, says arbitrarily that intelligent existence before the present life is sacrilegious absurdity.

It is East India paganism, he says.

The soul of a man or woman "starts" in this mortal world when any woman has a baby that is born "alive" . . .

This soul, having been born alive as a normal infant, proceeds to live the agenda of its childhood, its youth, its maturity, and its senility. Finally, tired out with years, there comes a morning when the physical heart ceases to beat. There is a certain display of sorrow on the part of surviving relatives, the mortician prepares and directs the funeral, the worn-out body is buried in the ground, and the person who was once a very vital and influential unit in society is as vanished as though his parents had been childless. The sentient spirit has not perished, of course. By some process or other, the sen-



tient spirit has quitted the body—to find itself in a dubious custody as orthodoxy would have it.

Celestial sheriffs obviously have it in charge, and it is no longer free to go and come until it has appeared in the divine courtroom and been judged.

Just how the celestial sheriffs put handcuffs upon a disembodied spirit that has no physical wrists is something that theological experts fail to inform us. Perhaps they are not necessary. Perhaps the disembodied soul is so terrified at finding itself under arrest and about to be "judged" that it goes along with the celestial bailiff peaceably. One might assume that the souls of persons who have been lawless in earth-life would obey their reflexes and make an attempt to

bolt, whether the cosmic officers are celestial or not. If such bolting ever has been resorted to, however, the doctrinal writ has never recorded it.

The disembodied soul goes along with the celestial officer straight to the heavenly police court. And there on the Bench sits God, waiting to pass judgment on its eternal status.

It is the Moment Terrible, on which divines most lavishly expatiate.

IT SEEMS to be the general acknowledgment that ever since the Garden of Eden the Almighty has done very little else but occupy the celestial Supreme Court Bench and hand out sentences for weal or woe. Week after week, year after year, aeon after aeon, He is fated to sit up there on that Hard Bench—or maybe it's a

well-cushioned bench—let's hope!—so Jehovah's anatomy may not become overly fatigued—and hear all the details of each personal life rehearsed before Him. And He has just two sentences to pass out: "Eternity in heaven!" or "Eternity in hell!" There is, of course, no such thing as appeal from His decision. It is final, irrevocable, quite as inexorable as the decisions of the ancient Jewish Sanhedrin from which the whole notion was filched.

Having received his sentence, the lucky or hapless soul is dragged out to make way for the Next Case.

Statistics prove there are 68 deaths a minute, 97,960 daily, and 35,740,800 annually in countries keeping more or less accurate vital statistics. This means that

the entire globe is supplied with a completely new set of human beings every 56 years, those living beyond this average period being offset by those who have expired before such age is reached. If every soul has a right to be personally judged by the Almighty for his good or bad deeds in the flesh, the figures indicate that it would get slightly less than 9/10ths of a second of God's attention for the process, if God keeps up with the volume of souls arriving in the divine judgment hall for His consideration. What kind of a judgment would any soul receive in 9/10ths of a second? In such a short period, one's name could scarcely be called! . . .

As for heaven itself, on the orthodox basis, one would be wise to make reservation, if souls have been going into the Hereafter at the rate of one every 9/10ths of a second over a considerable period of time. Heaven is becoming very crowded and at this late day it is extremely doubtful whether you can get in. Should you, however, manage to squeeze yourself past the pearly gates, it is even more doubtful whether you could find your family among all that crowd.

WE WILL say that you go to heaven to meet your father and mother and the rest of your kith and kin, including your ancestors. When you meet your father and mother, they will be each with their father and mother, for they would have the same desire to be with their parents as you will have to be with yours. And their parents in turn would be with their parents for like reason, and so on backward through the countless generations of mankind that have been piling up since Adam. So you will have to meet them all. You cannot be snooty in heaven, or you ought not to be, and you should snub no one, else you will not belong there.

Now if we take 25 years as a generation—and the statistics show as above that a generation is really 56 years—we find that there have been 77 generations since the time of Christ. And if we count only your parents, their parents, and so on backward for that length of time, we find that you will have to meet people numbering 302,231,454,903,657,293,676,543 in total.

Our own little globe would not hold that stupendous number.

If that many people were on earth at one time they would have to be stacked

up on each other's heads. Allowing them two feet to stand on, this would make a stack of one solid mass of folks all over the earth's surface, including the expanse of the oceans, some 113,236 miles high.

Suppose you wanted to say "Hello!" to your dear old grandfather, who happened to be located some 113,236 miles up the heap. Of course you would have to climb . . . there would be no other way excepting to scramble up this human beanstalk like little Jack. Let us assume that you climb one-half as fast as the U. S. Army marches, which is 15 miles per day. If you climbed at the rate of eight miles a day, taking no time off for meals or rest, you would come face to face with grandpop about 39 years later, providing you didn't get yourself knocked off meanwhile for stepping on someone else's ear in the ascent. Of course you will be able to slide down easier and should reach your own place in heaven—that is to say, in the ever-piling mass—some 50 years after you left it.

That is 2 generations—which means that maybe your children and some of your children's children will have squeezed in and been looking around for you. It would be on the mass of these, and everybody else's children that you would make your celestial slide. You couldn't expect anybody to hold your place for you for 50 years, so don't be surprised if you are out all around and not able to find your own children anywhere . . .

MIND you, the above figures do not include brothers, sisters, uncles, aunts, nieces, nephews, cousins and other relatives. Also we are allowing for only 1,928 years, although scientists tell us that man has been on earth for countless generations before that time. Some estimate it as 100,000 years. Others claim 2 million. As a social proposition, the celestial outlook appears to be a bit embarrassing . . .

St. John records the limits of heaven in Revelations XXI, 16:

"He measured the city with a reed, twelve thousand furlongs. The length and the breadth and the height of it are equal."

Twelve thousand furlongs is 7,920,000 feet, and when cubed, this is equal to 496,793,088,000,000,000,000 cubic feet. In other words, heaven as visualized by St. John is about 1,500 miles long in each

dimension. If you allow 10 cubic feet as ample space for a human being, you will find that heaven can hold about 49,679,308,800,000,000,000 persons if packed in tight, that is, sardine fashion or in one huge box arrangement 1,500 miles to a side. This calculation doesn't allow for the streets of gold or the trees of jeweled leaves and fruits, or "the pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb."

It seems to be apparent that, having a few mathematicians along to help write the Bible, heaven was filled up several hundred years ago, or about the time Columbus discovered America. And yet a "new" soul is clamoring for admission every 9/10ths of a second.

If it be argued that only enough "good" people have gained entrance to populate the place comfortably, then the others must have "gone to hell." But that doesn't help much in our divine calculations, because if such be the truth, then hell is infinitely roomier and despite the accredited temperature, considerably more comfortable.

What answer do the orthodox theologians have to the fact, that it is a mathematical certainty that if the Almighty held the biblical Judgment Day, when all the souls that have lived since Christ "came forth from their graves to be judged," it would require the Almighty to spend over 5 trillion years of solar time hearing their cases, if He allotted ten minutes to each one and no more?

The trouble again, we say, with the ancient text writers was the fact that they had not the faintest notion of how many people lived on the earth.

To answer this mathematical certainty by declaring "all things are possible with God" is to declare that God can upset the orderly processes of Time and say that God violates His own laws of probabilities in the celestial dimensions.

Let the spiritually terrified take heart.

How much more rational is the belief that "man is judged by his sins, not for them," that the same souls subtract from the heavenly state and reincarnate in earthly form every few hundred years, and when the need for more reincarnation is gone, the cycles of "graduated" souls move upward and outward in great schools of spirits that enter newer and wider manifestations of the universe in celestial space to which there is no end!



Strange Experiences

The Dying Sister Who Called to Her Brother at a Distance

WHAT uncanny properties has the human mind—or spirit—to project itself to a distance and address itself to relatives or close friends while lying in a coma preceding physical death? We do know that hundreds of such cases and instances are of reliably attested record. Flammarion tells of a host of them in his book on *Death and Its Mystery*.

For instance, there is this narrative by one Louis Noell, a pharmacist in the French town of Cette—

"In the course of the first days of November," he writes the great French psychical scientist, "I left Perpignan, my native city, to continue my study of pharmacy at Montpellier. My family consisted of my mother and four sisters. I left them all happy and in excellent health.

"On the 22nd of the same month my sister Helene, a superb girl of eighteen, the youngest and my favorite, had asked several of her friends to her home. They went about three o'clock in the afternoon, accompanied by my mother, toward the Plane-Tree Walk. The weather was very fine but after a half-hour, Helene experienced a sudden uneasiness.

"Mother," she said, "I feel a strange shiver running throughout my whole body. I'm cold and my throat hurts terribly. Let's go back."

"Twelve hours later my adored sister expired in my mother's arms, laid low by asphyxiation of croup. Two doctors had been powerless to check it.

"**N**OW my family—I was the only man to represent it at the funeral—sent me telegram after telegram, to Montpellier. By a terrible mischance, which I still deplore today, not one of

them was put into my hands. But during the night of the twenty-third, I was the victim of a frightful hallucination. I call it that, but now I wonder what it was.

"I had gotten back to where I lived, at two o'clock in the morning. There was nothing on my mind. It was full of the pleasure I had enjoyed at a neighborhood party. In high spirits I went to bed. Five minutes afterward I was asleep.

"But around four in the morning I saw my sister's face distinctly before me, pale, bloody, lifeless, and a cry that was piercing, repeated, and plaintive, reached my ears: 'Louis, what are you doing? Why don't you come? Why don't you come?'"

"It seemed that in my hallucination I went out and took a carriage, or thought I did so, but in spite of superhuman efforts I could not make it move forward. Still I saw my sister, pale, bloody, and heard the same cry: 'Louis, what are you doing? Why don't you come? Why don't you come?'"

"I awakened abruptly, my face flushed, my head on fire, my throat dry, my breathing short and jerky, and my body streaming perspiration . . .

"**A**T ELEVEN in the morning I reached the pharmaceutical school, the victim of an unconquerable melancholy. Questioned by my fellow students as to why I appeared so upset, I told them of my experience just as I had suffered it. It called forth jests. At two o'clock I went to class hoping to find some relief in work.

"As I was coming out of class at four o'clock I beheld a woman in mourning approaching me. When she was a few paces from me, she lifted her veil. I recognized my oldest sister who, in spite of her grief, had come in search of me. She told me of the fatal happening, which nothing could have made me foresee,

since I had received very good news of my relatives the morning of the 22nd.

"Such is the account I submit to you . . . Twenty years have passed since then, but the impression is still as deep as ever on my mind. Even if Helene's features do not arise before me, I hear her piteous appeal, plaintive, repeated, despairing—'Louis, what are you doing? Why don't you come? Why don't you come?'"

LOUIS NOELL,
Druggist in Cette.

SO MANY of such death episodes are noted in the reliable and scientific psychical societies of the various continents and countries, that we can not dismiss them as any form of common hallucination. The minds of the dying, apparently, have a strange and unexplained universality of performance. They can reach out to any distance, overcome time and space, and register their despair as by a weird telepathy.

But what is telepathy?

The psychically illiterate think of it commonly as a form of "natural" or "mental" radio. But granted it is natural or mental radio, how are vibrations of specific intelligence released and broadcast, *to be picked up by one person only*—usually a specially beloved person? No one else in the whole of France was aware of the afflicted sister's "broadcasting" . . .

The one thing we are certain of, is this: that the so-called common processes of life are by no means the only processes that are operating in this strangely constituted world.

There is a subliminal world and subliminal processes that the scientists have not yet coded. Admittance into such world is largely confined to those who concede that it exists.

The average illiterate person assumes that confession of the existence of such subliminal world is Spiritualism. But Spiritualism, properly speaking, is the religious faith that has been built up around it. The true student of mysticism sees no more reason for building a religious faith around it than for the building of a religious faith around the phenomenon of radio or radar. These subliminal matters are facts of life, and should be treated as such. Scientifically they can be proven—if they be broached with honestly open mind.

Others seem barred by their lack of credence of its existence. More's the pity!

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Eighty-Eighters

OVER a week bygone, Soulcraft sent out a call for eighty-eight persons across the 48 States to make up a sum of \$8,800 required to complete the great **Golden Scripts** publishing project.

During the past week the sum needed was reduced by \$1,147, bringing the amount now necessary to complete down to \$7,653.

Won't 77 Soulcrafters rally 'round with 77 checks for \$100 each, and thus permit Headquarters to wind up the successful publishing of the Elder Brother's immortal Speakings?

Days to Come

INTERESTING items in the morning newspaper commentator columns—Victor Riesel tells the public that Director J. V. Bennett of the Federal Prison Board is readying interment camps for approximately 55,000 card-carrying Communists, in event of open and hot war with Russia. They're fixing roofs, plumbing, and barracks in Avon Park, Florida; Florence and Wickenburg, Arizona; El Reno, Oklahoma and

Tule Lake, California. The FBI is all set for the pounce. Let's hope so . . . Further down the page Drew Pearson writes that Attorney General MacGrath stays in his job through the recommendation of Cardinal Spellman and Matt Connelly. That's all right. We've had worse Attorney Generals than Howard McGrath, and could have them again . . . Then over in the Pegler column, Westbrook seems to go all out for Eisenhower. Ho-hum! . . . It's his privilege . . . Only the amount of red fire already burning for Ike denotes that somebody wants him in the job pretty badly, or rather, they don't want Doug MacArthur pretty badly. Interesting comment on Eisenhower, however, appears in most of the psychical journals. He isn't due to land the presidency, no matter what. For that matter, neither is Mac. The Rev. Richard Zenor, who made more than 20 hits clairvoyantly in 1951 happenings, including the Porto Rican attempt on Truman's life, says, as Soulcraft says, that 1952-53 are the truly crucial years for the nation; also says Ike may be nominated but the election is described in the following language: "There is a Democrat who seems to come very close to being next President. Taft will be in the picture and will give a good run, but there will be another "who is not known generally to the public . . . known as a good lawyer and judge, has been sitting on the bench for a long time" . . . The implication seems to be that Truman won't make the try. Days to Come, indeed! . . ."

Terminology

NO FURTHER repercussions as yet from North Carolina in respect to the recent beating it took in the Pelley case in the Indiana Supreme Court. None of it, apparently, is going to halt a strong phalanx of Pelley's friends from pressing the equity of a pardon on the present Governor Scott of North Carolina, only the publicity, apparently, is due to center around Senator Clyde R. Hoey in Washington, D. C., for his role in the matter when he was former governor. Hoey's senatorial term expired with the erstwhile year 1951, so the Pelley case is bound to loom as a factor in the North Carolina senatorial election this year. The

way international events have gone since 1942, something like 25 senators and congressmen have an interest in the issues of Pelley's two cases, Asheville in 1939 and Indianapolis in 1942 . . . By the way, it's odd about words and names . . . Pelley's crusading against the left-wingers ran into rough going in a southern city named after "ashes" . . . his public prosecutor was named Nettles . . . the County in which the original charges were pressed against him to silence his anti-Communist pen was named Buncombe, and the Governor who so ably assisted Nettles so he could sit on Pelley's revamped case, was named Hoey . . . In 1940, however, Pelley moved to a town in central Indiana called Noblesville, he acquired a new headquarters on Pleasant Street, and it was a local county judge named White who gave him permanent asylum in the Hoosier State against the specious claims of North Carolina . . . As the final pay-off, Pelley won final victory in the matter in the year '52. Numerologically and alphabetically, the digits 5 and 2 are representative of the letters E and B . . . and E and B stand for Elder Brother . . . Of course it might all be coincidence. Then again, it mightn't . . . Odd, to say the least.

Hail and Farewell!

HUNDREDS of VALOR readers will have more than passing concern in the physical demise of Dr. Alexander Strath-Gordon, osteopathic physician of Vancouver, Wash., which occurred in that city on Thursday, January 17th. Dr. Strath-Gordon, 78 years aged, was formerly associated with the editor of VALOR during the early 30's in the League for the Liberation and the two lectured together in several large cities of the East.

Dr. Strath-Gordon had been a native of Scotland. After graduation from the University of Edinburgh, he entered the British Medical Corps. There he saw service in the Boer War and in India. During World War I he served with the Canadian Forces in France.

Coming to America toward the close of World War I he was associated with the Passport Division of the British government, in New York, where he also

continued work for British Military Intelligence. It was due to Dr. Strath-Gordon's close camaraderie with Col. Robert Sharpe of the State Department Secret Service that Leon Bronstein-Trotsky and Lincoln Steffens were surprised en route to Russia from Manhattan to join Lenin and unleash the Bolshevist Revolution. They were arrested in Halifax, N. S., and temporarily interned in Amherst Prison Camp, while the contents of their briefcases were examined and photostated. Dr. Gordon was one of the best informed persons in the world on the activities of the international subversive forces. He worked in closest liaison with the Christian forces in the various United States federal administrations.

While stationed in India as a young man, Dr. Gordon had penetrated deeply into all forms of Indian mysticism, and in forthcoming issues of VALOR the editor will recount some of his talents and accomplishments as an adept mystic.

Dr. Gordon and VALOR's editor did not see eye to eye respecting policies for the conduct of the one-time Galahad College in North Carolina and severed relations, although in recent years the worthy Doctor had several times expressed regret through mutual friends that such severance had happened.

After the break with the Liberation work, Dr. Gordon lived for a time in Manhattan where he did radio broadcasting on world complications, finally in 1942 joining Hill Military Academy in Portland, Ore., where he has since been instructor. News has not yet reached VALOR of the nature of the complication which terminated his colorful and dramatic career.

In personality, Dr. Gordon was both jovial and kindly and the editor of VALOR owes him a debt of gratitude for education in the nature and identification of international subversive workers and their practices, second only to Colonel Robert Sharpe, who died in 1931. Both Dr. Gordon and the editor were with Mr. Sharpe the evening before he died.

Now that the episodes can be related without affording Dr. Gordon personal embarrassments, forthcoming COGITATIONS will contain narrations of some of the psychical feats the editor had witnessed the learned Doctor performing.

He is survived by his second wife, Mrs. Erica Ellen Strath-Gordon, and four children by his first wife, who died in 1911.



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\$25 for the Five

SOULCRAFT CHAPELS

Noblesville, Indiana

SURGERY

(Continued from Page 4)

hundred million others not similarly endowed?"

The result is tragedy.

If the amygdaloid nuclei of the Recorder of the *Golden Scripts* had been subjected to Doctors Freeman and Williams' epochal operation, the vast intelligence in the Golden Speakings would have been denied humanity in the pres-

ent hectic sequence of the world's affairs.

The ethical issue stares us in the face: Have surgeons the right to thus intervene in the processes of nature and mutilate the receptive organisms of persons who may have been born with psychical senses naturally?

On the whole it may be concluded that the Freeman-Williams operation is actually nothing to brag about—rather, it might better be classed with those illegalities which the law restrains in the procreational regions. "See", say a certain

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

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class of surgeons, "we can make all women sterile at one little operation with our facile scalpels."

Might there not be such a thing as Mental Abortionists as well as Abdominal Abortionists?

Treatment of these people who "hear voices" or "see a non-existent Devil" belongs in another category of pathology.

Cold steel has no part in it.

Why Religion Is Not an Opiate for the Masses

(Concluded from Last Week)

AT FIRST, these Older Mentors presided over the first forms of social organization that finally took the pattern of the social State. They were, so to speak, the first kings of record. Indeed, that is precisely where the first notions of kingship and royalty originated. But as time went on, two things happened—

The doctrinal priests lost all capability to demonstrate spiritual achievements in themselves, and became a caste that merely read or tried to interpret the Memories. At the same time, certain military leaders found that they could bind masses of their fellows to work aggressively toward a common objective with the moral law set aside and material loot obtainable as rewards for deeds of violence.

The doctrinal priests kept to their cloisters and parroted the tenets which had once been personally demonstrated by the Avatars—called in conjunction with their audiences, the Church—whereas the military leaders cemented their chieftainships over cohorts who achieved their ends by force, and War Kings taken in conjunction with their loot-recompensed soldiery came to be called the State.

The two, long, long ago, had the common origin. With the rise of each to individualized power, however, each in his separate domain, a stupendously-educative conflict began. Church became set against State. State became set against Church. Sometimes the Church won out. Sometimes the State won out. Sometimes they compromised their jurisdictions and

tried to live side by side—as in days of the present.

In the light of such facts, easily provable by History, it should not be difficult to see the precise reason why Church and State are forever the corollaries of one another—and the notion of a State without churches sends a quail of panic through the progressing mortal soul.

The average man or woman today, called to conceive a nation without churches, is not so upset by the prospect of a State with no externalizations of the moral law—which the literal church building represents—as he is perturbed by the aeon-old instinct within that says to him: The War-King State, considered as a sole entity unto itself, is a sort of usurpation of the prerogatives of the avatar gods and goddesses who at one time demonstrated directly amongst us. Our true link with them is back through the more sacred institution in which they once exercised. If we abolish it, and give ourselves over to the wholly mortal War-King hierarchy, shall we not be shutting the door forever to representatives of the Original Hierarchy if perchance they return to direct us?

Get around this concernment, the developing mortal cannot. He knows pre-natally and subconsciously that the Christ, incarnated in Galilee some 1900 years ago, was a sudden instance of the Chief of all those one-time avatars appearing dramatically among earth-bound men and registering a god's performance out of His Older Wisdom for their interpreted enhancement. If it happened 1900 years ago without warning, why might it not occur anew at any moment?

To abolish the Church as an institution, therefore, would mean practically to abolish the institution through which such reappearance might be exercised—since it is a cosmic law that like always seeks like.

A moral Christ would come to a moral institution, not to a mundane coagulation of Force-Wielders who have been ethical usurpers from the start.

So we can leave the question as to whether or not "Religion is an opiate for the masses." Religion is the spiritual law by which man lives—because he is a spiritual creature in his essence.

Always it is the deeper and vaster cosmic intelligence that is operating in such matters and motivating such discriminations, although the original causations for either have long since been entombed beneath legend and tradition.

DO YOU believe in survival after death? Have you ever had experience with evidences of ex-carnate intelligence?

If you are skeptical about survival, what evidence would you require to convince you that human people do continue to live consciously after vacating their bodies? Are you open to conviction that personal survival is a provable fact?



“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

LSPOKE in last week's COGITATIONS of the male menial we had working for us in the paper mill back in 1910 who got so much glue in his hair from the core-machine, by reason of scratching his pate, that he made the discovery one afternoon he couldn't get his hat off. We had to cut it off in pieces. His full name was Daniel Webster Frisbie. When I consider specific application of the Soulcraft doctrine, that souls come to earth to gain experience, I can't help wondering what Dan's karma could have been that in all the lives he'd lived till then, it hadn't penetrated his consciousness that all men are liars and the truth is not in them. Whatever one told Daniel, he believed by sheer reaction. He was one of the most peculiar specimens I ever encountered, being six feet tall and most of him legs. They were legs like locomoting phone-poles, encased in faded overalls. These big legs tapered up to a pair of narrow shoulders and one of the smallest heads a man could wear without being headless. On the front of this head was a face afflicted with yellow moustache that forever needed trimming. Above the moustache were trusting blue eyes and under it woeful lack of chin. Such was the vehicle that Daniel Webster Frisbie occupied, to get through this earth and gain to wisdom in all its branches . . .

o—o

IFIRST became aware that Daniel Webster Frisbie was oddly assembled mentally when he went to work for us at ten dollars a week, doing whatever anyone bawled for him to do. We became aware of his weakness of an au-

tumn afternoon when darkness fell early. "Do you mean to say," barked one Hogan in the machine-room, "you've turned on these lights without oilin' 'em first?" . . . "Oilin' 'em!" cried Dan, "you have to oil electric lights?" . . . Pat countered by asking to be informed how Daniel had reached 40 years of age without becoming aware that electric-light bulbs required oiling as much as any other machinery? What did he, Daniel, think made electric bulbs burn so dimly at times? Where was he raised? Daniel explained he'd been raised in an agricultural section where they burned oil lamps. "Well, you better get the stepladder and put some oil in these lights, same as you had to put it in your boyhood lamps." Thus did the believing Dan drag forth a ten-foot stepladder, get the machine-oil can with the long nozzle, and mount up among the truss timbers to see that each light bulb was properly lubricated. . . All that I knew about it was—very suddenly—the lights in the plant went out with a puff. Then a floor-jarring thump was followed by cries of male distress. Out to the machine-room I dashed, to find employes sprawling over a ten-foot stepladder, while Dan was holding on to overhead trusses, kicking the phone pole legs and howling for someone to pick up the ladder and put it underneath him. The first light-bulb he'd oiled had been so surprisingly inconsiderate as to explode in fireworks right in his face . . .

o—o

IREBUKED Patrick for imposing on the poor chap's credulity, only to come back from upstreet one noontime to find most of the mill employes in the yard. The headiest odor was coming from within our mill I'd ever sniffed before I lost my sense of smell. Dan in attempting to clean up a bench cluttered with this and that, had come upon a half-pound paper-bag filled with greenish yellow talc. What was it, and what should he do with it? An ex-sailor who nailed boxes for us, saw what it was—sulphur—and said straight-facced to Dan, 'I'd burn that up, if I was you. That's Paris Green,

and if any of the girls downstairs taste it they'll die on the premises and you'll have to dig their graves." Not wishing to dig graves generally for the fair damsels who put labels on our product, Dan hied him down to the big square furnace, a hot-air contraption with flues to all parts, and tossed that half-pound of sulphur in upon live coals. The girls didn't die on the premises but they might have done so if they hadn't streaked outside in time. When I say that our mill smelled like hell, I'm indulging in no profanity. It was the most perfect representation of industrial premises stinking of brimstone that any arch-fiend ever supervised . . .

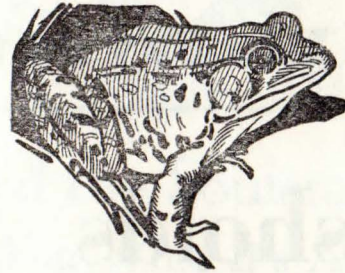
o—o

POOOR Daniel couldn't seem to learn. Another dead-pan character, one Harry Julep, asked him why he didn't quit working for ten dollars a week and make his fortune out on the Alderson farm. What was out on the Alderson farm, Dan wanted to know, that would lift him into affluence? "Natural gas," said his informant, "all you got to do is locate it." How did one locate natural gas? Simple. You hunted the rock piles on the Alderson farm till you came upon a fissure and you applied a match to see if natural gas were escaping. Seems this Julep knew there *was* a fissure on the Alderson farm. So one Saturday afternoon Dan started out to rise to affluence, taking a generous card of sulphur matches by which to do it. Around half-past three the south end of town heard a handsome *boom!*—which should have been a welcome sound after the panic of 1907—and while no one glanced overhead to see Daniel Webster Frisbie doing a premature guided-missile stunt into the next county, nevertheless, Dan had found a way to rise, if not to affluence. And do you know what he couldn't understand, when we visited him in the local hospital where he was recovering from third-degree burns with eyebrows and moustache missing? "I simply can't understand," said he, "why I got such an awful explosion from one itsy bitsy match!" . . . But it was the episode of the lion that made Daniel the town's prize moron . . .

COUNTY fair-time came, after the farmers of Northern York State had gotten their crops in. And among the attractions was to be a Gigantic Free Balloon Ascension—a double Gigantic Free Balloon Ascension—with the aeronaut and a lion. Exactly, a large cat of the species *felis leo*, whose length according to all the best authorities rarely measures more than ten feet, and in the lioness not quite nine. The idea was, the balloon on being inflated—and released—was to take up two parachutes. The aeronaut went in the upper parachute, and slung under him was a second to which *felis leo* was attached by a surcingle. The aeronaut-trainer, on arriving at the cloud strata, kicked a cinch that released the great cat under him, which went drifting earthward, thereat the aeronaut followed as soon as convenient. The idea was that the weight of the parachute on reaching terra firma kept the big animal anchored, and prevented its chewing up all and sundry till it could be captured and returned to its cage. Incidentally, it was part of the attraction that a prize of \$25 was offered the first person to locate the lion after it had arrived back in this rural world. Dan, having recovered from his discovery of natural gas, was satisfied to try for a mere \$25 for hunting lions. "The way I got it figured," said one Finch in a lunchroom in Dan's hearing, "the wind this afternoon is south. Any one really wants to earn that twenty-five bucks oughta be smart and station himself down Ingalls Crossing way. So the minute that lion hits, if he's got a good bicycle"—meaning the finder, not the feline—"he can be close to it ahead of time. Lions actually are tame animals in disguise. Its all guff about 'em being savage." Well, Dan considered it and saw the recommendation had its points. He clamped pant-guards around his ankles, got his equally rakish bicycle, and pedaled down to the Crossing to await the gift of \$25-lions from above. All of which, the weather being perfect, came off on schedule. The inflated balloon lifted skyward before the awed crowd's gaze, first the parachute with the aeronaut, then the second with the cat. Up to about a thousand feet it lifted, then began moving slowly southward. Half a thousand citizens streamed after it in various conveyances, all equally bent on earning \$25. But Dan, for once in his life, was where he should be. The balloon was coming directly toward Ingalls Cross-

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ing, and at the proper moment the aeronaut kicked the cinch and the chute with the cat dropped free. A lion in the sky! It was immense. The shaggy beast looked pretty much like a garroted house-cat, up against the blue, but it was returning earthward, somewhere over south. It did return earthward—and the earth swallowed it. The pursuing, money-hungry crowd arrived where it had landed, *but nothing was there excepting empty parachute. Where was the lion? . . .*

— o—o —
A COUNTY-SIZED panic spread over the area like Dan's natural gas. Dan had been almost under the cat when it came down, and knowing the crowd might wrest his prize winnings

from him, he'd taken out his Barlow knife, cut the beast loose, and started to lead it on a return trip through the backroads to the fairground. Being *non compos mentis*, or words to that effect, he believed what the lunchroom man had told him about its docility. He patted it like a dog and the beast went along on a leading-rope like a lamb. But when Dan saw the crowds coming he sensed peril to his reward, so he suddenly turned sideways into the farm lane of a man named Daggett, whose funeral was in progress that afternoon. Dead folks required to be buried whether there were lions going up or down the skies or not. Tender words of divine solicitude had been uttered over Old Man Daggett's remains

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

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and the pallbearers were taking him out his own doorway for the final time, when what should they behold coming to join the interment but a gangley character with a lion in tow. These came straight up the lane from the road, and the pallbearers took one long look and dropped old Man Daggett with a bump. They went up on the roof as expeditiously as possible, rose trellis assisting such frantic ascension. The horses attached to the waiting hearse got a whiff of the great cat and old allergies bestirred in them. The off-horse got up on his hind legs and went over the wall, not bothering about the other animal, or harness, or vehicle made of beautiful plate-glass. Some fifty mourners, including the widow, poured into the yard to see what was afflicting the front of their funeral—and found out. Thereat the remaining horse wanted to go up the front stairs inside with most of the guests . . . And Dan stood scratching his head, as he'd done when he'd glued his hat to his hair when running our core machine, and couldn't figure out what had suddenly upset this burial. It was a perfectly tame old beast, it wasn't hurting him in the least, why should all the surviving Daggetts act like he had small-pox? Hearing shouts behind him where the fairground crowd was catching up, however, the thing to do, he reasoned, was ignore the funeral, or let it get reorganized when they'd caught the horses, and hide *felis leo* in the stable . . . So he urged the beast along and they entered the huge Daggett barn . . .

o—o

THE AERONAUT owner, not to mention his carnival patrons, located his feline property, not because of what had happened to the Daggett funeral so much as by what was happening inside the big barn when sundry horses and cows likewise had their reflexes upset. They'd obviously lived former lives in Africa and been lion-chewed in the dark of African moons. The very gables were rocking on that barn and forty-seven pigs were all insanelly hoinking at once. Daggett horses were practically in the hay-mows and yearning to get into the *cupola en masse*. It was the most thoroughly upset farm in Oswego County that afternoon. Poor Daniel Webster Frisbe! He got twenty-five bucks for finding the lion and had to pay a hundred and twenty-five to salve Old Lady Daggett's out-

raged feelings, not to mention the fat young suckling pig which *felis leo* was devouring when the carnival crowd surrounded the premises and bagged that carnivore right at its fresh pork. Tell me reincarnation isn't a fact? I know better. All those people and beasts at Old Daggett's funeral never got their own reflexes about lions from reading *Quo Vadis*. Likewise, how could Dan himself ever become so dumb in one lifetime? You tell me . . .

—THE RECORDER

What Price Light

(Continued from Page 2)

No, He's laying the doctrine "on the line", and those to whom it applies, and for whom it's intended, profit from it, and feel the urge to see that others do likewise.

Do the Christ Men individually need shoes or money for postage-stamps?

If they can't rustle it as parts of their missions, as they'd rustle it if they were in the automobile spare-parts business, that's their hard luck.

But if the average run of bedeviled human people haven't the intelligence to grasp the Paul Revere tocsin that's being called out to them from the dark of ecclesiastical error, that's their greater hard luck, also.

Christ, or His emissaries, aren't in the business of saving humankind from its own stupidities as a bread-and-butter proposition. They can always quit when they feel like it and go into the spare parts business instead . . .

Who are the people getting the most from Soulcraft?

They're the people contributing the most in efforts and money to aid in its expansion.

And that's as it should be.

What Price Wisdom, indeed!

MAIL

Dear Editor:

A minister friend of mine in the States spoke to me about your magazine VALOR. He had some good comments. I am also a minister of the Gospel and would like to have it sent to the above address. I am anxious to read one of its special articles in a December issue.

Dr. CKSM, Canada

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T h e P A Y O F F



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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.

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¶ 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.

THE DOCTOR was fixing the patient on the operating table.

"To be perfectly frank with you, sir, I want to tell you that four out of five patients die under this operation. Now is there anything I can do for you before I begin?"

"I'll say there is. Help me on with my shoes and pants."

THE MILLIONAIRE, examining his prospective son-in-law, demanded, "What I want to know is, would you love my Gwendolyn just as much if she didn't have a penny to her name?"

"I certainly would, sir."

"That's enough. You're out. I don't intend to have my daughter marry a fool."

A NEWLY rich client was engaging some opera singers for an At Home she wished to give.

The agent asked, "Well, how about Madam D'Operano?"

"Is she good?"

"Good! She's a great virtuoso."

"Heck with her morals. Can she sing?"

THE OLD LADY lamented, "I think it's awful. The minister's son would not follow in his father's footsteps. He's decided to become a racing jockey."

"Don't worry, madam," said the world-wise man, "he'll bring more people to repentance as a jockey than he would ever do in a pulpit."

TWO MOONSHINERS from the mountains were making their first train-trip. They each bought a bottle of pop from the train-boy. Presently, as the first tore off the top and began swallowing, the train entered a tunnel.

"Joe, don't touch the stuff!" yelled the swallower. "I just been struck blind!"

THE ENGLISH bore bragged, "King William struck my ancestor on the shoulder with a sword and made him a knight."

"Rats!" said the American. "Sitting Bull struck my grandfather on the head with a tomahawk and made him an angel. Beat that!"

THE COLORED attorney asked the witness of equal ebony, "What Ah wants to know is, does yo' consider the defendant in this case a person ob integrity?"

The witness asked, startled, "What dat?"

"Well, Ah asks yo' to tell de jury in yo' own words, sah, jus' what yo' holds the defendant's character to be."

"All Ah knows 'bout his character is, wuz Ah a chicken, an' knowed he wuz 'round, Ah'd roost high, brudder, Ah'd roost high!"

SANDY, when given up in the hospital, said he would die happy if he could only hear the pipes again. So they brought in the pipers and they played *The Campbells Are Coming* and *Dinna Ye Hear the Slogan* and Sandy began to improve. Next day he was still better when the pipers came again. When they came the third day, Sandy was definitely out of danger.

Trouble was, all the other patients in the place were dead.

A YOUNG member of the British aristocracy was persuaded to let himself be rigged up for a fashionable church pageant, toga, scandals, helmet and spear.

"Pardon me," said a lady patron, surveying him through her lorgnette, "are you Appius Claudius?"

"I am not," the impressive one made reply, "H'I'm as un'appy as 'ell."

A SECOND lieutenant always muttered "You're another!" when a private saluted.

"Why do you always do that?" asked a friend.

"I was a private myself, not so long since. I know what he's thinking."

THEY were at the funeral of their brother pharmacist. "He was a great druggist," said the first, gazing sorrowfully at the remains.

"Yes," said the other, "although don't you think at times he made his chicken-salad a little too salty?"