

Valor

The Golden Times Weekly . .

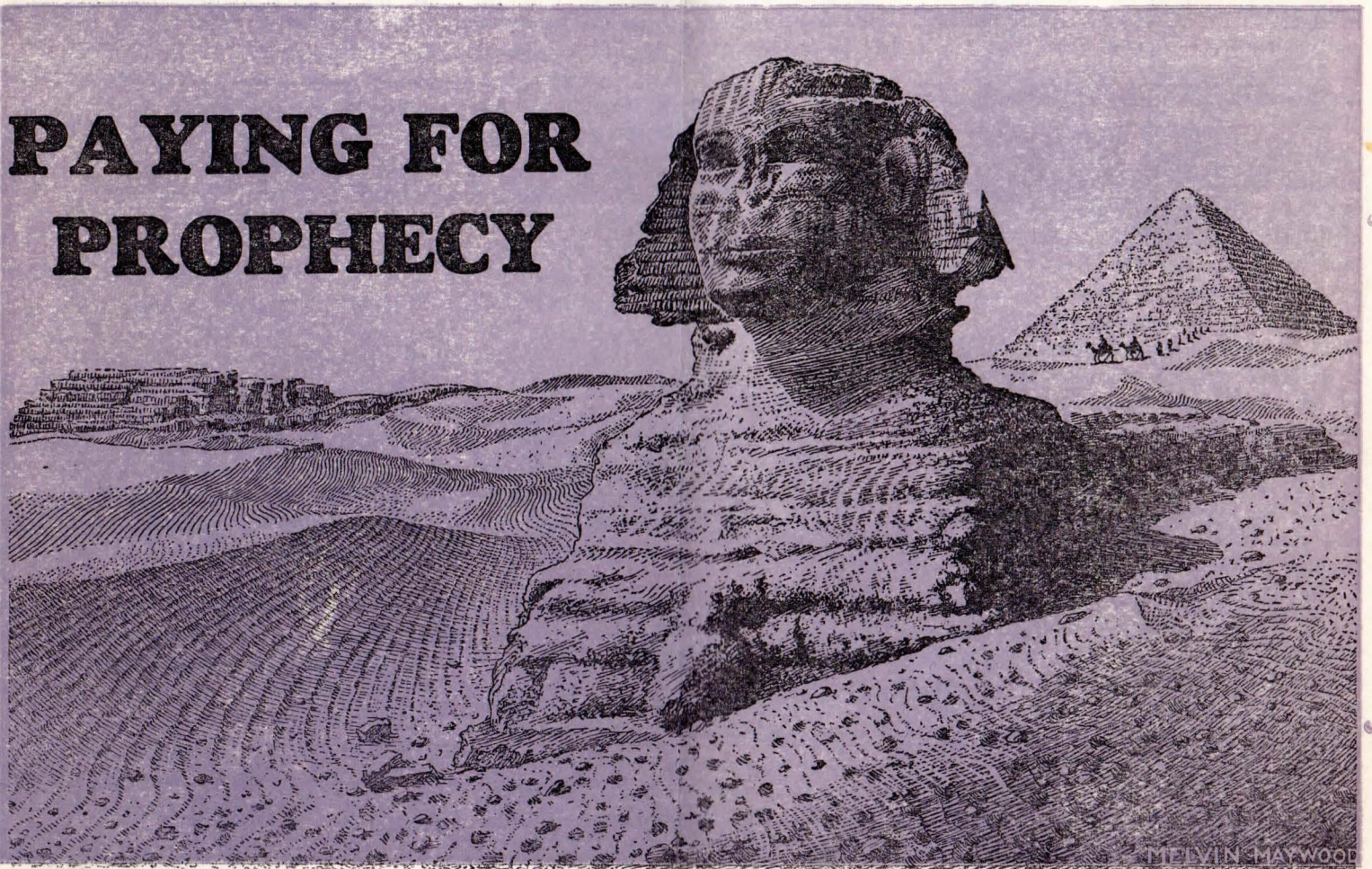
How to Live Life with Courage, Wisdom, and Enduring Peace of Mind through Soulcraft

Volume II

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Number 14

PAYING FOR PROPHECY



OCIETY is rocking stupidly along toward a crisis.

Esoteric scholars and students of the Ageless Wisdom have dramatically had revealed to them something of the nature of that crisis. Unorthodox probes into political enigmas have determined the nature and identities of groups and individuals maneuvering its coming. The great rank and file of the populace sits indifferently by, and child-

ishly expects the Lord or Kismet to be as considerate as possible, never giving a thought the clock around to its own responsibilities to bestir and help itself. Call its attention to these responsibilities and the inane and indolent response is, "What can we do against such an inertia of evil as seems to have control of us?"

There's an answer to it, nonetheless—if society in general wants to hear the answer, which millions of it don't.

Divine Providence has decreed far back at the begin-

nings of all civilization that no group shall exist without its mentor or mentors.

These mentors don't come to society by chance—they're sent. They're peculiar souls, carefully selected for their talents or audacities. They have the courage to stand forth against mass wrongs and inveigh against them. They have the talent to organize victims of oppression or injustice into bands or groups and help them to help themselves.

Such mentor-leaders identify themselves on the earth-side by two distinguishments. First, is their self-starting capabilities to stand out from the mass as voluntary challengers of confusion and corruption. Second, is the degree of venom with which the makers of confusion and corruption direct toward them.

A fair answer to the wail, "How do we know who our true leaders are?" Might be answered by the cynical response: "Pick out the persons worst mauled by the publicists of any given sequence. They're smeared and deprecated by the makers of your confusion and corruption because the latter recognize in their subconscious minds the very obstructions to consummation of evil designs which such smeared parties signify."

In other words, leave the designations of the bona fide leaders and mentors to the enemy. He knows, even if the lay public is too stupid or indolent to give note or care. But when such a one has been thus identified, rally around him and give him full moral and financial support in what he's doing or attempting to do. It's because such a one, given proper moral and financial support, *would* become a power which the Makers of Confusions and Corruption dread to reckon with, that the decision is always reached to "give him the business."

Moral and financial support?

One-half to three quarters of the real leaders in America today are getting precisely no-place because the thoughtless and indolent public assumes that salvation is free in political matters as it's been led to believe that salvation is free in spiritual matters.

Maybe salvation isn't free in either matter.

Maybe there's no more expensive thing in all the universe than political and spiritual salvation! . . .

IT IS known, for instance, that the vested interests bethinking to undermine and control society in the present

dispensation, have a fund of \$30,000,000 with which to accomplish their dread designs. Against this terrible coagulation of money-power the placid victims of its predatory effects shrug their individual and collective shoulders. They're too pure and spiritual, they tell themselves, to contaminate themselves with financial harassments. Money is of the devil. Of course, they hug the devil tightly to themselves when they've got a sizable bank account. Money then is a necessary evil, by which to exist in modern society. That money's the most potent of all forces to effect their salvation, they refuse to admit. If any "leader" is fool enough to "stick his neck out" and challenge the predatory forces, that is strictly his affair. Meanwhile, the garage needs a new roof, and Willie needs shoes, and it would be nice if the family had one of these new television sets to help pass the long winter evenings.

Is some prophet out in the political arctic weather, striving to fight their fight against overwhelming odds? Send him a check for \$2.50 and let's hope he doesn't make a financial racket out of getting it. There must be millions, of course, sending in similar remittances for \$2.50, and what does the mentor-leader do with all that affluence?

Maybe there are just seventeen people like themselves, sending in \$2.50 and the mentor-leader faces an exchequer of \$42.50, on which to blaze forth and challenge \$30,000,000.

Does he fail?

Had he been less the financial racketeer, he wouldn't have failed.

Such is the adolescent reasoning . . .

THE DAY has gone when prophets can stand by the wayside and thunder forth anathemas to the passing throng, with any expectation of wholesale results. This is the day of expensive publishing plants, radio time, confiscatory taxes. It costs money to prophesy effectively today. Civilization itself is a state of society where any endeavor, before it can hope to get a hearing, must be financed. People contributing \$2.50 to their salvation are going to get either \$2.50 salvation or no salvation whatsoever. The blithe indolence with which the thoughtless and irresponsible declare, "The Lord will provide." are but asking for enslavement. Experience shows that

what the Lord provides is mentor-leaders whose endeavors are supposed to be upheld. There were unquestionably millions of earnest Christians in Russia, after the nature of their faith, in 1917, who said, "The Lord will provide." Did the Lord show a lick of interest in providing for them against the Marxists? This business of relying on the Lord is a threadbare alibi for the mental and moral laziness of the penurious.

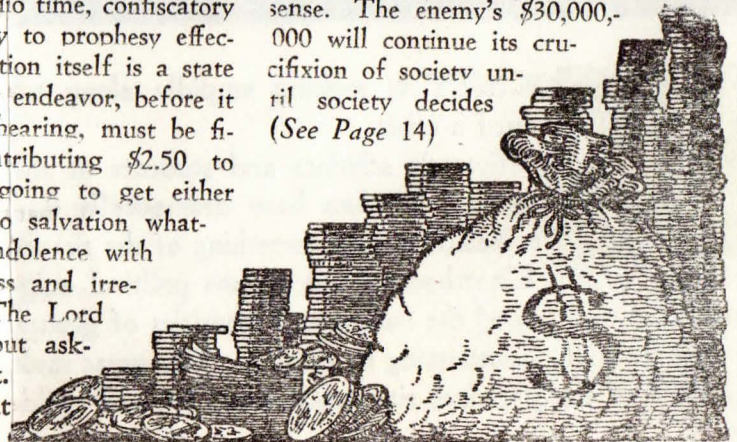
The Lord helps those who help themselves!

The wise parent doesn't write a check for his offspring in seven figures and show his affection by holding no rein on the youth's expenditures. He *may* write a check in seven figures in order that the youth may go into business for himself and make his own fortune according to his application and capability. Is the Lord any less wise than an earthly parent of hard-headed sense?

Suppose we stop blaming the Lord for not being a sentimentalist.

THE LORD, obviously, is testing the populace of this generation to see how much it deserves leaders of worth and integrity by the support it proffers men who have proved their worth as leaders by what they've done with the \$2.50 support they've received to the moment. When the great rank and file of bedeviled victims of the \$30,000,000 decide to wake up and get behind prophets "who've already stuck their necks out", by putting a like \$30,000,000 behind the forces of constructive righteousness, this vast harassment will terminate. Otherwise it's merely common sense that the enemy's \$30,000,000 will continue crucifying them morally and spiritually.

Saying that the Elder Brother's side of this contest doesn't possess \$30,000,000 or wouldn't know what to do with \$30,000,000 if it had it, is mere vicious nonsense. The enemy's \$30,000,000 will continue its crucifixion of society until society decides (See Page 14)



What Will China Do? . . . No \$64 Question

Don't Be Surprised if America Quits
United Nations During 1952-1953

AS WE move deeper into 1952, take note of the manner in which world headache for the so-called Free Nations shifts its center of gravity.

Troubles and confusions shift further and further from the stalemate in Korea. United Nation Forces—meaning American nation forces—are pinned there in sizable quantities. America and her token allies cannot withdraw without losing face and presenting a picture of Red victory. That of itself is success for the Reds. Perpetual stalemate!

The next maneuver is to start or promote local troubles in a dozen other parts of Asia and the world. These require small drain of resources on the centrosome of Red Influence, inasmuch as the man-power necessary to carry them on is supplied in ever fresh batches from the Asiatic perimeter countries themselves. Defense against them, however, *does* come from the centrosome of United Nations power—America.

Moscow need only sit tight and watch her satellites operate.



THE RED Chinese forces, however, cannot afford a stalemate eternally. If their Korean war bogs down into guerilla skirmishes and not much beside,

China's Red Army suffers in discipline—meaning disintegration.

So Mao Sei Tung must inevitably deploy in other directions.

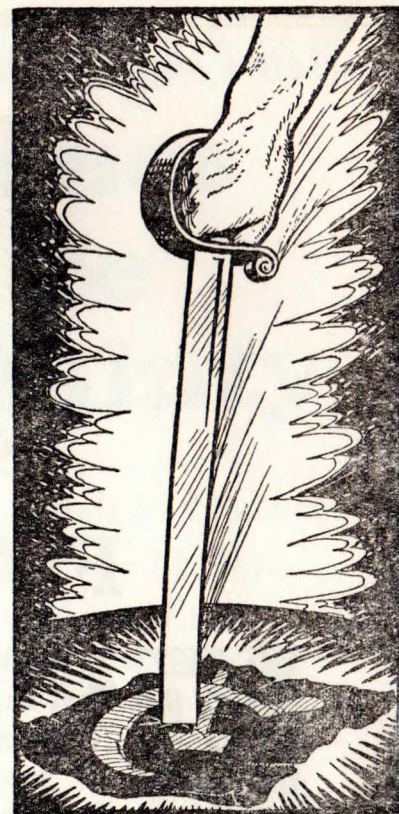
He can do nothing against his Red Moscow ally at the present stage of events, so the diversional activity must be toward Indo-China, Burma, and Tibet, thence into Baluchistan and Iran. Russia probably won't make any direct moves until a southern pincers movement interferes with United Nations operations in the Near East. The only thing that would deter this from happening would be the sudden demise of Josef Stalin. That, too, could happen, then Russia's course would be predicated on what character became his successor.

Proof that all this is very real and perhaps imminent is supplied by Winston Churchill's addresses this past week in the Houses of Parliament. Headlines tell us that after his return from visiting President Truman, he "warns" the West—meaning United States—against war in China proper, because "dangers are much nearer home."

What does he mean by "nearer home?"

He means that if the Chinese Reds start westward into the Levant, and Stalin or successor begins a pincers movement on the whole of it south, then Britain will be caught in a squeeze play that becomes a show-down on her position in the whole of it. The United States can't spare the drain on manpower to protect the flank of the British Isles, which means that in the interests of survival, England may have to declare neutrality toward Moscow, meaning that the United States can't use the British Isles as doorstone into Europe. That's as good—for our interests—as Britain joining Russia.

England can't afford economically to keep up her alliance with the United States. She hasn't the resources to remain in our corner in this third World



War. And yet she thinks she's got to defend the Suez because it's her corridor to world trade in the Orient.

However, the outcome is obvious.

As Silent Partner of Moscow, she can not deny Moscow to the Suez which means that America loses out in that strategic quarter of the globe.

And remember that in the whole of it, United Nations secretariat is about three-quarters Red or pro-Stalin. Trygve Lie can be relied upon not to let anything happen in UN policy that's overly inimical to Stalin. Before he became the leading beacon in UN direction, he was known as Josef Stalin's personal representative in Norway. Associated with him in the Supervising secretariat is Constantin E. Zinchenko, U. S. S. R., *head of the Department of Security Council Affairs*, and Benjamin Cohen, Chile, *head of the Department of Legal Affairs*.

This is the devil's goulash of intrigue and counterplay that we've let ourselves become involved in, by calling George Washington a fuddy-duddy for counseling no entanglements in foreign affairs.

By letting ourselves become naively "sold" on the United Nations set-up, we're being manipulated by henchmen of our own opponents.

Our privilege in the whole of it is to supply the man-power and pay the bills . .



FAITH



THE WEARY ones had rest, the sad had joy,
That day, and wondered "How?"
A ploughman, singing at his work, had
prayed,
"Lord, help them now!"

Away in foreign lands they wondered "How?"
Their simple words had power?
At home, the Christians two or three had met
To pray an hour.

He saw the bloody trench that must be taken,
He came unscathed through furnace-hell,
A grey-haired woman on a prairie farm had prayed,
"God keep him well."

The tractor crushed a child, the neighbors heard,
The word to prayer was passed;
The baby showed no mark of broken bone,
And doctors gasped.

Down through the freighted night the plane
Was falling with death cough;
The pilot prayed, "Give help, O Lord!"
It leveled off.

Yes, we are always wondering, wondering "How?"
Because we do not see
Someone, unknown perhaps, and far away,
On bended knee.

ALL RIGHT, sooner or later the Chinese will move because they've got to move. They can't remain stationary or in stalemate. The Trygve Lie bloc orders us to "defend" Indo-China, Burma, Tibet, Baluchistan and Iran—later to include Anatolia and the Suez.

Does it seem a paradox that the Red bloc in UN "orders" us to call up defensive action against its own Moscovite procedures?

Not at all, when the expenditures of men, money, and materials from "the West" mean attrition in consumption of such resources to a point where the West collapses. The West isn't due to collapse utterly, of course, but the Machiavellians think so, and it motivates their strategy.

It's the most cunning maneuver for ultimate world conquest at minimum expense to the Machiavellian countries, that could be conceived.

The bandits in the Kremlin—and UN—have only to play their cards as close to the waist as they can hold them, by creating all these hot spots of war that need the distribution of the resources of the free countries throughout all Europe and Asia, and ultimately they gain their ends on \$2.50 worth of actual fighting equipment, but whole libraries of propaganda, and diplomatic and military aggressiveness. The western nations are the poor sheep dupes, "snaked" around at overseas direction, to complement all this oriental intrigue and feinting, ultimating to be made to go broke in the doing.

REP. John T. Wood, of Idaho, has submitted House Resolution 5080, in the Congress of the United States, to *withdraw America absolutely and utterly from this Snake Pit of UN*. Debate on his measure comes up in March. Obviously the power bloc wants Eisenhower to become next Republican President, because he's already committed to UN's North Atlantic Pact. With the chances strong that the United States may repudiate the prevailing Administration in result of all the domestic scandals building up against it, the next Republican President must be a Me-Toover or "all is lost" . . .

Well, that's the set-up and that's the prospect.

So long as the power bloc uses UN to work its aims and designs all over the earth, this Chinese Red headache will obscure all other headaches as the year

(Continued on Page 11)



Why Repeat Existence Must Be a Certainty

The Sheer Magnitude of Numbers
of Persons Who Have Lived on
Earth Makes Judgment Day
Physically Improbable . .

NINETY-nine letters reaching Soulcraft, literally, are approbatory of the spiritual work the Chapels are striving to accomplish. The one-hundredth communication sometimes breathes fire and brimstone. From Seattle—as active a Soulcraft center as any in the nation—comes the following—

“Dear Sirs: Please take my name off your mailing list. I am not interested at all in materials such as you sent me in that book which you have labeled CLERGY EDITION. I have destroyed it, as I feel it is the work of the devil instead of the Lord. I do not want any part of it.

“I trust that you might just know that God says in His word, Revelation 22:19, ‘And if any man shall take away the words of the book of this prophecy, God shall take away his part out of the book of life, and out of the holy city, and from the things which are written in this book.’ I feel what you should do is repent of your sins and destroy this edition.”

THE REGRETTABLE part about a criticism of this kind is the fallacy of its premise. That this correspondent

has not read the *Golden Scripts*, nor made any effort to read them, is apparent from his conclusion that the Soulcraft doctrine “takes away the words of this book,” meaning the *Holy Bible*. What the Soulcraft doctrine, based on the *Golden Scripts*, seeks to do, is correct many obvious man-made errors and interpolations that have gotten into Holy Writ and made “the infallible Word of God” a paradox.

For instance, this sincere Fundamentalist who leans so heavily on Revelations—or presumably the literality of Revelations—doesn’t realize that St. John says specifically that “heaven” is twelve thousand furlongs; the length and the breadth and the height of it are equal. All right, let’s do a little arithmetic . .

A furlong is 40 rods, and a rod is 16½ feet. So a furlong is 660 feet. Twelve thousand furlongs is therefore 7,920,000 feet. There are 5,280 feet to a mile. Divide 5,280 into 7,920,000 and you get 1,500—exactly. Heaven then, according to St. John, is 1,500 miles long, wide, and high. Take your ruler, put it on a United States map, and draw a north-and-south line down between Minnesota and the Dakotas, to Omaha and Oklahoma

City. It will be about 1,500 miles from the Atlantic seaboard.

So geographically, heaven, according to the writer of the last book of the *Bible* who puts the Almighty’s curse on anyone who seeks to make sense of it, is one-half as big as the United States.

It has been estimated that 302,231,454,903,657,293,676,543 persons have lived on earth merely since the time of Christ. Whether, by orthodox consignments, they’ve gone either to heaven or to hell, the fact remains that they must have gone somewhere. A territory one-half as big as the United States will support about 60 million people—without unpleasant crowding. The question is, have only 60 millions of that 302 sextillions been “saved” and if so, where are the remaining 302,231,454,903,657,133,676,543?

The question isn’t asked facetiously.

Crowd living people together in about the same congestions of population that the United States holds between Baltimore and Omaha—including Cleveland, Detroit, and Chicago—and you would require a territory to hold them the following *times* the size of half the United States: 2,028,399,026,199,041. You’d need in other words, this many duplicate territories *the size of the whole United States* to hold them: 1,014,199,513,099,520. That many total United States—in other words, one quadrillion United States of Americas.

That's getting into territory.

Just for Hell!

None of these Biblical prophets seem to have been very good mathematicians or had very clear ideas of the immense population of the entire earth, or the mortality rates for the various countries.

It's all right to pen the account of a prophetic dream and tab the words at the end of it, "Cursed be he who alters a line of it." But who wants to alter a line of such a titanic piece of incredible inaccuracy?

But hold on a bit, before castigating anyone as being of the devil for seeking to make sense of what was thus written. Half the biblical writers declare that people don't go either to heaven or hell until *after* Judgment Day—which hasn't yet happened, that anybody knows.

Granted that no one had any such thing as eternal life, or continuity of survival until after Christ, then those 302,231,454,903,657,293,676,543 citizens that have lived in the 77 generations since Christ, have yet to be resuscitated out of their graves, re clothed with some sort of bodies, and be "judged" . . .

Okay, Seattle, how much time do you want to ask for Divine Providence for the judging of yourself for deeds done in the flesh? A day? Half a day? An hour? Half an hour? A person ought to have God's ear for half an hour at any rate, to put up some sort of defense-explanation for what he had to go through as a mortal individual. So let's say half an hour. Two people an hour, forty eight a day—assuming that Divine Providence declares no sort of recess at the judging vocation—336 a week, 17,472 a year. How many years at that rate is it to take the literal Jehovah to judge all the souls, good, bad, and indifferent who've been reliably estimated to have lived since Calvary? Well, here it is—17,298,618,069,119,579,537 years!

Seventeen quintillions of solar years! . . . with never a distraction, never a let-up in the hearing of evidence and divine "judging" . . . by allotting everyone who's lived since the time of Christ at least half an hour to make out his pathetic human case before God Almighty.

Isn't it apparent that a bad mistake has been made somewhere, somehow, by someone? In the first place, the scientists tell us that at its present rate of "dying" by diffusing radio-activity, our sun itself won't be in existence at the end of that incredible span of time. And

here's still another sacrosanct joker, . . . it's to be assumed that at the biblical Judgment Day, all will be called forth from their graves at the same time and supplied with new bodies. But where in the world are they to stand for seventeen quintillions of years while the divine court is being held? Certainly the earth itself won't hold a fraction of that number. Allowing two square feet for people to stand on individually, they'd not only cover the earth's surface—including the terrain now occupied by the oceans—but be stacked upon each other's heads something like 113,000 miles high. Like a stupendous pin-cushion of human bodies.

This delaying of Judgment Day for these 1900 years has certainly congested the program. Where, if the question isn't rude, are the 302 sextillions of resurrected persons to get the foodstuffs to eat while they're waiting around those seventeen quintillions of years for the people prior to them, to be judged?

And couldn't they consider those seventeen quintillions of years an eternity to live of itself?

Think of waiting 17 quintillions of years to be judged!

No, with all due respect to St. John and what he says in Revelations, the theory that the same reasonable number

of souls from the beginning has been coming back into life again and again, is far more reasonable and rational.

As for the doctrine in the *Golden Scripts*, the Elder Brother tells us on Page 551, "Hath the doctrine ennobled you? . . . Hast thou profited from it? . . . then was it not of truth? . . . the wake of the ship is the mark of its course . . . Doth the doctrine leave Beauty behind it as its marking? . . . doth it lift up the hopeless? . . . doth it kindle a beacon upon lofty mountains? . . . If the doctrine is your treasure, then bury it deeply; keep it in the coffers that mark a secret hiding-place; mayhap the brethren do as much for themselves; thus all share the treasure and visit it by stealth."

No Fundamentalist has ever answered the foregoing figures, just as no Fundamentaalist can say with certainty that the above quotation from the *Golden Scripts* is written by the Evil One.

It's your turn, Seattle.

By the way, we are not repenting of these sins of sincere incredulity over St. John's arithmetic. As a matter of fact we don't believe St. John wrote it, anyhow. There's no proof of the fact—and no original manuscript in existence.

And emphatically we're not destroying the Clergy's Edition of the *Golden Scripts!*

Smith Coll. Religious Head Approves Golden Scripts



FROM Smith College for Women at Northampton, Mass., comes a gracious letter to Soulcraft from Dr. S. Ralph Harlow, the head of the Department of Religion and Biblical Literature. This journal recently published an interview with Dr. Harlow on *Psychical Research*, given to the *Springfield Union*.

Dr. Harlow—precisely the type of advanced spiritual leader for whom the big printing of gratis *Golden Scripts* was intended—says in part:

"Recently I received a lovely little volume, *The Golden Scripts*. For this I thank you.

"From my own experiences in relation to psychical revelation, I take it that this Script came to the Recorder by means of automatic writing or in some other psy-

chical experience. I find the reading very worth-while and much of it needs pondering on. Only a person who is *intelligent* in the field of psychic experiences will be able to grasp and understand much in this book. But there are an increasing number of such spirits.

"So thank you again. I would be interested in learning more as to the way in which this record was received."

Faithfully yours,

S. RALPH HARLOW

ON the opposite page, VALOR publishes the remainder of the *Springfield Union* interview with Dr. Harlow. This is the type of progressive religious mentor that will be in the vanguard of spiritual instruction in an enlightened tomorrow. He is in a position to counsel hundreds of mothers of a forthcoming generation . . .

Educators of New Day Are Conceding Psychological Research



Orthodox Clergy Being Outstripped by Spiritual Leaders of New Type Who Recognize Man's Psychic Attributes

SAYS Dr. S. Ralph Harlow, head of the Department of Religion and Biblical Literature of Smith College: 'Those interested in science and phenomena significant in revealing religion should welcome study of any more facts about the nature of man and the reality of belief in immortality. Yet there is hesitancy in considering the psychic.'

"Dr. Harlow has been observer and participant in the psychological research field for 40 years. His teacher at Harvard was Prof. William James, a founder of the American Society of Psychological Research late in the 19th century.

"A recent advance was the establishment of a department of psychological research at Swarthmore College in Pennsylvania (the first department of its kind) and the setting up of an annual lecture there.

"The field is being 'popularized' gradually, Dr. Harlow pointed out, especially through wide reading of Edward Stewart White's books, including 'The Unobstructed Universe,' dealing with experiences in contacting persons after death.

"Widespread doubt of the authenticity of psychological experience has risen because many frauds have posed as mediums.

"Dr. Harlow today set forth no claims. He related happenings that have 'strengthened his interest' and built a firmer foundation for his faith.

"Isolated cases? Yes. And efforts to contact 'the other world' sometimes fail, don't they? Yes. There's uncertainty and no positive proof to be cited? Yes.

"But people do have extrasensory or supernatural experiences—call them what you will. Dr. Harlow's wish is for open-minded evaluation.

"Ever so often he meets people with psychological experiences to tell.

"He is a minister and one Easter he preached the sermon for a friend in a Unitarian church. His topic was 'Why I believe in immortality' and he concluded the account of reasons for his faith by relating two psychological experiences.

"What's the idea of using my pulpit to talk that stuff?" Dr. Harlow expected to hear later.

"HE heard something quite different. The minister and his wife understood. She had 'seen' and 'heard' her mother several times since death.

"She told of the time her dead mother 'said,' 'Dear, your father is coming over in a day or two and I think you ought to know it.'

"She returned home and within an hour was notified her father had died.

"Nobody on earth knew he was going to die,' Dr. Harlow commented yesterday. People may say the 'message' from her mother was her imagination, but the woman must have needed a strong stimulus to make the trip to see her father.

"THE chairman of the Smith College department of religion told, too, of a young student whose wife died. In his grief, though never a believer in the psychic, the student gained permission to base a thesis for his doctor's degree on attempts to reach his wife beyond the wall of death.

"The young man was '100 per cent convinced he had come in contact with the personality of his wife' after going to three outstanding mediums—two in Europe.

"One medium in Europe, where the couple had never been, took a line of questioning concerning their summer home in New Hampshire: questions about the millstone that was the back step, the time the decision to paint the blinds blue or green was so difficult, and the waterfall in the backyard.

"The young student said 24 of 26 answers were accurate. The other two were about incidents he didn't remember exactly himself.

"Dr. Harlow recalled that once electricity was doubted.

"The *Encyclopedia Britannica* published in 1789 had a couple of columns on electricity, but the writer—presumably well informed in the field—concluded it had 'no practical value' and would be used chiefly by magicians in doing parlor tricks.

"Maybe by the year 3000, Dr. Harlow figures, 'psychical research will have grown up as much as electricity has.'"

IT HAS been for the help and inspiration of advanced spiritual leaders of Dr. Harlow's perspicacity and erudition that over three hundred Soulcrafters in the past six months have made a fund possible that permitted the gratis distribution among them of some 10,000 copies of the *Golden Scripts*.

Instructors of Dr. Harlow's type are molding the spiritual thought of the oncoming generation of mothers—for the institution which sponsors him ranks with Wellesley and Vassar for the caste of its clientele.

Thus are the fundamentals of Soulcraft percolating out into channels where its tenets are compounded. This is the sort of thing rewarding the altruism of *Golden Script* donors.

Valor

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Eighty-Eighters Again!

LF PRESENT rates in the receipt of donations continue, the financial gifts for finishing and delivering the two editions of the Golden Scripts will be completed with a flourish. Two or more weeks bygone, Soulcraft issued a call for the raising of the sum of \$8,800, to terminate successfully the Golden Script publishing project. The first week the "Eighty-Eighters" responded with \$1,147, bringing the needed balance down to \$7,653.

This past week—the second of the campaign—voluntary responses reduced this figure by \$2,089. Thus \$3,236 has been forwarded in two weeks.

This leaves a balance of \$5,564 still to be raised!

Won't 55 Soulcrafters now rally 'round with 55 checks for \$100 each and thus permit Headquarters to wind up the publishing of the Elder Brother's priceless Speakings?

The State of Washington heads the list of States making largest contributions to date. Next comes California, Pennsylvania, Georgia and Ohio. An odd feature of the contributions has been that Ore-

gon, Florida, and Massachusetts have each given large and small donations amounting to the same sum—\$160 each. Michigan, Wisconsin and Nebraska are the remaining States making sizable showings, but practically all of the States in the Union are represented in the roster.

Oh, Walter, No!



UNITED Press sent the following dispatch to the nation's newspaper from Miami this week—

"Newspaper Columnist Walter Winchell announced to his radio network audience last night that doctors have ordered him to 'end all my professional activities at once' . . . Winchell said he had been told by two heart specialists to take a 'complete rest' immediately, 'for at least a month.' It will mean the discontinuance of his widely printed newspaper column and regular Sunday night broadcasts, he said.

"I have been working under terrific pressure," Winchell declared. "The doctors told me I am on the verge of collapse, that I have to stop at once or there might be some unhappy news . . . tomorrow, this week, or next week.

"It is a terrific shock to me to know that," the popular columnist said in a halting voice.

"Winchell said his wife and son were flying to Miami to be with him."

No comment by VALOR excepting *Ho-Hum! Ho-Hum! Ho-Hum!*

Isn't life terrible?

Valor Lectures



WORK is now going forward on a new series of Soulcraft electronic tapes and wire spools, to be given the title of *The Valor Lectures*.

How many of the Valor Lectures there will be, depends upon circumstances, but in the current instance they will be made in advance and thus release the Recorder from broadcasting to a weekly dead-line.

The first Lecture has been called *Soulcraft and Astronomy*. The second carries

the title: *Soulcraft and Eternity*. The third will be designated, *Soulcraft and Spiritism*. Other titles will be announced in future issues of VALOR as they appear.

In each of these lectures The Recorder has shaped the first 25 minutes of the service intentionally for the attention and interest of the persons attending these chapels for the first time. The experiment will be tried of then calling a twenty-minute discussion period upon what has been propounded in the first half of the discourse. Whereupon the reverse half of the electronic tapes and the final half of the electronic wire spools will be given over to adept discussion of the discussion questions anticipated—in other words, the last half of the lecture will be shaped for veteran Soulcrafters familiar with the fundamentals of the entire doctrine.

If you haven't yet heard The Recorder speaking on the reels, you should make haste to provide a machine and get in on this new 1952 program.

A word should be added, however, about the final completing reel of the Elder Brother series, which apparently closed with the discourse on *Calvary*.

The last discourse in this series, the talk on the *Resurrection*, will reach all chaplains for playing in connection with the forthcoming Easter Sunday, April 13th. Purposely it is being held until that date and for that event.

It will mean something to hear the closing discourse on the Elder Brother's life—*The Resurrection*—on Easter Sunday, or at least during literal Easter Week.

Let all Chapel attendants be apprised of it.

Prospects



THIS JOURNAL respectfully takes the position that it is fundamentally unconstitutional and therefore illegal for the American citizen to be required to pay taxes to meet the bills of any country or its government but the United States of America. It isn't a question of equity. It's a matter of law. To collect a vast fund for Foreign Defense and then make a gift of it to distant nations only compounds subterfuge.

This latest presumption on the afore-said taxpayer is another big give-away allotment that's attracted very little pro-

test in the papers, whereby we've made an "allotment" of \$54,000,000 out of Security Agency funds to India. This wasn't as big as the \$86,000,000 we seem to be handing over to the Communist Tito, but the total goes over a hundred millions—to help meet the deficiencies of distant states. Two weeks or so ago, Premier Nehru of India got over a half a hundred millions from us, but it wasn't accepted in very good grace because after all he did want \$300,000,000 and niggardly Uncle Sam only gave him a sixth of it.

The taxpayer is conditioned for this sort of drain by the argument that if we don't mulct our American treasure in such manner, these gimme sovereignties will "go Communist" on us, therefore what we're doing is buying protection. It's a government policy, and the lawful way to change it—apparently—is to elect a different set of officials with an opposite foreign policy.

The joker in the deck, of course, happens to be that the United States no longer has dictation of any such foreign policy. *That's been surrendered—by a little handful of senators who ratified the "treaty" with United Nations.*

United Nations wants \$54,000,000 to \$300,000,000 of the American taxpayer's money spent on India—and that's that.

That money doesn't buy anti-Communism in any foreign country has yet to be grasped by the average American whose ruinous tax deductions are providing the boatloads of dollars sailing month by month to the ten points of the compass.

The Indianapolis Star, Indiana's greatest newspaper, has put the whole questionable business in a 5c cup when it published the following editorial on the morning of January 16th, an editorial which should be read in every home.

CHESTER (Giveaway) Bowles, the cloud-dweller who succeeded Loy Henderson, one of the best diplomats in the business, as ambassador to New Delhi, is back in this country for a short spell.

"He is improving each shining hour by thumping his tub for more money for India. He isn't satisfied with the \$54,000,000 in Mutual Security Agency funds which the United States made available to Prime Minister Nehru two weeks ago. He's thinking in terms of around \$300,000,000 a year.

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.

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"Like most of the giveaway boys, Bowles seems to believe nations fall to communism because of poverty and not because of paramilitary conspiracy under the direction of the Russian Politburo. He said on arrival in Washington this week that the Communist situation in southern India was 'rugged' but 'nothing a fuller stomach won't fix.' Hence, he wants to fill Indian stomachs at a staggering cost in American resources.

"The truth which Bowles and many other members of the administration persistently ignore is that no nation has yet voted itself into communism. In every instance conspiratorial external and internal force has been needed to turn a nation into a Kremlin puppet. Communism is not a direct product of poverty. Spain,

Turkey and Pakistan, for example, are poor nations, yet they are faced by no serious internal Communist threat. On the other hand France, with a relatively well-off populace, has a Communist party that represents nearly a third of its electorate.

"Bowles' proposal would not prevent India from embracing communism. Nor will the repudiation of Bowles' giveaway plan cause India to turn to communism. For one thing, Nehru probably knows he would be the first to be liquidated if the Communists captured his nation. Despite the appeasing noises they make, Nehru and other Socialists and socializers who try to do business with the Reds top the list of Stalin's execution squads. That has been the case in every country seized

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?*

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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.

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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.

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by the Kremlin. Popular leaders are first to be eliminated.

"Reasonable grants and technical assistance to India on a purely humanitarian basis are one thing. But any Bowlesian effort to purchase India anti-communism should be firmly rejected by Congress. It is time Uncle Sam lets the world know that he is through bribing the peoples of other lands to stay out of Joe Stalin's slaughter house. If self-interest doesn't dictate that they do that, no amount of American money will.

SO MUCH for the *Star's* editorial opinion.

What the whole vast compounding of the subterfuge is going to do, is hasten the date of the ultimate show-down on our economy.

The 81st Congress has passed "appropriations" already for 91 billions of dollars this year—all of which must be taken out of the bank accounts or pay envelops of American citizens—while the executive branches of the government already had 40 billions unspent from the previous Congress' appropriations.

That's 130 billions—billions, not millions—for every project and government on earth, so much money that it's difficult to find ways to dispose of it.

All this money, kept at home and used as American capital has been used in the past, to develop the industrial machine and further resources of the country, would hold America intact and underwrite the coming decade's economic prosperity. But what actually is being permitted to happen, is a condition where the United States isn't going to be sound enough economically to fight Communism anywhere.

Communism, the Great Bugbear, is working an effect in America where ultimately the nation spends itself into prostration. Then the takeover is a natural.

If we have such a condition coming ultimately anyway, why buy immunity for a handful of years or months with such gargantuan handouts? Isn't the same objective reached by our enemies in the end?

At any rate, this coming March 15th tax deadline will tell the story. This show-down is evident for 1952.

Necromantically, all of it was foretold in psychical communications to the VALOR editors in 1929. The show-down will be a bitter one, and produce vast changes in the American Scene.

What Will China Do?

(Continued from Page 4)

advances. The initiative in the whole of it lies with Maio Sei-Tung.

In war, the side that seizes and holds the initiative, commands the situation. Stalin, Sei-Tung & Company—on little more than oriental maneuvering—have perfected a jobbery that causes us to spend ourselves into economic exhaustion. After which the take-over will be a mere detail.

John Wood says, let's pull out of the whole of it while there's time. Herbert Hoover seconds him.

But whether we pull out of it in time to husband some of our dissolving resources, Red China is going to keep on operating because she must. And every prophetic and clairvoyant agency in the five continents says the same thing is to happen—the *Climax comes in the Eastern Mediterranean!*

But take note of this as well, . . . by the same token, Prophecy and Clairvoyance do see some sort of alteration in America's policy that saves her from the expected ruination of it, and leaves her the most powerful and dominant sovereignty on the globe.

Are we due to climb out of the UN Snake Pit? *Could happen!*

One thing is promised, a different breed of American statesmen is coming into the power-saddle shortly.

All of it, viewed collectively, is due to make 1952-1953 two of the most momentous years in our nation's history.

But as world events mature, keep tally on how accurate the foregoing panorama and program is, in its general essence and conception . . .

We can't pull out of the whole embroilment in a night, *but we are due to emerge from it!* And not prostrate, either.

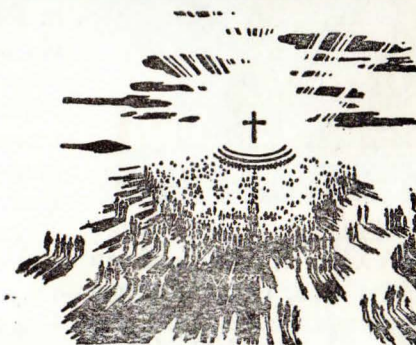
Meantime, don't wager your last dollar that Eisenhower is going to be next Republican Executive . . .

JONES had recently become the father of triplets. The minister met him on the street and started to congratulate him.

"Well, Jones," said the man of the cloth in his most felicitous manner, "I hear the stork smiled on you."

"Smiled on me!" growled the harassed Jones. "The dang thing laughed out loud at me. If he'd given a good belly-laugh we'd probably have had quintts."

DO 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

I WROTE in last week's VALOR of the death in Portland, Oregon, of my former associate, Dr. Alexander Strath-Gordon at the age of 78. I'd been brought into contact with him through the agency of a lady in the Federal Immigration Department in Washington, when he was head of the British Passport Division in this country and still engaged in espionage and military intelligence work for His Majesty's Government. He was a portly, bald-headed man, with very clean and white goatee. He had a home then in Bergenfield, N. J., not far from Col. Robert Sharp, head of the Secret Service in the State Department, and the mutual work of the two had made them fast friends. Strath had been all over the world, I found, for the British Foreign Office, and whenever he went to England was usually guest at the country estate of Stanley Baldwin, the then Prime Minister . . . Strath-Gordon probably had more to do with influencing the later half of my life than perhaps any other individual, with the possible exception of Col. Sharp himself. What he didn't know about the international mischief-makers wasn't worth knowing, but it was as psychological adept and mystic that I saw the "supernatural side" of him. He'd studied assiduously under the pundits when attached to the British Medical Corps in India, and I could easily do a book on my adventures in his company. Here's one of my outstanding yarns about Strath-Gordon . . .

WE WERE together on a mission to Detroit in the early days of the New Deal, when the Reds were everywhere infiltrating the Washington gov-

ernment departments. We'd had an all-forenoon conference with a banker-group and started across Book-Cadillac Square in the heart of Detroit for luncheon at our hotel. "Strath", as I called him, also wanted to catch an hour's nap before the conference was resumed, and I had a group of Liberation students at the same hotel who wanted to see me during lunch-hour. Midway of Book-Cadillac Square I fumbled the briar pipe I was smoking, and it dropped from my teeth, struck the asphalt and broke in three pieces. One of them was immediately crushed by a passing car-wheel. I rescued the remaining two, and began lamentation. That particular pipe had been brought from Oxford in England for me, the previous summer, by another New York friend with whom Strath was unacquainted. It was silver mounted and an expensive gift. Particularly did I fancy the bold handsome lines of it. Strath didn't smoke, and my self-reproaches for dropping it amused him. "Why all this dither about a pipe?" he wanted to know. "Why not go into the nearest cigarstore and buy yourself another?" . . . "Because," I told him, "pipes of exactly this brand and model can't be purchased in this country." And I told him where my advertising friend, Dave, had gotten it and under what circumstances. Strath, some sixteen years my senior, turned thoughtful. "Let me see those two remaining pieces," he suggested. We got into the lobby of the Book-Cadillac and paused a moment while he inspected the broken fragments. "H'm," said he, "I don't feel like eating just yet. You go ahead and lunch with your Liberation friends and I'll go upstairs and get some sleep in my room. When you're finished, knock me up." . . . Thereat I saw him disappear into the elevator . . .

SOME of the boys who ate luncheon with me wanted to meet Strath—when two o'clock arrived—and I thought it might be arranged, if they cared to come up to my room. The trio of us ascended to the Fifth floor, went down the corridor, and I rapped on Strath's door, directly next to mine but with no connect-

ing doors. Again and again I knocked—and got no response. "Come into my room," I told my friends, "and maybe he'll hear the phone if I ring him." That thing we did, "Hello?" I heard his drowsy voice respond. I reported the time to him and said the lads in my room wanted to meet him. "Okay," he replied, "I'll be in, in a minute." I cradled the phone and took a seat on the baggage-rack at the foot of my bed. The bed had its head against the south wall, windows of the room opening to the north. Two of my friends took chairs with backs to these north windows. The door from the corridor opened in the southwest corner, to the west of the bed's head. I had left it unlocked. Not more than three minutes elapsed before the knob turned and Strath entered. He had coat, vest and shoes off, what hair he possessed was rumpled, obviously from lying on pillows. His eyes moreover looked bleary with slumber. Before I could arise and introduce my visitors, Strath tossed something across the bed's smooth counterpane toward me. "There you are!" he chuckled. "Now stop any more griping about a pipe!" . . . I saw something of a flashing brown hit the counterpane and start to skid off toward the floor against inner wall. I clamped my hand to halt it. It was a pipe identical with the one I'd dropped on the asphalt a couple hours before, identical in every line and detail—only I still had the broken pieces of the first pipe in my pocket . . . Strath returned to his room to dress while I exclaimed at the marvel. The new pipe was red rot, I say, but hadn't been smoked because its bowl showed no char. When he came back into the room, dressed to go out again, I demanded, "Where'd this duplicate pipe come from Strath?" He looked at me quizzically. "Took the noon hour," he said grumpily, "to do a bit of materialization, in a duplicate of your New York friend's gift. Do I have to diagram that sort of thing for you? . . ."

THE SECOND pipe then, was an *apport*, so called in psychical work, and he'd been on a little fourth-dimensional excursion for me, in the middle of

the day to show his friendship. But it was a very real and substantial article and forthwith took the place of the broken pipe in my pipe-smoking. Now here's the pay-off, providing you are to credit my veracity . . . I smoked the *apport* pipe for a matter of weeks—in fact months. Then Strath and I agreed to disagree on several matters of prime importance while we were finishing up a somewhat elaborate lecture trip through the northern States. I spoke Monday, Wednesday and Friday nights from a given platform to sizable crowds, and Strath filled in Tuesday and Thursday nights. But querulously he developed the fixation that our advance agent didn't like him and was shortsuiting him on hotel accommodations. One evening in Grand Rapids he insisted I discharge the woman, who was extremely competent, and when I refused, quit the tour in a huff. At least I thought he'd quit it, although later he reconsidered. But in the heat of our discussion over it, I left abruptly and went over to the Grand Rapids post office to air mail some letters south. One of them required the addition of a street address and I paused at the glass-topped writing-bench in the lobby to affix it. I'd been smoking the apported briar on the short walk over, and took it from my teeth to run the tip of my tongue over the gum of the flap to seal it more securely. Thereupon I felt for the pipe I'd just laid on the glass. *It wasn't there!* What *was* on the glass top of the stand-up writing bench were grains of silver, hard rubber and sawdust *in the diagram of a pipe*. The light-pattern had been withdrawn. Even my fingers in groping for it had disturbed the design of the briar on the glass, and the whir of the revolving door of the post office where a new patron was entering, blew away what was left as chaff. Had Strath in his pique over the advance agent, withdrawn the gift pipe from my possession? What else could I think . . . After we were reconciled I waited for him to mention whether or not the apport had been disintegrated consciously and intentionally, but he never did . . .

o—o

WHAT actually I have thought much about since, has been the possibility of such a hyperdimensional gift being in the repertoire of an international espionage agent. If Strath could relax during a noon-hour, travel 2,600 miles



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SOULCRAFT CHAPELS

Noblesville, Indiana

overseas, and come back with a duplicate of my briar from some English tobacconist's, why couldn't he penetrate the offices or vaults of any foreign government and bring back by similar fourth-dimensional capabilities whatever significant document he might wish to inspect or know the contents of? . . . not that I'm suggesting he ever did. But why couldn't he? And if he could do it, why shouldn't others equally capable in mys-

tical adeptship, do it? I do know that he startled me one Sunday afternoon at his home in Bergensfield, by arising from the dinner table, going in to his roltop, opening a drawer-file, extracting a manuscript, and fetching it back to the table. Laying it beside my plate, he remarked, "Maybe that manuscript will enlighten you as to the legitimacy of what you're getting in the Pink Scripts of the Liberation." I glanced over what he'd laid

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

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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.

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Soulcraft Press, Inc., Noblesville, Ind.

down for inspection, and read almost an exact duplicate of the Liberation Message I'd written for the national students earlier that week, for the coming Sunday night audiences. No, he hadn't gotten it from my office, because it hadn't then been put into type. Furthermore, his manuscript was aged, and though typewritten, the ink was faded. "You aren't awakened enough yet in all this psychical business, son," he said paternally, "to know the value or accuracy of the material in your Pink Scripts. They're the strictest Jainism. And Jainism, taught by the Indian sect known as Jains back in the north Indian mountains, is the purest form of cosmic religion existent in the world today." . . Well, Strath's out of his mortal clay for keeps, I suppose, not that it probably makes much difference to him . . . Maybe he's been chuckling over my shoulder as I've been telling this yarn about him . . . But there's a lot in the world—and I've been witness to much of it—that isn't written anywhere in its scientific books . . .

—THE RECORDER

Paying for Prophecy

(Continued from Page 2)

it has had enough. You don't fight fire and destruction in this world with platitudes. Not if your head is screwed on tightly.

The widow who works all summer raising strawberries to make \$10 as her contribution to the forces of righteousness and liberation, has done quite as much, according to her resources, as the businessman who writes his check for a sum anywhere between \$50,000 and \$500,000. Christ Himself called that to our attention a long time ago. But why should a great flock of widows raise strawberries for a hundred summers that businessmen worth \$50,000 to \$500,000 should be saved? The businessman worth \$50,000 to \$500,000 is going to have it confiscated anyway, in ruinous taxes.

Anyhow, go ahead and suffer, says the Wise Parent-Providence, till your salvation starts stacking up to you as of more value than the bank account of yours which the politicians will take anyway.

What leaders to support?

Support the men who are mauled the worst by the corruptionists and left-wing power maniacs. The identification will be positive and—

The results may be gratifying.

ANNOUNCING

The

Valor Lectures

DURING the remainder of the winter of 1952
The Recorder will deliver 15 new lectures on

SOULCRAFT

¶ The idea is to present a series of Sunday night talks on subjects of the broadest popular interest, where the Soulcraft tenets and principles are applied to the problems and confusions of the present hour. Here are some of the titles of the subject-matter to be treated—

“SOULCRAFT AND ASTRONOMY”

“SOULCRAFT AND SOUL SURVIVAL”

“SOULCRAFT AND NUCLEAR ENERGY”

“SOULCRAFT AND CLAIRVOYANCE”

“SOULCRAFT AND MIRACLES”

“SOULCRAFT AND CHILDREN”

“SOULCRAFT AND DIET”

¶ You will hear matters taken up in these Discourses that have never before been mentioned in Soulcraft. You will discover that the talks have each been divided into two parts: A half-hour of material addressed to strangers and novices, and the last half-hour—after a twenty minute discussion—meant for senior students or persons familiar with what has gone before in lectures and Scripts.

¶ The Recorder is now preparing these lectures in advance, so that delivery to a deadline will not be necessary. Rud Ellingsen, former Seattle chaplain will have charge of reel production at Headquarters, joining the staff Feb. 1st.



Loan of the reels will be on donation basis, and electronic equipment at Headquarters has been expanded to include the making of large seven-inches-per-second tape reels as well as the former smaller size and wires. Rent or buy an electronic recorder and hear the Soulcraft Chief expound these master topics once every week from now till May 1st. If you don't know about the recorder service, drop a card to Noblesville!

SOULCRAFT CHAPELS

T h e P A Y O F F

THE TRAIN was laboring up grade in the Kentucky foothills when the engineer, a kindly man, halted his locomotive to let a cavalcade get across the tracks. First came a pack of hounds at full bay, then a score of nondescript mountaineers on horseback and muleback, galloping at full speed and uttering shrill blasts from hunting horns. As the last of the group disappeared into deep woods, a Northerner in the smoker, who'd seen the exhibition by thrusting his head from the window, asked the conductor, "Sheriff's posse?"

"Naw," said the conductor.

"Lynching bee, then?"

"Nope, no lynchin' bee."

"Then why on earth the excitement? What's happening?"

"Rans Atwater's oldest boy, Zeb, comes uv age today. Neighbors is helpin' track down Zeb to put shoes on him."

THE NEGRO preacher had successfully concealed the fact that he had served a term in prison, but long years of reformation had not dimmed his fear of exposure. One Sunday, on rising to begin his sermon, his heart sank to see in one of the front pews a character he recognized as his former cell-mate. Quick thinking was necessary.

Turning the *Bible* around twice to gain time, he opened it, seemed to read, fixed his eye upon the stranger and declared impressively—

"Ah takes mah text this mawnin' fr'm de sixty-fifth chapter and hundred and second verse ob de gospel 'ccordin' to Saint John, wherein it say: 'Dem as sees me an' knows me, an' says nuthin', dem will I see later.'"

TWO old farmers were seated in the parlor telling of their experiences with life.

"Speakin' o' long feet," said one, "I seen a chap t' other dav whose feet was long that put toe to heel they'd o' made a vard."

"That so?" said the other. "Reminds me ov ol' Zeb Whittles. Feet was so long, he allus had to back up to eny door to knock on it."

GOLDEN SCRIPTS



THERE are 448 pages of them—in the so-called *Cleric Edition*—done on Bible paper and bound in limp round-cornered covers. To those who have "discovered" them they amount to *new* Sermons on the Mount, coming apparently from our Elder Brother's matchless intellect for His disciples in this modern generation. They cover every personal and ethical subject troubling spiritually hungry people of today.

You Can Have a Copy Free if You'll Properly Value It!

Donations from over 300 ardent Soulcrafters have made over \$50,000 worth of these volumes available for gratis distribution. If you wish a \$5 copy sent you, merely make the request in a letter to Noblesville, Indiana, Headquarters. Address—

SOULCRAFT CHAPELS

ELIZA JANE met her mistress just before Christmas with the ominous announcement, "Missy, Ah's got to leave yo'."

"Why, 'Liza, aren't you satisfied with your place?" the sorrowful mistress asked.

"Oh, yessum. 'Tain't dat."

"Well, what on earth is it?"

"Yo' recollects a month or so ago yo' lets me off one afternoon to attend a funeral? Well, I'se gwan marry de corpse's husband."

THE SALESMAN declared, "These are specially strong shirts, madam. They simply laugh at laundries."

"Uh-huh," said the hard-boiled matron.

"The last of that kind I bought for my husband came home with their sides split."

THE SCENE was the reading-room of a large public library. The bibulous gentleman had been reading vital statistics. He turned suddenly to the man seated on his right.

"You know shumpin'?" he demanded, breaking the enforced quiet.

"What?"

"Every time I breathe, a man dies!"

"Is that a fact? Why not be more considerate of the human race and chew cloves?"

LITTLE AMELIA was saying her prayers—

"Please, Lord, take care of Mamma, and take care of Papa, ad take care of Grandma. And please be sure to take care of yourself, Lord, because without You, we're all sunk."