

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 19

THE MEN WHO INTEND TO PRESERVE AMERICA . .



SOMETIMES it's a fine thing to have access to reliable and proven Clairvoyance. That there are people, in life or out of it, who possess the necromantic "gift" of being able to look ahead in time and know in general how events are to go, has long since been established in the psychical sciences. When the general future is one of unbelievable good fortune, it's inspiring as well as consoling to have it indicated.

Now if a consensus of clairvoyant prediction could be compiled in this present precarious sequence of national and international event, of what would it consist?

WELL, proceeding from the minor to the major in considering the significances of developments, the excesses of the current order are crystallizing a wholesale revulsion on the part of both citizenry and lawmakers of this Republic that is going to bring to prominence a wholly different breed of civic servant.

Looking constructively and sympathetically at the Houses of Congress, it hasn't quite penetrated the con-



sciousness of the average voting American as yet that a hard core of resistance to present trends and malpractices is growing steadily in Washington and elsewhere, week by week.

This Hard Core of Resistance began to become identified back in October when the President issued his Executive Order 10290, clamping the lid on the diffusion of information out of government departments that might weaken the national security. Many phases of this Executive Order were open to criticism as inhibiting many con-

stitutional rights, particularly the rights of free speech and press.

At once in the Senate a bloc of opposition senators put their names irrevocably to the following unprecedented Resolution—

Freedom of Speech

"The American heritage of freedom is a product of vigorous, uncontrolled public discussion. Within the framework of laws which safeguard the rights of individuals, it has been the historic privilege and the sacred duty of Americans to criticize our Government. This power, in the hands of a free people, has prevented the accumulation of evil in government. The open forum of public debate has been, and will be, the greatest enemy of tyranny.

"We are in the midst of a war. The emotional tensions caused by this conflict tend to restrain people from making objective criticisms of their government.

"Partisan politicians tend to attribute all fault-finding to depravity of disloyalty.

"Freedom of speech means freedom of speech for all. It means freedom of speech for those who agree with the party in power. It means freedom of speech for people who disagree with those who hold the reins of government. The defects in government are usually exposed by those who are critical. No single group of Americans has a monopoly on ideas or patriotism.

"Any attempt to restrain the inherent right of an American to criticize his government must be resisted by all freedom-loving persons.

"There is evidence that some persons and groups in authority in our Government are unable to tolerate criticism. This is manifested by the smear tactics and propaganda techniques now being used to silence any opposition.

"There is evidence that no man can criticize our Government today and escape intemperate reprisals.

"This is an alarming situation. It cannot be ignored.

"We, therefore, the undersigned, Members of the United States Senate, pledge to the American people that we shall fight to guarantee that, in the difficult days ahead, no man's voice will be silenced.

"We shall vigorously resist any at-



tempt to conceal facts from the American people.

"We shall defend, to the utmost, the fundamental right of free, unlimited discussion of controversial questions of government.

"We shall rally to the defense of any person against whom reprisals are directed as a result of the exercise of his constitutional right of freedom of speech.

The issue involved is paramount. The voice of the people must be heard.

STYLES BRIDGES, HERMAN WELKER, JOHN W. BRICKER, HARRY P. CAIN, ANDREW F. SCHOEPEL, BOURKE B. HICKENLOOPER, WILLIAM F. KNOWLAND, EDWARD MARTIN, KARL E. MUNDT, HOMER FERGUSON, WILLIAM E. JENNER, ARTHUR V. WATKINS, RALPH E. FLANDERS, JOHN M. BUTLER, JOE MCCARTHY, HENRY C. DWORSHAK, JAMES P. KEM, WALLACE F. BENNETT, EVERETT M. DIRKSEN, OWEN BREWSTER, ALEXANDER WILEY, FRANK CARLSON, HOMER E. CAPEHART, MILTON E. YOUNG, FRANCIS E. CASE, ROBERT A. TAFT, LEVERETT SALTONSTALL.

HERE, apparently, for the first time in something like 19 years, appears a roster of the lawmakers in the Senate whose honest intent it seems to be to take America back into strictly Constitutional practices. But there are nine additional men in the Senate who should be added to this Honor Roll, whose stand on international questions puts them in the front rank of Preservers of this Republic—

JAMES O. EASTLAND,	Mississippi
JOHN C. STENNIS,	Mississippi
OLIN D. JOHNSTON,	South Carolina
PAT MCCARREN,	Nevada
JOHN L. MCCLELLAN,	Arkansas
DENNIS CHAVEZ,	New Mexico
RICHARD B. RUSSELL,	Georgia
WALTER F. GEORGE,	Georgia
HERBERT F. O'CONNOR,	Maryland

AS FOR the House of Representatives, there are 47 stalwarts who are lining up definitely and belliciously on the side of the Rightists. VALOR will publish a list of their names in an article next week.

Already it has been the doughty determination and influence of these men, and others, that have already killed the Universal Military Training Bill—refusing to force American lads of the oncoming generation to act as dragoons for Trygve Lie's Super-Government.

Getting out of United Nations, and thereby saving American taxpayers some 50 billions of dollars a year, is the next major move slated for these Better Statesmen of the Republic. Legislature after legislature is refusing to go ahead with any constitutional amendment, making our suzerainty to United Nation a permanent feature of our government.

About the time that China breaks over into Indo-China and India, or India goes Communist—and the Left-Wingers manipulating United Nations seek to use representatives of these countries to subjugate the United States irrevocably—the utter break will come. A disillusioned American people are then going to see where their fallacious "leaders" have carried them. The United States will then reassert herself overnight.

It is on the cards to happen.

America, say the Sacred Psychical Predictions, is going to rebound shortly from the whole malodorous dilemma into which the World Power Bloc had confidently expected we would fall. The fact that a Hard Core of Opposition to pro-socialistic, pro-super-government measures of every stripe, is appearing on schedule augurs for the ultimate realization of all the remaining Higher Disclosures regarding forthcoming events.

Take heart and get your chin up.

Maybe America is not going to be "sold down the River", after all.

The Elder Brother has declared to us that it was not to be, and His is a fairly reliable word to accept on it.

What of Salvation Without a Literal Adam and Eve?

The Enigma which Paulist Orthodoxy Refuses to Explain



LIT IS generally accepted by the creeds of Christendom that Christ died for mankind's sins, stemming out of the original Adamic disobedience in the Garden of Eden. Go into ten thousand churches this approaching Easter and you'll hear the same argument proclaimed—"as in Adam all men sinned, so in Christ shall all men be made alive."

The question is asked in all respect by researchers into the Ageless Wisdom, "What do they mean, 'as in Adam all men sinned'?"

The average cleric will answer, "Men sinned by disobeying Jehovah about eating of the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil in the symbolism of Adam in the Edenic state." The whole Christian doctrine of salvation is based upon that episode. Christ, the perfect Man, permitted himself to be executed some nineteen hundred and twenty years bygone, to "atone" for the transgression of Adam, the Imperfect man.

The equation would seem to be logical therefore, that if it can be shown that no such specific creatures as Adam and Eve ever existed, then the whole doctrine of the Adamic Fall and man's ransom by the Messianic crucifixion must be based on obvious fallacy.

Could Christ have died to atone for the "sin" of a human pair—or their descendants—who never existed?

MILLIONS of devout Christians accept the Salvation hypothesis who have never taken one moment of trouble in their lives to look into that matter of the legend of Adam and Eve, and ascertain whether or not it is based upon fact, or it not, where it came from. Listen to this, and refutation by the clerics of any denomination is seriously solicited—

Dispassionate ethnological research de-

velops the fact, conceded but not publicized by many biblical authorities, that when the Hebrews overran the Land of Canaan, they encountered the Babylonian myths—purely pagan—of the Creation of Ea-bani and Havvah, "the man-and-woman species", confirmed in the main by the Sixth Tablet of the Creation Epic of Bel.

The first Myth represents the creation of man as due to one of the inferior gods who, at Bel's command, mingled with clay the blood which flowed from the severed head of Bel. From such clay the "man-species" was first formed. No more than that. No Edenic Garden trimmings.

The second myth was that of Adapa, in which the first man-species went by the Babylonian name of Adamu. Adamu in the original Babylonian tongue meant "to make", nothing more. Adamu received from a vague and poorly described divine god the "gift of wisdom" but not of eternal life. He had the chance, however, of obtaining the gift, or at least of eating the food and drinking the water which made the gods ageless and immortal. But through a deceit practised upon him by his divine father, Ea, he supposed the food and drink offered to him on a certain occasion by the gods to be "food of death" and "water of death", just as the Hebrew-Anglosaxon legend makes Adam and Eve believe at first that the fruit of the magic tree would produce death.

The third myth was that of Ea-bani, and seems to have been the one most universally adopted or endorsed by the nomadic Hebrews. Ea-bani, "the mortal species," was formed by the goddess Arusu—another name for the mother-goddess Ishtar—of a lump of clay. This human creature, long-haired and sensual, was drawn away from a savage mode of life by a harlot, and such authorities as Jastrow, followed by G. A. Barton, Wor-

cester, and Tennant, consider this to be parallel to the story of the failure of the beasts to satisfy Adam as to companionship, and the success of the woman Havvah as "helpmate" and consort.

PREVALENT throughout Canaan was likewise another creation myth called that of Etana. Its main points were that Etana was induced by an eagle to mount up to heaven that he might win a boon from the kindly mother-goddess Ishtar. Borne by the eagle, the first man soared up into the ether but became afraid. Downward the eagle and its burden fell, and in the Epic of Gilgamesh we find Etana breaking through into the nether world. According to Jastrow, this attempted ascension was an offense against the gods and man's "fall" was his punishment. We are not told, by the way, that Etana had the impious desire of Ezekiel's first man, and if he fell, it was through his own timidity.

On this set of myths, substantiated by Babylonian cylinders in the British Museum, the Hebrews plainly enough predicated their own version of the story, changing Arusu or Ishtar to their own Yahvah-Eloim, making a form of the Zoroastrian Ahrimand, or Babylonian devil, the Temptor, and turning out a version that made Woman the chief offender in the drama. But this is most important—

Adamah in the original Hebrew was never considered the name of an individual. It again was literally translated, "the species that sprang out of the ground." The Book of Jubilees, not the Genesis of the Bible, was the source drawn upon for the original context of the story. Try to get access to the *Fourth Valor Lecture* by the Recorder of the Soulcraft Scripts on the electronic reels, if you want to hear



Horizon's End



THE SUN, the soil, and a wind in the south, a wind
that is free and young,

A cobalt sky with the heart's clouds high, and a
Life's Song to be sung!

With the health, the zest, the time, the lure, and
youth's call for the Spirit's feet,

O the Valiant's Trail is a wonderful trail, and the Upward Road
is the Valiant's Joy,

And the Valiant's Song is the Hymn of Dare: O Life's High
Peaks are sweet!

Across moist hills in the gold of dawn, Earth's pull in a mys-
tery tongue,

Calls through mind's dreams as a new life gleams, and heart
and The Road are young;

For the Door of Birth, the will, the start, with a jest for a mad
world's strife,

O the Valiant's Trail is a vagabond trail, but the vagabond's
choice is the trail of wealth

And the Vagabond's Song is the Hymn of Strength: O the
Mortal Road is life!

That Road sweeps up to the Mind's last thought, the doubt
burns, fired by sun,

God's world whirls strong on Soul's trek along, for the new
course, fresh begun;

To the noon, the dust, the glaze, the glare, to the glow of life's
furnace sky,

O the Valiant's Trail is a rock-hard trail, and a rock-hard trail
skirts the steeps of Pain,

But the Valiant's Song is the Hymn of Hope: Lo, the Road to
Love lifts high!

A brink! . . . a pause! . . . and a sea foamed white, farflung
'neath an opal blue,

Where ships go down and the combers drown the shrieks of
each tramper's crew;

(Continued on Page 6)

the complete account as it finally reached the Anglo-Saxon tongue through the Greek and Latin.

IT WAS the converted Israelite, Saul of Tarsus—who had never seen Jesus in the flesh, never heard Him speak excepting for that epiphany on Damascus Road, when Saul was rebuked for Christian persecution—*who projected the entire hypothesis of Salvation in the early Epistles*, having no greater authority than the traditions of the Jewish religion in which he had been reared in younger years.

Nowhere in Christ's alleged speakings as included in the very first Bibles copied by hand in the monasteries before printing was invented, is there one word by Christ authenticating that He was to die in order to expiate the sins of any literal Edenic man or his progeny.

None of that is Christian—it is Paulist Hebrewism.

In any event, even the earliest Hebrewism is purest mythology.

And yet a vast theology has been erected upon these assumptions of Saul-Paul, writing to the early Christian churches his own ideas and convictions about it.

Christ Himself doesn't say that he was "the first fruit of them that slept"—meaning that before his crucifixion and ascension no one had ever attained mortality, and that his dying on the cross in the original Lenten season set up the institution of man's gaining to eternal life. St. Paul says that. Luke and John appear to substantiate the hypothesis, but no one knows accurately which John wrote the Revelation attributed to him. No original manuscripts have been in existence to help determine the authorship, since the second century, and the books that today make up the Bible weren't selected and compiled till the fourth century. For 363 years, no Bible existed in the world.

THE GREAT Soulcraft Doctrine says Christ was divine, indeed, but He came to this world to set an example of how Man should *live*—with his relatives, his neighbors, and his government. In other words, when we go searching into scriptural origins to get the reliable data on the episode that makes the Paulist brand of Pentacostal theology of so much account, *we don't find it because it doesn't exist.*

(Continued on Page 14)

Are You Using Your Children to Display Your Limitations?

NATURALISTS and biologists are agreed that the first forms of sentient life upon this planet began in sea water. Wade into the ocean along any of our southern coasts and perhaps you may feel a blob of gelatinous substance brushing against your flesh. The water will be crystal clear, yet what has touched you will be invisible. As the waves roll beachward, however, something will be deposited upon the sands. Only when the combers have receded will you see it. It will look like a pie-plate of honey spilled face downward, but with dish disappeared.

Yet that syrup-like clot is a Thing, and before the waves beached it, was alive! The reason that you could not see it when it floated past your legs, was its total lack of color.

It is color and not form that makes all earthly things visible to our eyesight. If the substances making our bodies were absolutely colorless, we should find ourselves living in a world of invisible human beings. We would only know of one another by collision.

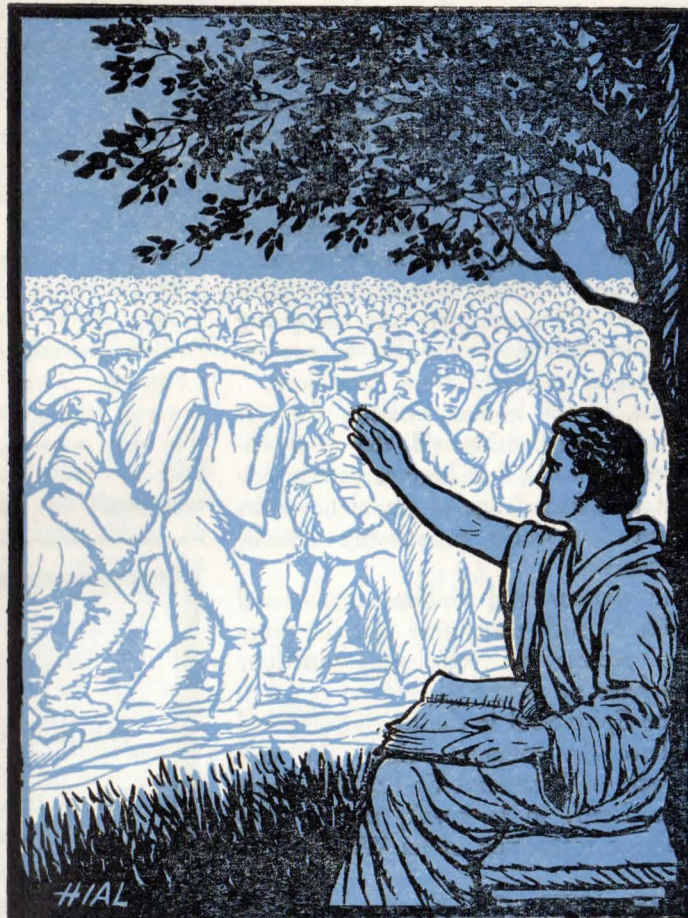
The jellyfish is the lowest form of sentient life that commonly falls beneath our observation today. It resembles little more than a quantity of water that is thickened with starch. Yet Wallace, Darwin, and other naturalists, solemnly conjecture that the Life Principle—that is, the Thought Principle—entering into water, wrought the starchiness of the subsequently “created” Thing. The atomic structure of the water was altered and the gelatinous jellyfish had recognizable existence.

These glutinous forms of water life grew more complicated as to internal and reproductive structure, the naturalists con-

A New Series on the Soul's Progress Up through Cosmos

jecture further. The breathing fish eventually crawled up on land, hardened as to outer covering, and precipitated the Age of Reptiles. Sentient biological life had found a way to reproduce itself organically without evolving in each instance from the ocean. The more daring naturalists then proceed to trace the evolution of forms to the more advanced apes, although conceding that a direct break occurred in the chain, accounting for Homo sapiens, or Upright-walking Man.

WHAT we are called to consider for the moment, is this proposal: If the Thought-Principle, entering into water—which is a liquid—could produce the glutinous jellyfish, why should not



the same Thought-Principle enter into atmosphere of similar chemical constituents, which is a gas, and produce the faintest and most tenuous of physical vehicles for spiritual occupancy? The theory is logical, and the fact that none of these ever became fossilized proves nothing, since they would have been too frail and intangible to leave patterns on hardening rocks.

What engages us for the moment in both instances—water-liquid origin or atmosphere-gaseous origin—is the miracle of reproduction.

These frail and early forms, once patterned, retained the ability of reproducing themselves as forms. And sense-reacting Thought-Principle entered into them and used them. In other words, the Light-Matrix stayed in existence and commanded materials into a structure. In the highest of evolutionary forms—Man—the reproducing structures were labeled Parents, and the structures reproduced were labeled Children.

However, bear in mind concerning all of it, that production and reproduction only applied to the integration of the

chemical structure—the vehicle—that Spirit, or Thought-Principle, was to utilize to get its transient earthly experiences. Occupying and experiencing Spirit-Particle was of wholly different essence.

THE ITEMS of Parents and Children, therefore, whether looked at biologically or regarded metaphysically, concern only reproductions of the organic structures which applying and occupying Thought-Particles may utilize to get experiences as reactions from Sensations.

True, in the human instance there is spiritual guardianship till the newly-enhoused spirit-soul has become utterly oriented to a knowledge of mundane environment that works to effective vehicle-preservation.

But parents and children, considered outside of such equipment and the mundane process of vehicle-reproduction, truly have no existence!

The Spirit-Soul is the Spirit-Soul, and all have the common origin: the vast reservoir of Universal Spirit, that granulates Itself, so to speak, that it may develop a realization of its Wholeness.

THE AVERAGE American, still in the embryonic mental state of amazement that hairs may grow from the back of his hand, no more suspects that such may have been the biological history of his species than the bitch having a litter of pups suspects that our whole solar system can be placed inside the giant star, Betelgeuse.

The Average American is intimate with the high school lass whom he has married, and after a time there is a small and very red human worm, contorting and squealing in the nursery bassinet. This noisy, substantial, and extremely troublesome human being in miniature, resulted biologically from the gesture of conjugation. If conjugation had not been enacted, then such miniature human being would not have made its advent. Therefore in logic, the said father and mother "created" the irrepressible and contorting young one. Creation in the natural form implies absolute ownership.

Father and mother therefore "own" the child by dint of manufacture, and let the metaphysician claim otherwise to his peril.

Observe, however, that what is owned through personal manufacture, is likewise subject to despotic supervision. It

is a fundamental law that a man may do with his own property what he pleases, so long as he uses it not to the damage of society.

Thereby do we discern Mr. and Mrs. Average Human Being wreaking upon their offspring all those inhibited expressions which when directed toward society meet with swift suppression.

If you want to discover how average a man is—in the vernacular we call it "ornery"—study his behavior toward his offspring. The insufferable tyrant at home is the groveling worm outside it. The man who cannot influence society to take the least note of him, due to the magnitude of his stupidities, will strive

to accomplish balance in his life-role by an abnormal amount of obedience and adulation exacted of those who are helpless physically or economically to challenge or disregard him.

This is not saying that dominant personages in the world at large, do not carry their domination into their homes and exert consistent strength of character in regard to dependents in their domestic circles.

On the other hand, it is saying that an unerring guide to a man's stupidities is disclosed by the role that he plays toward his progeny.

Men who think cleanly, sharply, and
(Continued on Page 15)

Horizon's End

While the wind, the space, the spread, the roll, hang a spell on
each silvered sail,

(And the Trades are strong and the wakes are long, and each
wake is a lifelong tale!)

So the Valiant's Way is each tramper's wake, and each
tramper's wake is a challenge black,

And the Valiant's Song is the Hymn of Storm: Hail, Night,
and a slashing gale!

Or Romance plows where the argosies lean, and fade in a
heart-green spray,

Long-bound, it seems, for all Ports of Dreams, at ten thousand
sighs per day;

And each craft that dips and rolls and leaps, has mute prayers
for its treasured load—

O the Valiant's Trail is a romance trek, and a romance trek
knows a rudder, too,

And the lover's song is a Hymn to Grace: Ah, land again, and
a Road! . . .

Across the Threshold of Joy, with Birth, and back with Old
Death once more,

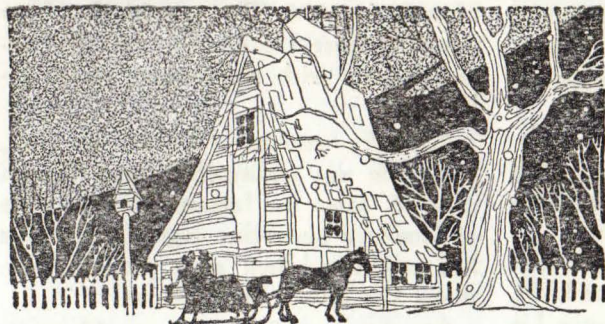
To ledger page of celestial age from Earth's furthest palm-
pricked shore

Comes the Call, the Cry, the High Surmise of the goal where
our heartaches mend—

(Ho, for the World! And ho, for its Climb! And ho, for its
sharpest bend!)

For the Valiant's Trail begs no weakling feet and a Soul must
be strong to voice its song—

That Rebirth Trail that's an amethyst trail, the Trail of Hori-
zon's End!



Strange Experiences . .

More Episodes Proving Soul Survival

Grandson Came Back

FROM Atlanta, Ga., comes the following account of a grandson killed in an airplane accident, making an appearance before his grandmother to assure her that he had not perished spiritually. It was published in the Atlanta newspapers as follows—

"A few years ago my favorite grandson, just 24 years of age, was killed in an airplane crash in the West. For several months I worried not a little over whether or not he had been spiritually prepared to go. Then one day that question was settled for me to my full satisfaction, and never since then have I worried even for a moment over his fate.

"Not long after his death I was in the kitchen, washing dishes. I was not thinking about him or about anything even remotely resembling psychic phenomena, when suddenly I heard a slight noise on the back porch. Looking around from my work, *I saw my literal grandson leap through the door.* The next instant he had clasped me in his arms as he exclaimed 'Muzzer!' which was his pet name for me.

"Stupefied, I said, 'Why, James, when did you come?'

"I've just got here,' he answered, *with his arms still around me.* And he continued to kiss me, laughing all the while.

"I had to exclaim, 'This can't be James. He died and we buried him!'

"Not me!' he replied. Then all of a sudden he commenced to dissolve before me, fading gradually into nothingness.

"I found myself trembling from head to foot, not from fear, but because of the miracle of what I had seen and heard and more than all else, *felt.*

"The peace of mind that followed the experience has never left me."

Mrs. E. W., Atlanta, Ga.

Soldier Described Kit

IT WAS November 9th, 1918, and our boys were driving against Metz in the Moselle sector. The Germans got the range of the 56th Infantry and mowed them down unmercifully. First Lieutenant Baxter Paul Ware fell with his men! He was blinded and could not see. His comrades heard him praying over and over again: "O God, let me see my wife and babies just one more time; O God, just one more time!"

"In a few hours he died.

"On the night of November 9th, 1918, the wife and babies of First Lieutenant Baxter Paul Ware were awakened in their apartment on McLemore Avenue, Memphis, Tenn. There was the young husband and father, clothed in a body made out of a fine grade of electricity, sitting on the foot of the bed!

"He said to her: 'Before I was killed today, I had mailed to you a parcel of my things.' He then carefully named each article in the box, telling his wife what disposition to make of every piece as he named it.

"Two weeks later she heard the mailman ring the door bell and the wife of Dr. Williams, occupying the apartment on the lower floor, call to her to come down and receive a package from overseas.

"She said to Mrs. Williams, 'Wait, before we unwrap this package. *I will name for you every article in it. My husband appeared to me in his spirit body the night he was killed and told me its contents.*'

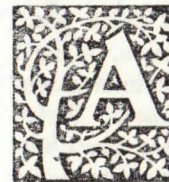
"While the cover was still on the box, she named its contents. To the amazement and consternation of Mrs. Williams, the contents of the package checked accurately with the young widow's descrip-

tion. What better proof that he had survived as to conscious intelligence?

"God had heard and answered this soldier's dying prayer: 'O God, let me see my wife and babies just one more time!'"

Miss A. W., Georgia

Died After Dreaming Death



UNITED Press dispatch from Verona, Italy, under date of February 4th, reports that one Guglielmo Tacconi, 42 years old, of nearby Sastel Dazano,

awoke the previous Friday morning and recounted to his wife how his long-deceased mother had urged him in some sort of dream-vision the preceding night to prepare for death, because she knew that his time was at hand.

Don Giovanni Gaiadoni, parish priest, finally yielded to a request by the agitated Tacconi to hear his "last confession".

Saturday night, on the schedule indicated by the deceased mother, Tacconi dropped dead of heart attack.

Again and again such instances attest that those in the higher dimensions have advance information of some sort of the exact time that loved ones in mortality are due to come over. The Soulcraft Wisdom declares that those communicating through Extra-Sensory Perception explain it that souls are known to have gone into life for definite periods, and it is known almost to the hour when they should quit mortality and return onto planes of spirit. This would mean, in effect, that all life sojourns are definite, and that society itself is conducted according to a specific blueprint of events, in which each living soul plays a role prescribed for him. If this be so, a dream about imminent death would be only the knowledge lodged in subconscious mind. Almost no one is without it.

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Meet Mr. Big



WE'RE supposed to be fighting a sort of death grapple as a nation, against the forces of international Communism. We've not only joined the United Nations aimed at keeping the peace of the world—principally against encroachments of Russia—but we're 90 percent supporters of the U-N and the remaining nations of the earth 10 percent. But what is this thing that we've been fanagled into joining and supporting? Who's at the head of it? Who actually has the say-so about running it?

Well, pretty much since its inception an international character by the name of Trygve Lie, said to be a Norwegian, has been the executive brains of it. He's what is called the General Secretary. When he takes snuff—granting he does take snuff—the United Nations sneezes.

So what about him? What country is backing him in the almost dictatorial position he's coming to hold? Norway? Norway isn't heard from in the United Nations from New Year's to Christmas and back by way of the Fourth of July.

No, according to the *Congressional Record*—no less—for June 7, 1951, page 8361, Trygve is Ol' Joe Stalin's boy. That's how subtle the present set-up is. And all good Soulcrafters should know about it in order to understand what their beloved country's facing . . .

VALOR can't republish the entire article that appeared in the *Record* for the date in question, but it can give the

national Soulcraft audience the essential facts, which originated, so the *Record* says, with Sheppard Marley, originally writing in *Plain Talk Magazine*.

Speaking of Russia's brazen and audacious use of the veto power almost from the first day U-N was formed, Mr. Marley declares in excerpts as follows—

" . . . when the Russians went to this extreme so early in the career of the U-N, they were not acting blindly. Trygve Lie had proved himself a reliable friend of the Stalin regime for nearly a quarter of a century, and fully merited this display of confidence, for which he, in turn, has shown genuine gratitude by definite services to the U. S. S. R.

"Trygve Lie first visited the Soviet Union in 1921 as a rising young official in the Norwegian Labor Party. This group was one of the first to affiliate with Lenin's new Third International in 1919, but it broke with the Kremlin in 1923. Lie, however, managed to remain in the good graces of those who ruled Russia and international communism.

"Lie's most recent visit to Moscow in July, 1946 was made under vastly different circumstances. He was now Secretary-General of the United Nations, and Stalin was supreme in Russia. On this visit he spent 4 days conferring with Stalin, Molotov, and Vishinsky. Upon his arrival in Copenhagen in a Russian plane, he is reported to have announced that the Soviet leaders had expressed the greatest optimism about the UN, and had shown real interest in international cooperation (after all, there were only five Russian vetoes at that time). Lie was impressed, too, by Stalin's wide knowledge of international affairs.

"IN THE 1920's Lie maintained his connections with the rulers of Russia through his position in the Norwegian Labor Party and his membership in an ultra-radical wing within the International Federation of Trade Unions at Amsterdam. The leader of this wing, Edo Fimmen, of Holland, for years flirted with the Soviet trade unions.

"During the 1930's, after the announcement of the world-wide united front, Norwegian Communists were able to penetrate more deeply into the labor party. It was in this period that Trygve Lie performed his greatest service for Stalin: he was instrumental in deporting Stalin's arch enemy, Leon Trotsky, from

Norway in 1936. The question has been posed whether Lie at that time had direct contact with the Russian secret police.

"Trotsky entered Norway in June, 1935. He was undisturbed until the fall of 1936, after the famous Moscow trials of Zinoviev and other high Communists had implicated him in a plot to overthrow the Soviet Government.

"At this time Trygve Lie was Norway's Minister of Justice. On August 13, the day before it was announced that the trials of the Russian revolutionary leaders would be held, Lie sent the chief of police in charge of criminal cases to Trotsky's residence to conduct an investigation. Soon Norwegian newspapers began a campaign against Trotsky, accusing him of plotting with the Nazis and of various crimes against the friendly Russian government.

"Trotsky, one of the founders of the Communist International, reported in 1937 that Lie, 'the Minister of Justice, who not so long ago had been a member of the Communist International, did not have the least sympathy for the liberalism of the chief of criminal police.'

"Later Trotsky received two more visitors from Lie—the chief of the Norwegian police and the head of the passport bureau. He was told to stop writing on current events and to submit his mail for censorship. Since there was no legal way to enforce such restrictions even against a foreigner, Lie next tried to get Trotsky to sign a statement voluntarily offering to submit to censorship. In rejecting this ingenious proposal, Trotsky pointed out that Minister of Justice Lie was aiding the prosecutor of the Moscow trials by trying to prevent one of the accused from replying to the serious charges.

"NOT long after this incident, Trotsky's room was broken into. The police took him to Oslo, supposedly in order that he might testify against the interlopers. He was brought before Lie, who demanded that Trotsky voluntarily accept police control of his mail and visitors.

"If you want to arrest me, why do you need my consent? Trotsky has written that he asked Lie.

"There is an intermediate status between arrest and full freedom,' the Minister answered.

"Trotsky replied: 'That may be a trap, I prefer an outright arrest.'

"Lie complied. Three days later he legalized his illegal act by arranging a retroactive decree giving the Minister of Justice the power to intern undesirable aliens. Then he expelled from Norway Trotsky's two secretaries, one a citizen of France and the other of Czechoslovakia.

"Trotsky has reported that Lie visited him several times in his internment to check on security measures, but refused him permission to get in touch with his friends to arrange his departure from the country. During the last of these visits Trotsky told Lie that even in Czarist Russia prisoners were granted the right to arrange their personal affairs through friends.

"'Yes, yes,' Lie is said to have replied, 'but times have changed.'

"While Trotsky was detained, it was learned that Lie had suppressed a letter written him by Trotsky on August 26. Copies of the letter were forcibly taken from Trotsky's secretaries, but one had already been sent out of the country and was finally published in the Nation of October 10, 1936. In the letter Trotsky appealed for an open trial:

"'To refrain from bringing me to trial before a Norwegian court and at the same time to rob me of the possibility of appeal to public opinion on a question that concerns myself, my son, my whole political past, and my political honor, would mean to transform the right of asylum into a trap and to allow free passage to the executioner and slanderers of the GPU.'

"The Norwegian Minister of Justice did not heed this plea. Instead he arranged the details of Trotsky's secret journey to Mexico, where the Russian revolutionist was murdered by an assassin of Stalin's GPU.

"A decade after the Trotsky affair both Trygve Lie and the U. S. S. R. had advanced in their respective spheres. By April of 1945, Lie was Norway's Foreign Minister, and the Soviet Union was in eastern Europe. In the *New York Times* of January 11, 1947, correspondent C. L. Sulzberger stated:

"'According to responsible diplomatic sources, the Norwegian Government proposed to the Soviet Union on April 9, 1945, the joint defense of Spitzbergen. * * * The offer is said to have been made while Trygve Lie was Foreign Minister of Norway.'

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"THIS move under Lie's stewardship a month before the end of the war in Europe is significant for a number of reasons, since it involved the fortification of the Svalbard Archipelago, including Bear Island, north of Norway. It would have given Russia an arctic base closer than its own arctic possessions to Canada and the United States. It would also have meant, probably, the inclusion of Norway in the Soviet sphere, resulting in even greater pressure on Sweden, which would have been placed precariously between two areas influenced by the U. S. S. R.—since Finland is on its east.

"Aside from the danger of this plan, it would have been a violation of the Svalbard Treaty of 1920 unless agreed to by the United States, Britain, and France, which were joint signatories to the pact giving Norway control of the archipelago. When asked for a statement on the Sulzberger report, Lie declined to comment on any aspect of the Spitzbergen incident.

"Because of little services like these, the Kremlin knew Trygve Lie to be a real friend. The Soviet Union's insistence upon Lie for the Secretary-Generalship of the United Nations has been amply rewarded by his conduct of that high office.

"As Secretary-General, Trygve Lie has the power to select all employes of the UN, to control its finances, and to execute its decisions. UN employes are hired on the basis of a personal interview, and a written examination. 'We don't ask a person what his politics are and we don't care,' said Basil Capella, UN personnel director, according to the Communist Daily Worker of March 28, 1946. The Daily Worker added: 'Unlike the United States Civil Service, the United Nations isn't interested in a person's political belief or in labor or political activities usually called Red by United States witch-hunting congressional committees.'

"In accordance with his powers, Lie selected his own staff of Assistant Secretaries-General, the 8 officers who head the entire Secretariat of 2,600 persons. Of the eight, three are of known Russian sympathies.

"To the most important post on his staff, assistant Secretary-General for Security Council Affairs, Lie invited the Russian Arkady A. Sobolev. In this pivotal position Sobolev acts as liaison officer for the Council. To him come the

world's territorial, military, and juridical disputes for documentation. Thus after having served Stalin faithfully in Moscow and in the Soviet Embassy in London, Sobolev is now able to perform wider functions for his masters. He had much to do with the hiring of UN personnel.

"Lie's Assistant Secretary-General for Social Affairs is the Frenchman Henri Laugier, a Socialist with strong Communist leanings. In 1944 he was the vice president of Rapprochement Franco-Sovietique, an organization similar to our own National Council of American-Soviet Friendship. Lie's Assistant Secretary-General for Legal Affairs, is Dr. Ivan Kerno, of Czechoslovakia, a Soviet satellite—as the world learned when that country, on Stalin's instructions, had to retract its acceptance of the invitation to join free Europe in the conference growing out of the Marshall plan. Kerno has already addressed the pro-Communist National Lawyers Guild.

"In addition to these three Assistant Secretaries-General, Lie appointed pro-Soviet Abraham Feller as General Counsel and Director of the Legal Department of the United Nations Secretariat. Feller's Russian sympathies are well known to his associates. He has been a member of the Committee on International Law of the National Lawyers Guild, which was repudiated as Communist-controlled by such liberal attorneys as Frank P. Walsh, Morris Ernst, Ferdinand Pecora, and Robert Jackson. Feller was also a member of the Washington Committee for Democratic Action, which defended civil-service employes charged with subversive activities, and which was itself cited as subversive by Attorney General Francis Biddle.

"IN appointing his assistants Trygve Lie made one error which he later corrected. John B. Hutson, Assistant Secretary General of Administrative and Financial Services, had the bad taste in May of 1946 to make a speech welcoming Gen. T. Komorowski (General Bor) at a reception in his honor. Outlawed by the Soviet-oriented regime in Poland, General Bor had led the heroic Polish underground army which, in its Warsaw revolt against the Nazis, was first encouraged to fight and was then abandoned by the Russians. The Polish and Russian UN delegates immediately protested Hutson's conduct to Trygve Lie.

Less than a month later the Secretary-General "reorganized" his staff, and Hutson resigned.

"These were only the preliminary moves of the genial Norwegian who calls himself the 'servant of the world.' Such a servant finds himself in a difficult position as both the East and West beckon him from opposite sides of the ideological map. Yet impartiality is made even more important by this deep cleavage. A review of Lie's record in the UN shows that on the UN menu the items approved by Moscow have been served up promptly from the Secretary-General's kitchen, while the dishes favored by other customers have been given less generous treatment.

"The key to Trygve Lie's allegiance is not so much his positive acts, but rather his omissions, which have been more significant if less obvious.

"Article 99 of the UN Charter states: 'The Secretary-General may bring to the attention of the Security Council any matter which in his opinion may threaten the maintenance of international peace and security.' In exercising this privilege, Lie has clearly revealed his loyalties, for he has been quick to put the UN machinery into motion in the direction indicated by the U. S. S. R.

"Lie's first service to Stalin occurred only 3 months after he took office. In April of 1946 the Security Council was considering the Iranian issue, since Russia had failed to comply with the treaty requiring withdrawal of the Red Army from Iran and with subsequent instructions from the Security Council. The Soviet delegate, Gromyko, demanded that the issue be removed from the agenda, but he was opposed by most of the other delegates. Secretary-General Lie then offered the Council an unsolicited statement in which he showed that the body could not properly keep the case on its agenda. A committee of experts to which his letter was referred, disagreed with the Secretary-General, however, although 3 of the 11 members (those representing the U. S. S. R., Poland and France) took the same position as Lie. The Council did not take the advice of its Secretary-General, with the result that today its handling of the Iranian issue stands out as one of its few successes.

"One of the U. S. S. R.'s main policies in international affairs is to achieve a world diplomatic break of relations with the Franco government of Spain.

However much Franco may deserve the condemnation of the United Nations, this particular method of dealing with him is the Soviet's pet idea, and Lie has frequently indicated his approval. In his 1947 report, he deplored the fact that the problem was not "satisfactorily resolved." He neglected to point out, however, that the Soviet delegate had used the veto power three times in one day in order to prevent the Security Council from taking any action against Franco except the soviet plan of a break in relations.

"BUT Secretary-General Lie has not been so hesitant in slapping Uncle Sam around. Last March he told the Security Council that the UN will succeed only if all countries 'resort to the UN even when the most vital national issues are at stake'—an obvious rebuke to the United States for its Truman doctrine.

"Although willing to scold the United States or Britain every now and then, Trygve Lie is much more circumspect in his remarks that might not go well with the Russians. He did nothing to urge Russian participation in the sessions of the UN Trusteeship Council. He took no action on his own initiative regarding the invasion of Greece by Soviet-controlled Albania, Yugoslavia, and Bulgaria. He said nothing about the faked elections in Poland, Rumania, and Hungary, or about the deportation of Poles, Lithuanians, and Estonians to Soviet slave labor camps. He did not use his power in the Security Council when Tito's soldiers shot down American planes over Yugoslavia. He has not called the attention of the Security Council to the civil war fomented in China by the Communists with the aid of the Soviet Union.

"When the Secretary-General travels, he is the authorized representative of the United Nations as a whole. During his tour of Central America last January, his official welcome from the various governments included receptions by President Aleman of Mexico and dictator Trujillo of the Dominican Republic."

VALOR believes its readers should be fully informed as to the personage who essays to take command of the Constitutional United States by means of the "treaty" hocus-pocus that would seem at times to dictate policies even to President Truman. This is the thing a knot of congressmen are organizing to fight.

¶ *DO YOU believe in survival after death? Have you ever had experience with Discarnate Intelligence? If you are skeptical about survival, what evidence must you have to convince you that people do 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!"

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE SOULCRAFT SCRIPTS

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

SOMEDAY in my senile years I shall write my Dawg Memoirs. Incredibly my karma has been mixed up with dawgs. I owned my first dawg at the age of seven—a mutt shepherd—that I fashioned a harness for, and trained after a fashion to draw a cart. Thereafter some sort of dawg seems to have stayed mixed up with me right up to the minute when Mr. Roosevelt and I agreed to disagree on political and other questions and for seven and a half years I was his official guest. They didn't go in for dawgs at the place where he entertained me, but I did have a cocker spaniel, Buzzie, waiting for me when I finally got fed up on New Deal hospitality, and within two months of departing its Social Security I had a long line of dawgs stringing after me automatically, none of them pedigreed, heavenly day I should say not . . .

o—o

IN THIS book that relates my Dawg Experiences, I think I shall devote a prominent chapter to "Dawg Fights I Have Supervised" . . . Actually, of course, that's poetic license, because nobody ever supervises a Dawg Fight—he only imagines he does. When two, three, four, or even twenty dawgs suddenly decide to have a good fight, nobody counts but the interested combatants. A good dawg fight is such a down-to-earth, sincere, concentrated business that only fuddy-duddies want to try supervising it. Why supervise it? Just let it run. Dawgs are so honestly and candidly elemental when they fight. They never go in for the sportmanship of the thing, or stage exhibitions that have the slightest flavor of anything set up about them. *Tear out his gizzard*, is the motto of the dawg be-

thinking to engage in a good fight, tear it out or get your own torn out. No holds are barred, no Markus of Queensbury rules prevail. My estimate of the stamina of a good dawg is his *idea fixe* when the teeth start gnashing. Supervise it? What a mere human being is trying to express, when he talks about "supervising" a canine fracas, is his frantic and futile efforts to separate the beasts when his personal pooch happens to be getting the worst of it. I never saw anybody try to supervise or stop a dawg fight when his pooch was winning. And yet when *all* the dawgs in a good fight are one's own, how is one to take sides? . . . For instance, consider the episode the other morning here at Headquarters. The Dawg Situation here at Headquarters has been slow, since we found homes for the last of Emma's erstwhile litter. The Headquarters Dawg Colony has dwindled to Emma, Fitz, and Butch—two German shepherds and a beagle. Emma weighs about forty pounds, when not effulgent with family; Fitz weighs in at fifty if he weighs an ounce; Butch is a cross between a fox terrier and a dachshund and weighs maybe twenty-three. But Butch can lick his weight in drunken wild cats, and to my stupefaction the other morning I saw him take on Big Fitz and thrash him to a whimper. I certainly did.

o—o

I'M USUALLY up first in the morning among the dwellers at Headquarters, go to the kitchen and brew coffee, lumber-camp style. No use trying to pass the room where Butch spends the night in cold weather, he tears the door down to get out to me, and rather than awaken all the good folk who've labored till midnight the previous evening I silence his barkings by accommodating. Then I pick up a can of kennel rations from the top of the refrigerator enroute—my only extravagance these hard times—pry it open while the coffee boils, and I mean boils, and divide it in thirds. These thirds I set on the garage floor, and watch my only extravagance woofed up in five woofs each. But the other morning, Butch woofed his own ahead of Emma

and Fitz, whereat he headed for Fitz's dish to help him woof his portion. Fitz didn't want any help in woofing his portion and made an adult snarl at Butch. To my surprise, Butch snarled back and took Fitz on. Fitz is an old grandfather dawg with more battle scars than the Navy's Mighty Mo. Right between my feet, so to speak, age and youth were mixing it savagely, with Fitz down and Butch on top. And while these two males indulged their bellicosities, Emma saw her chance and woofed everything Fitz had been devouring when so rudely interrupted . . . I cuffed Butch good for thrashing grandpop, and cuffed Emma for having execrable manners. When I'd thus restored the proprieties I went into the kitchen where the lumber camp coffee was boiling over, and opened a second can of extravagance, to make certain Old Fitz got his chow. Altogether he seemed grateful . . . However, none of this was what I had in mind when I spoke of Dawg Fights I Have Supervised. The prize dawgfite of my life happened afar in the leafy wiles of the Green Mountains and believe it or not, I was one of the combatants . . .

o—o

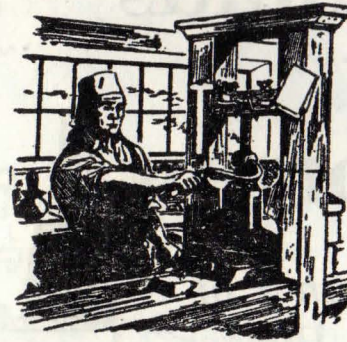
MY BROTHER-in-law, Paul, and I thought we were enjoying a week-end camping in the northeast corner of the state, twenty miles from any human habitation. We pitched a sort of tent—little more than a tarpaulin—beside a pretty world-lost lake where occasionally the trout jumped at sunset. Only the first two days we were there no trout jumped thus because there wasn't any sunset, there was incessant and very groggy rain. We'd cut two forked saplings, driven them into the ground, laid a pole across the forks, and pegged our tarpaulin over this framework. Under the shelter we arranged the gear we'd brought. Then we improvised bunks and reclined in our contraption waiting for the drizzle to let up. It was a hot and muggy summer, despite the mountains, and we lolled in our shorts, reading detective magazines, and ultimately being driven to reading ads. But with us we'd brought my big shepherd, Trouble, as kindly and com-

panionable a dawg as I'd ever owned, and he wasted no time reading magazines in tents: "Troub" roamed far and wide in surrounding woods, starting up rabbits, and catching his own micey tid bits. All that first night—when Paul had been required to arouse and drive an extra center-pole to hold up the soggy tarpaulin—we'd heard an unknown hound dawg running a deer, seemingly near, then far, first to the east, then 'round to the north, then off to the west. Troub had slept near us throughout the next forenoon, then gone forth around one p. m. to rustle mice. I was lying with my head to the west, reading my magazines muscle-building ads. When I heard a snoof behind me, I turned to see what Troub might be doing. Lands sakes it wasn't Troub. Troub was nowhere in sight. But something else was, and it lifted my hair. It was a walking skeleton with a dawg-skin drawn over it, famished yellow eyes popping from its skull. The deer-running hound had broken cover after running all night and was wondering if we might have a stray porterhouse or two we were not using at the moment. I called to Paul to get an eyeful. Then I swung my legs off my cot—clad practically in my birthday suit—and rustled amid the grub to give the poor beast something to sustain the breath of life. I think I found an old ham rind. I tossed him a bit and he grabbed it in one chop. I cut another bit and he grabbed it in another chop. Three or four bits he'd grabbed in three or four chops, when down the grade from the nearby woods came a streak of black fury. Troub was seeing that hound getting fed by his own menfolks and he was jet-propelled . . . He didn't stop when he got to the tent. He didn't even lock brakes and skid. He hit that hound broadside, knocked it *into* the tent, and forthwith proceeded to chop it into a ham rind—or perhaps I should say dog-rind—of his own. The hound, of course, tried to defend himself, what life he had left in him, but I got the brunt of it. They turned me bottomsides up so quick it wasn't funny, and started to settle their dawg argument squarely atop on my chest. In other words, I was *under* 'em. Try it sometime, having two battling dawgs fight for each others' gizzards between your collar-bone and your swivel. Of course, neither dawg particularly noticed whether his teeth got a death-grip on the other jugular or on one of my

kicking ankles. To make matters worse, the battling pair hit the center-pole Paul had so thoughtfully pammed in place, and the whole tent came down on the assorted quartette. Then Paul's inverted ankles were kicking, and the dawgs had two more to grab. I'd gone down squarely in the cook-things and they made as much racket as the general contestants—neither dawg being particularly quiet about this business of tearing out each

other's gizzards or chewing up our ankles. If anybody'd walked out of those woods at that moment and viewed that tent, he certainly would have wondered what in blue blazes was going on under it—and *why*? Paul kicked me in the ribs and I kicked him in the face. The whole tarpaulin covering the fracas gave the aspect of bubbling. Paul solved it by coming in contact with the skillet. He got hold of the skillet's handle, a whole

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lot of tent and fighting dawgs in his eyes, and laid around with the thing. After nearly shearing off one of my ears, he managed to connect with those fighting canines. His idea was to bash their brains out, then they wouldn't want to fight any more. I recall that after spraining his own ankle somehow, although he was by no means wielding that skillet with his foot, he connected with the hound's skull. After a night of running deer it was most disconcerting. All the fight went out of that hound in one astonished grunt. He went out under the south pegs of the tent—or what had been a tent—and took off toward the lakeshore, tail between his legs. And Troub was six inches behind him helping him run . . . Troub chased that hound so far it took him an hour to come back, and he had to sniff me to identify me, I had so much adhesive plaster pasted on funny places. It was one of those things that could happen only once in a lifetime. You see, dawgs take their fights so seriously! I learned that, back in Vermont thirty years ago. Of course, it's the only way to fight. Or else don't start anything you can't finish. I never did, not even with Roosevelt . . .

—THE RECORDER

Adam and Eve

(Continued from Page 4)

The most erudite and devout scholars have never found it.

The fact that the original Man Creation story in the Hebrew mentioned Adam in the plural, accounts, of course, for the generations-long mystery of where Cain got his wife, and where the people came from to supply the populations for the "cities" the Old Testament reports that he founded.

The Adam-Eve story is a fabricated story of an allegedly literal happening, based on Anglo-Saxon translations of Hebrew that are admittedly incorrect.

Isn't it about time that we began to slough off legendary theology for religion, and orthodox religion for Ageless Truth?

We want to believe the Truth.

Myths, in the last analysis, are mostly racial bigotries . . .

But what shall we do about a whole plan of salvation based upon a myth?

Think it over.

Children

(Continued from Page 6)

constructively, who play at their work because they have mastered the thing in which they are specialists, who do not worry over financial compensations or money shortages because they command money to bow to their expertness, these are never found bullying their offspring or making life miserable for tired-faced women.

The father, conversely, who is forever "disciplining" his children, is coarsely disclosing how much he stands in need of such discipline himself.

The parent without spites to work out at life, takes it for granted that his progeny grow up self-confident, sure-footed, easy-mannered, and constructive-minded themselves, in consequence.

How many sons of truly great men can anyone name, who have ended in jail?

Unsuspecting or ignorant humanity—ignorant, that is, in the eternal verities—pardonably concludes therefrom that Like produces Like.

Like does not produce Like. Like attracts Like, and having been attracted, Like profits by example.

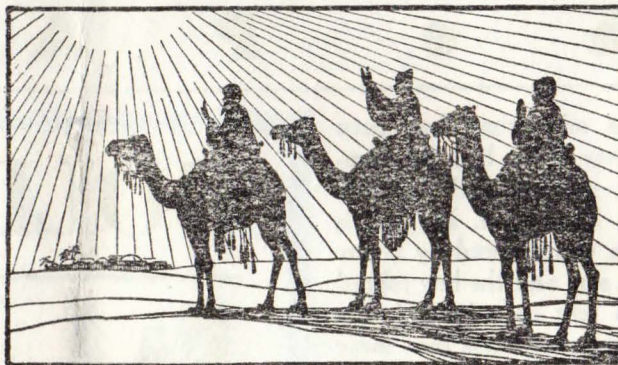
Petty, disgruntled, bigoted parents acquire offspring who need slapping the clock around, because in the matter of parental opportunities for earthly entrance, these more undisciplined souls have to take what they can get.

Besides, they would not feel entirely comfortable with parents of poise and affluence.

Alibi-ing one's own stupidities by using one's offspring as foils for the expression of resentments birthed by a sternly disciplining world, is a characteristic weakness of the persons who are "average."

So their domestic life is bedlam, and their offspring are hung as thieves.

IT REQUIRES brains of a superlative order to make a parent say: "My wife and I have provided physical bodies for three unfolding spirit-souls, visiting this planet briefly and hoping to get increments by our mutual association. We don't 'own' them any more than we 'own' the Pleiades. They are residing with us from fifteen to twenty years because my wife and I can start them out upon three courses which they particular-



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ly want to travel. We are putting them under obligation to us for such service, which up other cycles they must perforce repay in kind. How then, do my wife and I want these three spirit-souls to treat us in turn, when our positions shall have been reversed?"

The parent who makes such a philosophy the basis of his mentorship, may

agreeably discover that offspring slappings are archaic.

Duress is only effective so long as it is exercised. The instant it is relaxed, conditions are twice deplorable because resultant animosity as well, demands its compensations.

Children, to the Average American, are too often Spiritual Opiates.

T h e P A Y O F F

ALL HIS life misfortune had been his. Yet never once had he complained. He got married and his wife ran off with the hired man. He had a daughter and she was seduced by a city slicker. He had a son, and the boy robbed a bank and was sent to prison. A fire burnt down his barn, a cyclone blew away his house, a hailstorm destroyed his crops, the banker foreclosed the mortgage on his farm. Yet at each stroke of fresh misfortune he got down on his knees and thanked Divine Providence for Its mercies..

After a time, penniless, he landed in the poorhouse. They put him to ploughing the east field. A storm came up, a bolt of lightning melted the ploughshare, stripped the clothing off him, singed his hair, and shot him through a barbed wire fence.

Recovering consciousness, he, for the first time asserted himself.

"Lord," he said on bended knee, "give me a break. This is getting to be plumb ridiculous!"

THE BIGNESS of Texas is evident from the following conversation between two residents of Brownsville, down in the southeast corner.

"Whar yo' been lately, Bob? Ain't seen much of yo'."

"Been on a trip north."

"Whar'd yo' go?"

"Dallas."

"Have a good time?"

"Naw. Never did like them dam' Yankees, anyhow."

THE NEWS went around the office, "Jack was held up on his way home last night."

"Yeah," said the world-wise manager, "only way he could have got home, if you ask me."

HERE lies the body of William Jay, Who died maintaining his right of way;

He was right, dead right, as he sped along,

But he's just as dead as of he'd been wrong!

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.

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SOULCRAFT CHAPELS

HE SAID, "Darling, I must tell you, and you must believe it, that I have never loved any other woman but you. You are the only woman in the world for me, also you are the first woman I have ever kissed. You believe me, don't you, darling?" He gazed into her luminous eyes. He grasped her hands in his. "You must believe me," he implored.

She hesitated. Then she nestled her head on his shoulder.

"Yes, I believe every word you say. I love you as I have never loved before. I've never really cared for any other man till now. You are the strongest, the bravest, the best, the most perfect man in the world. Now you must believe me. You do, don't you, sweetheart?"

And why shouldn't they believe each other? He was Adam, and she was Eve.

IT WAS the first case tried in the new courthouse in Stony Gulch. The jury finally came in, after being out for hours. "How do you find the defendant?" asked the Judge.

"Wal, your Honor," said the foreman, "we 'low the defendant warn't on the scene, but we think he'd o' committed the crime if he had been. Guilty as charged!"

THE FOLLOWING was attached to the door of a village church—

"There will be preaching in this church Wednesday afternoon, Providence permitting. There will also be preaching here the following Sunday upon the same subject: 'He that believeth and is baptized, shall be saved. He that believeth not, shall be damned, at 3:30 p. m.'"