

Valor

The Golden Times Weekly . .

How to Live Life with Courage, Wisdom, and Enduring Peace of Mind through Soulcraft
Volume II Noblesville, Indiana, Saturday, March 15, 1952 Number 20

A PURITAN MOVEMENT IN GOVERNMENT IS AFOOT



VALOR has refused consistently from the first, take note, to join ranks of the universal calamity howlers that all institutions in this great nation were on the verge of ruin, and that the Republic is heading for hell in a hack. Those institutions are doing nothing of the sort. The hack never was built that could hold this Republic, for a ride to Avernus or anywhere else. Nothing could please the overseas destructionists more than to get the American populace to believe that "all is lost save honor" and even honor doesn't stand on any too secure foundation.

Falling into that trap is the height of silliness.

There has been malpractice in the administration of the affairs of this nation in outstanding instances, yes. There has been a malodorous effort made to put this nation under the rule of a Left-Wing super-government—it got momentum for a time, but all of a sudden that momentum died. There has been a tax burden smothered upon the Republic's economy that's a temporary headache.

But Clairvoyance is clairvoyance—and sometimes more reliable than traducers dream.

THE truly reliable Clairvoyants throughout America, alleged to be receiving wisdom and enlightenment from the Highest and Profoundest Wits in Cosmos, see this Republic going through a brief bottleneck of readjustment as Americans en toto "find" themselves.



Then they see an era of peace, prosperity, and world influence for this country such as it has never known since it became a nation.

This is something you can bet on!

(over)

THE SALVATION of the United States now begins to be indicated by a sort of "Puritan Movement" within Government itself.

Not that government itself is due to clean voluntarily—far from it. The perturbed pressure of vast masses of citizenry is the force that does the business.

But the spearhead, as well as the instrumentality, by which it is achieved in progressive tempo, is evidently due to be a Hard Core of latent Americanism gradually becoming vocal in both Senate and House as Senators and Congressmen "find themselves" and begin to see through the mischievous and malevolent propaganda that has sought to terrify the American people into giving utter subservience to the artful world strategists.

Already UMT has been killed by the awakening of this Hard Core of Constitutional Americans to the evil direction in which the Republic was being manipulated.

The next thing to be killed, and that eventually will be killed—if psychical prophecy be interpreted aright—is membership by the United States in a Left-Wing United Nations.

NATO is due to collapse of its own ineptitude.

With the slashing of our Give-Away funds by two-thirds, and refusal to put American-power behind the international designs of the One-Worlders, the national tax burden is due to be lifted off American industry—although that won't come, or apparently isn't indicated as coming, until there's been a universal price adjustment based on the old-fashioned, horse-and-buggy principles of supply and demand.

If this universal price adjustment is accompanied, or even introduced, by national conditions comparable to October of 1929 and the two to three years that followed it, that's merely the demonstration of the Law of Compensation working, penalizing Americans as a whole for taking so long to come from their coma.

That adjustment is going to be neither permanent nor fatal.

LAST WEEK VALOR published the names of 37 outstanding Senators whose names belong unquestionably on the Rightist Side in this Great Adjustment Period that's ahead. As a fresh statement for the record, here they are again—

WILLIAM LANGER	North Dakota	LAWRENCE H. SMITH	Wisconsin
STYLES BRIDGES	New Hampshire	GEORGE W. BENDER	Ohio
HERMAN WELKER	Idaho	CLARENCE J. BROWN	Ohio
JOHN W. BRICKER	Ohio	JOHN M. VORYS	Ohio
HARRY P. CAIN	Washington	DANIEL J. FLOOR	Pennsylvania
ANDREW F. SCHOPPEL	Kansas	PAUL B. DAGUE	Pennsylvania
BOURKE B. HICKENLOOPER	Iowa	JOSEPH R. BRYSON	South Carolina
WILLIAM F. KNOWLAND	California	W. J. DORN	South Carolina
EDWARD MARTIN	Pennsylvania	GRAHAM A. BARDEN	North Carolina
KARL E. MUNDT	South Dakota	THURMOND CHATHAM	North Carolina
HOMER FERGUSON	Michigan	JOHN E. RANKIN	Mississippi
WILLIAM E. JENNER	Indiana	THOMAS G. ABERNATHY	Mississippi
ARTHUR V. WATKINS	Utah	JAMIE L. WHITTEN	Mississippi
RALPH E. FLANDERS	Vermont	WILLIAM E. COLMAR	Mississippi
JOHN M. BUTLER	Maryland	J. FRANK WILSON	Texas
JOE MCCARTHY	Wisconsin	E. E. COX	Georgia
HENRY P. DWORSHAK	Idaho	HENDERSON LANHAM	Georgia
JAMES M. KEM	Missouri	GEORGE B. SCHWABE	Oklahoma
WALLACE F. BENNETT	Utah	HOWARD H. BUFFETT	Nebraska
EVERETT M. DIRKSEN	Illinois	LEO E. ALLEN	Illinois
OWEN BREWSTER	Maine	FRED E. BUSBEY	Illinois
ALEXANDER WILEY	Wisconsin	LESLIE C. ARENDS	Illinois
FRANK CARLSON	Kansas	NOAH M. MASON	Illinois
HOMER E. CAPEHART	Indiana	DANIEL A. REED	New York
MILTON R. YOUNG	North Dakota	KATHERINE ST. GEORGE	New York
FRANCIS E. CASE	South Dakota	W. STERLING COLE	New York
ROBERT A. TAFT	Ohio	KENNETH B. KEATING	New York
LEVERETT SALTONSTALL	Massachusetts	WILLIAM H. BATTS	Massachusetts
JAMES O. EASTLAND	Mississippi	DEWEY SHORT	Missouri
JOHN C. STENNIS	Mississippi	WALTER H. JUDD	Minnesota
OLIN D. JOHNSTON	South Carolina	ROBERT HALE	Maine
PAT MCCARREN	Nevada	WALTER K. GRANGER	Utah
JOHN L. MCCLELLAN	Arkansas	RUSSELL V. MACK	Washington
DENNIS CHAVEZ	New Mexico	H. R. GROSS	Iowa
RICHARD B. RUSSELL	Georgia	HOMER D. ANGELL	Oregon
WALTER F. GEORGE	Georgia		
HERBERT F. O'CONNOR	Maryland		

THE FOREGOING, in the main, is the Honor Roll of the New Puritans in government—at least insofar as the United States is of moment. But in the House of Representatives, a similar Hard Core of new Federal Puritans is forming and emerging. Here, for the record, are the names of those Congressmen, Republican or Democratic, who have shown or are showing the intestinal fortitude to put the United States ahead of Party—

JOHN W. WOOD	Idaho
F. EDWARD HERBERT	Louisiana
USHER L. BURDICK	North Dakota
CLARE E. HOFFMAN	Michigan
THADDEUS M. MACHROWICZ	Michigan
GEORGE A. DONDERO	Michigan
PAUL W. SHAFER	Michigan
G. L. McDONOUGH	California
PATRICK J. HILLINGS	California
NORRIS POULSON	California
CHARLES J. KERSTEN	Wisconsin

IT IS a momentous and significant thing that practically no psychic person of note sees this country going over to Communism, or even coming from any European contest with its sovereignty impaired. All the psychics with whom VALOR is in touch see precisely what VALOR has seen from the first—a period of unspeakably beautiful and wholesome Golden Times succeeding this current turmoil and confusion, although all do not see the exact termination of these last alike. The mentors of the celebrated Richard Zenor of Los Angeles (see editorial) put the date as 1965, whereas the mentors and "guides" behind the Soulcraft Wisdom say it is due to appear much earlier, that this year and next are the truly crucial years, with matters mending rapidly in 1954-1955.

But the point is, that they're due to mend.

None of it means, of course, that America's Rightist populace has only to
(Continued on Page 15)

How Religions Get Started From Psychological Wonders

Lack of Knowledge about Psychological Science Causes Primitive Mankind to
Attribute Inexplicable Occurrences to Tribal Gods or Goddesses



WE sometimes get surprising enlightenment when we go to the dictionary and look up the root meanings of words. For instance, take the word Religion. Nine out of ten people assume it means "the worship of God." But it didn't originally. It came from the Old French and Latin term *religio*, which meant "taboo" or "restraint." Literally we might put it that the root significance of Religion is a taboo, or restraint, or circumscription, in our ideas about divine beings.

Then there's Theology. Theology is a compound of two words from the Greek, *theos*, a god, and *legein*, to speak. Theology means then, "to speak about God"—or the gods.

Now it seems to be a fact that every people—meaning people of various races—developed their own notions or "restraints" when it came to thinking about God. Most of these seem to have had their origin in racial complexes, based partly on traditions peculiar to localities, or in tribal vanities or eccentricities that hark back to some psychical personage who has won great renown as patriarch or prophet by conversing with discarnates. Not having the scientific knowledge to understand that such communication is merely talking with persons like themselves who have graduated out of physical bodies—retaining all the tribal vanities or eccentricities with which they died—they appear to demonstrate that they have talked with "gods" . . . Such "gods" talking their own language and tending to approve their own tribal customs, spread the idea among the tribal populace that *they* must be the only "true" people—because they and the "god" thus conversing with them, or making his presence known thus from invisibility, have so much in common.

Thus do Religions start.

IF THE disembodied communicant who talks with the psychical "prophet" de-



velops personal vanity at being thus venerated as a divine being, it's merely human nature—discarnate or incarnate—to play up to it. Soon we have the bodiless one barking orders around, of course through the prophet, and a Theology or "speaking about God" or "with God" becomes of record.

Children born into the tribe grow up transfixed with the awe of what has been demonstrated to the fathers, and the "we-are-the-people-to-whom-the-gods-talk" idea gets wholesale headway.

Very soon holy books are compiled about the history of such assumed epiphanies—or miraculous celestial demonstrations. From these it's but a step to the establishment of a priesthood, who make a vocation of administering the new "faith" . . .

Soon the whole project is crystallized into tradition, and one nation is ready to launch a "holy" war against a second nation where much the same thing once happened from their own psychical demonstrations and the similar course pursued. By that time the progenitors of the original phenomena have graduated out of such earthbound condition and "distance" of time has lent enchantment to the sequence.

But traces of such happenings and establishments remain in the eternal memories of tribal members as they progress up the reincarnational cycle, and no matter in what country or dispensations they

are born later, it's a conditioned reflex for them to cling to the "we're-right-and-your're-wrong" notions as to the immortal gods favoring certain racials and not others.

"We must be God's chosen people," it's reasonable for them to argue, "else God wouldn't have come to *our* fathers, spoken in *our* language, and been interested in *our* fortunes." Where the fundamental blunder is committed is in lacking the education to recognize what process was originally operating.

No one knew, in the original instance, that maybe quite common folk, released from their bodies, had found ways of conversing by the "audible voice". Still less would it have occurred to the tribe in general that the fanatical old medicine man who died year before last, might be skulking around in the tents of his successor, posing as celestial counsellor to the tribe.

That racial segment that is the tribe has gotten off on the wrong foot in assuming that whatever manifests from the invisible must necessarily be celestial. From such ignorance of facts behind the commonest phase of psychical phenomena, religion after religion springs. Made "sacred" by tradition piled on tradition, such a "miracle" as an audible voice addressing Moses on a Midianite mountain-side while a dried shrub was burning in the vicinity, could become translated into Hebrew folklore as Yahvah-Eloim "speaking from the Burning Bush" . . . Knowing what we do today about the more universal operations of Holy Spirit, we can conjecture it was more likely that some patriarch of the tribe had found the telekinetic energy to express himself in speech. It being an audible voice out of the Invisible, however, Moses could put no other interpretation upon it but that Almighty God had addressed him personally. There being no third party present, that we have record of, the actual words directed to him, probably in local dialect could be anything that Moses chose to report that they had been.



Brevet



ALL ME, O Lord, and hear my answer firm;
Give me the bleakest trail, the darkest post;
Send me upon the roughest way, up highest
steep,
Name me to do the thing I dread the most!

Take up the cry I uttered in my youth
When blood and heart were hot and courage rash;
Send me where Death smiles like a mother kind,
Where I walk safely through the claws that gash.

Hear Thou my prayer, Lord, prayed in faith,
That Thou shalt make my life-path sparse of gold,
That I may pay my way with winter's wage,
Strong-joyed to know that I can best the cold.

So pray I now the prayer that few men pray,
Not for Thy largess but for steel of soul,
Thine is the brevet put upon mine heart:
That I shall never reach receding goal!

WHAT IS most significant in the beginning of a religion based on such phenomena, is the fact that the supernatural happening magnifies in importance as it is reported generation after generation, until it has crystallized itself as "gospel truth" literally. Over in the next kingdom, occurrences of similar category have happened, only instead of Yahvah-Eloim being the motivating entity, it's Bel, or Dionysus, or some other

racial deity, characterizing the eccentricities and phobias of the other race as well. People "believe" in such traditions when they become ritualized, because it's a social fiat that they must do so, or be called queer or impious. New generations of children come into the earthly scene and are trained to accept the phenomenal happenings—or at least report of them—as Truth. They fuse the dependencies and securities of childhood with their

concepts of such "sacred" reports, and grow up with them. Feelings of distress are generated therefore when these fixations are assailed by critics of their "faith"—which isn't a faith at all but merely a tribal ideology—and the habit grows of "acquiring" religious opinions that must be defended. So do religions multiply devotees, or denominations within religions multiply devotees, and the pristine "worship of God" becomes subservient to defending the details of some ideology, which, in nine cases out of ten have sprung from really mediocre psychical manifestations.

ALL of which means that as people learn more and more of what the true mechanics of, and conditions of, the Spiritual Life behind material life are, the more elemental and uncontaminated with the vanities and provincialisms of folklore the pure worship of celestialty must be. These eccentricities of "faith" that too often are the mere opinions or "sincere mischiefs" from patriarchal discarnates, become ironed out or rationalized. Such myths as "God having a chosen people" are recognized for their origins, and properly discounted.

More important, the reasons for people sparring over points of "religious doctrine" in life after life, are clearly recognized as well. From defending the eccentricities of tribal deities, evolved out of psychical manifestations, the habit of religious defense is ingrained in the temperament, and finds exercise in what seems to be the instinctive tendency to squabble over mere doctrinal controversies in that they are controversies. People reach a stage where a religion—or we might better say, a theology—that does not provoke controversies, is insipid and innocuous.

Someday the general run of humankind will be far enough advanced intellectually to identify these peculiarities of the human temperament and realize what robots the general run of people are in this matter of reactions to things sacred.

GET the human race to acknowledge two things—first, that the souls of men survive in conditions of matter that make them invisible to mortal sense, and second, that all spiritual life in eternal progression requires more than one experience in bodies of flesh and blood—

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Are You Easily Crushed by Misfortune or Criticism?

FAR back at the start of social organization it was discerned that possessions had value in the exact ratio that a human being had put mental or physical energy behind the effort to originate or acquire them. What a man had put neither mental nor physical energy into creating or acquiring, he placed small value upon. Up through the cycles of civilizations, the principle of the thing has held. Commonly we say today, "What we get for nothing, we rarely value."

The accumulation of that which we have received from studied expenditure of energy, we generally term Wealth.

Wealth, in the main, is stored-up energy. It exists to be depleted. Of itself, it is static, inorganic, valueless.

The minute we start to deplete or disintegrate Wealth, it manifests its value. Disintegration of Wealth we might also call the Expenditure of Energy.

Now there is another word which we ordinarily use to designate unexpended Wealth, and that is Fortune. "The man has piled up a fortune," we remark, meaning that a certain individual possesses his applied energy in a tangible or negotiable form.

But we use the word Fortune wrongly in such instance.

There is rarely such a thing as an accumulated fortune, since Fortune does not mean what we popularly assume.

Fortune actually means: That which has value and yet has come into our possession by luck or blind chance. The word Fortune comes from the Old Latin, fortuna, meaning fate or accident.

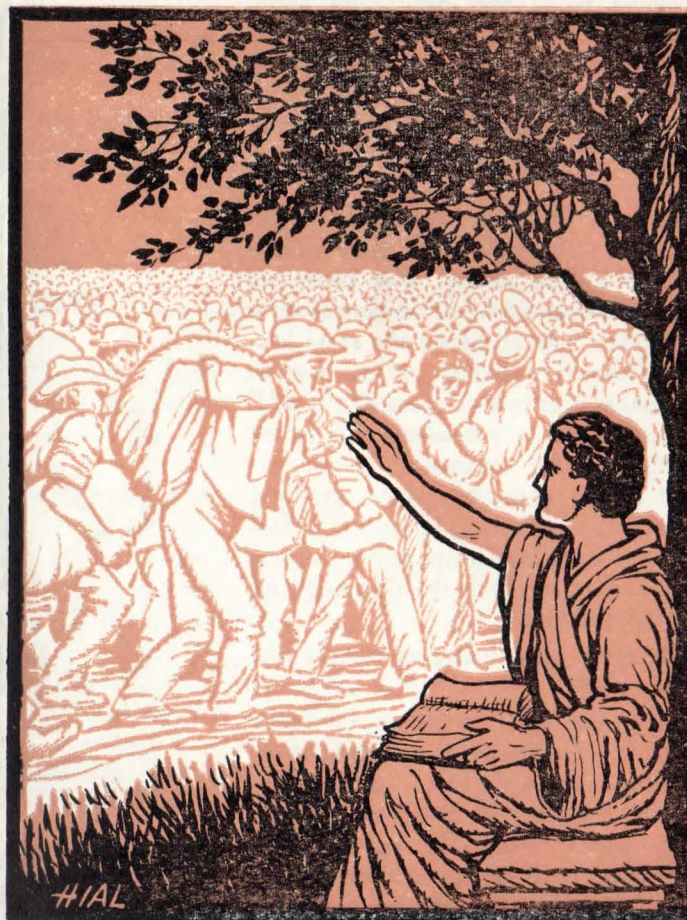
We might say correctly that a man has "lost a fortune," but we would imply

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

that what came into his possession by blind happening, has suddenly gone from his possession through causes beyond his control.

Putting the word "miss—" as a prefix on "fortune," gives us naturally the term Misfortune. But looking at the root meaning of words, we get in Misfortune some more surprising synonyms. Misfortune means "an evil accident, a misadventure, the result of a plan or proposal's miscarrying."

NOW it is of interest that human life holds millions of people who cannot endure to experience "evil accident," or "misadventure," just as we have other millions who cannot endure judgments passed upon the results of their efforts,



of a deprecatory nature. "Thin-skinned people," we call them. If wealth comes into their possession by either application of energy or lucky accident, and they subsequently lose it, or if some caustic critic comes along and tells them that the effort they are putting forth deserves to be classed with olfactory atrocities, they will cringe and curl like a worm on a hot sidewalk and thereafter disclose no more incentive toward their employments than a one-armed bill-poster, recommended to visit a sawmill that he may have both sides of his person equalized with neatness and dispatch.

It is not correct to say that thin-skinned people are lacking in self-confidence, or initiative, or the will-to-power. Thousands of them have all of these, and apply them yearly, monthly, weekly, hourly. It seems to be the sudden reversal of opinion regarding themselves, their value, their capabilities, or their merit, that they cannot stand without internal crack-up.

They have appraised their goods-power or their talent at a certain worth, and are gratified by the figures. Then the "evil accident" or the caustic commenta-

tor comes along and disillusion them completely. What they accepted as being theirs in goods-power or talent, is depicted to them as of quite other merit. The disillusion floors them, their poise is destroyed, they are—as we put it—crushed!

Yet right alongside them may be an individual with exactly the same experience, years, and ability, who confronts the same evil accident or rancorous criticism, suffers approximately the same loss, and is depleted to the same extent in energy-resources. Instead of being "crushed," however, he emits a brassy laugh, gives a short and pithy exclamation having reference to the natural food of squirrels, and presently is pushing ahead under full steam again, to new acquisitions or new displays of talent, with the disruption an annoying incident.

Why doesn't the first person react like the second?

The person who seems to be easily crushed by misfortune or criticism, is experiencing what might be called the Turning-Point Sequence in his Cosmic career. Over a series of lives he has carefully run to type, until he has imbibed spiritually all that the type had to give him. Now he is about to specialize, to leave mediocrity behind him, to "make a name for himself," as we popularly put it. He has profited by the ordeals in his lives to date. He has reached the revelations of conscious unfoldments. He feels himself capable of accomplishing great deeds, and is not afraid to tackle them. But exactly what he is capable of doing actually—so that society takes note of him and places a greater value on his life and talents than it has hitherto done—he cannot say with accuracy. He is in the budding period, coming out of type-mediocrity, but poorly equipped with standards by which to measure his capabilities. The only way that he can acquire such standards is to experiment with himself. "How much *am* I capable of doing?" he asks himself. "I estimate that it is such-and-such." So he sets his stakes.

It is a stupendously important sequence for him. He is doing something that he never has essayed in his lives to date: started to specialize in isolated personality so that he stands recognized throughout all Cosmos by his ability to perform distinctive deeds. He is, in other words, ready to leave the great sheepfold of hu-



manity, where hitherto he has resembled every other sheep, and create a sort of world-sheepfold of his own, into which other sheep may gather to enjoy his bounty or protection.

It is a departure in his consciousness from dependency to responsibility—the first fumbling gesture toward perfecting his ultimately performing Godhood.

So he starts to specialize, to acquire, and to create. He views the first product of his embryonic Personality with a pride as great as that of a young mother in her first baby. He is joyous and a bit terrified that he can be an entity himself, without supporting endeavors of others to sustain him, or without masses of fellow mediocrities about him as a bulwark against misfortune.

Whereupon, just as he begins to get his first momentum of self-confidence, something happens out of a clear sky. Misfortune hits him like a lightning-bolt. Or some cocksure individual shows up in his scheme of things, views his infant endeavors, and with a curl of the lip gives expression to that crude but very significant and typically American idiom: "Lousy!"

At once the tyro at self-expression is whammed down into the octave of mediocrity again—at least in his own estimation—with all his embryonic efforts

gone for naught, his emotions chaotic because his standards are unstable. Indeed, that fraught and withering word that makes reference to predatory insects, gives him a frightening sensation of insecurity. For the time being, he is in a dither as to where he sits in the whole cosmic picture and his mercurial reactions play havoc with his spiritual nerves.

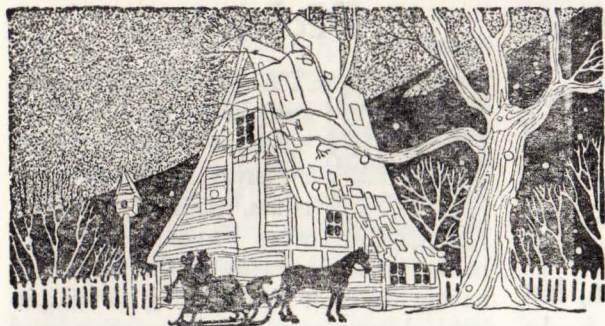
THE WORLD is unnecessarily harsh with mercurial people—whom a little praise will send up into the seventh heaven of delight, and a little censure will plunge in a funk that almost makes them entertain ideas of self-destruction. The world never stops to ascertain how people come by their temperaments, or where they have acquired them. The man with the steady, self-confident, self-reliant nature is commended. The man with the volatile, barometrical, supersensitive nature is condemned.

But the man with the steady, self-confident, and self-reliant nature at some time back in his cosmic career had to endure all the growing-pains of breaking with sheep-flock mediocrity and venture out into the arctic atmosphere of bad luck and blistering criticism. He had to recognize finally that both good and bad fortune are mere swings of the same pendulum of experience, that today's loss is tomorrow's gain, that what comes by good luck and leaves through bad luck, will come again by good luck, and that both good and bad fortunes travel in cycles. He had to learn anent criticism that half the people who practice it don't know what they are talking about, anyhow, and ten to one are judging others purposely to cover up some worse weakness in themselves. He says to himself: "I'm letting my spiritual nerves be frayed by sheer bugaboos. After all, I'm the best judge of myself, and the world—if it doesn't like me—can go to the devil!"

From that discovery, he has become noted for his independence and self-reliance. His temperament stabilizes. People follow his lead.

It is all a matter of acquiring standards as repercussion from Ordeal. When the standards are both determined and proven, the feelings are no longer "crushed" by adversity. It is not so much a matter of growing a thick hide as getting an accurate perspective.

The moment that practical experience
(Continued on Page 11)



Strange Experiences . .

Christ Pictures in the Sky



CONSIDERABLE awesome interest swept the country last month because of an alleged representation of the Christ, photographed in the skies above Korea, showing The Master's figure from the waist to the head, with arms invitingly outflung. The religiously susceptible sought answers to the photographic phenomenon, and newspaper reprints arrived at Soulcraft headquarters by the dozens. That the original photograph had been retouched for half-toning, was obvious to anyone familiar with the distributing of news pictures.

The Korean cloud photograph of The Christ was by no means the first one so procured, and apparently in a million cloud formations, this one did take the sacredly humanized shape. But the phenomenon has recorded and substantiated antecedents.

Flammarion, the great astronomer and psychical scientist, attests that on October 10, 1910 he was working in the Juvisy Observatory in France, photographing cloud formations. Suddenly among the many views obtained within the activities of an hour appeared the representation of an elderly man reclining, with beautiful white hair, bold forehead, and eyes, nose, and beard remarkably modeled.

The photograph, records Flammarion, was an absolute portrait of Monsieur Fallieres, then President of the French Republic. *It was so exact that when someone, interested in his opinion of it, showed the photograph to President Fallieres himself, his exclamation was, "I've never seen a portrait more like me!"*

FOR A FRENCH political figure to have his photo so projected in the skies might be a great political advertisement, considered from the secular standpoint, but from the aerial angle, abso-

lutely without significance. That these are uniformly coincidences of cloud formations seems to be apparent.

Consider this similar case—

One evening in the summer of 1939, just before the opening of the Second World War, a group of Soulcraft people were sitting on the veranda of a cabin among the Great Smoky Mountains, in western North Carolina. The editor of VALOR was among them, and has half a dozen witnesses to what was observed in eastern heavens.

The night was uniformly clear and moonlit, in fact the full mountain moon had arisen some half-hour earlier and was more than a quarter up eastern heavens. Under it, for a considerable space down toward eastern horizon, a vast pillar of almost pure white cloud hung suspended and motionless against cerulean night-blue. The moonlight fell on this cloud bank so as to illuminate its top edges.

Suddenly one of the party cried, "Will you look at the shape of that bank of cloud!"

What was beheld, when attention was thus called to it, seemed to be a perfect outline of a gigantic figure of The Christ in full stature, absolutely vertical in posture and in perfect proportion. The head, shoulders, body and feet, were in silhouette, so too was something that resembled a staff in its right hand, while a shape that resembled a lamb's head seemed to arise from the crook of the left arm. Not in ten thousand years, probably, could cloud formation come into composition in exactly that representation.

As ten or twelve people gazed, awed, the upper currents of air disturbed the proportions of the figure and the feet began to turn grotesquely toward the south—forming the gigantic paper-doll pedal effect that might have been cut with scissors by a small child. Then a rift came in the formation of piled up cloud, so that the shoulders went out of plumb.

A moment later there was merely a great solitary bank of white cloud, riding non-descriptly translucent heavens.

HAD photographic means been handy for catching and preserving that aerial apparition on film, it probably would have produced as much sensation—and been accorded as much significance—as that retouched flier's picture of the formation over Korea. The suggestion that this appearance might have had some tie-in with the European War that opened a month or so later is logical. But the presentation was what it was, only because of the coincidence of the spectators seeing it from the instant and angle which they did. Had that veranda been a feature of a cabin ten miles either north or south, the figure would have been out of proportion or perhaps non-identifiable. It was merely disclosed to half a hundred southern mountaineers who might have been abroad that late August evening in the vicinity of Mount Pisgah. It could not have been perceptible to residents of the city of Asheville, fifteen miles east.

It may seem too bad to spoil a pretty fantasy, but time and time again VALOR's editor has observed sunset cloud formations across the deserts of Utah or Arizona that required no great stretch of imagination to call representations of early Roman cohorts in full battle movement—and one night, to pass from the sublime to the ridiculous, cloud formations in the west took the perfect silhouette of a gigantic pussy-cat, sitting face toward the observer, tail wrapped neatly around his left flank.

Let's not forget that it's often been such freakish formations of clouds that up across history have impressed man with a consciousness of divine beings.

When Christ truly wishes to demonstrate Himself, we have plenty of cause for acceptance that He'll do it in something more substantial than cloud bank!

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OVER THE TOP! and Thanks

ON STRICT proviso that Soulcrafters who have pledged definite sums to the final completion of the *Golden Scripts* publishing—both abbreviated and full edition—do not pare down further on their donations, the sum of money needed to call the work a success *has been raised!*

On February 16th, VALOR reported that as of Washington's Birthday the unremitted balance to finish the binding of the Unabridged Edition of 844 pages, was \$4,514. Contributions received the past 30 days, plus a loan of sizable proportions from a Soulcraft stalwart in Milwaukee, plus the pledges still unpaid and outstanding, *carry the publishing drive over the top!*

All of the "signatures" finished and folded to date have gone to the bindery and the presses at Headquarters are engaged with the last hundred pages of the 844-page edition.

It is hoped to begin circulating the larger edition by Easter.

The Abbreviated Edition began going out at Christmas.

It has been a notable achievement. Practically \$30,000 was required to publish and bind the books themselves. An additional \$20,000 had been planned on to set up centers in 100 cities for their distribution, but it was discovered when the first books became ready for circulation thus, the business real estate in those cities was absolutely non-existent. So that phase of the campaign was abandoned.

Almost 5,000 books of the 448-page edition have gone forward to as many Christian clergymen throughout the land or Soulcrafters who have made requests for copies for personal use.

The point is, that Soulcrafters raised the money and donated it. They've had faith to believe it was a work for their beloved Elder Brother—and the response from clergymen from Boston to Los Angeles has fully justified the expectation that the text of the work would score with them spiritually!

When the last dollar of the pledges still to come is in, VALOR will carry an article describing the whole achievement.

However, it should go without saying at present that the gratitude of The Recorder, that he can issue this report of success on March 12th, is deep.

There will be 7,000 copies of the full-sized edition available after Easter. Many of the clergy who got the shorter edition, have put in requests for the 844-page book, and donors will likewise receive shipments of the larger size as promised.

But there will still remain hundreds of copies of the full size, to inspire the souls of those who now may see life as through a glass darkly.

Declaration

LET'S GET something straight for the record . . . VALOR is not interested in issues as controversial issues, political or otherwise. VALOR is interested in the economic status of the nation—as having the most vital bearing on its spiritual development and progression, and keeping America constitutional as to government in order to best the forces of Antichrist that would suppress the religious gesture en toto and install the sterilities of communistic atheism.

What happens in the economic order in our United States within the next two to twelve years dictates the stability and freedom of all ethical and philosophical thought on this continent in the next hundred years.

Soulcraft, by propounding a wholly new psychical basis for considering the phenomenon of sentient human life on earth, cannot ignore conditions of living that result from correct or incorrect systems of economics, since economics is the practical expression of man's spiritualities in respect to the matter of physical sustenance.

Without physical sustenance, spiritualities are, of course, non-understandable on this plane of consciousness.

In a healthy, prosperous, happy nation, people are free to give maximum expression to the spiritualities. Incorrect economics, resulting in physical enthrallment, warps and prostitutes the very souls of men.

VALOR is interested in the broader ethical aspects of all of these.

And it believes in informing perplexed human folk of all that is good and constructive in prospect for them, instead of coercing them into this or that course through mass fear of reprisals or destructions.

This is as plain a statement as it's possible to make.

And further deponent sayeth not.

Fantastic Figures

HERE is something fascinating about all the breakdowns of the latest federal budget, although it seems to a lot of citizens to miss the point, so

declares an analyst in a California paper who finds we are spending sums thus—Ten million dollars an hour, every hour of the day and night, every day and night of the year. More than \$163,000 a minute. Over \$2700 every second—and that for every second of the year.

No omissions even for the numerous vacations, jaunts and cruises of the Chief Executive.

As much money for one year as was spent by our government during the first 136 years of our national life, including the costs of the War of 1812, the Civil War, the Spanish-American War and World War I.

Enough \$1 bills to keep you counting one every second, 40 hours every week for 11,416 years. Without a vacation, unemployment compensation or a retirement pension.

Placed end to end those dollar bills would reach 324 times around the earth at the equator. And that would make a belt $67\frac{1}{2}$ feet wide for old mother earth. And that's quite a girdle!

Stacked flat, one upon another, those dollars bills would build a shaft into the sky to a height of 6743 miles. And if they were exchanged for bills of \$1,000 denomination they still would stack up to a height of nearly seven miles.

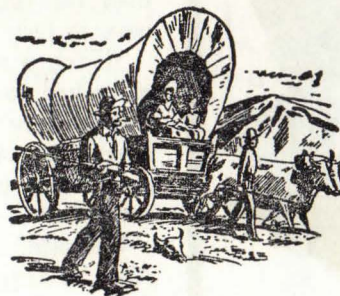
And on and on. Too bad the figure isn't simply an imaginary sum that we could play with and forget. There must be thousands of calculations we could make and still come up with a fantastic answer every time. It is too far beyond our comprehension.

It is true that the administration has used our burdensome dollars to build a belt around the once good earth. And it is true that most of the dollars we earn are being wafted away from us to some place that must be miles and miles away, and like the old ship in the song, they never return. But most of these figures are somewhat beyond our powers of imagination.

What is more practical to us, and more frightening, is a very simple calculation that all of us can make—and one that unfortunately will be made for us.

We are told that we have 60,000,000 taxpayers. Divide that into the \$85,444,000,000 on the budget (a figure which I think nobody can comprehend) and you arrive at the fact that your share to be found and paid is \$1424 (a figure that every taxpayer ought to be able to understand).

The Whole Soulcraft Wisdom in One Book



“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.

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A Description of the Whole Purpose of Mortal Experience, Written in the Style of Valor's Weekly Cogitations!

BEHOLD LIFE gives you the whole working pattern of life—from the lowest brute forms, up past man, into orders and octaves of what man will one day become. *You can call yourself an educated person after reading and absorbing this startling work!* You will find the exposition of the entire SOULCRAFT doctrine—told in language that a grammar-school pupil can understand—reconciling Theology and Evolution, and explaining a hundred enigmas in Holy Writ and Science, that have hitherto been annoying headaches to you. The world, with all its mystifying and freakish animal orders suddenly makes sense to you. *A book for children as well as adults!*

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Noblesville, Indiana



“ROAD INTO SUNRISE”

A Happy Novel for Sophisticated People . .

Why not read a novel that inspires and instructs as well as entertains you? People today are looking for a “lift” in their reading matter, and this mighty story supplies it.

It portrays the possible effects of lifted memory of previous lives, while likewise taking its leading woman character through the portals of so-called Death.

It costs \$6 a copy, for 658 pages, but you’ll discover it the biggest \$6 worth you ever bought between covers.

Include it in your next order to—

Soulcraft Press
Noblesville, Indiana

And before you start enjoying the thought that 1 in 1000 is a big fellow who will pay more than that so that he will take a few pennies off yours, remember how many in that same 1000 pay less than the full amount so that you may have to help bring them up to par.

Which is to say that from now on you are asked to pay for a shiny new automobile every year which will never be delivered to you but will be handed to the government gimmecrats instead with your compliments.

Cheerful? Well, Christmas is past! And Thanksgiving comes after election day!

Richard Zenor

SOULCRAFT has come into possession of a most remarkable book, *Telephone Between Worlds*, authored by James Crenshaw and published by DeVorss & Company, of 520 West 9th Street, Los Angeles. It’s the biography, and exposition of the psychical teaching of the Higher Mentors behind the Rev. Richard Zenor of Agasha Temple of Wisdom in that city. Zenor, an Indiana boy, born in Terre Haute, early displayed the psychic capability that has made him an instrument in the mediumistic manner for great intellects on high planes of esoteric wisdom.

Soulcrafters in general know that it’s not once in five years that *The Recorder* recommends or publicizes books of this nature. But it’s not because of any competitive factor. It’s because not one book appearing in five years approximates in its contents the grade of teaching that the Soulcraft mentors advance.

The Rev. Zenor seems to be instructed and used by counsellors upon the same strata or octave of Advanced Wisdom that has provided much of the Soulcraft Doctrine—but without the Elder Brother background that distinguishes the latter and makes it particularly choice. All the same, it’s an epochal event to encounter counsellors behind another who corroborate and substantiate the main tenets of Soulcraft.

Agasha, it appears, last incarnated on earth in Egypt some 7,000 years bygone where he was priestly potentate over a series of competitive Egyptian States. He now lives and operates on the same elevated spiritual strata as the Master

Teachers who have similarly utilized the Recorder of the Soulcraft Wisdom. Almost every principle and tenet of Soulcraft is confirmed somewhere in this remarkable little digest of the Agasha Philosophy, with scarcely a contradiction or deviation in 232 pages. Reincarnation decidedly is a fact and a principle of soul progression, says this venerable counsellor. Some of the more advanced doctrine incorporated in Mr. Crenshaw’s enlightening volume has yet to appear in the more advanced Soulcraft Scripts, but the parallelism of the two teachings is well-nigh identical, without plagiarism being apparent in the slightest detail.

The Rev. Zenor is what has been termed in Psychical Science, a “vacating medium”—the type described in *Why I Believe the Dead Are Alive* respecting the seances of Mr. George Werner in New York in the Thirties. In other words, he has the ability to relinquish his sensitive organism to the higher counsellor who enters into it and speaks through his larynx. George Werner declared that while this sort of thing went on in his case, he was absent from the flesh usually attending two and three-hour concerts with his demised mother in a higher dimension. He was conscious of nothing that went on during such absences.

To have everything in Soulcraft corroborated by a 7,000-year counsellor such as Agasha obviously is, carries its quota of gratification that similar wisdom has been transmitted thus accurately.

The more of this Truth that can come through diversified instructors in various parts of the nation, the better for the early awakening of more masses of persons. Teachers of the *real* Wisdom are never in competition with one another. They are brethren in a common altruistic labor.

Mr. Crenshaw has written a worthwhile and notable book in *Telephone Between Worlds*. It is distinct contribution to the psycho-spiritual literature of this present volatile period.

Frontier of Science

FOR showing that there may be another world teeming with life but invisible to us because it is in another dimension, a young Danish student today holds the first doctor of philosophy degree in mathematics granted by the

University of Southern California.

He is Fleming Pedersen, 27, who has been studying and teaching at USC for the past three years. He qualified for the degree with a year's research in advanced geometry, concentrating on the so-called G-spaces.

Dr. Pedersen worked out equation for G-spaces with negative curvature, a study beyond the third, fourth and all known dimensions which only a few scientists understand. He will join the Yale University faculty next fall.

It was a combination of circumstances which brought Dr. Pedersen to USC, starting with a trip made here by his fiancée, Nina, who stayed on and wrote to him of the wonders of Southern California.

One of his professors at the University of Copenhagen knew Dr. Herbert Busemann, professor of mathematics at USC and one of the world's leading authorities in geometry, and recommended Pedersen to Dr. Busemann.

After Dr. Pedersen arrived here, he and Nina were married. She became a secretary in the USC mathematics department and he began study under Dr. Busemann. —*Los Angeles Examiner*

Misfortunes

(Continued from Page 6)

begins to show the thin-skinned person that a little hard luck doesn't floor him permanently but leaves him decidedly stronger in his mental muscles—and the moment that he makes the discovery that the major lot of his critics are talking through their hats—he gets over the business of being “crushed.” A few real successes, in spite of hard luck and unkind comment, start the pregnancy of self-confidence, and presently he is having litters of Successes all over the place, so fast that he can't stop to name them. He “finds himself” in other words, and stacks up his ability and judgment against all comers.

Having a mercurial, unstable temperament for a life or two, is therefore a sign of a definite unfoldment. The person has commendably “made the break” away from the status of the nondescript and begun to function in personalized isolation. Give him credit for having arrived at the cosmic status where the next higher step is possible!

¶ 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

that hung from the ceiling and was supposed to be something snazzy, the easel with the plush-framed painting of the bowl of apple blossoms, the various stuffed chairs, the fringe on the mantel lambrequin. "But we moved from that house when you were four months old!" she exclaimed . . . and the dear soul couldn't figure it.

o—o

FROM THE ripe old age of four, I recall with maximum distinctness an episode that mother preferred to forget. We lived up in Templeton Center at the time, almost a year before my only sister was born. Funny thing, ruminating upon it now, I seemed to know perfectly what was happening in the obstetrical chamber the night of that Blessed Event and didn't think it at all extraordinary. But that's not what I started to talk about. I started to talk about the morning in that same country house when father came into the back kitchen suddenly and found me with one chair piled upon another, and me up on the top chair, stuffing the mouth in my face with delectable apple pie which mother kept on a high shelf else she wouldn't find it when she came to look for it. "Aha!" he cried, stimulating the relish with which the legendary Giant came upon the legendary Jack and expressed the legendary remarks having to do with the digits on his hands and the savory odor of the gore of residents of Great Britain. I was caught with the goods, no mistake about that, but wasn't quite prepared for the penalty to be meted out to me. "You know," father reminded me with deadpan countenance, "what I promised would happen to you the next time I caught you rifling this pantry?" Uh-huh, I remembered. "What was it?" he demanded, as though checking on a memory exercise. "You said you turn me out in the cold and cruel world!" . . . Father put on his most tragic manner. "Precisely!" said he. And he called to my mother. "Gracie," said he, "our boy has deliberately disobeyed. So this is the sad, sad day when we lose him. Get his clothes, Gracie. Pack his little bundle. We shall

bid him adieu for the last time and watch him go out of our lives forever!" . . .

o—o

MOTHER played up to it. "Oh, oh, oh!" she effected to weep. "To think I should lose my only, only little boy over a slice of mere pie. But I suppose there's no hope for it," and she went to get my best little velvet pants, and pleated blouse with the turned-back cuffs, and brown russet shoes and all the rest of my Sunday-go-to-meetin' gear. The atmosphere got gloomier and gloomier as they bedecked me in these garments. A sizable bandana was laid out, my play-shoes, and some flapjacks placed in the center of it, along with an assortment of clean handkerchiefs, and some sugar cookies, and the patent fiddling cat that my aunt had given me the recent Christmas. All my possessions were wrapped in the bandana at last, my fond and loving—but imminently bereaved—parents watching my face all the while for the slightest pucker of my lip that indicated remorse that I had brought such tragedy upon myself. The corners of the bandana were tied when all these rites were completed, and grandpop's cane thrust through the top, that I might fare forth Ragged Dick fashion into the Cold and Cruel World to "seek my fortune" . . . To the front door at last they escorted me, and mother kissed me convulsively. Would I remember her in my old age, when I had children and grandchildren of my own, and recall that it was a violated plate of pie that had forever parted us for life? What I said I don't recall, memory falls down there, despite Dianetics. But father was beginning to wear a quizzical look by the time the front door was opened and I was to be propelled forth parentless into the frigid and barbarous universe. "I hope this is working, Grace," he said beneath his breath, "but between you and me, I've got a hunch there doesn't seem to be much punishment in it for him" . . .

o—o

DECIDEDLY there was not! If there was one thing that held every advantage and every appeal to me, it was

HIS BUSINESS of going back in memory fascinates me. It's truly astounding what you can recall when you really make a try at it. The patients in Dianetics, I'm told, are carried back on the so-called Time Track day by day, week by week, and month by month, on the hunt for engrams and other microbes that have messed up your E Pluribus Unum when you haven't been aware of it. But pshaw! . . . you don't actually have to trace back day by day and week by week, to get on any such Time Track. Take my suggestion and pick out any location where you've lived as a younger person and truly start recalling all the features of it. Imagine yourself back in the village school which you attended at six, if you did attend it, actually throw yourself back into it. You'll be astounded how it will gradually come back to you where every pupil sat, and what each name was, and where every blackboard was located, and the pot-bellied stove, and the wood-box, and the location of the entrance and exit doors, and even what was written from time to time on the blackboards themselves. At least I can. And that goes back to 1895-96, the memorable year when William McKinley ran politically against William Jennings Bryan and won. But it seemed at times that I was already an old man when that happened, because I remember so much preceding it. At one time, not so long ago, before my beloved little mother graduated from her body at the age 81, I sat and recounted to her the details of the "best parlor" in the house in Goodrich Street, Lynn, Massachusetts, where everybody alleged that I'd been born. And I had every feature right—the "Air Castle"

being kicked out into the Cold and Cruel World, *sans* parents. Mother's tears bored me, I was actually so anxious to take up life on my own. Father found ten cents and pressed it upon me, to become the basis of my fortune—he hoped, he hoped—"down future years". So having done their duty by an ungrateful child, they let me get through the door and go down the walk. By the time I got to the fence corner, I was going so fast I was skidding, fearing they'd change their minds. I got down past the fenced orchard and past the Davis house, and Blodgett's store, and I ran squarely into a man who in a measure was my namesake. His name was Dudley, and he was a carpenter. "Hey, young fellar," he greeted me, detaining me, "whar 'bouts you think you're goin'?" . . . I cried, fuming at the frustration, "Out into the cold and cruel world to seek my fortune." He scowled. "Your folks know 'bout this, young fellar?" . . . "Huh," said I, "they've sent me." He scowled deeper. "They've *what*?" . . . "Uh-huh, pa said if I stole pie he'd kick me out, and I'm kicked. I'm on my way to New York and Boston, and you got no right to stop me." I watched my chance, pulled loose from him, darted between his big legs and was soon a blue line down past the schoolhouse and tannery, on the hill towards East Templeton . . .

o—o

MOTHER reported to me in maturer years that father had stood for a time, watching me out of sight as though he'd swallowed a large, green, fuzzy worm. "Why, he's not in the slightest remorseful," he exclaimed. "No," said mother. "I wouldn't say he is." . . . "But the whippet will get himself *lost*!" father bellowed—about the time I was negotiating the space between Old Man Dudley's gams. "I think," mother said, "This thing has gone too far, you'd better go after him." Father jammed his hat on his head, murmured something about the thankless responsibilities and hazards of being a parent, and took off down the road to kick the Willing Prodigal from the cold and cruel world *back into* the kindly and comfortable domicile—that is, providing he could locate him. Which he immediately realized he was going to have trouble doing, when he moved in four-foot strides down below the tannery and I was nowhere apprehensible. The fact was, I'd strongly sus-

pected some parental renigging on this inviting exploit, and taken myself from the public highroad where I might be personally renigged out of season. I gave an abbreviated ending to this episode in *Door to Revelation*. Actually, I saw father go down the grade like a jet-propelled something-or-other fifty or more years ahead of its invention. I turned off across Braithwaite's and let him leggit clean to the lower village, when at last he realized

the whole works had gone sour. Where was his four-year-old valiant? If he ever got his hands on him again, pie or no pie, he wouldn't dispatch him under his own steam out into the cold and cruel world, he'd skin him. I knew that also. Something told me, maybe prenatal Mind. I did not care to be skinned by my dad in this reactionary frame of mind when the works had gone sour. As a matter of fact, I hadn't been scared two cents'

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\$25 for the Five

SOULCRAFT CHAPELS

Noblesville, Indiana

Thresholds of Tomorrow

By the Author of
"No More Hunger"



Here are the printed versions
of the **MAGIC CASEMENT**
series of *Electronic Discourses*
available to you in one book!

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

A Clairvoyant Picture of Changes Coming at Home and Abroad

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

A Beautiful Volume: \$5

Soulcraft Press, Inc., Noblesville, Ind.

worth of the cold and cruel world. I could lick it and knew it, and was willing to begin, right there and then.

o—o

DID I upset that village of Templeton Center before three o'clock that afternoon? I most certainly did. They had everything out but the bloodhounds, and they didn't have the bloodhounds out because Templeton Center didn't have any bloodhounds. But if Templeton Center had contained bloodhounds, they certainly would have been out and they would have tracked me to my lair, or any pinnacle of Success I suppose I'd attained on my original ten cents. The fact was, kindly old Doctor Johnson had come along in his two-wheeled gig and bundled me aboard under the proffer of a lift to New York, assuming naturally that I'd run away but somewhat puzzled that I'd run away with clean handkerchiefs in my improvised knapsack. The sandwiches, sugar cookies and toy mechanical cat he could understand, but the small boy doesn't live who'd bethink to take six clean handkerchiefs when turning prodigal and nominating himself in later years for the fatted calf. Anyhow, Johnson had been headed *away* from the village when he did the pickup, which explains why I'd forgotten the long ride that took four hours while he called on his patients. I fell asleep while he was doing that, and when I woke up, I was in my own small bed in the side room at home and father and mother in the kitchen were enjoying an argument that made the teacups rattle in the cupboard. "The trouble with that boy is," I overheard father orate, "he's too dam' independent!" . . . Came an awful silence as mother realized that for the first time since she'd married him, father had used what then was considered profanity. "Will Pelley," she said in awful voice, "if you curse over this, after what you tried to do to that poor defenseless little tot, I'll . . . I'll . . . *leave you!*" . . . I stopped it by bawling, "Hey, where's my two sandwiches and sugar cookies? *And someone's stole my ten cents!*" . . . What father came in and said to me in substance was the colloquy with which I ended the episode in the *Door to Revelation*, page 15 . . . Mother brought me in twenty-five cents, because I'd apparently lost my dime somewhere in the doctor's gig, so I thus made 15 cents on the deal . . . No, there isn't a bit of need for my re-

membering back day by day and week by week. I can still feel the thrill of that freedom as I got loose from Old Man Dudley and scuffed down the grade toward East Templeton with the world before me . . . Well, I've reached the World now, looked it over and found it not so hot. Tonight, dad, I'd come back without any kindly old country physician to tote me . . . Fifty-eight years ago that was, the whole of it. Where tonight are all those honest old crockery dishes that rattled in correct confirmation in the cupboard when father said I was too dam' independent? . . .

—THE RECORDER

Federal Puritans

(Continued from Page 2)

fold its hands and wait. Decidedly the reverse. The things that the Rightist groups all over the nation, as well as in the Senate and House, are slated to do of their own vigorous self-assertion, are slated to bring the therapeutic condition into operation.

So get your chins up, Soulcrafters, and get out of the Bullfrog Chorus about America's future. *Croaking has no place in the glorious vista of what's ahead!* . . .

Religion, Psychics

(Continued from Page 4)

and ninety-five percent of the "mystery" in so-called Religion vanishes.

And why shouldn't it vanish? What need have we of it? Can't we worship God and the celestial ideal in simple gratitude for the boon of life itself, without requiring the supernatural to demonstrate in connection with it to give it validity?

No study in all life, as life goes, is more consequential therefore than Psychological Science, or what the educated call Eschatology. Psychological Science underlies the behavior of spiritual man, and it's spiritual man that conceives and defends religion and the cultural profits growing out of religion, that reflect in civic life and educational institutions.

The ancient adjuration, "Know thyself", means primarily the average human being must know the possibilities and imperishabilities of his own spirit.



"STAR GUESTS"

PEOPLE who want to get the entire Soulcraft Doctrine should read the books in the following order: *Why I Believe the Dead Are Alive*, *Behold Life*, and *Star Guests*.

There are several other Soulcraft volumes treating of special subjects, such as *Thinking Alive*, *Earth Comes* and *Thresholds of Tomorrow*, but the first three named give the whole plan of life in progressive revelation.

If you're interested in Christian Mysticism these books will prove a rare treat to you. Along with the *Golden Scripts*, which have just been reprinted in an 844-page edition, the Soulcraft books offer the greatest wealth of esoteric information found in America today.

Here is everything contained in the Ageless Wisdom of the mystics plus the latest findings of modern psychical research. The whole cosmic scheme of Creation is expounded in these pages, including the infamous Sodomite Era and "Fall of the Angels" resulting in the real sin of Adam—strangely tied up with the Missing Link of the Darwinian Evolutionists.

Anyone reading and absorbing these books possesses a unique education. Particularly does he understand the spiritual history of the human race. Out-of-print copies of the Soulcraft books have sold for as high as \$40 the volume. And their printing has always been commensurate with their contents.

The Deluxe Edition is now exhausted on this fundamental Soulcraft work, but 200 copies are still available in Cloth for \$3 each, prepaid. The whole Soulcraft background is contained in this esoteric treatment of human origins . . .

SOULCRAFT PRESS, Inc.

Let's recognize God as being the Universal Father indeed, by disassociating Him with the probabilities of His being connected with anything provincial or tribal.

A CUB Reporter was warned by his city editor that if he continued to use over-much language, he would be

fired. "Cut everything down to bare snarled the editor. "We can't have you typing all over the place."

The reporter remembered. Next day he showed up with this item:

"As ex-congressman Jones was walking down the street at three this afternoon, he felt he was going to die. So he leaned against a telephone pole and made good."

T H E P A Y O F F

THE STORY is related that President Wilson was traversing the Golden Streets when he came face to face with none other than Moses.

"Well, well," said the great Hebrew patriarch, "aren't you Woodrow Wilson?"

"I am."

"Weren't you President of the United States during World War I?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, accept my sympathy. What they did to your Fourteen Points was a disgrace to the human race."

"Huh," said Wilson, "you ought to pay a trip to earth and see what they've done to your Ten Commandments."

THE FLOWER SHOW had been a great success and a few evenings later the head sponsor was reading the account of it out of the weekly paper to his wife. Suddenly he stopped aghast and sprang from the room.

His wife reached for the paper to learn what had upset him. Her eye caught this tribute to her enraged husband—

"As Mr. Smith mounted the platform to distribute the awards, all eyes were fixed on the large red nose that he displayed. Only years of patient cultivation could have produced an object of such brilliance."

A YOUNG man tried to impress his Sunday School class with the infinite powers of the Creator.

"Did you ever stop to think, children," said he, "of the marvelous creative powers of the All Wise Father? The same power that lifted the everlasting hills made the babbling brook. The same power that creates the mighty cyclone sends the fragrant zephyr. The same power that made me, made a daisy!"

IN DISCHARGING a worthless tramp printer the country editor cried, "You are not only fired, but I intend to show you up in the next issue of this newspaper."

"Phooie!" retorted the departing journeyman. "I can walk outside your circulation in fifteen minutes."

The Valor Lectures

are going over with sudden acclaim. Newcomers are returning to hear the next one. *Are you hearing them?* The current one is

"MIRACLES"



Get information about a wire or tape Recorder, from Soulcraft Headquarters. The reels are sent you on a basis of your donating to the work what you consider them to be worth, for the spiritual good they have done you.

A DISEMBODIED spirit met a realtor on the other shore.

"Mighty fine place you've got here in heaven," said the admiring arrival.

"Heaven? This ain't heaven," laughed the realtor.

"It must be heaven. Hell certainly couldn't be anywheres near so attractive."

"Oh, yeah? That's because you probably got a glance at the place before I took it over."

A MAN accustomed to the best in hotel rooms was shown to a suite that soon disclosed another tenant, a big rodent with long whiskers. He pulled his trousers back on, and went down to the desk at once to report it.

"Front!" the clerk cried, striking a bell. "Cat at once for Room Twenty-six!"

A SKYSCRAPER was once negotiated stair by stair by a rural visitor to the city who staggered into an office on the top floor a physical wreck.

"Why in the world didn't you take the elevator?" the friend cried whom the farmer had climbed so high to see.

"Just missed it," said the weary pilgrim of the flights.

A MAN declared that he had the most perfect wife that ever lived. A friend asked him if it really wasn't somewhat of an ordeal to go through life with a paragon of such virtue?

"Well, I may have put it a little strong," the husband qualified. "Absence makes the heart grow fonder, you know. If she has any little fault at all, it's a tendency to profanity when intoxicated."