

# Valor

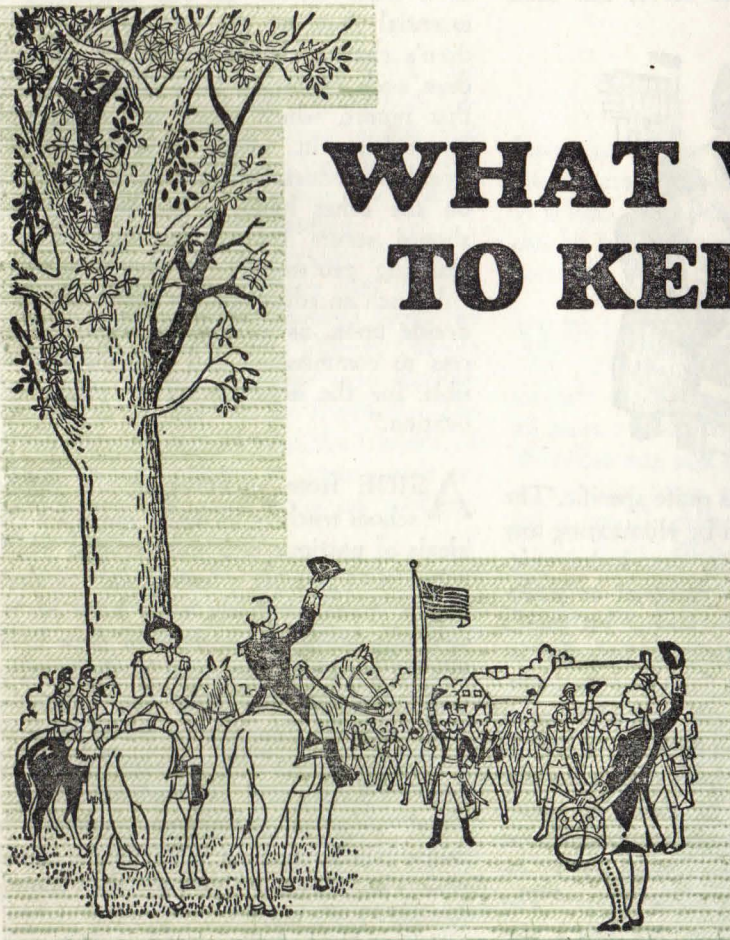
The Golden Times Weekly . . .

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

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Number 21



## WHAT WE SHALL DO TO KEEP OUR IDEALS

“HOW anyone who venerates and loves Old Glory as symbol of the deathless march of United States through the years to fulfill its destiny as a free and independent Republic,” he declared in the Congress on October 18, “can read this documented evidence of the greatest and most malignant plot in history against the future of this country, and not do something about it, is more than I can comprehend. Just how careless and unthinking can we be, that we permit this band of spies and traitors to exist another day in this land we all love? Are there no limits to our callousness and neglect of palpable and evident treason stalking rampant through our land, warping the minds and imaginations of even our little children, by the lying propaganda and untruths we allow to be fed to them through this monstrous poison?”

“It is my sincere hope that every parent of every child in America may be able to read the inroads that this infamous plot has already made in the educational system of America, and, reading, may feel impelled to do something about it, both locally and nationally, and particularly at the voting booth.

“UNESCO, the United Nations Educational, Scientific, and Cultural Organization, is a subversive association! It is consciously furthering a campaign calculated

**L**R. JOHN T. WOOD, Idaho Congressman, minces no words when it comes to describing the most imperative task facing Americans today—departing United Nations, and seeing that United Nations departs America. And no tears shed when it leaves, bag and baggage. In the article that follows, he discloses why it's a *must*.

It's the pernicious nature of the U-N Educational, Scientific, and Cultural Organization, he gives us now:



to pervert the teaching profession in this country, and so destroy the worth and integrity of America's first bulwark of freedom—our tax-supported public schools.

Strong words? Yes, but not strong enough to alert you and the American people to a proper understanding of the UNESCO menace, which, unless met squarely and eradicated by the concerted action of parents, teachers and the general public, may shortly transform our schools into laboratories for the systematic destruction of all sense of national allegiance and loyalty in the minds and hearts of America's school children.

UNESCO's scheme to pervert public education appears in a series of nine volumes, titled "Toward World Understanding," which presume to instruct kindergarten and elementary grade teachers in the fine art of preparing our youngsters for the day when their first loyalty will be to a world government, of which the United States will form but an administrative part. The booklets bear the following individual numbers and titles:

I. Some Suggestions on Teaching About the U. N. and Its Specialized Agencies.

II. The Education and Training of Teachers.

III. A Selected Bibliography.

IV. The U. N. and World Citizenship.

V. In the Classroom With Children Under 13 Years of Age.

VI. The Influence of Home and Community on Children Under 13 Years of Age.

VII. Some Suggestions on the Teaching of Geography.

VIII. A Teachers' Guide to the Declaration of Human Rights.

IX. Some Suggestions on the Teaching of World History.

These booklets are cheaply priced for maximum distribution and are printed by Columbia University Press, New York. This seems appropriate, considering the role Columbia's Teachers College has long played in developing new methods for radicalizing and internationalizing public education in this country. The institution has become well-known as a hotbed of British Fabianism, that peculiar type of creeping socialism which sired the present Labor Government which has reduced England to fourth-rate power and a star boarder in the European sec-

tion of America's world charity ward.

UNESCO's booklets read like the propaganda put out by United World Federalists, Inc., which has been denied tax exemption because of its specifically political nature. They begin by advancing the totally un-American doctrine that the prime function of public education in the United States must be that of capturing the minds of our children, at the earliest possible age, for the cause of political world government. The teacher is urged to devote every classroom minute to this end, and every subject taught must serve, or be revised in such a manner that it is made to serve, this same central objective.



THE PROGRAM is quite specific. The teacher is to begin by eliminating any and all words, phrases, description, pictures, maps, classroom material or teaching methods of a sort causing his pupils to feel or express a particular love for, or loyalty to, the United States of America. Children exhibiting such prejudice as a result of prior home influences—UNESCO calls it the outgrowth of the narrow family spirit—are to be dealt an abundant measure of counter propaganda at the earliest possible age. Booklet V, on page 9, advises the teacher that: "The kindergarten or infant school has a significant part to play in the child's education. Not only can it correct many of the errors of home training, but it can also prepare the child for membership, at about the age of seven, in a group of his own age and habits—the first of many such social identifications that he must achieve on his way to membership in the world society."

Following this same line of attack upon patriotism and its parental encouragement, the same booklet, on pages 58-60, goes on to further poison the minds of our teachers by adding:

"As we have pointed out, it is frequent-

ly the family that infects the child with extreme nationalism. The school should therefore use the means described earlier to combat family attitudes that favor jingoism. Education for world-mindedness is not a problem that the school can solve within its own walls or with its own means. It is a political problem even more than an educational one, and the present position of teachers does not, in general, permit them to intervene in the field of politics with the requisite authority. We thought with cautious optimism that educators might now besiege the authorities with material demands in the manner of a trade union. In our opinion it is essential that, on the one hand, a children's charter should secure for all children such education as is summarized in this report, which alone can create the atmosphere in which development of world-mindedness is conceivable, and that, on the other hand, a teacher's charter should secure for all members of the teaching profession the liberty to provide such an education by the means they decide upon, as well as the right of access to commissions and councils responsible for the organization of public education."

ASIDE from encouraging the public school teachers to make war upon the ideals of patriotic national devotion which UNESCO sees as infecting our children in the home, precisely what kind of instruction would the authors of these UNESCO booklets introduce by influencing public opinion, besieging the authorities with material demands in the manner of a trade-union, and by pressing for a Children's Charter and a Teachers' Charter, which refer to instruments prepared in treaty form, making UNESCO principles the supreme law of the United States? Let's see.

First of all, teachers are urged to suppress American history and American geography which might enhance pro-American sentiments which UNESCO wishes to sterilize. Here is how booklet V, on page 11, treats the problem as it affects children aged 3 to 13 years:

"In our view, history and geography should be taught at this stage as universal history and geography. Of the two, only geography lends itself well to study during the years prescribed by the present survey. The study of history, on the other hand, raises problems of value

(Continued on Page 10)



History Will Repeat in this Situation  
because of Cosmic Blueprints Involved . .

# A New Puritan Ground-Swell Is on the Make



**P**EOPLE today hold the most extravagant and fallacious views about the one-time Puritans. Those views are due for a drastic overhauling.

To begin with, the average American today confuses the Puritans with the Pilgrim Fathers who disembarked from the Mayflower in 1620. The Pilgrim Fathers—and of course mothers—were Separatists from the Church of England. The Puritans were members of the Church of England who sought to bring about reforms, and get away from its tendency to Romanist ritualism.

The Puritans, in other words, constituted one body of English Church members who rebelled against such ritualism during the reign of Queen Elizabeth. They were divided into sects which wanted reforms within the Church, others who desired a Presbyterian form of church government, and still others who opposed a state church of any kind. Appeals to the Crown being without avail, many of them left the country, one body being that which after a short stay in Holland came to America and settled in Plymouth in 1620. These, however, strictly speaking, were Presbyterians. The later Massachusetts Colony of 1640, held to their church connection, but, there being no Church of England in the colony at that time, joined the Presbyterians or Congregationalists.

The main point is, that these early colonists had something in their spiritual or moral fibre that compelled them to do something about abuses, or what went against conscience, even though it were nothing of more consequence than re-

fusing to live in a land where church abuses were anathema.

What, from the esoteric standpoint, can be operating in the instance of such persons?

**WE** HAVE to look at it that the doctrinal controversies of themselves weren't the real vitalities at issue, since all sects affected to worship the one God. Whether one sect did it from their knees or another from their heads, could have made small difference to divine Providence Itself. Whether the King, or the bishop, or merely a Board of Elders, headed up their organized form of theology, was again a minor matter.



What we're called to recognize at significant value, is the principle involved that was Rugged Individualism. It was possessing and displaying the stamina to seek remedy for something that could not be condoned. The English Puritans have raised similar issues had they been Chinese or Hottentots, because it was in their degree of progression and development so to react to spiritual coercion.

They looked upon themselves as free spirits, capable in each instance of making his or her own decision about the *proprieties* of a given form of worship. It was their personal spiritual integrity that was being challenged in the arbitrary dictates of royal or ecclesiastical authorities, seeking to mold humanity into a common robot mass.

We say today, that such points of demarcation over ritual observance aren't of consequence, when what too many of us mean is, we lack the intestinal fortitude to take a stand after the pattern of conscience and keep it, come hell or high water. Deprecating ecclesiastical practices is merely our alibi for spiritual ineptitude. Or there's still the other way of regarding it, that the souls of those early Puritans were older in point of cosmic time than the class of spiritual entities reincarnated today.

**ENGLAND** in the 17th century wasn't far removed in character of its living from the culture and social practices of today. The Court and aristocracy were welters of arrogant and omnipotent bureaucracies, looking down their noses at the "commoners" and seeking to dictate to them how they should conduct their lives—always, of course, in the interests of the Mink Coaters and 5-Per-centers. The Queen was an autocrat, and the Church which she affected to head was a sort of personal Reichstag or politbureau where her commands were regarded as fiats of divinity. Licentiousness, and the struggle for economic ex-



## Palms



**W**HAT ho, mine heart, that Caesar's minions new  
 Tear down the Veils of Mind to nail my soul?  
 Whence comes this mesh of Dread to screen  
 my view  
 Or cloud the skylands of my Sacred Goal?  
 Lo, on yon pinnacle of Witching Thought  
 The splendid crests of legions march in love!  
 Up through the vales of tremors, sorrow bought,  
 I seek the lambent ranks of gods Above . . .

Why must this ribald globe forever jest  
 In glamors that mine intellect disdains?  
 While mercies from a richer mission's quest  
 Small balsam for the bruised mind retains?  
 Why then should Hope's blind worldly drama play  
 Upon the boards of Pain my monstrous plot?  
 Why are earth's chancels banked with thorn-buds gay  
 For encores from Old Psalters that ring not?

Thus solves the Answer Grim from charted skies—  
 "Search, Soul, thy martyr depths for vigors hoar!  
 Learn thou the stalwart stance that heroes prize:  
 To know their conquering strength though barred  
 the door!  
 Faith, Constance, Calvary, these vows be kept,  
 Till Triumph's spear shall bleed the side of clay:  
 Thou art first fruits of lesser gods that slept!  
 Thou art Messiah of thine own Easter Day!

istence, was equally as rampant as we think it is today.

Against the whole miasma of it, Charles I came to the throne, to be vanquished and beheaded when Cromwell took over as Lord Protector of England. It was the Puritan Movement, growing within the Church in protest, if not downright rebellion, toward all of it, that produced Cromwell, and the famous Old Ironside cavalry that defeated the King and

wrought his undoing, was strictly Puritan throughout.

In other words, those were the times when the general character of the common citizen was such that he dared oppose encroachments on his conscience and moral propriety. Of course the Puritans swung to the extreme right as such reactionary movements usually do, and under Cromwell they became as zealous at persecution and "reform" as any left-

winger of today. Not until great numbers of Puritan religionists had left the country, and Cromwell himself had died, did matters level off and "Bonny Prince Charley" come back from his exile in France and carry on the British royal line.

What we should note particularly in all of it is, that coercion and persecution of any sort ultimately breed defiance, because no society is so completely degenerate that it doesn't contain "leader souls" or Mentor Intellects entered into earth-life to guide the course of history and demonstrate that the order of Nature is Rugged Individualism from the very significance of mortal life at all. Opposition may be a long time in coming, but it comes. The greater the abuses, the longer it may be delayed. But the longer it's delayed, usually the more severe the readjustment.

**T**HAT readjustment along lines of Rugged Individualism and wider freedom of conscience and personality—in protest against the left-wing megalomaniacs and pressures of today—is bound to climax, is only history repeating itself, or human nature running true to cosmic pattern.

Over and over in the Soulcraft correspondence runs this refrain: "Those who come to our Soulcraft Chapel meetings think these are modern proofs of what the *Bible* has meant over the past centuries. They like the *Scriptures* because they are the up-to-date version, and they—the listeners—are stalemated with the same old routine, another name for ritualism, that has been read to them all their lives. They really do appreciate something modern to prove their faiths."

While this sort of thing is maturing in spiritual philosophy, there is gathering and groaning under the surface of economic and political affairs a great ground-swell of resentment and opposition to the prostitution of the ideals of free and constitutional government under the aegis of the One-Worlders.

At some significant point in the early future these two elements are due to meet and close ranks.

Then a change is due to come to America. We are going back to *the American Way of Life*.

We're going back to Rugged Individualism with a gesture so positive and dras-

(Continued on Page 14)



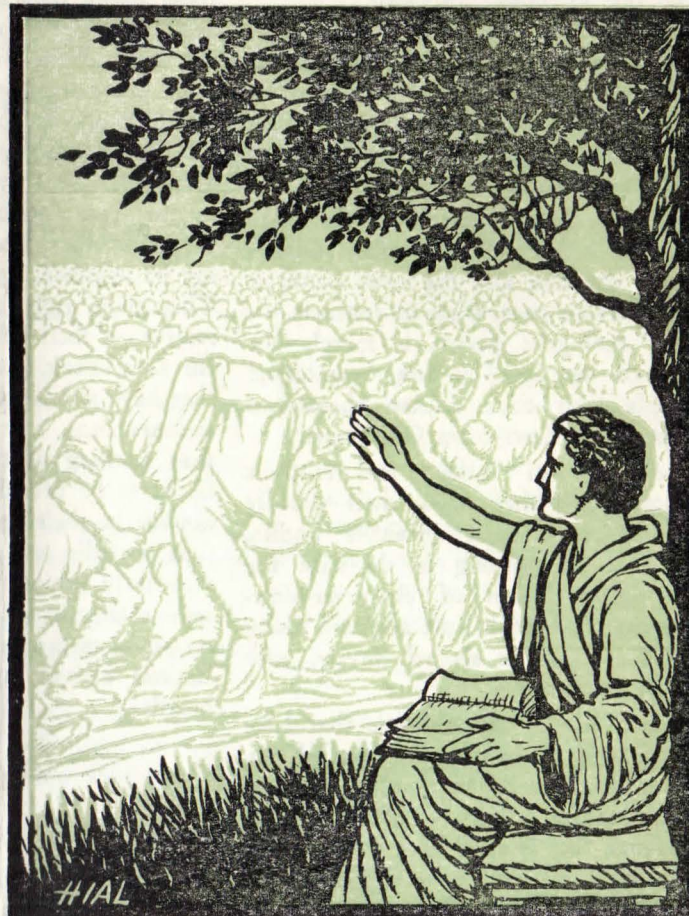
# Do Powerful Personalities Dominate Your Life? . .



THE AVERAGE American accepts that the difference between the character of one person and the character of another person, either is inherited from the progenitors of both, or else, "just happens." How character-traits making up a person's temperament or nature, can be inherited, he doesn't stop to examine. He has heard it said that traits are inherited, or passed along from one generation to another, and because the physical features of a given father or mother maybe duplicated in his or her offspring, Mr. Average American takes such inheriting for granted. When a child bobs up in a given family that does not copy either parent in the slightest degree—thus upsetting the whole hypothesis that Like produces Like—the non-descript observer shrugs his shoulders and says the business is one of those "natural mysteries" of which probably we won't ever have explanation.

That character in a given human being "just happens," is even a greater enigma—and absurdity. No rule nor reason applies, Mr. Average American accepts, for one person's having one sort of temperament and another person's being possessed of quite opposite attributes. We just arrive at our dispositions by the wildest circumstance, and in a world thus thrown together—insofar as its human nature is constructed—the devil takes the hindmost.

Geniuses and great savants are born into hovels—of fathers and mothers who never had a single original thought in their lives—while parents who have lived in the upper brackets till they are accepted as natural aristocrats, will have progeny that are morons, dunderheads, or car thieves.



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

ALL of it comes, of course, from error, ignorance, and deception. If the real truth were determined, hosts of comfortably-placed theologians and professors would lose their jobs. They have sold the human race to a belief in a system—which is not a system but merely a faulty rationalization—and so it must be perpetuated or the crowd of them lose face, not to mention salary.

The basic error behind all their so-called logicizing consists of the fact that they willfully refuse to recognize any difference between Spirit and Materiality.

Material things they can contact with their senses. Spiritual things must forever appear intangible—or become manifested only by tangible results. They concede that there is such a thing as "Life,"

because the moment that it departs the material body, the latter is worthless and commences to decompose. But that it may have an existence and a consciousness apart from material body, is generally held to be unprovable and hocus-pocus.

Nevertheless, there is a difference between one man's character and another man's character, and in a world of law and order otherwise—where every result is directly traceable to a cause—there must be an adamant principle in operation that accounts for both.

The spiritual scientist, so-called to distinguish him from the material scientist, says from the profundity of his research that the explanation truly is quite simple.

Spirit is an "essence of consciousness" that has an independent existence apart from materials, and when enoused in materials is commonly recognized as a unit of human mortality. Individualized Consciousness by no means perishes with the demolition of physical vehicle, but keeps on and on, following the principle of that ratchet-wheel that can turn



in but one direction: forward!

Individualized Consciousness enters into a long series of physical bodies, generation after generation and cycle after cycle, and adds to the quality and facility of its consciousness—or degree of intelligence—in each.

The more lives it has lived, the more intelligent it becomes, the more self-reliance it displays, and the more adroit it shows itself in general social contacts.

The intelligent person is merely the long-lived—or aged—person, cosmically!

People who thus display themselves are given the description Old Souls.

The types of fathers and mothers through which they make their worldly reappearance in new infantile bodies, have little or nothing to do with the grand accumulation of character-increments that such souls have acquired along the routes of their serried careers, with a single exception—

It is a law of the universe that Like attracts Like. So in nine cases out of ten, when a soul considers making a re-entry into mortal affairs, it naturally tries to arrange that it shall have parents with whom its spirit and general inclinations are compatible. When this happens, the nondescript declares that its traits are "inherited."

But it does not have to happen, and in millions of cases does not happen. So it is no particular enigma for a father and a mother to have an occasional child as opposite to either of them in temperament and appearance as night and day.

**BY THIS** token, it is not difficult to understand why some souls are more self-reliant than others, and exert a dominance over those about them that becomes such a mystery to the fanatical materialists. Further, it is not difficult to understand why certain souls acquiesce to domination, or the spiritual influence inexorably exerted by others around them, without in the least degree surrendering their individualities.

All of it is strictly a question of natural grading according to age!—Cosmic Age!

We are as old as our experience.

The dominant souls are the self-reliant souls. And the self-reliant souls have become that way by the longer and more consequential experiencing. That is to say, they have functioned in more human bodies, and lived more careers, than

those whom they so easily influence. We might put it that they have "found their way around the world more times" than their dependent brethren, and gradually come to accept the great truth that in all the universe there is nothing to be afraid of. So they are not handicapped by the fears and inhibitions that identify the great sheep-flock of humanity, making its members nondescript and average. They plow right ahead, relying without reserve on their inherent capabilities. And the sheep-flock personalities about them, that have not lived so long, nor had such experiencings, nor made such discovery that nothing exists in all Cosmos for Spirit to be afraid of, subconsciously acquiesce in their subtle mentorship.

It is really as simple as the youth's instinctively taking the counsel of the mature man, or whole nations of nondescripts agreeing to follow the recommendations arrived at by senates of gray-beards.



**WHEN** you find yourself subtly influenced by some outstanding personality in your vicinity or scheme of things, therefore, it is naught but childish to plunge into a funk, or grow an inferiority complex, or fall into the error of assuming that your own character is "weak." What you actually are doing, when you bow to the more forceful personality in mortal association with you, is making acknowledgment that subconsciously you are recognizing its greater cosmic age and gamut of experiencings.

"This soul has lived longer than I have in the spiritual sense," you are admitting to yourself. "It has been functioning longer as an individualized spirit-particle out of the great ocean of Universal Spirit. I am simply bowing to its display of greater experience."

No one considers falling into a funk or developing an inferiority complex in youth or middle life because there happen to be individuals who have lived more

years, seen more of the world, or had the longer time to perfect their social adjustments. Age is venerated because in the nature of things the longer the career, the vaster the store of knowledge that must have been acquired.

By the same token, no matter who or what the soul, always there will be those younger in cosmic experiencing who are clustered around it, and toward whom it will exert some form of domination.

Mr. Average American, griping at life generally at forty-five, has never had this basic principle of Cosmos brought to his attention. He thinks he is "weak" by comparison with "stronger" personalities, whereas he is only "young." As he goes on attaining to greater and longer cosmic age, he too will gradually assume a dominating role, because the nature of his contacts with humankind in the mass—and God in the abstract—will bring home to him that he has all capabilities of development within himself, and that the universe contains nothing which he need seriously fear.

To accept this principle and not be downcast at the spectacle of cosmic age manifesting in associates, means taking a conscious step to shake off one's mediocrity. A person is simply being unfair to himself, to compare himself continually with people more cosmically mature, instead of making his comparisons with those in his own orbit or octave, or even those still younger, beneath him.

It is always the mark of the adolescent to feel cast down because one's worldly knowledge is not on a par with that of persons who are older. And the endeavor of such a one to appear older is often as pathetic as it is absurd. Of course, the adolescent is fooling no one but himself in thinking that he is succeeding.

Now being young in years and experience is nothing to be ashamed of, in mortality. Why then should we feel at all ashamed of our youth or inexperience in the cosmic sense?

Are you subtly influenced by Stronger Personalities?

What truly is happening is, that you are instinctively recognizing and acknowledging the greater number of times that they have essayed the profiting sojourn.

They are more familiar with Earth!

*When you have gone through as many lives as any one of them, you too will be as dominant!*





# Strange Experiences . . .

## People Do Exhibit after Death

**T**HE ANNALS of the French Society for Psychical Research are said to contain three outstanding cases, checked and authenticated where persons projected visible replicas of themselves to acquaintances at a distance, at the exact split-second of death. Moreover, each of the three seemed wholly tangible and fully garbed.

The first was the case of two friends, employed in the same office, between whom had existed the closest of ties for years. One of them, a certain Frederick M----, upon arrival at his office of a Monday in March, complained of an attack of indigestion. He consulted a druggist close at hand, who gave him a nostrum for his liver, but three days later he was no better. On Saturday he did not go to the office, and his intimate, a certain Nicholas, learned that he had consulted a physician.

That same Saturday, along toward evening, Nicholas was seated in his room, reading. Chancing to see some sort of motion beyond his book, he raised his eyes. There standing before him was his ailing friend, dressed as usual. Nicholas even noted the details of his garb—a soft hat with a black band, an unbuttoned overcoat, a cane in his hand. Nicholas was puzzled as to how Frederick could have entered, also by the stiffish way he was standing, looking down with an expression of tragic melancholy. Yet there was nothing otherwise spectral about him.

**I**T WAS not until the awkward and non-committal friend started slowly to disintegrate before Nicholas' appalled eyes, that he thought of the words of Job: "A spirit passed before my face; the hair of my flesh stood up." He then felt an icy coldness grip him. Turning to his wife he demanded:

"Exactly what time is it?"

"Twelve minutes to nine," she answered.

"Frederick is dead! He just stood here before me!"

When he described the apparition, his wife tried to convince him he had imagined it.

"No, we're going to hear presently that Frederic died at exactly twelve minutes to nine tonight."

And they did. It wasn't until three o'clock the next day, Sunday, however, that the news was brought them by Frederic's brother.

"Precisely what time did he die?" Nicholas inquired.

"He came in from the doctor's, and dropped upon the bed without removing either hat or overcoat. He even held his cane in his hand when I went to him and discovered him dead. It was twelve minutes to nine o'clock."

**T**HE NEXT incident occurred at Saint-Gaudens. A young woman made the following affidavit, supported by the testimony of her sister—

"I slept with my sister. One evening we had retired together and I had blown out the candle. There was still enough hearth-fire to see the bedroom's furnishings faintly.

"Suddenly to my surprise and consternation, I perceived near the fireplace our village priest, seated before our fire warming himself. As a matter of fact, this priest was our father's brother. We knew his figure, his features, most of all his corpulence. I whispered to my sister what I was looking at. *She sat up beside me and saw the same figure!* She too recognized our uncle. Knowing we had locked the door to retire, an unspeakable terror took possession of us. My sister screamed "Help!" at the top of her lungs.

"Our father was reading in an ad-

joining room. My sister's cry aroused him and he came in hurriedly with a candle. But in its light the figure by the hearth could no longer be seen. At all accounts it had vanished.

"Morning came and word reached us that our uncle had died at the exact moment we perceived his crouched figure before the side of our fireplace."

**T**HE THIRD episode concerned a certain Monsieur Contamine, who seems to have been known to members of the French Psychical Society. At any rate, he supplies the following account—

"I was seated one day in my room, before my wardrobe—in the door of which was a plateglass mirror—putting on my shoes. I saw in the mirror, very clearly, one of my intimate friends come in behind me. He was in evening clothes and very carefully groomed. I sprang up and turned about to shake hands with him, wondering about the absence of my servant. *To my stupefaction, there was no one in the room but myself!*

"I rushed out at once, confronting my servant who happened to be coming up the staircase.

"Where is Monsieur X—?" I cried. "Did he not pass you in going down? He was just in my room."

"My servant assured me most earnestly he had not seen Monsieur X—for days. Troubled and upset about so queer an episode, I went on with my dressing.

"Before I had finished, a messenger came, whom my man brought up immediately in double consternation.

"The messenger had news that the friend I had recently seen reflected had killed himself within the quarter-hour, in reaction to an accidental homicide. Discharging a firearm he was displaying to an acquaintance, and shooting this acquaintance through the head, Monsieur X— had been so greatly overcome that

(Continued on Page 10)



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## Stirrer-Uppers

**I**NDELIBLY and firmly fixed upon the Recorder's memory up across two decades has been a statement made by his Transcendent Instructors early in his transcribing of the Wisdom. It was this—

"Never forget that the human race, left to its normal pursuits and inclinations, runs itself. There may be bellicosities between individuals based on temperamental differences, but in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred they are localized in their effects. People will be born, grow to maturity, marry and give in marriage, think their thoughts, satisfy their inner cravings for definite pursuits, and finally die and be buried, after the tempo of reasoning spiritual serenity, if they could only be let alone. But always there are the strategists, the conspirators, and the stirrer-uppers, who refuse to permit them to do this. 'If we can only sell a given number of people on this or that, we shall profit materially or politically,' they say. 'They can be educated to go anywhere one cares to take them if one has the craft and tenacity to attempt it.' So the education consists of misrepresentation or subversion, and whole continents go to war en masse—because someone has designs to use their populations for his own purposes, clandestinely."

It's difficult to ignore or forget a statement like that. Because it means that most social strife has private mischief, or at least selfish advantage, as its root.

People in this nation, taken by and

large, are striving to live peaceable lives, live up morally to their convictions, conserve and enjoy the gains from thrift, and busy themselves at some self-sustaining occupation. When Trouble in a big way arises, it's indication that some little group of malcontents is plotting somewhere—or has plotted—and there is upset and distress in consequence.

Unless Nature has been unduly severe, Troubles rarely happen of themselves. They are always made to happen. But determining the makers, much less curbing or disciplining them, is usually above the mass intelligence.

However, opposed to these stirrer-uppers in life, there are ever the educators and enlighteners. They say, "This sojourn up through mortality isn't quite as harsh or tough as it appears at first sight. We have found out certain fundamental things about the journey, why it's being taken by most people, and what comes out of it. If you care to be wiser than you are, we will share such knowledge as we've acquired. If you can't always protect yourself against the surreptitious marplot, at least you can grasp the role he plays in life and understand intelligently why the Life Program must include him."

Too many people think that esoteric research should make magicians out of its researchers.

What it truly should do, is enable devotees to look at life steadily and see it whole. Which is another way of expressing the idea of "seeing it for what it is," or seeing it accurately.

Life isn't a compromise between Fate and Free Will. It's a gradual ascension into spiritual sophistication.

Accept it on that basis and you can take the bitter with the sweet, the mischievous with the honest.

Still, that thought does stick in the mind—

"The human race, left to its normal pursuits, runs itself." It's the conspirators, the reformers, or the bleeding-hearts who introduce the turmoil, in other words "keep it messed up" . . .

## Misprint

**O**NCE the March 8th issue of VALOR reached readers, the letters started back—the article dealing with Mr. Big of United Nations was *not* in the

issue of the *Congressional Record* for June 7, 1951. Sundry readers obviously had files of those *Records* and wanted to know how they'd missed it.

It was, of course, a trifling misprint. The date of the *Record* containing the article should have been June 7, 1950. Look on Page 8361 of the *Record* of that date, and you'll find it en toto.

Many thanks to those who made us check to ascertain what was wrong.

Topping letters about the misprint, however, are letters from all parts of the United States expressing thanks to VALOR for publicizing the addresses of Rep. John T. Wood, giving readers the inside picture of this super-state monstrosity whose foreign-aid requisitions are leading us into the bottleneck of bankruptcy through excessive taxation.

"I read the revelation concerning United Nations to my group on a recent evening," said a chaplain in Florida, "and my audience was amazed. Few of them had had opportunity to learn such facts. I was called to read it a second time to others. I have another meeting scheduled that wants to hear about General Washington's Vision at Valley Forge."

That's a poignant line: "—few of them had had opportunity to learn such facts."

What earthly labor is more blessed than equipping one's fellowman with knowledge?

A wise populace can always be relied upon to act correctly or remedially when it knows what it should know, and why. It's keeping the race in the bondage of ignorance that makes life the unbearable ordeal it seems to be too often.

## Whetstone Is the Name

**F**ROM Chicago comes this story over the Associated Press wires—

"Mrs. Irene B. Whetstone, veteran of four years feuding with the federal government, went to jail yesterday rather than pay \$1400 of her 1944 income taxes. The gray-haired, 55-year old mother, who calls herself an inventor and 'development engineer' was held in contempt after she refused to produce her financial records for federal inspection.

"I would be a coward to retreat from my position now," she said. "I will go to jail, if needs be, to make my protest



voluble.' And she got what she had invited.

"Federal Judge J. Sam Perry sorrowfully sent her off to jail with the comment, 'I would rather go myself.'

"Judge Perry ruled that she can be held in jail until she consents to show her records. Mrs. Whetstone has said she won't pay \$1400 of her 1944 taxes because that's the amount she figures would go to 'illegal' federal projects such as the Marshall Plan. The case reached the courts four years ago and has gone through six law suits. Mrs. Whetstone even refused to talk the matter over with John T. Jarecki, Collector of Internal Revenue.

"I'm not in the mink coat business,' she snapped.

"Your mother holds the key to the jail,' Judge Perry told Mrs. Whetstone's daughter Imogene. 'She can get out any time by complying with the order of the court.'"

No comment. But VALOR's thinking precisely what you're thinking.

### Flying Saucers



HERE IS mystery in the circumstance that no reliable details seem forthcoming, down from Higher Dimensions, concerning the true nature of the various sky phenomena that the public calls the Flying Saucers. Are they earthly missiles, let alone belonging to what country, or are they interstellar visitors?

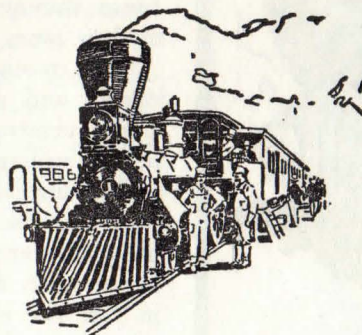
Meade Layne's Borderline Sciences Research Associates, of San Diego, issued a bulletin in December, declaring they were visitors from other planets. Quoting from this bulletin, without comment pro or con, and not taking sides in the controversy as yet until such information is substantiated from its own sources of knowledge, VALOR sums up the information as follows—

"The visiting aircraft, or space craft of many kinds, vary widely in appearance, and come from many different parts of the solar system, and even from beyond . . .

"Most of the disc shaped craft come from the etheric regions of Venus but not from the visible planet itself. Some, however, do come from visible celestial bodies and from dark stars . . .

"Mother ships are being used for some

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craft of the Disc type. The propulsion involves utilization of earthian and interplanetary magnetic tides;

“This type of visitation is no new phenomena but has occurred in various forms throughout history as well as in modern times . . .

“The motives for the visitations are various and complex. They include scientific observation and study of earth-life, a willingness to help earth people against impending crises, and self-protection. The theory involved is, that release of atomic energies and fission products has seriously disturbed the etheric worlds, in fact the entire solar system. In case of any war that included any widespread use of atomic or supersonic weapons, stress lines of the ether would be disrupted, producing disasters of almost cosmic magnitude. As matters now stand, some sort of intervention seems to be unavoidable.”

Borderline Sciences Research Associates declare that landings have been effected, both by discs and other craft of enormous size, in the interior of Australia and the Andes. It goes further and declares that a few highly placed officials in England, United States, and France have been contacted by these Outer Space travelers, but without giving details.

Soulcraft offers this data for what it may be worth. Certainly the discs themselves are not phantasmagoria. One of the executives of the Soulcraft staff was among those who beheld one—apparently—in the sunset sky over Indiana of a recent October afternoon. It hung motionless above the city for three or four minutes, then went up vertically at incredible speed like a celestial elevator, until lost to view. The Indianapolis newspapers next morning deprecated the phenomenon as some performance of jet aircraft. Jet aircraft, however, does not ordinarily pause in mid-heavens like a helicopter for several minutes, then ascend vertically, going from sight in a matter of seconds.

At a recent psychical clinic in Dayton, Ohio, when the Recorder believed his daughter Harriet would be present in materialized form, he asked in advance that she report, if she could, what was known on the higher octaves about the whole sensational performance.

Harriet appeared on schedule, chuckled dispassionately about the Recorder’s question—which she had overheard several evenings earlier at his studio in No-

blesville—then declared that “she had no comment to make at this particular time.”

When every other type of information under the sun has been released, this attitude would indicate that she had been adjured from some higher source not to divulge information.

Why not?

The answer may be forthcoming in event itself.

## **Strange Experiences**

*(Continued from Page 7)*

he had turned the weapon upon himself. Strangest of all, he had been clad, when the two shootings occurred, in precisely the costume I had seen him wearing as he entered my room behind me.”

**I**T ISN’T the literal names, dates, and witnesses in such incidents that are of greatest interest to the true psychical researcher. It’s the details of such happenings, so that some laws of the process may be arrived at.

People do possess the strange power, under stress, of projecting their pattern bodies, tangible and clothed, to intimates at a distance. The bodies or even the clothing, we might understand perhaps, but how account for such objects as canes or weapons, that they have been seen to carry during such levitations?

## **UNESCO**

*(Continued from Page 2)*

which are better postponed until the pupil is freed from the nationalist prejudices which at present surround the teaching of history.”

Translated into less abstruse phraseology, the teacher is instructed to purge American geography from the elementary school classroom, by divorcing it from his national element, and to completely ignore the teaching of history until the pupil enters high school, since this subject cannot be similarly internationalized, and so is too risky to advance until the youngsters’ patriotic spirit has been thoroughly emasculated. Parents who take a bit of time to investigate may find (as we found in eastern Pennsylvania) that a number of elementary schools have already dropped American history as a standard, required subject.

Logical and orderly teaching methods



are also to be discarded if found to obstruct UNESCO'S program for de-Americanizing the minds and hearts of little children. Discussing the usual method of teaching geography booklet V, page 11 continues:

"One method much in use now is to teach geography in a series of widening circles, beginning with local geography (i. e., the classroom, the school building and its surroundings, the village, the country) and proceeding to a study of the nation and the continent. Only when that routine has been accomplished is the child introduced to the rest of the world.

"This progress from the particular and the immediate to the general and the remote may be logical, but does it serve our purpose?"

"The booklet goes on to conclude that it certainly does not, since it is found that this manner of presentation will lead pupils to the mistaken conclusion that what is nearest to them is the most important and vice versa. UNESCO-indoctrinated teachers must therefore reverse the procedure, upset the rule of logical sequence, and begin by teaching the 8-year old child about the distribution of land and water, of air and sea currents, hydrography, climate, occupations, etc. But, even before this, and certainly before the youngsters are given any kind of formal study of their own country, every opportunity should be taken to enlarge the child's imagination and encourage him in an interest in all that is remote and strange. This is accomplished by occupying the impressionable mind of the very young child with the games, occupations, tools, domestic animals, etc., of foreign lands. The purpose of this is not simply to teach our kindergarten and elementary pupils about alien peoples, but to cause them to identify themselves in their imagination with people different from themselves."

**T**HE FOREGOING is but one-half of Dr. Wood's scathing address, the remainder of which will be published in a concluding article in next week's journal. Historical truth is to be suppressed or minimized, the One-World Government is to be adulated, and the fundamental ideals of patriotism are to be ignored in future teaching of our youngsters—and this is the organization that excessive amounts of our tax moneys are going to promote and support.

¶ *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.

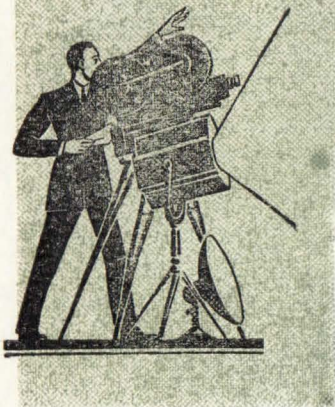
### Supernatural Evidence that Astounds

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

Soiled Sisters the length of Atlantic Avenue—which is a Brooklyn thoroughfare running principally between Sheepshead Bay and Newspaper Row in that part of the world sold by somebody once, to somebody else, for \$24, which in our currency of today would mean \$9.60 cash . . .

WELL, I made a discovery on that trip. Men who took more chances in 30 seconds at bulldogging steers than I took in a flivver in thirty years, turned the hue of old cheese if I raced that Detroit contraption in excess of thirty-seven miles per hour. At once there was no more riding on the back cushion's top edge and the Soiled Sisters had no more attraction than the street signs when I toyed with destiny and their necks. Particularly did this forlorn boy beside me forget he was forlorn—and busted—by imploring me, along with much calling upon the Deity, to drive at a moderate rate of speed unless I was deliberately contemplating homicide with the mob of them. And it gave me an idea for a *Saturday Evening Post* story. The automobile—back in the primitive days of 1917—was to the East what the hoss was to the West. I did not commit homicide with the mob of them, nor did I hang them in trees, nor tangle with traffic so that they got the shock of their lives finding themselves balancing on trolley wires. I got them to Park Avenue in perfect safety, because I could make that little section of Detroit tin-roof dance the polka if there'd been any percentage in having it dance the polka. But I drove back to Sheepshead Bay accompanied by nothing but my gas tank. Ride back with me? Not they. They valued their necks. So I presently got off a yarn for the *Post* called "Courtin' Calamity", in which a rich young gazaboo from Commonwealth Avenue, brought up in little velvet pants, broke into the West with a high-power buggy, fell hard for a gun-totin' cow-gal, coaxed her aboard his speed-wagon in a weak moment and "stepped on it". I mean the gas. Little Horace shot her up to ninety-five—the speed-buggy, not the gal—made milestones down the highway resemble a trip

through a country graveyard, levitated hen-flocks into the air in bursts, exploded covered bridges into assortments of secondhand planks, and otherwise moved Very Fast until Calamity Jane agreed to marry him and raise his twelve children. Then he let go the wheel to embrace her and both came back to consciousness in different departments of the same hospital, the matrimony and offspring being an afterthought . . . So much for that. Go through the *Satevepost* files for 1917 and you'll find the yarn, all printed in the English language, with illustrations, over my christened name, for which I received \$750 . . . Then "Came the War" as the old-fashioned movie titles once said . . .

I WENT to Japan, and thence up to Siberian Russia, where I idled for the better part of a very icy year in a First Lieutenant's uniform, taking pictures for our United States War Department with a secret camera for which I'd been shot at sundown had the Bolsheviks known I toted it. I not only saw the Red Revolution staged by the original cast but I photographed it and got copies of the prints to prove it . . . Well, in due time I came home, met Lon Chaney, became his scenario man in Hollywood, and tilted my income to thirty grand a year, out of which I had to pay Uncle Sam only \$2,400 in those halcyon days when our tax money settled nothing but the expenses of our own government . . . One Friday afternoon in 1927 I'm on the Universal lot out toward Lankershim when Gene Roth, the studio manager hails me . . . "Bill," sez he, that being my name before WW invented a couple more picturesque and malodorous, "we've had a story fall flat on us for our Western B-Outfit and yet we've got to start shooting Monday morning. If you've got a good western at home in your barrel, and you could have it in shape for the cameras to start turning Monday at nine, there's ten grand in it for you." Money was like that in the movie business in 1927. I affirm I drove off the Universal Lot in my snazzy Jordan Roadster—the flivver of Sheepshead Bay having long

PEAKING of unbelievable coincidences, let me tell you an odd reminiscence . . . Among the strange occupations toward which my youthful cravings for experience led me, was that of publicity man for a wild west rodeo that during the summer of 1917 played for a week at Sheepshead Bay, N. Y. It was my job to enthrall the city slickers to come over from Manhattan and see the bold cowboys of the Old West do undignified things to poor male bossies, such as grabbing them by their horns and flipping them upon their spines from the saddles on piebald pintos, winning wild horse races, and staging Injun fights in cold blood—very cold blood, after which performance twice daily, all hands adjourned to the saloon across from the Sheepshead race tracks and warmed said blood to great lengths by sundry indulgence in spiritous liquors . . . Thus one evening did I make the acquaintance of a forlorn Young Guy in a ten-gallon hat, who'd come all the way from Montana, Wyoming, or mebbe Texas, to win prize money as he could and "pay" off the mortgage on the Old Home Ranch . . . Well, would he forget his troubles by getting in my flivver and accompanying me across the Brooklyn Bridge when I took my dispatches to the Park Row news sheets? He would and he did. But half a dozen of his boisterous, cow-tossing buddies had overheard and wanted to grab a gander at the Modern Gormorrah to the west of us. They being Picturesque Persons, I took them on. I loaded up my poor little lizzie with six to eight of the toughest hombres who'd ever ate tobacco and swallowed the juice. They rode on the top edge of the backseat cushion, yip-yipping and yi-aaaaaa to all the



since gone where the woodbine twineth—thinking mightily. What plot had I ever written for magazines that contained action which a Universal cameraman could crank upon, Monday at nine? By the time I reached Franklin Street intersection, coming down Cayunga Pass, I had it. "Courtin' Calamity", no more, no less! The original manuscript was back in Manhattan, but a file of bound *Sateveposts* must be down in the Los Angeles public library. I phoned my secretary in Pasadena to jam her hat over her eyes and get down to the L-A library before midnight and take that story out of the proper *Satevepost* in pothooks even if it bent her Waterman. She was the kind of a sec who never used bent Watermans under any circumstance, and by nine that night, in Pasadena, I had the ten-year old opus before me. Now mark you!—

**M**ONDAY morning found me at Gene Roth's office with the finished scenario. Monday noon found me in Carl Lammle's counting room, receipting for all screen rights to one literary effusion published as "Courtin' Calamity", and accepting a perfectly cashable check for \$10,000. Monday afternoon found said check deposited to my account in the Bank of Italy, which is a West Coast financial institution established by certain Giovannis. Whereupon I went about my business still in liaison with Chaney. When I drew checks on the "Courtin' Calamity" payment, I found that by no means did they bounce. So that story plot, born in my imagination ten years before in Brooklyn when cowboys were more interested in hanging onto their toppers than in wolfing Soiled Sisters up Atlantic Avenue, had truly netted me \$10,750. I hope you follow me, because following me for the balance of this yarn may be somewhat difficult . . . Ten days to a fortnight goes by, as time does in Hollywood when you're in the money and I'm off on the flats of Lankershim where the country then ran out in orange groves and hen ranches. I'm trying my best to drive my Jordan at a citified speed and break no laws that get me in wrong with the Southern California Automobile Association, not to mention certain judges in local traffic courts. But there is a gazaboo overtaking me who by no means has those responsibilities troubling him. He is coming from behind me, I might mention, and if I do not give him room to clear without kissing me—and I don't



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SOULCRAFT CHAPELS

Noblesville, Indiana

mean sentimental osculation—I am going to be hanging by one foot, or the seat of my pants, from the flagpole of the City Hall in downtown Los Angeles, which is the tallest structure west of the Mississippi. It is a car which is so big and so yellow that even a Hollywood movie star would feel embarrassed to drive it. And it is making noises like ninety-five miles per minute. I become so rattled that I do not look where I am going, and go off the road. I carry away a section of spindle fence, bounce over a couple of lawn tubs, erase a bed of pink cornflowers to stay erased, and excite seven hundred hens in thirteen hen houses, who start talking about it in great indignation. Meantime that yellow devil doesn't know in what shape I am coming back on the road, and doesn't look where he is going either. I can see—as one sees apparitions in dreams—that he has a cow-girl person



# Thresholds of Tomorrow

By the Author of  
"No More Hunger"



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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.

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clamped in the seat beside him and said doll is so scared that she would marry a cross-eyed Eskimo to get out of this dilemma. Together and in company, the Yellow Devil, with a youth in velvet pants and a beret, driving it, connects with a flock of ducks who take it into their quacking heads to cross the street at about this time for purpose of getting to the other side, and there are ducks and gasoline and steering-wheels and ten gallon hats and profanity all over Southern California, not ignoring two mail-boxes of respectable citizens on posts which are no longer so, but gone through the Yellow Devil's windshield. I bring up with a grunt against a Eucalyptus tree and call it a ride. And the camera on the car behind the Yellow Devil keeps on grinding and gets the whole of it. Especially does it get the ducks, which have tried to squat after the manner of ducks but found they couldn't manage it. When Quiet finally reigns serene, and the cameraman in the pursuing crate has wiped about forty-two ducks out of his eyes, the expert tooler of that movie gas-buggy gets down as cool as you please, hands out the frail in the cow-hat, and stops agog. "Say, don't I know you?" sez he, addressing me. "Yeah," sez I, "how's your sprained wrist?" That tore it. He was the same guy I'd taken in my Leaping Lena off the Sheepshead Bay racetrack ten years before, and he was playing the lead in a western motion picture whose story had originated in an episode when it turned him the hue of Old Cheese to ride in a jallopy at 37 mph. The name of the picture when it reached the silent screen was *The Sawdust Trail*, and the glum lad who'd tried for the mortgage money and failed was one Hoot Gibson. And further deponent saveth not.

—THE RECORDER

## Puritans

(Continued on Page 14)

tic that some of the malcontents and mischief-workers of today may wonder "what hit 'em."

Like the same elements in every time and clime, they entertain the current notion that they can succeed in their disintegrating or demoralizing designs before such ground-swell comes to crest. They behold what happened in Russia and con-



sider that proof that in cases it can be pulled off.

But Russia has succeeded in her spiritual *coup d'tat* only over a matter of three decades, which is merely a few moments, considered in the life of empires. She has her cup of confusion and rebellion so full that Stalin doesn't dare start an international showdown for fear that his country would fall apart. This too, however, is merely the Law of Retribution in process, and when the Russian melodrama is truly run, human nature—meaning eternal mortal essence—will be found not to have altered in the slightest. *Because eternal mortal essence is a permanent factor in the progression of all nations and their economic and political vicissitudes.*

IT WOULD do well to watch for the signs of this Puritan Awakening in the American spiritual, economic, and political scene, for it is as bound to come as harvest to follow seed-time. In philosophic thought, tenets of a great regenerated teaching like Soulcraft suddenly satisfy a hunger of the human spirit that has scarcely been recognized as hunger until its pangs had become so sharp that humanity reacted blindly to its prenatal blueprints. In economic life we have recommendations like the great, resplendent, and equitable Christian Commonwealth. In political activity we have such blocs of awakened and enlightened law-makers as those Senators and Representatives championing withdrawal from United Nations, and standing boldly at last for enforcement of constitutional rights of free speech and free press.

It is all mortal response to a definite Puritanic Cycle that inevitably follows "Bonny Prince Charley" licentiousness, . . . licentiousness of economic and political as well as spiritual expression.

Let's rely on this ingredient in human nature.

A FATHER was badly worried over where the money was coming from to pay income taxes. His small son decided to write a letter asking God for the loan of one hundred dollars. He wrote the letter, addressed it to God, and put it in the post office. The letter, without return-card, went to the dead-letter office. There a sympathetic clerk opened it. Touched by its contents, he decided to send it along to the boy's Senator on



## “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*.

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Capitol Hill. He might help the boy. The Senator likewise was touched, and sought to get a contribution of \$5 each from nineteen fellow solons, to make the boy feel that God answered prayer. But his appeal was a failure. Finally he decided to send along his own \$5 and let it go at that. He put it in an envelop—after signing it "God"—and addressed

it to the boy. It came duly to hand. The boy hastened to write acknowledgment to the Almighty for responding anyhow—

"Dear God, I received \$5 of the \$100 I asked You for. I am very grateful for this, but next time please do not send it by way of Washington. They took out \$95 for taxes."



# T H E P A Y O F F

THE SOUTHERN moonshiner reported his eldest boy had been arrested.

"What for?" asked the northern visitor.

"Jay-shootin'."

"I didn't suppose jay-birds were especially protected by law down here."

"Tain't nuthin' to do with birds. It's like jay-walkin' up in the City. Jay-walkin's walkin' whar yo' ain't goin'. Jay-shootin' is shootin' whar yo' ain't pointin' and hittin' what yo' ain't shootin'."

A YOUNG lady sat next to a distinguished bishop at a church dinner. Trying to make conversation she asked, "Tell me, Bishop, are you fond of bananas?"

"What say?" demanded the bishop, who was hard of hearing.

"I said, Are you fond of bananas?"

The bishop colored. "To tell you the truth, young lady, though why it interests you I haven't the foggiest notion, I prefer the old-fashioned nightshirt."

THREE shop girls were enjoying an evening at the opera—up in the top balcony.

"Ain't it divine!" the first exclaimed. "Whatsit they're playin'?"

"The Sextette from Lucretia," said the second.

"You right sure? Seems to me it's 'Tales from Hoffman.'"

The third spied a sign on the wall. "Maybe that's the score as will tell us," she suggested. "You wait till I go read it."

She left her seat, climbed higher and read the sign. In a moment she was back.

"You're both wrong," she announced. "It's 'Refrain from Spitting.'"

A DESCENDANT of Sir Walter Raleigh, the noted tobacconist, was due at Harvard for a course of lectures on life in the British Isles. The committee to welcome him missed him at the train and wandered through the station looking for anyone that might be he. They espied an impressive-looking stran-

## 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

**"CHILDREN"**



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.

er who had just emerged from the Men's Lounge.

"Pardon me," said the chairman, "but do you happen to be Sir Walter Raleigh?"

"Hake, no," the impressive one returned. "I'm Christopher Columbus. Sir Walter's in the porter's room, playing rummy with Queen Elizabeth."

A MAN in the Pullman smoker was addressed by a fellow traveler, "S-S-Say, what t-t-time d-d-does this t-t-train g-g-get t-t-to Oshkosh?"

He got no answer, so he left the smoker and went elsewhere for his information. But a third man, in the lavatory, had overheard. He came out and asked the one who had been left alone, "Why didn't you tell that fellow who stam-

pered, what he wanted to know?"

"D-D-Do you suppose I wanted t-t-t-to g-g-g-get my b-b-block knocked off?" asked the other.

A FATHER and mother were lying weak and spent in their steamer-chairs while their small son played recklessly on the slippery deck.

"Daddy," the mother gasped, "hadn't you better speak to Willie?"

Whereupon the prostrate father murmured weakly, "Hello, Willie!"

THE PATRON demanded, "Waiter, what kind of meat do you call this?"

"That," the waiter said, "is spring lamb, sah."

"Ah, that explains it. I've been chewing on one of the springs for an hour."