

Valor

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

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AMERICA TO LAST FOR 1,000 YEARS!



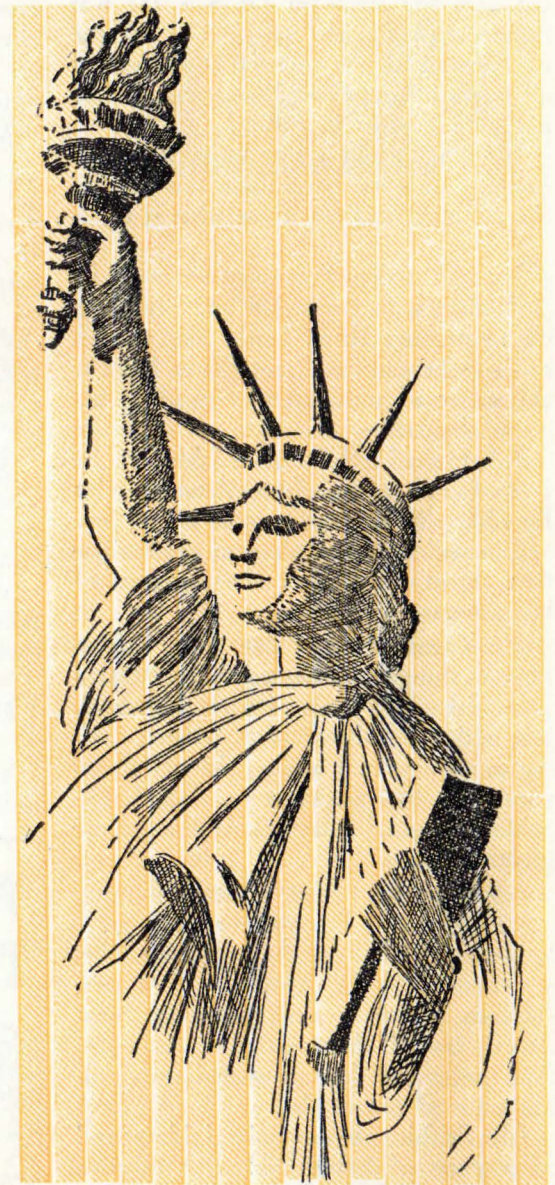
ALOR is not, for one instant, losing or departing from its adamant viewpoint, that Supreme Days are ahead for America, greater than this land has ever seen since it was a nation.

It is regrettable that every Soulcrafter, and every reader of this journal in America, cannot have heard the Eighth Valor Lecture by the Soulcraft Recorder on *Stamina* as broadcast to Soulcraft audiences throughout the country on April 11th. That a Great Superior Christ Council presides over the events of this world, was set forth in that broadcast, and to true Soulcrafters there is neither woe nor worry in machinations going on in this earth. But to understand what they are, and what purpose they're serving, is a matter entirely and strictly for those who have reached octaves of spiritual understandings enabling them to peer into the denouements of the future.

HAVE the millions of America grown weary of the symbols standing for the American Ideal? Truly, at times, it seems so. Alien agents, hating America and seeking to bring about her downfall within the prestige of nations, have nearly arrived at the ultimate in the debauching of all things American. But presently these miscreants must face the penalties for their subversions. The American Ideal is due to rise higher than ever, and all which has

passed in American history has been but preparatory to the real life of this western continent *which stretches a thousand years in future!*

Actually there can be no true understanding of what America has been caused to represent in the world, with-



out the esoteric background and wisdom to interpret international events correctly. What is happening throughout this nation and the world is a dress rehearsal for the greatest era of propriety and progress that civilization has yet witnessed.

The nation isn't without its analysts and economists who declare that the period of pioneer growth in this Republic is finished. It has had its exploration and exploitation periods, these say, and now leveled off into lechery and corruption that means imminent collapse. Blind leaders of the blind, these egotists, with intellects gone to seed, they are unable to envision that America hasn't even gotten into her stride in the role she was meant to play in the world. The collapse of America as the international ideal of all men's longings and heartshopes, is over a thousand years in future!

It's time to take a new estimate of this heritage of ours, born upon this side of the Atlantic, and see it for what it is.

GREAT strides in history are made by those with the vision and perspicacity to perceive them. Little Men cannot conceive or execute Great Plans. Here is the roster of ultimate western-world accomplishments—

(a) United Nations is due to be junked and evicted from America—this Republic will have no part of a malicious and malodorous snake's nest of intrigue that serves naught but the purposes of her adversaries;

(b) Communism is due to be cut to ribbons throughout the earth, and tossed upon the refuse heap of archaic absurdities, with a new breed of Americans coming to the fore and leading the world's institutions by preeminent example in achievements of spiritual and economic greatness;

(c) Alien minorities, eternally plotting night and day to bring about the emasculation and enthrallment of this Republic, are presently to be exposed in their mischievous essences, and hospitality continued toward them only in the event that they mend their ways and truly embrace the Christian ideal;

(d) Selfish megalomaniacal blocs and petty czars of Labor, Crime, Vindictive Champions of Racial Idiosyncrasies, Demagogic Politicians and Self Exploiters—these will be overridden and ignored in the imminent gesture of reestablishing America for the stupendous Golden Era that is not behind but ahead!

(e) Wars, and all forms of interna-

tional carnage are to cease, and the efforts of all statesmanship dedicated to the greatest good of the greatest numbers;

(f) An economic system is to be inducted based on 100 percent cooperativism of all Christian-American citizens, whereby hunger and impoverishment and financial chicanery are eliminated, and Americans as a race come into sudden realization of their Inherent Godhood.

These are the ideals and shibboleths to which certain enlightened souls in the Body Politic are pledged.

They are seeing the future, not as through a glass darkly but through the crystal lenses of spiritual clairvoyance, envisioning what's ahead when the workers of iniquity have been leveled, and the nation has gotten its second wind for the most glorious epoch in human history.

IS THIS the day of the rise of the Oriental to supreme worldly influence? *It is not!* That is merely malodorous propaganda subtly distributed, to batten on the confusion or discouragement of the Anglo-Saxon Christian who has temporarily lost his cues amid a purposeful program of superimposed lechery designed to confound him.

Americans are presently to have a whole armament of scales dropped from their eyes and to come into conscious knowledge of what their national history was intended to represent in the evolution of a world, fighting back from barbarism up to celestialty.

PEOPLE who refuse to admit that they are whipped, never are whipped.

The reply of true Americans to the defamers of this country, who try to rep-

resent its ideals and institutions as archaic and slated for perdition, is the immortal reply uttered by that hero at the Battle of the Bulge when the Germans demanded his surrender—

"NUTS!"

Real Americans are saying to the Russian, to the Semite, to the Greek and the Pole and the Frenchman and the Hottentot, seeking to get a greedy paw into the assets of American bankruptcy—

"NUTS!"

Go ahead and bamboozle other nationals of the earth—if you can—but we Americans have only just begun to grow and achieve . . . above the forces of defamation, spoliation, depredation and penury.

Nothing is wrong with America but the self-seeking rascals who've grabbed a stranglehold on Dame Liberty's economic windpipe and would loot her to her final kopeck in that she stands for Christian charity.

But the panorama of the future holds no prospect of a vanquished and prostrate America. It holds every prospect of an America revived and rekindled to the cosmic obligations which it will fill.

If the predatory rascals seek to bring a western-world Nuremburg upon themselves, that is their privilege. But this country is not lacking in impersonal and enlightened magistrates who have it in their karma to be preserved by the Agencies Above Life till their judgments be executed.

Go to the back window, Americans, and drop your concerns and fooleries into the alley trash-can.

No place exists for them in the Golden Times that are the obligation of certain master-souls now in life to bring in!

What the Indianapolis Star Thinks of the Steel Seizure



LN ASKING Congress to legalize his unconstitutional seizure of the steel industry President Truman virtually admits that he does not have the power in law or under the Constitution to do what he did. His message says he "believes" that it is "within my powers as President to follow that course of action." He quotes no law and no specific constitutional power.

"It may be," said the President, "that Congress will deem some other course to be wiser." That, he added, "is a matter for Congress to decide." He is absolutely right, it is indeed a matter for Congress to decide.

The "inherent powers" the President claims simply do not exist. This is the first time in our history the President has seized an industry without any law to back him up. The railroads were seized

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WHY ALL PEOPLES DON'T HAVE THE SAME LIVING STANDARDS . .

LT WASN'T so long since a radical speaker held forth from one of the platforms of Northwestern University with the argument: "What right have people of the United States to enjoy any such high living standard as maintains throughout this country, when there are millions of people abroad in Russia, China, and India, who can't even obtain the necessities to keep life in their bodies?" The speaker took it for granted that living the right kind of lives, under a superior system of government, under a reasonably wealth-creating economic structure, registered exactly zero, and that everything resolved into an international charity proposition of the *Have's* being required to give to the *Have Not's*.

This is a common line of fallacious and poisonous left-wing "reasoning"—which is anything but reasoning—but which does attract millions of economic illiterates and bring their endorsement of dictatorial principles on a basis of elemental sentiment.

One might almost put it that millions of Christians are constantly troubled by the wonder, if Christianity be truly living up to its high moral or spiritual code in letting millions "suffer" in low-standards-of-living countries like those afore-said, while Americans live in attractive apartments, enjoy modern facilities, eat a plethora of nourishing foods, go about in their individual motorcars and spend their evenings at radio or television sets?

If esoteric wisdom were universal, however, instead of being confined to a little

segment of the population understanding such matters, the whole worldly scene would be perceived for something far different than it is.

THE STUDENT workably versed in the great principles operating behind this universe, is aware that propounding such emotional sentiments as "what right does America have, et. etc.," is all part of a Luciferian scheme to twist and subvert the program of life that originates in higher regions of Time and Space.

No question of "rights" is really involved, one way or another.

Analyzed intelligently, the argument the left-wing 'what-righters' are advancing is, that there should be a common mien of living all over the earth for all races simply because they are composed of human beings. But that may not be the purpose decreed for mortal life at all.

Mortal life, so the astute student of cosmic principles comes to perceive it, isn't one universal mob of people breathing, eating, propagating, sleeping and ultimately dying, but divided in so-called "races" merely by the accident of happening to be born on different continents.

What surprisingly comes home to the student, when he starts to make examination of these differences in races, living standards, governments and cultures all over the earth, is—

The difference in racial living standards constitutes a definite set of classrooms in the Great University of Life, where people on different grades of spiritual attainments get lessons, needed by them in their spiritual progressions!



WHAT SORT of university would it be, whose students were all tumbled in together, and regarded as a student body enmasse, with no classifications as to preparatory education, inherent intelligence, personal inclinations for academic specializing, or racial, religious, or economic backgrounds? What sort of a university would it be where freshmen, sophomores, juniors, and seniors were neither provided for, nor recognized, but all considered merely *students* and assumed to imbibe what knowledge they could as they saw something in the line of academics that particularly attracted them?

One of the most perturbing of elementary discoveries that the novice in esoterics makes, as enlightenment begins to come down to him from Transcendent Wits, is that mortal life in the earth-world has to be graded the same as students in a university are graded.

At the starting-point of the student body—or so the student is asked to envision it—are the rudimentary races, uniformly black or red, living in jungles, islands of the sea, frozen tundras of the extreme North and South, waste places of the earth generally where existence is little more than organic. These could be likened to the "freshmen body" in the vast curriculum of life. They get all the basic animalistic learning they can imbibe, and are ready to graduate into the

Assays and Vistas



WHO CRIES my country's vim is run, her valor
dimmed,
Her youth-blood paled by Raging Years a
score?
A country's made of souls, not lands; of hearts,
not hills;

Of aspirations finding wings to soar!
The plotter's craft may smear ten thousand scrolls
Whereon were sung high sagas to Great Dead:
What's that to Karma's ledger, bright with zeal,
Accounting vaster valors, lives ahead?

Man's stature lies in discontent with Self,
How sure his feet can speed with angel throngs,
How dauntless he, to jest at failure's fangs
And school his ire to mend all cosmic wrongs.
What is a Measurement of Love not spent?
How weigh the treasure of an old soul's peace?
Who is yon infant, crying in the night,
But Jason, come anew for Golden Fleece?

My country is the crest of all men's plumes,
All women's faiths, all childhood's joys unspoiled;
My country is that Justice Hall in Time
Where deeds are weighed and error's art uncoiled.
"I live where I would be," says Soul, "and give
Each paradise a grave or six to spare!"
My country is as great as I Am Thought,
To think on granite shafts, Ideas of Dare!

next racial classes higher—the brown or yellow of the East.

The brown or yellow races as we perceive them in the Orient, might be thought of as the sophomores—equipped intellectually from previous tutelage as animalistic freshmen to embrace forms of culture that bestir the spiritual attributes in the soul. Uniformly too, these sophomores incarnate on continents where life is fiercely competitive economically, such as in India or China. Vast masses of people live closely congested, that they

may secure lessons from heterogeneous association. In fact, we have it told us that in almost no state of earthly education does the soul learn so much as when it undergoes a series of careers in a race such as the Indian or Chinese, with humanity closely packed and caste systems sharply demarked.

When the developing soul has secured all the educational advantages to be found in such countries of overwhelming birthrates, it begins to graduate into the next higher cultural classes of the white

races and becomes a junior or senior. Up here in these final classifications of the whites, souls are getting an education in the sociological and ethical virtues. Economic life is easier and richer. The "advantages" of universal academic education go hand in hand with the advantages of emancipation from gruelling mechanical labor, so that the mind has more time to exercise and develop. So by the time the advancing soul has had an ample number of careers in all the most advanced white races, it is practically ready to reach Earthly Commencement and receive its diploma entitling it to higher and further learning in octaves of life that comprise no return to earth . . .

THE Left-Wing bleeding-heart, therefore, who demands "by what right" Americans, or some of the higher esculons of the white races, command higher living standards than the freshmen and sophomores in congested eastern races, is advertising either his pitiful ignorance of the Cosmic Program or willfully introducing Luciferian confusion into life that the Plan may be disrupted in order to gratify his own spleens.

Americans—insofar as they represent the highest spiritual classes evolved by mortal education to date—only seem to be fortunate in enjoying the high living standards of the culture of the West, because it is part of their progression and development. It is a definitely educating sequence to be undergone. It is a sort of reward or award for having come up through the younger races and learned to command the ingenuities bringing such higher living standards in the process of effect from cause.

Without these earthly classes to proceed through, earthly progression would be helter-skelter and more or less unorganized and meaningless. Certainly it would hold small profit to the spirit that could be assayed and applied. The Left-Wing Bleeding Heart may appeal to the pities, that prior education in the younger and more congested races should be necessary. But spirits learn in no other way. The Earthly Classroom System was determined upon a long time ago by the celestial wits decreeing and specifying all earth-life and its progressions.

NONE of this is saying that there aren't exceptions to this program in cases of the individual. You'll find high-caste Indians or Chinese as cultured as
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Your Earlier Lives Appear in Your Temperment



YOU think, perhaps, that it exceeds all bounds of your accreditability to be soberly told that you carry around in the mystical recesses of your subconscious mind a fairly accurate working knowledge of all the major events your life is expected to comprise between birth and death.

Consciously you can scarcely remember how much you owe the butcher, or the name of the girl you were engaged to at nineteen, or which of your four brothers it was that fell off the cowshed back in 1909 and nearly broke his neck. Judging by your weakness of conscious memory, you deem it preposterous that you may know approximately what you will be doing at half-past five o'clock on the Fourth of July, 1965—if sobeit your life-plan has it that you shall exist till that date.

You hear occasionally of clairvoyant people who contend they can "read the future," but although you may know of some predictions of theirs which came true, you decide they must do it by looking ahead into some mystical dimension where events to accrue have already happened.

It never dawns on you, even with such evidence of the powers of subconscious mind before you, that perchance such persons are deliberately "remembering forward" and arousing from the depths of their subconscious a knowledge of affairs arranged for before birth.

Perhaps you are one of those souls who get overwhelming "hunches"—of what to do or what not to do in your daily associations. You don't know precisely where such hunches come from, or how they work, only that they do.

It never occurs to you that even the item of your hunches may be nothing

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

more than your keen subconscious foreknowledge of events, suddenly pushing up close to the conscious.

And yet some of the demonstrated wonders of subconscious-mind performance are beyond all explaining. For instance, in the volume *Behold Life*—which contains a complete exposition of the whole Life-Scheme for every man and woman in its proven entirety—there is related an anecdote of a psychology professor who was an adept in hypnotizing the pupils of his class.

ONE DAY this professor hypnotized an ordinary subject and said to him: "When you arouse from this hypnosis, I instruct you to let twenty-four hundred and eighty-nine minutes elapse, then walk



up to the first man nearest you and tweak his nose!"

The professor himself made no effort to calculate how many days or hours were contained in two thousand four hundred and eighty-nine minutes. He simply awakened his subject and dispatched him about his business.

At the end of one 24-hour day, 17 hours, and 29 minutes, the professor was informed that his subject had landed in a devil of a mess because in a store where he was buying cigars he had suddenly and unexplainably walked up to a fellow customer and administered a painful wrench to his nose.

Whereupon the professor started calculating. He found that the lad had obeyed his orders given under hypnosis to the exact minute.

Here then was a proven case, duly attested by record in no less a work than the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, of a human being carrying in his subconscious mind a time-recognizing apparatus so accurate that he knew precisely when 2,489 minutes had elapsed. True, he was obeying orders received under hypnosis, but in a

manner of speaking are we not all under orders in a similar kind of hypnosis when enmeshed in these deadening confines of flesh?

If a nondescript young man could thus keep track of the passing of time in minutes while presumably following out his daily program in all other respects, is it so overdrawn to say that the subconscious mind of each one of us does exactly the same thing in spacing off the activity-sequences that make up the program of his life?

The thing that truly appalls us is the minutiae of detail which such remembering forward entails, and keeping up a constant comparison with such detail as we have on tap to use consciously.

ON THE other hand, we do not think it at all extraordinary that we can keep recorded in memory ten million details of happenings that have distinguished our lives to the present. We can look backward over our lives and spend hours, days, weeks, summoning up recollections of things transpired in which we had a part.

If each one of us started in to put down on paper every last shred of intelligence that is "remembered" in our heads, we would be compiling a personal encyclopedia. If the present mortal mind can experience and retain all the text of such an encyclopedia, why is it so necromantic to deny to the prenatal or Eternal Mind a similar encyclopedia covering events that are still to happen?

If we exclaim at the marvel of an intelligence that can retain and carry about a more or less complete roster of all the principal events in a whole life program, why not explain as well at the marvel of an intelligence that can retain and carry about a more or less complete roster of all the principal events that one's life has comprised to this moment? One is no less stupendous than the other.

Looked at abstractly, the thing that bewilders us consciously is to consider the apparent myriads of persons and happenings making up the mortal scene. There would be too many of them, we think, for one mental apparatus to grasp. Vaguely picturing all the millions of folk who live on this planet at the moment, it stacks up to us as preposterous that the affairs of their lives and their inter-relationships can possibly be charted in advance. We feel this way because our minds are not powerful enough to carry

so much detail. That is not saying, however, that Cosmos does not contain minds capable of doing it, and thinking nothing about it.



WE of the white generation in America look with disdain on the African savage who cannot count beyond his fingers and toes, lacking the mental power to conceive numerical detail above twenty. By the same token, higher wits in Cosmos may regard us with the same disdain in the respect that we have difficulty visualizing a hundred or a thousand.

We would not consider it as being at all miraculous for a great impresario to gather together a cast of two to three hundred people and assign each one of them his part in a mammoth pageant. But jump the number to three hundred and we would consider him a wonderman. Jump it to three million and he would be considered a god if he did it. Yet exactly the same principles might apply for the three million that applied for the three hundred. It would all be a matter of expanding the consciousness.

Now there are not nearly the formidable number of people in life at one time that we commonly suppose. We walk up crowded Broadway, New York, or Michigan Avenue, Chicago, or Market Street, San Francisco, and we wonder to ourselves where all the people come from, or how the Almighty can possibly keep track of so many. But look at the matter in this fashion—

There are, by fairly accurate international census, approximately two billions of human souls in physical bodies in all countries of the world at the present time. Well, how many is two billions?

Up on the Massachusetts coast and across Buzzard's Bay from Newport, Rhode Island, is a dot of an island called Martha's Vineyard. Perhaps you have

visited it. It is about fifteen miles long and not over ten miles wide.

Suppose we figure that human beings of all countries, averaged as to measurements, were not over one foot thick nor more than two feet wide across the shoulders. Fat men will balance up the children, so the average will hold. That would mean that it would require two square feet to accommodate each mortal person now existing on earth.

Are you aware that all the people in Europe, all the teeming millions of Asia including China and India, all the Negroes in Africa, all the Englishmen in the world from Great Britain to Australia, all the polyglot population of the United States, in fact every last man, woman, and child existing anywhere on the planet at present, could be stood upon the island of Martha's Vineyard? If the weight of them caused it to slowly sink beneath the surface of the North Atlantic, there wouldn't be a human being thereafter in any spot of land on earth.

HENDRIK Willem Van Loon has another way of putting it in his Geography. He asks if we are aware that the same crowd of two billions human folks, averaging all of them six feet high, could be put sardine-fashion in a packing case a half-mile wide and long and deep. Yes, a box, 2640 feet in its three dimensions would hold the entire population of the earth, and if you doubt this, call for a pencil and satisfy yourself that it is true. If that box, says Van Loon, were toted to the Grand Canyon and pushed over out of sight, the whole planet would be as empty and desolate of human life as it was in the Miocene Age.

The Grand Canyon couldn't hold all the people who have ever lived on this earth if there were no such thing as repeat existence, but it could hold all of them of any given generation.

If we so put the earth's population in such a box, and then identified its human contents as being all the people whose life-plans we had to worry over, we mightn't consider it such a stupendous proposition.

Considered so, we begin to realize that perchance it isn't such a headache to chart these lives and provide specific experiences for each, as we first imagined.

THE EVIDENCE seems to have it collected from hundreds of psychical
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Strange Experiences . .

People Do Exhibit after Death

HERE are two cases, apparently of phantom projection, from the annals of the French Society, that would indicate what the soul has in mind to do at the instant of death, it frequently goes ahead and performs. Almost we might ask ourselves, whether or not the fact that they are physically dead occurs to such people. Thousands actually perish physically it seems, without the change in themselves being grasped for what it is. The first case in support of this conjecture, came from a responsible aristocratic woman in Czarist Russia—

"Every summer, up to the time that I was 12 years old, we went to the home of my maternal grandmother, who was a very rich and aged personage. She was living in the country and had numerous children and grandchildren. All tried, if possible, to spend the summer at her place in the country.

"One evening, toward seven o'clock, there were more than 30 adults gathered on the terrace in the midst of a luxurious garden, with about 20 grandchildren playing about. I was one of them. Well, all of us saw one of our uncles—who had gone off over the fields after luncheon—coming toward us along the widest pathway. We saw him stop some distance from us, look at us, then turn along a pathway to one side. His wife, who was the first to see him, cried, 'Look, papa's come back!' My grandmother, who had also noted him said, 'Children, run quickly and catch uncle. Tell him it's time for tea.'

"Off we went, the group of us. But when we reached the point where the pathways converged, we looked about on every side. No one! We went back, reporting to our elders that he was no longer to be seen. Thereat grandmother addressed one of the servants who had begun to pour tea; 'You saw Monsieur turn aside on the path? Go and try to

find him and tell him to come here.'

"When the servant reached the point where uncle had disappeared, and did not find him, she questioned some gardeners working near the spot. The gardeners had seen no one and were much astonished.

"The evening drew to a close and the children were in bed. My uncle's wife, now very worried, sent servants on horseback in different direction, looking for her husband. At length toward midnight they came back.

"They had found that their young master had been assassinated beside a river in which he had been bathing that afternoon, five versts away (nearly the equivalent of five English miles). But here is the uncanny part—

"At the inquest it was learned that a peasant had seen him on the bridge near the stream, fully clothed again, after the murder must have taken place—for the slayer was afterwards apprehended and fixed the time. My uncle had told this peasant by word of mouth, heard distinctly by him that he was going in the direction of my grandmother's by the shortest route—through the forest beside the river, which would have brought him out at approximately the place where all the garden guests saw him . . ."

THE SECOND similar case concerned a certain Monsieur Pouzolz, a planter of Gaudeloupe, who was living in Anse-Bertrand, a township of the canton of Port-Louis, with a young wife. Every Saturday about three o'clock, his father-in-law, who was living in Port-Louis, went to see them, riding on horseback through the Avenue des Cocoteirs, which stretched along in front of the main gate of the building. The old gentleman would spend the afternoon and next day with his children, and on Monday return to Port-Louis.

"Dwellings in the colonies," reported Monsieur Pouzolz, "are all built the same

way. There is a square one-story main building, without any inner court. Around it is a balcony, provided with Venetian blinds which are raised or lowered at will. My wife and myself, our elbows on this balcony railing, were awaiting my father's arrival, for it was Saturday and three o'clock had just struck. After some minutes of waiting we discerned a horseman in the distance whom we presently recognized as our beloved parent. He reached our gate and alighted from his horse. We immediately descended to the front steps to meet him.

"Arriving on the lower veranada, we looked toward the gate but saw no one. Both horse and rider seemed to have vanished. My wife seemed to think my parent was hiding purposely, playing some kind of a joke. 'Father, where are you?' she cried. 'We saw you.'

"We went out to the Avenue but Father was nowhere in sight, nor was his mount. I went one way about the grounds looking for him and my wife went another. We came face to face at the back, but still no signs of father.

"Overwhelmed and disturbed by this sort of adventure, we had gone back upon the veranda when, to our stupefaction, a messenger suddenly pounded up from Port-Louis bringing us news of father's death! He had died that very afternoon, a trifle before three o'clock! His favorite horse, on which he always made the trip when he came to see us, had not been out of his stable that day, nor did he behave as though anything unusual had happened to him.

"And yet, my wife and I had both seen rider and mount, as well as several servants on the lower floor."

DOES death come without its victim being aware of it? What can we say in the light of these two cases? They continued to do, these two men, what each would have done had he remained in the body. Interesting, to say the least.

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Snags



MORE and more the planned program of the Left-Wingers for taking over western-world institutions becomes apparent. Work up a gigantic war-scare over the possibilities of Russian attack and get American political parties to expend sums which the American economy cannot afford to meet, both military preparedness programs and foreign "aid" . . . while at the same time emasculating the effective strength of such programs. Keep the industrial production economy stirred up with a continual program of strikes based on the increasing high cost of living, so that the demand for economic security becomes so vigorous that an experiment in Communism seems practical. Promote maximum scandal and reports of crime and corruption in government, so that the American public loses utter confidence in its officialdom and becomes conditioned to allow the left-wing bleeding hearts to take over as last alternative to chaos. Emasculate and prostrate the effectiveness of American man-power by seeing that American military forces are scattered in ineffective little contingents all over the globe. Elect a long line of Chief Executives who follow faithfully the planned program of Internationalism—the while manipulating the United States deeper and deeper into the mazes of one-world United-Nations government. Test out, as feasible, by executive take-overs of major industries under the guise of necessity for defense programs, to see how much the public will stand before it throws up its hands and doesn't give a dam' . . . Finally, when the 1929

financial Crash is repeated, induct a program where all industry in America is taken over by bureaucrats, on the plea that the great American public cannot go moneyless for any extended period. This will be American Communism in its incipient stage.

Yes, the Progressive Take-Over Plans become clearer and clearer in technique and execution. And they look like holding great chances for success.

However, several snags may show up before their accomplishment.

First, Stalin has over-reached himself in Asia and has his hands full with this Head Laundryman, Maio Sei-Tung, who shows an alarming tendency to do as he pleases. Indeed, word comes undercover from several overseas sources that the Kremlin may find it necessary to establish an independent soviet republic in Manchukuo, to keep the Chinamen out of Russian Siberia, and Maio isn't going to like that a little bit. Soviet leaders, in other words, before another six months are out, may find themselves at loggerheads as between each other with ideality of communistic prestige hitting new lows.



Second, Stalin through his United Nations agents has handled his American diplomacy in such a manner as to get himself cordially disliked and distrusted, and bestirred universal rancor among the rank and file of Americans, so that anything communistic is anathema. The breach is widening daily and hourly between diplomats of east and west, and it's not a situation that makes for sympathy and camaraderie between Stalin and the American masses. No longer do Americans as Americans think there's

much that's attractive in any form of Russian counselling, and complete outlawing of the Communist Party throughout our whole 48 States is only a matter of time.

Third, no presidential candidate who's ever had anything to do with Communists, Communism, or Left-Wing organizations, or even subscribed to the world projects that are soviet in character, can stand up to the pressures that are inevitable in this forthcoming presidential campaign. The Eisenhower "boom" for instance, is coming to be known as originally launched by James and Eleanor Roosevelt; Claude Pepper the radical—some say reddish—ex-senator who consistently followed the comrades' party line while he was in the Senate and was repudiated by the voters of Florida in consequence; Americans for Democratic Action, an assortment of extreme radicals, although not officially connected with the Communist Party; the Communist Party itself, that never overlooks an opportunity to give Eisenhower an ovation when it can, on account of the soviet gangsters having previously decorated Eisenhower with the Order of Suvoroy, although no mention has been made of what great service Eisenhower could have performed for the Russians to accord him this "great" honor. No, Eisenhower is the most vulnerable of all the presidential candidates and can and will be torn to pieces in a rough and tumble national campaign.

Fourth, the United States is unique throughout the world in that it isn't one great nation to be gathered into Soviet ranks from the top or by "capturing" any people's assembly—it's a coalition of 48 small nations, the governor of each of which is its independent president. Even though a soviet coup were manipulated at top federal level, it would still be entirely legal and lawful for the governor of any one American State to set up opposition to our form of government being altered at the top, and supply a rallying standard for all Americans to resist communism as any wholesale smotheration.

Fifth and last, any repetition of the 1929 stockmarket Crash may simply sweep the prevailing bureaucracy out of power completely and bring some congressional "investigations" beside which those of the current moment will be treated as small parades.

Turning the whole United States com-

municistic is by no means the push-over the alarmists had hoped. Long before it gets near any stage of accomplishment, the followers of clear-headed statesmen like MacArthur may be emphatically more than they are at present, and a great American Nuremberg be set up, which no less a personage than Senator Bob Taft lamented several years ago as establishing a precedent that the mischievous elements in America might one day rue.

It is by no means necessary for any pro-communist take-over of all industry to be the remedy for workless mobs throughout 48 States. There are alternatives to strike-promoted demoralized industry that do not exceed constitutional bounds.

Stirring times are ahead, yes. But the practical snags in the way of successful achievement of their objectives are Gargantuan.

As the colloquialism has it, "keep your shirts on, Americans", and don't squeal before you're hurt. Sooner or later, the very essence of Christian Americanism, not to mention cultural decency, is going to smoke these international mischief-makers out into light of day.

That will be the Day of the Pay-Off.

We know a lot more about the causes of national mischief and distress than we knew in 1929-1930.

You don't have to educate the whole public as the ultimate gesture in social protection. If enough great leaders exist in a nation to act for the public, the Great Subversion goes disastrously whackey.

That's what the real subversives are worried about. And they are worried, make no mistake about it!

Survival



THIS is the day of the washing-out of a hundred and one eccentric movements and paper organizations, projected merely to print reams of expository material against current conditions and call it Saving the Nation by Mass Action. Funds since the epochal tax-take of March 15th have suddenly shown an alarming tendency to dry up. People no longer have ample moneys to drop on greedy collection plates.

Soulcraft—when it was known as the Liberation Assembly program throughout

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the 48 States back in the 1930’s—weathered every storm of economic stringency. Indeed, the worse conditions became in the Thirties, the more remarkable were the Liberation-Soulcraft revenues. People appear to have an instinct as to where real spiritual help and enlightenment lie and see that their sources are maintained.

Soulcraft is still carrying on and publishing its printed discourses and periodicals regularly—without any other endowments but voluntary donations on the parts of individuals who find comfort and peace of mind in staying close beneath the Soulcraft banner. Many of its adherents declare frankly that they are trimming down on every other form of public donation, in order to see that Soulcraft endures again through the stringencies ahead. Not an issue of any Soulcraft periodical has been missed to the moment. If you don’t get your numbers on the date that you should, it’s Uncle Sam’s fault. One western reader wrote a blistering epistle to Headquarters recently, declaring he had received no VALORS since February. In the next succeeding mail arrived an abject apology, stating that four numbers of the periodical for March had all been delivered at one time!

In the days immediately ahead, Soulcraft invites every assistance you can supply to it, because you’re going to need its consolations and recommendations when conditions get truly tough.

Ten thousand dollars in needful, bona fide expense moneys, are all that stand in the way of complete lifting of the inhibitions around the editor of VALOR, but he has the stamina to carry on as he can under them till the finances for relief and exoneration can be secured.

See to it that Soulcraft gets the financial sinews to maintain itself resolutely, no matter what the other demands on your pocketbook. The national public movement that survives the current paucity of finance will be the movement that merits the awards awaiting it!

Steel Seizure

(Continued from Page 2)

under emergency war powers, and the Taft-Hartley Act could not be used to stop the rail strike because the act exempts railroads from its provisions.

But the Taft-Hartley Act could have been used in the Steel strike to prevent

a walkout for 80 days. If at the end of that 80-day period no settlement was reached, Congress, *not the President*, could decide what to do.

The war emergency powers used previously by the President will expire when the President signs the Japanese peace treaty. They would have to be reimposed by Congress to apply to the steel strike. But since the President refuses to recognize that we are at war in Korea, that it is only a police action, what justification would Congress have of granting him war powers when there is no war?

The President has asked Congress to establish “specific terms and conditions with reference to the operation of the steel mills by the government.” Congress should tell the President this will not be done. He should be told that Congress has already passed a law adequate to meet the national emergency brought on by the steel strike threat, the Taft-Hartley Act. The President can still use the act, he could have used it two weeks ago when a strike was threatened. The only reason he did not was because of politics and his subservience to the leaders of the CIO.

Congress should remind the President that he has no “inherent powers” under the Constitution. The Bill of Rights, which the President loves to quote, says that he cannot seize private property without due process of law—and no law was invoked in this case. It says he cannot seize private property without granting “just compensation”—and that has not been done. It says he cannot search and seize property without a warrant, and he has done that.

Will Congress permit the President of the United States to violate the Constitution? Will Congress permit the President of the United States to act against private individuals without any law? These are the major questions before Congress now, and Congress must decide for the law and the Constitution or place the freedom of every individual in America in jeopardy. If Mr. Truman can seize the steel mills without any law to go by, he can seize every home, every business, every automobile, every farm and every piece of property Americans own whenever he pleases. This is exactly what the Constitution was written to prevent. It is exactly the reason why Americans fought a revolution—to protect their property rights!

Congress should demand by resolution or by statute that the President release

the steel industries, that he invoke the Taft-Hartley Act simultaneously to prevent a strike.

Congress should then proceed to rewrite the labor laws of the United States to break up the monopolistic power of union labor, to ban industry-wide bargaining and thus make industry-strikes impossible. Congress should return to the states the power to regulate labor disputes within their borders. The power of union labor has forced the Federal government into a position where it must either regulate wages and hours and working conditions directly or take sides in labor-management disputes and force a solution on one side or the other. Today the administration favors the union. Tomorrow it might favor industry. In either case the evils of labor monopoly, like the evil of industry monopoly have brought us to a crisis of liberty that only Congress can resolve.

Past Lives

(Continued from Page 6)

records, that each person, in periods between each of his lives, takes stock of himself and his character-attainments up through the ages, and gradually works out the specifications of a career for himself containing items of experience which he recognizes abstractly and dispassionately he needs most.

A person's temperament is largely the arbiter of these items. What the temperament does, or does not, contain determines what the next succeeding life is to comprise. If the temperament is weak in this or that attribute, then earthly conditions are contrived, or awaited, that will give him exactly that benefit and none other.

Naturally it happens that such conditions cannot be ordered or manufactured with the kindly assistance of astute mentors to whom the interwoven affairs of two billion human lives is a mere trifle in cosmic mathematics—and precisely the right conditions provided so that the individual soul will get the definite increment and naught else.

That is why it often takes such a lengthy time between lives, not that the spirit is unable to endure the stresses and strains of a new ordeal in flesh so quickly but that the opportunity is not available in world conditions for them to en-

ter and receive the experiences they know they should suffer.

The period between lives, in a manner of speaking, is the great examination-time of Temperament, looking at themselves, weighing themselves, analyzing themselves, deciding that no matter what the cost, they must go through this or that and come out with the needed profits extracted.

One of the most astounding things in examining such cases, is the raw cruelty of certain souls to themselves, insisting they shall endure persecutions, crucifixions, penuries, and physical handicaps, in order to gain spiritual advancement with maximum speed.

OVER and over, in examining cases where a particular soul in life seems to be getting more than his or her share of hard luck, we find that truly it is not so much hard luck at all, that is being so mysteriously encountered. The process that actually is at work is, that in that particular person's case they made the decision before entering upon the current incarnation that they would take upon themselves the troubles and the harassments of two or more lives at once—or in one life-sequence—in order to catch up with others of their own group who are further along the pathway.

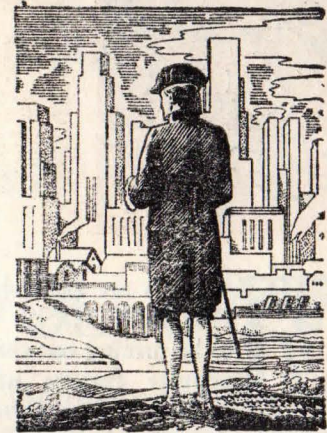
We must never lose sight of the fact that we only make the spiritual progress that advances us along the route of cosmic attainment, by undergoing, and triumphing over misfortune and hardship. The more trouble one surmounts then the stronger becomes the character and the more eligible one is to enter the higher planes of Consciousness.

Therefore always make sure, when it seems that you are having a particularly tough time of it, that you have not asked for just that travail, that your cosmic progress may be the swifter.

Temperament is concerned in all of this to a greater degree than you think. In fact, it is the experiencing of such ordeal that refines temperament and results in a lovable and beautiful spirit.

It is because of all the ordeals and spiritual victories that you have had in the course of all your lives that you are the person of character and stamina that your friends recognize as You, today. And the more lives you live, and the more troubles you thrash to a standstill in them, the faster is your cosmic progress up the worlds.

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.. COGITATIONS

MUCH to my astonishment, COGITATIONS seems to be turning out the most popular feature of this journal. More comments show up in the mail about it. At least a dozen visitors to Headquarters have confided, "I always read VALOR from the back to the front—the last-page anecdotes first, then COGITATIONS, then the *Strange Experiences*, then whatever's left." But it was a twenty-year-old youngster of a recent Saturday afternoon who remarked, "I like COGITATIONS most because it describes what a quaint, lonely, quiet country the United States must have been, a generation back." I discovered the lad actually believed it. He couldn't conceive how American life could be lived without a single automobile, a single airplane, a single movie house. Horse-and-buggy days must have resembled living in backwoods in the days of Daniel Boone. I tried to convince him this nation was anything but quaint or lonely, but I certainly agreed with him that it was *quieter*. No radios blaring at us from every block—sometimes twenty to the block, all different programs—no sound-trucks howling for us to vote for this demagogue or that galoot, no passenger transports roaring overhead and when we heard a noise like a backfire in the streets we poured forth pronto and investigated, because it generally meant a citizen had been shot. We lived in a nation, at any rate, where citizens could hear themselves think. Even on holidays in town, where traffic was thickest, the only noise was the soft clop of horses' hoofs. The older generation will agree with me, I'll hazard, that considered as a national populace we rarely collapsed from shattered nerves. Yes, Noise, over the whole land, was minimized . . .

WE DIDN'T have the feature movie with us, much less television, but we did have the traveling stock company to give us entertainment at the Old Opery House, and the ten-twenty-thirty melodrama. The ten-twenty-thirty melodrama meant that you could buy admission for ten, twenty, or thirty cents. And what a howl you got for your money! . . . Among my earliest recollections in the office of the weekly newspaper where the begrimed editor sometimes let me climb a stool and stick my name in 36-point type at the ripe old age of six, was the press-feeder or compositor working the hand-cutter to cut reams of old newspapers into one-inch strips, then put the strips under the knife the other way and get inch-square particles of paper which he dropped into buckets that were carried away by the opera-house property-man to be sprinkled down from the stage-loft that night in imitation of snow. Such plays as *Way Down East*, *The Fatal Wedding*, *Why She Loved*, *Lighthouse by the Sea*, and *The Girl from Mexico*, brought tears to our naive eyes as the forlorn heroine ventured forth into the cruel paper snow storm after the villain had done her wrong . . . Once every season too, *Uncle Tom's Cabin* came our way, with the street parade at noon where powerful stagehands in red coats led the bloodhounds that were uniformly Great Danes to make the flight of Eliza across the ice appear more hazardous . . . Let no ex-bombardiers recently in from the Front think that life in America back at the turn of the century was weary, stale, flat, or unprofitable . . . Real theaters, picnics, circuses, Chatauqua Lectures, church suppers, holiday bike races—nothing was mechanical in those days, everything was original and individual. Which reminds me of the significant thing that occurred back in the town of my boyhood dreams when a woman temperance fanatic hit the place and announced that she meant to smash and close every saloon, a la Carrie Nation . . .

THE CURRENT generation, by and large, has never heard of Carrie. She was one of a breed of public characters who supplied the quaintness to our

lives back at the aforesaid turn of the century. Starting out as temperance agitator in 1899 from Medicine Lodge, Kansas, she not only lectured throughout the country but by public prayer and denunciation she sought to save it from the curse of the corner saloon. When public prayer and denunciation failed, she'd bring out her famous hatchet and assail one of those places, smashing bar-fixtures, bottles and beer kegs. Evidently the proprietors were too chivalrous to stop her. So her exploits became known as "hatcheting". This woman who hit our town wasn't Carrie Herself but a prototype inspired by the original. She was a large, mannish woman, in black clothes and a severe bonnet, with a jaw like a pile-driver, who made her living traveling from place to place and encouraging down-trodden wives to provide themselves with axes and tackle the Demon Rum at close quarters. And God knew, forsooth, there was plenty of Demon Rum to be tackled. Forty-four saloons to 12,000 people, our municipality had, if I recall right. They were lecherous places, dank and cool usually in summer, smelling of stale beer and sawdust. You could get a schooner of beer in them for five cents or a slug of Scotch for ten—and F. W. Woolworth had nothing to do with either. This prototype's name was Pritchard and she was a mean female with an axe. Actually I believe she got a greater kick hearing the glass tinkle, than she did vanquishing Rum—it did break with such a nice noise, as all small boys of the town could attest. But Old Man Bartholomew, who ran the worst—meaning the biggest—Grog Emporium in the place, swore that no Dame Pritchard was coming in to bust up his place, or she'd meet some surprises she'd never known in Kansas. He said so in the Weekly Journal, after two joints down by the depot had been reduced to slivered glass under the auspices of the pious church ladies who felt morally bound to help Old Battle-axe clean up the town even though their own husbands never drank anything stronger than ginger beer, sarsaparilla, or Peruna. Naturally, as the Campaign Against Rum progressed, all middle class citizens wondered what Old Barth would

do to protect his premises in the event the Catastrophe headed his way . . . They found out . . .

o—o

SUCH PUBLISHED defiance infuriated Battleaxe. That the town under local option had voted the saloons "in" for a season, that the saloon keepers paid their taxes, conducted themselves decorously and were otherwise model citizens entitled to full police protection, never seemed to occur to the embattled ladies who had invited Madam Pritchard into their midst. Madam Pritchard had the "churches" behind her, and was entitled morally to chop and hack and smash at her pleasure. So, on a certain Saturday night, when all the Polacks from the chair factories were sinfully moistening their thirsty whistles, Madam Pritchard first held a "torchlight meeting" in the Square—meaning that she orated and flourished her hardware ominously from a platform lighted by a dripping oil torch—and when the more lusty choristers from the local churches had sung all the more aggressive hymns, Madam Pritch came down off her platform and led the parade down the Hill to Barth's place. Naturally forty-seven small boys were ahead or behind or roundabout, to take in the gloriously destructive doing and Old Barth thus got wind of it. The first thing the customers knew of the onslaught was the cheery crash of the two plate glass windows where Pritch led the assailment with her murderous battleaxe. Next she chopped the mirrored doors, and Polacks took to back windows in bunches. Above the roar and applause from the church element, lifted Old Barth's majestic profanity. He was conducting an honest business, or believed he was, and he'd be a so-and-so if any crazy female was going to make junk and ruin of two thousand dollars' worth of snazzy bar-fixtures. He went around the end of his bar in three hops, and faced the Madam coming in victoriously, delivering her anathemas and calling him a lot of names not recorded in the *Bible*. Barth waited till she was well down the room and then he let her have it. He had it all arranged with his small Irish janitor. What was it he let her have? . . . He let her have the full force of a big coil of three-inch fire hose, within which was very wet water, discharged, so to speak, under town-hydrant pressure . . . it squirted as never water squirted—in a gigantic *whoosh!* that went places . . .

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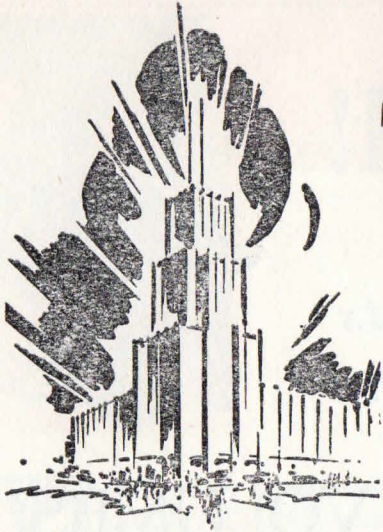
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SOULCRAFT CHAPELS

Noblesville, Indiana

THE MADAM seemed to be cast in role of a very big holocaust who needed a lot of water to put out. She was standing midway of the saloon, a dozen feet from the entrance, when Little Casey finished twirling the water-cock. The big hose uncoiled like a muscular python and the stream from its nozzle hit the Madam broadside. Her bonnet lifted off, nearly decapitating her head where its strings had been tied very

tight for the fray, she threw up both hands, tossing the hatchet ceilingward and forgetting all about it. She gave a vast grunt that could be heard above the yelling crowd and hissing water, doubled like a jack-knife and went out of that saloon backward. And Old Barth advanced, and washed his place clean of her. The force of that water could have rolled out a horse—certainly it rolled out the Madam and most of her chinless



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Soulcraft Press, Inc., Noblesville, Ind.

male choristers who'd come to sing hymns when the Demon Rum lay prostrate. Immediately they too were lying on sidewalk and in street, and while they were prostrate, they were by no means motionless—Old Barth saw to that. He wetted his place considerable, but he did save his bar-fixtures and most of his merchandise. The man seemed grimly intent on avenging all his fellow saloon-keepers, once his big water-stream had that bunch down. He raked 'em and he bowled 'em. The Madam was turned over six times in the midst of twice as many tenors and basso profundos. Of course the usual number of Saturday night horses ran away, and the pious ladies of the town were by no means tardy in picking up their skirts and scrambling out of range. But that put the quietus on Madam Pritchard and her tilt with the Demon Rum. The Demon Water had washed her soul clean of any further aggressive intents toward western Massachusetts bartenders and the Demon Rum. She couldn't bring suit for the impromptu laundering because she'd not only been trespassing but destroying property as well. And within a week there was such a demand on the Boston hardwares for three-inch firehose for bartenders that their stock was cleaned out. The Water Cure did it! Queer, now that I stop to think of it, that a lot of other alien persons aren't similarly dealt with, who be-think to take the law into their own hands and fetch the millenium by personal violence . . . Quaint, lonely, and quiet country, eh? . . . The only difference between it and the present was, its hijinks were *sane*. At least, as I said, you could hear yourself think . . . Try it today, providing you haven't forgotten how! . . .

—THE RECORDER

Living Standards

(Continued from Page 4)

any racials of white classifications. You will see a particularly brilliant colored man capable of holding his own with any white, anywhere. These genealogical mutations are usually recognized as coming from direct denouement of personal karmas, not workings out of racial progressions. Caste in the congested eastern races can easily be distinguished as gradations within gradations, or individual souls working from the lowest classes to the highest *within a given race before passing*

on to the next higher. In the case of the high-grained colored person incarnating among whites, undoubtedly you're seeing a white classification that in the individual instance requires to know the personalized reactions from being white in his spirit while forcing himself to undergo whatever social inhibitions may exist when whites and blacks live together promiscuously.

These are forever individual quandaries proceeding toward spiritual solutions or benefits.

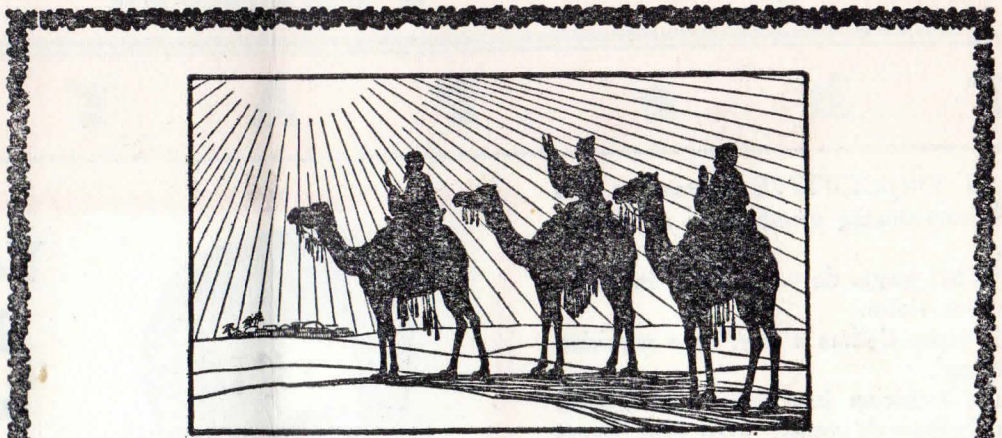
But in the broader sense, souls will incarnate again and again within the races where their inclusion is determined by general spiritual attainments. The soul will incarnate in those races, in other words, where it's "spiritually at home" . . . and no amount of freakish left-wing teaching or propagandizing, coming to flower suddenly as in the world of the past fifty years, can alter the Providential Stipulation for spirit progression considered as a program.

ONE OF the most interesting indications of what the profits spiritually from incarnation in the various races may be, insofar as standards of living are concerned, has been a table of figures recently sent from Europe, in which the earned payments and take-home payments of the various nationals have been listed—

NATIONAL	AVERAGE INCOME 1951	TAKE-HOME PAY
Frenchman	\$ 661	\$ 396
German	475	250
Hollander	563	294
Belgian	550	470
Italian	271	184
Englishman	875	412
American	1,721	1,262

These figures represent what the average Frenchman, German, Englishman, etc., earns in the given year to support himself and dependents. It's a most revealing table and one that Soulcrafters can afford to mark and keep handy for future reference.

These people, by deliberately getting themselves born year after year in the ranks of these specified nationals, are voluntarily submitting themselves to the rigors of certain economic circumstances and the spiritual increments coming out of them. None of this is saying, let's repeat, that because the average American seems to earn more, he's a better fish



“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.

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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.

than the average Frenchman, German, or Englishman in the individual instance. It's saying that each recognizes he has certain problems to work out among his fellows of that given economic classification, to either benefit himself, or benefit society as a whole.

Taking the long-throw on these cosmic identifications goes a lengthy way in

rationalizing why the racial problem all over the earth, is what it is today. Giving the Hottentot a free bottle of milk every morning to improve his breakfast, isn't going to make him any less the Hottentot.

Breaking into the seniority house by sophomores or juniors never makes the academic student a senior.

T h e P A Y O F F

AN INQUISITIVE bureaucrat was interviewing members of an orchestra.

"What wages do you draw?" he asked the first violin.

"Twenty dollars a day," the musician answered.

The musician just above the violinist was the bass drummer. "And what wages do you command for booming that thing?"

"I get ten dollars a night," the drummer reported.

The bureaucrat looked disgusted.

"Put it under your chin. You'd get twice as much."

AN INSTRUCTOR was conducting a science course at a local high school. One of the requirements in a written quiz was, "Define a bolt and nut, and explain the difference, if any."

One of the girl students wrote: "A bolt is a thing like a stick, of hard metal such as iron, with a square bunch on one end and a lot of scratching wound around the other end. A nut is similar to the bolt only just the opposite, being a hole in a little chunk of iron sawed off short, with wrinkles around the inside of the hole."

The startled professor marked that one with a large "A" . . .

FOND mother said to Fond father, "You know, I really think that beastly man upstairs doesn't like little Reginald to play on the drum we gave him."

"What gives you that idea?" the father inquired.

"This afternoon when Reginald started to play, that man loaned the dear little thing his opened jack-knife. Bet him a nickel he didn't know what was inside our beautiful gift."

THE OPERA troupe was short a performer for William Tell. The manager went out front and sought to drag the colored janitor.

"All you have to do," he explained, "is stand perfectly still while the marksman shoots the apple off your head. Very simple and perfectly safe."

Gaped the janitor, "Shoot *what* apple? . . . off *whose* head? . . . *when*?"



You Ought to Hear the Recorder's Talk on a new American **STAMINA**

in the current electronic broadcast. The two great spiritual issues before the nation are discussed in the light of Clairvoyant Forecasts. The text on the electronic tapes or wires comprises a major feature of Soulcraft instruction.

START A CHAPEL!

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.

AN OVER-WROUGHT public official had just entered heaven and was settling down for the good rest that awaited the faithful and overly paged, when a cherub bellhop winged into view and informed him that he was wanted right away on the ouija board.

THE TEACHER asked the class how to define nonsense.

The boy with the owl spectacles thought a moment.

"Please, Miss Jones, I think it would be an elephant hanging over a cliff with his tail tied to a daisy."

"**M**AAMA," said little Nellie, looking up at the starry skies one evening, "what a delightful place heaven must be when its wrong side is so beautiful!"

A COUNTRY housewife, recently married, decided to try her hand at cake-making. The result was decidedly on the heavy-side. After offering it to various hired men and having it refused, she threw it in disgust to the ducks in the farmyard pool.

A new hand thrust his head in the doorway.

"Lady," he announced, "you better come out quick. Your ducks have sunk."

THE TEACHER said, "Now, Johnny, tell me what kind of clothes pussy wears."

"Clothes?" asked Johnny.

"Yes. Does she wear wool? Does she wear feathers?"

"You poor lady. Ain't you ever seen a cat?"