

Valor

The Golden Times Weekly . . .

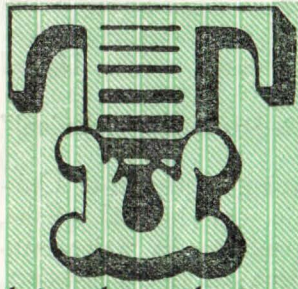
How to Live Life with Courage, Wisdom, and Enduring Peace of Mind through Soulcraft

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Number 25

DOES UNITED NATIONS RUN OUR INTERNAL ECONOMY?



THE PRESIDENT, in the opening paragraph of his Executive Order 10340, seizing the steel mills, listed among his reasons for so doing, "our responsibilities in the efforts being made throughout the United Nations and otherwise, to bring about a lasting peace" . . . which on the face of it would seem a highly commendable action to contribute toward the world's tranquillity.

Those who respectfully disagree with the President on this United Nations issue, however, see in the prominence given to the interests of the super-state the grave psychological item of forever mentioning United Nations in each and every internal stricture that arises, so that its paramount influence is insistently forced on the minds of Americans.

In common psychology, this would seem to disclose that there is no adamant confidence in the convictions of United Nations proponents and promoters, that Americans have irrevocably accepted the fact of this super-government in their civic procedures.

This point is well taken.

BY NO means has the issue arisen yet, as to whether or not the American rank and file dumbly and docilely accept the jurisdiction of this alien paper organization above their constitutional affairs.

That a high-pressure sales campaign is being pushed



with every ingenuity that the fanatical wits of Twentieth-Century man can devise to complete this fateful international transaction, only a primary schoolchild would miss.

To persons above twelve years of age, this evidence of precipitous haste in making the inclusion of United Nations a "natural" whenever America encounters economic complication, adds up to one thing only—

United Nations represents something in which unknown parties have an unhallowed personal interest, im-

elling them to close the deal and put the big project over while opportunity offers, the alternative being some variety of jeopardy which they can ill afford to face.

If this super-state itself were a "natural", there would be a tendency to proceed slowly and constructively, weighing all component factors with the utmost care and research, giving full attention to all eventualities and denouement, and arriving at consummation with soundest judgment and dignity.

But no! United Nations is being "sold" to the mass public with every type of cheap and tawdry device that flamboyant Twentieth-Century advertising and publicity can cudgel up.

Selling Florida building lots that are twenty feet under water, would be a small parade beside the superficial Hollywood ballyhoo attending on the acts and participations of this concourse of international political freaks.

"By their fruits ye shall know them."

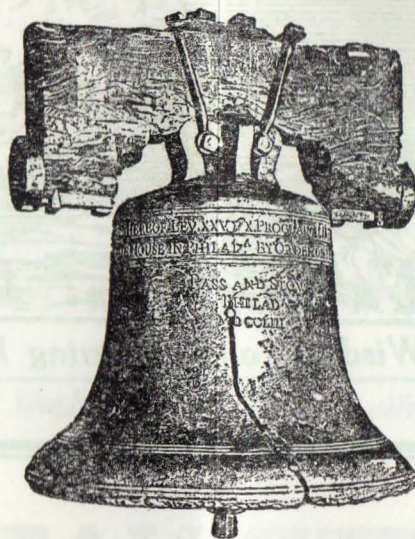
THE GREATER headache overshadows all of it, however, as to whether—and when—United Nations is thus slated to acquire the prestige to take its own action in the internal affairs of America when it comes to consider its welfare being jeopardized. Which brings up the challenge as to whether or not the United States senators who voted the "treaty" with United Nations ever wore the authority to trade away the independence and allegiance of 151,000,000 Americans to some government other than that of the land of their nationality.

But the program to shove United Nations to top suzerainty over constitutional processes goes resolutely ahead, as witness the communication of Dr. John Wood, Representative from Idaho, respecting the fate of his Resolution in the internationalist-dominated Foreign Affairs Committee.

Dr. Wood's office writes VALOR as follows—

"**B**ILLS in a hostile Committee—and the House Committee on Foreign Affairs is certainly that—may be brought to the House for debate by a petition signed by 218 members. Petition No. 9 to bring H. R. 5080 from the Committee to the House was placed on the Speaker's desk March 12th.

"Letters to your Congressmen to sign the Petition are now in order. You will



recall H. R. 5080 is to rescind and revoke our membership in the United Nations, which was introduced by me, August 8, 1951.

"The State Department reported to the Committee on Foreign Affairs, they hoped it would never pass; and the above Committee, a majority of whom are internationalists, was very happy to accept the hostile report of the State Department. Consequently, the Bill has been buried in Committee.

"It may be advisable to attempt an explanation of the situation in the House regarding H. R. 5080.

"First: There is a large group of East coast internationalists in the House membership. They are for *any kind* of union with Europe—United Nations, NATO (North Atlantic Treaty Organization), Atlantic Community; and are even grooming you for a coming attempt at a Pacific Union. They may be classed as proponents of a One World Government, which would inevitably completely destroy our present Constitutional American form of government. The Atlantic Seaboard States being very populous, gives them a very strong vote in the House, though even here there are some exceptions.

"Second: There is a large group who were originally completely sold on United Nations. They are not necessarily believers in a One World government; and would resent any attempted destruction of our Constitutional American government. They are more or less disillusioned about United Nations and its failures and

treasons to America; but are still grasping at a straw.

"Third: There is another group, who do not believe in the United Nations, and would gladly vote to get out of it; but are afraid if they did, their constituents would not return them to their seats in the House at election. This is a large group of "weak sisters" who prize their seats in the House more than being true to their convictions.

"Fourth: There is a smaller group who will sign Petition No. 9 because they put their principles above a House Seat.

"Groups 2 and 3 may represent your Congressional delegation. If you can persuade them their constituents favor H. R. 5080, they will vote for it. Nothing but a complete transfusion of patriotic blood would change Group 1.

"Folks: *Can an organization attain peace which denies the Prince of Peace? Are you going to stand idly by and virtually see black flags raised on our buildings bear the words: 'In Memory of Constitutional Government in the United States of America?'*

"Isolationism is Patriotism in Action!"

IT'S THE creeping aggression of United Nations in our internal affairs, however, that comprises its major menace at the moment. Its FEPC measures, cleverly interlaced into the peace treaty with Japan to give them international standing, strike as deeply into the roots of our internal affairs as anything that might be considered. If the Constitutional Assembly of 1787 had proposed that Massachusetts was to hire employes for its industries such as Virginia or Georgia might dictate, Massachusetts wouldn't have tolerated its meddlings for an instant. And vice versa.

More and more, clearer and clearer, it becomes evident that the whole sum and substance of the United Nations objectives is to shackle and readjust the internal American economy and "bring it in-to line" with the backward, improvident, or incompetent nations.

Bringing the internal economy of Americans into line with the backward, improvident or incompetent nations, is neither altruism or spirituality. It's an expedient for pulling America down to the level of lesser nationals.

How far is it going to proceed before Americans get their backs up?



HOW SOLVE THE PROBLEM OF PUBLIC STUPIDITY?

care to alter your angle on the affairs thus compromising you, freedom is presented you automatically.

COMES a letter in the morning mail which says in substance—

"I am in agreement with you 100 percent in what you have to say about Douglas MacArthur; he is the greatest living American and should be Chief Executive of our nation. I also concur with Dr. John Wood that we should withdraw officially from the United Nations. But when it comes to endorsing the Soulcraft Doctrine, particularly its absurd contentions that the human soul lives more than once on this earth, or that this world is any earthly classroom for souls to progress upward spiritually by experiencing, you are asking me to accept too much. It may be interesting as an academic hypothesis, but if it were true, assuredly the Bible would somewhere corroborate it. I can neither accept nor believe—as a good Christian—anything that isn't specifically set forth in the Bible. I tremble to think where our civilization is going under present official influences, yet I also have faith to believe that Christ the Lord is coming soon and 'make all things right'. I am enclosing you \$8.20 for which please forward to me as many copies of VALOR as contain the General's speech before the Legislature at Jackson, Miss."

Looked at circumspectly and without the slightest bias, isn't this communication the expression of 99 percent of our American electorate at the present moment? Not in the item of the MacArthur support, perhaps, nor the endorsement of the John Wood Resolution, but in the sentiments expressed generally?

"I endorse the best men for office, and I believe America should mind her own business and run her own affairs, but in

DOUGLAS MacArthur continues to go to and fro in America, proclaiming the principles of soundest American statesmanship, Dr. John Wood works twenty hours a day in his office in the congressional office building handling the public correspondence about his House Resolution to withdraw us from United Nations, Victor Riesel writes his syndicated newspaper column day upon day, laying down unchallenged and unbiased facts about the true conditions behind the American Scene, and thousands of free copies of the *Golden Scripts* go forth to the nation's pulpit leaders describing in detail the Highest recommendations for remedying the strictures that have befallen our earth. But with office holders and policy-makers proceeding in direction opposite to all of these, the common man—no matter how erudite or intellectual—seems a futile pawn, caught in a vortex of forces amid which his voice is innocuous.

How bring sagacity to treat with the current scene, when the proportion of citizens beguiled by robot thinkings and conclusions is apparently nine to one—or better, ninety-nine to every hundred? How hope correctly to educate the electorate—on \$8.20—when the forces of confusion and disruption have found ways to procure and match the \$8.20 with \$8,200,000 for miseducation?

The answer is that Divine Providence has so projected the universe that evil, ignorance or stupidity never fix anything, and until matters are correctly adjusted,

worse and worse distress afflicts the body politic, even to total loss of freedom and wealth.

THE TRULY enlightened man or woman should regard it that the Almighty's laws are the one set of stipulations for human conduct in the universe that permits of neither compromise nor mitigation. For instance, one of those laws is the fiat: jump from a height and the human organism will be shattered.

The Almighty's laws carry their penalties for violation inherent in themselves—they are never left to some future day and celestial court where attorneys for the defendant can wrangle interminably.

A second of the Almighty's laws is, Man suffers because of his ignorance or indolence only. The instant he declares he's got enough of suffering, he can terminate it. The universal situation in this, is similar to the case of Mrs. Whetstone who wouldn't pay her proportion of taxes recently—in a Chicago federal court—that were being siphoned off for the expenses of nations other than America. The Judge said to her, "I'm regretful about committing you to jail, but you hold the keys to that jail in your own hands. Pay the taxes to support England, France, and West Germany and you unlock your own prison door." The difference between Mrs. Whetstone's case and the ignorant or perverse public's case is, that Mrs. Whetstone's is sustained by the belief that she has moral right on her side, while what the public has in its current predicament is its moral stupidity. But the mitigating fiat is the same: when you

VALIANT



THE world is a play where you stride to your role
 And plaudits of millions ensue!
 The earth is a war where, enlisting, you serve,
 With Purple Hearts pinned on the few!
 Great Life is a test, which you pass in, or fail,
 With your Soul whipped alive to the cry:
 It isn't the fight which you fight for the spoils
 But with how much pluck do you try?

You climb from the Low to the Radiant High,
 The rock scars of Wrong bruise your gear,
 You scale the tall bastions of Hunger and Doubt,
 And vanquish what dragons appear!
 You faint and you kneel, the price seems too great,
 You nearly trade zeal for a sigh!
 It isn't your wreaths that attest to your worth,
 But with how much pluck do you try?

Morale is the thing, as you barter High Life
 For the merit that wins goals alone!
 The Lord of the Worlds is a chief unabashed
 That the strength of His cohorts be known!
 Persistence is holy, Desire is a wraith,
 The Track to the Summit is high!
 It isn't the heights that you win in the end
 But with how much pluck do you try?

my interest doesn't go beyond the value of \$8.20 in currency."

And the orientals and Machiavellians smile cynically and push their spoliation right along to showdown.

ARE SUCH persons as this correspondent worth saving—by MacArthur, Wood, Christ, or anybody? No, that's not the way to regard it. No greater philosophical ally for the oriental Machiavellians ever was evolved, than the assumption that there's a vicarious atonement for anyone, at any time, anywhere.

Vicarious atonement breeds scared-cats and weaklings.

Life itself breeds spiritual, intellectual and moral giants.

True adepts in the Ageless Wisdom aren't interested in the slightest over "saving" anyone, inasmuch as all souls are expected to "save" themselves.

As for declaring that nothing not mentioned in Holy Writ can be true or worthy of endorsement, nothing is said in Holy Writ about the findings of modern astronomy, the expanding universe, Relativity, or the construction, of the atom. Nothing is said in Holy Writ about the proven wonders of pschical research or retromemory. Actually, of course, whoever closes his mind to the validity of these, merely because the gospels hold no mention of them, is providing a generous sop to his or her private spiritual complacency. He or she is saying, "I really don't care to have it disturbed, because in that event I should have to exercise my own intellectual processes and think things through, and that would mean taking them out of their present mothballs. Rather than be required to do that. I prefer to go on suffering current ills and believing that Christ is coming soon to fix things."

THE CITIZEN under discussion, of course, doesn't for a moment grasp the contradiction in these aforesaid "convictions" . . . The New Dealers or Fair Dealers in the current political scene learn nothing in their literature—or expressions of their policy makers—of the matters at which the MacArthurs and Woods inveigh. Why not say as well that because the New Dealers or Fair Dealers take no note of the MacArthur or Wood stipulations for civic or economic improvement, therefore none of the MacArthur or Wood stipulations are true

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the last analysis what can the average man do but trust that the Lord is coming soon and make all things right? Meanwhile, here's \$8.20 on which to carry forward your work of publicizing the best man for office and the Wood Resolution. Beyond that, don't disturb my comfortable spiritual convictions."

All right, the abuses and distresses not only continue but go onward formidably day unto day. They make no sense, without the interpretations of the Ageless

Wisdom to explain them. Christ is 'coming soon' to do vicariously for humanity what humanity should currently be doing for itself. And anything that isn't mentioned in Holy Writ can't possibly be true.

Psychologically, this correspondent is grouping Douglas MacArthur, Dr. Wood, and Christ, all in a category. "These personages will do for me what some might think I should be doing for myself, but actually in the whole issue

What You Should Know about Your Numerology



CONSIDERING the subject elementally, the science of Numerology sheds more light on the past history of the individual soul, its attainments and

unfoldments to the moment, and the purposes for which it entered into Mortality in the present span, than any other resource available to us in a form that is as convenient and facile as it is positive.

Astrology and Palmistry may have their points, but the interpretation of their significances in the last analysis depends more or less upon the perspicuity of the astrologist or palmist. Numerology, on the other hand, is plain cosmic mathematics. Just as two plus two will always and forever make four, whether the addition is done by a Socrates or a lunatic, so the expressions of Character and Mortal Intent in any given life will always "add up" the same when the factors of Vibration are present to an equal degree and whether they apply to one person or ten thousand.

To find out what the Character epitomizes in its cosmic endowments up to any given life—that is, what experiences of many lives have wrought as a Character-effect—we examine the numerological significances of the name.

To find out what the Mortal Intent is—for the current career—or what the present Life Program prescribes as more cosmic instruction through rigors of experiencing, we examine what we term the Birth-Path or Life-Path as indicated to us by the year and month and day of birth.

Persons born on given days of the year and month have apparently keyed themselves to the operating-vibration of that year and month for most of their current mortal careers. If we know a few



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

simple and elemental facts about the nature of the operating-vibration, we can get rough but dependable indication of what sort of lives they will live—and which, when so lived, will supply them with a reasonable amount of spiritual gratification.

The most common practice among Numerologists for arriving at the Life Path and getting its significance as cue to the career, is to add the digits of the year to the number of the month in the year, then to these two add the number of the day within the month. When the sum is arrived at, add its digits again to reduce them to the lowest common denominator, between One and Nine.

To illustrate—for the benefit of those hearing of this subject for the first time—suppose that a man has been born on

the 15th of April in the year 1879. Adding the figures in the birth-date crosswise, we find that the year 1879 adds up to 25. April is the fourth month in the year, so we add the 4 to the 25 and get 29. The birthday falling on the 15th gives us the figure 15 to add to 29—or 44. To get the numerological significance of the man's Life-Path, we thereupon add the double 4's of forty-four and get 8. Our man is on an "Eight" Life-Path.

At once, if we have a reasonable working-knowledge of the significances of 8, we recognize the type of life which that man is supposed to live to give him maximum spiritual satisfaction and afford him greatest profit in line with what was prescribed for him—or what he prescribed for himself—before entering into the Octave of Mortality.

NOW THE numbers from One to Nine are divided into three sets of three numbers each, indicating three cycles or three octaves that qualify or classify the types of mortal activity that are lived by all persons.

If a person's Birth-Path, or Life-Path,

figures out to a 1, 2, or 3, he will be found to express himself as an actionist person, or get his greatest satisfaction in pursuing a career of definite physical action.

If a person's birth-date figures out to a 4, 5, or 6, he will be found to express himself most facily or enjoyably in the realm of intellect or those pursuits that most exercise Mind.

If a person's birth-date figures out to a 7, 8, or 9, he will be found to express himself most properly in spiritual phases or arenas of activity—that is, those that concern the values that are permanent and eternal in human affairs, no matter to what age or culture they may apply. We are interested for the moment in this particular discussion, in examining the significances of the digits in the first of these cycles, for truth to tell, they follow a concrete pattern in each.

To illustrate, consider the Cycle of Action—

We start off with the Digit One.

It is represented as a vertical mark. Sometimes it has a little downward barb at its top, tending toward the left. It symbolizes the single unit. Strangely enough, so too does the Capital Letter I in the personal equation.

It is by no means coincidence that the symbol for the single unit in mathematics, and the symbol for the single unit in alphabetical procedure, is the single upright mark.

Truly these are ancient pictographs representing Man. They indicate the Single-Soul idea, standing individualistically and unaided in Cosmos, with head or intellect pointing toward higher octaves.

In Numerology therefore, we get the significance of 1 in terms of Independence, Pioneering, Self-Sufficiency, Self-Reliance, the tendency to proceed without bethinking it necessary to consult others, the inclination to live one's life according to one's instinctive inner urges and not be particularly affected by what society thinks about it.

One is the "pioneering" number, the "soldier-of-fortune" number, the Divine Cosmos existing and operating as the isolated fragment and finding its way valiantly up through the worlds irrespective of the trends of all other fragments.

Now it follows that when to One there is introduced a second One—of course making Two—there is bound to be a condition of Affectiveness set up, or the

state of each being affected by the existence and propinquity of the other.

This proposes in effect the interdependence of the pair so presented.

Two therefore symbolizes the pair of single units acting in conjunction, or functioning in relationship to each other as team or tandem.

In the human equation we get the symbol presented in terms of either partnership or matrimony, each unit being but one-half of the postulated Whole.

Two therefore might be called the Partnership, or Correlation Number. That which is undertaken is not essayed in solitaire performance as in One but always in conjunction with one other hu-



man unit whose presence or propinquity completes the activity.

The significance of the digit Three thereby becomes apparent.

It is the Product Number.

Just as Man and his partner Woman come together in mating, and Product results in Child, so the Three Number is indicative of tacit action-creation in some aspect and epitomizes that which is projected when One and One have made Two, or the Creative Pair postulating Product.

We have therefore One the Pioneering Number, Two the Complement Number, and Three the Product Number.

This is the format for the two higher octaves as well—Mental and Spiritual.

IN OTHER words, there is the Pioneering, Complementing, and Product Triad in the mental realm. And there is the Pioneering, Complementing, and Product Triad in the spiritual realm.

One, Two, and Three are the pioneering, complementing, and product symbols in the Action Octave. Four, Five, and Six are the respective pioneering, complementing, and product symbols in the Mental Octave. Seven, Eight, and Nine are the respective pioneering, complementing, and product symbols in the Spiritual Octave.

Yet this thing is true and should be noted: that whereas the format is uniform for the expression of the digits as to their symbols in the three octaves, the effects of each translates into different aspects or orders of expression according as the octave is distinctive or peculiar.

Considerations of the mental and spiritual octaves we will leave to separate papers. We are here interested in the peculiarities or distinctions of the Actionist Octave only.

When we say that a person is an Actionist, what do we mean?

Commonly we would assume that he must get his expressions in terms of physical, mortal, or materialistic action. Still, that is only true to a limited degree.

The Actionist is seeking for something! He is instinctively hunting beyond the confines of mortality—if the truth could be known—for that which forever satisfies and complements his spirit.

He wants, in a word, to climb up through worlds "that he can get his feet on."

He is not particularly interested in the mental, intellectual, or theoretical side of mortal pursuits. He is not expressly drawn toward, or content with, postulations and propositions that have their intrinsic basis or bases in the Eternal Verities.

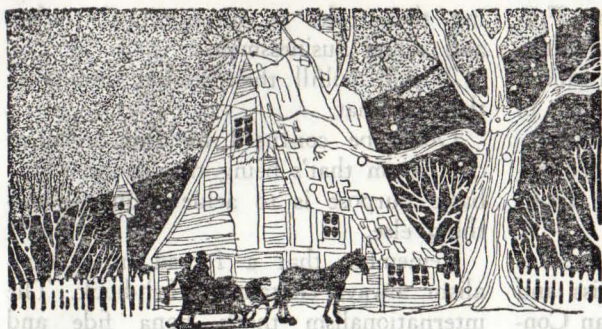
He wants to get results right here and now—or in the specific octave in which he discovers himself deploying.

And he has a reason for this.

He is hunting concrete performance that he may observe without waiting a long time just what the effects of its working-out may be on his character. If it be not what he has anticipated, he wants to try other expedients at once and see their effects immediately as well.

If sobeit he cannot grasp, appreciate, or absorb such effects, he tries to reason out what is wrong. Thus by process of time, he gradually comes to operate in the mental or Intellectual octave. There he can draw his conclusions, or get his effects, by hypothesis. But while he is in

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Strange Experiences . .

The Reason for Unexplained Levitations

BORDERLAND Science Research Associates, with headquarters in San Diego, report a parapsychical happening right here in America no later than last September that merits wider circulation than its own publications afford. The account comes from South Kortright, N. Y., which is in Delaware County, where the State of Pennsylvania thrusts its northeast corner into York State. It is reported by Miss A—C— of New Jersey.

"On the evening of September 20, 1951," Miss C— writes, "I was a guest of my friend Grace, in South Kortright, N. Y. On top of her tall china cabinet stood a hollow glass statue, blown in the shape of an Indian woman—an early American bottle with a cork in its head—that she prized highly. Behind it stood a large square Staffordshire china platter which was held upright in a metal bracket fastened to the cabinet.

"She went to turn the porch light off. Just as she was coming back through the door, we heard a noise on top of the cabinet. *We were astounded to see the platter lift itself out of the bracket—which didn't move—and sail over the head of the statue!*

ORDINARILY, if any vibration had tipped it over—but there was none in this quiet countryside—the platter would have struck the statue full in the back, causing the latter to be knocked over first. But as it was, the platter was lifted so high that only its bottom rim touched the back of the statue's head as it passed over.

"The platter fell to the linoleum floor first, and smashed into a thousand pieces—although it was very thick and heavy—whereas the statue was made of very thin glass and yet it did not even have a crack when it landed on top of the shattered platter!

"When I saw the statue tipping over, I projected my will-power to stop it—knowing how precious it was to my friend. If this had anything to do with its preservation I cannot say; but if so, my forces were not strong enough to prevent its fall, yet could have slowed it up so much that it finally struck the floor lightly enough to keep it from breaking.

"It was a weird sight to see that statue slow up in its descent!"

WHEN I told my friend of my quick projection of will-power, she thanked me for my effort to save the statue—regardless of whether that had anything to do with it or not. We considered it to be a very strange phenomenon, to say the least, but cannot figure out what the meaning of it was, if any. Maybe, someday, we will."

Inasmuch as a query is postulated here that has the sincere desire for scientific information behind it, let's go back to Flammarion and his conclusions from investigations of the remarkable happenings at Saint-Nicolas-du-Port, near Nancy, in 1910.

"The servant of the proprietor of the Parisian Bazaar," wrote the great French psychic researcher, "an affable village girl of eighteen summers named Germaine Maire, was washing in the yard behind her house, when a heavy chunk of bread fell at her feet. On the following Tuesday an even more expressive manifestation occurred as she was doing the weekly washing. A long nail came whistling down, transfixing the left sleeve of her dress, and planted itself in the middle of her apron. Supposedly rebellious against superstition, Germaine declared she suspected the practical joking of neighbors. When the hour for dinner sounded, she went down-cellar and brought up her usual bottle of wine. An enormous pebble, apparently from nowhere, broke the heavy bottle in her hand.

"This time the 'joke' had gone beyond

bounds. Germaine called out. A rattle of kitchen hardware followed and one of the window panes of the kitchen broke, showering glass about her feet. Then the most diverse missiles started falling: stones, nails, bits of wood, clamps, cutlery.

"Two days passed, during which the young servant went as little as possible into the affected areas. She tried to do her work in a neighboring court, but a new storm of missiles greeted each appearance. Nails, screw-rings, and pebbles began flying about, breaking adjacent windows. From this day, March 25th, the bombardment increased with amazing punctuality. It even extended into the employer's shop. A carpenter, M. Fournie, was trying on a cap, when a long nail transfixed it in his hand. The only thing was to call in the police.

"M. Michelet, the local Commissary, came to investigate. He thought he discovered the point from which the mysterious nails and missiles came. Suddenly he turned on the young woman and accused *her* of being the cause of the phenomena which went on in her vicinity, and to everyone's amazement she broke down and confessed. She had always had a natural mediumistic power which allowed her to go out of her body—or at least a part of her mental equipment proceeded from her body—to levitate and otherwise move objects in her vicinity. She claimed she could do this 'without thinking' consciously.

"When she was discharged, all the phenomena ceased as abruptly and dramatically as it had begun."

THE AMAZING thing we discover, in examination of a long series of such phenomena, is the necessary presence of a usually youngish woman. Some part of the personality, not always directed by the same consciousness that controls the physical body or its conscious

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World Empire



THE FACT that two world wars within a generation have jolted the nations of the earth out of provincialism and gotten them to know each other and earth problems generally, by no means confirms that a great free country like the United States should surrender its sovereignty to any such papier-mache world "parliament" as so-called United Nations.

The orientals are making a vast pother over our "isolationism", using it as a reprehensible term. "Come and join us and be ruled by us," is the alternative they propose for it. They overlook that in a true world parliament, no nation would be ruled by anybody. That notion, that definite numbers of nations and peoples should be ruled, is as archaic and inhibited as England's predatory colonial system is now archaic and inhibited in a world advancing to political freedom on all fronts.

The fundamental basis for the association of the original 13 colonies into what became a strong and successful Union—to which analogy the One Worlders, sentimental or strategic, make such continual reference—was the business of definitely delegated powers. The Federal Union wasn't to be set up to "rule" the Colonies in place of the lately whipped British King. On certain matters it was necessary for the Colonies to act in concert, to delegate powers to a central administration, which powers were most carefully described and specified. No Colonial State surrendered its

self-rule in the remotest particular. Furthermore, all powers not specifically delegated to this congress of centralized functioning were expressly reserved in perpetuity to, and by, those Colonies.

Little of such carefully designated authority is the realistic basis of the United Nations structure.

The charter of United Nations as drawn up by the left-wingers Hiss and White wasn't modeled on American Constitutionalism in the world pattern but on the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics in the oriental pattern of "all I want is what borders on mine."

It is Creeping Despotism, arranged by treaty.

It sets up a system of gradual encroachment on internal rights of each participating nation to the point where the United Nations secretariat can gradually dictate internal policies of all member nations.

To say that the vast rank and file of freeborn Americans owe allegiance to any such aspect of Creeping Aggression is political blasphemy.

They owe allegiance to nothing but the Stars and Stripes.

That 94 senators can sit purposefully in a richly carpeted assembly room and by voice vote effect the passage of any "treaty" that turns the self-suzerainty of 151 million Americans over to a foreign oriental cartel, means that the height of political audacity has been reached.

THIS is a fundamental spiritual issue inasmuch as it involves the whole political culture and civic operation of our rulership by which our spiritual lives are required to be lived.

Actually, isolationism, provincialism—or internationalism—are not involved excepting academically. Isolationism is a Mental Outlook, and for the last hundred years international Yankee enterprise has been anything but isolated.

No, the orientals simply are playing up craftily to an American inferiority complex, the same complex that makes a certain type of American temperament delight to get over to Britain and be "received" at St. James' Court. "Come over and be received at an oriental World Court," say the United Nations progenitors, "in return for which we demand a joint bank account with you, you to Put In and we to Check Out."

Americans, as a matter of fact, need do nothing but go straight along play-

ing their roles as international traders and sound businessmen.

They'll fulfill their global destiny if they do that.

Don't be confused by this technical dust-storm that's being thrown up whose basic purpose is to achieve quite something else.

Remember that a forced internationalism always contains a fish-hook. The internationalism that's bona fide and therefore worth endorsing needs be confined to nothing other than securement of international peace and one or two allied activities that correspond to global community facilities.

Given a World Parliament on these "delegated" issues and the rest can follow as global cooperation becomes gradual and therefore natural.

Delinquency



THE THREAT of being drafted into military service, facing our nation's youth for the last thirteen years, has been responsible for an increase in juvenile delinquency, said Dr. George W. Crane on April 16th, speaking before 400 Hoosier doctors of the Indiana Academy of General Practice. Dr. Crane, eminent psychologist, is author of "The Worry Clinic" that is syndicated in hundreds of midwest newspapers.

"American youth basically is no worse than it was twenty-five years ago," said Dr. Crane. "We don't have to worry about our youth. There is no real breakdown in morals or morality in general—it's just that strain of constant draft threat that makes them different. Today's youth asks, 'Why work? Why study? We're going to be drafted anyway.'

This outstanding medico has something.

If you're not too senile to look back on your own youth—and adolescent mental processes—you'll recall that the one thing the United States gave you as you faced maturity from your teens, was its sense of security—personal and national security.

You looked at maturity as a sequence you prepared for, with the acceptance that you were due to inherit every freedom and opportunity to make the most of your life with no obstructions nor inhibitions but those derived of your own

temperament. The oldsters of today overlook the altered psychology that the change in our civic and spiritual institutions introduces as factor in the thinking of youth of the present.

"Everything is at sixes and sevens. All men are scoundrels and five-percenters, all women are mink-coat wearers, taxes have become so overbearing that no one can expect to pay them with success, and atop all of it I'm certainly going to be shipped to some foreign battlefield where the chances are fifty-fifty I'll not survive."

Of course everyone will survive in whose karma the pattern has it that he shall survive, but the average youth isn't ready for that, and can't absorb it. All he sees is maximum insecurity, not only in his own land but throughout the earth. Whether he actually be drafted or not, his subconscious realization of the possibility of it can readily become pathological. There is no security, no one has any right to feel that if he strives and builds anything for himself he'll be allowed to retain it, the bastions of the Republic are undermined by the caprices of an oriental United Nations super-government, *there's truly nothing of security and permanence to believe in any where!*

This makes for a race of adult neurotics, fatalists, and scared cats. And spread universally, in twenty to thirty years it pays off.

We'd better be thinking about it.

This isn't the only generation that's ever due to live.

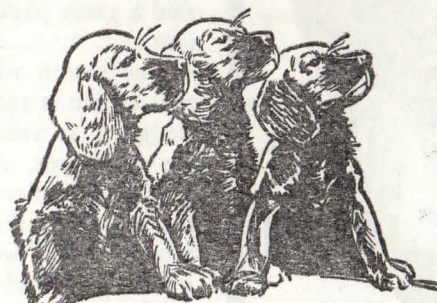
Equilibrium

OCCASIONALLY shows up a communication that comments: "I can't for the life of me understand why a publication of the high spiritual quality of VALOR has to contain a page of jokes on its back cover. I could understand it if they were religious jokes, but a lot of facetious comic stories and anecdotes seems out of place in a strictly religious publication."

The people who write that sort of comment, do so in good faith and all sincerity. But entirely aside from the emphatic objection that VALOR is anything but a "strictly religious publication", the factor of *balance* comes to the fore.

The person who's lost the faculty of smiling, or even laughing outright, at

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the frequently ridiculous aspects or antics of the human race are, in a manner of speaking, permitting his intellect to go to seed.

“Man is the only animal that laughs” said a great philosopher in an earlier generation.

The reason why he’s the only animal that laughs is too significant to disregard. Laughter is reaction to some aspect of the ridiculous. And what is the ridiculous? The ridiculous is man’s estimate of the inappropriateness of his situation in an organic world whereas actually he is immortal and belongs in a higher.

Man assumes subconsciously that he can maintain his utter spiritual freedom and spiritual exercise in a universe of limiting materials. The materials seize hold of him and contradict this assumption. When they do it, the element called Humor is injected into his predicament.

Laughter based on clever interpretation of the ridiculous is expressed merriment over the incongruity of man’s situation. It isn’t always recognized for what it is, when “revealing humor” comes to mitigate the “mental strain” of regarding mortality too seriously. Cosmos is stepping in and introducing balance.

People “without a sense of humor” are people becoming temperamentally out of plumb. They dislike to regard the human race in correct perspective. They would say, “Man should persevere in his judgment that this mortal coil is his true and natural habitat and take it seriously and live according to such acceptance.”

Why? And who says so?

The Ageless Wisdom tells us that Humor is a lubricant, making the exigencies of flesh not only endurable but rational.

There is a time to be serious and there is a time to be facetious—when the facetiousness has point to it. No one would know what seriousness was, unless the nonsensical appeared occasionally to supply correct contrast.

After the normal person has read ten to fifteen pages of serious preachment, the mind demands respite. Actually it demands counter-balance.

A page of anecdotes portraying the human race in its more rubicund aspects is a page of reminders that maybe Man as a species has a more appropriate place of residence, and this isn’t the plane on which to wear a permanent stuffed shirt or look down the nose at anyone fallaciously.

Moreover, it keeps an eye to the absurd.

Pity the race that can’t laugh at itself occasionally. It’s erring in proper estimate of itself. Remember, when we lose balance in proper estimates of self, we also lose it in other ways—correct civics and economics for instance.

Neither the French nor the Russians know what true humor is.

The American, with his perspicacious sense of the ridiculous, really advertises his adaptability to most worldly dilemmas and predicaments.

Actually it boils down to clever estimate of spiritual discernments.

Public Stupidity

(Continued from Page 4)

nor reliable? Mayn’t there be such a thing in the spiritual equations as an intellectual or moral New Deal or Fair Deal that says, You are to believe nothing from investigation; you are to concord with what tradition or present policy-makers prescribe for you and if more and more distress results to you personally, that’s just too bad, but you’re left holding the sack of it?

The whole thing sums up to the situation that whereas Christ may be coming soon, maybe it’s not to “fix everything” in any sense, but to personally direct the ministers of His on this earth-plane to take these \$8.20 people in hand and make them understand that their election to honor and wisdom lies strictly in their hands, or willingness to bestir themselves and act in their own interests.

PROBABLY the one enigma that thousands of erudite folk can’t solve at present, is why the true lamplighters to the race, the men who *could* lead the Way Out, receive only \$8.20 in financial support, whereas the agents of ignorance, malevolence, or plain stupidity, have \$8,200,000—hypothetically speaking—to lead the masses wrongfully.

The answer is, that the Higher Counsellors striving to truly benefit humanity won’t tolerate any form of “purchase” of humanity to go right or do right. Humanity won’t bestir itself to think for itself until conditions are so insufferable that humanity finally dumps all its complacencies overboard and is willing to make the lamplighters like MacArthur or Wood the *symbols* of its own awak-

ened and purposeful state at last—the personages through whom relief is forced by an awakened and aroused public conscience and public will-power. At present the MacArthurs and Woods are merely symbols of how all humanity might think or act if it possessed the requisite development of intellect.

Nothing to do then, remedially?

Of course! Aid those, morally and financially, who are working overtime to keep the symbols in sight of the multitude, that eventually they may come into cognizance of them, for without the beacons on ahead, humanity is the sheep-flock indeed until the end of time.

But don't plunge into the abyss of melancholia and hopeless frustration because people who've closed their eyes to spiritual advancement seem at present in majority.

Ignorance, stupidity, malevolence, or downright spiritual indolence or perversity, *must come to climax and destroy themselves!*

The true saviors of society merely reconstruct, when a gigantic mass spiritual lesson has been learned through ordeal.

The real people to be pitied—if there's any pity needful to pass around—are the instructors trying to hold the symbols in view on \$8.20.

However, the loss isn't theirs, it's humanity's.

The instructors aren't playing their roles for weekly paychecks. Their rewards come presently in areas not of earth.

But that again is something the \$8.20 supporters wouldn't know about . . .

Strange Experiences

(Continued from Page 7)

thinking, moves about the vicinity and apports whatever objects may be handy, creating a situation utterly incomprehensible to persons not versed in the cause. The instance of Miss B—'s platter would tend to fall into the same classification as the many psychical cases which Flammarion investigated.

That Miss C— herself disclosed, intentionally or unintentionally, her own telekinetic mediumship, would be more or less apparent to the veteran researcher noting her statements about exerting mental control over the glass statue falling lightly to the floor in the wake of the platter. She concedes she did that

consciously, but perhaps might be offended if an adept in such matters suggested that she was likewise responsible for the platter's skittering out of its bracket. Being aware, consciously or subconsciously, of her own mediumship, there could readily have been the desire in her sub-psychology to demonstrate something to her hostess. It may be a somewhat impolite thing to suggest to a lady visitor that subconsciously she crashed another lady's valued Staffordshire platter, but who can say what motivates the subconscious mind's behavior at times? That she did not do it intentionally with her conscious mind may be called a somewhat mitigating factor.

But more and more psychic researches confronted with this type of phenomenon invariably discover a strongly mediumistic female person in the vicinity of the happenings. VALOR will describe a whole series of them in forthcoming issues under *Strange Experiences* . . .

Your Numerology

(Continued from Page 6)

the Actionist Octave, he is content to abide by what his courses of action bring forth and present to him.

He is hungry for information about the resultings from experience.

He wants the information close to him, to be able to compare the products or effects he is procuring while he is still among the causations responsible for them.

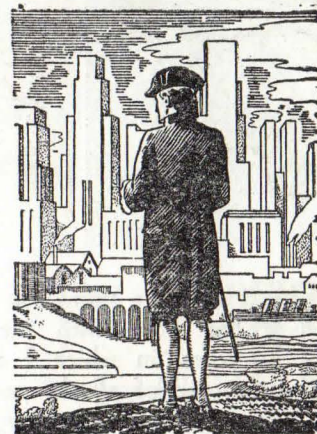
He does not wish to consider them reflectively. He wants to thrust forth his literal hand and feel them, to examine them or get concept of them almost by literal touch. If, as, and when he can do this, he is gratified and his sense of experiencing is served.

Actionism means Tangibility of Concept, Literality of Contact, and Positiveness of Execution in whatever form or aspect of God or Nature the subject operates.

SO THE One Person, the Two Person, or the Three Person will be found serving his current cosmic brevet in mortality best when he is permitted to deal freest and fullest with other tangible personalities, or factors or units that express tangibilities, or where he can estimate or measure the concretions of ex-

(Continued on Page 15)

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HAVE a notebook that has been with me for years, in which I made record of all the peculiar or dramatic matters that came to my attention that could possibly be worked up into magazine story plots. Inasmuch as I wrote, sold, and had published in the standard periodicals something like 248 fiction stories between 1916 and 1931, the notebook—as the sunset years came on—is priceless. In the front of that memo book are six pages of “reminders” of cultural features of a bygone day that I frequently used as “local color” when referring to the past. Winkie, my grandson, was whooping it up outside my window this afternoon—helping Dave plant a new spruce tree in the lawn—when I chanced to be thumbing through this book. What could he possibly know, I wondered, about “The Full Dinner Pail”, “Foxy Grandpa”, Pyrography, “Go Way Back and Sit Down”, the Keeley Cure, “Rubber Neck”, “How’d You Like to Be the Iceman?” The Big Stick, the cottage organ, the waxed bird, the parlor coffin-plate, whale oil, Boni de Castellane, celluloid collars, tape-trimmed suits, easels, Langley’s Folly, “Wouldn’t that Jar You?”, Floridora Sextette, Free Silver, “Remember the Maine!”, the Four Hundred, “Just as the Sun Went Down”, the kaleidoscope, “the Great Train Robbery”, shoe lace watch-fobs, Nellie Bly, Hettie Green, Frenzied Finance, “Biggest in the City—5c”, Anna Held’s Milk Baths, “Not on Your Tintype”, painted shovels, Billikins, “Meet Me in St. Louis, Louis”, sheath gowns, the Wizard of Oz, the Black Crook, “Get a horse!”, Anthony Comstock, “Hello, Central, Give Me Heaven” . . . etc, etc, etc? All reminders of an Americana utterly without

.. COGITATIONS

meaning to Winkie’s generation. Suddenly I came to the notation of Peg-Top Trousers. They’re coming back, so the newspaper ads inform me. Over-production of cloth for men’s suits has been so heavy that coats are going to be longer and trousers wider. But that’s neither here nor there. When memory goes retro, peg-top trousers symbolize a young man back in Massachusetts who wore ’em, and how he lost five dollars and ruined a perfectly good pair of ’em, trying to win a bet. The young man’s name was Lawrence, and I was the bet. I’ll tell you about it, whether there’s much Americana in it or not . . .

o—o

IT WAS dad who made the bet. Dad was very privately proud of his only son’s muscular development. I had my growth at fifteen and had lately astounded my parent by performing the feat of lifting a barrel of flour off one of our wagons and toting it into a house on my back. A barrel of flour weighs 196 pounds. Also at fifteen I was passing through the Bernarr McFadden state of youthful mind where I fancied myself adept at rough-and-tumble wrestling. That prompted dad’s bet. A young man in his twenties by the name of Lawrence fancied himself a “scientific” wrestler. He drove team for a snazzy firm of ladies’ outfitters. He was a very superior type of young man, with a John Barrymore profile, pretty curly hair, and a weakness for the latest in men’s clothes—on which he squandered most of his substance. Dad was disdainful of his type. “You a wrestler!” he commented to Lawrence one noon, meeting him in the course of business. “Why, I’ve got a fifteen-year-old kid you can’t put on his back and hold him there while a person counts ten.” Lawrence rose to it. How much did dad care to wager that he, Lawrence, couldn’t put a fifteen-year-old kid on his back and hold him there till a person counted ten? Dad cast discretion to the wind and plunged. “Five dollars I’ve got, says you can’t,” he retorted. That five dollars today could be counted as fifteen. Challenged Lawrence, “Will you pay me five dollars if I do?” Yes, dad

would pay him five dollars if he did. And where was this youthful marvel to be located, who needed putting on his back till a person counted ten for the 1952 equivalent of fifteen dollars? Dad said I could be found up by the stables that serviced our delivery business any time after six p. m. Very good, said Lawrence, he’d be there any time after six p. m. and earn five dollars, because that was precisely the sum he required to show his fiancée a theatrical performance that evening. “Better bring her up to the stables,” jeered father, “and let her see one show she’ll be sure of. It’s going to cost you five dollars anyhow.” Lawrence was reckless enough to declare, “I’ll put this brat of yours on his back so quick that I won’t even bother to take off my coat. I’ll come dressed for the theater and not soil my hands.” “That’s what you think,” was father’s retort. To me at home that night he remarked, “That dude Lawrence is showing up here around six-thirty. He thinks he can put you on your back and hold you there. You get three bucks if he doesn’t.” Father used language like “bucks” when he meant business that way. He also indulged in little financial trades of this sort, making it worth my while to earn five bucks, leaving him two bucks to the good, although I got the percentage and he did nothing but the heavy looking on.

o—o

PPROMPTLY at six-thirty Lawrence stopped his snazzy delivery wagon in the driveway, tied his horse so he wouldn’t eat the rose bushes and his driver have to surrender in payment therefor the five bucks he was going to earn so easily, and came around the corner of the house to where the backlawn ended near the stables. That was where the peg-top pants came in, that recalled this episode to my memory; he was wearing the most perfect exhibit of them that the costliest tailor in town could create. He was also wearing coat to match, very highly polished shoes, a dainty silk shirt with a sprightly bow-tie, and a two-dollar haircut. I was wearing my stable outfit where I’d just put the horses to bed for the night. He saluted father, who had just

come down the side stairs from supper, and accosted me. "Come over here, Squid," he ordered, "and be put on your back for five dollars," I said, "Three dollars, you mean." "I mean five dollars," he snooted at me, "that's what it's going to cost your old man for what I'm going to do to you." "You and who else?" says I. "Nobody else," says he, and he approached me as he'd bragged, without even taking off the peg-top coat, the botton of which reached nearly to his knees. I looked at father, whose facial expression indicated he might have swallowed a large fuzzy worm. If I won, I got three dollars and father got five. That left father two dollars to the good. It made me mad. I didn't like Lawrence anyhow. "Commence!" I says to him.

o—o

LAWRENCE commenced. He made a rush at me and I wasn't there, so he kept on going and zoomed into the wire of the chicken-coop head-on, where sixteen chickens screeched in dramatic alarm and took to the lowest limb of a chickenyard apple tree to see this thing happen. The wire bounced him back and I tripped him as he traveled, sending him bottom side up and rolling him over a couple of dog dishes. Lawrence decided he'd better take his coat off. Understand, I wasn't under any obligation to put *him* on his back. To earn this five dollars he had to put *me* on *my* back. And before he did that, he had to get hold of me. I didn't propose to make it look as though I were running from him, but I certainly did mean to tucker him. He made another rush at me, when he'd kicked the dog plates over by the fence and put some fine slop on his pretty shiny shoes. I wasn't where he expected me to be a second time and he went headlong over a wheelbarrow. My recollection is, that such behavior tore his shirt. It likewise tore his temper. "Stop running!" he panted at me. But my reply to that was, that he was the one who was doing the running and what did he think I meant to do, stand still and let him somersault me? But at the third pass I failed to dodge him and over and over we went on the grass. The hens had been hunting worms in the grass all afternoon and the grass wasn't quite as sanitary as it should have been. Lawrence's peg-top pants found that out. I went down on my stomach, knowing as much as he did about keeping my legs where they belonged and extending no invitations for



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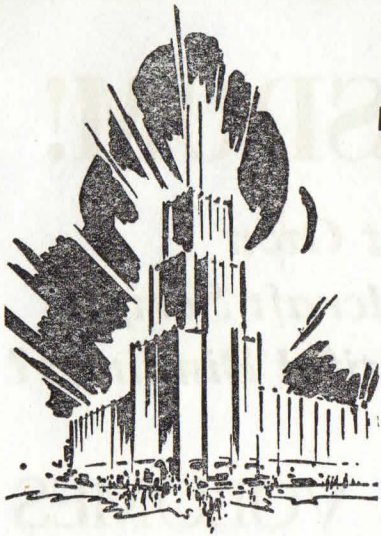
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SOULCRAFT CHAPELS

Noblesville, Indiana

him to put half nelsons on them. I likewise kept my arms out of his way under me. And he began to buckle down to the two-hour job of turning me over. The trouble was, he couldn't get any hold of me anywhere to turn me over. He panted, he wheezed, he puffed, and he swore. He pushed and he heaved and he grunted. It somehow bore analogy to trying to get a person through a door who doesn't want to go. Try it some-

time and discover how far you get with it. Twenty minutes of seven came and Lawrence realized that if he was going to take his girl to a show that night on dad's five dollars, he was going to earn it. His wind gave out and so did his convictions. He began to grow blue circles beneath his pretty eyes. His exquisite tonsorial effect early had taken the pattern of something disreputable the cat had dragged in—any cat—and he'd lost



Thresholds of Tomorrow

By the Author of
"No More Hunger"

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Soulcraft Press, Inc., Noblesville, Ind.

about seventy cents in change he'd neglected to remove from his pockets. Up in the chickenyard apple tree the sixteen chickens were flapping their wings in encouragement, led by the rooster who attempted to explain the fine points of the contest to his harem. And every time I had to roll over, I took Lawrence with me, introducing him to the ashheap, the rubbish pile, half a dozen half-gnawed bones left promiscuously about by Jack, my dog, and grit and dirt generally. "How long is this going to last?" he cackled at my smugly grinning father. "Till you out him on his back and hold him there," father informed him. "But I can't spend all night at it, I've got a girl to take to a show." "Don't spend all night at it, do it with celerity and dispatch," adjured father. "But he won't give me a chance to get hold of him," wailed Lawrence. "Boo-hoo," mocked father, "my tears almost exhaust me!" So Lawrence puffed and heaved, and avoided my scrambling legs that stood him an excellent chance of kicking his teeth out, and costing him a dental bill, and worked on and on till seven o'clock and ten minutes after. Ninety percent of the grass in the backyard had been mowed smooth by his face, and those peg-top pants were such a mess that the Salvation Army wouldn't have accepted 'em as a gift for the worldly improvident. Even the chickens started to get bored. At a quarter past seven, Jack, my current pooch, happened to lope homeward from exploring the neighborhood, and skidded to a halt in angry amazement to see a perfectly strange man bethinking to assail me right in the rear of our premises. Anyhow, I was down and this stranger was on top of me. The hair went up electrically on Jack's back, and in he came, head and tail up. It was the *coup de grace* for Lawrence—having to fight brindle mongrel in his last stages of exhaustion. Anyhow, the flare of cloth on the left hip of the peg-tops somehow got fastened in Jack's teeth, there was a loud and horrible tearing sound, and Jack started away with one leg of the peg-tops—I never did lack dog friends even at fifteen years of age. Lawrence was reduced to absolute wreckage right then and there. "I think you better go home," said father, "and get yourself some decent trousers. That is, after you've coughed up five bucks you owe me. Or do you wish to be still *panting* at midnight?" It was an insufferable pun, but Lawrence had to take it. By the way, it was a happy cir-

cumstance that his girl hadn't been a witness to his peg-topped condition when Jack had made a job of him . . .

o—o

LAWRENCE paid. Father loaned him a sixty-cent pair of second-hand overalls to wear home. He got his team into the street and took his temper out on the horse. Father was so pleased he gave me the whole five spot. Does the whole of it sound like boasting? Well, perhaps. But the moral is, I've never ceased to be grateful to the doughty body I was allotted, which hasn't let me down once in 62 years. When I'm finally incarnate and see it ready for interment, I shall feel a bit sad at saying goodbye to it. Let's see, where was I in this dratted notebook? Oh yes, . . . "In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree", The Seven Sutherland Sisters, "Hee-Haw, Let's all go up to Maud's", wax flowers, potpurri, putty jugs, "Ta-ra-boom-de-aaal!", "Danderine Grew This Hair and We can Prove It!", mutton-leg sleeves, the Gibson Man, cigarette pictures, Buster Brown, Merry Widow hats, waxed moustaches, East Lynne, Coal Oil Johnnie . . . are you following me? How old are you, anyway? . . .

—THE RECORDER

Your Numerology

(Continued from Page 11)

perience in the momentary manner in which they occur.

The One-Person wants to sally forth and be the soldier of fortune, the pioneer, the self-reliant human equation without let or hindrance, or hostages to fortune in the form of dependents. Basically, human relationships have small "pull" for him. Such will be the epitomizing research of his career.

The Two-Person will be happiest or most content when operating in conjunction with a partner, either marital or fraternal. There will be an instinctive longing or soul-hunger for a complementing half, and a form of expression to be lived wherein there is ever a buddy, a confidant, another person to share the common load.

The Three-Person, or rather the person on the Number Three Life-Path, will have similar urges to Two, only instead of expression coming most gratifyingly from juxtaposition to the one, it will manifest itself in juxtaposition to the group or to society at large. In any



"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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event, it is not strictly satisfied to go it alone and feels more comfortable when operating in reaction to a group than to a partner.

It is the child-product idea depicted in the existence of society as man confronts it generally on getting into it or becoming a part of it.

Women who are Threes, or who find

themselves embarked upon a Three Life-Path, will not be satisfied to continue on as wives to single male individuals but will want to express themselves more broadly to society at large.

There is much more you can learn to advantage about Numerology. It will be expounded in forthcoming papers . . .

(Continued Next Week)

T H E P A Y O F F

THE HOBO accosted a plainclothesman by accident. This was the conversation—

"Gimme a dime, mister, for a cuppa coffee?"

"Don't you ever work?"

"Oh yeah, now and then."

"What do you do?"

"This and that."

"Where?"

"Oh, here and there."

The plain-clothes man took him to the police station.

"Hey, when do I get out of here?" the hobo wailed.

"Sooner or later," the desk-sergeant growled.

TWO FROGS were suffering from colds. They called a turtle and asked him to get them some aspirin.

No signs of the aspirin for six months and they began to wonder what could have become of their messenger.

"Rotten service!" croaked one of the invalids. "I tell you turtles are no good. Look at how slow this one is, just bringing us two tablets. He's a false alarm, a fake!"

The turtle overheard and looked out from under a log.

"Just for that," he snapped, "I won't go."

A COUNTRYMAN started for the city on a train. Across the aisle was a sheriff with a prisoner in handcuffs.

"What's the matter with him?" asked the farmer.

"Taking him to an institoosin by order of the Court," said the sheriff. "Bugs in his head."

"Bugs in his head," said the farmer, "and shackles on his hands. No wonder he's crazy!"

A TOURIST said to an Indian in the heart of the reservation, "White man heap glad to see red brother. White man hope Big Chief feel tiptop this morning."

The Indian called to a friend, "Hey, Jake. come here and listen to this bozo. His line of chatter will double you up."



You Ought to Hear the Recorder's Talk on the conquering of HUNGER

in the current electronic broadcast. The first discussion of the fundamental issues of the Christian Commonwealth began with the broadcast made for playing throughout the nation the week of April 20th. They will continue for the next 20 weeks!

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LITTLE BOBBY ran to his mother, sobbing as though his heart would break.

"Why, what's the matter?" asked his mother.

"Daddy was hanging a picture and it comed off the nail and dropped on his foot."

"But that's nothing to cry about. You should laugh at it."

"I did," Bobby sobbed.

ALKALI IKE asked, "Whar's Four-fingered Pete these days? Ain't seen him since I got back from Dallas."

"Pete?" said the bartender. "Oh, he went over to Hyena Tongue and got jagged. Went to bed and smelled smoke, got up and staggered to the window. Hollared 'Fire!' at the top of his voice. Everybody did."

A MANNISH lady visitor had been allowed to win some money from embarrassed cowhands in a western hostelry.

"That," she declared, coming out and tucking away her gains, "was just like taking candy from a baby."

"Madam," said Much-Married Pete, "it's plain you ain't never been a mother. I don't know any harder or nosier business than removing confectionery from the possession of an infant!"

"JUST THINK," such the much-married man, "while I was out entertaining some customers the other night, a burglar broke into our house."

"Did he get anything?" asked the friend.

"I'll say he did. My wife supposed it was me coming home."