

Valor

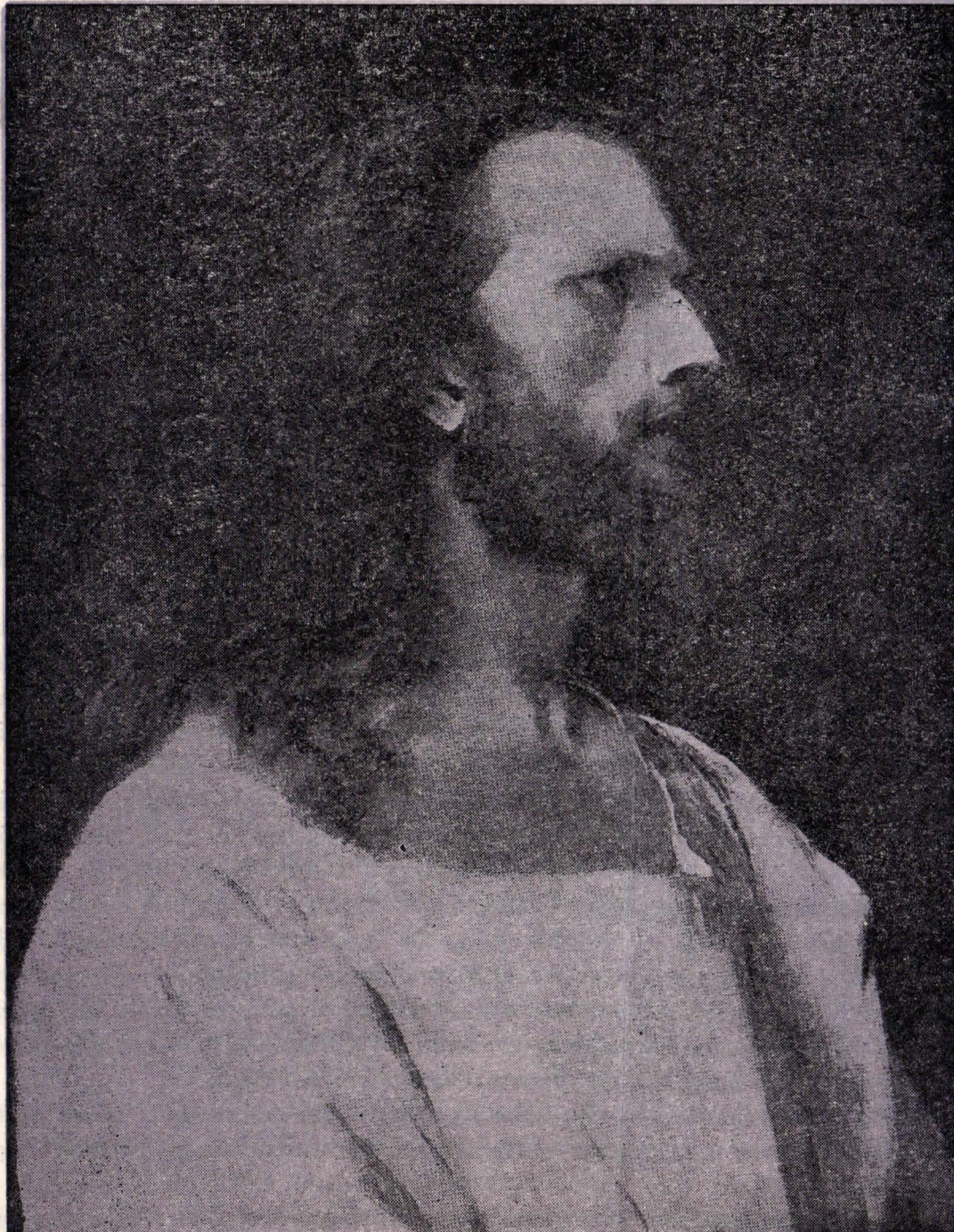
The Golden Times Weekly . . .

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

Volume II

Noblesville, Indiana, Saturday, November 17, 1951

Number 3



**Is He
Suddenly
Speaking
to the
Nations
of Today
?**

How Christ Could Return



LET'S try, in all devoutness, to consider certain facts about the Elder Brother's imminent relation to the earth. Would the biblical description of the Second Coming—or His return among us—apply to a practical accomplishment? Consider it a moment, not in any nature of Higher Criticism but in the light of our present-day knowledge of physics and astronomy. Consider too, practical alternatives that would effect the same result as described in Revelations . . .

We know today that the globe on which we live is a gigantic ball, eight thousand miles in diameter or thereabout, turning in an easterly direction at a uniform speed of 1,000 miles per hour. It is held to its orbit by balanced play of centrifugal and centripetal forces. If it halted for even the fraction of a second, it would fall into the sun.

Supposing the Elder Brother meant to make a "return" in the stratosphere spectacle foretold in Revelations. If the heavens were "rolled back as a scroll" and sight of the theological Elysium disclosed, what would happen? Could our Beloved Lord of Calvary descend any magnificent Staircase from such celestial realms?

WELL, in the first place—taking it literally—supposing it lasted a whole hour, yet only half the population of earth would be able to know that it was happening. Those on the opposite side of the globe wouldn't only be denied participation in it, they'd be denied the sight of it.

If it happened over Europe, the good Christians of North and South America would miss it utterly. If it happened over the United States, Europe and Asia would get it by hearsay, second-handed.

Still, regardless of the fact that there are earnest followers of our Lord in all the five continents meriting a view of the spectacle, that would be only a minor feature of it.

Are we to assume that the theological heavens are located directly overhead? And what does "overhead" mean? If we think of the people of the United States as walking upright on "top" of the globe, then the people of China and India are walking about inverted, with heads downward in respect to us. But if Heaven extends

all the way around the earth, then it must revolve *with* the earth. If it doesn't revolve with the earth, then any connecting "Staircase" between the two couldn't be possible. The foot of any divine stairway—on which the Lord of the Ages made His descent—would be unable to connect with a global surface. The earth's terrain at any given spot would be flashing past the Staircase at the rate of 250 miles every fifteen minutes. If the foot of the Staircase started to manifest in New York City, the spectacle would be receding westward at such a rate that within an hour St. Louis people would be beholding it. And by another hour it would be showing to the people of Denver—with New York and St. Louis bereft of it.

Does anyone imagine that could mean an intelligible performance?

THEN THERE'S the enigma of "which way the spectacle faced" . . .

The earth being spherical north and south quite as much as east and west, if the Elder Brother "came down" near the Equator, wouldn't those Christians in South America be looking at the back or underside of the celestial stair-flight? Turn them around so that they faced South Americans, and what would North Americans be beholding? Whether they could "see through" the Staircase or not, Christ would have His back to them.

There's still another terrain difficulty caused by the spherical contour of the earth. Every twenty to thirty miles, for a person standing on a given spot, landscape details fall below the horizon. Actually, of course, it's the curvature of the globe coming between. Granted by some astronomical miracle the globe could halt its motion without falling into the sun, how about the laws of vision in respect to horizon curvature? People couldn't see more than twenty to thirty miles to distinguish details of any spectacle unless the latter were of colossal size. And a spectacle of colossal size would be unbelievably monstrous to those in its immediate vicinity. It would take at least a Christ five miles tall in stature to be discernable in identity fifty to a hundred miles distant.

St. John on Patmos apparently wasn't aware of the global nature of the planet on which he dreamed his stupendously wondrous dream. Obviously he conceived of the world as a limited space in Asia Minor, flat as a

and Not Void Astronomy . .

plate. He wasn't aware, either, that outside the domain of the earth's atmosphere the temperature in interstellar or celestial space runs something like 3,000 degrees Fahrenheit. Heaven from the standpoint of known physics would be a hotter place than the traditional Hades. Nothing substantial could exist in it without melting as meteorites melt. Likewise a Christ that was at all physical, couldn't descend from any appreciable height at all, without encountering difficulty in breathing. Even stratosphere liners of today have to be provided with artificial oxygen while making ordinary transcontinental trips . . .

THESSE ARE reasonable matters commanding the thoughtful attention of rationally minded Christians. To declare in blind faith that "God will find a way to arrange everything" is to say in effect that God will find a way to turn the planet from a globe or sphere into a plane-surface. Try it with an orange and observe the effect.

Granted it could be done, are we likewise to assume that God is going to bestow eyesight on everyone in a twinkling, capable of seeing adequately from the perimeter of a flattened-out world that must be some 26,000 miles at the least in its circumference? The moon is 239,000 miles away from us and earthly folk see it indeed, but the moon is 2,163 miles in diameter, and even so, everything upon it is so blurred to normal vision that lunar-surface features shape into a vague human face and not much beside . . . and its size thus reduces to a luminous dinner plate.

What then, is the alternative to all of it?

Does it mean that the Second Return of Christ "in the clouds of heaven" is a geographical impossibility and will therefore never happen?

HOW MUCH more logical and sensible for the Divine Personage to make His first return appearance in a spectacle of transcendent Light at some such spot as the rostrum of an assembly like United Nations, demonstrating thereby His literal return into earthly conditions?

Suppose, over a period of 49 days, He made similar

demonstrations in twelve other capitals everywhere on the five continents?

No known laws of global physics would then be disturbed, and people of every nationality, in every country, would have proven for them that the Lord of Calvary was here again amongst us, "taking up His scepter" to supervise the nations. Millions would even be able to see Him, whenever and wherever one of these stupendous epiphanies occurred. Not knowing where or when He was due to "materialize" next, the statesmen of the world, not to mention its universal populace, would come to realize that a new day in international procedure had come—especially if He "appeared" in the official cabinet meetings of great international statesmen and made stern recommendations of sensible and honest administration of governments.

No "end of the world" need thereby be precipitated to usher in any celestial Utopia. But the "end of the dictatorship of Mammon" would most certainly have arrived . . .

It is all something to think about.

Still more rationally constructive to dwell upon, is this:

That in anticipation of some epiphany in the manner suggested, a Great Universal Speaking to such an advanced nation as America should occur in and through a volume like the Golden Scripts!

Not only would it ease the emotional shock of the Second Arrival for millions, but it would serve to enlighten hundreds and even thousands in what was transpiring, and to mentor the ignorant and halt anything in the nature of panic resulting from His appearances before seats of governments.

Jesus while on earth never violated—nor attempted to violate—one natural law. The miracles He performed were only miracles in that those about Him were ignorant of the principles by which He was operating. Interfering in the working of gravitational processes, however, was something He religiously desisted from doing. The nearest approach to such a thing was the rebuking of the elements during the storm on the Sea of Galilee and their subsequent quieting. That, however, was merely an alteration in atmospheric pressures, violating no physics' laws. In fact, He utilized them. (over)



TENDERNESS

The "voice" came first outside her door in night
 When Disillusion wracked her girlish soul;
 She could not tell from whence its solace came
 And yet it gave her strength to keep her goal.
 She felt a thrill of valor steel her will,
 She gained a woman's stature from its dare;
 She leaped to learn what "speaker" stood without,
 Yet in the doorway's lamp, no one was there!

Her life was mystic with that kindly speech
 When friends forsook and Kismet wracked her pride,
 Upon her bridal night it came anew
 When Anger gnashed and Joy within her died.
 She learned to follow staunchly when it spake
 And trust its guardian warnings up Life's path;
 She lay upon her bed of motherhood
 And knew its balsam in Birth's aftermath.

They called her "strange" because she "heard a voice",
 And yet it saved her from the cliffs of earth.
 She lived to have her man-child called away
 Where Gods of Carnage laughed their evil mirth.
 A wire came in one rainy afternoon
 Her puzzle ended and she cried, "I see!"
 At last she knew to whom that "voice" belonged—
 "Be strong, My sweet, he's safely here with Me!"

Millions of earnest Christians are physically sensitive to some vast event just around the corner of the months or even weeks.

Will resumption of universal carnage between Orient and Occident precipitate such Master Materialization?

Stranger conjectures have been, and could be made.

Think it over.

Window in Sky Reveals Vaster Universe . .



LHAT THE universe is unthinkably vaster than anything ever conceived by the Hebraic Bible writers, is attested anew by the announcement in New Haven this past week of a new "window" in the sky—or rather, the Milky Way—revealing over a hundred hitherto unknown Milky Ways in turn. The window is a clear patch in obscuring dust clouds of cosmic smog along the Milky Way to which our own solar system belongs. It lets telescopes peek through to see a new part of the universe.

The window is somewhat dirty, like a half-opened window, Dr. Farlow Shapley, famed astronomer of Harvard University Observatory, reported to the National Academy of Sciences, meeting at Yale. It is located near the Southern Cross, in the constellation Centaurus, and so isn't visible in the northern hemisphere. It is the third such "window" to be found.

Dr. Shapley showed a photograph taken through the window, of 100 new galaxies or star families, totaling *billions* of stars, thousands of them greater than our sun. Some are pin-wheel shaped, like our own Milky Way. Some are hundreds of millions of light-years away. A light-year is the distance light travels in a year at 186,000 miles per second. The photographs were taken at the South African Harvard Station.

The traditional notion that "God came upon the planet Earth and walked in the Garden of Eden in the cool of the day," stretches credulity when the inestimable size of the universe is concerned. Theology must eventually readjust itself to such positivities of Science. *And why shouldn't it?* What has it to lose?

Will We Talk with the After-Life by Mechanical Devices? . .

WHAT'S to be the attitude of orthodox theology, not to mention physiological science, if the several experimenters now engaged in such branch of research suddenly prove successful in making instrument contact with souls of persons who have graduated into higher octaves of consciousness? Time was when Copernicus and Galileo gave the clerics of the world many distressing moments by scientifically refuting the astronomical assertions of Holy Writ. In fact, such controversies haven't subsided even to the present. Obviously fresh assailments of the literality of biblical recordings are in early store for the world's ecclesiastics from those groups of scientists working through electronics and the wonders of the photocell.

Within the next ten to twenty years, at present rates of progress, there may be moderate-priced devices on the market—as radio and television sets are on the market at present—by which the gulf is bridged between the Planes of Consciousness, incarnate and discarnate. Conversing directly and intelligently with the physically departed must mean a revolutionary attitude toward the facts of the Afterlife, and perchance traditional religion.

Some of the most recent advances in this branch of mechanics have been minutely and carefully described by Dr. Hereward Carrington, director of the American Psychical Institute of New York, in his remarkable recent book, *Laboratory Investigations into Psychical Phenomena*.

Understanding among them are the achievements of Dr. J. L. W. P. Matla of the Hague, in the development of "the Cylinders of Matla" and the "Dynamistograph."

SAYS CARRINGTON in commenting on Matla's discoveries, "One cannot dismiss with a wave of the hand the work of Dr. Matla of the Hague, as being merely a series of errors. His re-

The Cylinders of Matla



sults were startling in the extreme, and, so far as we know, have never been 'explained'. Matla's critics have never attempted to duplicate his experiments, using the same apparatus that he employed; they have merely stated or assumed that he was wrong. It is a mistake to censure a laboratory worker on a theoretical basis alone; one should follow such a worker by duplicating his experiments, utilizing a careful control, by instrumental means, and determine his errors, should such exist, by showing precisely in what they consist."

Briefly, what Matla succeeded in doing, was constructing an apparatus which we might describe as operating from electrical key balancings, spinning and halting a dial about whose edge were printed letters of the alphabet. As this dial re-

vealed a letter so halted, an automatic camera snapped its picture on a reel of sensitized film, then dial and photo film passed along to repeat performance. The whole thing was then hermetically sealed and left alone in a room with the electric current turned on. In the morning the film was removed and processed. Wholly intelligent and informative messages were allegedly recorded and readable on the film as on a ticker-tape of the modern stockbroker. The existence and performance of discarnate intelligence would thereby seem to have been proved. But the reaction was one of skepticism, in which secular scientists at once went to work to discover by what mundane means such "messages" could have gotten on the film.

Does the mortal race *want* to know, or

have proven, that there is a conscious afterlife, and what the conditions are of persons who succeed to it?

One wonders.

DR. MATLA, according to Mr. Carrington—who, by the way, happens to be a personal acquaintance of the editor of this journal—had for years been interested in orthodox Spiritualism. In May, 1904, he began a long series of sances, which extended over several years. He constructed various elaborate pieces of apparatus, by means of which he believed that he had obtained direct contact with higher phases of consciousness "without employing any human medium." He published his findings in five volumes, all profusely illustrated.

Matla and his colleagues constructed a number of pieces of ingenious apparatus, all tending to prove instrument communication between this world and the next. *Results were obtained and messages were received in answer to questions; many of these were intelligent and revolutionary.*

Of the instruments devised and tested by Matla, two are of outstanding importance in that they were largely responsible for the intelligence that came through them. These are—

Cylinders. These were large cardboard cylinders, hermetically sealed, but connected by means of a piece of rubber tubing to a registering device, a manometer, which would show the amount of air displaced in the cylinder. In practice, he asked the communicating entity, the 'Man Force' as he called it, to enter the cylinder, thereby displacing a certain amount of contained air—if the 'body' of the entity occupied space or 'took up room'. The amount of air displaced could be measured by means of the Manometer, and computed accordingly;

The Dynamistograph. This was an elaborate piece of apparatus, consisting of a delicate balance or key, upon which the Man Force was asked to exercise astral pressure. Letters of the alphabet appeared in turn at the opening of a circular dial and if the key were depressed at the moment the letter in question appeared and that letter would be imprinted upon a sort of ticker-tape, slowly revolving under letters, in another part of the apparatus. A permanent record of the communications could thus be obtained. This instrument was said to function in the absence of any medium, in a room by itself, and through it communications were spelled out and recorded.

CARRINGTON determined to get possession of the Matla specifications on a Dynamistograph and construct its duplicate in New York.

Although he could not arrive at the delicacy of operation of the original Matla machine, he did succeed in producing an apparatus that gave intelligent and positive responses to his questions.

Laboratory Investigations into Psychological Phenomena is a faithful and conscientious description of his successes and failures—and when he got negative results he dispassionately so recorded.

But others are carrying along investigation on similar lines, the Will Board of Alritz being described in these pages in an early issue.

Carrington's book, incidentally, was published by David McKay Company of Philadelphia, and may be procured by ordering through any bookstore.

Edison has been reported as engaging

in the same line of exploratory work at Menlo Park at the time of his death.

Capable and dependable clairvoyance is informing us, however, that ultimately these experiments are going to become so successful—probably through perfections of electronic molecule recorders—that what amounts to psychical radios will be as common as television sets in another half century, and perhaps sooner. Persons in mortality will talk literally with the physical "dead" and receive conversational answers, as they now talk through telephones. The Williamson brothers in Britain are working on a machine along such order that they hope to be able to manufacture for as low as sixty English pounds—about \$250 in American money.

In such intellectual contest between Science and Theology, will the latter be obliged to alter its doctrinal assumptions?

We're evidently on the cusp of having it demonstrated.

Strange Experiences

Two in Different States Saw Same Man Killed



ONE of the strangest of experiences compiled by Dr. Camille Flammarion for his book *Death and Its Mystery*, concerned a man in Florida who suffered a slashed throat from a drunken thug, the details of the attack witnessed by two persons at a distance, each located in a different state. His brother-in-law, a Florida physician, supplied Flammarion with this data—

"On a night last December I was returning from Gainesville, a dozen miles from here, to my orange grove. I had only a small frame house that contained three rooms, for living quarters on my plantation, where I spent most of my time during the cultivating season. I was alone at the time, having come in by saddle, and being very tired, had gone to bed early.

"After being asleep for some time, possibly two or three hours, I was aroused by a feeling of being suddenly lifted

physically. My first thought had it that there was someone in my room. I looked under my bed, to see what or who might have done the "lifting" but saw no one. Neither did the other two rooms show anyone other than myself on the premises.

"I finally composed myself to go back to bed and sleep when at once I was conscious of an invisible presence. It was difficult to describe and perhaps you may smile at it.

"Just what my real mental condition was, I am unable to say, but as I composed under such eerie conditions, I began to see as in the eye of my mind two men engaged in a struggle. One of the two fell, badly wounded in result of the brief encounter, while the other disappeared instantly.

"The one who had fallen unmistakably had had his throat slashed. I did

(Continued on Page 14)



Girl's Death Suicide, Decides Coroner;

Aftermath of Broken Engagement Explained in "Why Did This Have to Happen to Me?" Series

ACCORDING to the evening newspaper, they've officially pronounced the LaCoq girls' death last night in a downtown hotel, as suicide. The young woman, who'd been somewhat of a character in local night club circles, had jumped—or been pushed—from a seventh story window of the Allenton Hotel. Striking the iron works of the marquee, she had been killed instantly. A short time before, however, a young man was seen accompanying her upstairs, and as no hotel employes had witnessed his departure, somehow the suspicion was strong that he might have had something to do with the tragedy as principal. Today, however, this young man voluntarily appeared at police headquarters and submitted a letter written by Miss LaCoq and mailed in the chute beside the elevators just before she returned to her room and leaped from the window-ledge, convincing the authorities and particularly the coroner that he had been on his way home when the jump was undertaken. This young man's identity was not disclosed.

The letter indicated, however, that quite as the young man had explained, the girl was suffering from shock over the breaking of their engagement. His family had learned of the alliance and brought pressure to bear on him to sever relations with her.

What is happening "behind the scenes of life" in the incident of such a suicide? Or rather, what is happening in or to the soul of such a one, that self-destruction seems the solution?

THE AGELESS Wisdom apprises us of something too little known or suspected by engaged couples, or even by long-married people. Without referring in any way to any physical or organic relationship, there builds up between two people very much attached to one another, a mystical "force" of a sort, given the psychical term *Odic Force*.

You'll find it listed in Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary. The word is said to have been originally coined by Reichenbach, the German naturalist. It is defined as "A theoretical force or natural power, supposed to produce the effect of various kinds of mental control and to be developed by magnets, heat, light, and chemical or vital action." *Od* is an archaic, dialectic, and minced form of the Saxon word *God*. Reichenbach was evidently trying to name a God-Force, or a divine influence, almost incapable of description because it is so elusive.

This *Odic Force*, however—we're apprised by authorities in more transcendent areas of consciousness—likewise constitutes the *Love Force* that develops between a given man and woman drawn romantically together. Both parties gestate it and each projects it toward the other as the attachment strengthens. There is a stronger and stronger "quantity" of the *Odic Force* transferred between the principals, the woman giving hers to the man, and the man giving his to the woman. Actually they have exchanged a mystical effluvia, a soul-essence of a sort, residing in a given quantity in each, that is almost literally a part of the other.

Withdraw, or pull this out, too suddenly from either person, or take it back to one's self drastically, and the shock to physical nerves—to say nothing of

psychic centers—is almost too great to endure.

Let a man or a woman recover that vital essence of themselves that has been loaned to the other or reposed in him gradually—and no particular harm results. Deplete one or the other of it quickly and brutally, and the effect approximates what the sudden withdrawal of the blood would mean to the physical or organic body.

WE'LL give the boy in the LaCoq Case the name of Johnny Doe.

The actress and blue singer hadn't cared much for Johnny when he first began paying his addresses to her. But increasingly as he persisted and showed his feeling for her was serious, she had lowered her heart barriers and taken him in. They had been more than "pals" to one another. She had become convinced he truly meant to marry her and she was to become a respected member of the affluent Doe family. She had, in consequence, begun severing her ties with the ribald group among which she had made her local repute, and resigned herself to beginning a different type of life as Mrs. Doe. She had even adjusted herself mentally to the thought of being the mother of his children.

What actually she had been doing, more and more as the attachment strengthened, was given young John an increasing allotment of her *Odic Force* or vital essence, just as the impressionable and lovable lad had relinquished more and more of his *Odic force* to her. They were holding and conserving vital Life-Stuff from one another, and yet an effluvia that science could never test by any laboratory apparatus.

Suddenly last night, Johnny called
(Continued on Page 10)

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Goals Resplendent

WHY should this journal be published? What particular field does it aspire to explore that isn't being served already by a thousand publications? This is the answer, and it concerns your present and future welfare—

Society is entering upon years, and months, and weeks, like unto no period since the dawn of the Christian Era. It has come up to the Armageddon Sequence foretold in biblical prophecy and embedded in stone measurements in the Great Pyramid of Gizeh. It is the period signaling the end of the Piscean Age and the opening of the Age of Aquarius. An entirely new dispensation is imminent in Religion, Economics, and Politics. New truths about the mystery of life and the divine plan for men on the earth, are being uncovered wholesale. More than all else, all signs are being fulfilled pointing to the Sacred Reappearance of Christ to straighten out this Satanic muddle into which the nations of the world have worked themselves.

It will demand all the supernal courage that Man has in his character to proceed through the amazing and fateful years that lie just ahead, with atomic warfare supplanting old-fashioned military methods, and guided missiles taking the place of regimented soldiers fighting with cannon and muskets. It is going to take stamina to live through philosophic alterations from and by electronics and telephonics—not to mention television and radar—that penetrate other dimensions,

thereby not only proving survival of the soul but correcting many of the spiritual misconceptions that exist about the exact nature of the Higher Life. It is going to take character of the strongest order to face and solve the economic problems arising from a state of civilization where under machinery is being invented that accomplishes all forms of manual work and Saturday night pay envelopes for the world's workers are no longer forthcoming because machines work for oil and electric power and naught else.

VALOR faces these stupendous developments of world-life and seeks to make them understandable to the Man in the Street.

It is working toward a steady program of publishing illuminating articles in as simple terms as possible, on the tremendous processes working out in realignments of the nations, fulfilling biblical and Great Pyramidal prophecy, on the nature of the information already being received from higher realms of Consciousness about the enigmas of Life and Death, on what Second Sight and Extra-Sensory Perception discern as the ultimate outcome of financial and industrial arrangement for supporting humanity in a complete machine-age.

In short, VALOR is seeking with all the resources at its command to interpret life of the twenty-first century to the great rank and file of confused and cosmically uninformed people back here in the middle of the twentieth!

No other publication, either in America or Europe, is attempting to do such a thing, because editors and writers would require to be well-nigh adepts in their own persons and intellects in the fields of Sacred Prophecy, Psychical Research, and Aquarian-Age economics.

VALOR strives to offer a contents each week that is fifty years in advance of current times in either import, or recommendations of alterations that permit the transfer of humanity from the old to the new without shock or damage to the whole social fabric. Nonetheless, it likewise has to print material that shows what actual conditions are today, tending toward these alterations, and relieve the whole as it can with an occasional dash of humor that eases the mental tension.

Do people actually want to *know* the things that are coming upon the earth?

Well, the saving grace in the whole of them is, that they point directly to the establishment of Golden Times such as the world has never dreamed nor thought. God and Christ are coming closer and closer to us, instead of receding, as we advance along lines of science and discovery.

There may be just one article published in VALOR during this coming year, that changes your whole life and philosophy.

But there are 250 articles along lines of the foregoing that you can by no means afford to have in the minds of other folk and not in your own.

These are the reasons why this journal is published.

Embarrassment

THE PASTORS, priests, and clergymen of this country are by no means the dunderheads that the non-church elements ungraciously call them. But pastors, priests, and clergymen generally do labor under handicaps that are too often self-aggravated. The nature of their vocation has the tendency to set them apart from the rank and file, and when they try to overcome it by playing "the good fellow" or the "man among men", they merely succeed in being sticky and unnatural.

Your Recorder recalls an instance back in younger manhood when he happened to be lingering in a Vermont cigarstore that was comfortably filled with gossiping men, when the pastor of the First Congregational Church came in. He was a lean, earnest man, filled with the obvious desire to do goodly works—if he only knew exactly how—but filled at the moment with the desire to buy a pound can of pipe-tobacco for a sick male parishioner.

The instant the roomful became aware that "the minister" had come in, a hush fell upon it. It was a strained, unnatural hush. No man had been misbehaving. Occasionally a rough word might be uttered, but on the whole, any woman might have been present without suffering undue shock at it. Yet the sudden precipitation of the Rev. Mills into the place produced restraint, discomfort, and a gradual exodus. He

greeted acquaintances pleasantly enough—perhaps too pleasantly—and withal had a wistful expression in his eyes, as though he wished for once he might forget his ministerial dignity and “mix it with the boys.”

But he didn't know how to “mix it with the boys” . . . in fact, he couldn't “mix it with the boys” because his Cloth set him apart from them. An ancient stricture was operating, coming down from the generations when the priest was the tribal magician, in direct contact with the gods, and liable to drop his walking-stick that turned into a writhing serpent while he bought a pound of tobacco for his bedridden parishioner. The institution of priestly vestments was effected to perpetuate this prestige.

Back in the evening newspaper office, the editor of the paper said to your Recorder, “Wasn't it pathetic? Every man in the place was a nominal Christian. Mills is a brilliant man intellectually, and if he wasn't a pastor he'd be as popular as anybody in that store just now. But somehow there was a wall about him, that everyone was conscious of, setting him apart. Who or what erects it?”

The bookkeeper spoke up from her desk in the corner. “I'll tell you what I think it is,” she offered. “I don't think it's because the crowd was embarrassed to have a person come among them representing God. I think it's because he represents propaganda of a sort, and no one feels comfortable having a fanatic around always trying to sell them something, or convert them to something, that they mayn't be in the mood to want.”

“Propaganda!” the editor exclaimed. “What sort of propaganda?” The girl might have something.

“Well,” she returned, “you might call it sectarianism, but I call it propaganda. Every minister today wants you to come to Jesus in his particular manner, or denomination, or faith, or belief, or whatever you want to call it. He's a walking expert in it, and nine out of ten of 'em don't let you forget it. You talk with 'em any length of time and sooner or later you'll find 'em comin' around to it.” Then as the editor and your Recorder searched each other's faces for confirmation for what the girl might be saying, she went along, “When George Bottomley, the grocer, comes into the place to buy cigars and talk World Series, he desn't always end up by putting an ad after his remarks ,to be sure to come and

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buy your groceries at his store. Earl Williams doesn't alk what's wrong with your tutomobile and end by slapping you on the shoulder with an appeal to come over to his place and buy a Studebaker from him instead of a Ford. But you talk with a minister very long and see if he doesn't buzz right around to the question of your soul, and why can't you come out to the service next Sunday and hear his preaching? They lose the sense of proportion

on things. And the Methodist preacher is the worst of the lot. He'll bag you on the street and introduce the subject when you're hurrying home to turn off the water-tap you've left running. The Rev. Davidson did that to my brother Thursday noontime.”

And on and on the voluble girl talked, after the manner of frank females in New England.

Well, it did pose the question as to

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“Why I Believe the Dead Are Alive!”

DO YOU believe in survival after death? Have you ever had experience with evidences of incarnate intelligence? If you are skeptical about survival, what evidence would you require to convince you that human people do continue to live consciously after vacating their bodies? Are you open to conviction that personal survival is a provable fact?

Supernatural Evidence that Astounds

Ever since boyhood, the man who was to project and found the great doctrine of Soulcraft had encountered supernatural experiences in his affairs. With maturity these increased. He got his first direct evidence of survival in his epochal “Seven Minutes in Eternity” adventure, published in the American Magazine, when he met face to face, and talked with, people whom he had seen buried in caskets. Since that episode, evidence of survival piled up in his affairs, terminating with the full materialization of his daughter Harriet, a woman of thirty-seven, who had died physically at the age of two.

You Should Read this Volume First as Prelude to Understanding Soulcraft

Finally, in 1942, the author put the whole uncanny history of his explorations into phenomena, between one pair of covers. He called this startling and entrancing volume, “Why I Believe the Dead Are Alive.” It is a book that belongs in the hands of every student of Soulcraft, that he may find his own peace of mind at preserving his personality after death as well as become conversant with the whole agenda of mystical happenings that have put Soulcraft in the forefront of current thought.

¶ You can buy this book in the cloth edition, printed on white paper, at \$3 the copy, or in the India paper, deluxe edition, in Burgundy Leatherette covers, for \$4—each postage prepaid.

Soulcraft; Noblesville, Indiana

Girl Suicide

(Continued from Page 7)

for her as usual at the Green Heron Night Club and escorted her to her quarters at the Allenton, a theatrical hotel. On the way home he blurted out his family's utter repudiation of his proposed marriage to a blues' singer. The girl wouldn't have minded that so much, had she not realized in growing horror that the boy meant to abide by his parents' dictates to him. He lacked the character and manhood to keep his karmic contract with her. When, upstairs at last, he refused to come into her sittingroom but curtly and unnaturally informed her that through no fault of her own he was through with her, *he actually drained his Odic force out of her in one inhuman brutal lesion.*

That was the thing she “couldn't take” . . .

True, we can't prove the existence of this Odic Force by science. There's nothing mentioned about it in Holy Writ. But our higher Mentor papers on great cosmic processes operating above the secular things of life, have much to say about it.

The thing actuating the LaCoq girl by last night's suicide, was a blind, furious, desperate nostalgia to get back onto planes of spirit—out of the mundane cruelties of organism that confined and disillusioned her. She may, or may not, pay for it spiritually, depending upon what her karmic arrangements have been from the beginning.

But the John Doe boy has much to answer for. He refused to be *himself* and make good on his own pledges of undying affection.

The gift of a loving woman's Odic Force is the highest presentation she can make. Men who play ducks and drakes with it, incur the worst kinds of karma. Better had the Doe boy never have been born, than face the consequences of the LaCoq girl's suicide.

Spiritually regarded, it was a sort of wilful murder.

But what does purblind, ignorantly educated humankind, reared in false doctrine, stupid in respect to the impingements of the Ageless Wisdom, know about these higher regulations and obligations?

How many lives will Johnny Doe pay

How Many Can You Use?..

Valors in Bundles

FOR the big Circulation Campaign for VALOR that is being launched, a plan is being worked out whereby the publication can be bought weekly in bundles for either retail sale of gratis distribution to friends. How many copies in a parcel-post bundle may we send you weekly? Special prices by bundle lots will be made. Address—

SOULCRAFT CHAPELS



for the thing he's done to the LaCoq actress this week?

No one knows but the pair of them. They've got to work it out.

What's this on Page Seven of the paper? . . . *Tot of 3 Killed When Truck Backs from Alley* . . . What's behind this appalling death-rate of small children? Let's see next week . . .

Christian Editor



UGENE C. Pulliam is editor of the Indianapolis *Star*. He is a jovial, hard-hitting individual with a strong streak of the Christian in him—the kind of working Christian who isn't afraid to mention God and Christ in his editorial column. He was born in Grant County, Kansas, in 1889, of grass-root

American Methodist folk. After a turn at Baker University in Kansas, he came to Indiana and went to De Pauw. In Noblesville he asquired a first wife who died. He married a second Indiana girl, acquired three children and a whole roster of midwest newspaper jobs. Coming to the head of the big newspaper, *The Star*, he hasn't been afraid to tell the American people that if they don't make an occasional hook-up between Government and God they're in for a devil of a mess.

Indiana people are hard-headed, down-to-earth stock, with a strong strain of the religious in them.

Pulliam is suddenly coming out of newspaper obscurity and apparently Going Places.

God and Christ in the editorial columns of a modern great city newspaper, . . . by a man who isn't posing.

That's the new order of things.

Keep your eye on this Indiana publisher, Pulliam, and see what heights he reaches, so long as he "agitates this Christ Stuff" . . .

Prosperity



SOMETHING like 71 cities in Indian went Republican in Tuesday's election of this week. The Truman Democrats were forced out of 34

cities. The politically "wise" take this to mean, of course, that it indicates the "trend" . . . the Republicans are coming into power in 1952. However, don't bet on it—too much. As the opening article in this week's VALOR expounds, we're now living upon a War Economy.

(Continued on Page 14)



.. COGITATIONS

THE OTHER day I went over to the Municipal Airport to meet a friend coming in from the East by stratosphere liner. It bore in on schedule—a flying drawingroom—the doors came unsealed, the ramps were lowered, and half a hundred people emerged carrying bags and briefcases who cupple hours before had been walking the streets of the nation's capital. My mind couldn't help going back to the days when there was scarcely an airplane in the world, excepting Langley's old contraption in the Smithsonian, whose "flying" was controversial. Had it truly flown up the Potomac under its own power, or had it been a lucky kite that the wind had lifted and borne a distance from its take-off . . . Anyhow, I recall seeing Glen Curtiss make one of his early trips, just a few months after the Wright boys had gotten into the air successfully at Kitty Hawk. It happened at Atlantic City around 1908. I'd gone down from Philadelphia for a holiday—and tarried. Out on the Steel Pier one afternoon, inhaling the salt sea breezes, I noticed some sort of contraption down on the sand to the south that looked like cupple bedsheets pulled taut over cupple broomsticks. It had a cupple chaps in cover-alls about it and a lanky man with cap-visor reversed, tinkering with what seemed to be an engine. I leaned over the rail and watched. Presently the man in the cap climbed up amid the broomsticks, a propeller spun, and the contraption left ground. Directly toward me on the Pier it came, and I pulled back aghast. I expected to find myself in the vortex of a smash of flying broomsticks. But it did lift high enough

to clear, believe it or not. It went over my head so close that I could see the aviator's socks up his rippling pant-legs. Two hundred feet from the Pier on the north it went down again, caromed along the beach and went dead. But purely by chance I had seen one of the earliest of Glen Curtiss' successful trips. It wasn't long after that, when he proved there was nothing to it by flying the Hudson River between New York and Albany . . . Forty-three years ago! . . . Gosh, am I that ancient? . . .

o—o
TWELVE YEARS went by, and in San Francisco in 1920, I had my first experience being "up in the air" personally . . . Living for a time in that city, working for the old *Sunset Magazine*, I came into vicarious contact with another pioneer flyer, Lincoln Beachey, through acquaintance with his mother. She even presented me with the cuff-links he was wearing on the flight that killed him. They were among my treasures that the Dicksteiners confiscated at Asheville in 1935 as having something to do with overthrowing Roosevelt . . . Anyhow, in San Francisco, the Presideo one Sunday morning, an ex-war flyer who owned a Jenney, asked me if I wanted to ride up with him. I wanted, why not? He showed me how to climb in the rear cockpit, buckle the safety-belt, and reverse the visor of my cap. You simply couldn't ride in one of those early crates without reversing your cap-visor; it wasn't Hoyle. Then he gunned his motor and we were off . . . over Alcatraz . . . and climbing. No one had told me a Jenney was the most perilous contraption ever originated by mechanical man. It wasn't stable, or some such deficiency. Anyhow, it certainly wasn't stable that morning. We got up where I could reach overhead and grab the ankle of an angel or two, when that Jenney decided not to be stable. I wanted a whole flock of angels with ankles to grab. That Jenney, up in the air, so high that San Francisco looked like a waffle under me surrounded by umbrella puddle, had gone into a tail-spin. How

they ever came to name it a tail-spin, I can't answer, because it wasn't any tail that was spinning, it was me. Or rather, I was seated with reasonable comfort high in the sky one instant and the next the horizon had taken to revolving so fast it was making a blur. Even the waffle and umbrella puddle under me were making a blur. The whole universe was blurring, God knew why. The pilot in front of me was frantically pushing and pulling, glancing occasionally over his shoulder with a worried look to see if I were present or absent, and looking more worried than ever when he found me present . . .

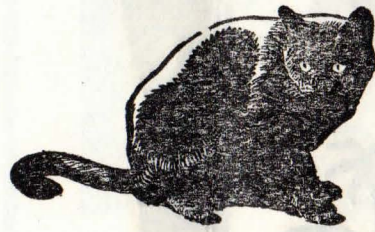
o—o
THEREUPON it dawned upon me that the waffle and umbrella-puddle—which was the whole San Francisco Bay District—was getting larger while I looked. In through the Golden Gate an ocean liner was coming, and that too was getting larger while I looked. From the point of its prow a mammoth V was spreading backward and outward toward the shorelines, and that too was getting larger while I looked. Down around fifteen hundred feet, my Guardian Angel—not the one with dangling feet—said, "This has gone quite far enough," and I agreed. The Jenney hit an airpocket or something and the world did a somersault. We leveled off westward with the whole Pacific Ocean before us to fall in, no mere umbrella puddles. However, I didn't want to go to Japan that morning and screamed something to that effect above the roar of the motor. My pilot waved back a gauntleted hand as though he understood; he didn't want to go to Japan that morning, either. Both of us had come perilously close to going to heaven that morning but neither of us wanted to go to Japan. He banked the Jenney gingerly about and brought her in on the Presideo with cupple bounces and let it go at that. I remember he sat still for several minutes after his engine went silent, while mechanics came running from all directions. But I didn't sit still. I didn't have the brains nor ex-

perience to sit still. I flipped open my safety-belt and made like getting down to asphalt. And somehow or other I was an India Rubber Man who'd suffered a puncture. My knees went in all directions and took me with them. Cupple mechanics picked me up and wondered which to fix first, my knees or the Jenney? . . . Two weeks later that Jenney was lying on the bottom of the Bay of Lower California with all kinds water preventing her flying. But I was a hound for punishment. I went right on flying after that, any ship I could get . . .

o—o

I WON'T say anything about the deal in which I was caught in 1928 to enter the mate to Lindbergh's "We" in the Dole Pineapple Hawaii Race, but concerning esoterics and the things thereof, I do want to note a strange ship I got into one afternoon in 1934 to fly from Pasadena to San Bernardino . . . The boys of a nearby flying-field were all Silver Legionaires and I had my pick of air transportation . . . And I wanted to go to San Bernardino in a hurry, if such a thing were possible. They hauled out a queer red crate called the Flying-Bathtub. They called it that because it looked like a bathtub, the whole fuselage slung under the wings for the stability that my Jenney of SF lacked. The idea was to build a plane like a clock-pendulum so you could play games with it in air and it would always come upright whether any passengers were likewise or otherwise . . . Well, being an experienced flyer by this time, we got up to about 5,000 when what do you think I suddenly wanted to do? . . . *Jump out!* . . . Not a reason on earth or in sky why I should jump out. No suicidal manias or anything. No tail-spins or world-spins. Plane rocking along in the air as smoothly as an old woman on ice skates with a tail wind. But I wanted out. I wanted to uncork my safety buckle and go right down overside, till I had to grit my teeth and set my will-power to keep me from doing it. I was perfectly aware that if I did such a thing, my momentum would bury me in earth about as far down as the limestone formations of the Jurassic Period, but that made no difference. I wanted to join the Bird Gang. Out of that bathtub. Maybe it was some sort of throwback to the flying dream that comes to one hundred percent of people, but the urge was so overpowering that it took all the will I possessed to combat it.

*"The best book my father
has done to date"--Adelaide*



*"Behold
Life!"*

YOU MAY have wondered if one book could be acquired that gave you the whole Plan of Life as propounded by the complete agenda of the Soulcraft Scripts. The volume you're looking for is the 384-page BEHOLD LIFE—written by the Recorder of the Soulcraft Psysical Scripts back in 1937 and now reprinted in a deluxe edition. This book tells you in popular, understandable terms all the spiritual-biological processes, making existence and human society in Cosmos what it is. No other interpretation so simple of narration and yet disclosing so much. If you want proven to you that the Soulcraft Plan of Life is sound and worth studying, add BEHOLD LIFE to your reading-shelf and raise your spiritual sights!

Price, Leatherette, Copy \$4

When my pilot put down on the desert's edge just outside San Bernardino, I got out again and did a second India Rubber Man impersonation . . . Later I learned something—on the way back to Pasadena by car. Two months earlier a Los Angeles businessman, apparently short in his accounts, had been on his way to Mexico in that bathtub when he decided to wash out instead. First time I ever heard of a person doing any washing by climbing *outside* a bathtub instead of into one. But he'd done it—and his remains lie back in the Jurassic Strata along the Rio Grande at this moment. Question: Was his earthbound spirit returned to that machine and trying to persuade subsequent passengers to come back to the Jurassic Age with

him? . . . Well, I'm antiquated enough, God knows, but not so far back as the Jurassic. The Ordovician perhaps, seeing it was the age of fishes and I'm often stigmatized as a poor fish, or the Cambrian, seeing it was the age of Trilobites and what are these little red spots on me occasionally but trilobites? But not the Jurassic. The Jurassic was the beginning of bird life and I've had enough of flying . . .

A SMALL city-boy, in the country for the first time, saw a cow milked.

"Now you know where the milk comes from, don't you?" he was asked.

"Sure. You give her plenty breakfast food and water, then you drain her crankcase."



Get the True Version of the Edenic Garden
and the Missing Link in a Great Book--
"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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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.
Noblesville, Indiana

Prosperity

(Continued from Page 11)

We must have War prosperity, peace prosperity doesn't suffice. We bolster up our Good Times by creating wars and waging them. We live upon wages derived from War manufactures. We elect our Presidents for their abilities to get us into these profitable carnages. Once we elect them, they keep in office by compounding more carnages.

Little Mr. Big is a very astute individual. He knows that at the appropriate time he has only to create the Inevitable Situation and we "won't change horses in the middle of the stream."

Tranquillity and peacetime economy might mean Republican victory, but the People in Power are in a position not to let us have tranquillity and peacetime economy. Peacetime economy means Depression and Hard Times.

Experiences

(Continued from Page 6)

not recognize him then as my own brother-in-law and could not tell where the place was located in which I was seeing him as though in a semi-dreamlike state. His hands seemed over his face, or throat, and his head was turned toward the left.

"To my sudden consternation, however, into the scene of the ghastly episode came the figure of my wife, who was away from home at the time.

"What was I looking at, and how was I seeing it? Not only seeing but evidently hearing?

"For my wife seemed to be speaking to me and telling me that she would not be home until the wounded man had been cared for!

"THE STRANGE part of the circumstance was, that the wounded man was lying against an elevated platform inside some building, surrounded by chairs, benches, and desks that recalled a boyhood schoolroom. Outside this room I was aware of a sizable group of excited people, women for the most part, some of whom I seemed to know. The whole thing then faded out of my consciousness but I had to get up and go outside, I had been so upset by whatever

form of hyperdimensional seeing I had experienced . . .

"Some days later came a letter from my wife, telling me of her brother's death. The details she related in it corresponded exactly with what I had seen.

"Her brother had gone to a marriage festival such as we frequently have here in Florida. Crossing over to a bar for a drink, he had met a young man with whom he had presently quarreled. On leaving the place, this young stranger in a fit of ungovernable rage had leaped upon him with a knife and slashed his throat. It was murder without provocation.

"My brother-in-law had been wearing a light overcoat with collar turned up at the time for the Florida night had been chilly. The dagger had gone through its collar and cut to the bone. He seemed bloodless as result of the nature of the wound, which bled internally. He had received the unlucky blow on Thursday night, December 27th, but he did not die until very early Saturday morning.

"**NOW NOTE** this—

"My sister-in-law had gone to Kentucky that week on a visit—meaning this victim's sister. When in bed and asleep on Friday night, along toward dawn of what would be Saturday morning, she had had a 'vision' similar to my own earlier, in which she had seen her brother lying with his throat cut. She had awakened terrified and remained awake until daylight. She had not known about the mishap in the bar-room until a telegram came, shortly after sun-up, saying that her brother had just died, mentioning brief details.

"Here was a case then, of two near relatives both seeing the same sort of thing, but one getting it at the time of its occurrence and the other at the time the spirit left the damaged body, some 48 hours apart. I don't know much about my sister-in-law's view of the tragedy, but I realize that my own consciousness must somehow have been extended or enlarged to be drawn to the town where the cutting had taken place and look in on the excited scene that followed it.

"But what had first seemed to raise me in my bed? We can't rationalize these things. We simply have to observe and record them, hoping that eventually science will have some explanation for their happening."

DR. BRUCE



*"Detailed Discussions
of the World
that Is Coming . . ."*

*You owe it to
yourself to read--*

Thresholds of Tomorrow

*A Clairvoyant Picture of Changes
Coming at Home and Abroad*

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

A Digest of . . .

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T H E P A Y O F F



“Road into Sunrise”

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Make a business of reading *Road into Sunrise* this autumn as a matter of your own mystical education and inspiration. You will get a big *lift* from it.

In One Volume, Cloth—\$6 Two Volumes, Deluxe, \$8

Soulcraft Press, Inc. Noblesville, Indiana

A FARMER carrying a gun was walking down the Georgia road with a hound dog when a careless motorist came whizzing past, ran over the hound and killed it. He stopped and came back.

“Sorry as the devil this happened,” he said to the rustic. “Would ten dollars compensate you for the loss of the animal?”

“Suits me,” said the cracker.

The motorist paid over. “Could I take you where you’re going?” he invited solicitously.

“Me,” said the cracker, “I’m going back home now. Was only goin’ down the road a piece to shoot the dawg.”

TWO salesmen found the only hotel in town full. The proprietor told them that across the way was a church with an always-unlocked door. They could bed down if they wished in the sacred precincts and he would try to send a bellhop over occasionally to see that they were comfortable.

At two a. m. the bellhop went across the street when the church-bell began to clang.

“What was the matter?” asked the clerk on his return.

The porter replied, “Two gin rickeys for parties in Pew 26.”

A NEW YORK bank wrote to Boston for recommendations respecting a young man who had applied for employment.

The Boston bankers reported, “He is descendent on his father’s side of John Alden and on his mother’s the Randolphs of Virginia.”

“We are greatly indebted to you for the genealogical lore,” wrote back the Manhattan bankers, “but we don’t want this squid for breeding purposes, we want him to count money.”

HE HAD been sent to the store at the age of seven to buy a bundle of diapers for his little sister.

“Sixty cents,” said the clerk, “and two cents for tax.”

“Do I have to pay the two cents,” he demanded, “when ma puts ’em on with safety-pins?”