

Valor

The Golden Times Weekly . .

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

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Number 5



When Russia Splits Asunder Will China Engulf Her? . .

Not a dozen people per thousand in America give a thought the clock around to the very grim menace that China, with her overwhelming man-power, constitutes on Stalin's Siberian flank. Bring this factor into your thinking and the world set-up changes.

Let's say we look at it.

RUSSIA as Russia is only six or eight years advanced over the situation in World War II when peasants with their bare hands were throwing themselves in front of Hitler's tanks, striving to keep the enemy out of "Holy" Russia. She has the greatest spread of utterly useless and worthless land on the whole planet's area. She has a population on this worthless land, roughly, of around 200 millions, three-quarters of them as ignorant of the world as the publisher of VALOR found them in 1918 when they asked, "Are the skies blue in America the same as they are here in Russia?" Or, "We've been told the cows in United States walk on two legs. Please draw us a picture showing us how those animals manage it."

Along a two-thousand mile frontier, south of Siberia, stretches China with 400 millions of desperately improv-



LET'S GET some matters straight for the record.

Russia seems to be backing China in Korea. The public accepts this as a fact, first because the Chinese armies under Miao-Sei-Tung call themselves Communist, second because Russian fighter planes occasionally engage the UN aircraft above Korea. But the real world situation, and the true causes for the current international embroilment, may lie quite somewhere else.

erished Orientals. Bird's-nest soup as a diet may or may not be palatable or nourishing, but four-fifths of those 400 millions certainly don't procure a stable diet of rice once a day.

Suppose the United States had a population of 400 million laundrymen, desperately and forever hungry, north of her Canadian Border? Wouldn't the menace be a perpetual bugbear that sooner or later it might spill south and overrun the United States?

Early the Bolsheviks realized that China without a similar ideology could mean racial cataclysm. So the effort was started to communize China. It was an unavoidable alternative. But communizing China by no means meant controlling China.

Anti-Japanese factions armed and supported Kiang Kai-Chek to oppose the Nipponese with armed forces, prior to 1941, and the 400 million starving laundrymen for the first time were militarized. But no greater set of grafters ever existed than the "warlords" of China. War was a job for the hungry rank and file. It was a racket for the leaders—and they made millions.

China, in other words, was a bottomless hole for munitions and money, whether "Nationalists" leaders conducted her affairs, or Chinese Reds.

Well, we made common cause with the "Nationalists" grafters after Pearl Harbor, and thrashed the Nipponese to a standstill.

But nobody could order the militarized Chinese forces to turn in their rifles after the Nipponese surrender and go home to private starvation. They had to be kept employed or the answer would be, they'd take it into their heads to spill over into Siberia, and westward toward Europe, looking for groceries.

OUR Administration's policy in the Orient, admitting all the blunders and stupidities, hasn't been so cock-eyed as its critics declaim. It hasn't been one of mischievously helping Russia—excepting indirectly. It's been one of "containing" China, if the truth could be told.

No government, if any country, in its senses, wanted the hungry and fanatical laundrymen stampeding toward Europe. Marshall tried to bring the Chinese factions into alignment, to turn their energies into pursuits of peace. All he did was help the enemies of Kai-Chek. Soldiering was easier than working—and decidedly more fun. Besides, it gave oppor-

tunity for looting, which enriched the private soldier.

So with Japan whipped, a million Chinamen in uniform had to be given employment to box them up in Asia. The Korean situation developed or was motivated. It was motivated, of course, as a test of strength, to see what retaliation the West would make toward Red aggression, but it also served Stalin's purposes in determining what the future of China was—or is—to be.

The average American takes it for granted that all is palsy-walsy between Joe and Maio-Sei-Tung, that there isn't a word of diverse opinion arises in their relationships, that the hordes of Russians and the hordes of Chinamen, under the banner of Lenin, are now one horde and God help any western nation that opposes it. It's by no means as simple, or elemental, as that. Both of them are perfectly aware that, granted all western nations were overcome and Red Russia and Red China stood forth victorious, immediately the issue would arise as to which was to be the boss of which. Great international contests go that way.

By no means might it be the soviet utopia to have the Chinese turn out successful in Korea. Being the people they are, they could thoroughly be relied upon to turn about and chop Phoney Joe up as joyously as they'd chop up our armies of the West.

ANTI-TRUMAN newspapers blister him for senselessly prolonging a war that under the full force of our military should have ended in 30 days. But it isn't that the Administration wants to prolong a pointless war. The Administration isn't pro-Russian, either, in what it is doing.

The Administration—and all Administrations of all governments of the Occident—is caught on the horns of a dilemma that's really worse than war.

Thrash the Chinese military in Korea indeed, but what does it solve?

Does it turn one to two million Chinamen back to pursuits of peace? What about the fact that there are no pursuits of peace—meaning no immediate jobs for those two millions? It would mean demobilizing two millions from military employment under one set of leaders, only to make them stalwarts for a military job under another set of leaders.

Those one to two million embattled laundrymen, without Korea to pin them, can readily start going places all over

Asia. They can find excuses for assailing India. They can find excuses for invading Siberia—and thence find excuses for going through to Poland and Eastern Germany to the rich looting of continental Europe. They can roll over Soviet Russia and occupy the Kremlin. Soon we have got them at the back doors of France and England.

They can go wherever they don't need shipping bottoms to carry them—providing they can lay hands on the military supplies to sustain their fighting forces. And always there are interests ready to do that.

IN ALL this military preparing of the nations of Europe and the West—which is by no means any complete squanderbust in the light of what's maturing in Asia—let's not overlook the fact that the NATO forces that Eisenhower is endeavoring to build up, will protect the white peoples of the earth from the hordes of Red China quite as much as from the Stalinesque Tartars. Armageddon, remember, is the ultimate rising of East against West.

There's no earthly obstruction in existence that prevents Maio-Sei-Tung from flooding his armies of embattled Chinamen across the steppes of Siberia in a test of strength as to which of the Red leaders is going to be top-dog. Of course he requires financing and supplying with munitions from *somewhere* to achieve this, for China has no industrial potentials whatsoever. However, he must watch that he doesn't get into such a tussle with Joe that the western nations close in and thrash everything red in sight, while he and Joe are fighting for supremacy prematurely.

Sooner or later, of course, some bright boy in the opposition camp in Congress is going to attempt to set up a real hue and cry to determine who's furnishing Maio with the payrolls and shells to go even as far as he's gone to the present.

In the whole of it we want to remember that the entire show hasn't happened merely by chance. Higher Ends are being served.

The Armageddon Drama must unfold, scene by scene, act by act . . .

THE KOREAN War has "pinned down" the professional armies of China for the time being. But actually Phoney Joe is in a devil of a fix. Let the Korean War end and the professional

(Continued on Page 15)

A BRITISH SOLDIER DIES BUT RETURNS TO LIFE . .

ONE OF the most remarkable life-after-death stories is that of Com'dr. A. B. Campbell, who having been given up by his physician, came back to life to describe how he once walked down the "sunset trail" to heaven and returned to tell about it.

Campbell, a retired officer of the Royal British Navy, describes his weird experience in his book, *Bring Yourself to Anchor*, which was recently published in England.

The naval officer became suddenly ill in his London suburban home. For a week he ran a high temperature, and was only semi-conscious. On a Thursday, according to his doctor's testimony, he died only to return to life the following day. But here's Campbell's own story.

"The days passed in hazy recollections of having my temperature taken and my pulse felt. Soon I found myself travelling in far-away countries. I have been around a great deal, but I could not recognize any of the places I saw in my dreams. There were many beautiful mountains with calm lakes and green pastures.

"Once I heard the doctor tell my wife he was worried by my persistent high temperature. But he seemed to be in another world.

"Suddenly I found myself standing by the bed gazing down at myself. How pinched and grey I was and the stubble on my chin was about four day's growth.

"I felt an urge to get out of the house. It did not astonish me to find I passed through the closed door of the bedroom and the downstairs front door with ease. I just wondered why it was not necessary for me to open the doors.

"No sooner had I stepped outside the garden gate than I found myself in strange country. A wide moor stretched as far as I could see. Then I came to a narrow but well-worn track. I felt terribly lonely as I followed the track, and then saw that it led to a road. I came to it, and was amazed to see it thronged



with people. Yet I could not hear a sound of their footfalls.

"They were of all ages, toddlers mingled with bent old women and men. I joined the walkers and soon discovered that they were of several nationalities. I recognized several races of people I had met in my seafaring days. The trail rose to the brow of a hill, and I spoke to the man nearest to me. He was about my own age. 'What road is this?' I asked, 'and where does it lead?' I was surprised to hear that I spoke a language unknown to me, but he understood.

"'You'll know all about it when you get to the top,' he said.

"Seven-Minutes" Story in Campbell's Book "Bring Yourself to Anchor" . .

"The sky was slowly changing colors. Flecks of orange and red streaked across it. A few more steps and we reached the brow of the hill and saw the other side. Never shall I forget that gorgeous picture of ethereal beauty. Golden browns, reds and oranges chased each other across the scene. As the colors intermingled they seemed to diffuse warmth and love around us all. The comfort of it was wonderful.

"The travellers reached out their arms and uttered cries of delight. I was dumbfounded at the sheer beauty of it all.

Turning to my companion, I saw that he was in a state of what seemed to me ecstatic bliss.

"'What a gorgeous sunset!' I remarked.

"'You're right, you're right!' he exclaimed. 'This is the Sunset Trail. How it soothes and comforts,' and he hugged himself in an ecstasy of pleasure.

"But the immensity of it began to dismay me and I asked:—

"'Where does it lead?' I was feeling rather frightened.

"'Where to?' said he. 'Why, this is Death. Isn't it lovely? If only the people on earth would realize it. *They* are really the dead. We are just beginning to live.'

"His words came as a shock. I asked him if I could go back. He looked at me searchingly, and I saw a gleam of tenderness in his eyes. 'Comrade,' he said, 'you will regret it if you do.'

"'But my dear wife . . . I can't leave her so suddenly; I must return.'

"The look he gave me was almost pitying, then he pressed on and I was left standing with the throng surging by on either side.

"I turned to retrace my steps. I had to elbow my way against the seemingly endless mass of people. Some stared at me, and one unknown hand took my arm and was forcing me to go with him, but I remained firm in my resolution, and soon I saw the narrow trail that had led me on to this road. In a few minutes I was in my front garden again. It didn't seem strange that I walked straight through the front door and the door of my bedroom.

"I walked to the bed and there I was lying snugly between the sheets. I seemed a lot better. Gone was the drawn look on my face, and I could hear myself breathe quietly and evenly. I opened my eyes and certainly felt a great deal better. Then I heard my wife crying softly. 'What is the matter, darling?' I asked.

"She gave a sharp frightened scream, and it so upset me that I relapsed into unconsciousness."



Arise and Be Gods

From Chapter 23: The Golden Scripts

THE EARTH and the heavens have a complement. Life hath a blessing. The Father and the Son conspire to do good. My beloved, hear me, for the gathering time hath a goodly moment . . .

Men have balked me many years; times without number have I borne with them, times without number will I bear with them again; they know me not as the cause of their good fortunes; evil hath come on them and they bear toward me a rancor.

Know ye that good cometh always of me; I am good, I am the spirit of good; I give good gifts to men: I give them science, I give them intelligence, I give them art, I

give them manners, all things making for comity I give them.

Lo, that which cometh of me is constructive, I am Construction made manifest, I give the world intelligence, I give the world intelligence abundantly. I say unto men: Arise and be gods, take your inheritance!

They say unto me: What inheritance have we? Are they not children and souls of little manners? I say they are more: they are makers of false utterance, they bear the truth a malice.

Men grasp of my gifts and sit them down with mischiefs; they take that which cometh of men and make of it a pestilence; they greet that which cometh to them and say, It is of ourselves, we make ourselves intelligent. Verily they speak wrongly; intelligence cometh of me and none else; intelligence declareth to those who are mortal, Thou art goodly in sight of the Righteous making manifest, be better that thou mayest come into the Kingdom.

Intelligence leadeth man from beasthood, it maketh him to shine as a jewel in the crown of the Father, it taketh a child and lifteth it to wisdom, yea it maketh the sodden to see their high heritage;

Think ye intelligence cometh of evil?

I tell you, evil is lack of intelligence; I say it is naught else.

I come unto men saying, Be ye intelligent for thereby cometh goodness, give to me manners that your intelligence ennobleth you.

Evil hath an emptiness, it cannot construct, it ignoreth the ways that lead unto happiness, it seeketh out no goodly situation but taketh the world and giveth it a weeping.

Evil hath no crown, it hath no distaff, it hath no divining rod that pointeth out riches; evil hath only confusion and ignorance and manifest impoverishment, it hath shortage of compassion that ye do call intolerance.

Verily I say unto you, beloved, evil is man's enemy above all other enemies in that it seeketh to do him no improvement; naught hath it to do for man but to pull him down to vomit; it proclaimeth his smallness, it maketh a god of his ignorance and humbleth him before it.

I say ignorance is evil and evil is ignorance.

There are no other gods of darkness before Ignorance.

Days later when Campbell felt better, the doctor asked what he remembered about the previous Thursday.

Campbell, reluctant, already had set the incident down as a feverish dream, but he told his story. The doctor said:

"On Thursday you reached a crisis. I left promising to come at once if your wife phoned me. Late that night she did. When I returned she was in tears. She had failed to trace any sign of life in you. You were in extremis. I did all in my power to prevent you from slipping from us, but as we watched we saw and heard the last breath leave your body. I know it too well to make a mistake. Your wife was overcome with grief, so I gave her a sleeping tablet and said I'd be around first thing in the morning.

"You can imagine the smiling woman who met me on Friday morning. Her first words were: 'Take those death papers away, doctor, they're not needed!'

"For a moment I thought that grief had turned her mind, but she led me upstairs to the bed on which you lay. When I saw you I knew that a miracle had happened."

Found Gold Hid in Previous Life

FROM the mountain fastnesses of Syria comes the almost incredible story of a man who has lived before—and can prove it. The authority for such a tale is W. B. Seabrook, the explorer, and one of the few white men ever to visit Souieda, Arabic stronghold of the Djebel Druse.

The story has its beginning 30 years ago with the death of Mansour Atrash, who was killed in a tribal attack on Souieda. At the exact hour of Atrash's death a baby boy, later named Najib Abu Farary, was born to a family of Druses hundreds of miles away in the mountains.

Young Faray was 20 years old before he ever left his native home and then, quite by accident, he was taken to that part of the country where Atrash had lived.

"I have seen all these places before," he told his surprised companions. "They are more familiar than my own mountains!" And when he came to Mansour Atrash's village he made the still more startling announcement: "This is my village." (Continued on Page 10)

Mighty Reds Aren't Eating in Phoney Joe's Paradise..



FROM Paris comes a news dispatch over the signature of William H. Stoneman, foreign news correspondent, concerning conditions in Russia, confirming what VALOR has been saying about the major fraud the "resources" of that country and people are as a military menace. The Russian people are not even eating regularly, to say nothing of being in such a condition of high military morale that they can take on all the free nations of the earth.

"The old Soviet line," Stoneman cables, "that 'conditions may not be so good but you ought to have seen them before the Revolution' has now been blasted by no less an authority than the United Nations Economic Commission for Europe.

"According to this expert authority, which has often been accused of taking a pro-Soviet line, the peoples of the Soviet Union have a less satisfactory diet today than they did before World War I.

"On balance," says the commission in its report for the second quarter of 1951, "it seems clear that the amount of cereals, potatoes and other crops used for human consumption in the Soviet Union is now somewhat greater per capita than in the same area before the first world war.

"BUT this increase has been made possible in part by the relatively low level of livestock numbers over the last 20 years and has had as its apparent counterpart some decline in the per cap-



ita consumption of animal produce.

"Translated into plain English this means what every adult Russian knows. Proteins and animal fats, so essential to life in cold climates, are infinitely scarcer than they were before Lenin and Trotzky rescued the Russians from their Czarist oppressors.

"One of the bitterest complaints of the Russian peasant since collectivization has been his lack of "sala", the lard which used to serve him as butter and to enrich his soup.

"To make up for fats and proteins the average Russian may have gotten a little more bread or a few more potatoes to eat.

"In Western Europe, the same report says, the diet has greatly improved during the last 40 years.

"THERE has been a decline in the consumption of cereals—"the poor man's meat"—says the report but "the fall in cereals consumption would seem to have been part of a general improvement in dietary standards, including an increase in the consumption of meat and dairy products, at least up to the second World War.

"Livestock numbers more or less kept pace with the rise in population up to that time; considerable progress was made in milk yields in a number of western European countries and imports of livestock produce increased substantially.

"Given the rise in population since the second world war in relation both to live-

stock numbers and to imports there seems reason to suppose that this shift in the diet has not further progressed and in some countries it may well have been reversed.

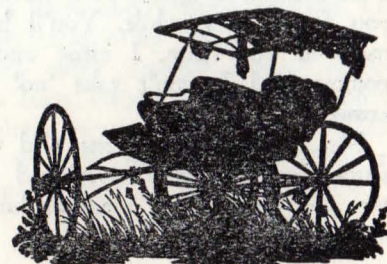
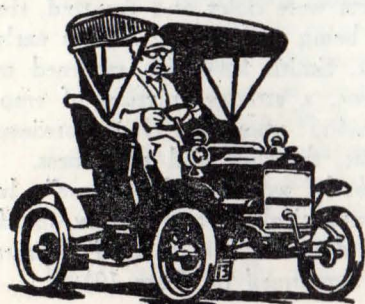
"But the contrast is clear. The average western European has been graduating over the last 40 years into a butter-and-egg man; the average Russian has been reverting to fodder."

VALOR has taken the position, and still takes it, that the "might" of Russia, capable of waging a world war against the free nations of the West, is pure hoax and bamboozle. She has a few jet-plane factories, yes, and man-power to nuisance—nuisance to Stalin as well as nuisance to Eisenhower. She puts this flying-craft wherever it will make good window-dressing, the Korean War for instance. But of industrial strength and belt-line coordination to provide a constant flow of resources to whip the non-Communist countries, she's still back in the days of the Model-T Ford, with the abandoned family carriage rusting out by the chicken-coop.

The atom bomb?

How can Russia have the atom bomb—of her own manufacture—when there isn't water-power development sufficient in all of Russia and Siberia to make one ounce of finished and explosive uranium?

If she'd truly developed the atom bomb on her own initiative, and set it off for bona fide testing purposes, would not the smart thing have been to call in scientists from all other nations to witness the detonation? Then there could have been little argument about it. But



no, she even kept her own detonation to herself—if there ever was a detonation caused by other than TNT . . .

This business of going hysterical over the menace of Phoney Joe's "paradise" to the peace of the world, curdles the blood on paper, and makes excellent sense as motivation for a powerful de-

fense program for the United States. But the Reds' cold war is a war of propaganda.

VALOR will print more articles from time to time confirming this conviction—that Russia is embattled for other purposes than merely trying to stand the world's free enterprise on its head . . .

yond *do* bless us, *do* pray for us, even as we bless and pray for them. For I knew this was no earthly mortal, yet not a wraith, but a beautiful materialized person from that dear beyond.

I just lay there wondering, in a sort of stupefaction, as this entity walked slowly to the door. Why did I not call out and ask what was wanted, to bid that person stay? I could only stare after the departing presence, as the figure passed silently out into the kitchen, with one gentle farewell glance as though careful not to frighten, and softly closed the door.

Our bedroom was quiet as a tomb. I found myself rising up on one elbow, leaning forward, wondering. Finally I turned to Marguerite, who also had risen to one elbow. Beyond her, Evelyn, too, was leaning on one elbow. I found my voice, and asked, "Marguerite! You saw too. Who was that?"

"I don't know," she spoke in a half whispered voice. "I don't know!" We stared at each other—the three of us.

Then it was that our bedroom door burst unceremoniously open. The girl's anxious father strode into the room, clad in pajamas and grasping menacingly in his right hand, a long, black, stove poker.

"Were you girls in the kitchen just now?" he asked.

"No, we haven't been out of bed," we told him, "but someone was in this room, and that person went into the kitchen and closed the door between."

"I heard someone walking in the kitchen," Mr. Smith told us, "and then I heard what sounded like the roof falling in. I thought they were tearing down the house. It felt like an earthquake."

After assuring him that none of us had heard the slightest sound or commotion whatsoever, Mr. Smith, still clutching the stove poker, unlocked the outside kitchen door and went out to have a look around.

The small house was set apart, there was no place any person could have gone so quickly, and through a locked door. The streets were quiet and deserted, the residents being still in bed at this early hour. Mr. Smith forthwith returned to the kitchen, a strange mixture of emotions playing upon his face, anxiety, amazement, disbelief and uneasiness.

"Somebody was in this house", he stated emphatically, "and nearly shook the walls down. Where in God's heaven
(Continued on Page 10)



Strange Experiences

Girls in Nebraska Home Had Phantom Visitor

The Smiths lived in a small, square, frame house having only four rooms and bath. The larger bedroom used by Mr. and Mrs. Smith was on the northeast corner, opening off the living room which was on the southeast corner. Then a door, or archway, connected the living room with the kitchen on the southwest corner. The bedroom on the northwest corner, which the sisters and I were to occupy, opened off the kitchen with only a frail door between.

After the dishes were washed and put away, the parents of the girls finally locked the outside kitchen door on the west side of the room, the front door, bade us "goodnight" and went away to bed. We decided that we, too, would go to bed and continue our visiting there. Thereupon the three of us entered the bedroom, closed the door behind us and prepared to retire.

We slept soundly. Toward morning I awakened with the certain knowledge that someone was standing close beside me at my bedside. There was no fear, only the conviction of a presence.

I opened my eyes, and there, in the strange half light of early dawn, so close that I could have reached out my hand and touched the garments, stood a tall figure just turning from me, gowned in flowing robes such as those worn in days of Galilee, and with hands extended as if in blessing or prayer, like a ministering angel.

I know that I *did* receive a wondrous blessing that summer dawning. And I know that those in the land of the be-

MANY of the greatest and most profitable experiences that have come to me in this life were not planned or anticipated. I shall relate one such experience which still brings me heart warming peace when I recall and dwell upon it, a peace that will never leave me.

Early one quiet evening during the summer of my twentieth year at my father's house in Broken Bow, county seat of Custer County, Nebraska, a strange truck pulled up at the side entrance, a man alighted and came to the door. I was much surprised to see Mr. Smith, father of my girl friend, Marguerite. I had not seen any of the family for many months, since they had taken up residence in the small town of Arnold, some miles to the west.

After greetings and inquiries about the family, Mr. Smith said to me, "Bundle up some clothes—I'm taking you home with me for a few days. Marguerite and my wife Edith have been talking a lot about you lately. They haven't seen you for a long while. You'll be good medicine for them. I insist upon your coming and I won't take 'no' for an answer."

Mrs. Smith, Marguerite and younger sister Evelyn, were overjoyed to see me and we spent a pleasant hour over an evening lunch.

Why Small Children Die in Babyhood . .

Infant Fatalities Pose Problem, Answered in "Why Did This Have to Happen to Me?" Series . .



(Continued from last week)

PERHAPS the commonest aspects of this law manifesting lies in the early death of children, as has already been explained hitherto. Children will do almost impossible things, perform feats with reckless abandon and without the slightest fear, which subject them to physical catastrophe and more often ruin or wreck their lives or halt them altogether. They will expose themselves to dangers, run in front of speeding motor cars, taunt ferocious animals, play with fire which burns them to death, toy with lethal instruments, all to the end and aim that the earthly tenure may be shortened for them.

Mature humanity, of course, thinks that such follies are due to the child's inexperience with life. Weapons and matches are kept away from them. They are cautioned about speeding vehicles and other traffic dangers. All to no avail. The child appears utterly thoughtless of its own safety. As indeed it is. On the other hand, it may cling tenaciously to life in a miserable illness, or flee madly from some astral phantom perceived in the dark.

What is happening here is: the child seems to be in doubt as to whether or not to remain on the earth-plane. It is undecided whether it will continue to experiment with mortal life or go back where it came from and start over with another pair of parents in another environment where the increments promise vaster results for it spiritually or socially.

This indecision manifests in an utter disregard for physical danger. The gesture is not different in the slightest degree from the adult taking chances in the face of a great loss or grief, hoping against hope that it will perish in the resultant "accident" and thus return to the Planes of Thought without castigations

of society for deliberate suicide. Only in the case of the child, it has every license to so weigh or estimate its chances for getting what it has hoped to get by coming into life at all. And if it sees that it cannot, going back and starting over is not only permissible but is the soundest part of wisdom.

This in effect means what? It means that children are the gravest judges of their own life plans and forthcoming life experiences. It means that for quite a time at the early stages of mortal existence they are weighing in their minds whether they have chosen wisely, and whether they will go through the whole life experience. It means too that many a child, which came into life expecting one experience and incorporating itself between a certain pair of parents to get it, will as readily perceive other benefits accruing from the association which has not occurred to it in the beginning or while it was appraisive of its coming career on the Planes of Thought.

Bear in mind that these Planes of Thought are ever the elective planes, the planes of consideration and deliberate choice as to what shall come to them in their future visits into the earth-state. This means that there is no such thing as accident in the matter of birth after the soul has attained that spiritual maturity where it can show electiveness or discrimination—in other words, good judgment—in selecting its forthcoming environments for its benefitings as the earth lives succeed each other. Enough of that.

What we are told from the Higher Levels of Consciousness is that children come into life often to get one thing and end up by getting another. That is, they expect certain things to happen to them that are the natural products of association with a certain family group in a certain condition of affluence. If they happen, well and good. They may not accrue at all. On the other hand, having

arrived in life and taken up occupancy with one family, certain profits from a wholly unexpected source may begin to manifest themselves. So the child elects to remain and wring from them all the profits it can.

SUCH being the case, the child accommodates itself to the altered tenures and imbibes all it has to give them along the new line. But all of it essentially is looked upon as profit. If there are no profits thus accruing, and the chosen environment does not produce the expected increments as well, the child quite harmlessly suicides. That is to say, it harbors a certain disease germ by deep, deep galvanisms of subconscious mind, or it takes wild risks to itself physically, with tragic results deriving to its physical equipment. It "meets with accident," or so the world thinks.

But all the time it is nothing of the sort. Why should a small child, peacefully playing with its mates on a sidewalk, suddenly dart into the road and let itself be crushed beneath a speeding truck? It may have played on that sidewalk a hundred times, and let a thousand vehicles speed past, without once having run beneath the moving wheels. Why should it do so at one particular time? We know that every child has Guardian Mentors with it, who are fully able to turn it from such dangers. A million children are exposed to the vilest dangers every hour of each day, and yet they do not succumb to them; they pass unscathed through one ordeal after another—episodes that whiten the dotting parent's hair—and nothing happens. On the other hand, other "accidents" come about when every possible human safeguard has been thrown around that child, or mishaps occur so farfetched in character as to seem preposterous. Witness the crime against the Lindbergh baby . .

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Spirituality



WHENEVER humanity is lashed to the politico-economic mast, or is bent over the martial barrel and lambasted into hysteria, the hue and cry goes up that the solution to the dilemma is a return to spirituality. People have "departed the Spirit" say the editorial profundities. People, it would seem, never "depart the Spirit" when there is Plenty in the land, no war on the horizon to speak of, wages are high and jobs are plentiful.

Pin these editorial sentimentalists down and make them define what they mean by "a return to spirit" and about the best they can offer is the conviction that more people ought to go to church regularly to hear Dr. Whoozis' sermons on the disobedience of the early Israelites under Moses or the Judges—anyhow, the disobedience of the early Israelites. Any talking about the disobedience of the modern Israelites is verboten, and race prejudice, and the attempt to revive Nazism. The Israelites stopped disobedience about the time that the Old Testament ended, anyhow.

All the citizenry of the United States should go to church more, then skulduggery in Washington would cease, there'd be no more errors in State Department policy, taxes would drop, and everybody would be able to buy the latest model television-set. As for Joe Stalin and Vishinsky, they'd be absolutely awed and stopped cold by the spectacle of vast numbers of Americans suddenly becoming "spiritual" and the Korean War would end overnight.

What's actually happening all over the land in this "let's return to spirituality" business is the admission made articulate that man has been so stupid, self-centered, and brainstrapped, that he's let a plunderbund get him in a corner and strip him of his shirt. What he actually wants, is for Divine Providence to come forth with a fresh shirt supply. A continual program of a fresh shirt supply.

Any suggestion that a "return to Spirit" might mean doing some probing that scours—to find out what great spiritual laws and processes operate in life or above it—would be Spiritualism, or Occultism, anyhow verboten as coming of the devil. Never investigate anything that might disturb the status quo. Take a page out of Jesus' life, in attacking the Scribes and Pharisees—whited sepulchres trying to interpret celestialty in terms of taxes paid regularly to the High Priest—and you'd be crusading. You'd be introducing controversial subjects. You'd be a tipper-over of existing institutions. There's been too much crusading, too much introducing of controversy, too much of existing institutions. That's what's the trouble with the world. People want peace, high wages, and a new model car, that's what they want. Hush-hush on everything that stirs them "any more up." Go back and talk about the disobedience of the Israelites under the Judges. That's spirituality on the line . . .

As if the editorial writers know what they're talking about.

Reaction



THIS issue of VALOR is dated December 1. There are 24 days to Christmas. Christmas was the date by which the ministers of the nation were to be presented with gratis copies of the *Golden Scripts*. Cutting the suit to the financial cloth made available for such purpose, 5,000 copies of the Clergy Edition have been produced and are now in process of going out to clergymen designated by donors to receive them. The remaining 5,000 copies of the Unabridged Edition are being rushed to completion at the plant at the rate of about 32 pages per week.

Soulcraft is endeavoring to finance such completion on current revenues. It means that much added anxiety and effort is put upon the shoulders of The

Recorder. No complaint is implied by this, and the job will be finished, but anything less might be greeted by the polite jeers of a skeptical coterie that "it's no use to try to do anything, people are too material-minded and the ministers too sectarian to pay any attention to a work of this kind." Actually, of course, it's a repeat instance of prejudging such a Work of Love by one's own phlegmatisms. They are unable to envision themselves undertaking a gesture of this nature, and therefore, are prone to deny its possibility to those with more encompassing vision.

What's the reaction thus far?

The reactions thus far—and they are beginning to show in the daily mail, with the first thousand of the Abridged Scripts reaching hands of designees—indicate that people are anything but "material minded" and instead of being too sectarian to pay any attention, the ministers contacted thus to date have shown a sympathetic and even eager interest. The irony of the situation seems to be that it is the phlegmatic critics who are the "material minded." They are material minded in their skepticisms.

The people who generously made the greater part of the funds available for these copies now being circulated, did not split hairs in the matter of prejudging the exact effect. Over and over in the daily mail the statement appeared, "Even if one out of twenty of these glorious Speakings falls upon fertile soil, the remainder can afford to be forgotten." They were looking at the longthrow, over-all effect. And it's that attitude that makes such gestures possible and successful in this cynical world . . .

As for The Recorder's attitude in the entire matter, he feels that "the People Upstairs" can be relied upon to land these volumes in the hands of those whose karma entitles them to receive them, that the books and their matchless contents must go out on their own merits. The clergy and the public are going to discover these Golden Speakings and the next edition published, after these 10,000 have been disposed of, may well run to 100,000. "You have by no means scratched the surface of this *Golden Script* Project," was the counsel volunteered in a recent evening's psychical transcript.

Well anyhow, it's begun. It's on the knees of the Transcendent Personages where it ends . . .

Ubiquitous George

LETTERS deploying the Recorder's inability to "take a strong leadership stand and make himself known as authority for these higher spiritual tenets" come periodically. It doesn't occur to the writers that the leadership situation thus seemingly emasculated never could happen by connivance nor accident. It has been a designated role in a program. The Semi-Omnipotent Personages conducting the affairs of this universe are emphatically *not* half-baked Hollywood picture directors, bedeviled as to what to do next to make a roster of masterpieces.

If Nostradamus could lay happenings on the line, never mind how he achieved it—whether from his own Extra-Sensory Perceptions or the enlightenments of some psychical materialization in his attic—and those predictions came true on the nose, the fact is thereby proven that all coming happenings must be known in actuality centuries before they happen. Somewhere, somehow, *someone* knows how everything is coming out. Very good, then. Shouldn't, and wouldn't, the same someone save everybody's time and energy, most of all his own, by not encouraging such a role as the Recorder is called to play and not permitting it to start? If it were coming out abortive, helping with its development for a few years would be an activity of perfect futility. To say that such abortiveness couldn't be determined in advance, is to say that these same Semi-Omnipotent Personages weren't and aren't as accomplished as Nostradamus.

Particularly is this true in respect to the fact that due prediction was made as early as 1929 as to what the Recorder's role was to comprise, incarceration 'n everything. But this was sternly emphasized—

The sort of leadership that resolves itself into the public position of "letting George do it" isn't the order of things in this new set-up.

Too many people cry "Why doesn't a real leader appear in all this?" when what they really mean to say is, "Why doesn't some outstanding man fix everything for us, so we won't be required to assail the messy job ourselves?"

This isn't a situation where every-

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SOULCRAFT CHAPELS

Noblesville, Indiana

thing is to be fixed. A big flock of Mac-Arthurs performing the roles of national and international house-cleaners and housekeepers will be required to do the job to the end of time unless members of these households are disciplined in the matter of continually messing it up.

"Taking a strong leadership stand" or posing as an "authority", means volunteering for such housekeeping job, and eternally battling to keep people with

muddy boots from tracking up the floors.

This Recorder's role in the whole miasma is enlightening people as to the human and cosmic values involved, so they can act with intelligence and effectiveness in keeping their own floors clean. If they want them dirty, let them live in the filth.

Nothing has been abortive in the Recorder's role from the instant of its beginning.

The Golden Scripts

are not for sale! They have been financed and published as a labor of love—that the majestic *Speakings* credited to mankind's Elder Brother may be made available to the spiritual leaders of America in this bedeviled generation.

¶ If you have helped in any amount to underwrite this publishing, you have as many copies of the book as you can place with people whom they will help, coming to you—up to twenty-five.

¶ If you wish a copy of the *Golden Scripts* for yourself, you have only to request it.

¶ However, no one is supposed to sell their copy so obtained, and no practice is being made of selling the Elder Brother's words under any circumstances.

¶ Get your name on the list as soon as possible, if you desire a gratis copy.

There's merely all the difference in the world between the roles of mentor and vainglorious leader who's simply the impersonation of George, the universal valet.

Actually it's the difference between helping a man by doing his work for him, or helping him to help himself.

When you do his work for him, he not only learns nothing but he falls into a frame of mind where he begins to expect and count upon such help, making no effort to develop his own ingenuity. He becomes indolent and shiftless. And that's the thing the Higher Powers won't permit for this once in the case of humanity.

Found Gold

(Continued from Page 4)

Without further ceremony, the youth led his companions through the twisting streets of the town straight to the house where Atrash had lived, and where his family still resided. According to Seabrook, who sets the story down in his book, "Adventures in Arabia," the youth went to a walled-up recess, had the bricks torn down and found there a small bag of money that he remembered having hidden in his "former" life.

Faray gave so many proofs of his previous identity that Atrash's children accepted him as their reincarnated father, and gave him ten camel-loads of grain as a present from the family.

After he had been in the village for some weeks, he was taken to some vineyards of the Atrash family whose boundaries were the subject of a legal dispute. The youth pointed out where he had made the borders—when he was Atrash—and a Druse court settled the case on the strength of his testimony. The story of reincarnated Atrash according to Seabrook, is vouched for by dozens of persons.

To understand the tale of the "man who lived before" is to understand the Djebal Druses—who believe that the number of souls in the world never varies, and that they have lived in some human form since the beginning of time and will continue to do so until the end.

It is the belief of the Druses that the form a soul assumes at death depends on the purity or impurity of its past life. The soul of a hero, for example, may be reincarnated in the body of a coward, or the soul of a drunkard in a holy man. That's why when the Day of Judgment finally comes the Druses contend that the soul will have had an equal chance and will pass into heaven or hell according to its general average of conduct.

The more superstitious Druses also believe that demons can take possession of

one's body. In order to relieve a man or woman troubled by an evil spirit, they will chain the person to the ground with an iron collar. The idea is that the devil will soon tire of a cramped body and so go in search of a more comfortable habitation.

Dawn Ghost

(Continued from Page 6)

did he go? And you girls swear you did not hear a thing. Your mother and I heard it plainly enough. There's something about this I don't like. I don't understand it, but *somebody was in this house.*"

Nothing in the kitchen was disturbed. Everything was in order, just as it had been left the evening before.

Strangely, we three who slept behind that frail bedroom door had been conscious only of an uncanny stillness, a pervading silence, that held us as though under a spell, while the parents had awakened to sounds of footsteps and a terrific din, back around through the living room and into their bedroom.

The family did not lack for a topic of conversation at the breakfast table that morning. And I was the calmest person present. But I understood.

H. M. P., Wash.

Childhood Death

(Continued from Page 7)

WHAT WE have to consider here is this: such a child will renege on its earthly bargain and go back to the Planes of Thought for a more propitious start. There is nothing especially Karmic about it. The parents may feel a great grief for a while, but that is essentially no fault of theirs and they will presently find compensation in the form of an altered attitude toward others who have lost children, or they will be compensated by other children, or they may be compensated by nothing but spiritual moralities exhibiting in refined perspectives toward human nature in general. That is not what we wish to enter into here.

It often happens, however, that children are preoccupied with certain phases and factors entering into their given careers with a certain pair of par-

ents, or in a certain environment, where they will acquire too much of the thing they came to get. They will go too far, so to speak, in the matter of acquiring earthly benefits from the mortal experiment. Time and time again this happens. The soul says practically to itself: "I have let myself in for more than I bargained. I will get too much experiencing of a given increment and throw myself out of spiritual balance. I must put a brake on somewhere, in a manner of speaking, or reverse conditions to a certain extent, and keep myself from becoming over-developed. If I go on untrammelled and uncircumscribed, I will proceed faster in my experiencing than my spiritual conditioning will permit me to absorb rightly. Or I will advance too far beyond those of my particular group with whom I am developing in an orderly and progressive manner. I should therefore limit myself in some regard and put myself under a certain odium to myself. Only in this way can I preserve a true balance."

This decision is a sort of suicide-pact with itself by departments of its life instead of a suicide pact with itself in all departments and literal extinction physically. No matter. It is an entirely justifiable maneuver for a truly constructive although conservative end.

So the soul contrives to have a physical alteration made in its bodily members that shall get it the proper balancing it seeks. It elects to take physical handicap upon itself and thus restrain it from too much experiencing along a life-path where it would possibly absorb too much of a particular ingredient of adventuring if left to follow the course of life's events otherwise naturally.

DO NOT understand us wrongly. There are thousands of cases of physical accident where an eye, a hand, or a leg, is lost to the bodily ensemble because the person deliberately desires to know what one life experience is like, minus those physical facilities. This sort of discipline stands in a class by itself. But in a majority of cases it can safely be said that physical handicap is a matter of balancing the factors of experiencing in the life, that a just and equitable accounting with the soul itself may be arrived at when the earthly educating for that particular period is ended.

We are not saying by this that all
(Continued on Page 14)



"Why I Believe the Dead Are Alive!"

DO YOU believe in survival after death? Have you ever had experience with evidences of ex-carnate 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?

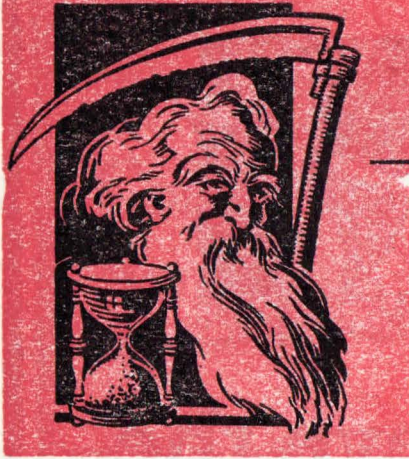
Supernatural Evidence that Astounds

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.

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

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

Soulcraft; Noblesville, Indiana



.. COGITATIONS

sic by local talent. Something like forty-three ladies of the parish were on hand, the season being midsummer and the weather being faultless. Bored by the presence of so much elderly femininity, I left the lawn—properly gorged with ice cream and cake—and sauntered to the rear of the parsonage. What could I do to wile away the time, till all those matrons should go home? I saw a barrel and I saw an apple-tree in the rear yard. I knew that in the stable was rope which father employed to tie the horse upon occasion. The association of ideas put the notion into my four year old brains that here was the perfect occasion to hang myself. While my mother was holding a lawn party. The ladies would enjoy it so much . . .

o—o

BEING a somewhat venerable spirit, on earth for about the 20,000th time, I had general ideas upon the subject of hanging one's self. I felt it would be appropriate to drag the empty apple barrel, bottom-side up, beneath a convenient branch of the tree, affix one end of the rope to a horizontal limb and the other to my person. Then, after having made sure the knots wouldn't slip and cause me to hurt myself by falling groundward, all I had to do was kick the barrel from underneath myself and the hanging of my person would be complete . . . The effect on the lawn-party should be entertaining as well. Nothing should give more gratification to ladies at a lawn-party, I imagined, than being summoned around to the rear of the premises to behold a four-year-old in the act of suicide by hanging. I would be in the same class with Old Tatro and Osgood the coal man, both male adults. I decided to do it. Mother needed oomph of some kind for her lawn-party, anyhow. What the effect of the oomph on me would be, after having succeeded in entertaining her afternoon's guests thus, I didn't stop to reason. Small boys don't. I trundled the empty barrel, with much effort, beneath the tree. I found an appropriate length of tie-rope in the barn.

I dragged it too beneath the tree, mounted the barrel with masculine dexterity, and tied the upper end of the rope to the limb. But where did one tie the human end of the rope in such an episode? Fortunately, the idea of my neck never occurred to me. People always tied belts, aprons, and such, about their middles. I tied my rope around my middle—making a slip-knot shown me by an uncle some time previously. When all was ready I bade adieu to this cruel world and kicked the barrel. I mean, I tipped it out from beneath me. And left the rest to gravity . . .

o—o

WHAT HAPPENED? . . . I up-ended so suddenly that it perturbed me. My head went where my feet ought to be, and my feet went where my head should be but wasn't. *I was hung upside down!* This was unexpected and it was awful. Worse and more of it, I couldn't stay in one position upside down. I started twirling. I went 'round and 'round, if you know what I mean. Whoever heard of a suicide not only hanging himself upside down but going 'round and 'round? The thing was quickly disclosed to me as a bust, but I couldn't do anything about it as bustee. There was nothing for the bustee to grab hold of, the limb of the tree being at the rope's end above me, and the trunk too far to the west of me. The barrel had bethought to roll down grade, where it brought up against the chicken-coop, scaring half a dozen hens into laying extra eggs that afternoon. As for the ground, it seemed miles below me. I was ignominiously suspended between earth and heaven, *and spinning!* I would spin twenty-two times to the left and then spin twenty-two to the right. Upside down! Then I'd repeat. The more I kicked, the more I'd repeat. There was only one thing to do, and that was bellow. I needed assistance in this hanging, or rather, I needed assistance to stop twirling so I could commit lawful hanging and be done with it. However, the effect of my bellowing was to bring for-

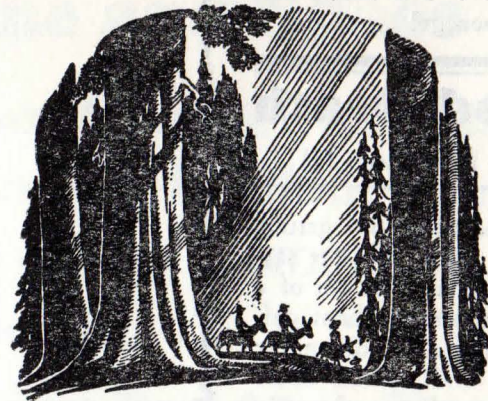
LIE back in retrospection some nights and think of all the hazardous things that have happened to me, from which nothing came but ruffled dignity, and I call to mind the afternoon at the age of four when I decided, in contemplation of life, to hang myself. Not suicide, you understand. I'll explain it. Fact was, old codger by the name of Tatro in our New England village had quarreled with his spouse, procured a rope, and suspended himself for a period from the rafters of the carriage-shed, after which they had cut him down, put him in a box, dug a hole in the ground and buried the works. The whole village was gossiping about it and I overheard the gossip. The thing held intriguing possibilities. I wasn't sure just how one hung one's self but I thought the experience might be novel. Also, of a Thursday afternoon of that week, I had been sent into Davis' Hardware Store to get my father a pound of nails. While the nails were being weighed, Osgood, the coal man, came in and asked for twenty feet of three-quarter-inch rope. "Want to hang myself," he'd explained facetiously but with dead-pan countenance to the hardware clerk. Here was more of it. Everybody was hanging themselves, it seemed, even coal man. Why should not *I* hang myself? I took it under serious consideration, as a four-year-old will. Old man Tatro first. Then Osgood. I aver that I dwelt upon it. I dwelt upon it till Wednesday afternoon. On Wednesday afternoon mother was holding a parsonage sociable for the Ladies' Aid Society. She had tables on the front lawn, with ice cream and cake, and mu-

ty-three ladies around the rear corner of the house in a long line—forty-four counting mother, who of course was in the vanguard, as mothers should be. I can see those women now, of course all walking on their heads due to my own inverted position. However, they were going 'round and 'round the horizon in a dizzying circumlocution. And all of them wore astounded expressions. "What on earth is he *doing*?" I was aware of Mrs. Pomeroy crying. I was spinning 'round and 'round at the end of three feet of rope, that was what I was doing. Couldn't the woman see it? And I wanted to stop spinning 'round and 'round. I wanted brakes on that exploit, you might put it. But I was just too high for the women to reach, grab, and hang on in a long line. That could have stopped me. Mother couldn't even catch a foot, because my feet were well up into the apple-tree. As for my hands, I was clawing at the center of myself where that slip-noose was well-nigh making two boys of me, one nether and one tether. All this time I was screeching sufficiently to wake whatever dead there were, over in the burying-ground behind the church.

o—o

MRS. Merritt considered it. "Somehow we should stop him," she decided, profoundly. She meant, twirling. "Have you got a rake on the premises, Mrs. Pelley?" Mother wasn't thinking of rakes, however. Besides, she certainly wasn't going to have Mrs. Dexter Merritt snagging at me with the prongs of an iron rake, anyhow, she might rip my clothes, not to mention hooking me in an ear. Mrs. Whitney was the only sensible female in the crowd. She spotted the barrel down against the hencoop and went after it. It was the only thing in sight to raise her to where she could attain to my spinning level. But Mrs. Ponderby did manage to catch me by the hair and bring me to a halt, but that was all she could do. She couldn't stop that infernal rope from cutting me in parts. I just bellowed and screeched and kicked. The more I kicked, the sharper the rope severed me. Several ladies contemplated climbing the tree and hauling me up and comforting me, but to climb such a tree one had to shinny, and elderly ladies lacked the requisite technique. No elderly lady ever shinned up a tree as it should be done. They just stood about wringing their hands and watching Mrs. Whitney puffing up the grade

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with the barrel. "What I can't understand is," offered Mrs. Greenwood, "whoever got him in such a fix?" That I had gotten my self in such a fix, being four years old, and a Pelley, and having initiative, she wouldn't have believed anyhow. Mrs. Whitney arrived, puffing and panting, with the barrel. Then, just as she was getting set to place the thing, old man Glasier—who lived on a farm up the hill—came down into the situation, upsetting lawn-party ladies right and left, and made a cupple lashes with his Barlow knife, catching me as I dropped earthward.

o—o

THEY STILL talk about mother's lawn-party of 1894, up there in East Templeton. She treated her young un so

atrociously he seized upon such a social afternoon to make away with himself. Poor mother never knew what it was all about—excepting that she'd gestated a squid who took the most inappropriate of places to engage in the most outlandish of diversions. Fancy hanging one's self of an afternoon while a lawn-party was in progress. I recall old lady Whitney carrying her barrel around to the front lawn in the aftermath of the tragedy that wasn't a tragedy, as though loathe to abandon her idea of mounting it and effecting a rescue. People do the silliest things when four-year-olds try to "end it all" . . . Anyhow, I never tried again. It was too dizzying an exploit. Moral to the story? There isn't any. . . Just an old man, taking time out to

ruminate on all the queer situations he's encountered in six decades. But what slathers of people there are in the United States who wish, anent that hanging, that I'd succeeded! . . . The things that happened at our parsonage! . . .

Childhood Death

(Continued from Page 11)

physically handicapped people are getting too much out of life itself. We are saying that they need special attention of a kind paid them by others, perhaps deference for their crippled condition, or wastage of physical and mental effort called to their attention. But in the main they are arriving at the same thing. They are readjusting conditions after getting into life, to minimize certain profits from the mortal tenure in one direction and heightening them in another. They are calling to their own attention the necessities for caution in some respect, perhaps, as a deformed leg or missing eye may compel them to proceed physically at a slower pace than they would otherwise.

It all harks back to the business of making the life-equation *balance*. They want certain things from parentage and environment. It is entirely possible that having chosen a given set of experiences, they may get too many, or get them in a volume that would otherwise over-develop them in some regard. Therefore the "accident" occurs which "handicaps" them, and consciously they go about bewailing their unfortunate lots.

SO, AS was mentioned in the opening of this lengthy paper last week, the Phil Jones boy, four years old, ran out behind his father's truck this morning and was crushed to death. The grief-stricken father and mother, not knowing such basic facts of mortality, are numbed and embittered by the "tragedy" and Mrs. Jones will "never forgive herself" for leaving the small tad alone for those fateful moments while she went into the inner room to answer the ringing telephone.

Poor soul, she has nothing to condemn herself for. She hasn't lost the boy forever. He will simply alter conditions for a different sort of life, and come back in the earth-scene where he can obtain the experience his developing character demands . . .



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China and Russia

(Continued from Page 2)

armies of China aren't going to have employment. So they may make employment by moving across both Indian and Siberian borders.

At any rate, sooner or later they're going to move somewhere.

It seems to be merely a question of time, how long Stalin can hold them off. "You're going to live to see Chinamen in the streets of Moscow," said the sacred Soulcraft transcripts back in 1929.

All this would appear to be Divine Retribution for the Moscovite "communizing" of China. But if the Chinese armed hordes hadn't fought somebody in the name of Communism they'd have fought somebody in the name of something else.

They're the old Goths, Huns, and Vandals in a new guise.

And it all resolves to the question of eats . . .

THE WORLD hasn't pitched into this miasma of troubles in a twelve-months, and not even the Roosevelt Administration was originally responsible for it. The Economy of Abundance, coming in all over the earth in result of mechanical invention, is basically the cause of it. It was the antagonistic economies of England and Germany, remember, that brought on the First World War.

The economies of the whole earth call for revamping and making adequate to the peoples of the earth, before international society actually quiets down again. All expedients taken by politicians now are mere palliatives to stave off that day of tacit adjustment. Nobody wants to tackle the Gargantuan job of adjustment, because it's almost beyond the thinking of mortal men, figuring out and establishing true remedy.

Communism, or the military slave state, certainly isn't the answer. Depleting the rich nations of the earth to provide sandwiches for the have-nots, isn't the answer—not the permanent answer.

There is an answer but the politicians of the world aren't prepared for it yet. Force of Circumstances is going to plunge humanity through it.

We'd better get set for it.

Meanwhile, remember the nightmare that Stalin's got on his southern flank . . .

Looking Clairvoyantly Into Time and Space . .

*What Changes in Society
and Its Institutions Are
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THE TRAMP printer blew into town and got a job on the paper for one day. He had looked on the wine when it was red, and had difficulty keeping his sheets of copy in place on his typecase. He persisted in setting type from sheets that blew alternately off upon the floor, paying no attention to the sense of what he read. The tired proprietor was in a rush and didn't prove up the "stick" that the tramp was all day setting. This came out in the paper—

"William Smith, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Smith, and Miss Lucy Anderson were disposed of next Monday on my farm at public auction, one mile east, in the presence of seventy-five guests, including two mules and twelve head of cattle.

"The Rev. Mr. Jackson tied the nuptial knot, averaging 1,200 pounds on the hoof. The beautiful home of the bride's mother was decorated with one sulky rake, one feed-grinder and two sets of work harness, nearly new. Just before the ceremony, Mandel & Sons wedding march was played on the power grindstone with new spark plugs by one milch cow, five years old, one Jersey cow, and one sheep. The bride, carrying 16 berry crates, a churn, and all equipment for a profitable creamery, was outstandingly beautiful. She wore one light spring wagon, two crates of apples, three racks of hay, and had as bride's Maid one 300-lb sow due to litter in October. Her gown was trimmed with 100 bushels of potatoes. Mr. and Mrs. Smith left on a brief honeymoon to three box-stalls of onions, turnips, and cabbages. On their return they will reside in kitchen utensils, including one cookstove, and whatever sawed wood one wagon can carry away. Sale rain or shine."

THE SWEET young thing cried, "Oh, Mr. Jones, I saw an advertisement that one may furnish one's home by saving soap coupons. I'm going to be married and wonder if I could do that?"

"Don't try it," said Jones. I had a friend who got all the furniture for a six-room house that way. The company only had to send furniture for one room. The other five were full of soap."