

Valor

The Golden Times Weekly . .

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

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Number 7



The Mystery of the Heavenly Host . .

ORTHODOX Christians up the generations have accepted that this first Yuletide chorus was composed of celestial entities from the personal abode of the Almighty, who had in a fashion personally escorted the avatar spirit of The Christ into this world for Its forthcoming manifestation in mortal clay.

It is a pretty tradition and by no means an incorrect one. But in the great Soulcraft study, familiarizing the devout with many of the sacrosanct fundamentals of life, Extra-Sensory Perception has done more interesting identifying of this Host than orthodox doctrinism.

If there was—and is—such a Host, of whom or what does it consist?

WE CAN appropriately turn from worldly problems, here in mid-December, to examine a matter that has major significance, both sacred and secular.

The gospel according to St. Luke informs us that on the night of the Messiah's birth there appeared in the skies above Bethlehem "a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God and saying, 'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth, peace, goodwill toward men.'"

CHRISTMAS is a most appropriate and profitable time to examine it. Some thirty-two years later in solar time, there was to be a second manifestation of this same celestial horde at the Baptism. Peculiarly enough, however, these two are the only occasions on which the choir invisible manifested. During Gethsemane and Calvary—and even during the first Easter period—we are given no hint of it.

As rational but devout scholars, sincerely searching for

truth in respect to the literalities of such phenomena, we discover some dramatic disclosures when we go inquiring into the origin of the "Host" and trace its evolution historically in human thought.

Here are some facts we should know—

First, the whole concept is strictly Hebraic—or more properly Semitic—and derives from celestial presentations appropriated from the Egyptians and Babylonians.

The Babylonians, along with the Egyptians, were worshipers of the Sun, Moon, and Stars. These heavenly bodies were known as "the Host of Heaven" . . .

The term "host" means a well-ordered army, each soldier having his place, name or number, and maintaining his relative position while perpetually in motion.

THE STARS by twinkling and moving, were thought, like the sun and moon, to be animated by spirits, and were therefore divine. Their comparative spirituality was promoted by the fact that they had a living radiance of their own and required no image or idol for their worship, nor were they represented by symbols in Palestine as they were in Assyria and Babylonia.

Generally speaking, astral worship had little vogue in the West as compared with the East and it wasn't until the supremacy of Assyria, followed by the Chaldean era, that it had much influence in Israel. The stars there formed, as a whole, a sort of community or class by themselves, corresponding in the main to the *Igigi* or "heaven gods" of the Babylonians.

But northern Israel was vaguely said, in First Kings, 17, to have worshiped "all the host of Heaven." The chronicle of Kings tells us that Ahab had even fitted up the roof of the Temple with altars in order to give proper adulation to the heavenly bodies. This king had officially introduced star worship into Judah, with its combination of observatory and chapel after the old Babylonian fashion.

Later kings further developed the cult, one of the adjuncts being the horses and chariots of the sun, which were driven in sacred processions to represent the earth's course through the heavens. After the first captivity of Judah there were men in Jerusalem who still prostrated themselves before the rising sun.

In the great community of "the host of heaven", which had this astral begin-

ning, finally to become personalized and articulate in the Bethlehem and Baptist episodes, we have the growth and development of the idea of the great army of the celestial spirits.

It hadn't come to mankind all at once.

THE EARLY Hebrews "borrowed" these celestial concepts on all sides and the "host of heaven" got into their thinkings plainly through Egyptian and Babylonian astrology. However, with the characteristic tendency to make everything heavenly, anthropomorphic—or translated into some aspects of mortal form—the "Host" spelled with a capital H gradually became the angelic personal attendants on Jehovah and they were assumed to fill the upper air at their pleasure, and in celebration of any extraordinary event.

The thing that distinguishes them for our investigation of the moment, is the fact that only on these two occasions throughout the whole Bible history did they become either visible or audible. They were said to have become visible at the Nativity to some awed and nondescript shepherds only. No one else in either Bethlehem or Judea caught sight of them that night or remarked on them in historical transcripts. No one *saw* them literally at the Baptism. There they were merely heard.

What are we being told about, and is there any basis for accepting that the entire stratosphere phenomena are other than a fabricated or fictional idea? . . .



WELL, we get the answer to what otherwise might be an imponderable conundrum in the 91st Chapter of the *Golden Scripts*, which was transcribed for the Christ Followers of this generation on the night of September 20, 1929. It has to do with the Master illumination about the identification of the celestial Entity whom Christ termed The Father.

The seventeenth verse of that celebrated and enlightening chapter, which by the way might be called an outstand-

ing alliteration of these Higher Matters for Christmas study, expounds it—

"When I tell you that the earth-plane, and mortal life, are but types of thought measurement, I explain life closer to truth than in any other way or by any other measurement.

"Life is projection of Thought indeed, but it is Thought projecting in quantities of measurement of Itself, for evaluation of its own attributes.

"When I speak of the Father, I speak verily of one who ruleth *the Host of All Thought Streams*, a Spirit so aged that no man knoweth His antiquity. This Spirit in power is beyond even My conceiving, even as I was beyond your conceiving whilst in mortal flesh.

"This Spirit existeth and endureth, older, I say, than any known to the Host of those of whom I have knowledge; He is not God as men conceive God, nevertheless He is so wise in His conceiving that His power transcendeth that of my spirit projected onto any plane of which we have wisdom.

"When I say that I am Son of God and refer to the Father, invariably I refer to this Spirit, because with Him I am in touch and know no greater beyond Him . . . we have spirits here with us upon the higher side so powerful of knowledge, concept, and constructive emotionalism that they do transcend even Myself, who am given this earth as my temporary ruling place.

"These spirits are known unto me intimately and unto you when ye are out of your flesh.

"These Infinite Spirits, for I call them such, greater in power than any known to mortal men, *have control of the universe as men know it*; they are omnipotent and omnipresent in the world and in the universe ruling it by thought projection and enabling it to function . . ."

THIS passage, apparently, is the key to the mystery.

"The Host" is truly the celestial cavalcade of spirit-souls, once very much like ourselves, later of such majestic spiritual attainment and adeptship, that they have evolved out of earthly rebirth necessities, but not yet found what the Ageless Wisdom calls "incarnation in universes" . . .

THEY have not yet diffused themselves into the spiritual units, evi-

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HOW NECESSARY IS ILLNESS?

How Many People Are Serving Subconscious Desires
by Inviting Sickness, Bodily Infirmity, or Blindness?

THE AVERAGE man or woman accepts the arrival of Pain and Ill-health as one of the unavoidable facts of life. He or she "catches a cold" or succumbs to a disease. Nine out of ten persons assume that a cold or a disease hits upon them as victims by the law of chance. One moment they are feeling physically fit, the next morning there is an irritation somewhere. A temperature develops, a doctor comes and prescribes nostrums, and they get well or get worse, without the least suspicion that their subconscious minds or wills have had anything to do with such turn of events.

Some people are "confirmed invalids." Some people are hypochondriacs—that is to say, they "enjoy being sick" and take a morbid delight in remaining under normal physically. On the other hand we have the types who are infuriated by an attack of this or that. At least they appear to be thus angered. They get feeling "mean" and this "meanness" grows worse. They are frightened and disgusted and riled.

"I simply mustn't get sick right now," they assure you. "Too much depends upon me." Their conscious wills put up a battle to overcome the malady that threatens. Conflict is introduced. They declare that they are "fighting off" the threatened indisposition.

Or perhaps there is a dull ache in a certain portion of the anatomy day after day, month after month. They finally go to a physician. The man makes an examination and his features grow grave. "I hate to shock you," he says, "but this trouble that's bothering you has all the symptoms of being from cancer."

Cancer!



The conscious mind of the "victim" does a tailspin into panic.

Cancer is popularly supposed to be fatal. With a sinking feeling in the pit of the tummy, the victim emits a hypothetical wail. "Why should cancer attack me? I don't want to die. I've got everything to live for!"

And from that moment—emerging from the physician's office—all the world is altered. Life henceforth, the career, the ambition, everything, must be subverted into a mad campaign to preserve the physical existence.

As if the physical existence mattered!

SO the gamut of disease runs all the way from mild influenza to cancer, and the human soul decides that Life is very hard indeed. The vexations of Life are bad enough, without having physical

collapse occur to make the struggle worse. Others there are, who for no seeming reason are committed to mad pain. Rheumatism, arthritis, a thousand and one chronic ailments, seem to afflict the bodily mechanism without the slightest reason. Crutches are called for, pathetically utilized. Family lives are thrown out of gear because some member of the domestic circle is "stricken" with this or that.

We seek out the Wise Mentors and we ask them: "Why in the name of all that's compassionate, does Pain as physical handicap or inconvenience have to be? Why must some people suffer, and others be exempt from suffering? What sort of a God exists at the head of the universe, that He picks out this man or that woman for a mattress grave—fine moral people who seemingly have done nothing

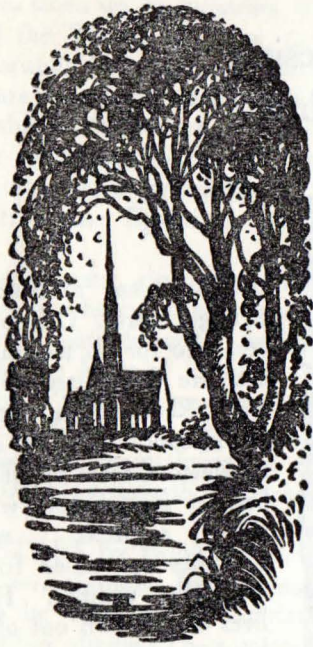
to deserve such fate—whilst others without a conscious thought about existence from New Year's to Christmas abuse themselves vilely and never suffer penalty?"

The Mentors smile, for they are very wise. "No one," they answer sadly, "ever suffers anything that he has not decreed for himself. The Law of Life is the law of self-election. Pry into the subconscious minds of persons who succumb to illness and you will discover strange, strange reasons for their unwonted bodily discomfort—forever self-motivated!"

The suffering mortal is furious at this.

"Would I, by any chance, decree this agony for myself if I had the gift of self-election?" he cries.

And the Mentor answers: "Yes! That is precisely the thing that you are doing. You have deliberately invited a physical



The Heart of Soulcraft

*From the 61st Script on
"CONSCIOUSNESS"*

REMEMBER that humanity came to this earth originally to separate from the mass and by individual experiencing attain to a consciousness of all the knowledge to be found in the Cosmos. This knowledge was to make each entity so wise and individualistic in his self-awareness that he would finally comprise the whole world within his own spirit. In other words, starting out as a mass or horde of sentient beings, bound together by a common consciousness or rather, sense of consciousness, they were each one to expand and grow until the mass consciousness became their individual consciousness.

Now it is only natural that those spirits, in their long cycles of Trial and Error experiencing on your mundane planet, should constantly battle against this lesson. Literally speaking, it changed their rate of vibration in a measure, each time they stepped up their consciousness and took unto themselves wider grasp of the world and its affairs. They had to exert themselves in Thought and continually readapt themselves to cosmic circumstances. This puzzled and bewildered them, for to a degree it constantly changed their original identities, and they knew not themselves for that which they were until they had found and recognized themselves on each plane of advanced Knowing. Back of the whole hesitancy forever lies that fear of losing awareness, which is the very core and crux of the sentient universe.

condition in order to balance something in your career that otherwise is uncontrollable—or at least out of balance. You may not recognize consciously just what that out-of-balance condition is. But you, and you alone, are answerable for the distress which has afflicted you. You are 'after something' which you cannot obtain in the ordinary maneuverings of human intercourse, and what you are doing is striving to destroy the physical because the physical has seemed faithless in performance."

FEW terms in the English language are used more incorrectly than Health and Disease. People talk about "catching" a disease. They speak of "regaining" their health. They do neither, strictly speaking, for each would be impossible. We get the word Disease from the old French "aise," signifying Relaxation, and *dis* the prefix meaning Apart, Asunder, expressing the contrary of what is implied by the second element. In other words, Dis-ease conveys the pristine thought-picture. apart, asunder, or contrary, to relaxation.

How can you "catch" a contrariness to relaxation?

Or consider Health. It comes from the old Anglo-Saxon root-word *hal* and conveys the pristine thought-picture of Completeness. We get the word Whole from the same root—we get the words hale, meaning sound or hearty, and Holy, which needs little definition.

To speak of repossessing one's Completeness, is a trifle absurd.

If a man lost an ear in a motorcar mishap, and some small boy found it, and carried it to the emergency hospital, and the victim said, "Bless my soul, that is mine!—by all means sew it back on," and the surgeon did so, and three months later the owner of the repossessed ear could wiggle it quite as dexterously as before he took his head-dive through the windshield, then he might be entitled to say he had "regained his health." But that would be about the only instance in which the term would fit.

It is a strange fact about our language that you can take about all the synonyms for physical stricture—ailment, malady, affliction, all the rest of them—pull them apart to get their original meaning, and find that scarcely one of them describes literally any such business as little bugs getting into you and

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"The Red, with the Red, will knock down the Red One"

Has Nostradamus Told Us the Fate of Red Russia?

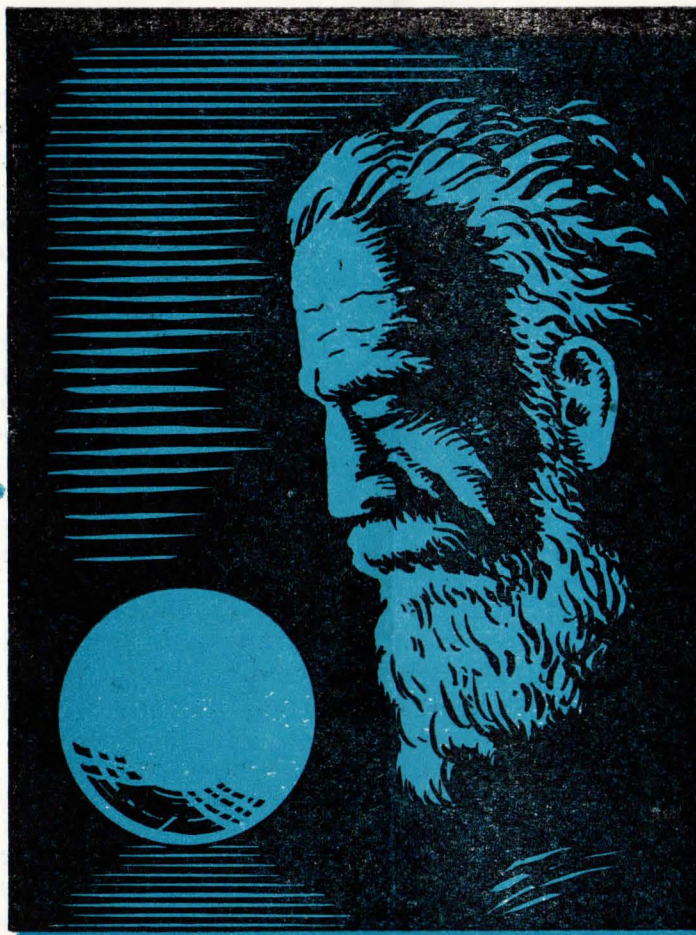
EVENTS in Russia seem pursuing to the hair the great Sixteenth Century prophecies of the Seer, Nostradamus. Events throughout the world are pursuing them as well. Predicting that Great Britain's Navy would rule the wave for 300 years—which would bring the date up into the Twentieth Century from the year he wrote—he indicated in a half a dozen places that economic exhaustion would spell the end of militarism. In Quatrain 16 of Century I we read—

*The reaper (symbol of Saturn)
in the pond,
(Water sign of Pisces) going to
Sagittarius in his high point
of exaltation,
There is to be scourge, famine
and death to military.
A period of renovation approaches
the century.*

This period of renovation is interpreted, rightly or wrongly, by VALOR to mean the Golden Times that are ahead for America after the expose and total suppression of this vast period of communistic hoaxing, and the installation of some more equitable economic system like the Christian Commonwealth.

First, by stating that our ally, Great Britain, will be all-powerful to and slightly beyond 1855, Nostradamus indicated that we should be victorious in such part of the two world wars that were fought together on the seas. Then came the events to follow—

*After combat and naval battle, the Great
Neptune, (Great Britain?)
Will be at his highest steeple (supremacy)
The Red adversary will become pale with
fear,
Putting the great ocean (Pacific?) in a
fright.*



This indication of fear to the point of panic would seem to express that the war against Communism which would follow the peak of Britain's greatness, would bring the downfall of Russia.

However, the following four lines from Century VIII, Quatrain 19 offer clues that may be something of even greater importance, to wit, USSR internal unrest and demolition—
*To hold up the great troubled cloak
The Red ones will march to clear it,
A family will almost be crushed to death,
The Red, with the Red, will knock down
the Red One.*

THIS IS the rebus, or blind pun if you prefer, that should cause our Roman Catholic brethren no small concern in this fight.

We should have no difficulty in inter-

preting the "troubled cloak" as the Iron Curtain. And the Red Ones—the Red army, possibly—will march to abolish it, or clear it, so that it will no longer hang in their pathway into central Europe.

"A family will be almost crushed to death" . . . is that so abstruse when we hear United Nations called "the family of nations" everywhere in present parlance? But this last line . . .

"The Red, with the Red, will knock down the Red One," think twice about the Red with the Red.

VALOR has predicted that Red China will not be held behind the China Wall after settlement of the brawl in Korea. Nostradamus says persistently that "the oriental shall move from his seat"—meaning bestir himself beyond the borders of China, and surge westward by land and air. And Nostradamus says air. Meaning aviation.

The prediction of Armageddon has it that the crucial battles of this last phase of the one World War that began in 1914, shall take place in the Eastern Mediterranean and along the soft underbelly of Europe. Alger Hiss worked overtime, you remember, with Roosevelt, to make him abandon Churchill's plan to strike Hitler up through the soft underbelly of Europe. The comrades had that area all charted out for later operations themselves and it mustn't be disclosed in advance how vulnerable it was.

Very good. "The Red, with the Red, will knock down the Red One." How does that make sense?

It makes very good sense if it's a rebus saying in so many words that Russia, with China—both Reds now—come along the soft underbelly of Europe and knock down His Holiness, the Pope . . . in other words, destroy St. Peters and the

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World Abuses Christianity Has Cured . .



The Gladiatorial Arena . .

THE ROMAN civilization undoubtedly contributed something to spiritual progress in the souls living under it and through it. But it was brutally hard civilization. The cheapest commodity in it was human life. How many current souls in mortality may have learned their spiritual manners in result of it, can never be known.

Roman gladiators were trained in schools, owned either by the State or by private citizens, and though the trade of a *lanista* was considered disgraceful, to own gladiators and let them out for hire was reckoned a legitimate branch of commerce. Thus Cicero, in his letters to Atticus, congratulates his friend on purchasing a troupe of them, and considers that Atticus might easily recoup his shattered fortunes by consenting to let them out twice. Men recruited mainly from slaves and criminals, whose lives hung on a thread, must have been more dangerous characters than more modern galley slaves or convicts and though highly fed and carefully tended, they were of necessity subjected to an iron discipline. Of the school of gladiators discovered at Pompeii, of the sixty-three skeletons buried in the cells, many were in irons.

BUT HARD as the gladiator's life was—so hard that special precautions had to be taken to prevent constant suicide—it did have its consolations.

A successful gladiator enjoyed far greater fame than any modern prize-fighter or athlete. He was presented with broad pieces, chains, and jeweled helmets—such as may be seen at the museum at Naples—poets like Martial sang his praises, his portrait was multiplied on vases, lamps and gems, and high-born ladies contended for his favors. Mixed too with the lowest dregs of the city there

must have been many high-born barbarians condemned to the vile trade by the hard fate of war.

There are few finer characters in Roman history than Sparticus, the Thracian, who, escaping with seventy of his comrades from the school of Lentulus at Capua, defied the legions of Rome for three years, and after Anthony's defeat at Actium, the only part of the army that remained faithful to him were the gladiators whom he had enrolled at Cyzicus to grace his anticipated victory.

There were various classes of gladiators, distinguished by their arms or modes of fighting.

The Samnites fought with the national weapons—a large oblong shield, a vizor, a plumed helmet and a short sword. The Thraces had a small round buckler and a dagger shaped like a scythe. They were generally pitted against the Mirmillones, who were armed in Gallic fashion with helmet, sword, and shield, and were so-called from the fishes that served as crests of their helmets.

In like manner the Retarius was matched with the Secutor. The former wore nothing but a short tunic or apron, and sought to entangle his pusuer—who was fully armed—with the cast-net that he carried in his right hand. If successful, he dispatched him with the trident that he carried in his left. Also might be mentioned the Andabatae who are generally believed to have fought on horseback and

wore helmets with closed visors, and the Laquearii who tried to lasso their antagonists.

THE SHOWS were announced days before they took place by bills attached to the sides of houses and public buildings, copies of which were also sold in the streets, although printing as an art had not, of course, been invented. These hand-made bills gave the names of the chief competitors, the date of the show, the name of the giver, and the different kinds of contests.

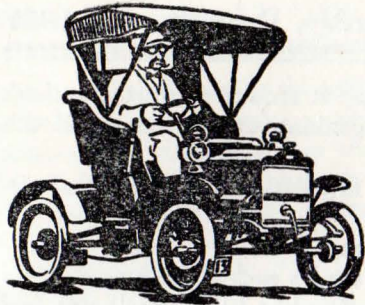
The spectacle began with a procession of the gladiators through the arena, after which their swords were examined by the giver of the show. The proceedings opened with a sham fight, with wooden swords or javelins. The signal for real fighting was given by the peal of trumpet, those who showed fear being driven from the arena with whips or red-hot irons. Drama was supplied by the knowledge that it must necessarily be the last act on earth for some of those exhibited.

When a gladiator was wounded, the spectators shouted "Habet!" (he's wounded). If he was at the mercy of his adversary, he lifted up his finger to implore the clemency of the people, with whom—in the later days of the republic—the giver left the decision as to his life or death. If the spectators were in favor of mercy, they waved their handkerchiefs. If they desired the death of the conquered one, they turned their thumbs downward.

The reward of victory consisted of branches of palms, sometimes of money. Gladiators who exercised their callings for a long time, or such as displayed special skill and bravery, were presented with a wooden sword, the *rudis*, and discharged from any further service.



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Reports Coming Out of Russia Are All of Hoax and Ruin . .



SCIENTISTS are getting exactly nowhere in the Soviet Union due to political restrictions, and of all the German scientists who "remained in Russia" after the War, all have been executed but one, are some of the facts appearing in latest undercover reports on that country. How Russia ever succeeded in making an atom bomb is a mystery. The question is beginning to rise, *Has Russia ever made such a bomb, and if so, where did she get the hydro-electric power?* She could only have used power from the Dneiper River project if no power from it was used for any other industry, and the bombs can't be made in cave factories in the Urals, assuming that such exist.

Here are two current reports on the Soviets, leaving one to marvel that a country at present in the T-Model Ford state of industrial development thinks to fight a war successfully against the world—

Washington (AP)—The State Department suggested yesterday that Communist Party domination of science is stifling the goose that could lay the golden eggs of progress in the Soviet Union.

An article on "thought control" among Soviet scientists and scholars, published in the department's weekly "bulletin," declared that freedom of research and exchange of ideas "has become more and more curtailed as the web of Communist Party control has been extended."

Russian science is pictured as coming under the complete control of a vast and strangling bureaucracy which discourages initiative, straitjackets the development of new ideas and smashes the careers of those who show any independence of Red ideology.

State Department officials believe, in fact, that regimentation of thought is one of the great and perhaps fatal weaknesses in the Soviet system.

One of the widely held ideas about

Russia during the war and in the first postwar years was that although it lacked skilled workmen in great numbers, it possessed scientists as good as those of any other land.

At the time, Soviet scientists took part in the publication of scientific papers and the other methods of exchanging ideas which are considered here to be the lifeblood of scientific progress. That freedom, the State Department bulletin article brought out, has now been pretty largely, if not completely, destroyed.

"With the increasing emphasis on ideological conformity," the article asserted, "a scholar has been forced not only to indicate his personal adherence to Communism but also to find the ideological basis for his own research work in the teachings of Marxism.

"Besides these limitations, the government puts other obstacles in the path of the scientist; his freedom of investigation is greatly restricted by the state secrets law, by government planned research and by official insistence upon work which has practical value in the national economy."

In other words, the kind of free-ranging "pure science" which has produced many of the great scientific ideas of history finds no encouragement and great opposition under the bureaucracy of the USSR.

Who then produced any Red A-bomb?

Deluded and Betrayed

Vincennes, Ind. (Spl.)—Capt. Nicholas A. Draim, home after two years in Russia as naval attache in the American Embassy at Moscow, yesterday declared America must be strong spiritually as well as militarily to win the struggle with communism.

"We must be strong," he said, "and this is not entirely a military matter. We must stay strong in mind, in spirit and in our hearts.

"With the Russian people in their present position we've got to hold fast. We must be firm in our faith and must recognize that the rights of the individual must be diligently defended.

"We have grounds for hope, if we hold strong long enough for the Communists' own internal troubles to catch up with them and for the Russian people to discover the real meaning of truth and freedom."

Draim said the Russians are being deluded and betrayed by the Kremlin leaders.

"The leaders of the Kremlin are lying, on a mammoth scale, to their own people," he said.

He added that Russians are being told over and over again that the future of the world is in communism, that capitalism is doomed, that America started the Korean War and the United States is preparing to attack Russia.

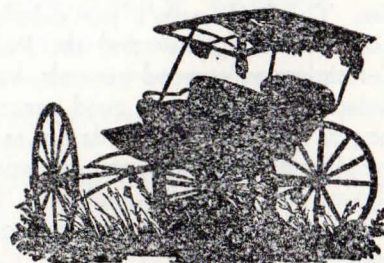
He declared that while in the embassy, he was unable to speak freely to the average educated Russian.

"When he got a chance," he said, "the first question the Russian invariably asked was, 'Why does America want to attack Russia?'"

"When I would tell him that we don't want to fight but will defend ourselves if attacked, the Russian would show surprise."

With the big crop failure in the Ukraine this year, how are 200 million Russians going to eat, let alone fight a war?

Is the whole Red menace a swindle?



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Catastrophe



HERE'S an aspect of men's current conduct of government, not necessarily confined to our particular government, that hasn't occurred to many citizens as yet. It's the civic structure so organized that the Executive, called upon to administer the government but also retaining the psychology that he's head of a nation's successful political party, can demote and emasculate another outstanding public servant who happens to embrace opposing political convictions. No criticism attaches to him for doing this, as it's done from political "policy". But the loss to the Republic can be catastrophic.

We are having, in these months, what seems to be a tragic display of military mediocrity in settling the Korean armistice. General Douglas MacArthur formerly had the Korean situation capably in hand. He knew all the angles. He was for winning that war and administering such a thrashing to the Korean and Chinese Reds that they'd know that America, through UN, wasn't playing games.

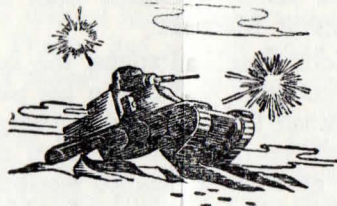
The Executive demotes him by retiring him. The Reds aren't particularly exercised over Ridgeway and the Pentagon. Certainly they're good generals, but most American generals are good generals. So long as the pummeled Reds can save face by dilly-dallying on an armistice and playing on western cupidities for no spread of war, the situation becomes a playing of games.

What is lost on the average American is the fact, that the destruction of a great

military genius like MacArthur, who knows all the angles and wouldn't indulge in games, supercedes any and all destructions that could possibly happen to equipment or materiel.

The tragedy of men's current conduct of affairs of government lies in the fact that it would be considered treason amounting to infamy for any Chief Executive deliberately to give orders to scuttle the Mighty Mo or have the atom bomb plant at Oak Ridge, Tennessee wrecked and leveled, but it can be passed over merely as "politics" to have a great piece of human ordnance typified in MacArthur, scuttled and leveled, eliminated from that great arena of activity where in he stood paramount.

To say that man is less than a battleship or an Oak-Ridge plant is to deal in moral blasphemies. MacArthur, the greatest general the nation has ever possessed, was trained in American military institutions on American funds, to serve American military purposes in the highest bracket of supervising effectively. He was everywhere recognized as the Mighty Mo of martial leadership.



As an American leader in time of world crisis, the American people have been denied him. His salvos fired from the lecture platform may well cause the Oriental enemy to snicker.

It's this eccentricity in the free form of government that's at fault, not especially the current Chief Executive, for he has his policies to succeed or fail in.

If this failure, however, translates into the failure of the American nation, what then?

Isn't it about time for American intellectuality to start evolving some substitute for political parties? No less a character than General George Washington, remember, cautioned his fellow citizens about letting them develop.

Several generations of freeborn Americans, inured to them, assume they're not only indispensable but an integral part of government.

But how many indispensable Mighty Mo's scuttled in the name of political

policies may it require to start a nation's inventive geniuses into examining if this is so?

Is the alternative autocratic dictatorship?

Maybe not.

Maybe there's such a thing as the people of a Republic being intelligent and advanced enough to present certain outstanding directive geniuses with office.

It's a thought to let gestate.

Old Phoney



THE avidity with which Vishinsky won't play handball with any other nationals in the Disarmament Conference unless their governments agree first to scrap all atom bombs and bomb manufacturing plants, isn't particularly convincing that Russia has the atom bomb at all. In fact, just the opposite.

The man and his so-called government will trade marbles on any and all other military points. But that atom bomb must be the nightmare to be taken as far, far away as possible and have a lot of gravel shoveled on it. Such is emphatically not the psychology or behavior of men or governments that are especially strong in the factors they're negotiating in. It may look like a grandiose peace gesture, to the weak-minded, but men who know the facts of life may safely keep their tongues in their cheeks.

If Russia has the atom bomb, *where did she get the hydro-electric power to make it?*

There's only one hydro-electric plant in all Russia, on the Dneiper, capable of developing such power, but atom bomb manufacture requires so much, that if the Dneiper development were given over to it, Russia could scarcely turn an industrial wheel elsewhere.

Come on, let's face it. *Where did Russia get the hydro-electric power to develop the atom bomb?*

Vishinsky's behavior—every chance he gets to "confer"—is the reverse of the story of the Teutonic mechanic in the American toy-factory who was persuaded by his frau to bring home a perambulator for the baby one part at a time, hidden beneath his coat, and assemble it in the cellar in spare time. No one would particularly miss one part of a perambulator subtracted at a time from the lavish factory assembly department. The

German complied. When he thought he'd filched enough parts to make a complete perambulator, he disappeared in the cellar. His frau heard him cussing it Low Dutch, pulling them apart, assembling them anew.

"Fritz," she called down, "vot iss trouble?"

"Trouble iss," he responded, "again und again I poot parts togedder. Each time baby-cart comes out a machine-gun."

Each time Vishinsky puts peace wag-on together, it comes out the atom bomb—which there's no positive proof Russia possesses. If she did possess it, would Vishinsky make such a pothor about other nations having it?

Laugh



HERE'S the week's prize laugh, believe it or not. The Iranian oil situation.

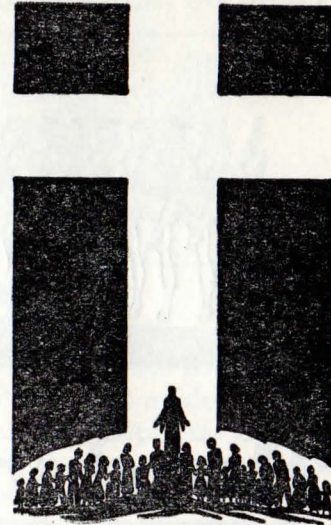
Old man Mossedegh came to see us because his country wanted a loan. It had seized the British-owned oil industry and nationalized it. But so what? The simple Iranians had supposed all that was necessary to get the full revenue from their oil resources was to grab drills and tanks the British had installed, and they'd be rich overnight. So they grabbed. But that didn't mean the customers for the oil went along with drills and tanks. Where to sell it? Mighty Russia? Mighty Russia was broke—she didn't have the moola. England? England laughed ha-ha-ha-poooh that they should turn about and buy oil from their own equipment. United States? The speed-up in oil production in and out of the United States has been so great that many American producers are now warning that if the Iranian fields are reopened, not only United States but all civilized countries *will be flooded with oil that can't be used*. Even now, with the great Persian producers closed down, because the Iranians don't know a gig from a coca-cola, oil imports are mounting every week and a big price break in gas is as sure as that Irishmen will put on something green next St. Patrick's Day in the morning.

God has given the world too much of everything, it seems. There's so much that people can't use it and the only way to pare down His largess is to get up a big hot war and destroy as much as possible.

Scripts!

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SOULCRAFT CHAPELS

Noblesville, Indiana

We're not living in an Economy of Scarcity any longer, we're living in an Economy of Abundance. The world must find that out. It calls for more brains to live under an economy of abundance and make it work.

Glut is another matter. Glut comes when the public can buy only a fraction of what it has manually produced.

Meantime Mossedegh has a lot of oil he'd like to turn into cash.

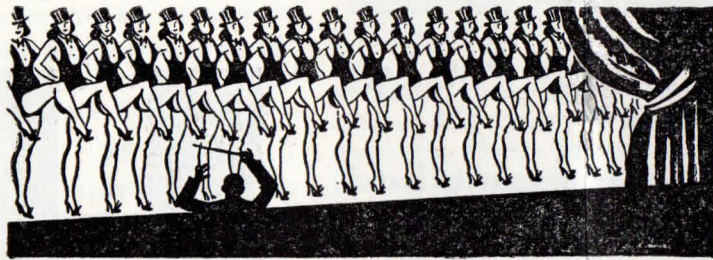
Heavenly Host

(Continued from Page 2)

dently, that procreate what mortal life calls "new souls".

Yes, it could have been and undoubtedly was, a demonstration of such Eternal Personages upon the memorable occasion of the Master's earthly advent—divine beings in the fullest sense—but beings

A Book that would be a Best-Seller this year if it could be marketed through the nation's bookstores



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who had evolved so high spiritually that they were practically gods in their own right.

The great populace of them in the higher dimensions of Light and Consciousness is the phenomenon termed The Host. And they have nothing to do with the antiquated Hebraic idea or notions borrowed from the Egyptians and Babylonians whereby the spirits of the sun, moon, and stars became articulate.

“They have control of the universe as men know it” . . . that is the most illuminating and rational intelligence of all. Demonstrate in the smallest instance that conscious life survives death of organism, and such evolved mental beings are as logical as the Law of Evolution in the natural world. And we certainly have evidence that the universe is intelligently controlled by Something.

That they demonstrated in the earth-plane in supernatural form, the night of the Messiah's advent, is utterly probable, though the Messiah Himself discounts it. Remember, however, that He emphatically does not discount their existences or offices.

Pursue a study of the *Golden Scripts* exhaustively and the whole concordance of mystery-solutions in sacred matters is there, making the profoundest sense.

Christmas? It is the anniversary of the exhibition that such things in earth-life could and can be literal.

So let's come back to the world . . .

Nostradamus

(Continued from Page 5)

Roman Catholic Church. If the Chinese reach Italy, it could happen.

The official dress of the Pope and His cardinals is a red robe. The Pope in Nostradamus' time was known as the Red one.

Take it for what it's worth . . .

THERE are those who say that this verse can also be interpreted to mean that the Reds—Russia and China combined—will knock down Tito, supposed also to be Red, or knock down Phoney Joe and set up a different suzerainty over the Kremlin. Could be. You can take your choice. But an alliance of Reds is prophesied as knocking down someone that is likewise Red. Not that VALOR wants to see it happen in the case

of the Pope, because Catholicism does supply control and religious inspiration for millions not sufficiently developed intellectually to take anything more factual in the way of spiritual enlightenment.

That the Reds are going to march, is the thing. Stalin has got to do more looting pretty quick or his whole Robber's Roost falls apart. Every fresh news dispatch coming out of Russia indicates major troubles developing behind "the troubled cloak" . . . read these two reports adjoining clipped from current news sources since the last issue of VALOR was printed.

None of it is wishful thinking—that Russia is on the economic flypaper. It means that Stalin must gamble, when the Korean War washes up, on some sizable exploit to keep the laundrymen out of Siberia and the Soviets.

NOSTRADAMUS for three hundred and ninety-six years has been calling the shots on international events infallibly—if you can but decipher his rebus references. Now they're becoming painfully plain.

But he likewise says that America is coming victorious out of the whole titanic melee, the crucial battle being fought in the Adriatic, the Chinamen are driven from eastern France back into Russia, where they overrun Moscow, and "the coming of the Great Law-Giver" ushers in a peace of a thousand years.

Most of America's troubles are predicted from sabotaging by Red sympathizers. In other words, the comrades on this side are going to rally 'round.

However, the American Nuremburg waits for them.

After that we proceed on some new innovation of economics where the laborer gets 100 percent of what he makes—with no taxation. That is, not much.

Anyhow, the seer is still scoring . . .

Gladiators

(Continued from Page 6)

But the Roman was essentially cruel, not so much from spite or vindictiveness, as from callousness and defective sympathies. That sight of bloodshed provokes a love of bloodshed, is a commonplace of morals. To the horror of the arena we may attribute in part not only

(Continued on Page 14)



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

“Why I Believe the Dead Are Alive!”

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

Supernatural Evidence that Astounds

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

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

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.. COGITATIONS

of the unwritten pages in movie history would be Lon and I bending over a sheet of drawing-paper in the kitchen of my Clearmont Avenue flat, after a spaghetti dinner that he'd cooked, sketching out the gutta percha jacket that later distinguished Quasimodo's deformity in the *Hunchback of Notre Dame* . . .

o—o

WE SPENT \$175,000 to make *White Faith* and it never was heard from, because after filming the Holy Grail sequence in Technicolor—with the Parsifal "props" from the Metropolitan Opera House—the film was ruined in cutting. But it did put me "in" with most of the film people of the East and later the West . . . because when Chaney went back to California, it wasn't long before I accepted his invitation and joined him. We made *The Shock* for Universal, from my Munsey Magazine serial, *The Pit of the Golden Dragon*. It was all about the 1903 San Francisco Fire. It cost \$28,000 to make, and grossed Universal \$400,000. Carl Lammle called us in and said we could make anything we pleased for Universal Pictures. "I want to play the *Hunchback of Notre Dame*," said Chaney. Lammle lifted his eyebrows in quick disapproval. "No future this year for football pitchers," was his classical comment. We carefully explained French literachoor to the ex-fur-merchant and he okayed us going ahead with the *Hunchback*. I made a small fortune in silent movies for writing or supervising scripts in those years. I also made some odd and interesting friendships. Charley Braban was among them. Charley was Mr. Theda Bara . . . a director for Fox.

o—o

THEDA'S family name had been Goodman and she came from Cleveland. Landing in New York to make her way in movies—or whatever she could get to keep body and soul in one piece—she haunted the old Fox Film studios in Eleventh Avenue, looking for extra parts. No one knew where she lived or how she ate regular. Another buddy of mine, be-

fore he died, was Searle Dawley, Director-General for Fox, with whom I made a slew of flickers in the East, drawing much moola. He told me the story. It was under Searle that *The Vampire* had been filmed. Theda was so thin and so ubiquitous she'd become a legend in the neighborhood of Fox's, where the property-men nick-named her The Arab. Searle sold William Fox on putting the Kipling poem onto celluloid, then the problem arose, who to cast for the lead? Some property man with legs hanging down from the light-loft, smirked, "Get The Arab?" He meant it as a gag. "Cap-itall!" cried Searle. "Go hunt her up!"

o—o

THEY turned her nickname The Arab the other way about as to spelling which gave 'em Bara. They put a 'da' on the 'The'. Bara had nothing to do with her lack of apparel distinguishing the film. Theda clicked in the camera a million dollars' worth, with that bizarre natural cast she had in one eye. The film cleaned up. Soon Miss Bara was coming down to the Fox Studios from an uptown pent-house in her limousine, driven by a gentleman of color in a monkey-suit. She came down at eleven a. m. and worked until 3 p. m. Then she didn't do anything more for the day. For this she drew a salary bigger than the President's. I mean the federal President's. That was movies. Charley Braban was an aristocratic and polished Englishman who came to American shores to direct a flock of opusses, and Miss Bara, nee Goodman, decided she desired to become Mrs. Braban. She did. That was movies, too. I met her after the Happy Event, when I worked with Charley in the old Norma Talmadge Studio in East 48th Street. She was the Gal from the good grass-roots of Cleveland, who'd gone to the Wicked City ad married the man of her dreams. Did success change her? It most certainly did. After she played *Cleopatra* and instigated censorship, respectability hit her like the kick of a mule. The night that my dinner partner and I shared table with her and Charley, and

LET'S see, I said I'd write something about Theda Bara this week, didn't I? . . . The present generation, of course, doesn't remember Theda. She was the vamp that began all vamps, back in the days of the silent flickers. In fact, that's where the word came from, to join other careless words soaked up into our language. Kipling's *Vampire*. She played it back in the days of the early Fox Films . . . The whole business brings back my ten years in movies—from 1921 to 1931. I'd written a four-part serial for the *Red Book*, when my editor-friend, Karl Harriman, was god of it. The serial was *White Faith*, and it was all about a rich chap recovering an ancient cup under the ruins of Glastonbury Abbey. Brought it home to America and put it on his mantel. Somewhere the legend got started it was the Holy Grail of Tennyson's *Mort d'Art*. A thug stole it, took it down on the Lower East Side to fence it, and found it had miracle-working properties. What a movie! It was a natural, for action and camera art. Later it turned out it had been in a pawnbroker's safe where a phial of stolen radium had spilled into it and impregnated it . . . Carl said it was too religious in motif to make fiction but I should try to sell it for the screen . . . I did! . . . I sold it in nothing flat, and the great Lon Chaney played the role of the thug. We worked three months on it, over at Fort Lee, Chaney coming on from the coast to play the thug. We paid him \$500 a week. Hope Hampton played the heroine, Eddie Lincoln the city slicker. It was the beginning of my ten-year intimate friendship and association with Chaney. One

Searle and Grace Dawley, at the official dinner at the Astor when Will Hays became czar of movies, she knew exactly which fork to use, by no means left her spoon in her coffee cup, handled her lorgnette like Quality, and did not wipe her exquisitely rouged lips on the back of her hand, not once. A long way from haunting the Fox casting-door o' nights in the rain. You had to hand it to the gal. She made good. Well, pretty good. Charley sez to me one night in the dark, as we sat with our four feet on the same desk in the Norma Talmadge corner-office, "Bill," sez he, "write me an opus that brings Mrs. Braban back and makes her a Good Woman." "Listen," sez I, "let her remain a tradition in American film-land and be respectable married." I used to get ten grand apiece for opuses like that. Some week I'll tell you about one I did for Betty Compson, of *Miracle Man* fame. Braban got a series of flickers to do in Hollywood and he moved out there to live his life with the original of all the vamps . . .

o—o

THEDA plumped out as she grew older. She was a stately and handsome woman. I'd see her of an afternoon in her car on the Boulevard, where she queened it over the lovelies. They say she ultimately became so decorous she fired a Chinese gardener for taking the name of the Lord vainly when the coalman had flattened his early tulips. I dunno. Press stuff, maybe. But no breath of scandal ever touched her, and insofar as I'm aware, the Brabans are still married. Yea, in Hollywood. She'd been Walking Sin on the screen but she was Sitting Respectability at the time I left Hollywood for good in 1931. More power to her. When she got her chance to be "perfect Woman, nobly planned", she wired her fingers into it and didn't let go. In other words, she vamped decorum and it stayed vamped. She would!

o—o

THE GREAT Chaney got a couple of grand a week for the filming of the *Hunchback*. Of course it made movie history. But long before we'd even made *The Shock*, he and I walked down Times Square one night after the theatre glitter was dark. Hazel, his wife, was a little Italian girl, five feet tall, no more. Lon had come to walk in a stooped position in order to take her arm. He walked in his stooped position as he took *my* arm this night, though I was almost a head

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the taller. "Bill," he whispered wistfully, as we passed the front of the Astor, "wonder if the day'll come when I'll ever see *my* name up in lights on Times Square, like Bill Hart's over yonder." . . . I was glad it was through a dramatic episode in which I figured at M-G-M three years later, that Irving Thalberg called him up to the Thalberg offices and shoved a contract for signature under his nose calling for payment of \$5,000 a week, whether he worked or not, for five years . . . Another year and I stood within two feet of him as he was shooting a sequence in *The Unknown*, torso wrapped in leather corset, when he broke the blood-vessel in his right shoulder that caused a thrombosis to lodge in his neck. He died under the ether at Rockefeller

Medical Center, having it removed. . . One of life's noblemen, Chaney. I could write six books about him. No, just because people make their living emoting in front of kleigs, doesn't mean they can't be thoroughbreds. . . I have had a sort of an interesting life, when I lie back and think about it . . . What's cooking on the gas range? I think I could eat it . . .

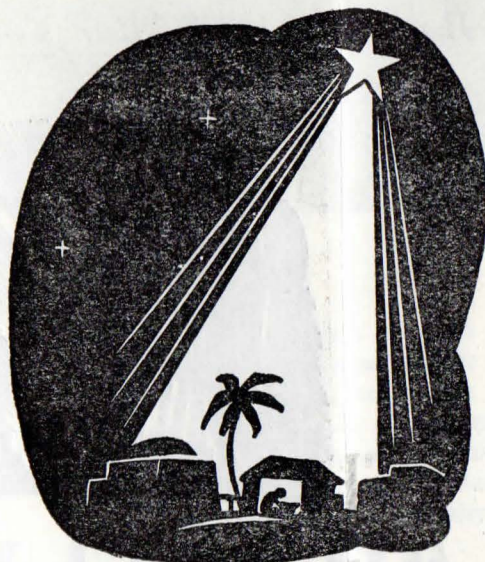
—THE RECORDER

“I SEE your neighbor's hens don't bother you any more.”

“Nope, I found a way to make him keep 'em at home.”

“What was it?”

“I stashed a dozen store eggs under a bush and let him see me gather 'em up.”



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the brutal treatment of slaves and prisoners, but the frequency of suicide among the Romans. Human nature, however, is happily illogical, and we know that many of the Roman statesmen who gave these games, were in every other department of life irreproachable—indulgent fathers, humane generals, and mild rulers of provinces. That is not saying they possessed imagination.

Imagination, evidently a factor uniformly lacking in the average Roman's make-up—as witness the dearth of Roman artists—would at least have projected the beholder into the place of the victim and suggested his sensations . . .

THE EARNEST valor, or philosophic calm, with which the Christians faced inhuman martyrdom in these arena shows, must have had no small effect in bestirring curiosity and then wonder—the forerunners of imagination that is the parent of compassion—at the motif of such fortitude.

It was one thing to see a man die after he had lost in armed combat where he had stood equal chance of success with his opponent at the beginning. It was quite something else to watch heroic people—women as well as men—brought in before the ribald audiences stripped nude generally in order to heighten the animal passions of the spectators, and behold them ruthlessly slaughtered in these wholesale abattoirs merely for the sake of dispatching them, whether it was done by cold steel, crucifixion, or assaults of ravenous beasts. Those martyrs uniformly met the ordeal level-eyed and transcendent of expression. Yes, the Roman imagination began to stir over it . . .

NOTE: This is the second of a series on gladiators and arena exhibitions. The third and last will appear in a succeeding issue.

Ill-Health

(Continued from Page 4)

gnawing daylight through you, so that you die.

Practically one and all convey this thought: The bodily processes are either speeded up, or speeded down, from what is commonly the tempo of the mechanism for most efficient exercise. They do not imply that any of the body's members have dropped off, or any of the in-

ternal workings fallen out like cogs dropped along the highway by an ancient Ford. They say that the physical self is functioning at improper speed.

Now something normally makes the physical self function at any speed whatever, and we call it the Life Principle within it, the Psyche, or Soul. So when the body is misbehaving, something has happened to alter the tempo of its operations—or rather, make the Life Principle, the Psyche, the Soul, alter the tempo of its operations.

The old lady who has a complex on draughts can't stand in the open doorway two minutes "without catching her death of cold" and probably in the end, perishes of pneumonia. Or a whole nation of people read that a flu epidemic is felling its thousands overseas, and a pandemonium of Fear starts a similar epidemic on this side of the ocean. The nitwit asks awesomely, "How did the flu-germ ever jump across three thousand miles of water?" The flu-germ didn't jump anywhere. Influenza microbes are probably being washed in and out of every human being's body a thousand times an hour, every one of the 365 days in the year, but the mind doesn't feed it the thought-aspic in which to breed.

It amounts to that!

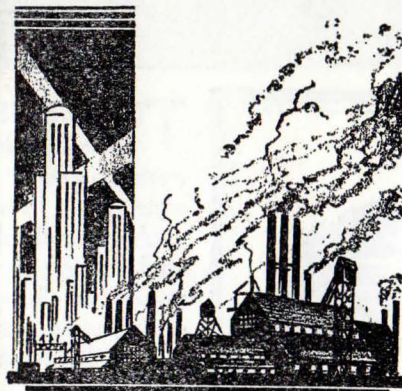
The woman who doesn't like children, or who doesn't want children, or who has been subjected to motherhood excessively, or who has had a dickens of a time giving birth to her last baby and shrinks from the distress of having another, will mystically grow a fibroid tumor.

Any tumor is the improper alignment of growing cells. They take shapes or patterns that they shouldn't.

But *why* should they take shapes or patterns of themselves? Of course they do not. They obey the behest of Mind. Mind is thus only subconscious Will.

The only real disease is the vertebrae of the spine getting out of whack, through a mishap in work or gymnastics, shutting off vital fluids to the brain or pinching the nerve-centers of the spinal cord. Then follows Lack of Ease, indeed. But who in common phraseology would describe a crick in the neck as a "disease?"

NOTE—This is the first installment of an article on Ill-Health as interpreted in the light of the principles and tenets of Soulcraft. The second half will be published next week . . .



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Actually Coming on the
World? . . .*

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T h e P A Y O F F



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THE NEWSPAPER editor was instructing the new reporter in the important details of his calling. "Never state as a fact," said he, "anything you're not absolutely sure about. To avoid putting the paper in wrong legally, always use 'alleged', 'claimed', 'reported' or 'rumored' on anything you can't attest to, by reason of having seen it with your own eyes. Understand me?"

The cub said he did. Next day he turned in this Society item—

"It is rumored that a bridge party was given yesterday by a number of reputed ladies. Mrs. Smith, it is said, was hostess. The guests, it is alleged, with the exception of Mrs. Brown, who implies she comes from Illinois, were all local people. Mrs. Smith claims to be the wife of Alexander Smith, who is rumored to be doing a thriving business on Main Street. The alleged ladies claimed to have enjoyed their afternoon but left earlier than usual due to the reported winnings of Mrs. Jones who did a lot of things not seen by this reporter with his own eyes."

A GLUE factory stands near a certain railway. Its charms are not for the nostrils and therefore a lady who traveled the road frequently carried a small phial of lavender salts. One morning an old farmer, making his first trip over the road, took his seat beside her.

As the train neared the glue factory, the lady took out her salts. Presently the air was filled with the horrible odor of the glue factory, and the old lady sniffed violently. The farmer put up with it as long as he could.

"Woman," he cried violently, "how can I git you to put the cork back in that ere bottle?"

THE NEGRO was in the dock facing a serious charge.

"Eddie," inquired the court, "you want a lawyer to defend you?"

"Naw, Judge," said Eddie, "thank yo' ver' much. Ever' time befo' Ah has a lawyer-man, Ah been landin' in de calaboose and de lawyer-man go free. Dis time Ah throws mahself on de ignorance ob de court."

A PRIVATE called out to a figure passing in khaki, "Hi, Buddy, givus a match."

The match was produced, lighted and extended. Whereat to his cold horror, the private recognized the insignia of a major-general.

"Sorry as the devil, sir," the private exclaimed. "Didn't notice your rank in the dark, sir."

"Quite all right, my boy," said the general. "Just thank your lucky stars you didn't call out to a second lieutenant."

UNCLE HIRAM had just left one small village for another. He complained of lack of excitement in his new location.

"You folks," he said, "don't do nuthin' but just sit 'round—specially in the winter. The gals sit around and hug the stove, and the fellars smoke."

"How was it back in Zenobie?" asked a listener.

"Back in Zenobie it's different," the old man declared. "The men set around and hugged the gals and let the stove smoke."

THE COP on the beat had seen the man leaning against the front door for his third time around.

He went up on the veranda.

"What's the matter, my good fellow? Can't you raise anybody?"

"Nope," said the other, showing unmistakable signs of intoxication.

"But the place is lighted. Have you pushed the bell?"

"Yep. Three timesh."

"Here, let me push it."

"Aw, the heck with 'em. Let 'em wait!"

THE NEIGHBOR said, "I hear you have a little sister."

"Uh-huh," the small boy answered.

"Don't you like her?"

"Naw, I wisht she was a boy. I could play marbles and shinny with a boy."

"Why don't you change her for a brother?"

"Can't. We've used her four days."