

Valor

The Golden Times Weekly . .

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

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Number 8

WHAT AMERICA WANTS MOST, 1952

IF, BY SOME divine miracle a poll could be taken among *all* the citizens of the United States as to what the overwhelming majority desired above all else, with the assurance that it would positively be forthcoming, what would that universal choice disclose itself as being? What, in other words, does the American populace, individually and collectively, want above all else? Theorists and sentimentalists might say International Peace. A whopping big contingent might say honesty in federal government. Others might nominate freedom from further industrial troubles. They would undoubtedly be wrong.

There is only one answer that universal humankind would return to such an inquiry. Regard it cynically or no, the specification would be—

Plenty of Money!

GRIM experience with civilized life anywhere in the nation—anywhere in the world, for that matter—has taught the observant and sagacious human being that Money means two things—

It means Economic Security, and it means Power.



Economic security and personal influence—dominant influence—are the elemental hungers throughout any aspect of the body politic.

Money is both in potential form.

No need to go into detailed expoundings of what Money does, and what it procures. Any child is aware of it from the moment it is able to shove its nickel across the counter in the confectionery store and acquire in exchange the toothsome candy-bar it has gazed upon so longingly.

There is said to be approximately 149,000,000 persons—men, women, and children—in our 48 States and the

District of Columbia. Arrange to have \$100,000 in spendable cash celestially deposited to the credit of each one in the banks of the nation, and not one in ten thousand would doubt for an instant that Happiness had arrived for them at long last.

The big thing behind it all, that would loom largest in their thinking, would be the supremely gratifying realization they no longer have to work.

That would be Utopia.

CONSIDER what a boon this would be to the race, as the race generally would regard it—no “strings” to it, just \$100,000 of raw currency left to the credit of each and every American, to spend or not to spend as each individual elected.

Do two-thirds of them want to live in better homes than they're occupying now? . . . let them go directly to the nearest real estate office and arrange for an inspection tour of all the salable residences in or around their given city. Two-thirds of 149,000,000 represents 99,300,000 all arranging for the same kind of inspection tours and there are emphatically *not* 99,300,000 larger and better structures available throughout the nation. Very good then, the 99,300,000 will wait until they can build, and forthwith draw plans for having them constructed after their personal specifications.

Of course, they will wait forever, because no lumbermen, masons, contractors, carpenters, and gardeners will ever toil again. These too will have received their own \$100,000 and have no incentive ever to bestir themselves afresh. When the residences available at the moment of the Beneficent Miracle of Universal “Wealth” have been sold, the real estate market closes. Why should even the real estate agents show buyers their properties? God hasn't overlooked them by any means. Each has his own \$100,000 stashed in the corner banking institution.

The heck with exhibiting any more houses to anyone.

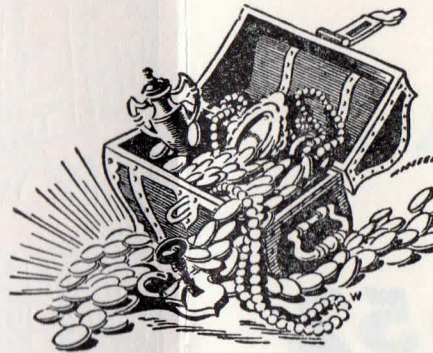
THAT everybody in America will at once covet—and attempt to acquire—a newer model motorcar than the one he's now driving, is the likely conclusion. Show rooms of cars will be denuded in a week. Thereupon they will be empty to stay empty. The used-car lots of the nation will become barren the second

week. That will be the end of the automobile industry, because every Detroit mechanic in the public domain has also received *his* \$100,000 and only suckers—and the poor—work.

No more automobiles. As each car is smashed up, or wears out, the auto industry ceases to be a factor in American life.

Everybody is rich.

As a matter of fact, the auto industry ceases, to all intents and purposes, to exist relatively few hours after those celestial bank deposits. Automobiles roll on gas and lubricating oil and there is no more to be had. Why should oil-industry employes, even filling-station attendants, work either? Each has his \$100,000. None needs to work.



BUT THESE matters are in the plutocratic and tycoon octave. Given ten days to two weeks of everybody being rich, and food disappears from grocery stores, meat-market shelves and chopping-blocks. Why need anyone bother to grow wheat, corn, or garden-truck? Why need stockyards' people receive and butcher cattle? Why need distribution organizations, clerks, accountants, even market proprietors themselves, go about their accustomed labors with \$100,000 to the credit of each in the bank? Swiftly hunger stalks across the land . . .

Shoes wear out and feet are cold. There's nobody continuing to manufacture footwear, or coats or dresses, or hats, or ribbons. Whole contingents of citizens grimly decide to take pen in hand and write their local newspapers about the disgraceful business of everybody ceasing to work. Not a bit of remedy there. Editors, reporters, telegraphers, linotype operators and pressmen, all have their own bank deposits of \$100,000 and the newspaper offices are abandoned and deserted.

The whole nation is suddenly falling

apart industrially because everybody is rich!

What a paradox!

THEREFORE, it begins to become apparent that what people mean when they tell God they want “plenty of money” has qualifications. They want “plenty of money” in respect to themselves at the current moment, but by no means so much money allotted to the neighbors, so no further necessity for laboring individually and keeping together the fabric of economic civilization. They quickly want God to show a little sense in this matter of celestial largess. What they mean is, “Give it to *me*, Lord, but don't give it to the bricklayer across the street because if you do, he'll refuse to build my garden wall. Give it to me but not to the schoolteacher up the block or she'll throw up the task of instructing my children. Give it to me but not to the people who staff the local bank, because if they quit as well, I can't even write checks for all the aspects of economic security and Power that possessing \$100,000 brings me.”

Manifestly, God can't satisfy all comers in the arrangement, because the bricklayers and schoolteachers and bank clerks are all praying the self-same prayer in respect to themselves in turn.

How to solve it?

God actually did solve it, far back at the creation of all things. He said, “I give each of you freely \$100,000, in the material largess of Nature. You simply show your worth to the body politic by what you *do*, qualifying yourself to possess it without disintegrating the social fabric as a whole. The fact that some of you are capable of owning and dispensing \$100,000 discloses that you merit owning it. Qualifying yourself is the phenomenon in mortal life that's known as *Work*. There's no particular penalty to it. Wealth has to be administered relatively or society falls apart and no one has anything.”

Does that make sense?

No, of course it doesn't.

Take a poll of universal America, ask it what it wants most, and it answers in one voracious howl, “*Plenty of Money!*”

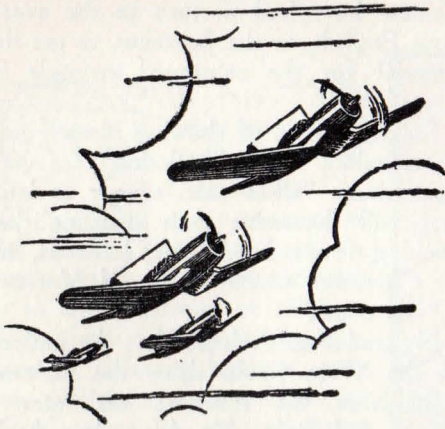
The politician wants Plenty of Money, so corruption in governments comes. The farmer wants Plenty of Money, so he votes for the administration that will maintain food prices to the breaking-

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THE UNIVERSAL CONCERNMENT:

Will 1952 See War with Russia?

What the Transcendent Mentors Have to Advise about It



LHIS inquiry is superficial. We are at war with Russia already. What it truly means is, that no formal declarations of hostilities have been made by our Congress, and exchange trips of bombers laden with country-busting missiles occurred traditionally and openly. We call what is transpiring a "cold" war. A "hot" war will proceed from the moment that Russia's troops march westward beyond the Iron Curtain.

Will that happen in 1952?

Without meaning to be cryptic, VALOR answers it thus—

This journal does *not* look to see it happen with the forthrightness of the Kaiser sending his lock-steppers into Belgium, or Hitler sending his Nazis into Poland or Norway. Russia will promote operations whereby expendables of other nations and peoples make the aggressions, while she enacts the role of supporter or ally. Her technique will be to make it appear that she does what she does because adjacent nations made it necessary for her to act in her own "defense" . . .

Everything depends on what countries are opportune to be looted.

The *causis belli* that precipitates what occurs between now and August of 1953 proceeds from the maneuvers of Communist China.

Russia can be counted upon to be Communist China's "silent partner" in developments involving Asia and the Levant.

IRAN, Anatolia, Palestine, and Egypt—to say nothing of India proper—are each rich spoils for the attention of the forces of Maio-Sei-Tung, if, as, and when some sort of stalemate marks the termination of hostilities in Korea.

Russia will not let the Chinese break across those countries, looting to satiation as they go. She will be "forced" to take a hand in it.

If the Chinese come westward as they will, Russian troops may be obliged to come out from behind the Iron Curtain in order to execute a pincers movement against the forces of the free nations in Europe.

When that time arrives, the advance of the Chinese will so overshadow developments in continental Europe proper, that the soldiers of Stalin coming through the Iron Curtain will seem of minor significance.

WHAT the Korean settlement turns out to be, whether there is a Korean settlement, is immaterial. A million regimented and armed Chinese, no industry to absorb them if demobilized, must be kept intact or the Chinese Communist "Republic" loses identity. French Indo-China, India, Afghanistan, Baluchistan and Iraq, are lush and unprotected fields of wealth.

Loot, not ideology, will truly be behind any aggressive gestures that the Red Forces make. And UN forces will be put to the severest test to "protect" those inaccessible lands, when they lie only on the perimeter of the lands held by "Reds". Russia, of course, must have assured the Iranian oil-fields and execute a squeeze-play on Egypt and Turkey by

dominating the Suez Canal. China's sheer man-power, moving against Indo-China, India, Afghanistan, Baluchistan and Iraq, can make Maio-Sei-Tung a bigger international figure than Stalin. Stalin can't stand for that. He will have to be in on it.

Any one of a hundred minor incidents can start the "interests" of China in the westerly direction. Remember Stalin must encourage the Chinese to move thus because it means Chinamen diverted away from possible occupancy of the Soviet Union. Such is the plan undoubtedly behind the incitations of his agents provocateur in Iran and Suez at this moment. If Maio-Sei-Tung can "disassociate" himself from the Korean entanglement gracefully and without losing face, he can dispatch his forces toward more lucrative and less disastrous fields of military increment.

And the Situation must get worse before it gets better.

SMALL WONDER the nations bordering Russia in Europe do not feel particularly exercised over an aggressive movement of Red troops beyond the Iron Curtain in the immediate future. They know the true internal condition of Bolshevia. They know that considered as a world menace to peace, Russia is a wheezy old flivver, falling apart at the seams, having no such formidable display of industrial potential to maintain vast armies in the field as Germany first evidenced under the Kaiser and then under Hitler.

But Russia playing second fiddle to China in aggressions toward India, Baluchistan and Turkey, is something else again.

Will the Near East situation require another whole year to get "hot"?

It will not!

All undercover reports coming out of Russia have it that conditions in the Soviet Union are growing desperate. Food, particularly fats, are at a premium. The great Ukrainian wheat crop this past season was a tragic failure. Worst of all, the trade embargos on the Iron Curtain



DRIFTING

By Stanley MacDonald

Drifting, drifting, drifting, yes, the world
Is drifting to the Sunrise. Drifting muddled and confused,
Through the codes of law abused. But drifting,
Ever drifting, toward the Sunrise . . .

Drifting through the mist and muck,
Drifting through the cosmic ruck,
But drifting, ever drifting, toward the Sunrise.

Drifting through the love and tears,
Drifting through the bloodred years, but drifting
Ever drifting, toward the Sunrise . . .

Drifting on without a qualm, without a compass or a psalm,
Without a chalice or a balm, but drifting,
Drifting toward the Sunrise . . .

Drifting over unmarked graves, over politicians, knaves,
Over broken homes and hearts, over maps and over charts,
But drifting, ever drifting, toward the Sunrise.

Drifting to the Sunrise when Evil is dethroned;
Drifting to the Sunrise when Hate shall be disowned;
Drifting toward the Sunrise when Sons of God arise;
Drifting toward the Sunrise when Mercy floods the skies;
Drifting toward the Sunrise that lasts a thousand years,
Wiping out the heartaches, the sorrows and the tears,
Wiping out the nightmare of ten thousand spectre fears—
Yes, the world is drifting toward the Sunrise,

Drifting toward the Sunrise in the glory of the morn,
Drifting toward the moment when Utopia is born;
Drifting toward the moment when Christ no land shall scorn
And Man and Faith and God and Sun
Shall be celestial ONE!

Yes, the world is drifting toward the Sunrise . . .

countries have prevented them from obtaining desperately needed western raw materials and industrial products, and unsuspected by the nations of the west the *Chinese have grown cool toward the Russians*, as a result of their severe Korean defeat and failure of sufficient modern Russian equipment to arrive. The Chinese have had to turn to the avaricious English, or the Japanese, to get the materiel for the continued struggle in Korea.

Stalin, instead of showing himself any master-mind, is steadily losing face with his Chinese "allies" and sooner or later they will determine their own policies. Looking forward in Time, however, *we see Chinamen in the streets of Moscow!*

How come?

Nostradamus declared that the nations of the West would drive the Chinese back from the Pyrenees and eastern France and Italy. To drive them back from such territory they first must arrive there.

We must settle the whole stramash in the western Orient and Near East. After that, Russia and China will go back to sleep again.

That, too, is upon the cards of prophecy . . .

THE SOULCRAFT electronic broadcasts, which begin with the New Year's discourse, are scheduled to trace this whole course of Near Eastern events and keep Soulcraft audiences apprised by week of undercover developments. Nevermind what resources of information The Recorder may have, to keep pace with these disclosures as he makes them from one broadcast to another, the audiences that are assiduous in their attendances are not going to be overly shocked or perturbed as events mature during 1952 . . .

VALOR does declare this, however . . . *there need be no such wholesale panic over Russian-dropped atom bombs as the popular prints would persuade bedeviled Americans. Frankly, VALOR does not believe the Russians have such atom bomb, or ever have had it!*

While it's undoubtedly a fact that the asinine and reckless Smith Report presented the whole manufacture of the atom bomb to the world officially—and VALOR has a full copy of that report—the lack of hydro-electric power in Russia to make atom bombs in quantities, puts a sane and sizable question mark

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THE SUPERNAL CHRISTMAS STORY:

IF THE SON OF MAN COMES

Changes in Religion that Humanity Mayn't Be Able to Avoid

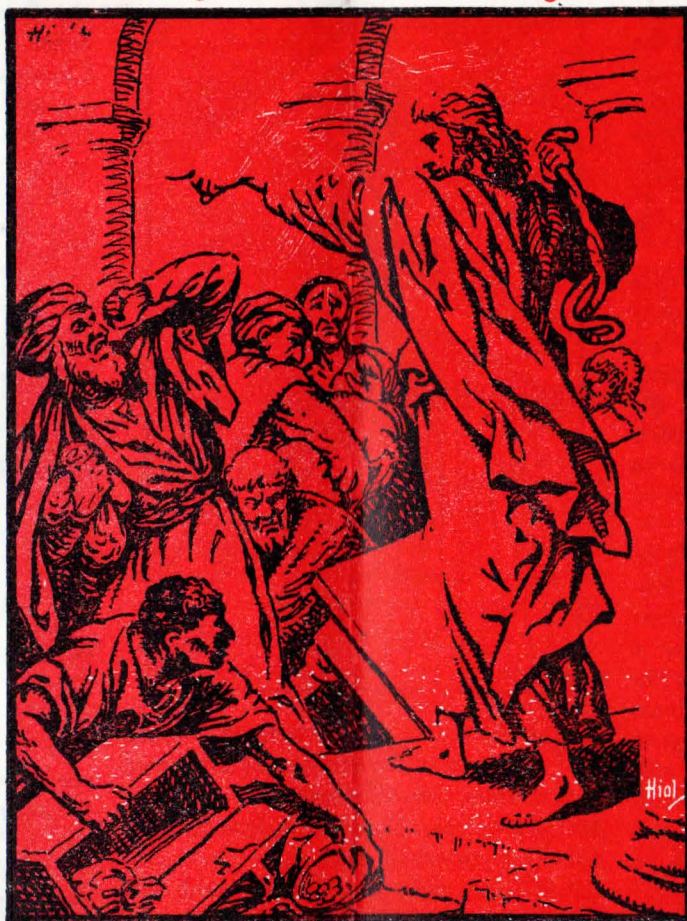
THE NATION'S newspapers have lately discovered a profitable line of reporting in the field of interviews with outstanding citizens as to their spiritual or religious convictions. College heads, captains of industry, bankers, even here and there a big government official, seem to concur almost mystically that what this nation and this world need in the present status of their progress and complication, is more spirituality and less materialism. Peculiarly enough, no one goes on record as saying that it needs more attention paid to Theology.

What, generally, are these men seeking to express when they employ the term "spirituality"? The answer ranges all the way from "things of Spirit" in the highest ethical sense down to practical psychical research and even out-right Spiritualism. Typical of a cross section of such opinion is an interview given by Russell W. Davenport, an associate editor of *Life Magazine*, that has gone the rounds of the nation's press and provoked no little comment. Consider some of Mr. Davenport's convictions as having a bearing on a definite trend in religious philosophy that 1952 cannot help but develop further—

"There is a spiritual world in us and around us which we do not ordinarily see, but which is reality and truth.

"One of our difficulties in recognizing this world and living in it is that we are convinced that the most direct way of understanding this world is closed to us, or closed to most of us.

"The great souls, who live in this order of being, seem to have apprehended so much that lies beyond our everyday ken that we conclude we can have no traf-



fic in and with that order.

"The simple fact is that 'there slumber in every human being faculties by means of which he can acquire for himself a knowledge of this spiritual world.' The pursuit of such knowledge is well known as 'the path of veneration.'"

"People say that spiritual knowledge is unavailable to them. One might as well conclude that because it is impossible to play the piano without lessons no one can play the piano. Piano playing requires preliminary exercises and discipline; growing into the spiritual world requires similar discipline and exercise.

"For thousands of years the wise and discerning have known there are four prerequisites in this path of veneration:

An open mind. Observation acute and of increasingly subtle power.

"Stillness and quietness of body, mind, will and soul. A growing reverence, a joy in that which is higher, finer, more splendid.

"To state these prerequisites, to practice them in meditation upon—let us say—a seed, a bulb, a growing plant, is to win through to a new perception of life itself. One learns to perceive the form-making impulses, so amazing in all growing things, both great and small.

"Gradually one thus opens one's heart and imagination to penetrate into new dimensions. We can turn such insight, for example, into an explanation of the difference between death and sleep. Thence comes the even greater discovery of the reality of the power of the personality to meet death and not to be mastered by it.

"When Paul had finally come to the stage where he could perceive this superb new dimension, he saw the Christ, the resurrected Christ on Damascus road.

He had lived and moved in the spiritual world sufficiently to enter into a more profound insight into its fullness and its power.

"The seed of this power and so the promise of these insights is in each of us. It slumbers in all of us. Let us arouse ourselves from our stupor.

"Let us grow until, after we have learned to meditate on the great insights of life, particularly in the Bible, we can understand what Jesus meant when He said, 'He that hath ears to hear, let him hear.'"

THE DEFINITE presence of a "spiritual world" enwrapping the practical world is by no means a new thought, but that its actuality is being thus called to public attention at this particular time,

is highly significant. However, there is an aspect to all spiritual proposals, as mankind moves deeper into new Aquarian times, that holds potentials so staggering that no man can see the ultimate goal of them—

Suppose that suddenly across the radio news broadcasts and Associated Press dispatches, of an ordinary night after an ordinary day, announcement came crackling out to the American people—and the world—that an awesome, uncanny, and supernally majestic apparition of Light had occurred above the speakers' rostrum of United Nations in session, and a stupendously unbelievable materialization of The Christ had been clearly apparent in the splendor of it?

Suppose that such reports had it that this Celestial Personage had addressed definite words—a divine message, in fact—not only to those appalled delegates but to all the peoples of the world, declaring in essence that He was back among men for a permanent period to put order and peace into the affairs of society? But still more—

While millions were either terrified, or derisive—that any such thing could possibly have happened—suppose the same Divine Apparition occurred as well at a night session of the U. S. Senate in Washington, making similar adjurations. Then, before the amazed Washington bureaucracy could collect its stunned wits that any such miracle could occur in actuality, suppose identically the same epiphany happened in a night session of the House of Commons in London?

What would electrically happen thereafter in the religious centers and bodies of Christendom? . . .

A FEW YEARS back the eastern half of the nation was plunged into terror and near panic by the news flashed over the radio by one Orson Welles, that a group of Martians in a space ship, had landed in Newark meadows outside of New York. The manner of making the broadcast gave credence to the impression that it was factual.

The challenge confronts all of us, would an even greater terror and near-panic result when the religious-minded in all castes of society finally had it brought home to them that a stupendous Christ, returned to earth literally in His Light-Body, was henceforth to make whatever "personal appearances" might be requisite to bring order out of the in-

ternational chaos in this world and counsel the world's leaders in establishing a peace that henceforth was to be real?

Suppose that over a 49-day period, ten other such "appearances" occurred, in addition to those in United Nations, or in Washington, or London?

Would the world be "stood upon its head?" Or what?



WHAT, in all devoutness, would happen to the creeds and organized churchianity of Christendom, Catholic and Protestant alike, in the face of such a colossal wonder?

Catholics, without a doubt, would only credit such epiphany as being real in the event that the Celestial Arrival repaired presently to Rome and took up His abode as the guest and colleague of His Holiness the Pope.

The Methodists of the world would most certainly look to see Him make his headquarters at 150 Fifth Avenue, New York.

The Baptists would feel the whole thing was of the devil unless He proceeded to function as a strictly Baptist Christ out of Selma or Mobile, Alabama.

Each of the fifty-odd sects and denominations otherwise would feel utterly let down in the event He took no note of the "unassailable truth and correctness" of the special brand of their religious "beliefs" . . . The Mormons would be completely stunned if the religious center of the world wasn't immediately established at Salt Lake City, Utah.

Does it, or would it, require any necromantic imagination to perceive that in sheer impartiality to all of these very earnest and conscientious communicants, *He might have to stay clear of all of them*, in order not to cause dissension among the rest?

One thing might be slated as certain, without room for challenge, . . . that on the Sabbath morning following the epochal "Reappearance", the churches of Christendom would have such a crowding as never before had distinguished religious worship in any countries or times in this world.

But when the first panic and emotionalism had somewhat subsided, what then of Religion? For that matter, what thereafter of Communism, UN war, autocratic trade unionism, the stock market, universal competitive industry?

Christ back!

Would organized Christianity, half a million church structures, be of any essential purpose, when the Lord of Calvary had returned to this world, and was calling audience with the very *last* personages on earth that the public could have expected?

And when the intellectual world had stabilized, what of the effect on Spirituality if the Returned Emmanuel made clear to a universal world public the nature of the theological or ecclesiastical error to which arbitrary doctrine had committed millions?

IT IS something to think about, and not to treat capriciously by any means. The odd aspect of the whole hypothesis is, that those who would doubtless figure large in the aftermath of such an epiphany, would be persons who prior to its occurrence had been humblest and most unassuming about the integrity or correctness of their religious beliefs.

Indeed, it might almost be designated as the Day of the Gnostics.

"Let him who thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall" would apply most vigorously of all to those great sects who taught arbitrarily and arrogantly that they and they alone comprised the ranks of the only true believers, that they and they alone had been the only ones to have Truth revealed from On High.

It would be a time of the raking over of consciences, to say the least.

Is something of that sort due to occur?

According to the most advanced of psychical revelations, yes.



Strange Experiences

The Coffin Bearer in Irish Moonlight

HOW SHALL we define, how seek to explain, certain indications of what the future is to hold, particularly as to imminence of physical death?

Dr. Camille Flammarion wrote that he owed an account of the following dramatic episode to Dr de Maratray, the distinguished European psychologist, and one of the celebrated astronomer's most trusted friends.

All the circumstances and details were investigated by Flammarion and attested to have been precisely as related. The Lord Dufferin who was principal in the experience, was a family relative of Dr. de Maratray's and the elevator crash was of record in the police archives of Paris.

Said Dr. de Maratray—

ONE NIGHT when my relative, Lord Dufferin, had accepted in Ireland the hospitality of a friend, he awakened suddenly, preyed upon by indefinable restlessness. He got up, went to the window, and looked out upon the landscape of the estate, which was lighted in full moonshine.

As he stood trying to recover his composure that he might return to bed and sleep, he suddenly saw coming into sight in shadow cast by the residence beneath him, a man bearing a heavy and awkward burden on his back. This man was moving slowly.

As he passed from directly beneath Lord Dufferin's window and out into better view in the moonshine, it was apparent that what he was carrying was an empty coffin! He was still close enough below the guest in the window, however, to disclose his facial expression when he turned in the moonlight and looked up.

The face was so repulsive that Duffer-

in received a shock amounting to uncontrollable terror. But without offering speech, the midnight coffin carrier moved along his way. Lord Dufferin was not dreaming it, he said. He was fully awake as he stood in the window. But thinking what he had beheld must be some nocturnal villager preparing for a funeral next day, he watched him out of sight and finally returned to bed where he slept without further incident till morning.

DUFFERIN confronted his host next day but the latter could give him no enlightenment as to the midnight porter's identity. He knew of no one answering the description, nor any imminent burial in the village.

The strangest part of the experience was, *that several years went past* and yet Lord Dufferin did not forget the appearance of the coffin-bearer's features. Then he was appointed ambassador to France.

Determined to discharge his high office with punctiliousness he went one day to a diplomatic reception, held in the Grand Hotel in Paris. His private secretary conducted him to a sizable lift, before whose grilled door several officials of other nations were standing respectfully in line. Lord Dufferin saluted them, and was allowed to pass—because of his rank—into the lift at once if he desired. Suddenly, as he was about to do so, he gave an involuntary start. *The elevator operator was the coffin-toter of Ireland, several years bygone.*

There could be no mistaking those ugly and surly features.

MOVED by instinctive impulse, the ambassador pulled back. He retraced the step he had taken, and on the pretext of having forgotten something, asked that the others in the line might be taken up while he went to get in his portfolio. Instead, he went to the hotel

office to make inquiries about the person who was running the lift. But he never reached the office.

Just as he was approaching its door, came a terrible crash behind him, mingled with cries of anguish. This lift, reaching a certain height, had suffered the breaking of its cables and dropped the entire distance to the bottom of the shaft, crushing or mutilating those who had been within it.

The accident is historic and its precise date can be verified. The mysterious employe was by no means any phantom, and was instantly killed with those he was taking up. But his origin could not be traced. He was, the hotel management said, an emergency helper, who had substituted for the regular operator that afternoon.

Lord Dufferin could never learn any more about it and he sought explanation in vain of whatever sorcery it had been that saved him from injury or extinction in so mysterious a way. It was the long time-lapse between the two episodes that puzzled him most of all—or is there no time factor involved when a corner of the veil lifts on that part of eternity that we are pleased to call the future?

R. DE MARATRAY

Russian War?

(Continued from Page 4)

after the proposition that Russia could make an atom bomb, granted every turn of the process were in her official possession.

VALOR declares Russia to be the Hoax of the Centuries.

If you want to know specific details of what's actually happening in Russia, and what the alternatives are to her malicious and terrifying propaganda, get in touch with a Soulcraft Chapel that has a recorder during 1952, or get a recorder of your own.

These Soulcraft Recorders may well be the mentoring agencies that bring the United States through the exigencies of Armageddon successfully and fearlessly.

Yes, 1952 is going to be one of the crucial years of all world civilization.

And Iran and the Suez Zone are the fester spots that make it so.

But we have forecast that 1953 sees the wind-up of it.

Thank God for that.

Valor

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Eisenhower

THIS JOURNAL will say "again and again and again" that General Eisenhower isn't in Europe truly to build a great military machine to be used against Russia—he's there to get Europe ready to withstand an onslaught from China. VALOR gives him credit for recognizing this. The Europeans aren't excited about building any Maginot Line against the Kremlin because they're not afraid of the Kremlin. The Kremlin is a phoney.

Study the history of the Kremlin bandits and you discover them buffaloeing the world with loot from other peoples. When they came into power by the bayonets of Latvian mercenaries, they wiped out all foreign and domestic debts, and it was natural they could exist for a number of years—for a generation almost—on the piled-up wealth of Russia's former owners. They took over the assets of Russian businessmen, aristocratic investors, and gentlemen farmers. Things were going from bad to worse all the same when Hitler and World War II came along. That saved their bacon and gave them other loot fest.

Big, free, juicy gifts in loans, materiel and foodstuffs came from the comrades working behind Washington. No attempt was made by the diplomatic authorities to get any definite repayment commitments—no soap if they had. Why pay for things you can grab for free? When the war was over, the comrades in the American scene went further and began handing over foreign countries to Phoney Joe without a shot being fired. Only one

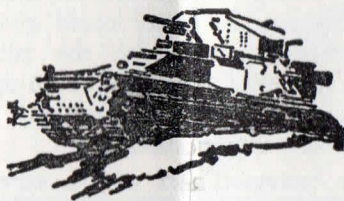
of them has had retribution catch up with him for it thus far, a chap named Hiss. Maybe you heard of him.

Manchuria, East Germany, Poland, and Czecho-slovakia kept the bandits busy moving in. As fast as they moved in, they moved everything out. Now the people of those looted countries don't do any more work than the bandits can make them do at the point of a gun. This is the Total Disorganization that General Ike must ask western Europe to get the heebie-jeebies, and arm against.

They aren't having any. Not that costs them hard cash.

But China—that's a bird's nest of another plumage. On the cards of Cosmos, the looters may get looted.

However, when we discover Red China shaking down hard-working American laundrymen and chop suey proprietors for funds, or their celestial grandmothers west of Hong Kong will be hung by their thumbs, one can wonder just how hotsy-totsy the Cathay bandits of Marxist stripe are, either?



This world's in a mess from Tibet to Kalamazoo because sizable wars have untaught the average human how to do an honest day's work for an honest day's pay. And the other kind means inventive genius going to work to evolve machines to take the place of the lads on the picket line. Machines work for power and oil and there are then no permanent jobs for anyone. Governments have forgotten how to live on the gains from honest days' labor too, and are living on taxation, which is a form of taking from the have's and doling out to the have-not's as a program. Till the have's run out of assets. Then what? Then get up a still greater war and make the plight of the whole human race that much more miserable.

General Ike should know the true European situation by this time—and something of the World Situation.

If he runs for President until things are fixed to stay—by being fixed right—he's a hound for punishment.

Maybe at that he's a hound for punishment.

But so is the common citizen.

Golden Scripts



BETWEEN one and two thousand *Golden Scripts* testaments of 448 pages—have now been placed in the hands of the same number of Protestant clergymen throughout America. Not a single volume has been refused or turned back to the publishers. Just two pastors—in as many thousand—have written petty letters, decrying the source of the text. One "regretfully" came to the conclusion that your Recorder was "a Roman Catholic". Just how he arrived at such conviction is difficult to hazard.

The time has arrived when it can be said with certainty that the effects of the *Golden Speakings* on the spiritual leaders of America is one of puzzled awe. The clergy of America appear to have neither urge nor disposition to challenge the sentiments presented to them therein.

One Soulcraft leader in Oregon writes, "Of the ten ministers I've interviewed and presented with gratis *Golden Scripts*, I've sold seven of them." The other three didn't know what to think, and offered no expression of opinion.

Three thousand books are still in process of binding and shipping. Getting them out by Christmas has been a sad impossibility because pledgers were unable to make the wherewithal available.

Soulcraft Headquarters has stripped finances from all its other activities to complete this binding and circulating, but it has not been enough.

Nevermind! The words of the Elder Brother have been, and are being, gradually introduced to the nation. Those who refuse to have anything to do with them, or heed them, are incurring their own karma in respect to them. The main point is, that the books have been published and circulated.

Fifty years from today, these volumes may be cherished as Gutenberg's Bible is now cherished. "I was among those," certain of the clergy will boast, "who received original copies."

Will they boast equally of the stimulation the *Scripts* afforded them, to do something concrete about them in respect to America's present bedeviled millions?

We shall see.

It's too early yet to pass judgment.

Meanwhile the remaining *Scripts* go forward throughout January and the Un-Edition nears completion.

Foreign Outlook



ACTUALLY, Soulcraft broadcasts on the weekly schedule, suspended this late autumn because of the manner in which *Golden Script* pledgors let the Recorder down. Books had to be bound by Christmas, to keep faith with those who poignantly and generously had thrown their *all* on the altar of financial resource that the Elder Brother's words might be distributed about the nation. Wire and tape banks could not be maintained. The Recorder's time and energy had to be diverted into solving exigencies that ample finance would have averted.

The crisis is past—in a manner of speaking.

January 1st, the broadcasts will resume, with reasonable regularity.

But the Higher Hand has played a share in it as well. It seems to be particularly desired at this time that hundreds of recorder machines be started into operation from coast to coast. But little or no esoterics will be sponsored upon them during 1952.

The people of the United States require a broadcaster who will acquaint them with actual conditions abroad, and developments abroad—in all lands and countries—that have a bearing on America, or a draft on America's resources and potentials. Messages and scripts sponsored by the Higher Authority will be the order of the Soulcraft programs for the coming twelve months. This does not necessarily mean strict Mentor Scripts. It means that the material spoken upon the wires and tapes will comply with advance instructions given the Recorder through Extra-Sensory Perception.

Russia, for instance, is in one devil of a shape. She actually is not much more of a menace to universal peace at the current moment than Mexico is a menace, difficult as it appears in the screamings of the international propaganda. Stalin has pulled some "boners" in the Far Eastern situation that have reacted on him mortally.

The new Soulcraft broadcasts will tell you about them.

On December 20th a *Christmas Broadcast* was dispatched to all chaplains. It recognized and apostrophized the solemnities of the Elder Brother's natal night. But with January 1st, a different kind of broadcast will feature the Soulcraft recorders.



Scripts in Bindings!

FIVE VOLUMES OF SOULCRAFT SCRIPTS are now available, done in beautiful Burgundy bindings to last through the years—each volume holding 13 Scripts in the order as compiled and published . . . PRICE \$5 per Volume

A Complete Library of Scripts

means that you will have acquired a finished compendium of all phases and aspects of the Ageless Wisdom, expounding practically every enigma and quandary in human affairs. There will be 12 volumes of these Scripts, holding 156 discourses in all, covering eventually all the esoteric matter formerly issued in the *Liberation Pink Scripts* incorporated into the Soulcraft series with additional and timely comment.

\$25 for the Five

SOULCRAFT CHAPELS

Noblesville, Indiana

You are due to have made available a perpetual series of *Magic Casement* reels, apprising you of actual conditions throughout the world and what develops from them. Controversial Soulcraft tenets will be minimized throughout 1952. Those desiring to order and study the Soulcraft Scripts as esoteric lessons will be free to do so. But for the electronic audiences, the matter will be all factual and timely.

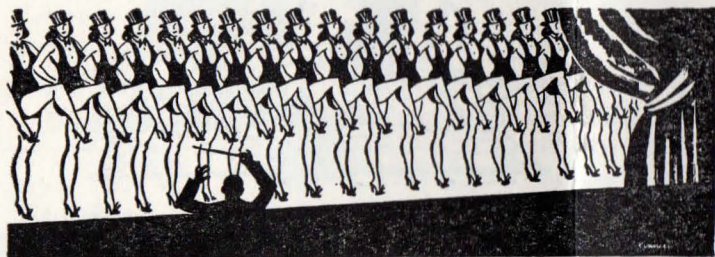
The January 1st broadcast on *The*

Long Armistice is a discourse that every Soulcrafter should hear—to gear his thinking for the events of 1952.

Do you want practical leadership, in the times now opening for this Republic? Do you recognize it when you've got it offered you?

You can acquire a Revere tape recorder for approximately \$150, the same as you buy a radio. Usually a group of Soulcrafters band themselves together and underwrite the purchase price of the

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



“Road into Sunrise”

Man first discovers the Universe; then he discovers God; then he discovers himself. *What was the fourth discovery that Norval Grane succeeded in making?*

A Two-Volume Story of Smart People on a Quest for the Eternal Verities

Road into Sunrise was written for those who can follow readily and easily the dramatization of life's fundamentals when they see them operating in the careers of story people with whom they can sympathize, real people doing real things, yet conforming to the Master Plan that is directing this generation's society.

A Novel Written for Women that Only Men Will Understand

This novel has been pronounced a truly big book by all those Soulcrafters who have read it. But only a fraction of them have done so.

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

In One Volume, Cloth—\$6

Two Volumes, Deluxe, \$8

Soulcraft Press, Inc.

Noblesville, Indiana

machine. The tape reels come to you by mail from Headquarters three or four times a month, containing the material you should hear. You play them until a new discourse arrives, then you remit what you feel you can afford to pay for them, remembering that Headquarters has an overhead to produce them and mail them to you which must be met.

But the effect of them is to make you wise beyond your generation in what's doing in the earth, with eventually repercussions on our own United States. Much of this information to be relayed to you throughout 1952 may be priceless.

Get set for it.

The full and unabridged edition of the *Golden Scripts*—7,000 copies more—is being completed at Headquarters, then the demands on the Recorder's time ease off. Full attention thereafter will be put to the broadcasts.

You can invite *anybody* in to hear these new broadcasts.

They will be the rheostat on earthly developments for the next twenty months.

You can't afford to miss them!

Why Soulcraft Work Stacks Up As Worthwhile



IT HAS been estimated that since 1931, over 50,000 people have benefited in this nation from the Liberation-Soulcraft Doctrine. Hundreds of them, from Maine, to Virginia, to Florida, to Texas, to Michigan, to Colorado, to California, to Oregon and Washington, all write the same attestments to Headquarters. The Ageless Wisdom disclosed in it has remade their lives and philosophies.

That it is "a course of study to end all courses of study" is the way one student who had recently discovered it, named it in a letter to Headquarters.

Truly it must contain something above the ordinary to evoke such nationwide acclaim.

From Virginia this Christmas Week has come a particularly warm letter of praise that VALOR presents as typical of these hundreds of testimonials, received from people far removed from one another and yet all reacting with similar enthusiasm—

Dear Mr. Pelley:

The little word "Thank You" cannot hold all the gratefulness and joy I have in my heart as I read *The Golden Scripts*. Words cannot describe the beauty of this book and the love pouring out through the messages, it is so inspiring! So filled with wisdom, so endearing, it gives an understanding light of His enduring patience with us. It is to my soul as a refreshing rain is to a parched soil. Yes, in all sincerity, I say, that never have I read such a beautiful book, truly a masterpiece from the Master, our Elder Brother.

Thank you, Mr. Pelley for being the server of the Lord, for doing your part in bringing these *Golden Scripts* to us, thank you for your endurance and patience through the years in writing, compiling and editing to bring to America the superb edition of today.

Carolyn has already written to you and told of our joy in reading from *The Golden Scripts* to our friends. I too, wish to verify the power of vibration that came through me and a pouring out of love to Christ and to the world.

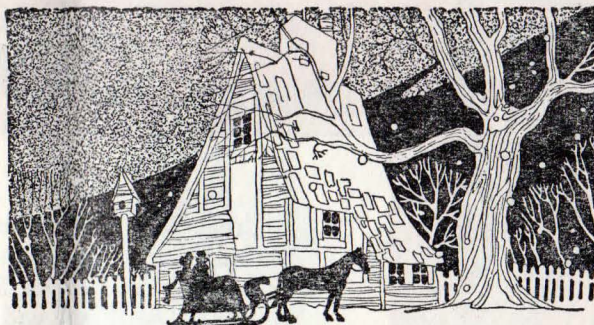
I have read many of your books only in the past year and a half, such as: *Star Guests*, *Earth Comes*, *Thresholds of Tomorrow*, *Behold Life*, *Road into Sunrise*, *Why I Believe the Dead are Alive*, and all the Ivory Scripts to date. I have read it all with an eagerness and hunger, with tears and with joy and with a profound gratefulness to God for the wisdom he has given me the opportunity to attain. I am always waiting for the next Script to come. The VALOR I consume from cover to cover and believe me! I get a great enjoyment from your COGITATIONS. I have also read *Seven Minutes in Eternity* which you so kindly sent to me. There is some similarity in our experiences in "Seven Minutes" which I would like to write to you about in another letter.

We have with grateful hearts and thanks received ten copies of *The Golden Scripts* to date and will now give them to the persons as indicated in Carolyn's recent letter of December 2nd.

We wish to thank you for sending us the names of the R. L's. We have now a regular Monday evening Soulcraft hour and exchange Scripts and books with them.

With best wishes for a very Merry Christmas.

Yours sincerely,
E. J., Virginia.



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?

"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.

Soulcraft; Noblesville, Indiana



.. COGITATIONS

LHAVE, up the past fifty or more years, engaged in many ventures, but those which I promoted prior to the ripe old age of ten, surpassed in *verve* any to which I gave later attention . . . You recall that in a recent COGITATIONS I told of father opening a store after relinquishing the ministry, and how he would frequently make general offers for household goods, removing, salvaging, and marketing those items of furniture which had sales value on being renovated. The episode of the bass drum evolved from such vocation . . . Father gave a couple hundred dollars for all the household effects of newly-made widower, and among the items was a drum. A big drum. A drum practically bigger than I was. The widower had played it in some local band, we can assume, but after losing his beloved spouse he had not the slightest urge to get it out and boom it. But it was a perfectly-workable bass drum, with a "stick" that resembled the billy of a footpad. I saw it come into the emporium and all sorts of ideas gestated immediately in my small cranium as to how I might utilize it—trust a small boy for that. Understand me, I was not given express prohibition that I could thus utilize it. In fact, my later-day conclusions are, that considering the size of the drum, it didn't occur to father he need issue such prohibitions. Across the Square I scurried to the Sargent boy, who was usually my partner in juvenile enterprises. There was a big bass drum come into our store, and how could we utilize it, presumably as showmen? . . . Alan had it in nothing flat. There would be no especial point in putting on *Uncle Tom's Cabin* or *'Way Down East* just to boom

a drum. The Sargent boy had recently visited Boston where he'd been impressed by attendance at a Dog Show. We would put on a Dog Show and charge five pins per kid. Where'd we get the dogs to thus exhibit? The town was overrun with pooches of every caste and color, from by gone and extinguished "pugs" to a couple noble St. Bernards. All we had to do was build "cages" and capture them. Where to hold our show? The top of father's sizable red barn was as good a place as any, the time being August and hay consumed for the year. We started to work . . .

o—o

THE SARGENT boy's male parent also ran a local drygoods store, so he had access to remnants of fabrics even as I had access to bass drums and barn lofts. We repaired to the drygoods basement and began to make banners. *Grand Dog Show. 2 O'clock. Pelley's Barn Upstairs. Admission Five Pins. Come One, Come All.* We lettered three or four of the things to be borne aloft on broom handles by volunteers, and my partner found some corded tassels in an old box under a basement counter. We also knew a boy named Lammey whose oldest brother had a horn—a cornet—which he could "swipe" if he were let in as partner, by no means any silent partner, by the way. From making our parade banners, I keeping a constant check on the presence of the drum to see that no music enthusiast came into the store and bought it out of hand, we toted drygoods boxes and crates up into my barn loft and made "cages" for the exhibits. We got together a dozen, with slats across the fronts. Then we made or improvised benches for spectators and we were ready for our exhibition. But not quite. We still had to round up our exhibits. Being on fairly familiar terms with most of the four-footed canines of the community, who trusted us as dogs will, we launched on our campaign of collaring beasts the Saturday morning of the Grand Dog Show . . . We got Brown's Airedale and Whitaker's Shepherd; four

or five boys who were let in on it, helped us tug these animals up the barn stairs and get them, somewhat puzzled, into cages. We bagged Mrs. Merritt's "pug" with its tightly curled tail, and old man Higgins' hound. The Flemings—without being aware of it—donated a somewhat battle-scarred Boston Bull, and the Balls had a Dalmatian distinguished by spots. Boys associated with us began bringing dogs in after that, without the slightest trouble, in fact, the news went around among the dogs as a colony and they came of themselves, apparently anxious to be exhibited, too many dogs, in fact. We had more than we had cages, and drove the excess out. We didn't know, being ignorant of the facts of life back there at the time of the Spanish War that the Winslow Beagle was a female dog who was enjoying one of her semi-annual spells of inviting a dog-family. We found this out too late, but not before we'd stashed the Beagle in a strawberry crate and set her atop the "cage" holding the Fleming's bull terrier. All was ready by noontime whistle-blowing, and the next thing was our parade . . .

o—o

WITH the inherited instincts of professional brigands, Alan and I got into the rear of dad's emporium and departed the back door with the drum borne between us. After tugging drygoods boxes and brindle bulls all over the community, a bass drum was duck soup. Up to the Lammey boy's place we toted the resonant thing—I not having neglecting to "borrow" the footpad's black-jack that went with it—and we donned our showmen's costumes and properly made up our faces with lampblack and false whiskers. The Lammey boy had "pinched" his big brother's cornet on which he could occasionally make frightful and astonishing noises. We had boys who also brought washboards and tin boilers, to keep the main attraction of the prize drum company. As a parade it would unquestionably attract attention, if for no other reason than the potential racket. It certainly was an awful lot of

pothor to go to, for the possible increment of say a hundred pins. We'd left Edna my sister in the loft to see the Grand Show didn't get messed up till the parade reached the barn, although what she could have done about it otherwise went unanswered . . .

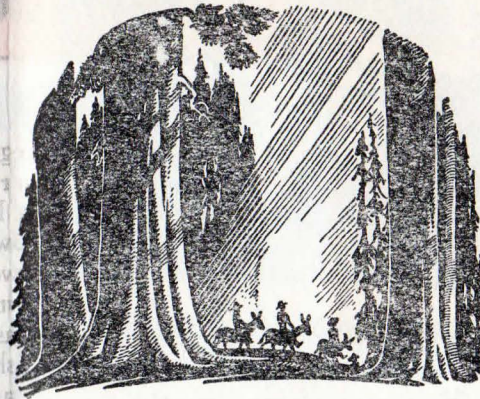
o—o

OF COURSE we had no intent of seeking out the back lanes and byways for the route of our parade. Nothing less than the main business section would satisfy us. So *Boom!-Boom!-Boom!* began to come faintly from the distance down West Gardner Square in the height of noon-hour, Saturday, when all the farmers were in town in buggies and other rigs. Following such *Boom-Boom-Boom's* Willie Lammey would make blatts on that purloined horn, with sometimes a shriek that sounded like a family cat when her tail had been stepped on . . . *Boom-boom-boom! . . . Boom-boom-Boom! . . . Boom-Boom-Boom! . . . Ye-ou-w-w-w-w!* . . . Then the washboard contingent came in with fortissimo. People began piling out of stores and halting horse-drawn buggies. In God's name, what sort of exhibition was coming down through the business section—an Army With Banners? . . . *Boom-Boom-Boom! . . . Boom-Boom-Boom!*

o—o

THE FIRST impediment to the Grand Dog Show was Harrison Bailey's horse running away. He heard the *Boom-Boom-Boom* coming louder and louder behind him, where he was tied before Garland's Pharmacy, and his equine nerves cracked. So did the shafts of the vehicle, the front dash and axle, and most of what was hitched to him as a piano-box buggy. He went straight away from there, but not to attend Pelley's Grand Dog Show. They caught him up by the Monument, stopping to eat grass with the harness-tugs dragging . . . The prospect of continuing straight down Center Street, with horses to right and left, their nerves cracking wholesale, began to look formidable. Horses trembled badly enough at the drum's *boom-boom-boom* steadily growing behind them like thumps of doom, but when Willie Lammey got enough breath in his lungs to blow a cupple yowls on that purloined tooter, that tore it for the whole Main-Stem. Those animals started straight up phone-poles and water-spouts. Carbonny's Fruit Stand had one horse walk through it and skid on bananas. Chief of Police Wenz came out waving his

A Book that Will Alter Your Angle on Life



“Behold Life!”



BY ONCE every fifty years a book comes along so sweeping and dynamic and revolutionary that you never forget having read it. Your whole angle on life is altered by the thesis propounded in its pages. You look at the world differently thereafter.

BEHOLD LIFE—the entire digest of the Soulcraft philosophy—is such a book. It took two years to write and is now in its second large printing. There are 331 pages of fact and mysticism so irrefutable that you'll understand why **EVERYONE** who goes in for Soulcraft is automatically helped spiritually.

Price, Leatherette, Copy \$4

arms—at us, not the horse skidding on bananas—and father was with him. Father was undoubtedly suspicious that he was being drawn into it somehow, because his emporium no longer contained a bass drum bought from a widower who had lost his loving spouse . . . Alan saw Wenz, and I saw father, and the same thought occurred to both of us, that our parade at crowd-drawing was too effective. But the thing which absolutely shattered that Big Free Parade was Willie Lammey's brother Walter, coming down from an insurance office and recognizing his cornet. Walter tore into our Big Free Parade and Willie bolted. So did the boy carrying the front end of my big drum. That made me drop my back end of it, and the drum began rolling. When I be-

held it due to roll directly into my waiting father's hands, if a horse didn't step in it first, I decided I had a dog show to supervise, and went specifically and swiftly to supervise it.

o—o

WHAT HAD happened? . . . There were so many dogs around Pelley's barn that even the customers could not get in, had there been any customers. But upstairs was pandemonium. Fleming's bull had succeeded in tipping over the overhead crate holding Wislow's female beagle. Those two dogs were out, so was Brown's Airedale, and Whitaker's Shepherd, and Higgin's hound. Ball's coach dog—the one with spots—wasn't to be held in any cage with all the dog-doin's going on in that loft, and was



New Year Surprise Packages

PERHAPS you received gifts this Christmas from friends whom you overlooked when making up your Christmas shopping-list. You can recoup on the oversight by sending them a New Year's Soulcraft book . . .

We have made up three assortments of volumes available for fast delivery at Headquarters, and can express them to you same day your order is received . . .

NEW YEAR'S PACKAGE No. 1

ROAD INTO SUNRISE,	
Deluxe in 2 Volumes,	\$ 8.00
BEHOLD LIFE, Deluxe,	4.00
	<hr/>
	\$12.00
SPECIAL PRICE THIS OFFER ONLY:	\$10.00

NEW YEAR'S SURPRISE, No. 2

THRESHOLDS OF TOMORROW, Deluxe,	\$ 5.00
STAR GUESTS, Cloth,	3.00
BEHOLD LIFE, Deluxe,	4.00
	<hr/>
	\$12.00
SPECIAL PRICE THIS OFFER ONLY:	\$10.00

NEW YEAR'S GREETINGS, No. 3

ROAD INTO SUNRISE,	
Complete in One Volume, Cloth,	\$ 6.00
STAR GUESTS, Cloth	3.00
FOG, (Novel), Cloth,	3.00
	<hr/>
	\$12.00
SPECIAL PRICE THIS OFFER ONLY:	\$10.00

These prices on above package orders will maintain until February 1st. We will fill wire orders and bill you, if desired.

SOULCRAFT CHAPELS

busily adding a lot more spots to itself—black and blue spots—chewing up Mrs. Merritt's "pug" . . . Dogs were tackling dogs—any dogs—in one overwhelming, yowling, gnashing stramash, about seventeen unofficial pooches had gotten upstairs just to be in on it and were making a grand dust-raising all over the loft. You'd never believe such a miasma of yipping, fighting, chewing dogs could be projected in one barn loft . . . Edna? . . . She'd gone down a hay-chute into a manger, which was a very good place for her to go. Luckily no convulsing, fighting dogs had decided to come down on top of her . . . It was a Grand Dog Show, but I learned thus early that there is such a thing as kicking up too much of a shindy in this world . . . I mean, there's such a thing as incurring too much success . . . all of it had started, alas, when a bass drum touched my tender imagination . . . It just goes to prove something or other . . . It took father, Chief Wenz, and four other men to get those embattled canines out of the second story of our barn . . . The things a boy encounters in "getting raised up" . . . Wish I had the energy to waste that way today . . . Oh, well, the things I can think of, when I let my memory gallop . . .

—THE RECORDER

Money, U. S. A.

(Continued from Page 2)

point. The laborer wants Plenty of Money, so he organizes himself behind Union leaders who will get it for him at the instance of the "strike" pistol, held at the temple of the corporation.

The year 1952 opens presently and 149,000,000 men, women, and children, all join in the universal clamor, "Give us Plenty of Money!" But only as those 149,000,000 Americans perceive from the rigors of experience that Plenty of Money does *not* solve quandaries in social relationships, do they commence to think, feebly and vaguely at first, of the dictates of Economics.

Plenty of Money may be what the nation thinks it wants. But Plenty of Money is far from being what it *needs*.

What it truly *needs* is utter Freedom of Enterprises to make its own gift of \$100,000 in each instance, and no obstructions put in the way of it by Government—meaning minimum of taxation

—plus the individual being able to realize one hundred percent of goods-value in return for his industry.

That means Money, plenty of it, but it also means Enterprises, which in turn means character building. That's what we're all here for, when all's said and done.

Anyhow, Happy New Year! Life will see that you get precisely such quota of your \$100,000 as you merit without the whole works falling apart.

That's what's truly happy about it.

Why Soulcraft?

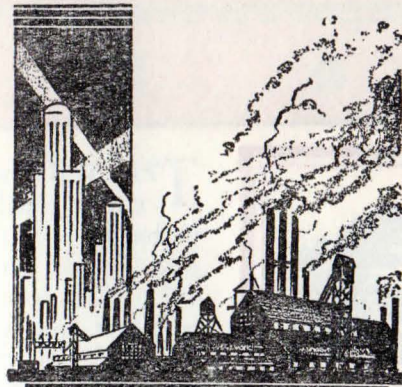
THE WHOLE trend of religious thinking today is toward the psychical. Without being aware of the vast stellar forces playing upon them, people are increasingly amenable to the transcripts and disclosures available to them because the Aquarian Age has opened. Considered in respect to the zodiac, Aquarius is the Air Sign, distinguishing factors in life representing the air—radio, television, aviation, radar, even exploration of atomic energy. The Piscean Water Sign is closing. Christ was a Piscean Messiah. He came under the Piscean Water Sign. Everything about His ministry was distinguished by water. He was baptized as a symbol of consecration to His ministry. He chose His disciples from among fisherfolk. He walked on the waters and bade the stormy seas abate. The age following His ministry was one of maritime discovery, steam for mercantile power and hydraulics for lifting great weights.

None of this is Astrology. It is the sternest part of fact. Christ must come back to close His Piscean ministry, and make reappearance in the Air Sign of Aquarius which is coming in, which will endure until the year 4,000 A. D.

The stupendous revelations to be found in Soulcraft, make all this clear to you. You see great metaphysical principles confirmed by the character of maturing event.

You don't have to enroll for any formal and tedious classes. You simply order in certain books of literature that make the whole Earth Program clear to you. The matter begins and ends there.

Soulcraft says everything that requires to be said, enlightening the average individual in these vast trends of Cosmos.



THRESHOLDS of TOMORROW

What Changes in Society and Its Institutions Are Actually Coming on the World? . .

Wouldn't You Pay \$5 to Know?

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

A Clairvoyant Picture of Changes Coming at Home and Abroad

THIS MOST recent printing from Soulcraft Press runs to 385 pages, done on India-tinted paper in the usual burgundy covers distinguishing all deluxe volumes in the Soulcraft library. If you didn't hear the MAGIC CASEMENTS series of broadcasts, here is your opportunity to get the meat of them. These thousand copies won't last long, so get your order on record at once.

A Beautiful Volume: \$5

Soulcraft Press, Inc., Noblesville, Ind.

T H E P A Y O F F



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.

THE WIFE was engaged in the conubial ritual of going through her husband's pockets when she drew out a card with the name, "Alice Grey, Chelsea 4421." She awakened him. What was it, or rather, who was it?

"Aren't you the jealous little thing," the man explained readily. "If you followed the races you'd know 'Alice Grey' is the name of one of the most successful ponies on the tracks. Chelsea whatever-the-number-is happens to be the betting office where I do business."

The wife appeared satisfied. But on coming home that evening the husband found a steely glitter in her eye.

"What's the matter, my dear?"

"Nothing, nothing. You might like to know, however, your horse called you up on the phone this afternoon."

A MAN, arrested for murder, bribed an Irishman on the jury to oppose the death penalty and hold out for manslaughter.

The jury was out an extraordinary time but eventually came in with the manslaughter verdict. The defendant got to the juryman after it had been thanked and discharged.

"Good job, Pat. Here's another hundred. Have a hard time of it?"

"Shure and Oi did thot," said Pat. "Them other elevin spalpeens wanted to acquit yez."

A NEW ENGLAND hired man came back from his first trip to the wicked city. He was wearing an enormous sparkler in his necktie.

The local jeweler scowled at it.

"That a real diamond?" he demanded.

"If 'tain't," the rural son declared, "I been skun out o' four bucks!"

THE SQUIRE was shocked to learn that Rastus had been elected deacon of the Afro-American Baptist Church.

"How come a low-down, no-account, rum-drinking wretch like you, gets raised to be deacon of the church, fellow?"

"Well, Boss, yo' sees it wuz disaway . . . de rough element in de church rose up and demanded recognition."

THE HECKLED husband had seen his wife off on the train for a long visit to her mother. As he joined a friend at the gate to leave the station, the friend noted black smears of soot on his hands.

"How on earth did you get your hands so dirty, so quickly?" asked the friend.

The husband refused to explain it.

Next day the friend met the engineer that had taken the wife away. He mentioned the matter of the soiled hands.

"Oh, that guy!" exclaimed the engineer. "I wondered what he was doing, coming up and patting my locomotive so affectionately."

THE COUNTY school board was visiting the rural school and the teacher was putting her pupils through their paces.

"Who signed Magna Charta?" she asked one timid boy.

"Please, ma'am, I didn't," he whimpered.

Two or three other pupils were queried in similar fashion. Finally the chairman of the board took a hand.

"Call that first boy back," he ordered sternly. "I've got a hunch he did it at that."

THE PARTY of mountain-climbing Scotsmen left Sandy hanging desperately by his fingers over the cliff while they went down to the village to buy a rope.

"Dinna ye git it now?" Sandy cried, on their reappearance.

"Yeel have to make the best uv it, mon," said the Caledonian who was leader. "The burglar who runs the hardware store wanted sixpence a yard and thot's too much for any rope in Scotland."

THE OLD man arose in prayer meeting and gave it out that no sin was more widely indulged in, throughout the whole nation, than profanity. All good Christians should pray particularly for motorists.

"I drove sixty miles," he testified, "to visit my daughter in Owensburg. Not one single person I banged into, en route, wasn't swearin' awfully as he climbed out to see what I'd done to him."