

Valor

The Golden Times Weekly . .

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

Volume II

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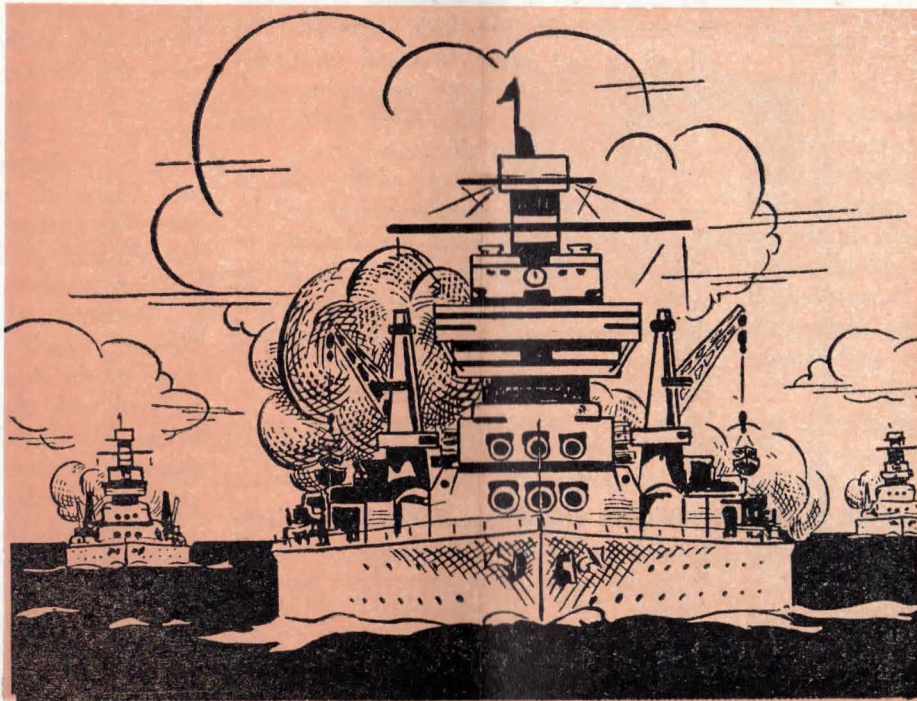
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IT IS not in the quarters that the lay-public widely thinks, that the international menaces to the United

States are coming in the twenty months ahead. The public widely thinks that the chief international menace to the United States comes from "mighty" Russia. Those "in the know" behind the scenes are aware *there is no "mighty" Russia!*

There is a Soviet Union indeed, being kept from revolt and distintegration with increasing difficulty, a ruthless police dictatorship that dares not send its troops westward for fear that after a few days or weeks, beyond its own Iron Curtain, it would have no troops, an arbitrary totalitarianism that spends more time executing its own officials than in trying to make its own system work by construc-

tive ingenuities. As a military menace, however, capable of over-running Europe, then leaping two oceans to

assail the United States on two seacoasts, the internal conditions reported out of Russia make such threat an absurdity.

As nuisance value, however, to gain ends and attainments for other interests in other quarters, Russia with 1952 in prospect is tops!

NOR is Soviet China any major menace to the people of North America. Much fearsome talk is broadcast about "China's 400 millions" and how they will be over-running Utah or New Jersey in a twelve-month if we let them defeat us in Korea. China has no ships to transfer

even a fractional part of her 400 millions—granted they were all fighting males, fully armed and equipped—and no Navy to guard such troop transports. She has no air-force to operate in quantities 6,000 miles from any Asiatic air-bases, and no titanic resource of supplies to service them, granted she did have them. What China can do, and probably will do, in the early future, will be to create diversional maneuvers toward India and Turkestan to give her troops employment and hold the China Soviet together. The United Nations military may meet her coming into eastern Iraq and Iran, headed for Turkey and the soft under-belly of Europe.

But if she tries this grandiose venture again it will be to further interests in other quarters.

These military threats and deployments can more accurately be comprehended as moves and expedients to increase the prestige of United Nations.

If United Nations could be built to world-wide scope in practical political fact, it would be the arbitrary super-state. And if certain unsuspected interests in the United States could succeed in selling the American public in the belief that only by giving it allegiance could international peace be secured, it would be the long-heralded super-state constitutionally. But after such super-state is created, *who controls it?*

This is the \$64 Question that is not permitted to be discussed.

Let the tired, fear-crazed public assume that a majority vote of all the nations involved, is to control United Nations as their interests might appear.

That whoever controls United Nations controls the world is a rational conclusion. Controlling the world is a stake worth gambling for.

THAT there are minorities among various nationals working overtime to accomplish such dazzling and effective objective, is no particular secret among ten thousand intelligent and enlightened persons on both sides of the ocean. General Eisenhower must be thoroughly aware of it. MacArthur was—and is. Certainly enough American officials back from abroad, have talked off the record about it. Let stupid and inefficient Russia, and hungry and ruthless China, keep the world's nerves on edge by their psychopathic military escapades, and daily United Nations is

buttressed and strengthened — besides becoming an acceptance in average human thinking. The date must inevitably arrive when she essays issuing mandates to the smaller nations—which they shall fear to disobey. As the more sizable nations and peoples fall in behind such precedent, the real promoters of the whole vast scheme come closer and closer to supreme international authority. That's what they think.

Will they finally come to exercise it?
Sorry, they will not!



IT BEGINS to grow plainer and plainer that the American economy, first of all, is not going to stand up under the strain and drain of supporting such suicidal maneuverings. That's the unpleasant feature in the prospect.

The second arrestment of the grandiose dream of the megalomaniacs will be the crack-up of Russia, the slashing to ribbons of China, not so much in Korea as in and around the Dardenelles, and the awakening of an American spiritual consciousness — and conscience — that permits the open identification of the blocs and individuals that have envisioned and promoted such conspiracy from the fist.

Biblical and Great Pyramid prophecy and Extra-Sensory clairvoyance, have all three indicated that somewhere around August, 1953, the showdown will have maneuvered and such conspiring elements be brought to book. August of 1953—the apex of Great Pyramid dates—is approximately twenty months from the present.

The super-scheme is not going to work—because it can't.

The methods of the bone-headed dictator sitting in the Kremlin, plus the unexpected resistance the Chinese Reds are meeting, are two of the factors that are to spoil the whole play.

The collapse of the Russian economy, such as it is, and the savage tearing of the Iron Curtain by captive States themselves, are going to be other factors exposing to the free nations how they have let themselves be swindled by a Russian "might" that has never existed and does

not now exist. Very possibly it may come out as well, that Russia has never made one atom bomb of her own. The Red Menace as a menace may be exploded in a week. Then United Nations has no further use for being, and her claims to suzerainty be laughed out of court.

Nothing is jelling.

The timing of the whole is already going out of whack.

No need to berate United Nations. It will collapse like the house of cards it is.

Nothing to fear from it? There's everything to fear from it. Because its collapse costs the collapse of our proud and prosperous industrial system.

Bankruptcy of a sort figures in it.

ALL OF WHICH is saying backhandedly, that God figures in it.

To make a strong United Nations effective, a strong and unsurpassable American economy and money-flow is requisite. Back at the end of World War II there was every prospect that the international skulduggery might be successfully consummated. A few adroit plays on the Asiatic chessboard should make Russia and China of such formidable appearance that United Nations did the things for which it was being projected. But the reactionary elements in Poland, Hungary, Roumania, Latvia, Lithouania, East Germany and Czecho-slovakia—not to mention the loss of face which Russia suffered with the Chinese Reds for not being able to deliver material supplies—threw the time-table out, something that couldn't be calculated at the outset.

Russia and China on imminent foray expeditions in the Middle East, something not counted upon either, have run, and are running, financial scores up in countries of the West to a point where the money is Kapoot.

It's to be merely a question of time—perchance of months—before the Audacious Experiment will be kicked out of America, and folds up.

A true World Parliament doesn't arrive until the Big Show-Down has cleaned all UN countries of their real subversives. No true World Parliament can exist till the real international subversives are named and cooped.

But the whole fantastic exploit is due to serve a few Divine Purposes that its promoters laugh to scorn by the nature of their materialisms.

It's in the reaction to what the whole-

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Little Lessons in Economics . .

LULL BEFORE THE STORM

The Fundamental Complication which Americans Must Solve



HERE are conditions prevalent throughout the United States and the world that Americans do not seem to understand.

The Administration, and particularly our State Department, comes in for its round of abuse for apparently kitowing to the Communist government of Hungary and paying \$120,000 ransom for the release of four American flyers. That's not what's behind current world strategy—kowtowing to anybody. The situation is this—

The United States, having failed to maintain industry on a peace time economy, can only embrace the alternative of living on a War Economy. To live on a war economy, there must be either war or prospect of war. Any enemy will do, even frowsy, fumbling, stupid, third-rate Russia, or Czechoslovakia, or Hungary. Without a War Economy to turn our wheels of industry, how are the nation's millions to live?

The nation makes a given quantity of peace-time goods in a year. Seventy percent of the cost of producing them, let us say, goes for wages, executive salaries, and dividends—or the rental of the capital involved in producing them. The wage earners who have thus made these goods can only buy back seventy percent of them, because while being the item of "labor" involved in such production, they're also the ultimate consumers. So there's always thirty percent of the goods made, for which there are no buyers. After a given round of years, these thirty-percents pile up in a glut. They can't be bought and consumed because the wage earners have spent all they've received for producing them. It's still seventy percent buying power, no matter what you call it or how you regard it. So with a glut accumulated, industry has to lay off manufac-

turing until that glut is consumed. This causes a stalemate of industry that's known as a Depression. Earlier in our economy, we called it "Hard Times" . .

Thus our prosperity is always the parent of Hard Times.

Roosevelt solved it in 1933 by mortgaging the future for billions, to dole out to the WPA shovel leaners and relievers, so they could buy and consume the thirty percent glut that prosperity had created.

In time the glut was consumed and a

the peace-time glut. Call the shovel leaners and relievers defense-workers.

That's what's going on throughout the world in a Defense Program.

We're finding a way, through "preparing" for war—with Russia, China, Hungary, anybody—to dole out dollars from the future to dissolve the peace-time gluts of the present.

NOBODY wants war, the Administration least of all. But political economists do want—because they must have—a War Situation. So they have got it in a little "confined" war on the Korean peninsula, a wheezy old Man of Solid mental Ivory in the Kremlin, and a bunch of European nations cheerfully willing to "arm" at our expense. Arming these European nations at our expense is the method we take of finding funds to reduce our peace-time gluts, here at home.

Such is the cock-eyed and rickety makeshift that we embrace to make it appear that under the prevailing political Administration, everybody in the forty-eight States gets some sort of Saturday noon envelop, with funds in it to buy as much as it will cover.

Paying \$120,000 ransom for those flyers all contributes to the War Bugaboo and the Enemy Psychology that rationalizes our screwball internal economy. Of course it can't go on forever, but even a level-headed

Republican can see that it's not particularly the Administration's fault. Even a Democratic Administration isn't to blame that for every dollars' worth of goods we make as a people, we hand back only seventy cents with which our manual laborers can buy seventy cents' worth of them.

Presently United Nations—meaning the United States camouflaged in the military aspect—is going to be embroiled with China in India and the Middle East.

CHRISTMAS

1 9 5 1

Born!



to Adelaide and Melford Pearson at Noblesville, Indiana, December 25, 1951, 5:13 a.m., Eric Duane Pearson, weight 8 pounds, 1 ounce. Mother chuckling. Father bearing up as well as can be expected. Grandfather looking smug—though he had nothing to do with it but be informed about it. Handsome boy. Perfect physical equipment. What will he do for Soulcraft? . . meaning Who is he? See this page December 25. 1975.

measure of "prosperity" came back. It was the prosperity of having the chance to go the vicious circle all over again.

But that sort of thing couldn't go on interminably. The way to create a steady program of shovel-leaners and relievers was to stir up a war, and in the sacred name of patriotic defense, run riot in mortgaging the future. Create a source of fabricated and bonded wealth, in other words, and use the funds to reduce



SOULCRAFTERS

By *Ermina Dell Depew*



WE'RE a band of liberators,
Ancient souls from out the Fold,
Come to serve, and help our brothers
In their stride from Sense to Soul.
We bring Courage, Love, and Wisdom,

Far beyond the mortal mind.
As we share with you our knowledge,
Eyes will open, none be blind . . .

High ideals, strong, sweet, and holy
That have stood the test of time,
With our mantle we enfold you,
Robing you with Love Divine.
We're a Band of Liberators,
Souls whose knowledge of the past
Make our mission now among you
Peace and freedom that will last.

Those whose ears can catch the music,
Those whose Inner Eyes can see,
Recognize our work among you,
Led by Him of Galilee.
He's our Chieftain, He's our captain,
In His name we firmly stand,
Far and wide unfurl our banner,
Love and Peace in every land . . .

We're a band of liberators,
Pledged to Justice and to Right,
Come and learn of what we teach you,
That you share the Radiant Light.

Russia is due to crack up tragically. There aren't going to be any more enemies to arm against. We're going to be right back where we were when the New Dealers proposed WPA, excepting that we now have that gargantuan mortgage we saddled on posterity to reduce the thirty percent glut of 1929 and all further gluts that have piled up since. We have long ago consumed that 1929 glut but the mortgage is still with us, and rental rates on what we borrowed from the future runs to five billions or more a year, *just for interest.*

IT'S a blood-thrilling thing to breathe fire and smoke, and say that we should go into Hungary and rescue those four flyers with cannon. But that would bring our screwball economy to a show down. It would produce war ahead of time, and roll our "enemies" off the international scene. Then we couldn't go on dissolving our gluts by using war-time wages. No political administration wants to stand up to such a headache of Reality. The moment our enemies are gone, our war-time economy is gone, and there's nothing to take its place.

That's the fix we're in.

Fifty to a hundred years ago, the cobbler making a pair of shoes by hand, first went out and killed his cow, skinned it, tanned the hide, shaped it into shoes, and took all the revenue from the consumer. "He could have bought back 100 percent of the shoes he'd manufactured—if he'd wanted to consume his own product. The fact that he swapped for what the other fellow had made, didn't alter the situation that no false glut was being created. Everybody was getting back 100 percent of what he created.

But in a so-called Machine Age, we've thrown the cow into a hopper—figuratively speaking—switched on electric power, and the cow has come off the beltline a finished pair of shoes. The cobbler wasn't a creative workman, he was a belt-line tender. He'd gotten two dollars an hour, we'll say, for creating shoes. He got ten cents an hour for watching the belt-line. So all the shoes coming off all the belt-lines in the nation, have got to be sold to the belt-line watcher receiving ten cents an hour. There aren't any other customers. So the belt-line watcher is buying the ten cents' worth of shoes for which he's in funds, and 90 cents worth of shoes are piling up at the delivery-end

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WHY SHORTSUIT YOURSELF IF . .

YOU HAVE LIVED BEFORE

Why Fight a Fact of Life if It Is a Fact?

WHAT a tragic plight millions find themselves in, generation upon generation, by fighting "belief" in reincarnation! If it's a fact of life, it's a fact of life, and fighting it, or refusing to "believe in" it, achieves absolutely nothing. What people actually are fighting, when they rebel at it, is probably the sense of having been hoodwinked all their current lives, by orthodox doctrine teaching them to the contrary—that, and the fact that they shrink from undergoing the trials and tribulations of mortality all over again, having had quite a sufficiency in the present existence.

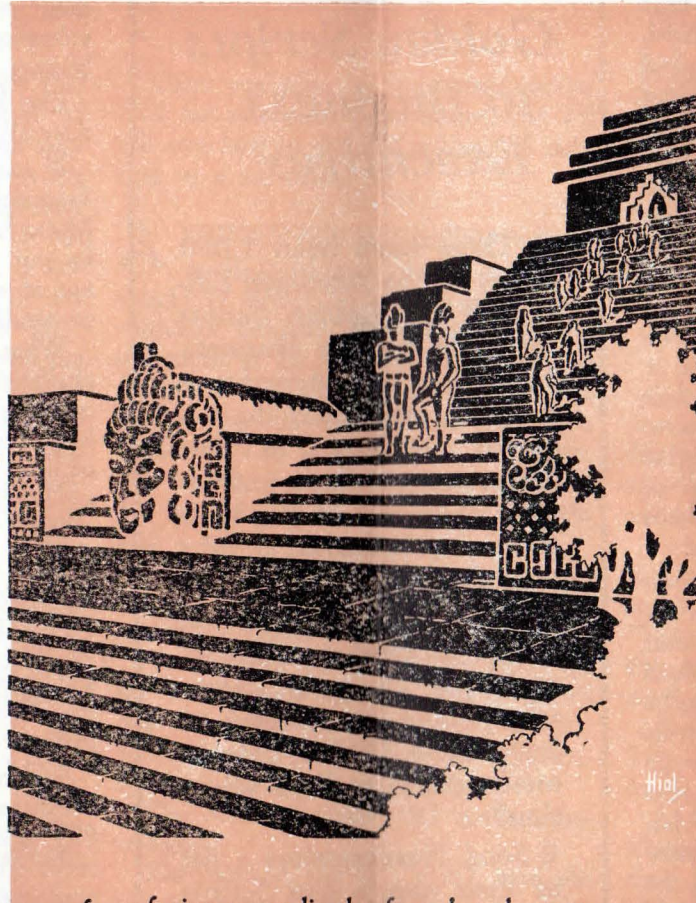
The conventional Christian, worst exhibit of all, avoids any suggestion of it as though it were the basic precept of the devil. Regardless that Christ Himself attested to it in many places, the conventional Christian prefers to abide by the dictates of the early church Councils that deleted the whole thesis from the roster of Christian doctrine with malice afore thought.

The irony of it lies in the fact that if these same fanatics opposing it, be put upon the Time Track and sent back into their prenatal memories, *they will recall and attest to the lives they've lived previous to the current one, and tell who they've been, and what countries they lived in and what languages they spoke.*

Their opposition to Reincarnation re-awakened, is entirely intellectual and academic.

It's an allergy they've developed strictly in their current life-spans.

THE BIG thing that most people are denying themselves, of course—in



refusing to credit the fact that they may have lived in bygone eras and dispensations—is discovering or identifying whom they have formerly been as personages. Comparatively few individuals, existing in the current strata of civilization, can have reached their present attainments of intellect, without having enjoyed careers as more or less celebrated historical characters. Getting into life this time, and being raised according to orthodox standards, they childishly deny the whole glory of their past struggles and spiritual victories by saying asininely, "Nope, it never happened! I refuse to credit it because my Sunday School teacher says I must not."

Such people refuse to recognise their slavish devotion to a mere religious inhibition, shortsuiting themselves personally. They might enjoy bona fide and

even enviable pride in their own careers if they could have determined for them what outstanding personages they had been in the past. But conventionality closes down on them. "I must deny the whole of it," they contend subconsciously, "else I can't be a Christian."

Who's said they can't?

A SECOND poignant stricture in repudiating the fact of Previous Existence lies in the provinciality that births it.

The average American in the United States carries the infantile notion in his head that the entire world is more or less similar to life in the Republic where he's been born in this life, and accepted orthodox religious standards as maintaining over all the planet. It jolts him to be told that over half the population of the planet lives and dies outside the perimeter of Paulistic faith—that over one

billion people believe in Reincarnation on this globe, and the orthodox Christian exists in the minority in this vast concourse of living beings. Not to credit the principles and doctrines of Repeat Existence is to advertise one's global provincialism, nothing else. And half the population of this planet can scarcely have arrived at such conclusions by whimsy or hearsay. There's valid and substantial evidence behind the Hypothesis to those billion souls. If Americans as a class had been raised in cultures where it's accepted as a fundamental of life, it wouldn't raise a ripple of controversy.

Passing over the fact that the greatest of past philosophers, world teachers, and poets, in every age, have taught it, that the Bible contains numerous allusions to it, that the world's great religious and

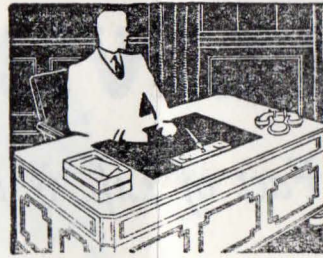
philosophical literatures abound in its principles, we come to the challenging proposition that *it insures equal chances and advantages to all!* . . .

IF AN AVERAGE soul were born a baby in the twentieth century, no matter in what environment, ran out in front of a speeding vehicle at the age of three, and got itself killed, what would it have gained in a knowledge of earth-life? What comparisons in its earthly knowledge or wisdoms could it have acquired beside such an octogenarian as Oliver Wendell Holmes or George Bernard Shaw? Forever—if reincarnation were not a fundamental of life—would it have lost and foregone the multiple and profitable experiences on the planet earth and in human society with its problems and their solutions. It would necessarily be an infant throughout all eternity. Nowhere in the Higher Realms could it profit from worldly quandaries and their solutions, because conditions could never approximate the same in those Higher Realms. Oliver Wendell Holmes or George Bernard Shaw could look down their noses at it. With justification.

Or take the proposal of a babe growing to childhood and maturity in an environment of wealth and luxury—what could it possibly know of the problems and perplexities and profitable struggles with life of the boy or girl “down across the tracks?” It would live and grow up in a wholly different culture, and turn out to be a wholly different type of human being—if the “one existence” principle were in operation. Of the two, the one born down across the tracks would forever be endowed with the strongest and most self-reliant character, whereas the “poor little rich boy” would go into the traditional and permanent heaven, forever shortsuited on the beneficent advantages that were supplied by surmounting poverty and hardship . . . Furthermore by what celestial prerogative would the one contend he hadn’t “sinned”—being denied the opportunity of sinning—whereas the other had sinned and lived to discern the folly of doing it and won out over it?

What’s the privilege of Immortality if it doesn’t contain within it *all* the experiences that worldly life has to offer?

IN OTHER words, Reincarnation alone contains, or affords, a satisfactory explanation of human misery and inequality. Not alone that, but it is agreeable



Golden Scripts to Business Executives

¶ There have been 1,000 copies of the Abridged Edition of the Golden Scripts set aside for the Business Executives of America—the men who need the supernal counsel in the Scripts to aid them and inspire them in solving their titanic quandaries of the present.

¶ How many men in charge of great numbers of employes do you know, who would be grateful to have these Divine Preachments called to their attention?

¶ Send Headquarters a list of their names and Scripts will go forward to them until the quota is consumed.

to a rational concept of the soul. It explains many experiences that are otherwise unaccountable and mysterious. It explains what heredity is unable to account for. It gives a reason for our innate likes and dislikes. It is more in harmony with Reason than the unphilosophical, and unscientific, doctrines of predestination, original sin, and future “punishment”. Best of all, *it proves that man is the maker of his own destiny* and that he alone, in each instance, is responsible for his own personal sufferings and enjoyments. Moreover, it offers the most potent inducement to honesty, morality, religious aspiration, humanitarianism, and a just regard for the rights of others.

Of course the number of people is legion, who don’t want to charge up to themselves the responsibility for their present plights socially or spiritually—it’s far easier and more satisfying to blame parents, early environment, forebears, or current disadvantages for their soul inhibitions and spiritual handicaps. They can conveniently scurry behind the assertion, “I don’t believe in Reincarnation,” and wash their hands of all involvements in extremely embarrassing dilemmas of present day society.

One has to face the fact, *What good does all of it do them in the end?*

If one went up and down proclaiming fanatically, “I don’t believe in Venus, Mars, Jupiter or Saturn,” would it thereby put Venus, Mars, Jupiter or Saturn out of existence or make them non-comprehensible astronomically?

What conviction does do, of course, is challenge the whole hypothesis of Paulistic “salvation” . . . If we don’t go to heaven and get judged” and stay in heaven after we are judged, then all theological dogma is fallacious.

Well, theological dogma at one time insisted that the earth was the center of the universe, that the sun, moon, and stars were greater or lesser lights put in the skies by the Creator to rule the night, and that Adam and Eve lived in a literal Garden of Eden 6400 years in the past.

Science digs up the cranium of a primordial man who must have lived 55,000, 000 years ago—to get down ’mid the rocks where they found it—and nobody runs the local pastors out of town for preaching the life of the Elder Brother of Galilee, even though the Book they teach from, says that this Elder Brother lived a mere seventy generations after Adam.

Come back to the rich cache of the individual subconscious mind.

Open it up—in the personality of any human being from Nome to Capetown,—and it simply and willingly concedes the fact of its previous existence in mortality.

People do *not* go to heaven to stay there.

Did Elias go to heaven and stay there?

Christ said coming down from the Mount of Transfiguration that he reappeared in earth-life as John the Baptist “and they knew him not” . . . It’s there in orthodox Holy Writ, you Fundamentalists.

Is Holy Writ infallible or is it not?

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

HOW NECESSARY IS ILLNESS?

Concluding Installment of a Vital Discourse

THE AVERAGE person thinks that he goes gobbling up the germs of diseases like little pollywogs. If he happens to snare one in his nostrils or his gullet, he is in for a spell of sickness. But examine the temperaments of the persons who "come down sick" . . . observe how they behave as tired of the economic struggle, "fed up with life," starved for affection, or at odds with the social circumstance.

What they truly want—subconsciously—is a vacation or graduation. So they take a mattress joy-ride, or they toy subconsciously with the idea of suicide, or self-death out of season, for a matter of days or weeks. Then the drive of the old life-errand comes back, and they decide to get along with it. The local paper says their friends are rejoiced to learn that they have recovered their health—a nonsensical phrase conveying the thought that they have "put a new cover on their wholeness."

The local paper means to say that the person concerned has quit his subconscious idea of physical indulgence.

People who joy in their work and find every moment of it enthralling, people who are happily married and have enough to equip them with life's reasonable necessities, people without much of a gripe at the universe, don't "get sick" from decade to decade.

The doctor or nurse whose professional business it is to treat the sick, usually passes unscathed through a thousand pestilences. And the explanation is simple. They are too interested in their work of human healing to take time out for self-indulgence in a personal vacation.

They stay well because the mind instructs the body to keep its tempo.

Even the very word Sick betrays this thought. It comes from the old Anglo-Saxon *seoc* meaning Languishing—as with some unattained desire.

There you have it: unattained desire! Tell me your unattained desire, and I'll tell you how to end the rubbish of sickness in a tail-shake.

A PROFESSOR in a college was secretly loved by a woman pupil. She sought to attract his interest in the conventional feminine manner. He was too interested in his work to take time out for romance. One day it was reported to him that the woman had suffered a "breakdown," was confined at home, and running a dangerous temperature. He must hasten at once to her bedside, said a message.

"Fiddle-faddle!" he snapped.

"But she truly is running a temperature," the doctor confirmed.

"Let her run it," retorted the first, "till she breaks your thermometer. If there's one thing I can't tolerate, it's a Sick Woman. Tell her to stop her play-acting and come back to class!"

The doctor reported this conversation verbatim.

The woman was so "mad" that she turned up in class next morning quite normal.

Question: If her internal pollywogs had been responsible, what became of them when she lost all interest in her illness because she thus learned that her professor despised her?

The item of Pain is quite something Greek, down through the Latin, and means—something you'd never guess!—a fine. The Greek spelling of it is *poine* and the Latin, *poena*. The word Penalty likewise comes directly from it.

Of course, defining Greek and Latin words is a silly and superfluous business when one's toothache is making his jaw look like a cabbage, or when one has a disturbance in the abdominal parts. Nevertheless, the meaning of the term is pat.

Pain is what we receive in the nature of a fine, or penalty, when a bashing



has come to a physical member or when Mind has let the tempo of the body get so wild that the physical engine has gone out of control.

It is the piston-rod that comes through the physical crankcase when too high speed within causes the motor parts to "let go" and something in the nature of the ambulance-towcar is urgently desired for a mechanism decidedly dud.

But here is the strange part about Pain. It rarely comes from the injury itself.

It comes from the immediate conflict which Mind sets up, protesting the fact that the mechanism has not disclosed more stamina.

Pain hurts because Mind fights it.

The Christian Scientist says there's is no such thing, and the Christian Scientist—or Mrs. Eddy—is, and was, uncannily correct. Stop fighting Pain, and the agony diminishes. But Mrs. Eddy never said anywhere that there is no such thing as antagonism, conflict, contest, between Mind and Mind's enhousement. If she did, then she is guilty of a paradox in her own teaching, because if Mind had no conflict with its enhousement, then there could be no possible need or excuse for the cult called Christian Science.

The best example of Pain is the toothache. When a tooth aches, you know you've got a pain and to thunder with Greek and Latin origins.

But you fight that pain. You groan
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Valor

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Thirty Millions

TO USE the vernacular, let's not kid ourselves, we are on the verge of momentous affairs in this world. The trouble with momentous affairs is, that we don't identify them as momentous affairs until we see them in perspective. But some of the most vital pivotal happenings of the ages are around the corner of event . . .

This world isn't beset by the forces of disintegration and destruction that the Man in the Street thinks it is. Conversely, the forces that truly should give apprehension to the Man in the Street, cannot be discussed. He knows nothing about them, and perchance may never know anything about them.

People with true psychical gifts are going up and down the earth carrying a load of moral responsibility that never can be adjudged. The problem isn't how to get across to the Man in the Street an accurate knowledge of the influences seeking his thralldom. The problem is, how to construct a counter-force to the real juggernaut of evil, that the counter force may grow sufficiently powerful along higher spiritual fronts to present a formidable opposition to the agencies and cohorts of anti-Christ and stop them in their tracks on other premises than those of flamboyantly publicity.

Flamboyant publicity only incites the Beast of the Ages to go clawing for victims, to appease the panic within its own spirit.

The statement has been made, by no means fallacious, that the enemies of Christ rampant in this world, have a

fund totalling something like \$30,000,000 on which to operate to debase and mire Christianity as they can.

VALOR has reason to conclude that this same \$30,000,000 is the real slush fund that is to be used in the hope that a super-state may be constructed in this world that means international dictatorship in another two to five years.

The Christ People have only their own integrity and ingenuity to pit against such wealth—which is merely another name for secular Power.

But viewing 1952 and 1953, it probably is a fact that humanity at large will never know of the battle that truly went on behind the scenes, defeating the cohorts of spiritual licentiousness and starting to bring order out of chaos.

The Christ People must win their victory on the high plane of Ethics.

The "enemy" as the enemy, has nothing to use but money.

If the Great American Public could know, as the psychics know, what the true condition of affairs is throughout this earth, it might engage in nothing less than a sit-down strike that would put all politicians on the spot.

And that would mean the Beginning of the End.

"Tell not men too great truths with suddenness, lest they turn and rend you," says the Ageless Wisdom.

How to solve it?

Event alone must solve it.

Christ Himself must take charge of it, because resource versus resource, the handicaps are too great . . . (Know what we're talking about? No, probably not!).

For Shame!



A LETTER AS poignant as any communication ever received at Headquarters, came in this past Christmas Week. Listen:

"Dear Folks: Just a line to wish you all the success in the world in your undertaking. I haven't the Means to help you financially but I feel that you will be successful in your great work. As for the ministers, yes, I believe they are worth working for, but almost everyone I know is against our way of thinking. That is what made it so hard for me when my own dear one "went away" . . . He wasn't what the church calls a Christian, but I think he was a much better man than many so-called Christians . . . At least I know he is very

near me and not "away up in Heaven" or "Down in Hell" as we used to be taught. I think that was the most awful teaching that man could concoct and give to the people. No wonder our insane asylums are filled with fear-ridden people. I know what I suffered until I woke up about thirty years ago. I am praying for your success. Later on I want your books, . . . can't do it just now. Please pardon this letter, but sometimes it helps to 'sputter' a little to someone who understands. When my dear one passed, I had no one to talk to, and ministers were absolutely no comfort in a time like that!"

What an indictment of so-called Men of God! . . . ministers were absolutely no comfort in a time like that.

One searches his own heart and asks earnestly: Are they truly Men of God, or are they parrots of a theological St. Paul, who galloped away with his own notions as to what Christianity comprised?

Came a letter to Soulcraft Headquarters from a pastor in Pennsylvania this past week—

"Take my name off your mailing-list. I do not know who has been foolish enough to pay good money for your so-called Christian literature to be sent me, but if you deny the doctrine of heaven and hell, you leave nothing to Christianity."

Maybe the man was right.

Subtract the fantasies of a mythical Heaven and a literal Hell, and Christianity of the moment stands stripped and bankrupt.

It is arid.

It has nothing else to offer.

Come and be saved—or—Come and be damned.

"Ministers are of no comfort in a time like that."

Is it any wonder that bankrupt civilization of the moment reflects a spiritually bankrupt Church?

Accounting



CHRISTIANITY, says the Cynic, is anything you read into it, out of your Better Nature.

The trouble with such Cynic is, he closes his eyes to the potent inquiry as to where Man obtained "his Better Nature" . . . He forgets that man obtained his better nature out of the tenets which Christ

spread upon earth—that and Experience that has softened and refined his character, life upon life, age upon age.

There is coming a Great Cleavage, sooner or later, in the ranks of the conventional clergy.

Are they tender shepherds of human souls, or mere Heaven-and-Hellers for the pomp of it?

Why shouldn't—or rather, why could not—the woman correspondent of the foregoing, “go to the clergy” when she lost her beloved husband?

Because the Heaven-or-Hellers gave her nothing consoling her in her time of inhuman bereavement.

Soulcraft does nothing else.

Soulcraft does it. Orthodox religion does not do it, apparently.

Which, by the very essence of the service performed, serves the true spiritual purpose?

Which, to ask it in another pattern, partakes of True Religion?

No vaunted pastor of a so-called Christian Church ever turns down a copy of the *Golden Scripts* that a shudder does not go through the Recorder's intellect. That man isn't a pastor. He's a modern Scribe or Pharisee. He's not ministering to human souls that have lost dear ones. He's ministering to the Law of Dogma.

So long as he's had one woman who couldn't come to him for solace when she'd lost her Dear One, he's a Whited Sepulchre, obtaining money of his salary under false pretenses.

Which, therefore, is he professing allegiance to, . . . the Spirit of Christ or the Austerity of Dogma?

Churches of this American nation service only 39 percent of the workaday populace. Sixty-one percent of citizens have small use for them.

The reason that they have small use for them is because they supply nothing of enduring spiritual value. One would imagine that a businessman who saw 61 percent of his high-be customers staying away from his establishment, would overhaul his stock and ask himself whether the lack of patronage was his own inadequate presentation of his wares. What manner of intelligent merchant would sit in his inner office and rail against the populace as following the Devil because they find nothing of value in his establishment?

Churchianity is failing America's millions! So it's combining forces with the political Do-Gooders to get votes.

VALOR comes back to the heart-strick-



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\$25 for the Five

SOULCRAFT CHAPELS

Noblesville, Indiana

en widow who couldn't go to the clergy for solace “in a time like that” . . .

The human race wants Truth and Comfort in this generation. It doesn't want Third Century Doctrine.

And it asks the clergy to throw the whole fantastic dogma of the Heaven-and-Hellers overboard and learn of the Christ as He is.

No?

Okay, brother. Go preach to your empty pews.

Lull Before Storm

(Continued from Page 4)

of the belt-line, for which there are plenty of wearers but no buyers.

Lucklessly enough, this condition is going to maintain world without end until the belt-line tender gets the cobbler's prior two dollars—all value of what he's created. Then glut doesn't mature. But

(Continued on Page 13)



Strange Experiences

The Man Who Saw Death through a Mirror . .

THE experiences related hereinafter would seem of themselves to be fantastic were they not recounted by one Monsieur Pyrrhus Bessi, well-known official of Sicily, reported by the great Flammarion as an utter skeptic in respect to all spiritualistic or supernatural matters. Both had to do with advance warnings of death, one taking the pattern of exploding a gun that could be heard by half a dozen people, the other opening a looking-glass or full-length mirror like a door and revealing what was happening of tragic nature at a distance. Hear Dr. Bessi tell it in his own words—

“**I**N the month of December last year, at a reunion of my wife’s family one evening, we were gathered around a good fire on the great hearth, talking gaily, when we heard—all of us—a great noise, like the concussion of a firearm near at hand. It was as though a gun had been fired, in fact, close to our ears.

After our first moment of astonishment and alarm, we sought to explain the occurrence by first finding out whether or not it was a practical joke—or something more serious. One of us went upstairs, even into the attic. As for myself, I went down cellar. Nothing! We then examined the guns on the premises. All the weapons in the guncase were still loaded.

“When we gathered back in the kitchen, all of us smelled the very marked and literal odor of black powder, burnt, to such a degree that we had to open the window.

“**I** ADMIT I was astounded. All the more so, when I noted that my various relatives seemed to be taking it in

a mood of sudden depression. After several moments of enduring their silence, I demanded to be told what the matter was. My father-in-law said with melancholy sigh—

“Now at last, my dear fellow, perhaps you’ll believe.”

“Believe what, I wanted to know?”

“That report was a bad omen.”

“Come, come,” I laughed, “what are these superstitions?”

“Father shrugged his shoulders, no little annoyed. But when a moment had passed, he went on, ‘I speak from experience, painful experience. You must know this isn’t the first time that this has happened in our family. Such a firearm report has always been followed by misfortune in our house. Eight days before my dear sister died, we heard the same report. The girls here remember it.’

“My wife and the elderly servant answered in the affirmative, with expressions of sadness and apprehension.

“Besides that,” added my father-in-law, “Eight days before the death of your wife’s youngest brother, we had the same warning.”

“**I** COULD not have entire faith in such words, still, I felt disturbed. Once more heavy silence came in the room. Soon it was broken by the ringing of a bell. I myself went to open the door. It was my father-in-law’s first cousin, a well-to-do land proprietor, who lived in the furthest quarter of the town.

“He entered without even troubling to greet us civilly. He had an air of sadness and consternation. These were the first words that he spoke—

“Did you people hear anything over here?” Then before he gave us opportunity to answer, he exclaimed, “The loud firing-off of a gun. We were eating supper.”

“The short account which he there-

upon gave, increased my astonishment and perturbation. This strange coincidence of two identical and simultaneous incidents made me reflect. Nevertheless, I could not admit that any such things as ‘spirits’ were concerned in it. By next day the incident had ceased to be a topic of conversation among us.

“Two weeks went past . .

“**O**NE EVENING I was alone, writing. Fatigued with work, I halted, lit a cigarette and stretched myself out in an armchair. Before me, hung on the wall, was a tall, old mirror, reflecting the bluish coils of my cigarette smoke. I was amusing myself by blowing smoke rings into space.

“My cigarette was half-consumed when I noticed that the flame of my lamp was sinking. Why should it do that? I wished to snuff it, when suddenly it went completely out.

“But I declare to you that for some weird reason, the room was still irradiated by a faint greyish light.

“Glancing by chance toward the mirror I saw that it reflected a growing light even more vividly than a moment before when my lamp had been burning, I was actually looking into the tall, narrow strip of mirror as through an opened door. On the other side of the looking-glass could be seen a room rather brilliantly illuminated, with furniture that was different than that in my own room. I thought I must be dreaming, but took mental note that I was fully awake. I remained seated motionless in my armchair, watching this scene ‘behind the looking-glass’ . .

“**I** THEN saw an old lady come forward. I recognized her as my father-in-law’s aunt, the mother of a cousin who had been at the house the evening when the sinister report of the firearm had been heard. The old lady sat down at a table in the foreground, took some sheets of paper from a drawer, and began to write slowly, with an air of great absorption, but with exceeding care, not once raising her head. She finished, got an envelop and enclosed what she had written, inside it. Thereat she leaned her head against the high back of the chair on which she had been seated to perform the penmanship, and seemed to fall asleep.

“I gazed at the whole scene, which I was watching distinctly, but a cold chill made me shiver. However, I could not

take my eyes from the mirror. However, as I watched, the light being reflected from it grew fainter gradually, as though the lamp in the room in which the old lady had been writing, was in turn dying out. It was not long before any scene in the mirror was indistinguishable.

"All of it left me, for several moments, a prey to veritable terror. I wished to arise, to shake off my painful state of mind, but I neither could nor dared.

"I CANNOT say how long I remained thus in darkness. The dawn might possibly have surprised me in my armchair if my wife—seeing I had so long delayed going to bed—had not come to look for me.

"You may say that we are here confronted with a simple phenomenon of hallucination. Well, I thought this myself next morning, when I awakened from a troubled night's sleep.

"But some moments after awakening I was informed that word had just arrived that *the old lady whom I had seen in the mirror had been found dead, in that very armchair in which I had seen her*, in the course of that night. Furthermore, her will, which she had penned a few moments before dying, had been found in the drawer of the table which I had seen distinctly in the mirror at a great distance.

"Evidently I had looked through the looking-glass, hundreds of miles, into her apartment, and watched her write the will and cease to exist mortally."

PIRRO BESSI

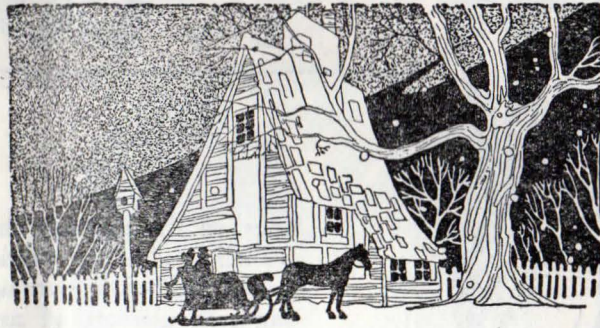
All the relatives of Bessi, living in Cefalu, in the province of Palermo, made affidavit of the gun report, which Flammarion kept in his archives of psychical records. Bessi himself, recounted to his wife what he had just discerned before going up to bed with her, so that when news of the old aunt's death came next day, she could vouch for her husband's lethel vision.

But these things happen. *Is the world of reality precisely the condition of tangible affairs that we imagine?*

A FRIEND came in Christmas afternoon and heard the father of the family snoring in the library.

"Does your daddy always snore like that?" he asked the small son.

"No, sir," said the boy. "He's just dreamin' about a dawg, and that's the dawg growlin'."



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

BIGGEST item of interest 'round Headquarters for the holiday was Master Eric Duane Pearson, very important bit of mechanism, that—or who—came off the celestial assembly line on the dot of 5:13 Christmas morning, weight eight pounds, one ounce. Why the extra ounce? Head mechanics on said assembly line suggest it must be the extra seat-cushions not commonly distinguishing this model, otherwise standard equipment. Mundane end of the assembly line was Noblesville Hospital where Santa Claus and the stork had a fight, with stork winning out. Mother doing so well she wanted home with her particular Christmas gift by two same afternoon. Could not be done because delivery inspectors don't allow current models to be taken out until motors have had thorough try-out . . . This motor, however, seems to be performing flawlessly. Slight leakage apparent in crank-case from time to time but expert attention will eventually seal that. Nothing wrong decidedly with siren, and ignition sparks perfectly, particularly when pushed with first finger of right hand. On the whole, standard equipment, stream-line body, reasonably safe wheel-base, and brakes to be adjusted by Pam and Winkie—after reasonable road tests. Oh, yes, fluid drive and all that sort of thing . . .

o—o

ADELAIDE was feeling so normal up to Monday evening that she helped prepare tree and stockings for used models parked on family lot who would be rolling around 5 a. m. Grandpa and the Soulcraft Family arrived with tinsel extras and Mysterious Things in holly paper and remained until 11 p. m. A few

cogs on the assembly line rasping occasionally as though lubrication might be called for, before morning. Grandpa having seen plethora of new models come off said assembly line, went home to bed. By two a. m. assembly line was giving unmistakable evidence of needing attention, and got it. By five-thirteen, Medical Superintendent Dillon, Noblesville physician, pronounced it a perfect body job with particularly facile cantilever springs and fuel capacity, every prospect four or five Christmases hence of giving seventy-five miles to the gallon. Gramp awakened at six at the plant and informed he was a fifth grandpa—or anyhow, a grandpa five times. Reported he remarked "Humph!" and went back to sleep. Mel came back from Municipal Populace Plant and insisted on making hot waffles for Christmas breakfast, Adelaide's brother Bill being up from Evansville. Bill had been acting as babysitter during Blessed Event, and otherwise pinch-hitting as attendant on family parking lot to make sure no depredations were committed on Christmas premises while Santa and Stork were having that fight. Pam, being told she had Yuletide brother, kicked heels in bed higher than head and gave joyous shriek. Winkie looked serious and stared at bedroom ceiling. Where did it leave *him*? He appeared to give it thought. Then the prospect of opening 57 parcels in holly paper, disclosing a holster of Gene Autry guns, a mechanical tank, and an electric cannon that could pepper his Gramp with wooden slugs on occasion, rescued him from too morbid introspection—particularly that prospect of peppering Gramp with wooden slugs on occasion. Family gorged on hot waffles and Vermont maple syrup and shortly after lunch eligible members repaired to Municipal Works to check on minor aftermaths. Found Adelaide sitting up against pillows on high cot listening to recital of troubles from sister room-mate. No change in her temperamental condition, apparently, since 11 p. m. night before. Said she remembered practically nothing of that fight between Santa and Long-Legged Bird, ex-

cept departing tinkle of Santa's reindeer when he went off defeated and Stork sent a long-billed *Ha-Ha-Ha-Pooh!* to keep him company back to polar regions. Otherwise all quiet on Obstetrical Front. Did we care to see New Arrival? Oh, no, we were up there strictly to admire Noblesville's new hospital. So we trooped down very highly polished corridor and looked at night's production through a glass. Very serenely sleeping, thank you. Didn't mind a bit coming among these Soulcrafters. Would arouse presently and require local attendants to "Fill 'er Up!" Gramp said, Howya, Fellar? Noted slight inclination to red hair. Went back and advised Adelaide she'd better keep it. Eric Duane Pearson was official trade name given this 1952 model. Figures out numerically to a 6. Born on Christmas morning, 1951, gives Arrivee number 8 life-path. Adelaide expects to be back in bungalow home into which Pearsons moved from plant last September, in two to three days, probably before Headquarters' tidbit reaches national Soulcrafters. Means Gramp will possibly get some letters answered 'round this place . . .

o—o

ANYHOW, Christmas otherwise went off with greatest barrage of Yuletide response from Soulcrafters that movement has had to date. Almost two thousand new *Golden Scripts* had gone out to clerics, or others requesting them. Delivery of Yuletide Greeting Cards was small deluge sent in by growing band of Soulcrafters. Testimonials written on some in penmanship, attesting to spiritual help Soulcraft has been to them, has melted the heart on more than one occasion. Gramp had to officiate at three different openings of Yuletide gifts. Came back from hospital in early afternoon, where weighty decision to keep new model was arrived at, to find Bill's family and in-laws arrived from Ohio. Bill met them at plant and drove them home in Christmas evening through sleet storm to Evansville. But afternoon saw—or rather heard—four small fry taking over stu-

dio and plant. Christmas music, relatives, holly paper, glitter, new babies, waffles with maple syrup, kids shrieking, dawgs barking, lava-flow of confectionery, and the big portrait of the Elder Brother, candle-lighted as always throughout Yuletide, looking from the length of the studio . . . it's nice to be an American, living in a Christian land, surrounded by sympathetic helpers in a Great Work. Christmas of 1951. Done gone, and a memory. And a small tad coming in to join the Intimate Circle, probably with malice aforethought . . .

o—o
COME RIGHT on in and sit a spell, brother. Glad the sleet storm on the world didn't detain you. Of course, we all sympathize with you that up through all the years you'll live, you're going to be gypped out of personal birthdays. Nobody's ever going to give you a birthday party that's exclusively yours—meaning that it won't be overshadowed by the Greater Birthday. However, that's the way you ordered it. Get grown, boy, get grown. Emma'll be making her semi-annual contribution to the dawg populace around this place in another ten days and you'll want to be on your small pins so you can lift 'em by their puppy stems. The world moves and Time rocks along. The year 1952 opens, which numerologically and astrologically is predicted as the Big Year of Soulcraft. Well, it's started propitiously. Mel? Oh yes, he's around, sorta bumping into door-edges with weariness and trying to rationalize what it's all about. In about four years he'll find out. Steady, fella. It's never quite so bad as it seems . . . The Old Man knows from experience . . .

—GRAMP

Lull Before Storm

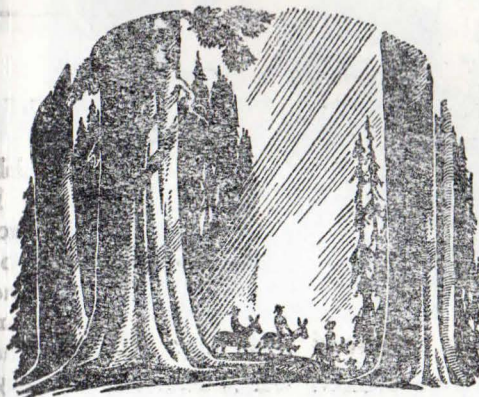
(Continued from Page 9)

that's a form of cooperativism that's a-nathema to the plutocratic mind that assumes it's wealthy because it's taken its cut of the thirty percent glut—or the whole thirty percent glut—in the past and held it for a season, only to be ruinously taxed out of it when Depression made the feeding of wageless people necessary.

Yes, we're feeling the Lull Before the Storm, not of holocaust so much as correct economic adjustment.

Socialism? What difference does it

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make what names or anathemas are applied to it? Collectivism, Cooperativism? Until correct economic adjustment is arrived at, this war economy must serve as panacea for our woes of over-production. And over-production doesn't mean making more goods than we can consume; it means making a surplus of goods that no has funds to acquire, because wage earners and consumers are one and the same persons.

The true problem facing all politicians—Republicans as well as Democrats—ultimately will be: How can we make the wages paid all workers equal the value of the amount of goods they produce?

Meantime, supporting reliefers respectably by calling them Defense Workers and having them make tanks instead of

shoes, is as good an expedient as any to keep the cock-eyed system from crashing about any Administration's heads.

Now let's all shut our minds to economic realities and pour the liquid fire on Acheson for paying \$120,000 for the release of those flyers.

All of it contributes to making this War Economy a real and a “sound” economy.

Likewise it gives us an excuse for not thinking, and makes Acheson a first-rate whipping boy.

When we run completely ashore economically, we always have Acheson to lambaste. It gives us great satisfaction to abuse some political character for our own stupidities—or refusal to work our mentalities. Give it to him good.



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
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	\$12.00
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Complete in One Volume, Cloth,	\$ 6.00
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These prices on above package orders will maintain until February 1st. We will fill wire orders and bill you, if desired.

SOULCRAFT CHAPELS

Ill-Health

(Continued from Page 7)

and protest and cuss the recalcitrant molar, which is not recalcitrant at all, but simply has developed a cavity that has exposed a nerve.

You give it a battle royal.

The whole household knows you've got such a battle to win, and duffs in to help you win it in order to get some sleep or tranquillity.

It may sound like a Spartan remedy, but if you tried saying to that tooth-nerve: "Now go ahead, you son of a sea-cock, and ache as hard as you please! —I'm going to find out just how hard you can ache, and set about to enjoy it," you might make the discovery that first the tooth-nerve would take you at your word and make you well-nigh do a head-spin.

But after that spasm it would begin to give up.

All of us have known from childhood that the best cure in the world for a toothache is to have a rich aunt arrive from the city and announce that she has two tickets for the evening's local theatrical performance.

Another good cure for a toothache is to go to the dentist to have it drawn and sit for a time in the anteroom harkening to the patient ahead of you groan. It is truly miraculous how that maddening ache vanishes under such audition—same human being, same hollow tooth, same exposed nerve, but no ache.

What can have happened?

The Mind, under the stronger stimuli of the counter-interest, forgets to fight. The conflict has stopped.

No conflict, no pain!

NO TWO persons' aches and pains arise from precisely the same causes, of course—any more than three men will all come to the boss and beg tomorrow off because they desire to do the same things in the holiday thus negotiated. But the fact that all three *do* want the holiday is not to be denied.

Ninety-five out of every hundred people in life want a holiday of some sort. Spirit truly is absorbing more from the life-experience than it can handle for immediate conscious profit. But the economic circumstance is a cruel task-master. Therefore spirit makes the body cut strange capers.

Sit down sensibly and figure out what lesson you're supposed to be deriving from the stricture, and being sick becomes silly.

People too often make a business of taking vacations—at a certain season of the year, unmindful of the stresses laid upon them during the remaining fifty weeks. All of which results in no vacation at all.

The vacations whose lack makes the body "give up" are the vacations that are needed as a counter-acting experience to high-voltage vicissitude, when Inside Spirit is gaining more sensory wisdom than it can humanly digest.

Vacations should be time-out to catch up on experience-absorption.

Spiritual weariness is the thing that makes for illness—or the condition wherein illness develops. And spiritual weariness is naught but spirit's ability to absorb the profits from daily adventures at the same pace that circumstances dictate.

All life, of course, is conflict—but in the proper proposition and perspective the conflict is between the elements of life, not between Experience and Soul. There should be no conflict between Life and Spirit.

Small wonder the Mentors smile when they are asked to give causes for the spots before our eyes!

The Year 1952

(Continued from Page 2)

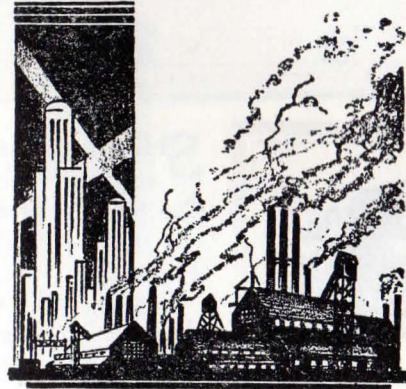
sale hoodwinking of a weary and righteously angered public has cost, that the payoff comes.

Watch 1952 develop the flaws and potholes into tragic size as the corporations of America begin to let millions out of work because nations no more than individuals can squander and destroy wealth and expect to have it too.

No, Russia and China aren't the menaces. But what may be attempted subversive of Constitutionalism, to "remedy" the economic situation which United Nations has precipitated, is a thing to watch grimly.

Watch Christ's reaction to the whole of it and His employment of it to work ends which the internationalists little dream.

Fanaticism? Maybe not so much as the real fanatics assume.



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.

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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.

SHE HAD heckled her Maine guide to death and he was getting morose. One silly question after another had been put to him. Finally they came to a pond of water.

"Guide," she cried, "look right over there where I'm pointing and tell me what makes that funny streak in the water?"

"That, madam," replied the Yankee, "is where the road went across the ice last winter. What else do you want to know?"

A SNOBBISH young Englishman was visiting Mt. Vernon and getting in the collective hair of the attendants by his comments. Approaching Old Shep, the head gardener, he exclaimed—

"I see, my dear man, that dear old George got this hedge from dear old England."

"Reckon he did, dear young pain-in-the-neck," said Shep. "He got this whole bloomin' country from dear old England!"

THE TEACHER was having her trials and finally wrote the small boy's mother, "Your son is the brightest boy in his class, but also the most mischievous. What shall I do with him?"

The mother wrote back. "Do whatever you please with him. I'm having my own troubles with his father."

THE MISTRESS asked her colored maid. "You expect to hang up any mistletoe this Christmas, Annalina?"

"Indeed Ah does not," the girl replied. "Ah's got too much pride to advertise fo' ornerv courties any lady have a right to expect."

WILLIE'S little sister called her mother in sudden alarm. The mother came to the window to ascertain the trouble.

"Look at Willie," the sister cried shocked. "He's takin' all his clothes off. He's goin' barefoot all over."

IN a crowded bus a man gave a woman his seat. She fainted. On recovering, she thanked him. Then he fainted.

SAID a husband to his friend, "I've just made the most horrible error of my life. My wife sent me a note telling me to have ten dollars ready for her, and she'd meet me here to have me go shopping with her. At the same time I got a letter from a creditor asking I settle the ten bucks I owed him. I wrote him saying, 'Can't possibly comply with your request. Got to meet another little thing today that can't be put off.' Then in my dumb way, I sent the creditor ten dollars and the note to my wife."

"But certainly you can explain it was an understandable mistake."

"Nope, I've just done all I can. I've took out a \$10,000 accident insurance policy good for two hours and I expect her here any minute. Tell the boys good-bye for me, and if you meet a lady on the stairs, keep close to the wall."

A MOTORIST, stranded on a country road with a car that had developed internal difficulties, applied at a nearby farmhouse for help.

"Have you any lubricating oil?" he asked the half-deaf old lady who answered his knock.

"Lubricatin' what?"

"Oil. Any kind of oil. In a pinch I might even use castor oil."

"We ain't got none o' that," she replied. "But I could give you a good dose o' salts, if it'd help ye."

THE COUNTRY doctor came out of the bedroom to the waiting husband.

"I don't like the way your wife looks at all," he declared.

The husband said, "Wal, to tell you the truth, Doc, I never did care much about her looks myself. But she takes good care o' me and the kids, so I reckon you better save her."

A CROWD of small boys stood around the door of a circus tent. The compassionate citizen said to the doorman. "Let these boys in, and count them as they pass."

The attendant did so. "Twenty-eight, sir," he reported.

"Good," said the citizen, walking away, "same count as I got, myself."