

Valor

The Golden Times Weekly . .

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

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Number 10

PATRIOTISM REQUIRES PRIMING . .

THE LIBERTY Bell pealed forth American independence of Great Britain from the belfry of Pennsylvania State House in Philadelphia 176 years ago this week. We've come to call the structure Independence Hall in consequence.

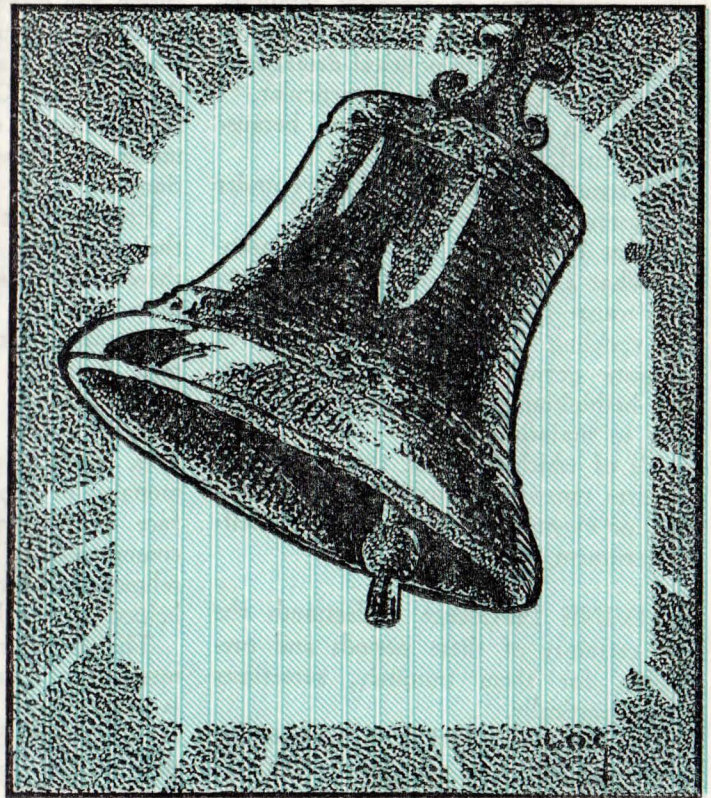
However, there are odd psychological effects maintaining today from the events that established the autonomy of the Colonies on this side of the Atlantic in 1776.

We're required to face the fact as dispassionately as we can, that the bigger any country grows, and the further it travels in point of time from the inciting events attending on establishment, the weaker grows the emotional pull of those events—until finally the entire drama of them becomes more or less academic.

We'd be regarding the matter incorrectly to say that people are any less patriotic. Nostalgic ties of affection for terrain or customs are no less strong. But we're called to discern that the significance of Patriotism itself alters. Or rather, Patriotism becomes what the mass thinking of a nation's citizens makes it from year to year in social, economic, or political progress.

Patriotism, we might express it, is "the way the citizens of a country feel about it en masse."

For instance, there's such a thing as Government itself becoming such a complication and expense, such a respon-



sibility and distraction—made so by malice aforethought or otherwise—that the average citizen wishes subconsciously that he could get out from under the whole of it.

ALL THE flag-wavings in the world, all the speeches and fireworks that can be launched at his burdened and frayed receptivities, can't overcome that psychological aversion to the cankering bedlam of a nation growing so vast in performing as well as size, that the common voter can't follow it mentally.

Psychologically viewed, it's Patriotism itself as a moral attribute that's taken that turn. The same urges that prompted the citizen to seize the rudder of the Ship of State and do his own navigating in 1776, cause him to

wish that someone would come on deck and relieve him of the strain of it in 1952.

Truth to tell, and spiritually considered, the common voter isn't learning anything from trying to navigate the national craft that he doesn't already know—or thinks he knows—while a sense of defeat overwhelms him at his own futility or deftness as a pilot.

A nation can get tired in its soul, particularly after two world wars and the prospect of another, so that governing itself becomes utterly devoid of novelty. When it reaches such lethargy, someone in the Body Politic must maintain vigilance, because those are the periods when alien conspirators or crackpot totalitarians attempt to take over. Or it may be merely the bombastic political demagogue who says to Uncle Sam in particular, "I can do this job better than you, because you're tired and deserve a rest."

So strange things begin to move under the surface of civic affairs.

What Uncle Sam truly wants—meaning what a great people like the Americans want—is a respite and holiday from the cackling confusions of all types of pressure groups and conniving minorities, bethinking to take over and give orders to majorities.

All of which is saying that Patriotism requires renewing periodically by the nature of events restoring novelty to Self-Government . . .

DIVINE Providence understands the certainty of these periods and prescribes for them uniquely, sometimes even drastically.

If a reasonable period of recuperating peace and industrial tranquillity can't be managed, owing to the size or aggressiveness of pressure groups, that nation is carried through a series of jeopardies and crises, in which the commoners are shaken up like cards in a bag. New leaders are called up by nature of forced circumstances. Dramatic expedients are taken to enact this tranquillity even at the price of turmoil. The citizen cries despairingly, "Oh, Lord, what next?"

Actually he's having his attention recreated, or refocussed, on the paramount factors in true civic welfare, so that his interest in free institutions rejuvenates. He may consider it harsh and needless at the time but the very fact that it occurs proves the fact that he's been deficient in what it carries.

For this reason, and this alone, peo-

ple of mature spiritual intellect should never resent or remonstrate dramatic happenings accruing to a nation when its seeming public conscience has become stale and jaded.



OBVIOUSLY, as matters now begin to take pattern, the big crucial shaking-up ahead for Americans—whose confusion and disgruntlement is embodied in an apathetic civic conscience—is a resurgence of Nationalism in the face of the grandiose One-World oligarchy now threatening in every department of life under the nomenclature of United Nations.

Eventually it must break through to the rank and file of Americans that there's no similarity between United Nations and the one-time federalizing of government between the original Thirteen American Colonies. That's only a pedantic ruse for bemusing American gullibles while a pernicious thing goes over. The Thirteen Colonies had commonalty of interests to preserve in the face of foreign aggressions. They had commonalty of culture and speech and religion to defend, and federalization best helped them achieve it.

The commonalty of interests which members of United Nations subscribe to, is conquest of the resources and wealth of the United States, cutting this stupendous nation down to mediocrity among the Have-Nots of the earth. Already it has supervision of United States foreign policy, and to a degree control over its military. It is rapidly working toward police surveillance over the guarantees of personal liberties embodied in the First Amendment—by its encroachments in the Genocide Treaty. By ways that are dark and paths that are vile, it is inexorably perfecting control of the American economy, dictating what the manufacturing quotas of the United States shall be—by means of the International Materials Conference. By the infamous recommendations of UNESCO, it presumes to dictate that American youth shall no longer have historical access to the exploits of the Founding Fathers.

George III, in his wildest days of mon-

archal dictatorship, never conjured up repressions so audacious.

When the allegedly "jaded" American awakens to the fact that it is only to his own United States that such stipulations are applying, and that the 59 fellow nations are strictly on the Grabbing and Receiving End, he will suddenly acquire a resurgence of interest in free government that breeds New Patriotism.

The day that Americans reject this alien Frankenstein and all that it implies, will be the Second Independence Day in American history!

But the issue it represents must come to crisis first.

PEOPLE far along the Pathway of the Ageless Wisdom will view this curdling contest in such light. Only those of limited vision or esoteric illiteracy behold disaster and extinction in the trend of it. A definite Something is working out, to bring a revitalization of civic conscience to Americans en masse. Courage, confidence, and philosophic poise as it matures marks the truly enlightened personage from his purblind brethren.

But to the purblind brethren themselves, the thing will come in and probably mature without their recognizing its significance.

Matters require to go after the pattern they're following.

Just now there's a relief based on ignorance to have United Nations take over the job of running a country as huge and complicated as America. Subconsciously the average American, "willing to give U-N a trial", assumes that he's going to get the same sort of government from it that he's always gotten from Washington—gotten from Washington, at least, prior to 1933. When Mr. Average American eventually arouses to the kind of government U-N intends to give him, practically modeled on USSR, with aliens everywhere in control and ordering him to go and come, the same sort of anger can sugar off that produced Concord Bridge and Monmouth and Yorktown. Patriotism will stand out in a new guise, premised on events recent enough to make them notable in his thinking for a century to come.

But they're not really disasters—such periods of resurgence.

They're Patriotism in the business of renewing itself.

The nation can take it.

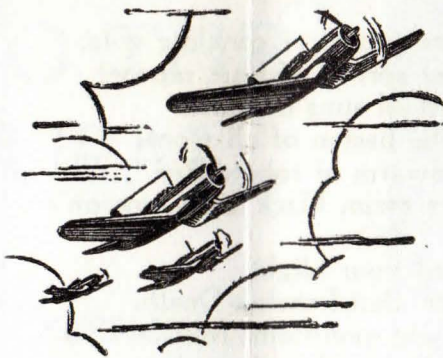
WHAT IF FLYING SAUCER PEOPLE WERE ARRIVING TO OFFER HELP?



LET'S face it. If these flying saucers be manifestations of contemporary life from other planets—and whoever has read the entirely reliable books by Scully, Heard, and others upon the subject has a difficult time doubting it—what's to be the practical psychological effect on the millions of earth, confronted for the first time in history by visitors of other worlds? The matter cannot be laughed off after *Life's* recent article, plus the apparent photographing of the midget men taken from the space ship reported as shot down by military flak over Monument Valley, Arizona, March 21, 1950. All of a sudden the United States has become serious about the Flying Saucers.

The chief difficulty arising from such epochal happening is, of course, that of speech. Granting the differences in atmospheres and atmospheric pressures between the planets can be surmounted organically—at least for a time—communicating with living beings from other systems means either learning their language or they learning ours. But if their civilizations are enough advanced over ours to be first to perfect interplanetary travel, would it not be reasonable that they are far advanced over ours ethically or spiritually? The conventional reaction that these interplanetary beings must of course be visiting earth with designs on us to destroy us, is only ignorance of the law of culture and altruism that accompanies loftier intellectual development. Surprises may be in store for us from this source alone.

What if it becomes disclosed within the next decade that the human creatures of this particular globe are the only sentient creatures that make a business of slaying one another? What if the diminutive visitors bring us secrets—when speech difficulties have been solved—that forever prevent further wars from occurring? What if they carry lore about psychical life that makes our psychical research of the present as elemental as *Mother Goose*? What if they introduce economic and agricultural secrets to us



that step up man's progress by hundreds and perhaps thousands of years?

Most of all, what may it do to orthodox religion?

THE BIBLE asserted to be the one infallible Word of God, makes no mention of sentient and rational life on any other planet but solar Earth. It solemnly adjures all believers to accept that the Earth is the center of the universe, so to speak, with the sun, moon, and stars mere "lights set in the firmament, to give light upon the earth." That the Earth was spherical and rotated about the sun, was fought by the Church for almost a thousand years. And yet what shall be said for the recent disclosures of the big Schmidt-Kellner lens recently set in the 200-inch telescope at Palomar, California, whose first photographs revealed great, breath-taking panoramas of outer space—clear, undistorted views out to distances of 300,000,000 light-years, or about two thousand billion billion miles? It shows unsuspected island universes by the thousands. It reveals strange



patterns and shapes, glowing accumulations of gases and distribution of nebulae strongly suggesting that by no means was the creation of the universe any smooth and orderly affair but more after the program of a turbulent explosion. This, by the way, has been the enlightenment in the *Soulscripts* from the first—that the creation of the universe and its continuance resembled the concussion of a gun forever continuing.

Until the invention and perfecting of the Schmidt-Kellner lens, these celestial objects had been missed entirely or seen only accidentally by what is called "pin-point telescopes". These standard telescopes go out to about 1,000,000,000 light-years. Without the Schmidt-Kellner lens mankind would never know these greater sidereal universes exist.

But to get back to the Saucer Men . . .

UNIQUELY enough, whatever data has been acquired thus far furnishes no evidence that life on other planets, or in other solar systems, is different anatomically from our own. H. G. Wells, in his *War of the Worlds*, had his Martians great rolling blobs of fleshly horror, like unto nothing earthly, of course venomous to destroy us. The true Saucer Men give every aspect of being fashioned organically precisely like earthly humans, but leanly built even for only 23 inches high, wearing no apparel but a small tight lions-cloth and diminutive Robin Hood boots, and ribs showing prominently. The one allegedly photographed in Arizona wore a pleasant and trusting facial expression and seemed to have thin silky effeminate hair under a close fitting hood. The report which VALOR has, declares that this little man made his landing—after the destruction of his big Saucer—in a small silvery global parachute entirely encasing him. Reports from friends in the air service imply that the U. S. Military actually has three such spatial airmen in official custody, alive and apparently doing as well as might be expected, with no public data being issued upon them.

We know that the prophets of old told

Thrill Finale



PADE up some terrors worse, ye cackling wits,
 To make a harder sprawl of blue repose!
 Pile atom bombs until all suns be paled
 By flashings of the fission of all woes!
 Float in your locust swarm of robots Red
 Till kindly shores swim black with treason's
 breath!

I draw the fuse and king-pin of your blight
 By mirth at your own fears, that I shrink Death.
 Crack up this earth's shell till yon mountains roll
 Like mustard billows on a tortured sea!
 Rain down hot bits of stars till nations blaze!
 What is this fretting clot of flesh to me?
 Truss, tear, or fire this rag of fibres spent,
 That has at most but eighty years to last,
 What are the acorns of all oaks of lives
 But forestry for planets, up the Past?

Shall I be timorous of the Blatant Scene
 Whose dancing yelps are dye-stamped to a score?
 Should I watch palsied as a star is killed
 When lenses sight me forty millions more?
 Am I not comber of a cosmic sea
 That rolls in human crest upon Time's beach,
 And lifts the hearts of men, and sets them down,
 And wears a polish to a diamond sheen on each?
 Cease shouts, my petty ones, and look at Might,
 Unscreened in pansy face or typhoon's roar;
 What can Noise do to one with angel wings
 But fly him back to breaths he breathed before?
 I have cast dice with Fate, my notes to sound
 In all the pibrochs that would spurn Hate's blame,
 I have shot silver barbs from golden bow
 To find up Huntsman's Heights a vasty game.

Designed for endless worlds, I rove with Time
 And see adventure in each kiss of flame;
 I have scaled heady heights, dived soundless depths,
 To learn that Height or Depth is but a name,
 Or distances to broadcast my soul's craft
 That I may wear the valor of Love's Speech,
 And by the freedom of the Mind Inspired
 Fight to the rostrums of the Great Who Teach.
 Thus I relax to Strength, and live Time's joys
 And count myself a warrior in its clan;
 The havoc of all worlds I turn to pelf
 That I be reckoned as a deathless Man.
 All oaths to Fear foresworn, I lift my soul
 To uplands where all Feet of Joy have trod,
 Where waits the Final Thrill: My hand, outstretched,
 Shall feel the loving fingertips of . . . God!

us that "in the last days" signs and wonders should be seen in the heavens, but it jolts us somewhat to realize that what we currently take to be a high order of mechanical and cultural attainment in ourselves and our prevalent civilization, may actually be infantile and or actually barbaric compared to other intelligent denizens of the universe. These people may be a thousand years ahead of us in knowledge, and bring us secrets of the universe that give challenge to our knowledge of the very nature of planetary Matter itself. If they know the solution to personal longevity, that too may alter our universal concept of Eternal Life.

Meade Layne, in his masterly little brochure rationalizing the Flying Saucers from the etheric angle, says, "The etheric ships", as everyone now knows, are of many types, not all of them 'Discs' by any means. Some are long and cigar-shaped; many are shaped like balloons or dirigibles, some have wings or wing-like attachments. Many of them appear to change shape while in the air. Their colors vary also, and have been seen to change. Some of them resemble fire-balls, others are accompanied or followed by smoke, vapor, or luminous appearances. Some are translucent, or seem to glow from within. They travel at all speeds, from zero—stationary—to thousands of miles an hour. They likewise vary widely in size, from a few feet or yards in diameter, to incredible dimensions; *we have one report considered trustworthy of one craft at least ten miles in length.* They have a curious way of disappearing suddenly while in plain sight, and also of rapidly dwindling in size without withdrawing in distance . . ."

Then in another part of the same work, he adds this—

"Let us remember that the Etherians are not ill-disposed towards us, that we should *not* fear them, and should *never* attack them. Further phenomena are most certain to occur—and may be of the most remarkable kind. Panic or superstitious fear may seize upon the masses. It may happen that a considerable measure of responsibility will fall upon those of us who have some measure of understanding of what is taking place. Heretofore, the Etherians have withdrawn quietly when their mission was completed, men thought of them as gods or angels, or spirits of the air, or demons, embodied

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WHY PEOPLE ARE HOSTILE TO THE SUPERNATURAL . .

IF YOU want to scare the immortal daylight out of a man, sprawl down the stairs of his boarding house at midnight and cry: "Come up to the second-floor corner room QUICK! The real estate salesman who died in November is sitting in the chair by the window, groaning and holding his head in his hands!"

Will your friend lift his eyebrows and say: "How interesting! Let's go up and learn what the poor fellow wants?"

Indeed he will not.

If your face wears every aspect of your actually having seen the defunct insurance man your friend will kick over three chairs, a four-poster bed and a grand piano, getting to the window and going through it in one jump. Window-glass and sashes will be no means deter him. The sidewalk will yawn for him, and his legs will be in motion long before he hits. Getting away from insurance agents whose mortal remains are being held in the ground by a couple of tons of granite out in Mount Adnah Cemetery—while his sentient spirit groans above-stairs—will be the one thing in life which your friend desires most.

Perturbingly enough, the celestial spirit ensconced in flesh has a constitution ways and means to indicate his existence while at the same time handicapped by lack of corporeal form. The two simply do not get on well together. The person in flesh, observing the person out of flesh, has asphasia, amnesia, and creeping paralysis. True, his paralysis does not remain long in the creeping stage. Flying paralysis might describe it far better.

And the cause remains a mystery.

It remains a mystery not because any particular law of the universe is being violated but because the person in flesh considers himself to be suffering from the greater handicap.

The man in flesh is loaded down with

Practical Problems in Mysticism

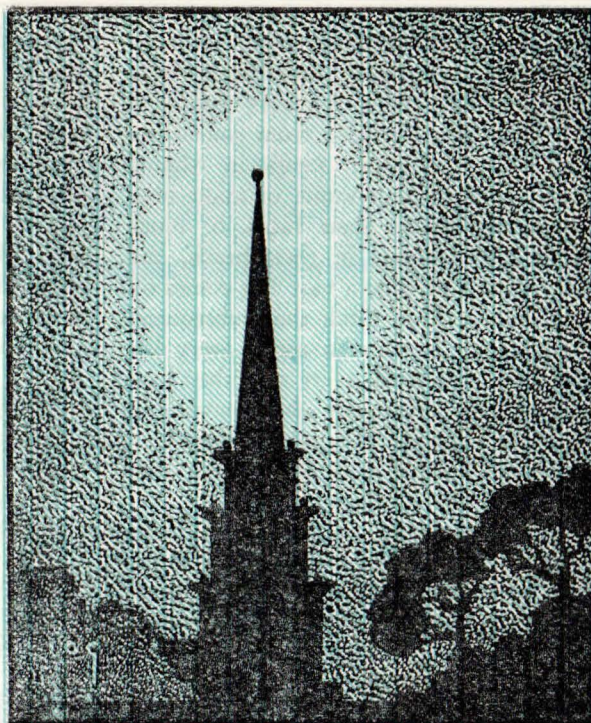
a most substantial body. He knows in his subconscious mind that this body is impervious to anything in the way of physical damage which the discarnate individual may wreak upon it. But he knows other things subconsciously also.

He knows that this corporeal body in which he finds himself residing for the sequence of mortality is supposed to shut away from his psyche certain phases and features that properly belong to his existence before birth and after death. When the aforesaid insurance agent, or his deceased Aunt Harriet or drowned Cousin Joe, suddenly puts in appearance in the disembodied the transient enhousement is proving no protection.

It is a spiritual panic solely that the incarnate one experiences.

And much of it goes back to the prenatal obligations of the individual and what knowledge of compensations lurks in the physically-anesthetized state in the marvelous storehouse of the misnamed Subconscious.

LOOK about you and observe those persons who are most upset or disquieted by any observation of the so-called supernatural and you will discern that uniformly they are people with the greatest fears of Death while at the same time possessed of the most vehement antagonisms toward any suggestions that perchance there is such a thing as living more than one life upon earth.



Emphatically they do not wish to live more than one life upon earth. They have had quite enough of this life, thank you. And yet, whilst vehemently expounding to you whereof and why they want to arrive in the state known as heavenly as soon as possible, they shrink the most frenziedly from any situation that threatens to take their physical bodies away from them and they cling to mortal tenure with the panic of desperation.

In these three phenomena—fear of the supernatural, fear of death, and animosity against returning to earthly life afresh, we get our strongest clue to the tacit purpose which mortal life serves, and wherein and why this business of hurried worldly visitation is very real and vital.

It all harks back to the very terrible experiencings and karmic obligations which the average spirit in flesh has undergone. The panic of the "average" individual at seeing a spook, is not altogether a sense of woeful loss at knowing how to cope with it and meet it on its ground—and if it be hostile, fight it with its weapons.

That panic can be quite as well a phase of Lifted Memory—recollection not of any specific events in any one life which may be required to have payment in kind, but recollection of all the events in all the lives and the inhuman roster of possible reprisals that the soul faces spiritually when considered in a lump.

AGAIN and again we meet with cosmically curious individuals who clamor to have their "memory veils lifted." They gain the idea from somewhere that a metaphysical magician should shake his miraculous wand, or make mystical passes before their faces, or touch certain nerve-centers in their heads, and in an instant of time a vast fog comes off the memory. They think that subsequently they shall be able to recall every life that they have lived, every role they have ever played, every act they have ever committed—good, bad, or indifferent—and every reward and punishment they ever had come to them.

They well know that no such metaphysical legerdemain could ever bring clear before the eyes of their minds all the experiences and acts they have committed in this present life, and they would have no particular desires to have it happen. But because the Lifted Memory idea partakes of scenes and acts when the spirit wore other bodies, they are quite sure it should be interesting and profitable to have them dragged over into their mentalities of the present.

It is a truth, of course, amply illustrated in a thousand cases of near-drowning, that no act or experience which the spirit has ever known since infantile confinement in the mortal body has missed a recording on the consciousness. Sane and reliable people, their lungs being strangled with water, escape the tentacles of such a death to tell their friends later: "My whole life arose up before me; I seemed to live over again everything I had ever done in a handful of seconds." Nobody questions that such a thing happens.

But the question is a fair one: Well, and what of it?

What of it, except for the fact that somewhere, sometime, somehow, such conscious recognition of all the acts and experiences does play a constructive part in the unfoldment of the soul? Remembering all those experiences and acts from moment to moment throughout the whole life would be naught but distraction from the problems of the present. So the registering is subconscious. And it seems to remain subconscious till the probability of death, and a casting-up of the tacit accounts of the life to arrive at the spiritual profit-and-loss, provides a constructive utility.

Wise metaphysicians, however, will rarely tamper with the business of help-

ing to lift the memory-veil on the pre-natally conscious because they recognize the possible effects which the soul's awful load of prenatally-remembered experiences would have on the programs and occupations of the present.

It is blanket awareness of this awful load of prenatally-remembered experiences that too often operates for panic or hysteria when the average person is summoned to view a 'ghost.'



TO ILLUSTRATE, suppose we put it thus—

There is scarcely a person alive today, whose career of the present fails to contain some hideous recollection that he would fain forget. The hapless upthrust of baby-hands as some hapless child went beneath the wheels of his motorcar, the expression on the face of the "enemy" soldier in the trench when there was no hope of escape from the bayonet-thrust, the sobbing hysteria of the betrayed sweetheart who went from the passing quarrel to the roof of the building and thence over the parapet—these high-voltage sequences of unutterable distress are all packed away in the vaults of present-memory and the doors securely sealed.

Suppose, however, that the accumulate of similar distresses extending over a thousand lives were suddenly dragged forth and all made of moment in one grisly parade? Suppose ten thousand such strictures all stood revealed for the terrific karmic obligations which they present?'

Where do such curiosity-seekers gain the idea that the lifting of the Memory Veil only exhibits the pleasant and honorable experiences distinguishing each earthly tenure? Far, far better to let those grisly memories stay buried until the time arrives when they can be equitably compensated.

So it seems that a kindly Providence has provided a way in which they can be compensated without undue distress to the spiritual morale.

THE SOUL, we say, "dies into mortality."

In other words, when the sequence opens, when it can enter into a new physical body and rectify some of those unspeakable blunders made in previous careers, it leaves its load of positive prior-life recollection behind it—consciously at least. The brain-cells, or sense-receiving apparatus, of the new baby-body which it will occupy, are clean. They are like the pages of a new book on which everything waits to be written. True, when the book is filled with the experiences of the imminent earth-life, it will be bound as a new "chapter" to the Main Volume that is the soul's celestial career in all the lives it has lived to date. But at least the new brain, the new life, is unencumbered and unharassed by what has already been inscribed in all the chapters previously filled in and bound.

But take note that the career which opened with the spirit's occupancy of that baby-body has been predicated on the balancing or compensating of some outstanding obligation from the Past. The environment into which it is born, the parental factors, a thousand-and-one stipulations will bring about the possibilities for such adjustments.

By not pulling along consciously the full memory-load contained in the Main Volume, however, the soul can concentrate on the errand to hand, the balancing of the specific cases that should be—and can be—balanced.

MORTAL occupancy is a gracious anesthesia on all which has happened in previous careers. Compensation is simplified to the items and instances that embrace the current career only.

Scores, hundreds, thousands, of debts and inconveniences as between spirit and spirit, may await transaction in other lives. They do not, because they cannot, intrude on the life of the present that has its items of compensation well defined.

But when discarnate spirit as discarnate spirit is suddenly demonstrated in the case of the visiting spook, the disembodied insurance salesman made opaque, the earth-bound entity that groans in the

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SUPERNATURAL EXPERIENCES . .

WE HAVE heard of houses or grounds alleged to be haunted, where rains of stones, brickbats, and even edible apples were common but what should be said for the famous house at Fives, near Lille, France, in the grounds of which copper money fell in two showers? True, it happened back in 1865, but was no less attested and documented on that account, and because of the nature of the "missiles" and the mystery as to where they could have originated, the case became one of the most notable in the annals of the French Society.

The *Douai Independent*, a most reputable local newspaper, first "broke" the story to France in its issue of the 6th of July—

"For the last fortnight some hitherto unexplained things have been happening in the Rue du Prieure a Fives, and have caused a profound sensation in the whole district. At certain intervals a hail of missiles arrives in the yards of two dwellings in that street, which breaks the windows and sometimes hits the inhabitants, without anyone discovering the place whence they come nor the person who throws them. Things have come to such a pass that one of the two tenants has had to protect his glass with wire netting for fear of being killed.

"At first the persons concerned took to watching, then the police were called in, and they kept the closest watch for several days. This did not prevent bits of brick or coal from falling as thick as ever in the two yards. One policeman even received a missile in his back at the moment when he was trying to explain to a comrade the parabola caused by the stones in their fall.

"The glazier who repaired the windows broken the night before, was also hit in the back. He immediately rushed out, swearing to find who did it, but was no

more successful than had been others.

"For several days there had been a notable diminution in the volume of the projectiles, but they are still numerous, so that the excitement continues.

Then on the 8th of July, the *Independent* published this—

"**T**HE CURIOUS phenomena which happened in the Rue du Prieure, at Fives, since Thursday, June 14, and which we have already described, entered upon a new and dramatic phase Saturday. It is no longer a matter of missiles thrown with extraordinary force at doors or windows, or more lightly at persons. This what happens now—

"On Saturday night, French sous and Belgian 2-centime pieces began raining into the yard! Out of what repository they could have come is beyond explanation, but there has been nothing phantasmic about them. They were bona fide coins of the realm, slightly worn after the fashion of commonplace small money, and quickly attracted an immense crowd that found them perfectly spendable on collecting them. No figure of the amount so rained has been arrived at, due to the eagerness with which excited persons found and secreted them. The lady of the house, seeing at the same time several pieces of furniture beginning to move in her rooms, was unable to join the searchers, but later declared the money not to be hers, and insofar as she knew, had not been secreted on her premises. But her furniture seemed to have become obsessed.

"Chairs started to be picked up in many rooms, raised high in air without visible hands touching them, and let to fall to the floors. Many of them were broken. Police, witnessing these levitations, were unable to prevent the destruction. During the same interval, a pair of *sabots*, or wooden shoes, left at the entrance by one of the servants, jumped and clogged about as though covering the feet of an invisible person dancing.

In the evening a calendar placed on a chimney-mantel jumped off and flew about in the air. Shoes of leather, belonging to the family, did dances on the floors with their soles *upward!* When darkness arrived, the master of the house decided to watch . .

"**H**ARDLY was he alone than he heard more noise. It was a candlestick falling from the chimney-piece. While he was picking it up, a piece of shell-work rolled on the carpet. He stooped to pick that up also, when the other candlestick moved by itself off the mantel, and struck him squarely in the center of the back. This sort of thing continued throughout most of the night.

"At the same time, the servant who slept upstairs called hysterically for help. She was found in such a state of terror that her sincerity could not be doubted when she declared she had been *beaten*. She was brought downstairs into the master's and mistress' quarters and told to remain there for the rest of the night, getting what sleep she could. Immediately she was left alone, her cries rose afresh. The beating was beginning again, and master and mistress plainly heard the whacks of the blows she received. She was removed from the house, fell ill, and had to be taken to the home of relatives.

"Then on Sunday morning, and the next day, Monday, *Belgian sous and centimes* began dropping afresh into the yard! . . Neighborhood excitement reached feverish pitch. Buckets of money, literally, must have been of access to someone, to plunge their fingers into coins and toss them about so generously.

"**S**UNDAY afternoon, the mistress was in such state of nerves that she had to leave the place, and went for a walk with a friend after restoring such order to the premises as she could. The doors were carefully locked and no physi-
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Reservation



HE Dilling monograph on General MacArthur has sent a rent of despair through the fabric of belief that a lot of fine Americans have worn for him. VALOR doesn't see the matter in such light at all. It's highly lamentable that General Mac made the speech he did to Certain Elements of the American Legion at Miami, and permitted the Key-Hole Winchells, father and son, to circulate the joy fest reports they did about the "interview" at Waldorf Towers without any repudiation from the General. But that's no excuse for scratching Elizabeth's eyes out, as many of the feminine element would seem to elect.

Let none of us judge General Mac till he "gets to the end of his days" and then see what the records show.

To VALOR's manner of thinking, the General's quirks in Certain Matters undoubtedly result from the thoughts that come to him. If he considers it necessary to truckle to elements that vast numbers of splendid other Americans can't see for dust, they must simply re-adjust their estimates of his blanket omnipotence and let Time work it out in the arena of deeds.

Always proceed on the possibility that the General may not desire the support of the strictly *Christian* elements. None of that should alter in the slightest the loftiness of their ideals. They are ideals we're treating with, in this fraught situation, not individualities. We're obligated to give maximum support to those personages who come nearest symbolizing or advocating those ideals.

If Mrs. Dilling-Stokes has injected a note of caution into a general situation of overly hero-worship, let her be credited for doing the idealists a service. Hers too, is a worthy contribution to the essence of the drama being played too close to our eyes for us to see all factors in their accurate perspectives. Concede that Holy Spirit may be progenitor of all of it to a greater degree than we credit. After all, we elected to live in this period in order to profit from the experience it proffers. To live up to our tenets, we must keep as we can to the Over-All Viewpoint on what's happening.

General MacArthur may sincerely believe that there is neither room nor cause in this country for controversies over race or interests of race. He may have other motives not known to the least of us. We whose knowledge of ethical fundamentals causes us to take equally honest issue with him, can only let him work it out and see how he behaves in situations resulting from turning a blind eye upon the whole of it. Because he'll encounter them, never fear. Any public man who isn't adept in what's going on in the world beneath the surface of current national and international happenings, is putting rivets in his own strait-jacket and must ultimately discover it.

Let's not be mercurial as these items come to light, however. We have our ideals, founded upon omnipotent inspiration. Our support should go, insofar as it's feasible to give it, to the personage or personages who most nearly epitomize them in action. It's the best we can do in this sadly imperfect world.

General MacArthur has expressed the most sterling Americanism uttered in this campaign by any possible candidate to date. We can still be for him because of the matters in which we agree with him, watching to see how he performs as he encounters the effects of the issues on which we may disagree with him.

And don't turn the gas too high under the cooking of Mrs. Dilling-Stokes. Concede the possibility that she too is playing her role in the program of the Higher Educating Powers to help us sharpen our acumen for rightly estimating all phases of our dilemma.

Let all of us show that we're actually lofty enough in our own characters to view Situations as they are, no matter what their nature. To do anything less would be to demonstrate we're not such Big People as we commonly fancy.

VALOR's choice for next President is still Douglas MacArthur, even in the face of the possibility that our endorsement isn't welcome.

Bugaboo



FAVORITE pastime for people without scientific data for their statements, is comment as opportunity offers on the general weather-change "due to effects of atomic explosions." One would imagine that a returned glacial period had set in on this planet, to hear these superficial commentators hold forth on it. Actually, of course, there's been no alteration in the weather. There may be a higher degree of radio-activity in the atmosphere on higher levels, but the American Midwest has never enjoyed a greener or more ideal summer than it's having for 1952. The great cities in their cement encasements may be broiling their millions, but never was the grassroots countryside lusher, crops more promising, or temperatures more comfortable. What's the matter with the memories of the oldsters, that they affect to see alterations in climate?

There have been a hundred summers since the white man came upon the North American continent in the ships of Eric the Red, that have been more drastic in matters of heat and cold, or mercurial changes, than now in 1952. But one thing is certain, the winters are growing milder. Sporadic blizzards and freezes did afflict the nation six months ago, but as a matter of record the mean temperature for cold throughout the whole United States in thirty years hasn't hit the low that it hit in 1918—an average of 21.6 degrees above zero. And where were the atom bombs in 1918? In 1932 the average mean temperature for the whole country was up to 42.8 above zero.

What we have to concede is happening, is the effect of an alteration in the Gulf Stream, which seems to have veered closer to the continent's east coast within the past half-dozen years, evidently due to submarine volcanic action. Some oceanographers even go so far as to declare that they've "lost" the Gulf Stream up in the North Atlantic. If the rise in coastal temperature continues, we may yet behold palm trees growing along Broadway—or at any rate in Battery Park. But so what?

Mercurial changes in heat and cold have distinguished American summers for the past hundred years, but there's not enough marked difference in the temperatures this year for anyone to become excited about it. We seem to be making the atom bomb the "whipping boy" for everything from boll weevil to bubble-gum. It's the acme of silliness in many instances.

But suppose the weather does change, in the direction of either heat or cold, haven't we the adult courage to live up to it?

What this country needs this election year isn't a good five-cent cigar, or less taxation, or free gasoline for high school sophomores, or two garages in every chicken, but a candidate to run on the blanket platform of Intestinal Fortitude.

"No matter what transpires, we've got what it takes to face it," is the campaign slogan recommending a better America.

The weather?

It's very beautiful this year, thank you.

And the hollyhocks out along the fence look happy, even if the plane passengers flying above them are not.

This Saucer Thing



AS A MATTER of fact, mortal creatures running about the earth in an atom bomb frenzy may yet come to look back on this mid-century period as the greatest in world history in that it marked the observable arrival within the earth-plane of hyperdimensional spacecraft. VALOR editors have seen what has every appearance of being a bona fide photograph of one of the midget men salvaged from the great Saucer that was hit by American flak above Monument Valley, Arizona, on March 21, 1950. Exploding in a shower of fireworks in result, about 20 silvery capsules were reported as falling to the ground and from one of these capsules the midget man emerged. Report has it that he came forth alive and still lives, under close scrutiny by the military that has gone abruptly mute on the subject. The reason for this has been advanced as the logical argument that if the general public accepts the fact of outer space-ships having reached this planet—perchance in investigation of our fission experiments—a mass discouragement at bethinking of combat beings thus far advanced in sci-

ence could cause a general loss of support of earthly preparedness programs. Communist Russia would then stack up as infinitely small potatoes in the imagined menace of such epochal occurrence.

However, VALOR still keeps to its position that until it gets its own hyperdimensional confirmations of these explanations for the Flying Saucers, it cares to express no conclusive opinion about their origin.

"There's a catch in it somewhere," is the position VALOR takes, despite all photographs, or at least there's some major reason why explanation fails to come through the usual psychical channels with which VALOR has always been in touch.

Maybe the Higher Personages watching over American destiny are being even more cagey than the Penagon military, for reasons allied if not similar.

Understand, the "catch" may not be any spurious natures of the phenomena as advanced by devotees of the Borderline sciences to date. Reasons for such reticence may lie in quite another quarter.

But if interplanetary space ships have arrived, and the evidence seems to be mounting that they have, it's the greatest world event since the discovery of the New World by Columbus.

And we'd better become aware of it.

Lady Wonder



WHEN horses start prophesying, the limit of something or other would seem to have been reached. Let's not be facetious about it, however. Inasmuch as we humans appear to know only about one-tenth of one percent of the facts about our universe, Lady Wonder offers one for the book. Lady Wonder is a horse—or rather, a mare—reported as owned by a Mrs. Claudia Fonda, on New York to Florida Route 1, a few miles south of Richmond, Va. VALOR is indebted to Borderline Science Research Associates of San Diego for the data on Lady Wonder.

The mare is now 29 years old and has been visited, it is claimed, by at least 100,000 people. That is because she "talks" by means of an alphabet board, and according to a recent article in the *New York World-Telegram* can "read minds, predict the future and converse in Chinese." (over)



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Round Robin of BSRA remarks: “Of course psychologists have ‘investigated’ flying discs, therefore most of us give the subject the brush-off. Equally, of course, that’s because we haven’t any better sense, and nobody but psychologists to instruct us. However, Lady Wonder has a record of correct predictions that seems far beyond coincidence. Also—and with due respect to Prof. Rhine—they are well beyond his telepathic hypothesis, unless we allow for telepathy on the sub—or unconscious side, which opens the door for anything.

“Among her recent predictions, Lady Wonder described 1952 as ‘the year of war’ . . . Lady says she is going to die at the age of 30, which is next year, and a multitude of friends will wish her into Green Pastures.”

And while we’re on this subject of phenomenal traits of allegedly “brute” animals, consider Dinghy, a pure-bred black cocker spaniel owned by Dr. A. F. Jones, a Montreal surgeon formerly with the Canadian Air Force. The Ottawa papers have given several columns to this spaniel, *who barks out correct answers to square and cube roots*, whether questioned in either English or French.

“How much is 7,986,743 divided by 24?” . . . Dinghy growled a bit but got the answer, apparently barking off the number of times on the scale of 9 that represented the wanted digit, then barking the next. Just how Dinghy barks off the digit zero, isn’t made clear. Maybe you must supply the zeros for yourself. Dinghy also barks off numbers on cards selected at random from a pack but not shown him.

Once again the question arises, how much of this is telepathic reception from some human who knows the answer? But again this will not cover all the instances unless we allow for unconscious knowledge and communication.

From the time of the Elberfield horses in 1891, psychologists have written off such phenomena as fraud, unconscious signaling, and sometimes as telepathy, anything to escape the real problems and difficulties involved. The Mark Probert Controls remarked several years ago that these were simply “advanced animals.” But what is an “advanced animal”? Is it one that can unerringly do Willie’s mathematical home work?

Evidently time to read up on Dean Swift’s famous narrative about the human who penetrated to the Kingdom of

Horses, and found life there much more rational and enjoyable than in the world of humans.

Temptation to begin tabulating Emma’s or Butch’s or Fritz’s audible sounds at Soulcraft Headquarters might become difficult to resist. Any one of them might be barking out of the higher calculus—Butch especially—or reporting on the attendance of a Soulcraft Group on Randall’s or Prince Edwards Islands. As for Buzzie, the 12-year-old cocker who joined the Headquarters dawg colony for the summer, he doesn’t bark out the high calculus by digits. You get the answers by counting his barks. Given the long-division problem put up to Dinghy, Buzzie would start out the 332,772 barks at 7 a. m. and be still at it around next week midnight.

Now Butch . . . there’s a dawg. Butch wouldn’t start barking unless somebody wanted to start a fight over it. Because Butch has dawg-sense enough to know that you can’t divide 7,986,743 by 24. Not without having 15 fractional barks left over.

And Butch is too much of a thoroughbred mongrel to attempt to bark in fractions.

Strange Experiences

(Continued from Page 7)

cal persons could have entered. Returning finally and entering her bedroom, all the stockings which had been folded away in a chest of drawers had been removed and used to fashion a huge Figure 8 atop the smooth counterpane. The drawer had apparently not been opened.

“No further noises were of evidence Sunday night and she remained in the house with her husband, nephew, and a lodger. Next morning, however, going up to the room out of which the unfortunate servant had been moved, *she found a curious figure traced on the bed with hats*, and retreating down the stairs from the apartment, she was astounded to find her husband’s overcoat—which had not been there when she went up—spread out upon the stairs as though her husband might have been lying on the stairs on his back in it, but the top decorated with another of the servant-girl’s hats.

“During all day Monday the mischief continued as the woman sought to do her housework, bothered by persons

thronging the yard in hopes of another rain of coins. On sweeping the dining room, two silver knives flew off the table and affixed their rounded ends in the floor. A third knife flew high and imbedded itself in the plaster of the ceiling. Then all the keys in the place began to leave their locks, door-keys and keys to writing tables and cabinets. These went out of the house without the doors being opened and when they fell about the yard were mistaken for additional bits of money. Then a big roll of silk handkerchiefs floated down into the yard from nowhere, the handkerchiefs having been missing in the house for some time. Each time the mistress went to the rooms above, she found more figures made on the counterpanes of the beds by clothing taken out of the closets.

"It may be imagined how the inhabitants of the house, who are staid and respectable people, suffer from these things. They have now barricaded themselves in three rooms and are waiting the end of their troubles."

THE ENDING of the Fives case was not reported. But the phenomena of haunted houses present to us on the one hand material occurrences without apparent significance, and on the other hand spiritual manifestations, with which certain organic properties of girls, young women, or youths are usually associated. Whatever the solution may be, there are unknown, invisible forces in operation.

Should there not be, in the astral dimensions, certain psychic entities entirely devoid of moral values? If the soul is not destroyed, well might we ask, what becomes of the souls of idiots before their restoration to balance by the higher therapeutics? . . . But money dropping promiscuously about a yard! Did it not probably represent some peasant's horde known to the poltergeist, the owner of which had perhaps deceased? Certainly, had any living peasant's horde been disturbed, the *Douai Independent* would unquestionably have reported it . . .

Leave it to the French.

The Supernatural

(Continued from Page 6)

midnight or appears upon the lonely road with its head in its hands, the spirit that for the moment is enoused in a

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SOULCRAFT CHAPELS



substantial mortal body is suddenly thrown temperamentally into realization of his state of anesthesia, that while in flesh he is conveniently escaping the hell of cosmic memory. And having nowhere to flee or turn from THAT, he translates his panic into physical action.

Not every case of panic at higher-octave reality is birthed from this cause. There are such as "karmic moralities"—hesitancies to intrude on others' incarnate privacies—flagrant conflicts with trainings and suggestings derived from theological instructings of the present,

"recalcitrancies of conquerage" in failing to face any facts of life and receive them at their worth, tendencies to inflict discomfort on specific individuals by deliberately avoiding them.

People terrified by the "supernatural" are fearful of having to enter back into the "supernatural" state themselves and give accountings for their current careers TO themselves—hence they adopt the childish expedient of transporting themselves elsewhere and kicking grass-tufts after them.

(Continued on Page 15)



.. COGITATIONS

LADY FROM the West writes in and says as how she wishes I'd use this valuable space in VALOR for a little more esoterics and a little less nonsense.

Okay, here goes for a little less nonsense . . . Year of 1922 (gosh, that's thirty years ago by the clock, I can hardly believe it!) I'm baching it in a Greenwich Village studio in Manhattan, just starting my ten-year stretch of writing for silent flickers . . . One day I'm up in the office of the Scenario Editor of a big film company overlooking Times Square when he says to me, he says, "Bill, how do you feel about doing an act of Christian charity?" . . . I says I feel swell about an act of Christian charity, but how is that possible in moom pitchers? Says he, continuing, "How's about using a burglar for a valet?" I says in my shrillest tone of astonishment, "A what for a what!" He lights the biggest briar I'd ever seen operated in a man's face and lets me have it. "I got a sort of private charity," he confides in me, "helping men get on their feet who've had to do time in stir. Now I got a first-rate burglar that's coming out of Sing Sing Monday and I'm fixing to get a place for him. He's a sort of a queer duck, but you'll get along with him." . . . I looked around for a place to sit down, found it, and wanted to know who or what this particular Character had burglarized. "Place over here on Park Avenue," says the Scenario Editor, continuing to puff. "Had a funny racket. Got himself fixed up in a white duck apron like a grocer's boy, provided himself with a basket of provisions in bundles, and took it to the servants' entrance under the front stairs. When the houseman answered his ring, the old argument ensued that nobody therein had ordered any

groceries but he'd go and ask the butler or the cook or whoever ordered the eats in the place. Naturally the flunkie didn't bolt the door in the grocery-boy's face. When he came back, reporting Nope, Nobody had ordered any groceries in the place, the space under those front steps was empty. Matter of fact, the grocer's boy was safely tucked away for the day in a closet *inside* the premises. The servant went about his business thinking the lad had departed, wrong address. But 'round midnight the phoney delivery clerk came out with a flashlight, cut the best paintings out of their frames in the drawing room, fenced 'em, got caught, and did two years Up the River. But what makes the stunt notable was this: You can believe it or not, but he needed the money to send a little garment-worker to Arizona for T-B. He tells me he only knew the child casually and I believe him. There's something strange about The Duke. You'll find that out if he lives with you awhile . . ."

o—o


WELL, that's how The Duke came into my life, because I was a sucker for a line like that. And for the next six years, in Manhattan or Hollywood, he valeted for me till he up and got married. Thereat he disappeared into the Bronx with his bride and I've never seen hide nor hair of 'em since. However, that's not my story. He was a tall, slim, and generally slick chap of around 30 years who'd been born in Brooklyn, left an orphan, and fended for himself since the death of both parents. But he was immaculate in his grooming, and kept me immaculate in mine. I paid him his board and twenty a week, and soon discovered I'd bagged a prize. When I declare he was the honestest menial I'd ever made contact with, I'm not stretching the truth. I could leave my wallet containing \$104.38 on the studio center table, under my pillow, in the pantry cracker-jar or in my left shoe—and when I counted my change I always had \$104.38. Although he occasionally got himself into my private port, he always told me about it, and never took more

than a gentleman should. But I began to notice what was strange about him during the first winter we spent in Greenwich Village when he'd ask me for his weekly pay in time to get to the bank Saturday noon before it closed. I naturally thought he was banking his wages. Not so, Boys and Girls. Know what he was doing in a bank before it closed on Saturday noon? No, not burlarizing it. He was getting his folding money broken down into two-bit silver pieces—all but \$5 that he kept for movies or cigarettes—and with his pocket loaded with these coins he'd make the stroll up Broadway's darker sections, pressing 25c pieces into the hands of every drunk or other unfortunate he encountered, to buy him a bed out of zero temperature. I followed him one night and saw him bed down something like 60 New York inebriates. I couldn't believe my eyes. Like my Editor friend had said, he was "queer" . . . He was queer because he did things like that . . . He couldn't bear to think of anyone suffering in New York whilst he had any moola in his possession—moola, for the refined element not born in Brooklyn and left an orphan as The Duke was, meaning money . . .

o—o

WELL, I could fill three pages the size of VALOR's with accounts of The Duke's acts of petty charity, implicit honesty, and compassionate altruism. But I hie me to Hollywood with Chaney and leave The Duke behind in service with a friend to whom I highly recommended him. Presto, the doorbell rings one day in my new Pasadena location and there stands The Duke. He's "beat" his way all across America, hopping freights, purposely to continue his service with me in Flickerland. I haven't any use for a valet in Hollywood, boarding as I am with a private family, so I introduce him to Lon and Hazel. On my recommendation they take him on to keep up the poseys around the Chaney premises. But he doesn't last. He can't last. He's got to do service for me or nobody. He got a look in his eye when I says to him I'm heading back to the Bright Lights, like

Emma or Butch get around this place when I heave a book or a chafing-dish at 'em for tangling in the garage and waking up the neighbors. In case you're new to this column, Emma and Butch are tailed creatures on four legs who bark at all things Hoosier but the moon . . . So I get me back to Times Square in pursuit of my flicker business, and one night, weeks later, I'm crossing said Square to get me up to my hotel out of the zero wind when I hear my name shouted, and here's The Duke back in New York, once again, hatless on a cold night, and wanting to know if I've got fifty bucks in my wallet I can let him have in a hurry. "Whatta you want fifty bucks for?" I asks in some heat—which Times Square by no means had. "Cause," says The Duke, somewhat wild-eyed, "there's a poor little hustlin' gal over here in a basement in West Fiftieth Street havin' a kid, and I gotta get her to a 'ospital chop-chop 'fore she dies." . . . I'm sorry I demanded in disgusted reaction, "Who's kid—yours?" . . . His eyes took on the Emma-Butch look again when the chafing-dish had connected. "Cripes naw," he assures me, "I tellya, Boss, I never see the Jane afore tonight." Well, I had to believe him, for he was The Duke. Queer. I let him have the moola which means money and went along to my hotel. But there was no getting shook of The Duke. He was up in my hotel room an hour later, going through my wardrobe and preparing to press everything in it from handkerchiefs to Scottish kilts. Was I never going to separate my life from his life? Could it possibly be karmic? . . . You see, I'd begun to learn a lot about karma by then . . . Anyhow, The Duke came back with me and remained then on the job of pressing any kilts I might wear from time to time until long after I'd published *My Seven Minutes in Eternity*. And when I moved the contents of my bungalow to Manhattan, he was Johnny-on-the-spot helping me uncrate the stuff and put things where I ordered they should go in my celebrated flat in 53rd Street. And incidentally, o' nights I was beginning to take the long agenda of psychical transcripts that later became the *Golden Scripts*. One night I asked the Mentor, "For pity's sake, can you tell me who The Duke is, and how and when and where has his karma ever been mixed up with mine?" Do you know what answer I got back? The Mentor



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said, "Get out your encyclopedia and turn to Page 294 of the Volume PAY-to-POL. Your answer lies in the first item in the right-hand column." I nearly kicked over a chair getting to my case of encyclopedias. And this is what I found—

"PETER THE HERMIT, a priest of Amiens, who may, as Anna Comnena says, have attempted to go on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem before 1096 and been

prevented by the Turks from reaching his destination. It is uncertain whether he was present at Urban's great sermon at Clermont in 1095; but it is certain that he was one of the preachers of the Crusade in France after that sermon . . . etc, etc, etc, . . . At the end of the year he went to Laodicea and sailed thence for the west. From this time he disappears, but Albert of Aix records that he died in 1151, as prior of the Church of

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WELL, well, well! Was The Duke the reborn soul of Peter the Hermit? What was I to think? I'd learned true enough that I'd had a life in Europe in the 1066 Norman period, but did it go back further than that to the Galilean period, by any chance? I didn't do much more psychical work that night. I thought over a ten thousand little acts of tenderness, chivalry, and all-around human compassion that The Duke had displayed unconsciously in the several years by then that I'd known him. Had Peter the Hermit gotten himself born back into American life in the 20th Century, in, of all places, Brooklyn? . . . And a burglar! Of course I said nothing to him about it when next we met. I doubted if he knew who Peter the Hermit was. But I saw him through new eyes. Now listen carefully, little boys and girls of the Soulcraft radio audience, because here's where Uncle Billy's story gets good . . . I'm wandering down lower Fifth Avenue in the week that follows and get a kick in the head to go into a passing art shop for no good reason whatsoever . . . But in that art shop, up behind a palister and pretty much covered with cobwebs and dust, I see for the first time my celebrated life-sized painting of The Elder Brother that has been my most prized possession for the past twenty years and happens to be hanging behind me on the wall this moment while I'm typing this Epistle to the Confessions . . . I pay some twenty-seven dollars for it and order it sent home to the 53rd Street apartment. I hang it over my bed in the south room, of the old brownstone house in 53rd Street, second-floor rear. But that picture hasn't been up on the wall twenty-four hours when The Duke comes up—of course without any formality of doorbell-ringing, to tell me he's found the Gal of His Dreams and he was getting wedded and going to live in The Bronx. He's so intense about extolling the virtues of this female that not till he comes to leave does he happen to glance up on my eastern wall and see The Elder Brother's portrait for the first time. I happen to be watching him. And if ever I saw a look of startled confusion and distress spread over a human countenance it was The Duke's in that moment of seeming recognition . . . He looked at the portrait and blinked; he looked at me and blinked; he looked back at the portrait and blinked . . . I said, "What's the matter, Duke?" . . .

He swallowed hard. Then in a queer, cracked voice he made the one and last statement I ever heard him utter . . . "Boss," he said hoarsely, as though memory were functioning through the haze of nine centuries, " . . . I've 'sold' That Man all over Europe!" . . . He turned and stumbled down the stairs and out of my life for keeps . . . I told you this COGITATIONS was going to be esoteric . . .

—THE RECORDER

Flying Saucers

(Continued from Page 4)

them in folklore and mythology, forgot them little by little. So it may be this time. They may withdraw from our skies and in a few months men will have forgotten them. But there are events which cannot be elaborated here, for believing that events may take another and more striking course. Neither your will nor mine can stay these events, but fear, fanaticism, and panic may work incalculable woe . . . "

The wonder is an important one, as to whether Earth People are yet evolved far enough intellectually and morally to enter any interplanetary society, among neighbors who may antedate us by tens of thousands of years in spiritual advancements. Certainly to the little man in the Monument Valley disaster, it must have appeared that he was stepping out into a world of Gargantuas, or giants. Fancy mortal beings five or six feet high—when you're only two feet high yourself! But one thing might come out of intelligent communication with such visitors—the mentor enlightenment that distinguishes the early *Soulscripts* about man's origin. The *Soulscript* Wisdom designates Sirius, or at least the mighty planet encircling it, as the original home of the human species, coming to earth in subsequent migrations. Would it be any more difficult to credit this last in respect to earth folk spiritually, than to credit what seems to be occurring before our eyes in respect to the Saucer People physically?

And where does the Elder Brother fit into all of it?

Well, the idea may not be far-fetched that the Little People are here to aid Him in a practical job, when it comes to taming the more savage military elements of the earth-plane.

However, that's strictly a suggestion, When VALOR obtains information as tangible about the whole of it as the text of the *Golden Scripts*, it will circulate it authoritatively.

For the present the thought is merely potent that the Coming of the Little People may readily be such harbingers of The Golden Times that throttles down the heart to surmise upon it.

Wouldn't it be ironical indeed, if the people of Earth got their true data about Cosmos and the Role of the Great Avatar in earthly destiny, from literal denizens of other solar systems?

Supernatural

(Continued from Page 11)

The person who looks at life levelly, sees it constructively and sees it whole, knows precisely what the processes are which operate behind any given career and that even the load of karmic obligation may eventually be balanced, are not particularly upset by the sudden apparition. It is not altogether knowledge of higher-octave processes so much as calm acceptance of nature's Law and Order in the spiritual universe that gives them poise and studied equanimity.

Taken by and large, these earth-lives must be lived. They must be gone through with for what they hold for us—in pain as much as pleasure. Avoid the slightest constructive feature of them we cannot. We have selected for ourselves a given roster of karmic obligations to discharge in each life. We cannot discharge more, though we may discharge less. Our careers, so to speak, are cleanly "cut-and-dried."

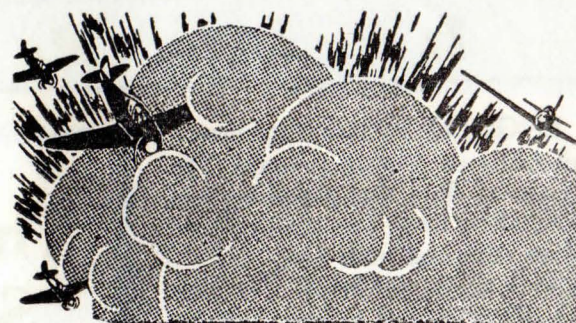
Hence those of us who have received our fair quotas of cosmic enlightenments do not need to be specially excused when some earth-bound psyche has trouble living spiritually.

It is the status of discarnate spirit-hood, with its full freight of Lifted Memory, that usually paralyzes the person with subsequent mercurial feet.

Knowing that, we can keep our poise.

Truly it isn't hostility to the supernatural that seizes upon "the people afraid of ghosts" . . . it is hostility to the vast spiritual muddle they have put themselves in, by failing to live equitably in lives of the past.

*After
they've
terrified
you with
Atom
Bombs . .*



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T h e P a y o f f

AN ENGLISH military detachment had taken an Afghan prisoner. The Afghan was so dirty that something had to be done about him. Two privates were detailed to strip and wash him.

They were absent two hours. The commanding officer decided to look them up and see what was happening. He finally came on the privates looking weak and exhausted.

The officer demanded, "Haven't you washed that Afghan yet?"

"It's no use, sorr," the first private responded. "After running him and scrubbing him till our arms ached, I'll be hanged if we didn't come to another suit of clothes."

AN OLD colored man approached his minister and wanted a word with him. "Parson," he confided, "Ah's in a bad way. Ah wants you to pray fo' me."

"Why, what's wrong with yo'?" asked the pastor.

"Sah, Ah's got me a floatin' kidney."

"But Rastus, Ah cain't pray fo' physical things like that. Ah only prays fo' spiritual things."

"Yo' cain't pray fo' floatin' kidney? How come last week, sah, you prays fo' de loose livers?"

THE VICAR strolled over to the gardener, tending a once-neglected garden.

"Ah, it's wonderful, my good man," he said, "what the hand of man can do with a bit of earth, with the aid of Divine Providence."

The gardener responded sourly, "Huh, you should have seen the place, your Grace, when Divine Providence had it all to Itself."

THE DUKE of Marlborough had an emu given him. It was sent to Blenheim and great interest was taken in the chances of its capacity for procreation in that country.

Eventually it laid an egg. The Duchess was away at the time, so the butler sent a wire to apprise her of the event. He said—

"Emu has laid egg. In absence of Your Grace have put goose to sit on it."

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THE POLICEMAN said, "Excuse me, sir, but if you're the 'pale-faced gentleman who looks like the lop-eared rabbit' I wuz to tell you your wife's went home on the three-thoity bus."

THE FUSSY passenger demanded, "Are you sure this bus is going to Shepherd's Bush, conductor?"

"Get in, get in, lady. If it ain't, I'm in a worse mess than you are."