

# Valor

*The Golden Times Weekly . . .*

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

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Number 12

## NO-CHOICE CONVENTIONS TO BE JUDGED ANTIQUATED



WITH the Republican Convention in Chicago a thing of history and the Democratic Convention still to come—but patterned upon precisely similar issues—a sophomoric era in American civic affairs gives promise of closing. By the time another Presidential election is due, political management in this North American Republic may have cause to begin an entirely new phase.

Modifications of the political party convention can be expected, if not its abolishment altogether, as futile, archaic, and abortive of any true expression of selective government.

What happened in the Republican Convention, and what will happen in the Democratic Convention, demonstrates the travesty of men being chosen for office who can honestly and candidly represent the issues of the day.

The all-highest and paramount issue of the day in the past weeks Republican Convention should have been the current surrender of constitutional government to the One-World Semi-Soviet United Nations.

However, thirty million voters listened in front of almost as many radios to the Chicago speeches, including the masterly keynote oration of General MacArthur, and scarcely heard it whispered.

This, of course, didn't come about by accident.

THE POWER-BLOC gradually being named among the internationally sophisticate as the Faceless One-Worlders, saw that its right flank was securely protected by the nomination of General Eisenhower as the Repub-

lican standard-bearer—accounting naturally for the whoopla acclaim mysteriously arising for him from the first. Any Democratic candidate still to be chosen will carry on the traditions of the Fair Deal, which sponsor the same super-government lock, stock, and barrel, thus protecting the Power Bloc's left flank. The old-line citizen, still believing in America first, the national supremacy of internal constitutional law, and the United States minding her own business and conserving her own interests, is left without party. Whichever way he votes he must elect men committed to the surrender of American sovereignty to the left-wing elements of 59 foreign nations. Thus the continued attrition of American political and industrial influence is "in the bag" . . .

Such situation patently was rigged weeks or months before the Republican delegates assembled. So perfect did the journalistic and radio controls prove themselves, that no candidate got a hearing in the primaries who was astute enough, or audacious enough, to espouse our withdrawal from this world-wide political Moloch, or speak the truth about the basic causes of our political distempers which MacArthur listed so eloquently—but futilely—in his keynote speech.

Even MacArthur himself fumbled the supreme expression of his career and went down the line with the Band-Wagon Boys. Blaming the woes of the Republic on the Democratic Party—which was about as sensible as blaming the outbreak of World War I on the American Ku Klux Klan, or World War II on the beer-drinking and song-singing German Bunders of Hoboken, New Jersey—he uttered an eloquent diatribe at all the opposition measures the delegates could cheer about but forgot he wasn't speaking to an America of William McKinley.

Every spellbinder left the two *real* issues before the Republic unmentioned and undiscussed: namely, that the Democratic Administration is surrendering coning control of the nation to Stalin's United Nations, which now presumes to manage our foreign policy, our finances, and our industrial production strictly in the interests of countries overseas. Secondly, that it has been from the bacilli of such surrender that most of our distempers have arisen.

To those aware of the real situation throughout the world, listening to the

Chicago performings was a five-day program of listening to grandiose travesty.

The oddity that the whole Convention was religiously mute on this most vital and volatile of the nation's dilemmas, showed the degree of control that the Faceless Group held over it.

It was purposely shaped as a Convention about trivia.

Eisenhower, as recent supervisor of NATO, is committed to its program—which means that the Republican Party is committed to its program. Whoever gets the Democratic nomination will be committed to its program. Thus the United States is committed to its program.



When the crisis arrives in the affairs of the nation, this commitment will be the true controversy—an issue purposely avoided and thereby made as unfamiliar and sacrosanct as possible in Chicago, so that most dissenters will be suspect as "queer". But none of that will prevent the issues from maturing and commanding solution.

**T**HAT THESE may well be the last two political conventions where such controls are effective, is within the realm of logic to conjecture. By the time another federal election rolls around, both the Republican and Democratic parties may be found to have outlived their usefulness and passed into realms of things archaic.

As a matter of fact, such conventions are worthless for any purpose but that of furnishing power-bloc control.

There would be a simple and easy way of by-passing the whole of it, under a better order of civil advancement.

There is not a reason in the world why the national calendar cannot hold two election days—one in mid-July to name

the candidates on each national ticket; one in November to determine which of the national tickets is to be the forthcoming Administration.

Some such arrangement, of course, was the original purpose of the Direct Primary. However, the chief fault with the Direct Primary has been, that it is anything but Direct. The Direct Primary has essayed to disclose the prevailing trend in a given State or District for a given candidate, *then empower the convention delegates* of that State or District to go to the national convention and horse-trade such votes as expediency dictates. Thus does expediency, deliberately created or otherwise, defeat the purposes for which the primary was evolved.

To do away with the chicane of such convention maneuverings, it is only necessary to make a few simple alterations in the Direct Primary, *tallying the votes of a given State or District so that the party candidate totaling the top number is invariably the elected candidate* for the final run-off in November.

If anyone in a free field be eligible to go upon such ballots, write-ins or otherwise, and he polling the greatest number of votes be the Republican or Democratic standard-bearer forthwith, by total national tally, the entire convention rigamole and hocus-pocus can be dispensed with, and current chicane and horse-trading reduce practically to a minimum.

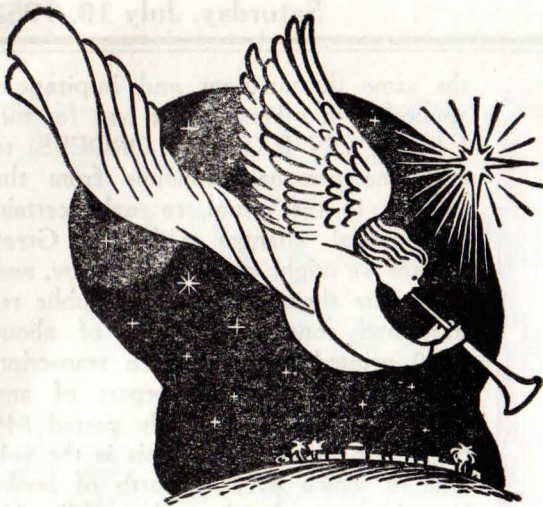
Had such been the practice last week at Chicago, General MacArthur would probably have been the Republican standard-bearer in November, although a grandiose circus for "delegates" wouldn't have been permissible.

The national party convention as conducted in these quasi-barbaric civic times of ours performs no service whatsoever that could not be supplied by such Direct Primary, the machinery for which already exists.

Of course the "bosses" would roar profanely to high heaven that representative democracy is being purged from the earth, but the roaring would be proof of the present convention's ventry.

This trading around of delegates in order to make a meaningless quota is political technicality gone to seed.

**T**HEY are No-Choice Conventions, strictly speaking, which are being held this fraught summer of 1952 in Chicago. In the Republican Convention, a  
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# A CONSCIENTIOUS MORMON . . .

*seeks light on The Golden Scripts*



CONSCIENTIOUS Mormon sends VALOR a sincere letter of inquiry from a distant State, in which he explains as follows—

"I have long been a believer in the visions and experiences of Joseph Smith, the founder of the Church of Latter Day Saints; for I fully realize that no man, much less an unlettered youth, could fabricate the Book of Mormon. And now that I have been instructed in the Soulcraft teachings, it has been made plain to me how this was accomplished.

"But—and here is the enigma—in all of the instructions and teachings of the higher Mentors, and even of the Elder Brother Himself, no mention has been made, apparently, of the establishment of a Church to propound and exemplify the instructions coming to you. While in the case of Joseph Smith, the whole program seems to have been based upon the founding of a church.

"Also, I have in my possession certain writings which purport to be the teachings of Jesus when He was a young man in Palestine and before His teachings were recorded in the New Testament . . . These original teachings, and many more, it is said, are still to be seen in the Vatican at Rome. Now my quandary is, to learn if these are the true teachings of the Elder Brother while He was still on the earth plane. Is it possible for you to ascertain this knowledge?"

There was much more to this Mormon's letter but the above is the gist of it. There is a splendidly valorous expression at its end which reads: "I have suffered much during my long life, physically, mentally, and financially. But if it was all necessary in order to lead me to

these truths, then I am satisfied, even happy!"

To all of it, appreciating that same interrogations may have been from time to time in the hearts or minds of others, Mormons or non-Mormons, The Recorder reprints the main portion of his personal answer—

PECULIARLY enough, your letter of inquiry of the 12th comes in just at a time when many correspondents around the country want similar clarification of the points which you propound about the GOLDEN SCRIPTS. In taking time out to answer you somewhat at length, please do not be offended if I use much of what I have to say to you personally as the substance of a current article in VALOR. For every person who actually gets to writing such a letter of inquiry as yours, there are probably a hundred who felt the same way but didn't bring themselves to getting the letter off.

Let me preface what I have to say by declaring to you that I have never read *The Book of Mormon*, just as I have never read Mrs. Eddy's *Science and Health* or even Madam Blavatsky's *Secret Doctrine*. Curiously enough, it seems that some purpose was being served by keeping my mind a blank in respect to the tenets of these and other religions and denominations. And yet I seriously ask you to believe that I know in a general way, all that they contain that is vital from the esoteric standpoint. How this happens I cannot attempt to explain.

As you perhaps have learned, I was reared in the Methodist denomination, in which during my early boyhood my father was a pastor. My early years in this life were all connected with the Protestant Church and I went through the ex-

perience of "conversion" in the emotional sense at the profound age of ten. When my father left the pulpit for commercial business, this early religious emotionalism "wore off", shall we say? I held the average layman's insouciance toward orthodoxy up through the years when I was winning my way toward being one of the highest-paid magazine writers in America, including 10 years of motion-picture production in Hollywood.

I INDULGE in such autobiographical reference to make this point: During this period, which ran to approximately 38 years, instinctively I had disassociated the personality of the Man of Galilee from all orthodox instruction respecting him. I kept an odd sense of personal relationship for which I was ever at a loss to account. Now I realize it must have been a strong sense of prenatal recollection. I never brought myself to believe that He ever made many of the statements attributed to Him in the New Testament. At any rate, I went out to the Orient in the course of my career, primarily for the Methodist Centenary, on a world survey of Foreign Missions. Before I finished with it, I had sidetracked into Russia during the worst introductory phases of the Bolshevist Revolution. What I saw or learned in Russia in consequence, opened my eyes to what I believed to be the modern program of the Israelites, and I became openly anti-Semitic in consequence. This introduced a quandary into my thinking in respect to Christ which contributed in no small part to what occurred in 1928. If you have read *Star Guests* you know what this was, as it is described in detail in the opening chapters of that volume.

Ignoring the origin of *The Book of Mormon* for the moment, let me say that when the first epiphanies began in my own experience, along with the transcripts that afterwards were collated and pub-

## Fragment



HOW DID I come by my laughter and brawn?  
 How have I come by my nerve?  
 How have I come by the thrills of my heart  
 That give me the wild ache to serve?  
 How do I come by the flash of my thought?  
 How do I come by my love?  
 How do I come by the chord of my joy  
 When angel wings beat close above?  
  
 Where did I learn how to sidestep the wrong?  
 Where have I learned how to fight?  
 Where did I learn how to open the door  
 That lets in bright cohorts of Light?  
 Where did I learn why the oceans of stars  
 Rest like old waves on my head?  
 Where have I learned that living is Life  
 And Death is a jest to the dead?  
  
 Why need I doubt I have been here before?  
 Why need I contrast despair?  
 Why should I say with a curl to my lip  
 That Time has no more lives to spare?  
 One life on earth? The thought is absurd;  
 The High Gods are lost in their age.  
 I write with the minions of Light up the years,  
 For I am mine own cosmic page!

the same illuminations and inspirations applicable to others that it had for me, I began, ON EXPRESS ORDERS, to alter the personal pronouns from the singular to the plural, to make certain grammatical changes with the Great Mentor we might put it standing by, and to prepare them generally for public release and consumption. Out of about 1,200 printed pages of such transcript, not unlike stenographic report of any legal procedure, I gradually passed 844 pages into public print. This is the volume of which \$50,000 worth of books have been circulated to the public this year absolutely free of cost, the funds having been provided me on which to accomplish it. So much for general background, enabling me to treat of the points raised in your letter . . .

I WAS specifically adjured, I might interpolate at this point, that the public reaction to my making the sacred conversations of common knowledge would be persecution of the vilest order, leave me a marked man for the balance of my days, bring about a 7½-year prison sentence, destroy my secular writing revenue completely, and make me in turn what I had been originally, another Galilean with all Semitic animosities set against me. Nevertheless, the most minute descriptions as to how the whole program would come out were afforded me, and at the time of the Master's physical return, my vindication would come. All modern minority plans for majority subjugations were ultimately to come to naught, and with the ultimate smashing of United Nations and its booting out of America, events would so mature as to bring in a wonderful Golden Time that would be the objective of the Christian Dispensation from its commencement. This philosophy, so aptly confirming by event, became the cornerstone of all my thinking and performing. Indeed, I have never had a prognostication made me from what I term this Sacred Source, that hasn't matured on the pin-point. Furthermore, I might add that persons, skeptical or otherwise, who have happened to be present at some of these recordings, have found themselves unable to move a muscle of their physical bodies during the transcribing. All of it, you understand, was unsolicited by me in this life consciously. It just happened invol-

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lished as THE GOLDEN SCRIPTS, I accepted them as personal adjurations and enlightenments to me privily, answering many quandaries that had compounded in my own thinking up to that period. You are entirely correct in surmising that THE GOLDEN SCRIPTS were addressed to me personally, practically all of them in the first person, and for a long time I had not the slightest notion of making them public. Incidentally, I have by no means done so completely even at the present time. There are other GOLDEN SCRIPTS, running perhaps half again as voluminous as the unabridged edition, which cannot see print until after my demise, for the main reason that they concern my own prior incarnations and I am not after that type of publicity. However, the general tenor of all the sacred Scripts had it that my feeling of disassociation

of Christ from the orthodoxies of the New Testament came from my having been, let's put it, one of the early Church Fathers and having discussed these and similar matters with Him personally when He was in His flesh. On one occasion my antagonism toward the modern Judaists was explained as having arisen from participation in the major events of the original Christian drama. Many of these "talks", up here in the 20th Century, introduced information about the brevet I had taken upon myself to help complete the Dispensational work that had begun so long ago with the nativity in Bethlehem, and gradually brought me to realize that I must have a responsibility not to keep the general gist of the preachments secret. Where a given Script, or transcript of clairaudient conversation, befitted society generally, and contained

# DO YOU KNOW THE CAUSES OF MENTAL OBSESSION?



WHEN a person has an "obsession" regarding this or that, the idea conveyed by the popular use of the term is, that he keeps concentrated on a single subject till it takes precedence over everything else in the brain.

The thing engaging the attention develops into an excessive or unreasoning desire for expression regarding it. In short, a mild form of madness is implied, only madness indicates lack of balance on all subjects whereas the person with an obsession is "mad" about one only.

Obsession in the root meaning of the term, however, does not mean monomania.

It means persistent vexation—particularly by what is known as an evil spirit! Now this subject of evil spirits, and their capabilities for plaguing normal people in mortality, is one that has engaged humankind ever since earth-life became interested in either the possibilities or probabilities of personality-survival.

Go as far back as you can penetrate into the Australian Bush, or as deep as you can hew your way into the African jungle, and no matter how primordial the human life you encounter, almost without exception you will be introduced to a belief in spirits—particularly, evil spirits. Savages of the lowest order, who have never seen a white man or heard of a white man's religion, seem to have the "evil spirit" idea born in them instinctively.

Psychologists explain it by saying that if the savage trips over the root of a tree, and is thrown upon his face, at once he rationalizes the happening by reasoning that something about the tree had the power to trip him. As he can see nothing with such power by the medium of his senses, then—because his tripping was exceedingly real—something invisible a-

## *The Problem of Unclean Spirits and their Cure . .*

bout the tree must have exercised such power.

The rationalizing psychologist, however, has no explanation for the curious fact that the savage should give any thought whatever to the causes of his tripping—spirits or no spirits.

The rationalizing psychologist, forever reasoning from the premise of a denial of discarnate consciousness, merely wants a theory that will hold water to account for certain phases of natural behaviorism. But those not so shackled to causations by or from strict materialisms are more inclined to believe that the savage's first concepts of the literality of spirits comes not from obstructing tree-roots but from his accidental and unintentional glimpsings of discarnate life as it may occasionally comply with natural laws, not yet fully coded, and make itself opaque to his mortal eyesight.

From the savage deep in bush or jungle, however, all the way up the manifold gradations of mortal life to the highest developed Christian Alpine, the idea of the existence of "spirits" is entertained and accredited—but always they must be "evil" spirits or the notion of them is hocus-pocus.

Orthodox Christians seem to be among the most inconsistent in regarding such existences, for they will tell you six days of the week that spiritualism is fraud; then they will go to church on Sunday and contribute to the salary of a man who stands in his holy pulpit and preaches verbosely on the works of the Man of Galilee who, among His other



miracles, "cast out unclean spirits."

There is one episode in the Galilean's extraordinary and very "unscientific" career when He met unclean spirits obsessing outcasts wandering among the tombs and bade them enter into a herd of swine. Evidently they obeyed, for the narrative has it that the swine immediately ran down the grade of a mountainside, leaped off a cliff and were destroyed in the sea.

Now either Jesus did such things, or He did not. If He did not do them, then accounts of them have no place in the Christian Bible. If He did do them, then in logic the unclean spirits existed to be cast out. If the unclean spirits existed to be cast out, then spirits as spirits, clean or unclean, are a factor in earthly affairs. Our thesis narrows down then, not to the existence of spirits—which on week-days a hundred million followers of the Nazarene call hocus-pocus—but to the curiosity as to why they should be designated as "unclean."

The proposition that there are unclean spirits, indicates that conversely there must be, or should be, CLEAN spirits. If there were not clean spirits somewhere or in some condition, then how do we arrive at a designation of others as the opposite in sanitation?

And as unclean spirits and evil spirits are conceded to be more or less synonymous, and as the fact of obsession by the latter has been an accredited postulate of mental therapeutics ever since medicine emerged from superstition and alchemy, we have a profitable field of investiga-

tion in trying to determine what makes "spirits" either unclean or evil.

**UNCLEAN** or evil spirits, in the fields of Religion, Medicine, or Psychological Research, are those aspects of discarnate consciousness which are distinguished for—or by—their capabilities to exert an unhallowed or abnormal influence upon the minds and actions of men who still are occupying physical organisms in the manner approved since Adam awakened from his sleep in Eden.

Usually it is likewise conceded that such influences are unhallowed, or unwholesome, because they operate or exercise to get people in flesh to do things, or express themselves in ways generally, which they might not be expected to do were such discarnate influences not present and mischief-making.

In other words, the thing exhibiting is, that a normal man in possession of flesh and faculties, will be counted upon to behave himself after a set of social standards that are commonly embraced by the human race in the mortal predicament as a mass performance. But the discarnate spirit comes along and somehow influences him to depart from those standards, to do things which he might not do if left to the unannoyed exercise of his own talents in his own personality. And the living body, operating in the mundane predicament, together with the influenced but bona fide spirit inside it, must suffer social penalties or execrations in consequence.

So the "uncleanness" or "evil" comes in, by or through the simple indictment of causing a living person not to be his natural and standardized self.

Who or what are these discarnate individualities, why do they visit such distresses on people enshrouded in bodies, and how comes it that they can do so at all if they lack bodies themselves through which to exercise?

**TO PUT** the facts plainly, as we have reason to think we have determined them to the moment, this is who or what they are: They are quite average men and women who have passed through the experience of physical demise, found themselves separated from what was formerly their mortal organisms but in a position to think and act in certain ways that we might term "mental performances" and, unable to employ themselves

with integrity in their new disembodied status, turn to the getting of expression by co-mingling their mentalities with those of persons still maneuvering in fleshly vehicles.

They are usually people, we find, who have been horridly hoaxed by the notions of the various religions of the world as to the environments or conditions maintaining in the higher octaves of surviving consciousness, and, not finding those higher octaves or finer forms of spiritual expression to be what they had expected, are at a loss as to what to do with themselves on principle. So they turn—pardonably enough—back to the physical, material, three-dimensional world with which they are most familiar and try to continue a type of pseudo-physical existence by using the organisms or bodies of people still in mortal life—as they can, or are permitted to do so!—to get them their effects on matter.



This, however, cannot normally be consummated in the instance of wholesome minded and energetic people whose spontaneous living of life, without morbid tendencies, keeps them traveling at too high a vibratory rate for these bodyless people to get discernible results by invisible contact.

No, it has to be done in the cases of people whose psyches are more or less "loosely hitched" to their physical equipment, or have inadequate control of it, or are susceptible, by temperament or belief in superstitions, to the mental-vibratory activities of the at-a-loss discarnate ones.

We say of a certain class of people, inclined to be morbid or introspective as a constitutional program, that they "let their vibrations get lowered to a point where evil entities can get into them!" And we are expressing the idea, and generally describing the truth of what occurs, although we are decidedly unkind and intolerant—in our orthodox ignor-

ance—in terming such discarnate souls "evil."

Ofttimes they are no more "evil" than the lost and sobbing child is "evil" because it cannot make its way unassisted back to the parental abode at nightfall.

**THAT** there are downright evil psyches—spiritually gnarled and warped in their social expressions while in their bodies and doubly gnarled and warped when released from them—goes without saying. A dastardly criminal, without the slightest shred of altruism or conscience, pays the price for his crimes against defenseless victims, on the gallows or in the electric chair. Society snaps his spine at the neck, or sends a killing current of "juice" through his firmly strapped-down body, the physician applies a stethoscope to his heart and officially pronounces him "dead," and the rest of the ignoramuses making up the social census applaud in relief at the "justice" that has been done and say that the world is well rid of the brute.

But has the world gotten rid of the "brute"?

Indeed it has not!

It has sprung him out of the incarnate and into the discarnate. True, he cannot wield a club in the discarnate—from the depths of some dark alley—and bash out a victim's physical brains. But he CAN and more often DOES carry all his compilation of hates, terrors, griefs, and vindictive vengeance into his discarnate state with him, for such is the accumulate of his psyche-personality. And in such discarnate frenzy, he at once makes use of such knowledge as he may there acquire, to pick out some mental weakling, some always-morbid mortal, some person with criminal tendencies in his own right, and by always traveling with such person about worldly pursuits, and getting inside his aura without suspicion being aroused that he is there, impel such weakling or potential criminal to suddenly respond to discarnate promptings and commit the most dastardly of crimes. Or such evil psyche will hunt down some person given more or less to spiritual aberration, and by similar methods of discarnate promptings—or even tacit seizure of the mortal equipment—push the victim into criminal insanity.

These are well-named "evil spirits" indeed; but they are not evil because they

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# SUPERNATURAL EXPERIENCES . .



COME now, in this series of papers on the supernatural, to one of the strangest and most graphic hauntings in all Europe during the 19th

Century, the events which took place in or about the celebrated Calvados Castle in Normandy throughout the autumn of 1875. Regardless that they happened over 70 years ago, they still loom large in the *Annals des Sciences Psychiques* of France and have never been either explained or disproven. The character and reliability of the personages who visited the Castle and either heard or observed the phenomena, make the occurrences there classical. It will require several weeks to present the evidence in totality, so the Calvados hauntings will be presented in a series of continued articles. Students interested in manifestations of the discarnate will thus possess a complete file of the manifestations.

"The honesty and intelligence of the owner of this Castle," Dr. Dariex, editor of the *Annales* wrote to his close friend, Camille Flammarion, "cannot be questioned by anyone. He is an energetic and intelligent man. He himself noted down every day all the extraordinary facts which he and the inhabitants of the Castle witnessed, just as they occurred. These persons attested in turn the reality of the facts . . . Here follows the account, abridged where possible, for the observations were numerous and lasted a long time" . . .

"ABOUT the year 1835 there existed in Calvados parish an old castle belonging to the B. family. The place was in such a state of decay that restoration was considered out of the question. It was replaced by another, built 150 yards to the north of the old castle. Monsieur du X inherited it in 1867 and took up his residence in it.

"In the month of October of that year there began within it a series of extraordinary incidents, nocturnal noises and blows, which, after ceasing for some years, commenced afresh in 1875. The Chateaux de T had always passed as a scene of fantastic phenomena, and the haunt of more or less evil entities. The X family knew nothing of these noises when it took possession.

Here are extracts from the diary that Monsieur du X kept in that month and year, forming indeed a *proces-verbal*.

"This is October, 1875," wrote the owner. "I propose to note down and record every day what has happened during the night before. I must point out that when the noises occurred while the ground was covered with snow, there was not a trace of footsteps around the castle. I drew threads across all openings, secretly. They were never found broken.

"At present our household consists of the following: Myself and Madam du X and our son; the Abbe Y, tutor to this son; Emile the coachman; Auguste, the gardener; Amelina, the housemaid; and Celina, the cook. All these domestics sleep on the premises and are entirely trustworthy.

"On Wednesday, October 13th, the Abbe having told us that his armchair had started constantly shifting its position in the room he occupied, my wife and I accompanied him to his apartment where we minutely surveyed the location of every object. We attached gummed paper to the foot of the armchair and thus affixed it to the floor. We left him then, telling him to call, should anything unusual happen.

"At a quarter to ten that night, the Abbe first heard on the wall of his room a series of light raps, loud enough, however, to be heard by Amelina who slept in a room adjoining. Then from the corner of the room proceeded a noise very similar to the winding of a heavy clock. Next a candlestick on his mantel was

moved with a grating noise, and finally he heard, and thought he saw, the armchair move.

"As he durst not get up, he rang the bell and I went up. On entering the room I found his armchair to have moved over a yard, and was turned toward the fireplace. An extinguisher, placed on the base of the candlestick, had been put upon the candle; the other candlestick had been moved into a position where it overhung the mantel by about an inch. A statuette placed against the mirror had been advanced 8 inches.

"I retired after 20 minutes. We heard two violent blows from the Abbe's direction, who rang his bell again and assured us that the blows had been struck on the floor of his wardrobe, at the foot of his bed."

This was the promising beginning, but no one in the owner's family had the slightest inkling of what it was due to precipitate. On Thursday, the 14th of October, violent blows were heard, and while the owner armed himself and went over the entire premises with servants, nothing was discovered. Then on Friday, the 15th, the discarnate or discarnates in the place began to get results with a vengeance . . .

"About 10 p. m. the Abbe and Amelina clearly heard footsteps that imitated my wife's and mine, *as well as portions of our conversations*. They reported that it sounded to them as though we were going along the passage into our rooms. Amelina maintains that she recognized both of our voices. Then she heard the opening of our chamber door but was not particularly frightened because she assumed it to be ourselves. While it was happening, my wife and I were already gone to bed and were sound asleep."

Such were the beginnings of the epochal events in Calvados Castle, which would later comprise ghostly feet making visible footprints across the counterpane of a fat featherbed . . .

(Continued Next Week)

# Valor

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## The Hybrid Elephant



**B**Y RIGGING a right wing, Fair-Deal slate, the Faceless Power Bloc has defranchised millions of clear-eyed and super-intelligent Americans by the nomination of General Eisenhower at Chicago. They are left no Party in which to enroll to register their displeasure at United Nations' encroachments. Propaganda and clever delegate manipulating now bring automatic espousal of One-World Government by both parties. It is the "Me-Too" program of Trick-Moustache Dewey of 1949 all over again, but upon a premise more tragic.

No one could be hazarding much value to wager anything he might possess on the probability that it spells the wash-up of the Republican Party.

Well, and so what? The Republican Party, like its Democratic opponent has long since been made captive by the Faceless Power-Blockers.

Actually, neither tacitly exists.

Few seem to know specifically what Eisenhower stands for. And he's never made an outstanding speech to the American people clarifying it. Granted he ascends to the Presidency, which at this writing seems extremely unlikely, he offers no evidence that he won't conduct the United States Government as he conducted Columbia University—which as the whole nation knows, is a hot-bed of radicalism.

No American citizen ever won higher acclaim for being extraordinarily mediocre than Eisenhower. Nobody knows what his fiscal policies are, but his record as complacent tool of the Interna-

tional Power Bloc indicates he will continue to execute its orders. His nominal heading up of NATO precludes his repudiating the ruinous financial expenditures for which he had prepared the European terrain. This can mean no fundamental alteration in America's squander-bust policies, and with the tax rate already as high as it can be pushed—proven by operation of the law of diminishing returns—the American economy comes to its Thermopylae. If, as, and when the wheels of industry stop, with mounting left-wing tumult, we may find him acquiescent to placing the country under martial law. Where the country goes from there, only those wise in the esoteric pattern can surmise.

All this constitutes the celebrated Bottleneck, on the further side of which is the America That's To Be.

However, let's remember that the Republican Party's candidates still have to be elected. And with 17 million voting Americans dependent upon the largess of the Democratic Fair-Dealers, there's considerable doubt that they'll forego bread-and-butter for principles.

It's during the utter disillusion of the American people that the truly constructive work will be begun, reestablishing the Permanent America.

And the quicker it comes, the better for all of us.

Soulcrafters are again cautioned to lift their sights above the welter of these passing malingerings. Nowhere has it been said that Americans as a people were due to ride to flowery beds of ease on the effects of vicarious political atonements. Divine Providence always seem to carry a people to loftier levels through the duresses and coercions of ordeals.



However, the GOLDEN SCRIPTS contain infallible prophecies of what the beneficial outcome is to be, and those who search them out and familiarize themselves with them, feel no cringe of dread at Chicago's wordy travesties.

What the prophecies are specifically is another matter. And so long as Ameri-

cans en masse utter no protest, and turn indifferent ear when those who know the answers are persecuted or jailed for enlightening them, the prophecies must remain the revelation of the peculiar few. None of which halts such prophecies from maturing.

The difficulty is, that the nature of the forecasts is something that the current hypnotized public doesn't want to either hear or credit.

Let Soulcrafters be philosophical, while the populace learns from experience.

## Confusion Makers



**S**EATTLE, Wash., Soulcrafters write that they are perturbed and indignant over the attendance at Soulcraft Chapels of a most determined young lady who makes a point of attending whatever Soulcraft gatherings she hears about, and losing no time at using them to tout the claims and talents of another psychical teacher with far more "advanced" and "practical" attributes than the Recorder of the *Golden Scripts*. The personage for whom she does this vigorous publicity work "gives readings" that allege to "solve" attendee's personal problems, and on the whole Soulcraft isn't so much and all who aspire to be saved should go elsewhere. She is most evangelical about it.

This sort of thing is the left-wing technique, of course, for breaking up in advance any spiritual or civic groups before they get too powerful. It is by no means new. The young lady in question may be entirely sincere in proselyting the capabilities of her acclaimed favorite, but the effect is the same. It is to introduce confusion, disbelief, and even cynicism into the ranks of those who are suddenly finding a faith. At least, to attend the meetings of one group, with the idea of converting those present to the tenets of another group, is reprehensible. It is a form of intellectual shop-lifting.

Let Soulcrafters not be fooled. Whenever such a one appears in the Soulcraft audiences, let him or her be recognized for what he is. The sudden appearance of such a zealous proselyter for other cults and creeds can safely be attributed to forces, visible or invisible, who are becoming worried over the manner in which Soulcraft doctrines are "taking hold" and would emasculate them on principle,



not being able to counteract them in any other way. The leader of any group so afflicted is entirely justified in challenging the presence of such a one from the rostrum and requesting they not reappear at Soulcraft Chapel meetings. If a cleavage in attendance results, let it result. Make it quite clear that while Dr. Woozis may be a great psychic and cure all maladies from constitutional gouching to boils on the neck, Soulcrafters are gathered to learn of interpretations in the GOLDEN SCRIPTS and naught else. The Soulcraft Movement is not for "shoppers around" in esoteric cults, but for sincere students of Truth with the intellectual discernment to recognize the premise of the GOLDEN SCRIPTS revelations. In other words, it is not competing with any other organization, denomination, or cult for any purposes whatever.

Watch out for these disrupters and confusion-makers as the numbers of students grow, attending on Chapel meetings. In nine cases out of ten, such disrupters, challenged, fly quickly into a rage and disclose their true motives. In one case, California had one cult leader who couldn't hear the name Pelley mentioned without, figuratively speaking, foaming at the mouth. He actually went obsessed over it. He had never met Pelley nor had the slightest dealings with him. The premise for the whole furore was prenatal. He knew esoterically the fundamental basis for the Soulcraft revelations and was openly thwarting them as he had opportunity. Such displays of either ire or venom mark the perpetrators for who and what they are.

Soulcrafters do not manifest ire or venom over existence of contemporaries and solicit converts on the shoplifting basis.

Christ remarked, "By their works ye shall know them."

On the whole, take their appearances as acknowledgments that the Soulcraft tenets are scouring, else no one would bother to disrupt or confuse attendees.

### Psychical Phenomena



S OULCRAFT has a definite purpose in presenting attestments of supernatural phenomena. It is to acquaint students not only with various forms and aspects of discarnate activity but

bring such evidence as it can to prove the continuity of disembodied intelligence. Outside of these two functions, psychical phenomena is only of consequence to the psychic scientist.

People who go "all out" in reliance on psychical manifestations, bethinking to get advice and perhaps material aid from "the spirits" are but dabblers in the occult through more or less childish caprice. Little that is of constructive benefit is acquired, while on the other hand, loss of mental independence and initiative may prove definitely calamitous.

Always it should be remembered that these soul-spirits are "just people" like ourselves, only we operate from within the fleshly casing whereas their vehicles of manifestation are more tenuous on our plane. After we've conclusively convinced ourselves that intelligent discarnate existence is a fact, and that both the orthodox paradise or hell are equally fallacious as designations after organic demise, the purpose of our interest in such activity is largely served.

Get the Soulscript on *Familiar Spirits*, if you haven't read it already, and enlighten yourself as to the rational causes for such phenomena. When you've done so, and witnessed enough of it yourself to convince yourself that the human personality does survive the change called Death, keep only an academic interest in it thereafter.

It's only a state or stage of continuing consciousness, without the impediments of earth.

### Mental Obsession

(Continued from Page 6)

are discarnate—that is, spirits without mortal organisms of their own—but because they were gnarled and warped morally and ethically to commence with, even when they were legitimately housed in bodies obtained from earth mothers! Discarnation has simply altered the technique of their criminal expressions!

I NSANE people, as a rule, are first of all, abnormal in their own rights. They are people who have become damaged in their sense of balance, lost their social perspectives and spiritual equilibriums. The root meaning of the word Insanity is "lop-sidedness."

To this individualistic lop-sidedness is



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added the vengeance-seeking psyche of the discarnate criminal, as the latter discovers with what ease he can penetrate into the mental processes of the “insane” one and command them.

We talk about people as being “violently” or “criminally” insane, without stopping to ask why the impellation to the violence or the criminality in their own rights at all.

It never crosses our minds that the violence or the crime can be derived independently of the natural aberrations of the afflicted one, through obsession by some poisonous thug-spirit who is taking such means and methods for getting back at mortal society which he had grown to hate and despise from childhood.

**S**UCH afflicted people may not necessarily screech and scream, rattle their bars, or mouth gibberish, to be under the control of such poisonous free-spirits, earthbound to work out their fulminations on a society that is defenseless against them through its ignorance concerning all discarnate life.

Full often we find that the most dangerous of the criminally insane show the most harmless exteriors, and exhibit the most disarming outward behavior. They seem to bide their time with entire rationality until opportunity arises to consummate their acts.

Modern psychology hits all around the mark in trying to account for such eccentricities and irrational breaches of the moral law. It refuses to admit of discarnate consciousness, and so short-suits itself in not getting at the crux of the affliction by recognizing the coolly plotting brain that may be using the irrational one’s organism to achieve its loathesome acts.

Undoubtedly it was some such individualities—so scheming to use the “men among the tombs”—whom Jesus “rebuked” and “suffered to go into the Gargaren Swine.”

But the aforesaid “unclean” spirits or “familiar” spirits—against which all religions inveigh—seem to be, ten to one, mere discarnate busybodies and practical jokers, psychic kibitzers, and people who literally push themselves in where they are not suspected or particularly wanted, because they have discovered in the discarnate state that it is contrivable.

Such people fear to explore the higher octaves of spirit into which they have

found themselves released—from the same motives, perhaps, that people in mortal life cannot be persuaded to take an interest in psychical research and know enough about the marvels of the supernatural so that they will no longer be particularly terrorized by it.

Far more comfortable and gratifying to turn back to the familiar scenes of earth, and the individuals still in flesh with whom they feel most at home, and cling to them as a matter of spiritual security, than to go on about their spiritual business.

Time and again we find them refusing to accept the fact that, in the strict worldly sense, they are “dead.”

They want to demonstrate that they are NOT dead, that earth-people, or people still in vehicles of flesh, have it all wrong in thinking that because a man vacates his worn-out or damaged physical form, he thereby ceases to exist.

They want to find ways to prove that they CAN and DO exist—that they still have power to get physical effects, albeit through the instrumentalities of others still embodied.

Particularly are they excited and gratified if, in the pursuit of such kibitzing activity, their existences are noted and they are accredited as being some form of angelic or celestial life.

It is second nature for humankind to identify any form of discarnate life, or invisible activity of consciousness, as pertaining to the celestial. Thousands are the cases of insurance agents, real estate salesmen, pretzel-twisters, and drivers of earthly trash-wagons, who, on attaining to a bodiless status of existence, have found ways to render their psyches more or less opaque and thereby be mistaken for gods or seraphim.

Nothing so tickles a discarnate life insurance agent—or a real estate salesman, pretzel-twister, or truck-driver as the case may be—as being mistaken for a seraph. It is something novel in his scheme of things. All his mortal life he has been treated by society, or by prospects for insurance, as quite the antithesis of seraphim. So he effects a pseudo-materialization, is seen by all and sundry, and hears the exclamation: “God is with us! Let us be contrite!”

Naturally, after having been kicked off earthly verandas all his mortal days as an unclean spirit, he is going to stick as long as possible to a status of earth-bound spiritual inhibition where he and

God are awesomely mixed up in confused mortal wits!

**O**BSESSION as obsession, therefore, is truly sharing the personality or body with the dominating but discarnate psyche of someone who refuses to go about his business exploring the higher octaves when, and as, the time has arrived when such exploration is legitimate and requisite—that the reincarnational cycle may ultimately be completed.

This sharing means that the mortal victim has to take all the accruing social odium while the discarnate psyche goes scot-free, or gets the kick or thrill without having to submit to social reprisals.

It is a disgusting manifestation of spirit at best. But to understand what is occurring is to call up defenses against it. No person is ever obsessed willingly! Remember this: When co-operation is established voluntarily with a disembodied personage, there is little that is "unclean" about it and it falls into a category far removed indeed from insanity and evil!

Such is Obsession.

Who was it asked the question?

## Mormon Letter

(Continued from Page 4)

untarily insofar as I was concerned. Which brings us to the controversial subject of "His" true Church. Let me say what I have to say in this wise—

**T**HE GREAT Teacher, for I think of Him as strictly that, has never, at any time, or in any terms, ever uttered one syllable to me implying that He had any "church" excepting the Truth exercising in men's hearts universally. I do recall at one time when I had passed a facetious remark about the Pope of Rome, He interposed quickly and vehemently, "Nevertheless, he is My servant for those who must approach Truth through the spectacles of ritual." Never in 23 years experience with this sacred communication has He ever uttered a single criticism of any Faith, Denomination, Cult, or Doctrine, no matter how antagonistic it might be to the general agenda of principles set forth in the Golden Speakings. I might also add specifically, since you have mentioned it, that no reference has ever been made to the Mormon Church, either for or a-

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S O U L C R A F T C H A P E L S



gainst it, but His general philosophy and angle seems to be that all forms of spiritual observance befit the peculiar needs of the communicants, thus rationalizing their existence. But what was being aimed at in my own illumination was the clarification of His original doctrine, that the error that has crept into later-day orthodoxy might be reasonably corrected. That reincarnation of the personal soul-spirit into mortality again and again was a fact, was early impressed upon me. Indeed, I have passages which would seem to attest that this was one of the main

tenets He broadcast in Palestine in the flesh, but that the early ecclesiastics, of their own volitions, made an allegorical interpretation of it which became mystically almost without meaning. "But," said He on many occasions, "remember not to tell men truths with too great suddenness, lest they turn and rend you."

Conscientiously I went through over 200 transcripts of the sacred Conversations and culled out, almost under specific guidance, those which were feasible to release to the general public. I did this

(Continued on Page 14)



## .. COGITATIONS

**T**O EMPHASIZE how careful you must be—in exploring psychical phenomena—to rely on common sense as the basis for mysterious happenings, I call to mind a late summer's night in September of 1905 when our neighborhood church-bell started tolling at 2 in the morning. Also it calls to mind a vivid picture of my father's moral courage. We were living in the biggest city in western Massachusetts next door to the Methodist Church. This edifice faced south. It was generously surrounded by lawn. A smaller building, constructed somewhat after the pattern of the main church, intervened between the latter and our house to the west. The wider and deeper lawn displayed before this auxiliary church building. It was a typical residential neighborhood, upper middle-class, the east and west street lined heavily with maples. It was furthermore a Sunday night, and brilliant moonlight. The church services that evening had been distinguished by a Harvest Concert. We had attended and gone home. My room, at the front of the house, opened upon a second-story veranda and I slept with the door open for ventilation. But at two a. m. I was awakened by a dull, metallic *dong* coming from somewhere. I sat up and listened. It sounded again and seemed to be drifting over from eastward. I sprang from bed and went out upon the pocket-handkerchief veranda. The moonlit neighborhood was barren of life but there wasn't a particle of doubt that the musical *dong* was being made by the clapper of the church-bell, high in the Methodist steeple. Up in the dark of that steeple, *the church-bell was striking of itself!* . . .

**D**AD came out in dishabille and joined me, mother behind him. He agreed the sound was coming from the steeple. The bell wasn't rolling and pealing as it did for divine service. It was giving a

dull, disgruntled *dong* and then allowing a minute or more to elapse before it *donged* again. A yellow lamp came on in James Brown's home across the street. So quiet was the night—aside from the chirping of crickets—that we could hear the creak and slap of the Brown's screen-door as husband and wife appeared on their ground-floor veranda, came to the rail and stared upward at the belfry. Was some sort of spook loose, contriving to swing the clapper of the bell and cause the *dong* when it hit the metallic rim? What else could we believe? We saw James Brown disappear inside and presently come forth clothed. By that time Old Man Wright, church janitor, had emerged from his domicile to our right and was hurrying toward the church. Father decided he'd better get dressed. I pulled on my short pants in jigtime, as a boy will, and went down the corner post. Presently the Sheldons were getting up, and the Hubbards and the O'Briens and the Warrens and the Osgoods. The bell was giving its ghostly *dong* at one-minute intervals and eight minutes after the phenomenon had started the lawn before the church exhibited a somewhat sizable group of increasingly unnerved citizens. Peer up as one might, no signs of any human intruder could be discerned from the street, sidewalks or lawns, despite the fact that the church-corner had a sizable arc-light. I still can see the family men of the neighborhood, tucking shirts into trouser-belts, or adjusting suspenders of the period, as they gathered from three streets . . .

**T**HERE were no such things as police prowls or two-way radios back in 1905. When you wanted a policeman, you called Police Headquarters, a mile down in the city. Night operator at the Police switchboard then pressed a button that illuminated a large bell-like globe atop your nearest police-box. The patrolman on the beat was supposed to keep watch for that light and communicate with Headquarters when he saw it. Thereupon he was told where to go—ten to fifteen minutes elapsing before he showed up. This gave any burglar ample

time to loot your safe or your buffet of spoons, but it was assumed, on the whole, to be remarkably modern. Someone over in the Warren home put in the requisite call for the police-box to be lighted, and for the local patrolman to come running and arrest the belfry ghost. Later we learned that Patrolman Race had gotten the call okay, but certainly not lived up to his name. At any rate, he raced to get there by taking the route northward to Holyoke, westward to Pittsfield, and southward to Hartford, Conn. Meantime, all the church deacons had gathered in, and belatedly the Pastor himself came from the parsonage far down the street. Old Man Wright had the church doors unlocked but the layman membership seemed to be awaiting the presence of the pastor to lead them with prayer if not with feet. When the pastor joined the nocturnal throng and gave indications of doing exactly that, my father looked disgusted. Why didn't somebody go up in the belfry and learn what was happening first hand? Dr. Curley, the veterinary, wanted to know why father didn't do precisely that thing himself? Father said, why not? And he went into the vestry as men have been known to go into mausoleums, to battle the Prince of Darkness singlehanded. I was proud of my father's nerve, so proud in fact that my own presence was close enough to him to pry off the heels of his slippers as he walked . . .

**T**O GET to the belfry ladder, you had to go through the vestry doors into the main auditorium of the church, then to the extreme back-corner, then take the carpeted steps up into the balcony running across the rear. From this balcony an iron ladder, affixed against south-wall, went up to a trapdoor in balcony ceiling. Electric flashlamps were unknown in those years. Father wasn't even equipped with a lantern. We made out objects in the auditorium's interior by the light of the arc-lamp coming through high windows of stained glass—and not doing it very successfully. In fact, several times to locate balcony stairs and iron-ladder, dad had to pause and strike a sulphur

match . . . With father gone inside, however, various others gathered courage to steal in by two's and three's, but wait down in the main body of the church for him to be seized, strangled, bashed in the head, or picked up bodily and hurled below on bricks. I remember that it was my father's temperament to engage in no particular conversation on this errand. He had a ghost to lay and he went about laying it. Of course the *dongs* were still sounding a matter of minutes apart, while we were groping up through the church. But he located the ladder and felt his way higher. Holding himself by one hand, he finally pushed up the trap-door with the other. This trap worked on hinges and pushed up readily. Strange to say, there was more light in the belfry than displayed down in the balcony, most of it coming up through great slats that made the shutters of the belfry on four sides, from the arc-lamp on the corner, or the moon high above all of it. There in plain sight above our heads was the mighty bell, motionless. *But the clapper was swinging—there was no doubt about it . . .*

o—o  
**W**HAT in the world was causing it to swing? Pigeons were dusting up all around the place, with the intrusion of father's head and shoulders into their sacrosanct aerie. Dad hoisted himself so that he could sit on the trap door's edge and study the phenomenon at close range. I was standing on the iron-ladder's top rung. Of course there was nothing of flesh and blood in the belfry but he, I, and the pigeons—although Old Man Wright, the janitor, was disputing my right upon the ladder by now and passing nasty remarks as to why I wasn't home and in bed, instead of hanging to the top rung of a belfry ladder at 2:15 a. m. Directly as the three of us stared however, the bell-clapper made the arc far enough to contact the bell's metallic edge, and a *dong* went down upon the nocturnal populace as the thing made resonant tremble. Hitting the bell, we could see, caused the clapper to lose oscillation—which had to be built up over again. When it had time to build up over again, another *dong* resulted. By now the length of the ladder below me had deacons and elders in a tall line, standing on one another's heads and all wishing to be informed why I wasn't at home and in bed. "Son," father remarked, "I think I could solve this thing if I could



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only get a lantern. Pass the word down for someone to go for a lantern and have it handed up." I tried to pass such word down, but being only 15 years old, it didn't carry weight. Only when I gave signs of sliding down the ladder as I was accustomed to slide down banisters, scraping janitors, deacons and elders off like leaves upon a tree-branch, did they grudgingly descend and permit me to go for the article dad wanted . . . I got down through the balcony, the auditori-

um, and the vestry, pushed people aside on the steps with authority, and scurried across westerly lawn to our stable. Quickly enough I got the big lantern with the lens fused in its globe, lighted it and came back. But in the time that it took me to wait for a sulphur match to burn up, I became aware that the bell-clapper had missed its methodical *dong*. Getting back to the steps, I met—in the order named—the Pastor, Elder Osgood, Deacon Warren, Janitor Wright, and lastly



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father. "It's all right, son," he assured me, "we don't need it, although you were a good boy to get it so promptly. There won't be any more ghosts in the belfry tonight." . . .

I THOUGHT, naturally, that somehow he must have jammed the clapper. No pigeons had been roosting on it, that I knew—in fact, a whole colony of pigeons wouldn't have been strong enough, even cooperating, to make that heavy clapper swing. Seen in close-up, it had been made of solid bronze and was at least four feet in length. What had father found? What had he done? The yardful of neighbors insisted he tell them. But he didn't. Perhaps he was contemptuous of their moral cowardice. Even Wright, Warren and Osgood couldn't tell them what father had done, excepting that Old Man Wright declared he'd seen dad in the act of shutting the clasp of his pocket-knife. But with the phenomenon ended, the excitement subsided. Patrolman Race came around via Hartford, Conn., about the time that Janitor Wright was relocking front doors. Father had a low word with him and then called to me to come home to bed. But in our living room he chuckled, "Son, always make sure when you start to lay ghosts, that they *are* ghosts. It's terribly easy to *imagine* they're ghosts and get yourself worked up to a ridiculous temperature." I demanded for the eleventh time what he'd discovered in the belfry. "I've always suspected," he answered, "that a disembodied spirit must have intelligence to make it a spirit, and what common sense would there be about ringing a bell-clapper in the middle of the night? You remember the stuffed goat that you and the Sargent boy pulled along the sidewalk up in front of the store in Gardner. Well, this 'phenomenon' was so allied to it that I looked for some similar cause. You go ask your chums Russell Brown, Miles Higgins, or Sammy Bertrand tomorrow if they didn't get up into the belfry during the Harvest Concert tonight and attach a fish-line to that clapper. I'll bet they certainly were surprised—over in the garden of the Cooley house—when the bell-clapper jerked the line out of their hands and began reeling it up to the belfry!" . . . Father laughed with the boyish good-humor he often displayed, tossed me a hundred feet of perfectly good fish-line, and went back to bed as though he him-

self had played a capital joke on the neighbors . . .

—THE RECORDER

## Chicago Convention

(Continued from Page 2)

candidate who has been a Democratic-Newdeal employe and faithful servant all his career, is chosen to present merely the Republican aspect of the Democratic-Newdeal program. People who are against the One-World anti-nationalist program in any guise, have no man left to vote for.

A No-Choice Convention is a wholly needless convention, and its convocations worthless for expressing the views of an electorate.

It defranchises millions.

An enlightened Christian State can, and will, dispense with them as something antiquated and puerile. George Washington, if you take care to investigate, strongly urged against the creation of political parties at all, probably foreseeing something of the infantile order that has distinguished the Windy City the first of this month.

We who are interested in estimating accurately the true sources of our nation's current maladies can now pay strict attention to the crisis that must inevitably mature in result of such one-way politics.

Viewed from the angle of The Ageless Wisdom, a country where the electorate is intellectually mature quickly and indignantly writes off the Delegates Spree as an insult to its intelligence.

However, that too must come.

But we've got to know by experience the price that such political adolescence costs us, before the mass of us grasp it.

*The issue before America is minority control of majorities through world super-government!*

As we pay the price for being stupid about it, we shall come to correct it.

Remember, only that which hurts, educates.

## Mormon Letter

(Continued from Page 11)

with an utterly virgin mind, I say, respecting such works as *The Book of Mormon*, *Science and Health*, or *The Secret Doctrine*. Yet indications keep mounting that

the fundamental truths in all these books are in the Sacred Conversations somewhere. Mormonism may be "His Church" and it may not. I have no means of knowing because He has never mentioned it. But neither has He passed comment on the truth or falseness of any other creed. One thing I did understand, was that I was under no obligation to establish any creed, denomination, or cult in consequence of my own enlightenments. I was simply to release what He obviously had uttered, to the great cross-section of the public and let it go at that. I gathered that in the fulness of time He had His own plans for its formal utility.

**Y**OU ASK about true copies of His original speakings being on deposit in the Vatican. I cannot say, one way or another, because I do not know, but there are implications aplenty that everything recorded about His Palestinian ministry of today is strictly hearsay, edited and re-edited so many times as to have lost all semblance of its pristine essence. One thing I might mention, He has never once made mention of any such place as Hell and any condition of Eternal Torment. All is of Light and Instruction. All souls come to salvation in the end by means of the Rebirth (on earth) that truly was the substance if His converse with Nicodemus, and the benefits of Ultimate Experience.

To sum it up, my dear friend, I make no claims whatsoever about the GOLDEN SCRIPTS. I submit them on their merits, for what they contain that is consistent and inspiring. They were originally dictated to me and I shared them. I am trying to start no church, religion, denomination or cult. People the land across are finding a new basis of regenerated Faith in them, and that, I believe, is why they were given to me. My early years as professional writer were merely technical preparations for doing the expository work that now falls to me. Because they are strictly non-sectarian, they can appeal to the communicants of any Faith.

If you are a good Mormon, continue to be a good Mormon. If you are a professing Catholic or Protestant, continue so to profess. If Christian Science or Theosophy befit your spiritual requirements, go to those for them. The GOLDEN SCRIPTS are merely master commentaries on all of them—and none.

This is as far as I can go in responding to your letter of query about them.

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*Soulcraft Press, Inc., Noblesville, Ind.*

Those which can only be published post-mortally, outline precisely what I'm supposed to do to aid in inducting the Golden Times I mention so frequently in VALOR, and a hundred years from today it may be seen that whatever I have done had a mighty serious motivation, even though from the near-angle of the present, many phases have seemed futile. I think in the end it will be seen that nothing

was futile nor out of place.

Lastly, the fact that the way was opened to me to publish and give away \$50,000 worth of these total collations, has an undeniable significance.

My best personal wishes go out to you, and may you continue to find the same consolation and inspiration in The Scripts that I have found as an individual.

Fraternally,      THE RECORDER

## T H E P A Y O F F

AN UNHAPPY Rumanian was shuffling down a Bucharest street, muttering: "Those dirty, rotten, stinking, low-down loafers!"

A heavy hand fell on his shoulder. "Come along," said the minion of the Secret Police. "You're under arrest."

"What for?" demanded the Rumanian.

"Treasonable utterances against the authorities."

Cried the indignant citizen, "Why, I never mentioned them."

"No," said the policeman, "but you described 'em perfectly."

THE VILLAGE ne'er-do-well was foreman of the jury trying a murder case.

The jury was out three days, struggling to arrive at a decision. The Judge was exasperated.

"What kept you so long?" he demanded.

"We got into an argument, Judge."

"An argument over what?"

"Whether we wuz to recommend that the defendant get AC or DC current."

HE WAS much more enthusiastic over the looks of his new wife than his friends were.

"She's marvelous," he declaimed. "She just dropped down from heaven and landed in front of me."

One of the listeners remarked to the man beside him, "Tough luck, wasn't it, that she landed on her face!"

THE BOSS asked, "Rufus, did you go to your lodge meeting last night?"

"Nozzar, we had to postpone it," said Rufus.

"That so? What was the trouble?"


"De Grand All-powerful and Most Extreme Unconquerable Potentate dun got beat up by his wife."

THE OLD Army drill sergeant had been warned by his superiors that he must exercise patience with some of his new recruits. He was especially cautioned about using lurid language on them.

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But immediately he discovered that even his simplest orders seemed to miss fire. Finally in despair, he stood with hands on hips glaring at them. But an idea occurred to him. He stepped around

the corner of the barracks and returned with a large police dog on a leash.

"Here, pal," he said, with supreme effort at self-control, "see what you can do with 'em."