

Valor

The Golden Times Weekly . .

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

Volume III

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MORE SIGNS AND WONDERS ARE COMING IN HEAVENS



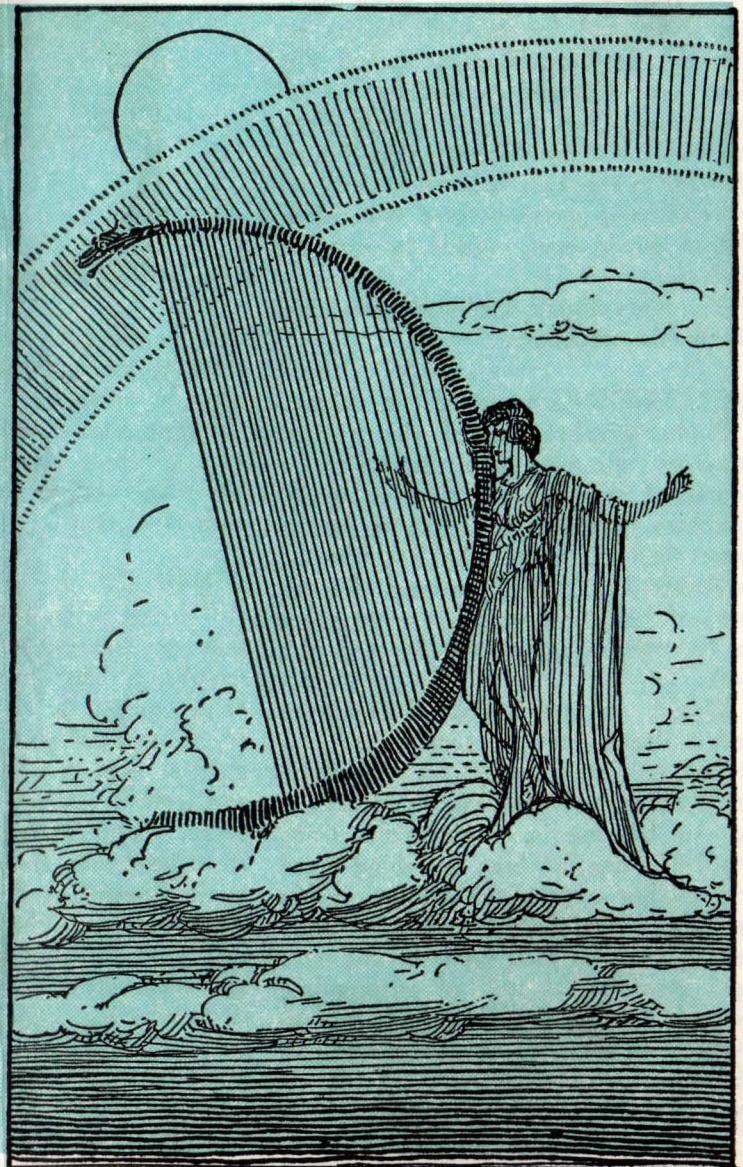
A VISITOR drove down into Soulcraft Headquarters at 9 p. m. Sunday evening from Columbus, Ohio. The Recorder and Mr. Ellingsen sat with him on the southwest patio at the plant until after 11 p. m. The Recorder went to the front of the plant to see this visitor off and remained talking on the front apron of the garage until after 11:30. When he had gone, the Recorder prepared for bed, but remembered the patio rockers in which they had passed the evening. He went out to bring them in, lest it rain before morning.

However, it was brilliant starlight over Indiana at midnight last Sunday night. Not the trace of a cloud had featured the sunset. Suddenly as The Recorder laid hands on the back of a rocker, his vision was attracted by a high moving light in the high southwest. It was by no means any commercial airplane.

Indianapolis had been visited by an alleged flying saucer phenomena the week before, and The Recorder supposed he was seeing a second. This was brilliant and it was oscillating. It was exactly in the position among the galaxies where the planet Mars is supposed to glow steadily.

The Recorder shouted to several members of the Valor staff who had not yet left for the night. All went out upon the west lawn.

All saw the phenomena. (over)



The planet would oscillate, rise and fall, make arcs that were perceptible to the naked eye. It would remain stationary for a moment or so, then repeat its aberrations. Seen through binoculars, these aberrations were even more pronounced. That it wasn't any trick of any one person's vision was demonstrated when all witnesses "called the same shots" on the direction of the movements. The group on the lawn watched it until the planet sank in the west, about one o'clock.

Monday night was also cloudless. As soon as Mars appeared in the mid-southwest, the same oscillations became apparent. Meanwhile, on our own planet's surface, the Tehachapi earthquake had occurred in California.

Tuesday evening Son William and family drove in from Cleveland, and with other visitors at the plant who had come in during Monday, an impromptu Star-Study Party followed when darkness came and the heavenly bodies began to scintillate. Various optical illusions were advanced as theories and explanations. Then it was Melford Pearson who made the discovery that Saturn, showing in the west, was performing far more startling gyrations even than Mars. Saturn would even wobble in eccentric circles.

The more distant fixed stars were more reasonably stationary.

ACCORDING to experts in celestial photography, one of the greatest banes of their work is fluctuations in the course of light, apparently due to atmospheric pressures and currents, but in more than 60 years The Recorder of Soulcraft has never witnessed fluctuations of light comparable to what seems to be transpiring in the heavens this week.

Would, or could, light fluctuate to such a degree that a planetary body described movement similar to a powerful firefly riding on a tree leaf whose branches were blowing in a reasonably strong wind? If there has been one thing noted for stability up through history, it has been the "stars in their courses." Planets are held true to their orbits by the most rigid gravitational pull of surrounding heavenly bodies. For them to dance around in their places—or within any prescribed area—is unthinkable. Strange celestial orbs would have to come near

enough to exert major electromagnetic attraction that would produce a cataclysm in the heavens, not a passing spark-dance.

Of course Indiana has no monopoly on night-sky exhibitions. Wherever Soulcrafters may live in the United States, *they are free to check on Mars and Saturn and learn if they also discern the aberrations.*

However, a planet moving queerly of sufficient arc and behavior to attract the eye carelessly, is not a thing to be lightly dismissed. One theory advanced, that Mother Space-Ships might be anchored in the locations where Mars and Saturn are to be found on any cloudless evening,



and the electromagnetic rise and fall of these as the sun shines upon their surfaces in outer space, meets the counter-objection that in such event the aberration of the space-ship ought to reveal the planet behind it. And there is no such revelation . . .

ONE OF the major mysteries connected with all the aerial phenomena that is happening in these fraught months, is The Recorder's confessed inability to get the slightest enlightenment from transcendental sources—enlightenment at least that he considers bona fide and reliable—about the current Space Ships, Flying Saucers, or other sky manifestations that are of daily description in the newspapers. Since the last issue of VALOR was published, eight alleged Saucers were picked up by radar traveling above the city of Washington, D. C. Indianapolis has already had its dither about one passing over central Indiana, witnessed by thousands.

Does it mean that intelligence far ad-

vanced over ours, has made the interplanetary excursion ahead of earth inhabitants, that it was known even far back in Bible times that such would happen coincidental with the opening of the Millennial Age, and that Higher Mentors wish to authenticate nothing that might cause panic or bring about conditions where people exercise violence against those with too great a knowledge of celestial expectancies?

The Recorder has long-since been told that "signs and wonders were coming in the heavens," and not to be alarmed over them because they portended naught but good. But discernate intellects, almost uniformly, seem to be laboring under some epochal censorship.

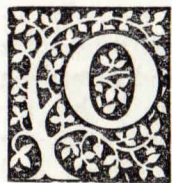
Very well, if there's a sufficient reason for withholding such details, we can exercise patience until we're informed what it is.

One thing seems to be certain, that these space ships and flying saucers are not figments of anyone's over-excited imagination. Whether their presences are allied in any manner with events popularly thought of as The Second Coming—somewhat analogous to the appearance of the Heavenly Host over Bethlehem the night of the Nativity—must be left to conjecture. For all we know to the contrary, the hosts of 23-inch men whom Frank Scully describes so definitely in his extraordinary little volume *Behind the Flying Saucers*—which can be bought in any book store—may be taking their places in result of superior knowledge of the coming epiphany, not so much to guard against disastrous results of atom bomb radio activity as men have conjectured.

But that happenings are on the cusp of demonstratings that persons of psychical talents are by no means the crackpots that the materialists take for granted, is the one thing of permanent value that may come out of it. Those to whom The Recorder wrote privately about the imminency of the California earthquake, may be realizing by now that it was more than "good guessing" . . .

HOWEVER, let's all of us keep particularly close watch of the heavens for the balance of this summer and autumn. Particularly let's watch the heavens the night of September 18th. Some psychics are even setting the clock-hour
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FACTS TO BEAR IN MIND ABOUT SUPPORT OF CLEAN-UP CRUSADES



ONE SURE sign of malady beneath the raiment of the body politic is a spasmodic rash of paper organizations to Remedy the Situation. It appears to travel in cycles.

The average layman holds to the naive idea that what perplexes or harasses himself, perplexes and harasses all society. He reaches a point of exasperation with the Prevailing Condition and his reaction is to decide that what is lacking is "organization" . . . Gather together large numbers of people, elect a president or chairman, a secretary and a treasurer, order some job-printing describing the evils that must be cured, and forthwith the cure begins automatically as strangers of like convictions "join up".

The average rate for the birth of such endeavors in the United States at present, is about three a week. Like infants discovering their ten toes, the promoters entertain the puerile idea that nothing precisely like what they are attempting has ever been essayed before, and that all which is necessary is sufficiently large membership.

Of course there is always the matter of dues—ah, yes, the revenue. Hall rent and printing cost money, of course. No successful organization was ever launched without ample funds. Perhaps a big initial convocation is held, a hired band plays, recklessly noble speeches are fired like rockets into the atmosphere. Everybody goes home, hoarse but zealous, fired with the inspiration that at last "something is being done" . . .

By about the fifth week, when the \$75.10 taken in for original dues has been spent and unpaid obligations start piling up, the zeal wanes, society shows little or no capacity to appreciate the efforts being made for the general salvation, and the whole business folds.

This is called Democracy in Action.

Aiming at a Star Means More than Underwriting Gripe

It is supposed to be typically American. Actually, it's merely bemusement of a sort . . .

NOW nine out of ten organizers of these bemusements are entirely sincere persons, but rarely are they astute enough to analyze what they are doing. Generally speaking, they mistake the method for the objective.

Assuming remedy for some prevailing political or economic distemper is being sought, these zealous saviors hold a vague idea that if enough expose literature is showered over the country, the citizens will "rise up" and "demand" change. Citizens, of course, well-read or otherwise, never do anything of the sort. Nevertheless, these organizers proceed on the naive premise that they will, and the dues for belonging to the organization are expended in tremendous campaigns of producing printed matter, good, bad, or indifferent. It is an organization—so long as it lasts—for subsidizing printing bills for somebody's literary squawking. Finally, with nothing being done to remedy the conditions so vociferously exposed, the public—not to mention the membership—grows tired of the vocal or printed din, or takes it for granted.

All the promoters truly have done is make their gripe articulate.

Had the promoters been truly capable, this is what they would have recognized—

There are exactly two ways, in a country like the United States, for securing remedy for political or economic ills:

(1) Assembling together enough citizens



of one mind to make them a political threat to the parties or individuals in power; (2) Creating what amounts to a private army that could, and in the final analysis perchance would, march into the Halls of State and physically throw the rascals out.

Search till the Millenium comes in, you will find no other alternatives that effectively mean relief. So such organizers of the three-a-week Movements to Save the Country should be wise enough and sincere enough to say to prospective members: (1) "We are creating a political force to turn the heat on legislators strong enough to make them accede to our patterns of thinking," or (2) "We propose to creat a private army to take the law into our own hands and set up administration of our patterns of thinking whether the majority be with us or not."

In the first instance, the aforesaid honest organizers must recognize that they can't even upset an ink-bottle legislatively until they are sufficiently heavy in membership to surpass *all* numbers of those cohorts holding contrary views. In the second instance, the aforesaid honest organizers should recognize that they must be prepared to risk their liberties and perhaps their necks in sponsoring and bringing off revolution and social turmoil.

The people of themselves never "rise up"—they are always *made* to rise up. Such pseudo-armies play at mock revolution till they find themselves used by wits more astute to grind secret axes that the

Controversy



ALL, Sage of Other Years! Long time no see!
Great lives have ached on tongue since last
we mused!

Was it in Shinar's groves we wrangled first
Or in Cathay's pagodas, speech-confused?
Or was it further back, when we two dropped

Down ether-track from sun-stars etched in Space,
To use an earth new-fashioned for Soul's spoil
And wash for God a sodomistic race? . . .

Were you not fired of holy zeal with me
When fiats fell from frail Ikhnaton's lips
That gods ap plethora were priestly trash
And hydra-headed Christs must meet eclipse?

Were we not staunch, Zenobia to espouse,
Thus halt the Roman in his brassy stride?
Recall how mute you were, cool stars beneath,
When ceased a Voice by Galilee's night tide!

I think you paced with me Agora's tiles,
Or quizzed Pythagoras on numbered spheres.
You marveled at my elbow to the crone
Whose cacklings sent us ranked on plains of jeers
That Gallic savage strut in robes of State
And pile sharp spires of temples to fen's dawn;

I thought you grinned at me on Hastings sands
That Chivalry from Norman might were born . . .

Or did you rue those fire-scrolls Luther tacked
On doors of Wittenberg that Sabbath bell,
Or fought de Vieuville's joust with Richelieu
To shudder at the blasts from Dante's Hell?

Why did we see New England's empty shores
Raise from Atlantic mists, small Plymouth Rock,
To hoot the psychic dames at Salem's pyre,
The brash Mosaic Legend meant to mock?

I grant thy face is strange, but voice afresh
By Eye and Mind thy soul-seam doth bespeak;
'Twere Folly's hours we jawed in rougher climes
And good the pause for breath in aeons bleak!
Must thou return to finish it, Pedant,
That men are beastly that their lungs know breath?

I say we settle all things by one lore:
The universal silliness of Death!
So earthly robes and spires, are these not proof
The everlasting stalemate to deny?

Have we not come and gone campaigns enough
To end this specious spat 'twixt Earth and Sky?

Up the obdurate years, in barrel-rolls,
Let's pledge all-troth to minions jeweled-crowned:

We are the Bright of Heart, star-birthed and armed,
WE MEASURE LIFE BY FREEDOMS FROM ALL
GROUND!

rank and file never suspect. Either that, or they are dispersed before they start. Then "the people" are given credit for whatever happens, successful or unsuccessful. The trouble with the average American is, he feels that if he can give his own ego a joy-ride, he's accomplishing something for the good of *hoi polloi*. And nothing can make clearer to him what a mess he's uncorked than becoming successful in either gesture . . .

LET'S SAY that some especially astute and capable person decides the country has had enough and Something Should Be Done. Let's say he has the sense to analyze possibilities, grasp the value of expose printed matter, and choose which of the two finalities shall serve his purpose. Let's say he has such genius for membership integration that whole sections hail him as The Man Who Can Deliver. The things that he's audaciously inviting are these—

If he has the discernment to create a real menace of political opposition to those in power, he's inviting the full force of political might and venom to restrain or crush him, since men do not relinquish power so long as they have a single expedient left by which to retain it.

If he has the discernment to create a real menace of physical opposition to those in power—the privately military, let us put it—he'll not only find himself smeared as a menace to existing institutions, but those astute in such eventualities will take care to dispose of him physically before he turns the tables in the natural course of events and does the same to them. First, he'll probably be "investigated" by Congress, followed by charges of sedition lodged against him for what he *aspires* to do, as those being menaced conceive it, and if possible will be jailed until his following is scattered. Second, the first untoward act of assuming to take the law into private hands, or using force against the force of those already in authority—no matter how lecherous or corrupt—will result in charges of treason being put against him, and in the exact degree of his effectiveness he will run the risk of execution.

These are the eventualities that the three-a-week paper-organization promoters rarely give thought, unless they be mere intellectual racketeers, striving to

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WHAT THE WORLD NEEDS MOST IS A CLINIC FOR SOULS . .



THE MAN or woman of analytical turn of mind, who deliberately gives thought to human existence in its basic aspects, is certain to acquire a perturbing conviction. Sooner or later he or she finds it necessary to decide that nine-tenths of people are hideously unhappy. Happiness as an earthly condition must be something of a paradox. The only contented people seem to be those without ambitions, goods, or imaginations.

The item of what to do about it—assuming that something should be done about it—has given the world its religionists, philosophers, poets, and sociologists.

The conclusion that there is not much that can be done about it, has likewise made its contribution to human thought: in that it has given the world its cynics, ascetics, suicides, and chinless persons of the masculine gender who toot dolefully on saxophones at two in the morning.

The old saying that "it takes all kinds of people to make a world" is true only to a limited degree. It isn't all kinds of people that it takes to make a world but all kinds of griefs, frustrations, thwarted hopes, and maladjusted egos.

People are all alike. It is the variety of plights into which they work themselves, or land inadvertently, that makes Peter different from Paul, or Lizzie different from Susie, with all four of them certain that never in the history of the race was man or woman born whose lack of true happiness exceeded their own.

Such being human life as we commonly find it, it should be both engaging and profitable to look levelly at this question of human happiness—or what passes for it—and perceive what gives the race this promiscuous social malady.

Why is it that nine-tenths of the human species are viciously at war with life?

Why Most of the World's Populace Is at War with Life . .

What constitutes Happiness, anyhow, that persons in such numbers are forever on the quest for it?

Why should not human spirits have been inducted into earthly arena for a Sojourn in Enjoyment instead of one perpetual Sojourn in Ordeal where too often ecstasy is attainable only at a cost in social lesion?

ACCOST the first man you meet on the street and ask him: "Are you happy?" If sobeit he answers you before wondering what right you have to ask it, he will answer: "Of course not!" Get into his confidence, press him for details, and you will uniformly discover that he has ideals and aspirations beyond his present powers to gratify. He may want a new car, a new job, a new wife. He may merely aspire to an existence where cars, jobs, and wives are distinguished by their absence. He may cherish secret designs to be a statesman, a preacher, or an author—or, finding himself a statesman, preacher, or author, he may the more satisfactorily desire himself in the role of dog-catcher, bill poster, or Fuller brushman—so that he can call on all the outstanding housewives and discuss, let's say, the politics of Europe.

The superficial observer might conclude that Happiness consists in forever being the thing one is not. Comedians are not happy till they are allowed to play Shakespeare. Seemingly contented wives and mothers cherish secret designs to acquire slinky gowns and vamp.

"The whole world of men and women wants to be the opposite of what each is,"



might be the conclusion, "but the question arises: assuming that each could be such opposite, would he truly be happy or immediately aspire to quite something else?"

We must probe down into the roots of this matter as to what Happiness is—abstractly—to diagnose this ailment which seems well-nigh universal.

First, to the dictionary!

"Happiness," says Webster's, or maybe it's the Standard, both essentially agreeing on the subject, "is the state or quality of being happy: the pleasurable experience that springs from possession of goods or the gratification of desires."

Happiness therefore, is the state or quality of obtaining the thing for which one secretly longs.

But immediately, surveying such designation, we are confronted by the quandary: Assuming that one secretly longs for a thing, or a series of things, what assurance has he that having procured or attained them, he would not immediately long for something else?

Does it mean that Happiness is the epitome of whatever, in any status or condition, is forthwith out of reach?

Take the proposition, turn it about, and seek for information from the person who is happy—or at least gives you the impression of being happy.

What has he attained that the other man has not?

WE HAVE to go back to the underlying fundamental for all mortal life—

So-called men and women come into

physical existence for a span of solar years to proceed through a gamut of human experiencings. This gamut of human experiencings is sagaciously prescribed and artfully acknowledged. It has as its end and total the delivery of definite benefits into the character. To arrive at, or attain to, these benefits certain goals are set up, to reach and pass which are known as the Career.

If the truth could be known, all desires, all ambitions, all wholesome aspirations, are birthed from such prescriptions, acknowledged entoto.

Very good, then!

In the exact ratio that the given person approximates those desires, ambitions, aspirings—or feels himself or herself on the way toward ultimate and satisfying attainment of them—he or she enjoys the only earthly rendition of that state known as Happiness!

If the man or woman came into life to be a great teacher or instructor, he or she is not happy so much from tacitly becoming such teacher or instructor as from realizing that the prescribed brevet or self-commission is being effectively carried out.

If a man or woman came into life to learn the lessons arising from dispensation of great wealth—or enjoyments of wealth through subsequent loss of it—he or she will find happiness in the concreting of money.

If one of the major chords in Life's harmony is to be struck by encountering and wedding one's cosmic complement, and gaining true spiritual profits from loving association with one's alter-self, happiness will be derived in greatest measure from the increments of a love affair that deliriously persists, approximating for human observation the high-octave camaraderie that has been responsible for the classical romances of antiquity.

Webster's or the Standard dictionary may have it right when either says that happiness is the pleasurable experience that springs from the gratification of desires, but Webster's or the Standard dictionary might go a step further and outline the reasons for desires in the first place.

We have desires to this or that, because somehow or other we recognize in gratification an enhancement or propelling movement toward the spiritual acquisitions we specified for ourselves as our

motives for attempting a fresh life at all.

No matter how purblind or vague the groping, or what subverted or even prostituted form our gropings may take, deep in the vaults of the prenatal consciousness the blueprints are hidden away, depicting the increment we are intent upon achieving.

It is because no one situation, no one spiritual, social, or material condition can deliver such increment fully of itself, that the state known as Happiness seems to be elusive.



The increment wanted for the totality of life is compounded of many factors, though one dominant note may run through the whole of them. So we get happiness in this or that—temporarily—in certain sequences as we encounter them. But none of them are permanent for the simple reason that as soon as we have extracted the karmic or cosmic profit, we are voraciously eager to get on to the next.

The sum-total extractions, from all the sequences, give the life that is satisfactory and gratifying as the whole.

We say that this person or that person has lived a "happy" life.

We mean that the epitome of his experiencings and accomplishments has approximated the correct cosmic commissionings that brought him into existence to begin with.

He has made good to himself in most of the prescribings that motivated his physical entrance and consistent worldly pursuits.

Adjudged on this basis, the question of Happiness resolves itself to this—

In your own case, if you consider yourself unhappy, can you analyze yourself in your prenatal prescriptions and arrive at a conscious and clarified understanding of what, in the final casting-up, you want this life to deliver to your ego?

Determine that Basic Motif and happiness as Happiness may not be as elusive as it seems.

CONSIDERING a negative aspect of the problem for the moment to arrive at a positive, one of the most outstanding contributions to the so-called Happy Life as it holds appeal for normal men and women, is the finding or supplying of the alter-complement in the progressing association. The average mortal phrases it: "Give me the right person to love me enough, and earth—for me—could hold no greater happiness!"

None of it is eroticism.

Such people are but giving expression to an overwhelming Call, not of physical nature so much as of spiritual essence.

It is far from being lascivious surfeit that such people grope after, so much as the well-rounded or perfectly-rendered vehicle by which to express themselves toward Cosmos or enjoy its reactions spiritually.

A person, man or woman, inexpertly—therefore inadequately—loved, is not alone a person badly out of cosmic balance but a person not fully capable of projecting or receiving the increments which one life, or a thousand, is expected to deliver to his character.

When, conversely, the correct and perfectly balanced mating is achieved—spiritually, mentally, and physically—a unit for mundane function is evolved with maximum capacities for exhausting life's roles of their last iota of experience-increment.

We say that happily-mated people live the richer lives.

Some literary philosophers put it that life's increments are always the more fecund when shared.

Always and forever we have to hark back to the two mighty fundamentals for the mundane experience: First, that spirit-souls come into the worldly arena as physically self-sufficient halves; second, that definite prenatal prescriptions have been arranged, serving as blueprints for such twin-sexed soul, adherence to which leads to ecstatic accomplishment.

What a far cry all of it is to the blind, hectic, bedeviling ignorance enshrouding the average man or woman in such matters, pushing them out into physical expressions without the slightest clue consciously as to why they may have essayed the life-brevet at all!

They blunder, stumble, and grope through earth's experiencings, yes. Ad-

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SUPERNATURAL EXPERIENCES . .



CALVADOS Castle was an old chateau in Normandy. In the fall of 1875 events of a supernatural nature began to happen so extraordinarily that they have never been equalled by any reports on haunted premises in the annals of the psychological research societies of any country since records began to be kept.

The owner of Calvados, one Monsieur du X, made invaluable diary, day by day and night by night, of the happenings as they progressed. Living in the place with his wife and son, an abbe who was the son's tutor, a gardener, a coachman, a maid and a cook, VALOR recounted the beginnings of the phenomena in its issue of last week.

On Friday night, October 15, 1875, Amelina the maid, was awakened by sounds of her master's and mistress' voices outside in the passage, appearing to converse together as they proceeded up the hallway to their room. Investigation developed that Monsieur and Madame had already retired and were fast asleep when the voices sounded.

"We ourselves were asleep and had heard nothing," the owner writes in his diary.

"But at a quarter past eleven, everyone in the place was awakened by a series of reverberating blows sounding down in the green room. I got up, called Auguste, the gardener, and with him made a general tour of inspection.

"Walking across the drawing room, a series of blows began to sound from inside our linen-press. We opened it—to find nothing. Upstairs, Madame and Amelina heard a piece of furniture being dragged about on the third floor over their heads. Then it seemed to fall heavily, jarring the walls."

As abruptly as they had begun, the

noises stopped for the rest of Friday night and all day Saturday. Not a thing unusual occurred in the castle. But at a quarter after midnight on Saturday night, heavy blows seem to come all over the second story. An armed tour of inspection yielded no results. The blows kept up, hitting first one wall and then the other.

By Monday morning, reports of what had started up in the Castle had spread around the district and witnesses began to come in, asking to be allowed to hear or view the phenomena. On Monday, Monsieur du X recorded the following—

"**T**HE CURATE of the parish has kindly come to sleep in the Castle since Saturday. He has heard the noises quite clearly and will continue to pass the nights here. He will therefore be a witness of anything else which may be heard. Tonight Marcel de T will arrive. He will sleep on the second floor and leave his doors open, so as to estimate the nature and direction of the disturbances. Auguste sleeps in the passage near his door."

These persons were slated to hear plenty, it developed. Before it was to end, the ghostly invisible was to walk across a fat featherbed, *leaving footprints on the counterpane of his invisible feet!*

As of this Monday night, however, the phenomena was to take the form in the beginning of noises resembling a heavy cannon-ball rolled in the attic to the head of the stairs and then allowed to drop step by step. Every half-moment there came a loud blow, in addition, on the walls, followed by a light muffled pounding. There was as yet neither rhyme nor reason to the happening. But plenty was coming . . .

CONTINUING the record of the events of Monday night, the owner went on—

"About 11 o'clock everybody was awakened by the noise of a large and

heavy ball descending from the second floor to the first, and dropping from step to step. In about a minute came a very loud single blow, then nine or ten blows that were muffled—as though struck with a club that had been wrapped in a cloth."

On Tuesday morning, October 19th, Monsieur write: "The parish priest has arrived at our request to sleep for a time. During last night he at once heard a very heavy tread descending the stairs near his room, and then, as the night before, half a minute afterwards a single heavy blow was struck from about the middle of the staircase which leads down to the ground-floor. He has no doubt that this was supernatural. Marcel returns home with the same conviction.

"Thereafter, quite as unexplainably, the sounds ceased completely until Saturday, October 30th, when everyone was awakened in very early morning by a series of loud blows sounding all over the house, in all the rooms. As though whoever might be haunting the premises wished everyone to be awakened and arise, nothing happened till nightfall.

"Sunday, October 31st, was a very disturbed night. It sounded as though someone went up the stairs of the main hallway with superhuman speed from the ground floor, stamping his feet twice on each stair. Arriving on the landing, he—or it—gave five heavy blows, so strong that objects suspended from walls or ceilings rattled in their places. Then it seemed as though a heavy anvil or big log had been thrown against the side wall of the house outside, with a thump so tremendous as to jar the whole structure.

"Everybody got up and assembled in the first-floor passage. Again and again as these assailments occurred, we made examinations, always to find nothing. We decided to retire as there was nothing we could seem to do to halt all this. However, the bombardment of noises kept up so that no one could sleep until after 3 a. m.

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That Thing Again



FROM Dr. John T. Wood, Republican Representative from Idaho; comes this fraught communication—

"After four days of debate, the House last week voted to end all controls except upon rationed or allocated materials, and also to end Federal Housing Controls . . . It also voted to kill the illegal International Materials Conference. However, the House conference committee with the Senate permitted itself to be talked out of most of the legislation passed by the House

"As the Bill came back to the House from conference, it ended rent controls, except in strategic areas, September 30 of this year . . . It continues the illegally and deadly International Materials Conference, but bans United States agreements limiting domestic consumption of any materials, unless such agreement authorizes domestic users to purchase the quantity of such material allocated to other participating countries.

"The International Materials Conference is an international board, operating through the United Nations, never authorized by Congress, composed of 19 members from friendly and enemy countries, within which we have but one vote, which allocates all the materials produced by the United States to other member States, according to their need.

"It was brought out upon the floor of the House the other day that this body has already disposed of forty percent of our stockpile of strategic war materials to other member countries, including the

Russian satellite states, and indirectly also to Russia.

"Our stockpile was over 60 percent complete and many of the materials were purchased at fantastic prices by the government, but the High Priest of Destruction, Dean Acheson, through the U-N and its unspeakable gang of thieves, has already reduced it to this pitifully small supply, and the devilish work goes on, and will go on in spite of this merely pulling a rattle off the rattlesnake's tail *instead of dropping a rock upon its head!* . . ."

Here we are, supposed to be gearing to fight Communism throughout the world, and the Communistic enemy has access to our stockpile of strategic materials.

What a travesty and a scandal!

Let's suppose that Hitler had been a member of United Nations—would Acheson or anyone else in Administration authority have assented to Nazi Germany's dictating that itself and other nations draw off what it pleased from America's military stockpile while the Battle of the Bulge was in progress? Don't forget that the War in Korea is a current version of the Battle of the Bulge.

The reason for it, of course, is the fact that Congress has voted, by the U-N Treaty, to let United Nations run our affairs. And United Nations will gradually come to be recognized by the American layman as a smart alien ruse to vanquish and despoil America.

And anyone who opposes it, is smeared as a detested "isolationist" . . .

Perhaps by the time that U-N secret police are jerking Americans out of their homes and trying and imprisoning them for anti-Russian activities, they will awaken to the menace against which lawmakers like Wood are shouting.

By the way, 60 so-called Republicans voted to continue this iniquity.

Heroic Silence



APPARENTLY you can steal any type of free Republic into bankruptcy and prostration if you only do it legally—that is, put your own henchmen in high places to see that majority legislative approval is given it, and smear heavily with odium those with the stami-

na to remonstrate. The dumb public won't tumble to what's been done till industry is stopped utterly and workmen are walking the streets and sleeping in the parks.

As one great alien strategist commented to one of the VALOR people back in 1940, "If we'd dreamed that the American public would stand for what we've discovered it will stand, we'd have done this thing years ago."

Is the tragedy of the situation the fact that the "dumb public" is kept dumb by reason of having no orthodox sources of information giving it the facts?

No, the tragedy of the situation is that great personages like MacArthur utter not a lisp of comment about the international menace looming in the East in the pattern of this United-Nations super-state, when they have such a rostrum as MacArthur had this month in Chicago.

Instead of "dropping a stone on the rattlesnake's head" or even attempting to nip off any of its rattles, he implied by his silence that no rattlesnake existed—aside from the rattlesnake of the opposing political party. He, of all personages in the military, should know what's happening to America's stockpile of strategic materials. But some force was mighty enough to keep him silent and get him to go down the line on an eloquent diatribe about the sins of the Democrats.

America is beginning to lose almost as many men in Korea as she lost in World War II. MacArthur was very articulate over "the war we're not permitted to win" but he didn't name the identity of the interests or persons who made our decision not to win it. Democrats? He knows better than that.

Will Eisenhower assail this formidable thing, alien spawned, that's taking over dictation of our foreign policy and economy?

Why was it kept out of the whole Convention like some scandalous liaison of a reigning female favorite?

Dr. John Wood is battling desperately in Idaho merely to hold his seat in the Congress. The alien, anti-Christian, pro-Communist, international bloc wants to go along unhindered in this thing it is temporarily succeeding at doing.

Don't miss the fact that such conspiracy to unseat and permanently damage America, so that left-wing United Nations may run the world show unob-

structed, may well be "the third woe" foretold in Revelations, and not atom bombs at all.

If the United States is going to be assailed with showers of atom bombs, they've got to come from somewhere—in other words, some foreign nation hostile to us has got to make them.

Russia has neither the skill, the allied industries, the hydro-electric power, nor the know-how to do it. Unless there's a leak in our stockpile of atom bombs as well, *from what foreign country are the bombs coming that are assumed to shatter us in our beds?*

There's such a thing as a Conspiracy of Silence.

If the Republicans aren't parties to it, to say the least they're acting oddly.

Hoyle Continued



HIS journal continues to emphasize that it's something constructive and remedial that's "on the make" in the events of this year and next. It's not universal woe and cataclysm that leaves America in total wreckage. Americans have plenty of ordeal to pass through, before the epochal date of August 20, 1953 comes in, but it's the Millennial Dawn that they're witnessing. That they've never known a Millennial Dawn hitherto, and don't know what to make of it, is neither here nor there.

Time was, just a few years back, when Great Pyramid prophecy held the stage of public opinion—principally due to the fact that Dr. D. Davidson had shown beyond much possibility of refutation that the First and Second Low Passages in the Pyramid, to say nothing of the Truce in Chaos, were uncannily accurate at marking off in Pyramid inches the length of World War. I. But he likewise prophesied equally stupendous events to mature on September 16, 1936, when humanity was supposed to issue into the King's Chamber. Nothing of note occurred on September 16, 1936, excepting some mystical "ending of the Depression"—which decidedly did not end on September 16, 1936. World War II, which began on September 28, 1939, wasn't marked in the Pyramid passages at all, either as to beginning or ending, and so the public said Ho-Hum!

At any rate, humanity crosses the

King's Chamber and arrives at the south wall on August 20, 1953, which ends the measurements and washes up the Pyramid insofar as known significances may be concerned. That's next August 20th, by the way—about 13 months hence.

It's not the accuracy or inaccuracy of these Pyramid measurements that makes VALOR believe there's much to reckon with, on August 20th, 1953. There are also private psychical and clairvoyant advices, postulated not on literal supplying of any calendar dates but reckoned by successions of international events.

The Millennial Dawn, Pyramid or no Pyramid, is very real.

Okay, don't believe it, but aren't you going to be surprised!

Saucers Away



THE NEARBY city of Indianapolis had its Flying-Saucer dither on Saturday evening, July 12th, shortly after 9 p. m. The *Indianapolis Times* broke the story in its Sunday morning edition with the eight-column front-page headline: MYSTERY AIRCRAFT BUZZING CITY SEEN BY THOUSANDS. A great lighted aircraft, traveling at unprecedented speed, passed over the metropolis from a southeast to northwest direction, going over Noblesville around 9:10. The *Times* even carried a three-column half-tone picture of its appearance above Monument Circle in the heart of the city. A time-lapse of forty seconds was sufficient to take it from horizon to horizon. At Ypsilanti, Mich., the headquarters of the 30th Air Division, the filter center was flooded with similar reports from several mid-western States. Police Headquarters and telephone exchanges in Indianapolis were immediately bombarded with so many calls that city service jammed.

The Pentagon appears to have made any discussion of the now-established Flying Saucers "Top Secret" and publishers are discouraged from taking undue note of them.

But when thousands witness them, how is TOP SECRET to be long maintained?

Apparently the power propulsion on these phenomena is as far ahead of jet drive as jet-drive is ahead of our one-engine *Jennys* of World War I. And that, of course, arouses Pentagon ire.

Wouldn't it be ironical if these "visi-



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tors from other planets” made scrap of the fabricated Russian bugaboo, and showed themselves mystically enough on the side of the Rightists in this international constriction?

Anyhow, there has never been one sign or implication that these interplanetary visitors—if they are that—aren’t here as our friends.

But that too isn’t according to Hoyle in the views of the scientific alarmists.

Page Orson Welles.

Clean-Up Crusades

(Continued from Page 4)

get large numbers of people to underwrite their printing bills for literary gripe.

And few in authority with their heads screwed on tightly, are actually fearful of literary gripe. Their way of expressing their contempt is, “Let the dim-wits blow off steam” . . .

So it boils down to this: *If you care to know how much of a real menace your ideas and capabilities are to miscreants in power, perceive what their degrees of retaliation are, as you proceed with your crusade.*

THE GREAT international Power-Bloc, active in these Millennial Years to get dictatorial control of America and her free citizens before its own intentions expose or hang its principals, is never afraid of come-all-ye-suckers-and-pay the printing bills organizations. The cheapest and most harmless thing in this endangered Republic is *talk*. Indeed, to the exact degree that people can talk—“blow off steam”—so are they kept harmless.

But the great international power-bloc has a binocular eye out for organization-effort that is truly capable and truly integrated.

Discern and crush the genius at the head of it before his influence becomes authoritative, is the fiat. In fact, there is a hard-and-fast formula for treating with those aspirants—

(1) Try to buy him off with money—on the possibility that he is equally as great a rascal as the buyers;

(2) Turn all the hatchet-men of press and radio to work on him and smear him with such odium that his followers be-

gin to believe it and desert him—on the theory that the average man doesn’t fancy being associated with any publicly acclaimed scoundrel;

(3) Have a Congressional Committee investigate and pillor him;

(4) Threaten him with bodily harm, intimidate him or intimidate his women-folk, try to poison or assault him, and in the event that he’s courageous enough to withstand these, bring false charges against him in criminal law and use the great administrative authority to awe the jury and make it convict;—

(5) If all the foregoing four appear to be failing, hire assassins to involve him in a seeming fatal accident, toss him out a skyscraper window and declare he jumped suicidally in realization of the futility of his crusade, or corner him brutally and see he gets a one-way ride.

These are the eventualities that attest to the effectiveness of the progenitor of any crusade who does something more vital than talk.

The elimination of prospective leaders has been reduced to a science.

YES, there is at present a rash of paper organizations to Remedy the Situation. But the international power-blockers have been rendered wise from experience with former “dictators” and their ascensions abroad and by no means discount the possibilities of its happening in America as well. The rise of any such unorthodox crusader—meaning the capable leader who defies the Power-Bloc’s omnipotence—has the word “Fascist” coined to fit him.

One-Man Leadership, or One-Party leadership, has been damned as Fascism. The term itself has first been made odious in the public mind, thereat whosoever becomes hazardously capable, discovers it affixed to him and thereby is made odious to the great rank-and-file of the public supposed not to proceed beyond the talkfest or printing job stage. What past crusaders, on the continent or elsewhere, may have done officially after out-smarting the opposition and “throwing the rascals out” is something else again. It has no part in assaying organizational remedy for The Situation.

The thing to bear in mind is, that these Power-Blockers are playing their marbles for keeps. They are grim, tough, and obdurate, traffickers in blood and death. The dragons of old, slain by

knights who were bold, were mere grasshoppers beside the crews of world fatalists now playing for their final stakes.

But the big thing to remember is, the next time you're asked to join any prospective movement aiming at the Betterment of the Situation, recall that there are only two ways of Bettering the Situation: By building to a strength that invites all the official reprisals of those in absolute power and threatens them with effective dismissal by the millions; and/or building to a strength that throws the rascals out in some aspect of jujitsu, which will be castigated as taking the law into ones' own hands and resorting to violence.

Either expedient will sooner or later be blasted as Fascistic.

All of which is published as a plain statement of the facts for people who may not often take time out to face facts.

Supplying a curative program that might function when malpractice has wrought its own debacle, and getting a maximum number of intelligent Americans familiar with it in advance, is quite something else!

The Supernatural

(Continued from Page 7)

“ON WEDNESDAY, November 3rd, everybody was awakened by resounding steps which quickly ascended the stairs. A series of sharp blows shook the walls. We immediately got up. Shortly afterwards we heard a noise as of a heavy elastic body rolling down the stairs from the second to the first floor and bouncing from step to step. Arriving on the landing, it continued on its course along the passage, stopping at the balusters. Then came two loud thumps, followed a formidable blow as from a carpenter's mallet swung at arm's length upon the door of the green room. Then a series of tripping and repeated raps sounded like the footfalls of the hoofs of animals!

“Thursday night, November 4th, as we were about to go to bed and get what sleep we could, Auguste asked me to come and hear a long series of taps he had heard on the second floor, where he sleeps now. When I got to his room, however, I heard nothing. I immediately inspected the granary and the red room, leaving the door of the latter open. Au-

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



guste and Armand, Amelina's brother, were with me, and we carried a light.

“At the end of three minutes, five very distinct blows were heard in the red room, which no one human could have entered without having been seen or heard, nor, I must add, without coming within range of my revolver, which never leaves me, as everybody knows. Hardly had I gone downstairs when five more blows were heard, distinctly by Auguste but feebly by me, as I was on the floor below.”

However, more was to come . . .

UP TO the first of February these phenomena were to continue, growing more and more complicated and dramatic. As Flammarion so aptly comments, there could be traced no pattern or reason for the audible sounds which distinguished the opening phases of this haunting. Blows, blows, and more blows,

However, on Friday, November 5th, at 2 a. m., some being rushed at top speed up the stairs from the entrance hall to the first floor, along the upper hallway . . . ”

(Continued Next Week)

.. COGITATIONS



WHAT, I might ask, is wrong with the picture to the right? Admittedly the pair are silly-looking goofs, and assuming they are legally wedded or expect to be, much might be said for the biologic advantages of birth-control to keep down a moronistic population. But that's not the reason for my question. They are riding, you observe, a bicycle—or rather, they're riding a tandem. They are riding a tandem depicted by a pen-artist who doubtless was gormandizing on vast quantities of Mellin's and other baby-foods when the tandem went out of fashion with the bustle. The pen-artist, in fact, probably never saw a tandem ridden by silly-looking goofs or any other creatures. Had the pen-artist actually lived in the era of the tandem, he would remember that no tandem ever was manufactured on which the gentleman rode in front. The gentleman, just in case you also were gormandizing on Mellin's and other baby-foods when the tandem went out of fashion with the bustle, always rode in the rear and the *lady* in front. Not only was it adjudged better manners—tandems happening back in the years when the country had manners—but there was likewise a sort of chivalry involved. With the lady riding in front—assuming you were male and along on the expedition to supply the leg-power—you could keep an eye on her welfare and safety. You didn't sit her somewhere in your rear and drag her along like the traditional bovine's tail, leaving her to hang on or become lost off, according to what chuckholes you bounced over, coasting down a hill. It was considered something very delectable in romance to have your Palpitation seated immediately ahead of you, where you gazed at the nape of her pretty neck for hours at a stretch while you wheezed and grunted and panted to keep both of you in motion—although the Much-Married Male Element likewise saw advantages in having the Battle-Axe in the front as a sort of buffer in event of hitting anything hard, say a tree, phone-pole, hydrant, or

side of a barn. Tandems, however, never lasted very long in the public caprice. The years 1896 to 1900 saw them at their peak. Someone wrote a popular song, "On a Tandem Built for Two," then came along Votes for Women and Feminine Independence—likewise gone now like the tandem and the bustle—and Milady decided she'd do her own hitting of things hard, say trees, phone-poles, hydrants, or sides of barns. Likewise, being economy-minded, if she did get going down a grade, unable to stop, she could pick out something to hit that was cheap. Furthermore, she didn't get a 200-lb male socked between her shoulder-blades for good measure. All of which calls up many happy memories of the Day of the Bicycle. There's a lot about them that today's layman doesn't know.

o—o

IT MAY surprise many oldsters who imagine they grew up with the bicycle, to be told that instead of being invented back at the time of the Civil War, suggestions of vehicles having two or more wheels and propelled by the muscular effort of the rider are to be found in very earliest historical times, even on the bas-reliefs of Egypt and Babylon, not to mention the frescoes of Pompeii. Actually it was the sprocket-driven wheel that made the modern bicycle practical and popular, before the turn of the century. A contrivance called a "velocipede" had been invented by two Frenchmen, Blanchard and Magurier, described in a French newspaper of July, 1779, but it had differed little from the "celerifere" of de Sivrac, brought out in 1690, which consisted of a horizontal bar connecting two wheels, one in front of the other, propelled by the rider seated astride the bar, pushing against the ground with his feet. Inventive genius was at such low ebb, however, that steering the front wheel by a bar—the forerunner of modern "handle bars"—didn't come along until 1825. Learning how to balance clear of the roadway was no feature of cycling in those days, unless one arrived at the top of a hill. Nothing developed this



sense of independent balancing like "walking fast on wheels" till a grade appeared and one started down, "walking too fast" for the feet to do much about it. One had to balance and steer, or land in a hayrick, gutter, or turn-stile. Came a series of two-wheel contraptions then, the *Celeripede*, *Bivector*, *Curricule*, *Dandy Horse*, *Hobby Horse*, *Boneshaker*, and *Phantom*, most of which gave cycling gentlemen "diseases of the legs", not to mention rickets, vibratory massage, and St. Vitus Dance up the spinal column. Rubber tires were unknown. The wheels were of wood, with steel tires, and when you hit a brick going down-grade with celerity, what resulted was a problem in anatomical therapeutics. Around 1845, however, a Scottish cooper, one Gavin Dalzell, went in for a wholly different design—one three-foot wheel in front with a one-wheel behind, with pedals applied to the crank-shaft of the front wheel, a saddle half-way down the back-frame, and handle bars over all. The only trouble with this contraption for the next twenty years was, that hitting the aforesaid brick, while coasting downhill or anywhere else, had the unique effect of precipitating the cyclist abruptly over this big front wheel and landing him on his head. This effect having been produced, the cycle went went off by itself and the cyclist called it a day—or maybe several days in the arnica ward of the local hospital. You can see why ladies never went in for the high-style in bicycles . . .

o—o

IT WAS the invention of the rubber tire in 1868 that made inventors knuckle down to improvements on the bicycle and evolve the modern machine. At first these tires—without inner tubes, of course—were 2 inches in diameter, in-

deed, I can remember the 2-inch bike-tire myself. My first *Signal* boys' wheel was equipped with them, and gave you the effect of riding a vehicle whose rims featured a circular fire-hose fully inflated with water. The first 1-inch tires when they appeared, cost so much they were only used on racers. But "suspension" wheels, with wire spokes in tension, came along in 1869, frames began to be made hollow, and as the rear wheel became larger and the front wheel smaller—giving the "Safety" of today—the *Xtraordinary*, the *Facile*, and the *Kangaroo* began to be bought up and ridden by John Q. Public. The weight of the bicycle in 1874 was 60 pounds, practically half as heavy as the rider. Nevertheless in 1882, a fanatic by the name of H. L. Cortis got his name in all the leading papers by pushing one of those 60-lb things 20 miles in one hour. He must have had legs like oak trees. Then two years later another moron by the name of Thomas Stevens of San Francisco started out to ride his "bike" around the world. Coming to the shore of an ocean, he would, of course, condescend to use some sort of ship, but aside from such slight digressions the moron actually made it, finishing in December of 1886. Two years! But he saw a lot of real estate and gave a great exhibition of stamina. Fancy pushing a 60-lb machine up the western slope of the Himalayas. But fancy coasting down the eastern slope. He must have been going so fast that no ship was needed to cross the Indian Ocean. Based on that endurance run, and what actually was found to be needed to cross Himalayan Mountains at any speed, west slope or east slope, Starley's *Rover* came in—the bicycle of today . . .

o—o

THE ROVER had two nearly equal wheels, and the rider sat so far back between them that he couldn't possibly be pitched over the handle bars—unless he came down the Himalayas and actually hit the waiting ship itself because the ship had neglected to move out of his way. But motion was imparted to the rear wheel by a sprocket, chain-driven, these sprockets being of such varying sizes that one turn of the pedals caused three or four revolutions of the rear wheel. And that brought in "Scorching"—the dizzying and dangerous speed of 30 miles per hour. Anyone who exceeded such speed limit thought it over for an equal



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number of days in the hoosegow. After 1890 all other styles in "wheels" faded out, and when the ladies learned to stay upright by clever steering while in motion—the top horizontal bar being eliminated in the interest of modesty—the human species became "Wheel" minded, and the next big development was competitive racing. How light could racers be made, and how fast could they be pedaled? The professional speed-morons proceeded to show us. Drive-sprockets

became bigger and bigger till on the racing models they were monstrosities. Handle bars took on queerer and queerer shapes and went lower and lower, till some of the most professional racers had the appearance of steering by reaching for their own pumping kneecaps. The thing that gradually killed racing was the bike manufacturers themselves developing specialists who went around the various tracks and competed against the yokels, who made their own "racers" in



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the local machine shops. And yet some of these latter boys did deliver the McCoy . . .

—o—
WE HAD one of these yokel speed-demons living in the tenement above us for a time when I was ten years old. His drive-sprocket almost cut the ground and his handlebars were turned so low that I wondered he didn't wham his chin on the steering-post whenever he hit anything worse than an ant-hill on the cyclodrome. Come Memorial Day or July 4th, back in the days of the Spanish War, the Bike Races at the local amusement park—of course promoted by the local electric-car companies for the transportation of patrons who didn't own bicycles—compared to the Indianapolis Speedway motor racings of today. This prize speed-demon who lived upstairs had recently betaken himself a bride, who was as vociferous a rooter for his talents as himself. She, being a devoted spouse, spent hours up in the back hallway, polishing that bike till it looked more brilliant than a chromium vacuum-cleaner of the present. And come racing season, she developed into what my parents called a Screecher. That is to say, given ten or fifteen contestants coming around the last laps on the track with her Carl in the lead, young Mrs. Carl rose up in the grandstand and she screeched. She could screech "Come on, Carl!" loud enough to drown out the local band who always struck up a sharp and spirited melody for the finish . . . But the day came when Mrs. Carl screeched no more. Do you know what muffled her for keeps? I blush to record it, yet such things did happen in those days, as many of my fellow oldsters will recall. The cyclodromes were made uniformly of wood and if a thundershower came up of a July afternoon during the wheeling festivities, the racing course became exceeding slippery. The racing cyclists had resumed the final number after such a shower, and our Carl who lived upstairs was in the lead on the last two laps. Mrs. Carl was screeching *Come-On-Carl* at her best, the band was busting a gallus to give spirited moosic, everybody was standing on his grandstand seat and roaring like Romans in the Coliseum when the tiger was chasing down the final fleeing Christian, when Carl's rear-wheel skidded. That meant he was down, and twenty bicycles and riders piled on top of him. This

whole mass of men and machines went *whoosh!* past the grandstand, with the final lap to go before the Big Cup was won—and \$3.98 in cash. Suddenly Carl—who-lived-over-us was up, scraped and bleeding, had yanked his bike free of the mass of scrambled and injured riders, mounted it, and was off around the track for the final score. And do you know why Mrs. Carl never screeched again? . . . In the brawl of the mix-up, and sliding fifty feet on rain-soaked track, young hubby had torn the pants off himself and left them wrapped around some fellow contestant's neck. But he finished the final lap, braked to a halt in his drawers, stepped off before the grandstand and took a bow. The ladies gasped and fainted, even the band-musicians blew weird notes, and bicycle-racing in that park received a set-back from which it never recovered. Neither did Mrs. Carl. The husband opened a shop making rubber-tired baby-carts and cleaned up a million I understand. Today, if he's alive, he's probably paunchy and is driven about his industrial domain by a chauffeur . . . But the tandem . . . No, the gentleman never sat ahead of the lady. Maybe they put her ahead so that if the gentleman lost his cycling costume en route, she'd know little or nothing about it. It's something to be considered. We were modest in those days—very modest . . .

—THE RECORDER

Clinic for Souls

(Continued from Page 6)

mitedly they gain the increment. But they do so in a torn, thwarted, enforced acquiescence of heart and intellect in action, which too often damages them out of proportion to the profits.

THE CRYING need of the world today is not so much a new and novel economic plan by which wealth is distributed more equitably or leaders of radical thought held within more circum-spect bounds. The crying need of the world today is for clinics for souls, wherein such things are authoritatively revealed and demonstrated.

The entire structure of human thought and thinking needs rebuilding.

First of all, men and women from the moment of earthly entrance should have their Eternal Selves reminded after the

amnesia of birth that they have arrived in new fleshly vehicles and roles for a purpose that is blueprinted.

They have come into life anew to experience the rigors of a definite environment that it may deliver into their evolving characters the specific increments they need. There has been Chance in none of it. They have bargained for a specific Cook's Tour through a definite status of society that they may pass through certain terrain and witness profitable wonders.

They have done this in the masculine or feminine biological form as the case may be, that their aggressive or conserving compilation of attributes may have play and counterplay each upon the other, and each recognize the other for the segregation that it is.

This means that for every man or woman, physically rendered, there is somewhere in earth or cosmos the adequate spiritual mate and with such identified—and still better, embraced—the completed spiritual vehicle is at hand for gaining the increments from the sojourn to the fullest.

Secondly, all things and happenings which subsequently accrue, are always and forever in the nature of stipulations from the one master blueprint, guiding and directing the human soul-unit toward the specified accomplishment to make the sojourn productive of that which caused it to be undertaken at the start.

Nothing of consequence, in other words, happens in life by chance. All things are constructively motivated in line with the Major Attainment subconsciously recognized.

With these as the bases for philosophic thought, the daily, weekly, monthly, or yearly involvements assume the aspects of mere educative sequences.

Signs and Wonders

(Continued from Page 2)

of 2 a. m. of that night for further phenomena that may be epochal. VALOR does not officially confirm it, but passes it along for what it may be worth.

More signs and wonders are coming in the heavens—that, we are definitely promised. These current aberrations of Mars and Saturn may be due to nothing

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more phenomenal than atmospheric pressures disturbed by nuclear fission experiments.

What we particular should do—and get all our acquaintances to do—is condition ourselves emotionally for these vast major happenings that are scheduled, and greet them with a surge of overwhelming joy, in that "our deliverance

draweth nigh" . . .

More about these optical illusions of the planets as we get reports from Soulcrafters in distant parts of the United States.

Actually, it may become one of the truly great stories of our times.

And if it's only nuclear phenomena, that's interesting to know as well.

T H E P A Y O F F

THE YOUNG clergyman, during a parochial call, noticed the little daughter of the house industriously drawing a picture on her school pad. From time to time she looked across at him critically.

"Well, well," he exclaimed, "and what is little sweetness doing?"

"Drawing a picture of you," she informed him.

He arose and went over. "You mean, my small darling, that what you're drawing looks like me?"

"I don't like it much myself," she confessed. "I guess I'll put a tail on it and call it a dog."

HOPING to improve his speech, the parents of a 12-year-old arranged for the boy to spend the entire summer with a Harvard English professor in the Canadian wilds. When the two returned tanned and robust, the mother rushed up to the professor for a report on progress.

"Lizzen, Broad," replied the learned teacher, "don't lose no sleep over dat pint-sized drip o' yourn. He's on da beam."

A BACKWOODS woman complained of the ineffectiveness of her hearing aid.

"Why not get a new one?" her visiting nephew from the city suggested.

"Kind I want," she returned, "costs \$200."

"All the same, why not get it?"

"For \$200? There ain't that much worth hearin'."

A SMALL Swedish boy presented himself before a Minnesota school-teacher, who asked him his name.

"Olaf Petersen," he replied.

"How old are you?" was the next question.

"I not know how old I bane."

"Well, when were you born?"

"No bane born. Got stepmutt'r."

SAID the colored preacher, "Ah takes mah text this mawnin' frum dat po'tion o' Scripture where de Postol Paul pints his pistol to de Fessions."

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This summer's printing of 100,000 copies is the biggest publishing project yet essayed by Soulcraft. Coming in this period of increasing recession, it is timely as an icepack in a national fever. Order now!

SOULCRAFT CHAPELS

NOBLESVILLE, INDIANA

ONE STORMY night the family told the Catholic maid not to try to make the long trip to her own church, but to use their pew in the nearby Universalist church. Katie complied.

Upon her return, her mistress asked her how she liked both church and service.

"Too soft, mum," she allowed. "All cushions and no hell."