

Valor

The Golden Times Weekly . .

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

Volume III

Noblesville, Indiana, Saturday, August 2, 1952

Number 14

"TO SEE DIVINE LIGHT, PUT OUT THINE OWN CANDLE!"



"Ye shall see a Great Light and it shall ennoble you; ye shall make a vast concord, and it shall command Me . . ."



O, VALOR is not upset at what has been made to happen in Chicago this past month of July.

The Global Power Bloc under Alger Hiss produced United Nations at San Francisco, June 26, 1945. It was to be the world super-government to manipulate all other governments to its own dictatorial ascendancy. It merely ran true to form at Chicago and saw that no matter which Party might be successful at the polls next November, a compatible Chief Executive was legally assured.

Eisenhower has been the Power Bloc's favored son since he was advanced over 363 superiors to head the American Forces in World War II, that the Russian Soviets might come off greatest victor in territorial gains.

Stevenson secures the unqualified support of a captive and saddle-broken Democratic Party, whose affirmed policy is to place all American resources behind the super-government scheme, and thus buy a fallacious global peace at any price.

Millions of America-Firsters and adherents of George Washington's tocsin-counsel to keep the United States clear of foreign entanglements, have thus been defranchised.

So clever was the Invisible Control of both conventions that the United Nations Franken-

stein was scarcely mentioned once. Therefore, no matter whether a Republican or Democratic Chief Executive is elected in November, Alger Hiss's super-creation not only endures but is made to gain strength.

The retroactive smear and defamation that will immediately plaster upon effective critics of this conspiracy coming to culmination, proves beyond argument the actuality of its premise.

Thus the "Mark of the Beast" is imprinted on the palm of all American voters who desire to exercise what constitutional prerogative be left to them, and vote in the November election at all . . .

SHOULD we be plunged into despair by such *denouement* of convention politics? . . . *Not at all!* The forces set into operation as long ago as 1929 are required to evolve to karmic fruition.

It has yet to come home to average minds even those fairly well enlightened in sacred esoterics, that we have actually reached the specific years of Millennial Dawn. It is one thing to look forward for generations to the arrival of such Dawn; it is a difficult matter to grasp that it is *here*.

If the political prophets be correct who figure results of elections by the numbers of voters dependent on government largess, then the election of Adlai Stevenson as next President becomes a foregone conclusion. Understand, VALOR does not make such prediction; it merely says "if" . . .

Complete United Nations underwriting at expense of American taxpayers becomes fact, the Universal Military Training Act goes over—to remove the flower of young American manhood to as many distant points on the earth as possible—the various Genocide and UNESCO treaties are senatorially ratified, American foreign policy is utterly surrendered to the Soviet elements in control of UN, and the American economy comes to crack.

That some form of martial law and military dictatorship is inevitably forced by economic complication, relievedly brief, is plainly foretold in the unchallengeable GOLDEN SCRIPTS.

During the intermission of this military dictator, by the way, the Christ People are vehemently proscribed to have as little to do with him as possible and

not to oppose him with any act of violence.

The Situation gets out of hand, even the hand of this military arbiter, however, terrain cataclysm to a degree provides its stimuli of public terror, and then the *true* Man on the White Horse rides in.

Millions flock to his standard.

Thereupon humanity gets swiftly through its bottleneck.



THIS is the General Design indicated in the Golden Speakings for events of the immediate future. The two Chicago circuses merely moved up the dates.

Actually it makes no difference which of the two standard-bearers selected at Chicago comes to be nominal head of the nation—national and international event proceeds from point to point on schedule.

Naturally there are those who bemoan the fact that this nation must be slated for more trouble or confusion. Hasn't there been enough chicane and turmoil since 1929 that "decent men" be nominated and elected, and the country be brought naturally and constructively out of its doldrums?

The answer to this would be: And what becomes of the global power-bloc and its satraps, now permitted to operate so effectively throughout the earth that they can play nation against nation like pawns on a chessboard?

You can't turn a deaf ear or blind eye to the past growth of this oligarchy, and sit mutely by while Light Bearers in Darkness have been dispatched to penitentiaries as penalty for crying out astutely at what was being permitted to happen, then expect in the karma of things that sweetness and radiance are due to ride and make everything hotsytotsy without even one baby getting a finger stepped on.

Cause and Result are equal; so are Action and Reaction.

What has been two decades deliberately in the making, can't be unmade by a miracle in a night.

Besides, no one of stamina wants it to be unmade.

This global power oligarchy must arrive at a situation where all its works become universally displayed, and men know it for what it is, and treat with its satraps high or low accordingly.

Only when their earned deserts have come to them, will the earth be renovated for the era of Golden Times . . .

IT TAKES fortitude to look squarely at what is unfolding before our eyes and say resolutely, "So be it!"

It devolves on true spiritual unfoldment to reach the stage where Plutarch's immortal line has vital significance: "The way to see Divine Light is to put out thine own candle!"

Let the orthodox prophets screech themselves hoarse with their predictions of woe. None of what's ahead is woe at all.

What's ahead is celestial housecleaning!

If the five-and-ten-cent prophets of unspeakable catastrophe would only step aside and let the Divine Light of factual occurrence reach humanity, the bedeviled human species would hopefully take heart.

When the carpet is infested with every kind of termite, it doubtless seems tragedy to the pestiferous insects that the human housewife applies the vacuum-cleaner that roars above them and gathers them up into the dust-bag of things archaic.

But it's all in the name of sanitation.

Thousands of Soulcrafters, from one end of the earth to the other, have found enlightenment and fortitude in the GOLDEN SCRIPT assurances.

It hasn't been by happenstance that \$50,000 worth of these volumes were published and distributed free of cost this year, for the consolation and moral sustenance of special people throughout the Body Politic to whom the woes of Revelations don't apply.

A Higher Power has on more than one occasion shown Itself as at work, making certain these great volumes get into ex-

(Continued on Page 11)

WHAT NATION EVER KNOWINGLY ALLOWED ENEMY OFFICERS IN ITS ARMY? . .

IT WAS a shocking "Extension of Remarks" that Sen. Styles Bridges had inserted in the *Congressional Record* as long ago as January 17, 1951, revealing that so powerful are our Communist enemies that apparently they can implant their officers right in our Armed Forces and get away with it. Senator Bridges, at least, had the valor not only to bring it to the attention of the Senate, but to cite instances and name names.

The average American, possibly with a son risking death in Korea, may well ask to what straits of affrontery has Communist audacity gone, that men alleged to be Communists can infiltrate into the highest echelons of our armed forces fighting the Red adversary, without meeting the fate of Major Andre of the British Forces in the Revolution?

Of the integrity and morale of our own High Command, he can have more than righteous indignation—if the Senator's charges be true—he should make charges of treason, and demand instant redress.

This week and next, VALOR prints the full text of Senator's Bridges' shocking disclosures, and if this be treason—as Patrick Henry remarked on an historic occasion—let it be made the most of.

On Tuesday, January 2, 1951, Senator Bridges arose in the Senate and addressed the Chair as follows—

On Tuesday, January 2, 1951, Senator Bridges arose in the Senate and addressed the Chair as follows—

MR. SPEAKER, in accordance with the the unanimous consent agreement, I ask that the following compilation of material entitled, "The Commissioning of Communists in the United States Army", be included in the appendix of the permanent Record. This com-

Would the Administration Have Permitted Nazi Sympathizers Giving Commands in Our Armed Forces?

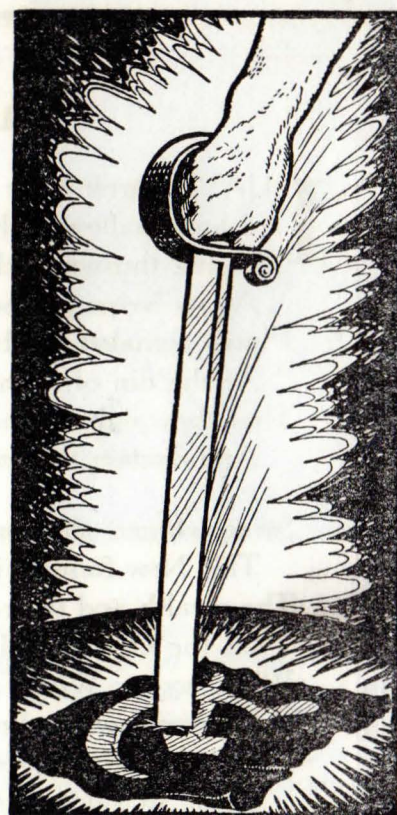
pilation was prepared by the staff of the minority policy committee and contains its own documentation.

There being no objection, the matter referred to was ordered to be printed in the Record, as follows:

Seldom has a greater shock been given to the national sense of security than when it was discovered early in 1945 that long before the Yalta Conference, the bars had been let down to Communists in the United States Army.

THE administration's record for concealment and secrecy is well known. To this day no detailed and forthright account of the genesis of the soft-Communist policy in the Army has been forthcoming from administration sources. Had it not been for an energetic press and some determined effort from Congress, nothing would ever have reached the public at all.

What happened in the Navy is only fragmentarily known. Andrew Roth is an instance. Lt. (jg) Andrew Roth, of Naval Intelligence, was one of the principals in the Amerasia case. On August 10, 1945, the grand jury returned a true bill against Roth, but on February 13, 1946, the Department of Justice entered a nolle prosequi in his case. The Amerasia incident continued to rumble, however, and



in 1946 a subcommittee of the House Committee on the Judiciary held an investigation in closed session. In the committee report (H. Rept. No. 2732, 79th Cong., 2d sess.) Representative Springer in his minority views made the categorical statement that: "The evidence presented at the hearings disclosed the fact that Andrew Roth, a lieutenant (junior grade) in our Navy was known to be a Communist by the board passing upon and granting commissions in the Navy, and that fact was so known at the time he was recommended for a commission as a lieutenant (junior grade) in the Navy." Nothing ever happened to Roth, and in September, 1950, his name appeared on the masthead of the *Nation*, a weekly New York periodical.

ASIDE from such instances as the above, the degree of Communist infiltration in the Navy is a matter entirely of surmise. Official records on the subject, if any, are not presently available.

It is the Army with which this memorandum is concerned. It is based upon the available documentary evidence.

Early in 1945 a subcommittee of the House Military Affairs Committee was conducting an investigation of the war effort. The committee began to hear,

Valor Amen

I HAVE caroled my songs from the cheer of mine heart!
 I have hallowed the lore of the sage!
 I have thrown back the doors of the Temple of Dreams
 As its harps played the Psalm of the Age.
 I have signaled my brethren whose souls have known fear
 At the din of a brassy world's shouts,
 That they sight to the Light at the top of the height
 And disdain the dark dirge of their doubts . . .

Sweet singer, sing on! The Master Dawn roars!
 This New Sunrise is heady with Love!
 The wealth and the rest, and the depth and the crest
 Of the God-World comes in from Above!
 What say ye, Wise Teacher, of this mist up Life's Craggs?
 Is there more to be grasped at decease?
 I hear the proud tocsin: "My dearly beloved, . . .
 Climb in valor, past twilight, to PEACE!"

from various sources, that numerous persons with Communist affiliations held Army commissions. There were other rumors. According to Helen Lombard, a Washington newspaperwoman: "On January 7, 1945, I got a telephone call from a State Department friend who told me that something of momentous importance was brewing. We met and he informed me that the War Department had just issued a directive removing former barriers against the commissioning of Communists in the highly confidential services of the United States Army."

On February 2, 1945, Representative George Dondero, of Michigan, having heard the rumors, wrote the War Department and asked for particulars. He received no immediate reply.

What would have happened to the House committee's investigation cannot be guessed had it not been that the Washington bureau of the Chicago Tribune on February 18, 1945, secured a copy of the secret directive and broke the story the next day, February 19.

The Tribune account stated that the secret directive had been issued December 30, 1944, and had been signed at the direction of the Secretary of War by Brig. Gen. Robert H. Dunlop, on that date acting Adjutant General of the

Army. The account directly quoted the very heart of the directive, which was as follows:

"No action will be taken under the reference letter that is predicated on membership in or adherence to the doctrines of the Communist Party unless there is a specific finding that the individual involved has a loyalty to the Communist Party which overrides his loyalty to the United States."

THIS immediately raised the question as to whether it was possible for a Communist to have a loyalty to the United States which was not overridden by his loyalty to the Communist Party. Since the Communist record in lying, deception, and prevarication, where it will help them reach their ends, is well established, how could the Army be satisfied about which loyalty overrode which?

It was true that, at the moment, the United States was a war ally of the Soviet Union, but it had not been forgotten that the American Communist Party and their fellow travelers employed every propaganda and obstructive device from the day the Nazi-Soviet pact was signed in August, 1939 to the day of Hitler's invasion of Russia (June 22, 1941) to keep the United States from

making overt moves against Germany.

Among those propaganda devices was the American peace mobilization, directed by Frederick Vanderbilt Field, which picketed the White House up to the moment the German troops moved against the Russians.

Furthermore, the military services had had long-standing regulations rejecting from military service anyone who embraced doctrines advocating the overthrow of the United States Government by force and violence. The Adjutant General had declared that the Hatch Act likewise "forces the rejection for military service of all persons holding membership in any political party or organization which advocates the overthrow of our constitutional form of government in the United States." The Communist Party record on this score was clear enough. Communists had been advocating such an overthrow for years. Furthermore, the function of the American Communist Party as the obedient and active arm of a foreign power had been well established.

This was not all. The Adjutant General, himself, wrote that—

"Long experience and careful investigation showed conclusively the virtual impossibility of developing actual, legal proof of membership in the Communist Party on the part of persons desiring to conceal such membership. The Communist Party took action to prevent the Hatch Act being applied to its members in the Army by giving them leaves of absence in such a manner as to constitute at least a suspension of membership in the party."

IF ALL these things were true, then why should a directive state that no action was to be taken on a soldier or an officer who was a Communist, unless it was found that the individual had a loyalty to the Communist Party which overrode his loyalty to the United States? Why should the Army accept Communists at all? And, since Communist membership is hard to prove, why should not the past history of the individual, his background, his affiliations, and close association with Communists be taken as decisive and be sufficient reason for immediate rejection?

The Tribune account (February 19, 1945) went on to say:

"Under the new directive the follow-

(Continued on Page 10)

HAVE YOU A PERSON IN LIFE WHOM YOU SMOTHER? . .



THE MORNING paper recounts the strange story of a woman in a western state who tried to bring suit for divorce in the name of her daughter, against her daughter's husband. Both husband and wife went upon the stand and told the story of their marital troubles. Instead of a decision dissolving the marriage, the judge called the girl's mother before the bar.

"I sentence you to thirty days in the work-house for interfering in the lives of this man and woman," he told her sternly. "Furthermore, you are to execute a bond that you will speak to neither of them for a five-year period or I'll make your sentence a year instead of a month."

The reporters were gleeful that at last a proverbial mother-in-law had met her just deserts. The flabbergasted woman tearfully pleaded that she had only been acting with her daughter's good at heart.

"If your daughter has been old enough to marry, she's old enough to run her life," the magistrate pronounced, "without assistance from you. Will you execute the bond or not?"

Behind the incident lies more than the ordinary castigation of parental interference in the lives of grown children. Viewed from the cosmic or karmic standpoint, what process is at work that the parents of a boy or girl refuse to relinquish jurisdiction after their maturity is arrived at?

Why is it that some people cannot seem to get along without the privilege of supervising the lives of other people, making their decisions for them, giving them gratuitous advice, and generally striving to manage careers other than their own?

Other people than parents indulge themselves in such behavior. In every business group may be found the one

Another Paper on Soulcraft Tenets Applied to Everyday Problems

who naturally insists that his desires be respected and his eccentricities executed. In every neighborhood is the petty despot always on hand with unsolicited counsel as to what should be done in this or that situation.

"Now if I were you—" is the bore-some statement with which he opens his harangue.

Generally, in normal people, it works the same reaction that distinguished the reply of the drunken loafer to the fussy spinster when she upbraided him for looking upon the wine when it was red and letting it sting him like a serpent and bite him like an adder.

"If you were my husband," declared the spinster, "I'd give you poison."

"Madam," said the sot, "if I were your husband and you gave me poison, believe me, I'd take it!"

What ails such people, prenatally considered, that they embrace such prerogatives? Are they striving to pay off debts of karma? Do they desire to live the lives of others vicariously? Or are they finding their means of complete self-expression by extending their discriminations to take in others than themselves?

IN THE case of the parent that cannot relinquish control of children's careers and acknowledge that the babes they first taught to walk may at last be able to walk completely from their lives, we have the curious phenomenon of an inadequacy in the parent-soul refusing to relinquish a petty tyranny that has given it a brief fling at authority for which it has been in no wise fitted by



the evolution of its spiritual development.

Invariably when we discover a mother "mittening onto" a son or daughter, continuing to make decisions for them after they are grown, insisting that such children shall conduct their careers after the reflexes and inhibitions of the parent, making "scenes" and "putting on acts" if their counsel be flouted, we are witnessing the exhibit of a "younger" soul striving to demonstrate the extent of its accomplishments to the "older" soul or souls so victimized.

Such a smother-parent is saying in effect: "Yes, I know that you have had more earth-lives than I, that you have developed yourself more adroitly and facilely. But I too have had a bit of development, please notice, and I desire to show you how it stacks up with your own. I know that under other circumstances—if we were again in realms of free spirit—you probably wouldn't pay me much attention. You would say that my development was all very fine, pat me on the head, and dismiss me with condescension. Now that this sojourn in physical life has put me in a situation where you may no longer pat me on the head and dismiss me without society visiting its displeasure on you for parental disrespect, I mean to make the most of my opportunities and see that this domestic situation gives me an acclaim that I would otherwise be denied. Prepare yourself, therefore, to be bossed. I shall continue to boss you so long as you stand for it. By thus bossing you, I am continually checking on myself and comparing my cosmic development with

yours. I have you, in other words, precisely where I want you for once and I shall use social condemnation to obtain attention for myself in situations which you cannot ignore."

THE SOUL that "smothers" another soul, that refuses to allow it to exercise its individuality, that seeks to suppress and supervise it, is forever marking itself out as a spirit that is lacking in knowledge of correct application of life's fundamentals.

Such a soul, whether in the physical body of earthly mother and father, or in the role of office or neighborhood know-it-all, is never exactly certain as to how it classifies in temperamental accomplishments and attributes against those amid whom it resides.

Always it seeks to prove its development to itself, to cover up its failings with a show of authoritative bombast, to exert an influence by no means warranted from its achievements to date, that it may gain to a self-confidence which it is pathetically lacking.

Such souls, of course, are popularly termed conceited.

The conceited man or woman, the bombastic braggart, the egotistical loud-mouth who is forever telling how he would run the nation, the state, the city, or the neighborhood if but presented with the chance, all these are but persons who in their earth-lives of the moment have not become convinced that the purposes for which they first came into life—or into many lives—have been correctly fulfilled. What they truly are bidding for, is assurance from others that their sorry estimates of themselves—to themselves—are not wholly what they feel them to be in their moments of esoteric contemplation.

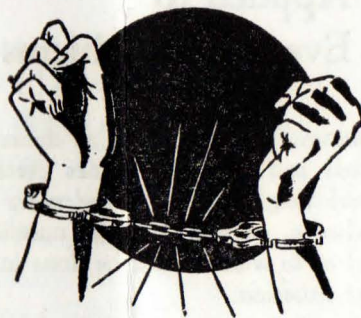
"I'm making a sweet mess of things," says such a soul to itself, "but maybe if I call sufficient attention to myself, or make up in brag what I lack in merit, I'll impress my associates with my importance sufficiently to 'get by' and retain their respect."

Such a one does quite the opposite, of course, and uniformly earns naught but their pity or contempt. He covers his deficiencies with noise, desperately hoping by such distraction that his spiritual sterility will not be noticed.

In carrying such bombast or conceit into the role of smothering parent, we

have, however, a slightly different aspect of the problem.

FATHERS and mothers are not necessarily unkind when they insist that children shall behave after a generally-approved pattern of social conduct. That goes without saying. Such education is for society's good. Nor is it always undue solicitation for their offspring in later years—that such offspring shall show the positive fruits of attempted earlier training—that makes over-solicitous parents extend their authority to supervision of maturer lives.



Such parents have made blunders from time to time—pitiable blunders—in working out the effects of their own karma, acquiring new, or fulfilling the brevets that propelled them into life. They want to recover on those blunders. They want to feel that their children are small replicas of themselves.

Unwarrantedly they make the assumption that the lives of their offspring are their own lives in repetition. They fancy that their children have the same karma to work out that they have had to work out and failed in. They want to retract, to go back, to make a second try at unsnarling their own complications.

So they proceed to dominate.

Knowing little, if anything, of the true nature of each individual soul in its relationships to other souls, determined that their children "shall not suffer what they have been called upon to suffer," they continue to give orders after their own eccentricities.

Of course, such behavior aborts two, three, five, ten lives, instead of the original and parental one. Such children are confused, bewildered, bedeviled, resentful, unable to get their own social cues and start their lives properly. Inhibited by social dictates impressed into their current personalities while young, they

execute a filiality that is as mistaken as it is mischievous.

SUCH parents have a double brevet to execute in succeeding lives, though they may not always know it. If, because of their eccentric dictates or selfish inhibitions, it so happens that the mischiefs done are permanent, those parents will find themselves born back into succeeding lives as the offspring of such damaged children who will treat with them severely.

Such "wrongs" are forever adjusted in kind.

Again and again we witness cases of children "bossed" around the clock, slapped, intimidated, bulldozed, generally abused, made to fetch and carry at parental whim all out of proportion to the dictates of obedience normally expected from growing young.

What we are witnessing here is an "open-and-shut" case of the dominated, misled, and generally smothered youngster from a previous incarnation, adjusting the karmic balances as they exist between the two.

In the first instance, the older soul was denied its normal expression at the caprice of the younger soul that chanced then to be the parent. No abuse necessarily was in it. It was a clear case of the younger soul wanting to get its fling at authority.

But if such immature behavior took forms that made of earthly life a mockery, denied the older soul the wholesome enhancements that come with an awakened and perfected individuality in an adult, and generally tried to make the older soul scrape and bow to the younger, then the latter will have a fine devil's brew to taste when in lives succeeding the situation becomes reversed.

In nine times out of ten, we are told, the dominating younger spirit will have its case settled by an exhibit of outraged human justice that may even descend to an animal brutality.

SOMETIMES the karma is paid in a relationship that takes other forms than parent toward a child.

A young woman in the current life-span became engaged to marry one of those lads locally designated as "tied to mama's apronstrings." . . .

They loved each other dearly and
(Continued on Page 15)



SUPERNATURAL EXPERIENCES . .

LS SURVIVAL of conscious human life indisputably attested by such happenings as this page is reporting, as having happened in the celebrated Calvados Castle in Normandy, back a generation ago? If not, then how account for doubly and triply notarized affidavits of reliable and even celebrated persons, who visited the castle during the run of the phenomena and witnessed them first-hand—including invisible footsteps imprinted on a fat featherbed?

Picking the account of the data up from last week, the annals of the French Psychical Society record from the diary of the owner kept religiously for three months—

"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 passage, and up to the second floor, with a loud noise of tread that had nothing human about it. Everybody heard it. *It was like two legs deprived of their feet and walking on their stumps.* Then we heard numerous loud blows on the stairs and the door of the green room.

"At 1 a. m. of Wednesday, November 10th, there came a rushing gallop in the hall and up the stairs again. A big blow was heard on the landing, followed by a second on the door of the green room. This took two minutes. A storm of wind, thunder, and lightning came and made the night hideous.

"**A**T 1:20 the door of the green room was unlatched without a human hand touching it. Then there were two loud knocks on its panels, three inside the room, three more on the door, and finally a prolonged rapping on the second floor—forty raps at least. This lasted over two and a half minutes. Just as

they ceased, everybody with me heard something like a cry—or a long-drawn trumpet call—audible above the storm. It seemed to me to come from outside. A little while afterwards everyone heard a long shriek, and then another, as though from a woman outside calling for help. At 1:45 we suddenly heard three or four loud cries in the hall, then up the staircase. The phenomena was turning vocal, which it had not been up to now. At 3:20 the prolonged galloping came again in the passage. As each of these items happened, we got up dutifully and made careful inspections to make certain mortal mischief-makers had not undertaken to add to the general disturbance. We heard two fainter cries, but these were upstairs in the house.

"**T**HE DAY Friday, November 12th ushered in a wider program of the noises like human cries. Several blows were first heard, then several cries as though a whole group of people were calling back and forth to each other. For the first time too, at 11:45 in the forenoon, these vocal cries began to sound from the cellar, then other louder cries in answer from the staircase. Had whatever was haunting the premises decided to use other means than raps or knocks to frighten us? The sounds died away during the afternoon, and most of the evening continued quiet. Perhaps we were going to be allowed a night that would give us a little sleep.

"But at midnight we were disabused of such hope. Everybody got up, for the most unearthly cries were issuing from the cellar beneath us, then inside the first floor green room. They resembled the cries or sobs of a woman in the most unbearable suffering. We finally had to inure ourselves to them and doze as opportunity offered. Nothing in the cellar when we went down had offered us a trace of a solution.

"Saturday, November 13th offered us no surcease. Blows resumed in the dining

room around three o'clock and at 3:15 transferred to the green room. We determined to keep up investigation in hope of some cue that would solve the mystery of what was occurring. Going into the green room, we saw that an arm-chair had been moved and pushed against the hall door, as though to prevent us entering for inspection. We put it back where it should stand. But at 3:40 this chair-moving—like a new phenomena to puzzle us that had been discovered—was repeated in Madame's room. Paying a second visit some minutes later down to the green room, we discovered that the arm-chair had been shoved against the door on the inside anew.

"Madame and Amelina went with the Abbe to his room, and before their eyes the window of his closed cabinet opened! The wind was southerly and that window was toward the north. In Madame's room an easy-chair changed place again. In the Abbe's room, a window which was closed, persisted in opening.

"Saturday night the galloping continued as on other nights. Thirteen raps by count came on the landing, eight violent blows on the door of that green room. But now the door of it began to open and shut ostensibly of itself, and to bang violently. At a quarter after midnight, two loud and despairing cries startled us from the landing. But they were no longer the cries of a weeping woman. They were shrill, furious, despairing, as of 'demons or the damned' . . . then for the ensuing hour, nothing but blows, blows in all parts of the house."

ALL OF IT showed malicious or mischievous intent, of course, since again and again the knocks or cries came from parts of the house to which the investigators, must go on the chance of finding out the causes. Furthermore, having discovered a new method of demonstration, the entities involved played it to a surfeit.

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK

Valor

A Journal of Applied Spirituality, published every Saturday in the national interests of American Soulcraft, by—

SOULCRAFT CHAPELS

Box 192 NOBLESVILLE, INDIANA

SUBSCRIPTION: Per Year \$5.00
Six Months \$3.00

VOL. III AUGUST 2, 1952 No. 14

Gobbledey-Gook



OW the gobbledeygook begins.

The nominating conventions having specified which of two United Nations candidates you prefer to have conduct America down the road to an utterly surrendered sovereignty, let everyone rally 'round and bury the political hatchet in peace, harmony, and utter blindness or ignorance as to what's been put over.

Eisenhower sounds off with the Clarion Call for everyone to join in the Crusade for Liberty and a resuscitated United States.

With everything going sixes-and-sevens about as fast as foreign intrigue dares take it, Commies more plentiful in Washington governmental departments than cocktails, the Master Baton-Twirler for the Internationalists goes through the paces for the television sets and news reels, and the voting dimwits are expected to clap at all the right pauses and Do As Papa Directs in matters of internal subservience.

However, nothing basic is being settled because nothing basic is allowed to come to issue.

And the most tragic defaulture in the whole fortnight's drama was General MacArthur's. What opportunity of a life-time, nay of the century, was offered him to blow the top off the world and let clear pure ozone down into this hot-house pestilence of overseas intrigue? But either he didn't dare risk it, or he didn't judge this the time for it.

Okay, that's that. It wasn't on the

celestial schedule for the thing to happen that way through him. It's up to no one to criticize. What looked like golden opportunity for the painless taking of an objective, may not look like golden opportunity to the Master Minds who have the destiny of this planet in charge.

But let's not be childish enough to be taken in for this "unity" blither.

There's already unity, assured by identical political policies.

There's the unity similar to the Communist party's in Russia—no party permitted for registering opposition.

Temporarily we can take it.



Enemy Help



HE STEEL strike has been "settled", an utterly useless strike.

For 53 days, as the *Indianapolis Star* remarks, Philip Murray shut down the nation's steel industry and cut off vital steel supplies needed for an alleged American rearmament program, for the sole purpose of obtaining a union shop in every steel plant. The wages and hours agreed upon, and the fringe benefits obtained, could all have been gained without a strike, for the companies agreed upon them during negotiations.

The strike was conducted solely to give Murray power to collect dues from steel workers, who were to be forced into joining the union willingly or not, and whose right to employment depended on their acquiescence to joining that union. The steel companies refused to grant the union shop. Phil Murray called his strike for nothing.

But during the 53 days lost, according to Secretary of Defense Lovett, the

United States lost more than \$5 billion worth of supremely important military production and by year's end, even with resumed production, our armament program will have been damaged about 25 percent.

It has been estimated that the equivalent of 77,000 jet engines, 45,000 piston engines, or 38,000,000 shells were irretrievably lost by this unnecessary steel strike. The time lost to workmen laid off by their companies being unable to get steel, hasn't been calculated, nor can it be. But here's the irony of it—

Suppose, during World War II, Hitler agents had been so securely ensconced in the steel industry that they could have prevented us making 77,000 jet engines or 45,000 piston engines, or 38,000,000 shells. Would something have been done about it, or about *them*?

It makes a difference, doesn't it, whose ox is gored?

Or imagine that during World War II, our armed forces had stockpiled 38,000,000 artillery shells on an island and Phil Murray had gone there in a motorboat by night and detonated the works, thus depriving our boys in uniform of such amount of ordnance to make war.

Do you imagine he'd be walking around respectably today, the friend and adviser of Presidents?

Read the forthcoming Soulcraft book, *There's Something Better*, that's closing its runs on the Soulcraft presses.

Indeed, there's a whole lot that's better.

Of course, it wouldn't occur to anybody, however, that the strike was called in the interests of prolonging the conflict in Asia till the Universal Military Training Act is put across, providing the sending out of the country of vast numbers of American youth, that Displaced Persons still to arrive from Europe may have their jobs.

Anything to prop up and keep going, a staggering economy that pumps tax dollars into a wheezy and rickety economic machine that's falling apart at the seams—and has been falling apart progressively since 1933.

By the way, the same newspaper that reported the "successful" settlement of this useless and treasonable strike, likewise reported that the federal tax-take out of Indiana for last year was a billion, 300 million.

That's a billion, three hundred million out of the exchequers of Hoosiers they'll never see again.

World Government, however, as conceived by Alger Hiss and his ilk, must be financed.

The constructive side in all of it, of course, is shortening the days of reckoning. They may begin by September.

Okay, let's get 'em over with.

Saucers Poured and Blowed

FLYING discs "fill heavens" is the week's report under a New York date-line. Animal, vegetable, or mineral, optical illusion, light refraction, or actual substance, the phenomena known loosely as Flying Saucers were as busy as the Democrats in Chicago since last Sunday. In the New York area, in Washington, D. C., in New England and Ohio, reports came in of strange aerial objects that demanded immediate explanation.

The Air Force said the volume of such reports was the heaviest it has been in five years.



Most of the recent sightings were made by relatively competent observers, by pilots, airport control tower men and civilian air defense spotters. In one case, radar technicians at the airport in Washington reported unidentified, unexplained "blips" on their radar scopes the same night other people saw strange lights in the sky.

All this added significance but no solution to the great celestial mystery which has puzzled, fascinated and sometimes frightened the nation since the first "saucers" were sighted in 1947.

But the Air Force could only say what it has said before: "There is still no concrete evidence to prove or disprove the so-called 'flying saucers.'"

A Pentagon spokesman said the Air Force now is receiving about 100 "saucer" reports a month. About 75 per cent of the sightings, he said, have been explained satisfactorily as mistaken conventional aircraft, balloons, birds, planets, shooting stars or hoaxes.

But the remaining 25 per cent, he said, can not be explained, at least not without many more details.

The fact that radar picked up unidentified "blips" does not, the spokesman said, necessarily indicate the presence of actual substance instead of mere light. A radar contact, he said, can be caused by an electronic disturbance in the sky, malfunctioning of the radar set or an actual substance.

But on the same night—and in the same general area—that the radar made its unexplained contacts, two airline pilots reported strange lights in the sky.

In Columbus, Ohio, six armed jet planes took off to chase a mysterious object which turned out to be a high-soaring weather balloon. But no such simple explanation solved the mystery that confronted professional control tower personnel at the Cleveland Airport where weird "golden lights" in the sky were reported.

Clark Croft, chief of the Civil Aeronautic Administration's tower staff, said:

"I'm ready to say there's something doing. Our people have seen the lights and experienced pilots have seen them. I haven't the slightest idea what they are. I'd like to think that whatever they are, they are our own."

In lieu of mere civilians saying "Poppycock!" to a chief of the Civil Aeronautic Administration's tower staff, VALOR seriously recommends his reading of Frank Scully's stunning little book, *Behind the Flying Saucers*.

Scully says in cold type that fallen saucers have been located and seized by the Air Force officials and removed to Dayton, Ohio, where they've been dismantled and analyzed for metallurgic construction.

Is Frank Scully lying or isn't he?

Or is the Air Force sawing itself off on a limb in denying the existence of these interplanetary travelers when knowledge of them is common property among the top brass?

We're merely asking.

Break the answer gently.



"STAR GUESTS"

A Book that will give you something to think about so long as you are alive! . . .

MORE and more the evidence mounts, indicating that human life may not have originated on this planet but come here in spirit form from another heavenly system. Such is the disclosure of the Ageless Wisdom. And the manner of humanity's coming, and the reasons for it, explain a hundred enigmas in sacred Scripture.

Are you subconsciously troubled by worry about Death? You will lose it upon reading STAR GUESTS. You can't understand the massive doctrine of SOULCRAFT without reading it.

Clothbound: \$3.00

SOULCRAFT PRESS
NOBLESVILLE, IND.



Get this Story and Read It!

“ROAD INTO SUNRISE”

**A Happy Novel
for Sophisticated
People . .**

Why not read a novel that inspires and instructs as well as entertains you? People today are looking for a “lift” in their reading matter, and this mighty story supplies it.

It portrays the possible effects of lifted memory of previous lives, while likewise taking its leading woman character through the portals of so-called Death.

It costs \$6 a copy, for 658 pages, but you’ll discover it the biggest \$6 worth you ever bought between covers.

Soulcraft Press
Noblesville, Indiana

Reds in Army

(Continued from Page 4)

ing posts, some of them highly confidential, are now open to Communists:

“Officer candidate schools, as candidate.

“Aviation cadet training.

“Security and intelligence duties.

“Duties in connection with the information, education, and orientation of troops or the educational reconditioning of troops.

(To include training for such duties.)

“Headquarters units of companies (or similar units) and higher organizations.

“Clerical duties.

“G-3 and S-3 duties.

“Duty as an operator of signal communication.

“Instructor or administrative personnel of replacement depots.

“Duties requiring maintenance and repair of confidential or secret equipment.

“Duties affording opportunities to observe confidential or secret equipment closely.

“Duties allowing knowledge of the tactical dispositions of submarine mine fields.

“Signal Corps units providing communication, signal intelligence, photographic, repair or depot supply services.

“Ordnance units providing ammunition or depot supply services.

“Quartermaster units providing gasoline or depot supply services.

“Chemical units providing chemical munitions or depot supply services.

“Duties affording frequent access to secret and confidential matter or opportunity to injure the war effort.

THE publication of the Tribune account of the directive expedited a War Department reply to Representative Dondero’s February 5 request for information. On February 20, the day after the Tribune story, Major General Ulio, the Adjutant General, wrote to Congressman Dondero at great length.

The letter concluded with this passage:

“I am inclosing herewith a copy of the instructions under discussion. The War Department had classified this document because of its firm conviction that public discussion of its investigative procedures could only nullify them and make even more difficult the determination of the loyalty of its personnel. Since

the provisions of this document have been publicized, however, the War Department has no alternative other than to remove the classification.”

Once the secret directive had got into the public domain, the House Military Affairs Committee resumed its investigation. Open hearings were held on February 27, March 14, and briefly, on July 18, 1945. A closed executive session was held on May 24, 1945. The witnesses were Assistant Secretary of War McCloy, Maj. Gen. Clayton Bissel, Chief of Intelligence, United States Army, and Maj. Gen. W. J. Donovan, Director of the Office of Strategic Services. Into the hearings for the final session (July 18) there were introduced for the record the histories of a number of officers who had backgrounds showing long-standing Communist affiliations. The committee also issued a report on June 29, 1945.

This was not the first effort to find out what the Army was doing about Communists in its ranks. Congressional trust in the handling of the Army’s files had been severely shaken by the Senate Military Affairs Committee’s discoveries in the previous year.

On May 18, 1944, the Senate Military Affairs Committee learned that an order had been issued on May 7, 1944, to destroy the copies of subversive records within the War Department and to remove originals from control of the Department by putting them into the hands of the archivists and consigning them to oblivion.

ON MAY 19, 1944, a member of the Senate committee went to the War Department. Secretary Stimson told the Senator that he had heard of the order for the first time at 6 o’clock the previous evening when he had received a telephone call from Secretary Hull in connection with it. General Marshall, the Chief of Staff, disclaimed all knowledge of the order. Other high ranking officers stated that they were in a similar state of ignorance. Finally the Deputy Chief of Staff admitted that he knew about the directive. *When asked why such an important step could be authorized without the knowledge of the Secretary of War or the Chief of Staff, the deputy intimated that the instructions had come from higher up.*

It was deduced that “higher up” could only mean the White House, but if the deduction were true, the person at the

White House who had issued such an order was not disclosed.

The upshot of these preliminary conversations was the prompt appointment of a subcommittee of the Senate Military Affairs Committee which, as promptly, went to the Pentagon to investigate. It was finally established that an order had been sent, in the form of a letter, to Major General Bissell, the head of Military Intelligence.

(Continued Next Week)

Divine Light

(Continued from Page 2)

actly the hands of those meriting their reassurances.

As for the Chicago conventions and their brassy aftermaths, actually they're analogous to the plug on the end of the vacuum-cleaner wire, going into the nearest wall-socket.

VALOR says to Soulcrafters in all fortitude, "You want the global situation cleaned up, don't you? Well, God, the Great Householder, has His own formula for doing it. *Stand by, and be ready to give assistance in that!* Don't have the audacity out of your own wishful thinking or intestinal squeamishness to try to make your own radiance of recommendations outshine God's."

In other words, let this thing develop.

The sooner we get through the whole of it, tough as it may show itself, the stronger we become morally, and the more splendid the earth when its now cocksure marplots are vacuumed into Limbo.

Smothering People

(Continued from Page 6)

sought eagerly to marry. But the boy in the case had been brought up from infancy to render implicit obedience to a dominating mother who made all his decisions and vigorously dictated his comings and goings.

Suddenly the lad's mother, from fixations of her own, made up her mind that the girl in the case was not acceptable as daughter-in-law.

The subverted and not a little terrified lad, full of maternal reflexes, tearfully told the girl that the marriage could not

take place.

Disgusted over his lack of stamina and masculine self-assertion to live his own life, the girl moved elsewhere and married another.

She did not truly love this second man and could scarcely have explained just why she married him.

Suddenly in an interlude of frantic

grief at her blunder, came one of those strange illuminations from Prenatal Memory. The memory-veil seemed lifted for an instant.

In a previous career, she had been the type of mother, guilty of such maternal folly. She had held her sons to her, made their decisions for them, insisted that

(Continued on Page 15)

Read a Refreshing Book!

"Thresholds of Tomorrow"

A Clairvoyant Picture of Changes Coming at Home and Abroad

YOU'VE heard about all the frightful and tragic things that are supposed to happen to America—from atom bomb war to Communistic take-over. Now read a book that depicts all the splendid, constructive, inspiring things that are due to distinguish life in our United States in the next twenty to thirty years as envisioned by the attributes of sacred clairvoyance.

Sacred Clairvoyance and Extra-Sensory Perception see almost none of the dour woes and calamities occurring with which the political alarmists would terrify the electorate in order to advance pet projects. THRESHOLDS OF TOMORROW describes for you the great innovations and inventions that are coming in, and what American life will be like when the country has 300 million population. Get over your heebie-jeebies, and acquaint yourself with what America will endorse and embrace as the present sequence of mad extravagance is run. Changes in economics, education, architecture, and even religious thinking and worshiping are described in a way to bring a rosier and more ennobling picture to you. The biggest value you ever bought between a pair of covers . . . Read it and relax!

A Beautiful Volume: \$5

Soulcraft Press, Inc., Noblesville, Ind.

COGITATIONS



IHAVE been inside hospitals—as a patient—just twice in my life. The first time was in 1921, after I'd swallowed a couple of gallons of foul river water while swimming, and “came down” with nine weeks of typhoid. The second was in 1946, when I underwent a major surgical operation in Washington, D. C., which is neither here nor there. When I applied to hospitals for admittance, I waited until it was serious enough for interns to come running wild-eyed with stretchers. Outside these two occasions when I caused interns to come running wild-eyed with stretchers, I've scarcely been ill a day in my life. My days have been filled with too many interesting matters to squander time lying abed with illness. A majority of people, I've come to be persuaded, take time out to be ill because their subconscious minds advise them they aren't getting enough attention from the neighbors, and interns rushing out to meet them with stretchers wild-eyed or otherwise is agreeable—most agreeable. To have somebody slip the arm under the back of the neck, raise the head and murmur tenderly. “Drink some of this,” is also agreeable. They relax from life's chores and decide to “let George do it,” . . . I am positively *not* going to tell you about my operation, but I am going to digress a moment on that typhoid business . . .

o—o

ISTILL think my subconscious mind decided I should relax and let George do it, back there in that oven-like summer of 1921. Typhoid bugs were as good as any bugs for getting this result. I had worked myself, really, into several bad messes at the time, one of them physical, and having typhoid for nine weeks proved the capital way out. Being 31 years old, and sitting at my typewriter twelve hours a day, I was acquiring wasting away of the E Pluribus Unum. I had spots before the eyes, weak knees, a tendency in dreams to see red, white, and blue turkeys with straw hats on, and a peevishness at friends who came often and stayed late. Thereupon I hit upon a no-

tice in a newspaper, written by some undernourished wiseacre in an unguarded moment when he had space to fill and nothing with which to fill it, to the effect that nothing toned up the system more or better than swinging flatirons . . .

You think I'm ribbing? He certainly said swinging flatirons and he meant swinging flatirons. But not letting go of them and bashing anyone's brains out or crashing out a sash in the nearest window. You procured two old-fashioned iron flatirons with non-detachable handles, stripped to your waist so clothing didn't impede you, and performed gyrations with these articles, permitting the muscles of head and chest to stretch to maximum, and the blood to course more healthily and regularly through your decimal system . . . The household had two such flatirons that had “come over” in either the Mayflower or the Ark, and I chose the large empty attic-room over the back kitchen for said swinging. At 3:30 each afternoon I repaired up there, stripped as aforesaid, and swung flatirons. I only dropped one once, and while it nearly broke a toe and caused womenfolk to screech up the backstairs to be careful of the plaster on the kitchen ceiling, I affirm that my arm and chest muscles over a period of weeks actually did increase to phenomenal proportions. Presently, however, I discovered that when you increase your arm or chest muscles to phenomenal proportions you also find yourself in a mess equally as awkward as not having any arms or chest muscles at all. Because I began to get muscle-bound. I had quick and urgent impulses to get up in the middle of the forenoon and swing flatirons, to give my decimal system something to work at. I would lie down for slumber at night and shortly after midnight awaken with the desire to swing flatirons. I began to see swinging flatirons in dreams instead of patriotic turkeys. The neighbors and family did admire my remarkable muscular development, however, but it was like taking narcotics. You had to keep it up, once you started it, or you were worse distressed. And the longer you kept it up, the harder the demand on you to



desist from it. Of course it would never occur to me to go out and split stove-wood or sift the ashes and thus ease my over-development. One didn't obtain the free and reckless action splitting wood or sifting ashes that one obtained when the laundry-implements were gyrating. So I proceeded to get bigger and bigger from the belt up. In sheer desperation, I took to swimming . . .

o—o

BY MIDSUMMER of 1921 I had become so adept in swimming—which I should have taken up in the beginning instead of doing those stunts with Chinaman's Gooses—that I swam completely across Lake Taylor in northern Vermont in one afternoon, and got home in time for supper. This was a 5-mile swim. It just went to prove what flatirons could do when methodically swung. But the old carcass still ached when I sought nocturnal repose for it, and getting rid of such physical development was becoming a Problem. If I sat still and did nothing I had Charley Horses all over me. If I got up and exercised, they chased me at a gallop. I tried to hold the business down to some sort of regulation by crossing the opposite pasture and plunging into the river, not to end it all but to give the Charley Horses a drink at intervals. So of a July morning when I was in such fix of body no matter what I did, I went over the pasture, climbed my favorite old cypress tree for a dive and went off splash. Only I whacked my noggin on a branch just above me and hit the water flat as a plank. The breath being knocked out of me, I substituted water from the polluted stream, gagged and strangled on it and invited the typhoid bugs to take over, and have fun. By noon next day I was enjoying bats in the belfry, general lassitude, and Housemaid's Knee in both gams. The doctor arrived and took my

temperature, shook the glass stick, looked popeyed, and thrust it in my mouth a second time—like a plumb-rod taking the depth of a crevice. Two minutes later he was at the telephone, inviting those interns to come wold-eyed with stretchers and not spare the horses. I had so many typhoid germs oozing out of me they had to use asbestos gloves in handling me. I have a dim recollection of riding to that hospital of a July morning like a hot firecracker in a hermetic gun-case. They backed up to the steps, brought more interns flying wild-eyed with more stretchers, carried me inside, sealed off a room and rolled me on a cot. My temperature was running so high that when the cotton sheets took fire, they rolled out rubber sheets—which merely smouldered. Purple chimpanzees arrived and did antics around the picture-molding of the room all that afternoon and into sultry evening. They stripped me down to shorts and two nurses rubbed ice on me—which felt like those flatirons that had started the brilliant business, heated over twin gas-plates and applied without air conditionings. Literally they *ironed* me with that ice, taking it in relays. When the chunks of it touched me, they sizzled, and the chimpanzees were blotted out in vast clouds of steam. I was somewhat grateful for this, as their grinnings annoyed me. It was the hottest night in that hospital that the summer had produced, and I was the hottest thing in the night. A little French-Canadian nurse, height 5 feet and no inches, whose name I couldn't remember, worked over me till sun up and was literally credited with having saved my life—to Walter Winchell's subsequent disgust. Then she betook herself back to Canada and never so much as dropped me a postcard, giving me her address. Anyhow, I settled down to a session of dehydrating. From 165 pounds on that Lake Taylor swim, I went down to 88 within a week. I was probably the fastest and most efficient dehydrator they'd ever had in that therapeutic hostelry. All the Charley Horses got out of that place, and out of *me*, faster than a poodle in a grocery with turpentine applied to receding rear. It was an experience you had to go through to appreciate . . .

o—o

THOSE were the years when the formula was, "Feed a cold and starve a fever." They believed in the formula



We now have
VOLUME SIX
ready for delivery!

The **SOULSCRIPTS**

SIX BEAUTIFUL BOOKS

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

A Complete Library of Scripts

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

\$5.00 the Volume, Deluxe Bindings

SOULCRAFT CHAPELS

Noblesville, Indiana

and starved that fever by starving *me*. I had nourishment given me in the form of multiple glass thermometers to suck—they cheerfully told me I could have all I wanted. I gormandized on these. The second day they brought me an iced malted milk. Long before it arrived I was begging the nurses to filch postage-stamps from the superintendent's desk and bring them in to me. The stickum on their reverse sides would taste so exquisite. I got the iced malted down and

lay back and watched the steam waft off me in furls. That night I began to have delusions. The Charley Horses had somehow gotten outside and were galloping around and around the premises, *cloppity-clop!* — *cloppity-clop!* — *cloppity-clop!* Suddenly a 14-inch carving-knife cut a three-foot slit in the window-screen in one direction and four feet in another. A human leg in bright yellow trousers came over the sill. It was followed by a Creature in racing knickers, naked from



Why I Believe THE DEAD ARE ALIVE!

NO MATTER what your views may be on the After-Life, hold them in abeyance until you have read this challenging volume narrating most of the supernatural experiences undergone by the Recorder of the SOULCRAFT SCRIPTS, practically all of them attested by witnesses, then deny or refute continuity of existence if you can . . .

Here are three hundred pages of "true ghost stories" that carry a stupendous significance. If they had happened to you, would you have reacted to them any differently than the Author, taking him into his role of the present?

\$3.00 the Copy

SOULCRAFT PRESS, INC.
NOBLESVILLE, INDIANA

the waist up even of a human pelt—in other words, a gentleman whom somebody had physically skinned. He could not even blink his eyes at me, because of lack of skin-covering over head and face. "Now," he proclaimed to me, advancing, "I'm going to disembowel you!" . . . They do say they found me up on the corner bureau, trying to escape through the mirror. He had not disemboweled me up to that point, but not because I'd refused to stay in bed . . . Two doctors removed me to the cot where I was supposed to convalesce and one of them ordered all the ice in the cellar to be brought up and piled on me—like they pile cement blocks for a cenotaph . . . I had to convalesce or freeze to death . . .

o—o

THEY DO say I lived and recovered nicely. At five a. m. every morning a train went westward up the valley behind the hospital—and I had a malted milk. At 12 o'clock noon a train went up the valley westward and I had a malted milk. At 6 p. m. a train went up the valley westward and I had a malted milk. There being no more trains up the valley until 6 a. m. again, I had no more malted milks. I lay hours upon hours and thought about *Food!* . . . I thought about porterhouse steaks sizzled in rich brown onions, with iced-lettuce salads and lemon meringue pie. I thought about corned-beef and cabbage with celery sticks and Brown Betty pudding. I thought of fat roasted turkeys, with dumplings, and drumsticks as big as the thigh of a horse. Deep-dish apple pies wafted to and fro about the ceilings, passed beneath my nose smelling of spices and doing a Flying Saucer act whenever I clutched for them. One afternoon, my stomach craving sweets as hopheads crave reefers, a visitor brought in by stealth and subterfuge a small bag of maple-sugar hearts. One by one I made these last, far, far into the night and around to next forenoon. At last I had only the empty bag. What was I going to do with it? I considered eating it as well, only I was so thin by this time that its wadded-up bulk might show inside me. Yet some obsession made me realize I must keep its presence from my nurses. Try hiding a paper-bag in a spotless sealed room where the bedding was changed twice daily. I couldn't gnaw a hole in the mattress and stuff the bag in, the ticking was too tough. Finally I de-

cidied I must take perfect aim and spin the thing over behind the corner bureau—if it went down behind out of sight, my secret was safe so long as I was occupant of the compartment. After I'd departed for home, I didn't care who found it. So I spent hours anticipating exactly what strength would be required to hit the space behind the dresser. I finally let fly. But talk about the perversity of inanimate objects! . . . I missed the mirror-frame by exactly one inch. The bag struck its top, bounced off, and ended squarely in the center of the antiseptic floor between my cot and entrance door. This was terrible! It was worse than terrible, it was *catastrophic!* It meant, of course, that I must get from the cot somehow and recover it before my current nurse stalked in—she might swing me around the place by an ear. So I got from that bed. On legs like broomsticks I got from that bed. And I was directly in the act of picking up that tell-tale bag when in stalked the biggest and grimmest nurse on the staff. One blast of her horrified breath could have pried up carpets, tacks and all, anyhow it pried me upright. What was I doing in my weakened heart condition, out on that floor? It was the first time I'd been aware that my heart was weakened. She spanked me into bed, my heart being considerable distance from the spanking place, and told me if she caught me out of bed again, she'd have me strapped in, and weight me down with the institution piano beside. I held that telltale paper-bag in my tight, hot little fist for two days and finally *did* eat it . . . And do you know what happened in result of all of it? . . . I totally lost my sense of *smell*. From the fever, not mastication of that bag. Gone forever were the scents of the flowers that bloom in the springtime, tra-la, also odors of burning garbage, geranium kitties with long white stripes prying around country fences, old rubber boots thrown into the furnace by mistake, and critics who called on me to tell me all of it was God's punishment for having a penchant for good tobacco . . . I had to come out of Russia and China to lose my sense of smell in Vermont hospital *afterward*. Oh, well, it does go to prove what can result from owning a pair of flat-irons. Now you tell me about *your* operation. Make it good, but make it—so to speak—snappy . . .

—THE RECORDER

Smothering People

(Continued from Page 11)

they "respect" her without much cause for such respect, and appealed falsely to their filialty when she saw her hold up on them slipping.

Peculiarly enough, in that Illumination it seemed revealed to the young woman that the lad she had lost, and the fellow she had married, had been each of them her sons in that previous incarnation.

What she had suffered at the hands of her former fiance's dominating mother had been but the retribution from her own similar deportment. In the present life she chose to accept that she had to pay off that karma by suffering herself to be the victim of the second woman's "smothering." . . .

THE QUESTION arises: Would it not be known to such souls, entering the roles of children to such parents, precisely the natures of the parents thus selected? If, knowing the parental propensities toward such smotherings, they still chose deliberately to take up occupancy in the freshly-born bodies of such offspring, could the parents be held guilty for exhibiting their weaknesses?

The answer should be plain.

Either there is karma to be paid in kind, or this thing happens—

Legion are the souls that enter life to mentor a weaker fellow-spirit by being "strong children" to weak or vacillating parents. We have the Biblical adjuration that oftentimes the "child is father to the man." . . .

This type of teaching of parents by the reactions of their older and more poised offspring being in educative propinquity to them, is so commonly recognized in cosmos that it excites small comment. Many a weak father has been shamed and made strong by the sterling virtues in a son. Many an erring or vacillating mother has been kept true to her brevet by the spiritual tutoring of a poised and "sensible" daughter.

The varieties assumed by such relationships are too numerous to count.

Of the whole strange business, however, this conclusion is irrefutable—

The greatest immorality recognized by—and in—the Higher Octaves, is the un-

The Unabridged Edition of the GOLDEN SCRIPTS IS BEING DISTRIBUTED!

The Great Project Is Done

THERE are 844 pages of them—in the new *Unabridged Edition*—done on Bible paper and bound in limp round-cornered covers. To those who have "discovered" them they amount to *new Sermons on the Mount*, coming apparently from our Elder Brother's matchless intellect for His disciples in this modern generation. They cover every personal and ethical subject troubling spiritually hungry people of today.



You May Have a Copy If You'll Cherish It!

Donations from over 300 ardent Soulcrafters have made over \$50,000 worth of these volumes available for gratis distribution. If you wish a \$5 copy sent you, merely make the request in a letter to Noblesville, Indiana, Headquarters. *Address—*

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

hallowed business of doing anything to a soul, even in the overzealous desire to be of service, that subverts or influences in the frailest degree its right to live its own career and adjust its own karma after the pattern of its character.

The old-fashioned orthodoxy has had it that children were "created" by their parents, that they are the "property" of such parents till maturity effects emancipation.

When the realization becomes general that there truly is no such thing as a "child" except in the physical signifi-

cance, we may have a holier viewpoint toward all intimate relationships.

All souls in a given dispensation like the present are approximately of the same cosmic age. Birth, and earthly life, and death, are but changes of fashion in physical raiment.

The "smothering" of one set of souls by another set of souls is true spiritual prostitution.

All such wrongs must be righted.

Such righting may be cruel, yet the blessing from it is, that all ultimately profit!

T h e P A Y O F F

THE YOUNG Army recruit was found by his sergeant sitting on the steps of his barracks looking discouraged and homesick. The sergeant barked, "What are you doing here?"

The recruit, son of a Harvard professor and raised in Boston, replied: "I regret to say, sir, that I'm—procrastinating."

The sergeant's expression softened. "Okay," he said, "just so long as you keep busy."

A RETAILER in Chicago had been trying for months to collect an overdue bill. As a last resort, he sent a tear-jerking letter, accompanied by a snapshot of his small daughter. On the back of the picture he wrote: "The reason I must have my money."

A prompt reply enclosed the snapshot of a ravishing blonde in a bathing-suit. On the back of it was inscribed—

"The reason I can't pay."

A FRIEND came hastening up to a house where a small and curious crowd were awestruck around the steps.

"Anything happened to Tom?" he inquired anxiously.

"Yeah," said a bystander, "they're taking him away in the ambulance for beatin' up his Missus."

THE WIFE complained, "John, I wish you'd explain to me the difference between direct and indirect taxation."

"Nothing hard about that," the husband rejoined. "It's just the same as you asking me for money, and going through my pockets at night when I'm asleep."

HE INQUIRED, "Are you fond of nuts?"

The girl looked bored. "Is this a proposal?"

SAID the Old Salt to Bobby, age seven, "I remember when I was a lad, I had to fight with sixteen of the most terrible man-eating cannibals—"

"But only last year," interrupted Bobby. "you said it was eight cannibals."

"Aye, me lad, but you wuz too young

The New Re-Write of "No More Hunger"

THERE'S SOMETHING BETTER

The Book You've Been Awaiting

**An Independent Income
for Every Woman,
Married or Single**

*Every Citizen
a Capitalist*



THOUSANDS who read the previous book on the Christian Economy, "No More Hunger", have wanted to know how it could become installed by purely constitutional processes. This new 320-page volume not only carries the explanation but describes the Christian Commonwealth in its most detailed phases.

**100,000 Copies at \$1 per Copy, paper covers
1,000 Copies at \$5 per Copy, deluxe**

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

then to know the whole 'orrible truth!"

THE psychiatrist soothed, "Now tell me about this dream that you had."

"Well," said the feminine patient, "as

I said, I was walking down the street with nothing on but a hat."

"Were you embarrassed or not?"

"Of course I was embarrassed. It was something I'd bought back in 1948."