

# 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 16, 1952

Number 16

## AMERICANS PUSH UP INTO LIGHT FROM SEPT. 18th



**V**ALOR isn't given to sensational predictions. But signs of the times are not lacking in support of prophetic material received as early as 1929 that the time-span between September, 1952, and August, 1953, are to be as fateful and inspirational for the people of this hemisphere as any similar time-span since this Republic was established.

What specifically is to happen?

Well, for one thing, by mid-September of this year the two political campaigns are to acquire their momentum, precipitating controversial issues that are to play no small roles in the coming government of our country.

**E**ISENHOWER has led off in the most momentous phase of the campaign by issuing a public statement out of Denver, published in the newspapers of August 8th, that anyone who tries to drag racial issues into this campaign is no better than a Communist.

Such, apparently, is the elevated key-note on which he wants the issues of 1952 to be waged.

Nobody of any consequence has said much about racial issues as yet, but the racials in-



volved precipitate the matter of their own uneasy consciences and the fear that racial issues are going to be the decisive factors in what's politically ahead.

It's a typical Communist trait to call the other fellow the thing you are, yourself. This is supposed to exercise the psychology of "beating the opponent to the punch." Only in this case it may not work out that way.

Nothing—or at least very little—that is supposed to work out in this 1952 campaign, and its aftermaths, is due to work out. That, the American rank-and-file can count on. If there's one thing on which it can wager any fancy sums it may have available, it's the surety that the wholly unexpected is due to happen.

In Eisenhower's "clarion call" for the simon-pure brand of Americanism that ignores the rights to free speech in the First Amendment and smothers discussion of the real issues behind America's distemper, he's let the bars down for counter-assailments broadside.

Of all the possible candidates who could be nominated at the Chicago Convention, Eisenhower was—and is—the most vulnerable from any standpoint.

**THIS IS** to be a campaign of arousal of the American people to issues as fundamentally grave as any confronting the Union in 1858 and 1860. The very things that the minority elements don't want to have happen, their own stupidities of conduct are promoting as fast as event allows.

However, they have nothing behind them but Money.

Jamming the safety-valves of the public emotion with heavy wads of Federal currency may stop emanations for a time in the vocal manner, but all of it is nothing short of smothered war.

Evidently there's going to be literary material released this autumn that will "blow the lid off" a state of compression in the public indignation whose effects may go far. MacArthur as the Man on Horseback has elected to ride his steed at a gallop to the offices of Remington-Rand and go in to a desk-job that trades his great repute for \$100,000 a year. Obviously it's to be quite another individual who does the salvage-job on pulverized Americanism. The GOLDEN SCRIPTS say positively on Page 609, Chapter 187, "Presently cometh a thrice angry whirlwind; it riseth against you; it speweth its temper; it soweth its ruin and vaunteth

its evil. It saith, Behold I am Lord, for do I not conquer? I tell you, beloved, it conquereth not. It maketh a vortex as it reacheth the righteous. There it subsideh and endeth in vauntings."



**THE RECORDER** has over sixty transcripts of Master Messages that were too personal to be included in publishings of the GOLDEN SCRIPTS. One and all make the same insistence. America was founded of heterogeneous stock to give demonstration to the world of how free man could govern himself. It was Abraham Lincoln who added that he could only govern himself, however, as he was given correct enlightenment and information.

The public disclosures between now and November 4th are to supply mankind in America with great blasts of light that work a totally altered psychology in treatment of the factors making for the nation's present illness.

Because the elements making for disruption are relying solely on their own mortal wits for their strategies, they are due to unmask themselves by their own audacities and stupidities.

And in addition, four or five capable psychics about the nation have pegged September 18th as a particularly vital date, leading to humankind's further illumination . . .

**FROM COVER** to cover, the great sacred compilation called the GOLDEN SCRIPTS predicts nothing but developments for the better for the people of America, for a more equitable way of being governed and educated, for the

gradual "binding" of the elements of turmoil and destruction.

*No pronouncement in the sections of the GOLDEN SCRIPTS too personal for publication, dealing with the future after 1929, have thus far defected in coming to pass! That is something to dwell upon with gravity.*

The statements therein, however, are unmistakable that the End of This Age has to bring denouement of evils that have manufactured their own penalties. Otherwise humanity would come to discern no effect proceeding directly out of cause. Even the "Signs and wonders in the heavens" predicted back in 1929 have delivered on schedule, evidently in the items of these so-called Flying Saucers. Another month is apparently to see tremendous enlightenment in respect to these as well.

In 1929 it was prophesied that an unknown archaeologist, excavating in Asia Minor, would unearth a set of scrolls authenticating the celestiality of the Christ, apparently compiled in the period of Isaiah, and these scrolls came duly to light the past December and were brought to Northwestern University in Chicago for translation, where they repose at present. But it wasn't the translations that particularly mattered; it was the fact that the discovery of the scrolls was to be a time-notation, after which other things of tremendous world-moment were to ensue with rapidity.

What has puzzled the spiritual authorities of the country most, has been the "mystery" of why these GOLDEN SCRIPT speakings should have arrived through secular and not ecclesiastical sources. Had they arrived through the latter, however, they would have been just another set of sectarian documents, instead of having universal application to all sects and creeds from a standpoint of complete impartiality. As for the amanuensis work on them, not "believing" in Reincarnation, the various spiritual leaders themselves have missed the point that perchance past Biblical notables might have "come again" in the names of apparently nondescript persons to do such work and form the leveling unit throughout the national body-politic that makes for a better understanding and grasp of things spiritual as the new year comes in.

The trouble with "miracles" of this type seems to be, that they're not credited as being miracles until the ensuing generation . . .

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# ARE LIVING CREATURES IN FLYING SAUCERS?

Frank Scully Says "Yes!"  
and Claims Government  
Knows It . .

**T**HE GREATEST enigma of the year, scientifically, is whether or not the reports of tangible "Saucers" in the sky, carrying denizens perhaps of another planet, are based upon scientific fact or popular imagination. If they are denizens of another planet, and interplanetary travel has been established, why are they holding so aloof from appearing boldly and frankly on our earth's surface? The town of Monticello, Indiana, has even sent out a Thought-Transfer invitation to any of the possible voyagers in the Saucers to make themselves known and be guests of the residents.

Many books on the Flying Saucers have been written, notably *Is Another World Watching?* by Gerald Heard, and *Behind the Flying Saucers*, by Frank Scully, Hollywood representative of the New York theatrical publication, *Variety*. Of the two, Scully's book is the more scientific and convincing.

Scully declares that the Flying Saucers are not only real but that he has information that three of them have come to earth, landing in the southwest, and that machines and crews have been taken charge of by members of the United States Government Air Forces.

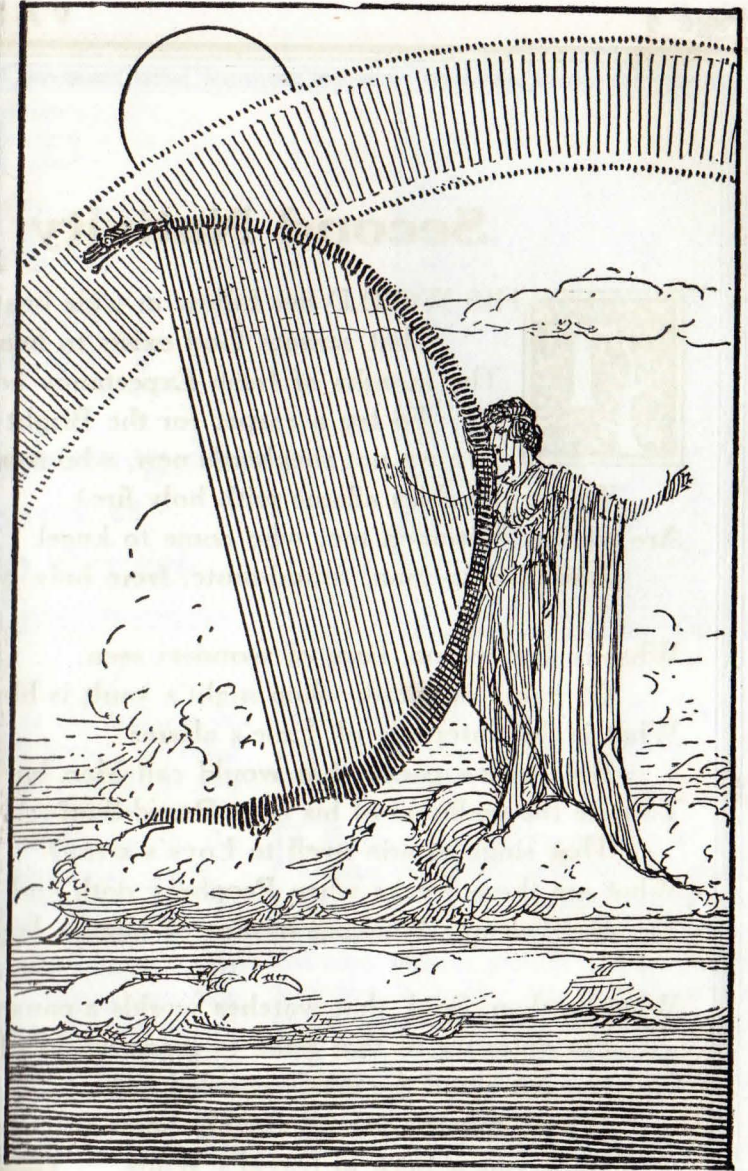
Each of these grounded Saucers, according to Scully, had breaks in the port-holes of their cabins, made as though by missiles in interstellar space which had depressurized the car carrying the crew,

in result of which the diminutive men they carried were seared by fierce heat to a chocolate brown.

The Saucer that received most careful attention mechanically landed in the vicinity of Aztec, N. Mex., and held bodies of sixteen men that ranged in height from 36 to 42 inches. They were perfectly formed human beings excepting for their smaller size and true men in every respect anatomically, excepting that their faces contained neither beards nor traces of beards; they were covered with a soft, peachlike down. Reports of the landing of these Little Men broke into the newspapers in the summer of 1949 but were quickly hushed up. The Air Force professes total ignorance of these Little People, regardless of the fact that Scully declares in a book published by the reliable publishing house of Henry Holt & Company, that the salvage of the machines was removed to the Air Force proving

grounds at Dayton, Ohio. There the metal in them was found to contain alloys unknown to this planet, capable of withstanding 10,000 degrees of heat. The Saucer itself, again attests Scully, measured 99 feet, 9 inches, from outermost rim to outermost rim—in fact the construction of everything about the contrivance measured in multiples of Nines. The cabin, swung in the center, measured 18 feet square by 6 feet high.

**O**F COURSE the Little People manning them had all been killed by the landing, although the ship itself was intact. Before a gigantic instrument board were suspended two bucket seats for the tiny navigators. Food and water were found aboard. The latter was "heavy" water, only found on this planet in Norway and used in the construction of the atom bomb. The food was in form of concentrated wafers, which when fed to



## Second Nativity



HIS WORLD lies fallow in wide heathen doubt  
 That sensate God exists to heal its ways,  
 The months of fresh Expectancy be come  
 To lay a carpet for the Bright of Days!  
 Are we not shepherds new, who rouse from sleep  
 To see the skies aflame with holy fire?  
 Are we not Wisemen too, who come to kneel  
 And play to man, sound-mute, from holy lyre?

What is this season, born of wonders seen,  
 Of lights at zenith when night's vault is black?  
 What is this interlude of Time's alarms  
 But festive paeon that would call Man back  
 To note the godhood of his once Proud Soul  
 That sings in aria-swell to Love's array?  
 What are these weeks when Prophecy doth end  
 But Cosmos breaking hymns of angel's lay?

What-ho then, Soul, that watches worlds a-pause  
 For entrance of that Babe to grasp world's helm,  
 Can you not stand the starry-jeweled note  
 Whose music's joy all earthly hates o'erwhelm?  
 "For unto you is born in David's Walls  
 A Savior who is sent of heavenly  
 mirth!"  
 Are we not travelers then, from  
 West and East,  
 Who come with myrrh to mark  
 His Second Birth?



guinea-pigs they went for avidly. There were ingeniously-contrived bunks in the tiny cabin for the crew. And the metallic joints of the entranceway, when the means was finally found for opening it, were fashioned with the finesse of workmanship that distinguishes the bifocal lenses of one's eye glasses.

On the wrist of each crew member was a peculiar contrivance that might have been a compass or it might have been some sort of wrist-radio. Scully maintains he was given one of these, which he possesses at the present moment in Hollywood.

The most startling feature of the Sau-

cers was the fact that they carried no power-plant and no apparent armament. If, utilizing the electro-magnetic beams of the planets, they were able to travel outside the gravitational pull of earth with the speed of light, the author of *Behind the Flying Saucers* estimated that they could make the trip from Earth to Venus in a time-span of approximately 42 minutes. This would account for the fact that in only one of the Saucers salvaged were toilet arrangements in evidence.

Scully contends that after autopsies, the bodies of the Little Dead Men were sent to a medical museum in Chicago.

THE ONE thing that impresses the reader of Scully's book is the obvious sincerity of the writer, that he writes of matters of which he has first-hand knowledge. He says he got interested in the subject through friendship with one Silas Newton, millionaire oil producer, for whom he had done much ghost-writing in California, and whose oil-crews were among the observers of the arrival of the Little Men to earth.

Alas and alack, he rationalizes the fact that the Little Men do not voluntarily land because they have reason to fear this gigantic human race with which this earth-planet is peopled as being committed to ruthless killing of whatever it doesn't fully comprehend.

The book does not appear to be written as any hoax, in fact he states that he has had serious brushes with governmental officials, who have declared to date that all these Saucer sightings and reports are figments of over-wrought human imaginations. Scully's implications are, that the Air Force is going to keep to this position to the last, apparently not desiring to promote any panic among the mentally mecurial or make the people of America decide that jet-plane propulsion, in which the Administration has sunk so much tax-money, is already obsolete in contrast to electro-magnetic propulsion.

That the Little Men, however, do know the powerful lethal potentials of the Vrill Ray, which disintegrates whatever comes close to them of formidable aspect, perhaps makes such official caution commendable. But one thing is certain, nowhere has there been any reliable incident reported where these inter-planetary visitors manifest the slightest hos-

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# YOU ENTERED LIFE TO SERVE ONE OF THREE PURPOSES . .



THE FURTHER we probe into the religious systems that have served men spiritually in the past, the more we are impressed with one stupendous fact:

The bitterest and bloodiest battles which men of all times have fought have been waged over the questions of what Life itself is, why men find themselves in it, what it should contain to offer most profit to the human souls living it, and what becomes of those souls after graduating out of it.

Examine carefully all of the civilizations that have ever come to flower on this planet and you will finally come to realize that the types of answers men have given to these riddles have largely dictated the types of culture and in cases even the political systems under which they have existed.

So suppose, right out of hand, we consider the first of these tremendous subjects: What is the nature of mortal existence in itself, and what does the average person gain from each succeeding experience in it?

We have our answer written in fiery letters on the skies of every spiritual Dispensation—

Every human soul comes into earth-life, and spends an adequate time here, to gain to a stronger and clearer awareness of itself—what it is in its essence, and what mighty fecundities may be compressed inside of it.

This is the one colossal tenet that strikes us with overwhelming force as we probe the Great Mysteries that lurk in Holy Cosmos.

**N**O MATTER what your creed or your faith or what your churches or prelates have taught you to the moment, it is beginning to be discovered that no man and no woman is in Life by chance—every human being walking a

## Another Enlightening Paper on the Progress of the Soul Up through Stages of Consciousness

round on this planet at this moment on two legs, has a specific reason for being here. And this goes for yourself as well as for the mightiest king dominating the councils of statecraft at this hour or the crudest Hottentot in equatorial jungle.

What the special purposes may be that have brought each one of us into life as individuals, we can take up as we come to them. But speaking generally for all men and women, the one stupendous reason for human life in toto is the

The old spiritual philosophy called overwhelming and awesome fact that each divine soul learns by enduring and experiencing, and the greater the ordeals of endurance and experience, the keener is its recognition of itself and the inherent powers lying dormant inside it.

Theology, which already is crumbling, had it that a man named Adam was created by a sublimated Moses called Jehovah, put in a Garden called Eden with his wife, told to keep away from a certain tree, and live innocent and sinless in a tropical Paradise. But his wife got curious and disobeyed the edict about forbidden fruit. She ate, and gave to her husband to eat. So the first pair sinned and were ejected from that Paradise. God was all wrought up about it, and kept up His divine tantrum till some four thousand years later when a certain sinless man known as Jesus of Nazareth let Himself be crucified to bring the balance right. God appeared to be satisfied then—when a sinless Man allowed Himself to be punished for something that was done by somebody else.

For believing in the divinity of this

sinless Man, furthermore, all descendants of the original sinning Adam were supposed to inherit eternal life.

**I**T WAS a one-cell legend, easy of understanding by the simplest child-mind. Upon it grew up a colossal and deadly dogma, supporting thousands of priests and clergymen in jobs. If any part of it were proven to be false, then the whole system toppled—or was discredited—and these men went into the breadline.

Naturally they fought any criticisms of it, tooth and claw.

The big fault with it hasn't been its simplicity but the discovery stumbled upon by modern psychical science that all human souls are immortal anyhow, and had been endowed with this promised Eternal Life since the beginning of Creation. Furthermore, they seemed to go right along enjoying their immortality after each physical demise, whether or not they were pupils of St. Paul.

If everybody now alive, or who has ever been alive, has lived scores of existences before coming into mortal flesh—and who doesn't find any Paulist courtroom waiting for him on quitting his body—what then becomes of this Paulist doctrine of Salvation?

The preachers still preach it, and call it devilry when folks fail to believe it. They proceed on the assumption that when a man dies, he immediately goes beyond all possibility of reporting back on exactly what happens to him.

On the other hand, the annals of the psychical research societies of two continents are crammed with coded evidence



that tens of thousands of persons have not found themselves in any such predicament of silence at all.

Neither have they found themselves in any divine court-room where judgment for their sins was the major procedure.

Practically without an exception, all those persons getting out of their bodies at "death" have made report on exactly the same situations and conditions—that they have merely gained to a quiet spiritual interlude where they can look back on their deeds in the body and decide for themselves which of them was evil and which was merely silly. Thereat, after an interval covering from two hundred to five hundred years, they make another incursion down into mortality and repeat on the process in a more improved manner. Finally comes the day when there is no necessity for repeating and they graduate from earth-life into the state called Heaven.

**B**UT BEFORE, during, and after such life-incursions, some mighty interesting and instructive processes take place. In the exact ratio that the soul gets a new body and starts a new life—especially a life filled with drama and ordeal—it comes to grasp with an ever keener sense the fact of its independence of all other souls, the fact of its inability to perish excepting by its own decision, the fact that it holds fecundities within itself so great that literally and figuratively it is an embryonic God in process of evolution.

Life on this mortal plane, whenever it appears, is the staggering business of going through personal experiences that teach it to take note of itself and its undeveloped capabilities.

All of which is informing you, for the first time perhaps, that life as it shows itself in the mortal form is by no manner of means the same sort of life that shows itself in vegetable or animal forms.

Humans come into life to follow definite programs and have positive experiences. When they have gained those experiences, they die, regardless of whether their ages be eight, eighteen, or eighty years when the moment comes for leaving.

They select their own stratum of society on which they will live, and in a majority of cases the identity of their parents.

They bring with them into their newly-

possessed infant bodies the mystery called their Subconscious Minds. These subconscious minds dictate to them most of what they shall do after getting into life and growing toward maturity to make complete the life-plan that was their own designation.

**A**S WE probe deeper and deeper into the amazing areas of advanced psychological research, we discover that any man or woman now alive can be persuaded to divulge—under somewhat extraordinary conditions—exactly what lives they have lived in the past, and what program they decided upon to make the present life profitable.



We find out that there are three blanket reasons why any one of the earth's present two billion souls is come into his earthly body—although there are as many reasons as there are people why they may have selected for themselves the peculiar detailed experiences making up their actual careers.

The first reason why men and women come into earth-life is a simple one, and mostly applies to souls of no great cosmic functioning: They want to go through experiences that shall profit them alone, giving them the first basic rudiments of life devoid of much social responsibility.

In other words, they are more or less cosmic children, pioneers in the great adventure of physical living, taking roles of simple human animals such as the Negroes in tropical jungles, soldiers of fortune gaining to the fundamentals of social organization.

Sometimes in the higher octaves of earthly life we discover them in the more advanced races—as bachelors and spinsters, without mates or families, swash-bucklers or vagabonds, living strictly to themselves and sharing the profits from life with no one.

**T**HE SECOND blanket reason why souls come into life is to mentor or help some loved one, or family of intimates, or counsel or coach a group such as may be found exhibited in the employes of a business. Probably eighty percent of the whole human race alive in physical equipment at the moment belongs to this mammoth second class—and their peculiar problems and quandaries in executing such commissions we shall take up and examine minutely in a hundred papers ahead to be printed.

The third blanket reason why people enter the earthly tenure is because their talents and temperaments evolved over past cycles of lives peculiarly equip them to act as leaders of society—artists, writers, poets, and civic magistrates—people of great natural erudition who have the temperament to live with absolute selflessness and devote their careers to the welfare of mankind as a whole.

Of course this latter class may have loved ones and intimates in the pursuit of such careers but they are not particularly obsessed with looking after number one in such careers. They are the caste from which have been recruited the world's roster of saviors and emancipators, inspirers, and beauty-makers, liberators and messiahs.

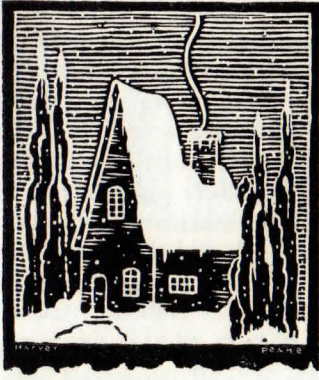
Of course this caste is small as to numbers.

For instance, glancing back over the history of the United States of America, it is discerned that out of the millions of average folk who have lived and married and had children and perished, less than four hundred celebrities have been responsible for making the nation what our citizens of the present moment find it—and doubtless many of these have been repeat performers, exactly as Jesus told His disciples John the Baptist was the reincarnation of Elias the Prophet.

**I**T BOILS down to this: You conveniently forgot when you assumed your present body as an infant, just what your previous careers had been, as well as conscious memory of the new life-role you had decided upon. Until you came to a deliberate realization that it might profit you in your present career to know about such matters, it was better that you kept your knowledge of them locked in your subconscious mind.

And there they are at the present moment.

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# SUPERNATURAL EXPERIENCES . .

**N**O MORE famous nor phenomenal case of haunting was ever reported out of Europe than the manifestations which took place at Calvados Castle in Normandy toward the close of the year 1876. Happening nearly 80 years ago, nevertheless Monsieur du X, the owner, made such a complete diary of the occurrences—later to be attested by a long list of respectable witnesses—that the case stands unique as a record of what Invisibles can perform in manipulation of physical material. The record continues with recital of the closing events of Sunday, December 26th—

"After Vespers we found a candlestick on the top of the Abbe's oil lamp and his hallway door wide open again. Apparently there was no fastening of that door so it could not be opened. Lock or keys meant nothing. A water-bottle had been placed on the base of the lamp and depredations had been made among the Abbe's shoes. Some were fan-wise on their heels against the window-panes and another pair were upended against the night-light."

Apparently this capricious Invisible, possessed of the strength of a half-dozen men, was seeking out bizarre tricks to mystify the occupants of the house, because the next trick performed was using a walking-stick to promenade up and down the passage. Amelina, the maid, heard the tap-tap of the walking-stick going into the kitchen. A moment later, in the kitchen, came sounds as though wood were being split for the stove, indoors, with a heavy axe. The kitchen, however, held no such wood. Nobody was visible. On Monday, the 27th, the owner records this—

"In the afternoon we all went to a neighboring home to enjoy a respite. On returning to resume our vigils in late af-

ternoon, the cook told us that all had been quiet. But on climbing to the Abbe's room, the customary center of disturbance, we gazed into his compartment appalled. All his books, at least a hundred, had been strewn about the floor. Only three volumes remained in the cases, stood upright on different shelves alone. Particularly enough, these three were books on the Holy Scriptures. Devotional books, however, had been cast around promiscuously from their book-ends on the mantel, and atop the printed debris was the household broom, cast down as though in discard . . ."

**W**HOEVER or whatever was loose in the place obviously had found a way to defy laws of physics, because without a visible body itself it was able to proceed as though fully equipped with organic muscles. However, it was of note that with the exception of the dancing broom, none of the phenomena had up till then occurred within clear sight of any house occupant . . .

"Both Tuesday and Wednesday nights," the diary goes on, "loud muffled blows continued to be heard on the second floor, followed immediately by numerous knocks along the second-floor passage. Then three series of three knocks came sharply on the Abbe's door, then two isolated knocks that resounded as though an iron kettle or coarse bell had been struck."

Up to this time little of the psychical phenomena had been visibly witnessed by occupants of the chateau. But on Wednesday, Dec. 29th, the knockings all over the place not only took on accelerated tempo but movements of objects took place directly beneath the human gaze.

"One of my music books has been placed *inside* the piano," the owner recorded. Mme. du X, hearing a noise in the Abbe's room, summons him and they go up. Hearing movement inside the room, she puts forth her hand to open the latch of the door. Before her fingers can touch it, she sees the key turn quick-

ly in the lock and then fly out, striking her left hand. The Abbe witnessed this. The blow was so strong that the place on her hand where the key hit was sensitive and visible for the following two days. Of course, on opening the door, no person was visible. In the evening, in the blue room, we found a bed coverlet from upstairs spread out in the middle of the rug and a night-table from upstairs brought down and shoved inside a cabinet, resting on a pillow . . ."

**H**OW SUCH articles could be reported from one floor to another without the transit being witnessed, was one of the unanswerable phenomena of the whole long and dramatic haunting. Laws of physics were absolutely set at naught. Then the owner sets down this—

"About 12:30 a. m. on the night of Thursday, the 30th, the entire household was awakened by four thunderous blows on the doors of my wife's room. To acquire some idea of their violence, one should imagine a wall collapsing, or three or four cannon balls heaved against the panels, then allowed to fall and roll along the flooring. For such blows to fall in actuality would have splintered the door completely. Hardly had this happened, than the same assaulting sounds changed to the opposite end of the passage, then downstairs against the doors of the green room. The whole house was being shaken. The 'balls' seemed rolling about, growing in loudness.

"Then just before 1 o'clock we heard a prolonged *walking* in great strides on the second floor. A witness counted thirty-paces. Forty blows then rained on the Abbe's door, five on the green room, ten on the flooring, two on my door, and five, muffled somewhat, that made the walls and furniture tremble on every floor. Total duration, four minutes. Then absolute silence throughout the premises for the balance of the night."

Where was the sense or logic in all this pounding and rumbling, the owner kept asking himself? If the discarnates

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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 16, 1952 No. 16

## Good Sample



THE REPUBLICAN presidential nominee, one Eisenhower, expresses whole-hearted approval of a GOP resolution calling on all candidates for public office to, first, "Reject political arguments and appeals based on religious and racial prejudices," and second, "Censure attempts to subvert the American tradition through such appeals."

Here we are, confronted as usual by the "races can do no wrong" theory and from the lips of this same Eisenhower comes the tragic refrain, "appeals to bigotry and prejudice in political campaigns are the tactics of the Communists."

This, of course, is an opening insult to millions of ultra-intelligent and patriotic citizens who know there are several race questions, propounded and aggravated by the racials themselves, that have nothing to do with prejudice and bigotry and still less to do with Communism. These people have been defranchised by the Eisenhower nomination and the immediate statements that he utters. The fact that he utters them thus early in the contest, shows where the shoe is pinching on the political foot.

Obviously there are races so worried about their status at the bar of public indignation that they are squealing—through their candidate—long before they are hurt.

Strange indeed, it is, that the Swedes, the Irish, the Spanish, the Greeks, even the Germans among the American population, are by no means self-conscious of "the American tradition" being violated in respect to themselves. But Eisenhow-

er's dragging of race controversies into almost his opening campaign announcements, discloses to all but two-year-olds where his support lies and why he was so volubly acclaimed as the Man of the Hour.

No matter what the racial aggressions against the whole body-politic may be, whoever knows about them, resents them, or grows indignant about them is by implication a subversionist and a Communist. This, apparently, is the level on which his Great Crusade for Americanism is to be conducted.



It is a crusade—and an election—to make clear once and for all to the American people that they are tongueless and voteless when it comes to registering any sort of protest against racial or religious monomanias translated into undue minority civic influences and control or majorities. No matter what cause the American people may have for chafing under it, it is supposed not to exist, and if it does exist, whosoever becomes vocal against it "is pursuing the tactics of the Communist."

A dozen years ago the word most popular to describe this Indignant Element was seditionists.

Okay, this is Eisenhower's keying of the forthcoming campaign insofar as he is a nominee. We might face the fact that the most important issue confronting the country through himself isn't military or economic—it's racial. He indicates it's racial by thus giving the racial controversy precedence. And this in turn indicates that he acknowledges the seriousness of the situation and seeks to mitigate it by diatribe and repression.

Let it be clearly understood therefore, that regardless of what any race or racial element does, arousing the mass indignation of the remaining citizenry, it is

un-Americanism, verboten, and Communistic to say the slightest thing about it. Time was, of course, when the first factor in sterling Americanism was liberty of speech on any subject falling under the First Amendment. But that's all outmoded in the Eisenhower psychology. No matter what racial elements may perform as racial elements, they shall be accorded the shield of immunity before public expression.

The effect of this, of course, is going to be to repress it, and peace and tranquillity repressed by such method is merely smothered war. And we know what usually happens when war is smothered.

People therefore, who want all races kept to a norm in the heterogeneous American Scene, or people who constitutionally oppose any one race aspiring to preeminence over the rest, are thus given their first admonition to suppression by Eisenhower in form of public smear. Later, we are left to imply, sterner measures will be adopted toward them.

None of it, however, lessens the pressure behind these great controversies that are truly the vital questions of the hour—proven by the attention thus accorded negatively to them by the candidates—but only builds it up.

Never in the history of the United States since the Civil War are questions so tearing to shreds the internal sentiments of citizens as today's Racial-and-Religious Questions. Never was such an avalanche of critical propaganda unleashed in unorthodox journals, despite millions of dollars being collected and disbursed to combat it. Anything so vital as this, that causes such surreptitious turmoil, cannot be withheld from coming to head.

Obviously Eisenhower is guarding the Republican bastion in the event of having to treat with it. Only an introvert psychology would assume it can be suppressed by diatribe and calumny. "Open discussion openly arrived at," has always been the American pattern.

The fact that there would seem to be racial elements screaming or foaming for immunity from all public criticism, attests to their culpability in the very charges they cry out against—through their Military Boy—ahead of time.

Okay, let the smothered war go on.

It's the perfect way to bring it to head.

But what a far cry from the utterings of Washington and Jefferson!



## Prophecy



THE RECORDER'S Motion for correction of his 1942 conviction was filed with the Indianapolis Federal Court July 1st. The Court Clerk's refusal to accept it on any other basis than a Civil document necessitated its refileing under another Number and Title on July 6th. Under normal court rules the government would have 15 days to make reply. Thereupon the Movant would have five days to make reply to the government's reply, whereafter it would be incumbent on the presiding Judge to set date for public hearing and oral argument.

The Federal District Attorney, when the legal 15 days were up, calmly declared he was taking 60 days to make reply, rules or no rules. As for the Department of Justice in Washington, he further commented that "thus far it is paying no attention to the matter." Rather than make an issue over a technical point, perchance arousing the ire of the Bench, and in view of the fact that the Bench would doubtless give the Federal District Attorney such time to prepare an answer as he contended he needed, no protest was entered. The Federal District Attorney is supposed to have his reply in by September 6th at the latest. Five days permitted Movant to reply would bring the date of hearing assignment to September 11th. This gets the Court, at any rate, past the summer vacation period.

That the Motion savored of "one of Pelley's fiction novels" was the comment reported to Movant on the part of local Federal authorities.

Strange that these gentlemen in authority have a blind spot in respect to the thousands of Americans around the nation who are watching the conduct of this case and the behavior of the government's legal agents. Puny propaganda blasts released through the local papers fail childishly to alter the judgments of a great American audience watching critically what now happens in Indianapolis. That the rightness of the Recorder's position is unassailable is becoming known not only to those who have read all his writings in the past and have been in position to form their own opinions, but to those now beholding the Recorder's moves to obtain justice.

The Pelley Case may yet make legal history and condemn the Administration out of its own tactics.

The outcome?

Here is something that may hold startling implications—

In the 4th verse of the 187th Chapter of the GOLDEN SCRIPTS appears this prophecy: "*Beloved, perceive me! Thrice forty days shall ye know the defilement; thrice forty days shall the evil encompass you. Behold then, come the Father's angels unto you, dispensers of compassions; they shall show you the pathway, they shall give you the vision.*"

The whole 187th Chapter is a vital one to read. But it was transcribed originally as counsel to an individual. Later, pronouns were changed from the singular to the plural to make its further announcements available to the public.

Take note that thrice forty is one hundred and twenty.

Time demonstrated graphically enough that literal days were not meant. On the other hand, literal years could not have been meant for 120 years would have carried whomsoever it concerned, far beyond the allotted life-span. The natural compromise of interpretation, making the prophecy of sense, would be that a day represented a month.

There are twelve months to a year. One hundred and twenty months would therefore compose ten years of solar time. Very well, is not the query a fair one as to whether or not the ten years of "knowing the defilement" or the "encompassment of evil" represents the decade from August 12, 1942 to August 12, 1952?

Can the "defilement" or "encompassment of evil" be translated as the penal incarceration of the principal to whom the Scripts were given, that ends with this month? Strange indeed, it has been, that measures to secure exoneration could not be instituted before July of 1952.

However, even the Recorder does not interpret this prophecy as meaning that all the defilement and encompassment ends as of September 1st of this year, although we may find true enough that it does so. It may the more reasonably mean that remedial measures *begin* with the "thrice forty day-months" having transpired and the progress of events from this point on out, work for the uncircumscribed freedom of the person implicated.

One thing is positively so: That the Dispensers of Compassion, who "show



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the Pathway, and give the Vision” are all too apparent in these closing months of this fraught summer of 1952. We shall see whether or not the Recorder’s complete vindication from the malodorous charges of 1942 were known to Someone as early as 1929.

That the aforesaid incarceration was directed at the behest of Higher Forces who caused it to be given out that the enforced seclusion was an expedient for the preservation of his life, is known to many esoteric audiences throughout America. Had he been free and uncircumscribed during this period, either accident or malicious onslaught might have terminated his career. This information was imparted through mediumistic sources to many groups across America during the time said incarceration ran.

One thing has been proven beyond the suggestion of a doubt: If the correct symbolisms in the GOLDEN SCRIPTS prophecies be established, the prophecies themselves always turn out to be infallible.

Get out your GOLDEN SCRIPTS and read Chapter 187 tonight. In the light of the foregoing, it may convey much to you that was enigmatic before.

No one can thwart “what is on the celestial charts to happen” . .

### **September 18th**

*(Continued from Page 2)*

**O**NE THING we do know, . . that a great unrest is rife behind a whole ground-swell of society. Millions have been politically defranchised in expressing their disapprovals of current influences seeking control of America through the nefarious United Nations, bi-partisan Foreign Policy, and racial hush-hush. A people so defranchised are a potential force as reaction in any society, ancient or modern. Jam the safety-valves on public opinion as on a steam-boiler, and you are due to have some type of explosion. And the miscreants who do the jamming must undergo the experience of finding out what happens. That’s the way they want it. That’s the way God Almighty apparently intends to see that they get it.

September 18th has been advanced as a crucial date for this coming autumn. Some predict it marks terrain disturbance, some predict it marks revelation on the real causes of the Flying Saucer phe-

nomena, some predict it marks the beginning of a renovating era in general public enlightenment. Down in Guatemala a colony of Anglo-Saxons believes it marks the end of the world and are frantically advertising for colonists to come down and be saved by living in trees. All the usual elements of silliness are present that afflict humanity when it senses Great Events in the immediate offing.

One thing no one has predicted yet, and that is atom bomb war with Russia. *War with Russia as Russia, lies many years in future, even if it comes at all.* Russia has no stockpile of atom bombs to maintain any global conflict, and the death of Josef Stalin may collapse the Iron Curtain on the Soviets utterly. China, however, is a different proposition.

Take a firm hold on your intestinal fortitude and accept that God is evidently about to sprinkle a lot of divine DDT over miscreant humanity. But the essence of it for truly *Christian* people is, that “their deliverance draweth nigh.”

No one is due to be damaged who has no mischief in his heart toward the balance of the human race. The GOLDEN SCRIPTS promise them that as well.

*What a glorious time in which to be alive!*

### **Flying Saucers**

*(Continued from Page 4)*

tility to the people of Earth. Only when attempt is made to intercept, interfere with, or bring them down, do they release energy from their awesome contrivances that destroys the man-made propeller-driven planes.

All of which, if true, is the Story of the Century.

**T**HERE are certain esoteric aspects to this stupendous event, assuming it bona fide, that mightn’t occur to men of science. If these diminutive residents of Venus—for their bodily construction and lung capacity would tend to have us believe they might have difficulty living in the rarified atmosphere of Mars—have solved the problems of interplanetary travel, and whether they have come here attracted by the atom bomb explosions whose radioactivity may have been indicated on Venus, it is only common sense to assume that they must be at least 500 to 1,000 years in advance of earth’s peo-

ple, scientifically and intellectually. But it would also follow in the course of things that they would likewise be 500 to 1,000 years in advance of earth-men spiritually. And that would mean that they would long-since have abandoned war and mass killing as any solution to their problems.

If, as Scully seriously avers, they are true men anatomically, then the biologic pattern for sentient life must be the same for all planets, despite the difference in physical size. Therefore it must follow that the program of life and death and incarnation would be the same in the spiritual pattern.

Here, therefore, is the awesome thought that students of esoterics can well give attention—

Supposing these Little Men *do* meet with mishap such as killed the 34 pioneers said to have been salvaged by government officials in New Mexico in the three ships already apprehended. Their Light-Bodies would detach from their comparatively small physical selves, carrying the load of their consciousness, memories and ethical attainments. What then, would prevent such diminutive incarnates from incarnating in the embryos of normal earthly mothers and picking up renewal of organic life in normal human size in the next generation on this planet?

*Mightn't this project a wholly new and higher and better order of human beings on this bedeviled globe as these arrivals from Venus attain to maturity?*

**S**OULCRAFTERS have learned in the book *Star Guests* that back in Miocene times, our present human race arrived on this planet through outer space. The esoteric report has it that its members arrived here in "spiritual migrations." But suppose they didn't—literally. Suppose they arrived here in mechanical contraptions somewhat like today's Flying Saucers—again assuming the Scully disclosures to be factual. Suppose their mechanical contrivances like the Saucers were destroyed on making the earth-landing and all knowledge of their construction lost? Remember, we're only supposing.

As "spiritual beings" they would therefore stay within this planet's aura and reincarnate into the true Heidelberg and Neanderthal men of the fossil beds from early geologic eras.

By the same token, could not these

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Saucer Men, a la the Scully descriptions, bring a new phase of civilization to this planet—or at least advance this current civilization of ours so far ahead, by their demonstrations on attaining physical maturity through earthly mothers, that the program would seem miraculous?

It is something for us to think about. Physical size has nothing to do with spiritual attainment. These little Wonder

Men may well be advance agents of the Millennial Dawn, for all we know. What their real mental and spiritual attainments may be, when they have the chance to function, we can only wait and learn.

Buy Scully's book at your nearest book store and read it.

That is, if you can get it.

If it's not true, the government should take action against author and publisher.

# .. COGITATIONS

**T**HE LOCAL paper last evening carried a front-page picture that to me held special interest. At least the caption beneath held special interest. The picture presented a husky young fellow, apparently in his late twenties, mowing a lawn. Over the photo was a title-line—"DEAD 15 MINUTES—LIVES!" And the caption below read: "Melvin Hewitt, 28, who died and was brought back to life last October 4th, is shown mowing the lawn of his family home. Hewitt, who spent 15 minutes in eternity while doctors feverishly massaged his heart in an attempt to revive him, is fully recovered from his near tragedy. Doctors discovered, however, that his "death" caused injury to certain brain cells and took his memory. Now, with the mind of a 10-year-old, Melvin can remember neither his estranged wife nor their 2-year-old daughter, and says, "When I grow up, I want to be a prize fighter." . . . Now I don't happen to have the honor of Melvin's acquaintance, and the place of his residence and nature of the injury supposed to have "killed" him was not set down. But I've got a Henry VIII thaler in my pocket—supposed to be the granddaddy of all the American coins called dollars—that I'm willing to bet on a curious wager. I'd like to bet on the extreme probability, from the psychical standpoint, that it's no more the original Melvin mowing pap's lawn than it's me. What do I mean? I mean that anyone "up" on the finer phases of biologic esoterics would accept this queer thing as having happened: That the boy's brain-cells weren't "injured" and never have been injured, but that the original Melvin *did* die—and when the physicians performed the feat of exercising the heart by massage, and it started pumping again, thus bringing "life" back into the body otherwise dead, it was quite another discarnate spirit that "took over", apparently the spirit of some 10-year-old boy. That's why Melvin "wants to be a prize-fighter when he grows up" . . . it's the discarnate 10-year-old who "slipped into" the original Melvin's mechanism that can't remem-

ber the estranged wife or daughter. Naturally not. Memory is something that goes along with us, from career to career. We pull it out of our demised physical selves when we "graduate." There's positively no memory in a dead body as such. And you can't restore it by restarting the heart by mechanical massage . . .

o—o

**O**NE OF the most convincing cases of this, I had delineated in New York in 1929. One of the regular callers at my apartment of a weekly evening was George Wehner, the celebrated "vacating medium." Vacating medium means, in the terminology of psychics, a person able to divorce his spirit from his physical self at will, go off into the discarnate for a period, and let definite spirit-souls from the Higher Side enter into that body and use it for purposes of visiting audibly with friends in flesh. Between each of such employments, George's body took on every aspect of physical death. It was frequently ghastly but uncannily interesting. One day, before George's regular weekly visit, I'd "heard" someone busily dictating dialogue to me for a book I was writing. It was such excellent dialogue and the dictation was so clear, that I finally straightened in my chair and demanded, "Tell me, please, who's giving me this?" . . . The reply came back, "Joseph Conrad!" . . . Conrad, I knew, had "gone over" in 1923 from his residence in England. I'd never known him in life but writers are writers the world over and a special camaraderie maintains among them. He said to me, "Stop struggling with that last paragraph. Use the one word 'interclusions.'" I started an argument, "go get your unabridged dictionary and look it up." I left my work to obey instructions. Sure enough, there it was. "INTERCLUSIONS: An obstruction by shutting off or alienating." It was precisely the term I should have used in my composition. Next night, when Wehner came in, vacated his body and let my discarnate friends take over, the first entrant was obviously an aristocratic and reserved foreigner with a decided continental accent. Turning to me



at once, he asked in fraternal bantering tone, "Well William, have you learnt the meaning of the word *Interclusion* yet?" . . . Talk about check and double-check on discarnate reality and identity! . . . But that's not the episode I started to talk about . . .

o—o

**R**OBERT Louis Stevenson, author of *Treasure Island*, followed the twenty-minute visitation by Conrad. Incidentally, Conrad gave a long reminiscence of his early days in the writing business, telling me that most of his celebrated sea stories were practically all dictated to him clairaudiently. Stevenson, apparently now a pal of Conrad's, was particularly anxious to have me record clairaudiently a book he'd written since *Going Over*, having to do with his researches on the Pacific sea bottom in the vicinity of Samoa. He was a mild, naive, whimsical character and my talk with him about the Pacific sea bottom was enlightening to the ninth degree. He told me, as Conrad had done earlier, that both of them were interested in aiding me, because it was well-known on their plane of life that I had a formidable job to accomplish ultimately in esoteric leadership and they wanted to assist me as they could to clean up my fiction slate so I could begin it. Then came the third Personage that eventful and highly dramatic evening—the "Immortal" Sarah Bernhardt. That she should accompany two such writing celebrities was intriguing but not one-tenth so intriguing as the Lady Herself. She shot voluble French all over the place, faster than an electronic recorder could have registered it. Translated as we had opportunity, it was a scintillating recital of her life with Sardou, her playwright, and the account of Sardou getting most of his plays clairaudiently. Even the experienced ste-

nographer I had present, could get almost none of it. Suddenly Sarah "went out" as electrically as she'd come, and a more familiar woman's voice said in English, "Hello, Bill Pelley . . . how long have you been interested in this sort of thing?" . . . A peculiarity of the Wehner mediumship was the fact that such visitors could exactly duplicate their one-time earthly voices. I recognized this woman's voice but couldn't recognize the personality. I had to ask finally if she would please enlighten me. "Why, I'm June," she exclaimed, astonished that the recognition hadn't been instantaneous, "June Mathis!" . . . June had been one-time Scenario Editor at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's while I had been making flickers in Hollywood. I had known her well in the professional way, but had parted with her in a tiff. She'd married an Italian chap and gone into producing with him, appropriating the title of my first novel, *The Greater Glory*, for the first opus they'd made together, an operetta known as *The Viennese Medley*. I'd sued her for the appropriation, when it had wrecked my chances for sale of the book for films. The settlement had been \$2,500 paid out of court. Now here she was "in Wehner", asking me how long I'd been interested in psychics. Incidentally, she'd abruptly dropped dead of a heart attack the year before in a New York theater. But here was the perfect chance to check up on whether or not demised persons carried their memory along out of earth life . . .

o—o

"WHERE, June," I asked, "was the last time you and I spoke to each other in mortal life?" . . . I recalled it, but no person on earth beside myself did likewise. If June could answer accurately, I had reasonable proof of discarnation. She considered a moment. "I think," said she, "it was behind First National Studios in Burbank of a rainy day . . . You were coming in as I was going out. You held the gate open for me under the rose-trellis in the eastern fence." *This was one-hundred percent accurate!* . . . But each of us had been strictly alone and our salutations had been formal. Now she'd forgotten the whole mortal tiff and was interested in the matters we'd been discussing with earlier visitors. "By the way," she remarked, "earlier in the evening you were speaking of Florence Nightingale. I hap-



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pen to know the person who 'took her place'" . . . What did she mean by taking her place? "Don't you know the remarkable tragedy that occurred in Florence Nightingale's life?" June demanded. We said that we didn't. Thereat we were informed—

o—o

"FLORENCE Nightingale is back in earth life today," June declared, "in the body of a woman born in 1886. However, you look up her biography and

you'll see it recorded that the famous founder of the international Red Cross, who won her fame in the Crimean War, finally died physically in 1910. But the original Florence, a more or less important personage from the cosmic standpoint, greatly wished to be back in life for nursing work in World War I. To do that, she'd have to go discarnate in time to enter an infant's body in the late Eighties. All the same, had Florence Nightingale perished physically in 1886,



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the great work she was getting under way would have floundered and perhaps ended before it started. The solution was, Florence got permission to leave the body she'd used as a nurse in the Crimea and swap over into the body of a little girl being born here in the United States, so she'd come to full maturity and the height of her powers again by 1914-18. A discarnate spirit-soul agreed to come into the Nightingale organism and keep it 'alive' until the Red Cross work was established beyond any chance of failure. You go get Nightingale's biography and you'll see in it where Florence fell ill in London in the mid-Eighties. The crucial night came when she wasn't expected to live until morning. In fact, she didn't live. She went into a coma and actually 'passed over.' During that coma the Other Soul made the transposition, and kept the body functioning. But you'll see where the original 'Florence' was never the same personage after that transposition. Her facial appearance altered; her personality altered; *she didn't have the original Florence Nightingale's memory.* Memory is a distinct adjunct of the personality, in fact it *is* the personality. It's the essence of the Mind, which in turn is the brain of the light-body. The seemingly original Florence Nightingale remained in seclusion after that coma all the rest of her days and recognized almost no one she'd known in her Red Cross work. Now let me give you some low-down on Hollywood picture-making that I've learnt since I've Been Over. . .

o—o

YES, queer things happen, little suspected by the medical fraternity, much less the public. Adepts in esoterics recognize, for one thing, that "bringing a soul back to organic life" is well-nigh an impossibility because of the little appreciated fact that all of us live in the life-tenure for which we've developed from babyhood, is as positive as the time table for running a railroad. This for the reason that cosmic schedules and contacts must be precise. This Melvin Hewitt now—his time had come to go, according to his cosmic blueprint, and medicos probably thought they'd done a marvelous thing causing his heart to renew its throbbing. A capricious and irresponsible discarnate child "slipped in" when Melvin's heart resumed. No, you can't monkey with the great processes of life-and-death without getting some odd effects . . . They're off-schedule . . .

Saying that his death "caused injury to certain brain cells" is as good a way of disguising medical ignorance as any. Turn over the page and let's laugh at some jokes . . .

—THE RECORDER

## Calvados Castle

(Continued from Page 7)

behaving so violently bethought to scare the owner out of his premises, they were laboring to no avail, because Monsieur du X had determined not to be scared out. He meant to stick it through and compile a complete list of the phenomena if it continued a year.

On Thursday, December 30th, the Abbe's room became the object of vandalism anew. The Abbe, tutor to the owner's minor son, seems to have lived on the second floor at the southern end of the house off the main upper hall.

"After lunch," the notations go on, "while all the servants were still below, we found in the Abbe's room a footstool placed on my son's desk and covered with a couch-quilt. Up on the Abbe's table stood his arm-chair. It would have taken two strong men, ordinarily, to lift this chair to where we discovered it. A second couch-quilt had been spread to cover it, and the heavy reading-lamp transferred upon the seat-cushion. A crucifix and some blest medals that had been attached by hooks on the inner side of the Abbe's door, had disappeared."

The owner and his family persevered patiently through all this psychopathic havoc, but that night—the next to the last night of the year—he records this startling entry—

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK

## Three Purposes

(Continued from Page 6)

The great theological systems that you found in earthly society, on becoming part of it again, encouraged you in putting conscious knowledge of your program out of mind, that they might extract revenue from you telling all about the Adam and Eve story and how once, long ago, somehow or other you "sinned in Adam."

But now the time is here when you can do a bit of reading and probing for

yourself. There is an explanation for every human quandary which you have met with in life to date, and the Liberation Doctrine will convince you that such unprecedented claim is correct.

You ought to know consciously and logically what you are doing in life at the present moment, and this periodical will endeavor to reveal it to you by disclosing to you some of the laws and processes by which it may be determined.

Too long has the study of metaphysics been considered the philosophical dabbling in wordy fallacies instead of being a practical guide and consolation to the soul in day to day quandaries.

We look about us on getting into mortality and observe that life is composed of certain values and complications, certain relationships and mysteries that seem to make it a gigantic experiment. That which should be clear and rational is provokingly abstruse.

Half of the mystery concerned in it is introduced by the circumstance that theological conjecture says the explanations for existence are one thing and reason and common sense say they are something else. Sound esoterics probes behind life itself, discerns the causes making for mysteries, and then offers them for consideration of sane people in the three-dimensional world.

For every mystery, every troublesome relationship in life there must of course be a cause. When causes of mysteries or troublesome relationships are known, they cease to be mysteries or social complications.

True metaphysics, sound esoterics, are therefore practically useable in day-to-day living or they have no place whatever in human philosophy.

People who declare that life must ever remain a troublesome mystery are only advertising their spiritual indolence.

Christ said: Seek and ye shall find! and the seeking thereby presages the finding can be possible.

The average person takes the position that if life were knowable in all its finer presentations, such knowledge would already be the common heritage of the whole human race. He forgets that if this were so, then Christ's adjuration would hold no sense.

Some things in life are held in greatest value because they are not common to all humanity but must be sought out with care and diligence.

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## T h e P A Y O F F

A HARD-BOILED Taxi-driver ignored a red signal, skimmed the traffic policeman's knees, missed a hydrant by a hair and grazed a bus, all in one twist of the wheel. The officer whistled him down, walked over, and pulled a generous-sized handkerchief from his pocket.

"Listen, cowboy," he growled. "On the way back I'll drop this hanky. See if you kin pick it up with your teeth."

THE CAPTAIN called a deck-hand. "Go below, Casey, and break up that crap-game. I won't have my men shooting dice for money on my ship."

Casey saluted and left. He was gone an hour.

"Did you break her up?"

"Aye, sorr."

"What took you so long?"

"Faith, and Oi only had two-bits to start in on, sorr."

THE NEW maid reported, "A perfectly strange woman has jus' come in downstairs, mum, took off her hat and coat, opened up the cupboards and started rubbin' her fingers over the shelves. Then she went to the piano and started complainin' about the dust."

"Heavens!" cried the mistress. "And I didn't expect John's mother till day after tomorrow!"

THE HEAD-NURSE in the asylum came into the office of the superintendent.

"There's a man outside," she announced, "wants to know if we've lost any inmates since yesterday."

"Is it any of his business?"

"He says that someone has run off with his wife."

THE WIFE and daughter of Colonel Berry were halted by a sentry on duty, who had orders to let no one enter by a certain army gate.

"Sorry, ladies, you'll have to go 'round to the main entrance."

"But," exploded the Colonel's wife, "we're the Berrys."

"Lady, I don't care if you're the cat's meow. You can't go through this gate."

## The New Autumn Program of Electronic Broadcasts of Soulcraft



STARTS  
SEPTEMBER 7th

"The  
Challenge  
of the  
Crisis!"

### Come and Hear the *Golden Scripts* Expounded

Chapter by chapter the Recorder intends to take up significant sequences of the *Golden Scripts* this fraught fall and winter and interpret them in the light of maturing national and international event.

Prophecies are about to be fulfilled that you will want to have made clear and inspiring to you as they happen. The first discourse is upon the subject: *The Real Meaning of Hope* . . . Don't miss it!

## Attend or Start a Chapel

THE DENTIST'S expression was disdainful.

"You needn't open your mouth any wider," he told his patient. "When I pull your tooth, I expect to stand outside."

HE EXCLAIMED passionately, "My beloved, I'd go through fire and water for you."

"Make it a fire," she suggested. "I'd rather have you hot than all wet."

THE SMALL boy asked his father, "Which travels fastest, Pop, horses or buses?"

"Buses, of course," the father replied impatiently.

"Then why," asked the son, "don't you bet on buses, Pop?"

"YOU say she traces her ancestry back to the Boston Tea party?"

"Yes, I think her great-grandmother was the last bag they threw overboard."