

Valor

The Golden Times Weekly . .

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

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LIVING-COST HEADED DOWN GET PREPARED FOR IT



ASK ANY of the several thousand delegates who attended the Republican or Democratic conventions last month where the producers of foodstuffs stand in the economic picture. The answer will be unanimous: "Oh, yes, no matter which Party captures the election, the nation's farmers and processors of foodstuffs are going to be assured of continued support and ensuing good times. The average housewife may consider prices high, but remember they have got to be high to maintain the level of prosperous economy."

This sort of thinking and talking has been going on so long that even old-time agriculturist is convinced of it, or takes for granted that no matter how elections go he'll be on the preferred list for enforcedly sustained prices for his meat, corn, wheat and vegetables.

IT MAY come as a shock for some city people to realize that the old-time farmer with hayseed in his hair, who went to the nearest big city to gape at the tall buildings from the middle of the street, is a piece of Americana that has passed. His place has been taken by his sons, many of whom are graduates of agricultural colleges, know how to drive the latest fluid-gear cars from Detroit, can mend a tractor but scarcely harness a horse, and take lavish showers in modern bathrooms on coming in from a day's work in the sun. The age of the average farmer today, all over the United States, is 39 years. This



means that they were boys of 16 when the 1929 panic happened and the New Dealers ascended into power.

Of the 203,000 farmers in the State of Iowa, by census, a fourth of them—slightly more than fifty thousand

—have had less than a year and a half practical experience running farms, and the over-all practical experience of all farmers in this representative grass roots state is slightly less than 12 years.

The farmers of America, and that goes for food-producers generally, are a crop of boys who have never had any knowledge of hard times or how to make a farm pay in declining markets. "The government will take care of us," is their philosophy. The government always has taken care of them while they were growing up, despite billions spent for subsidies that have swollen the national debt. They appear to think the swelling of the national debt can, and will, go on indefinitely.

But all of a sudden the buying housewife has gone on a sit down strike over the nation against excessive prices for beef, veal, pork, and fancy garden truck. She's feeding her family on chicken, turkey, and eggs. The minute one item goes out of sight in price, something cheaper is substituted.

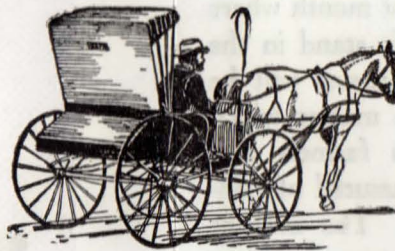
Because the subsidized farmer has to ask such high prices for his products, the city consumer is cutting down not only on meats but milk, bread and cake, as well as fruits and vegetables. Ask any vegetable, fruit or garden truck dealer and he'll tell you how the public has been balking. The Administration is taking too much out of the pay envelop in taxes to raise the sums for a fantastic armament program and support the various ventures of United Nations abroad, so that families have cut down and are due to cut still further on the so-called food luxuries.

Unheralded in the newspapers—that want to make it appear that all is hosty-totsy on the food production front—102,000 farmers either went bankrupt this past year or sold out to the larger cooperative farms. The rest are left holding the sack of heavy farm equipment on which the payments are increasingly overdue. As for the government, the time is approaching fast as well when taxes aren't going to return enough to make up the generous allotments that have gone to the food producers in subsidies.

As one big economist in New York recently stated: "You can hear arguments about the huge sums of money the Government will use to rescue the farmer. But I'm afraid we're going to run into the same old story: that the Gov-

ernment will be called to fulfill the hundred and one other commitments it has made to groups in this country and abroad. Remember our taxes aren't only supporting Americans but the national of half a dozen overseas countries as well. The Treasury, in my opinion, will not be in a position to meet all of its commitments at one time because the Government itself, and the Government's credit, will be under a terrific strain. Foreigners, veterans, farmers, investors and depositors will have to wait their turn in line as the politicians in Washington are forced to disengage themselves from one commitment after another until they straighten themselves out. I realize such a condition doesn't seem likely right at this moment, but it must be taken into consideration for the panic period which can't be avoided."

Prices for foostuffs are due to crumple like the walls of a dilapidated brick mill when one portion gives way. The boy-farmers of the nation are going to discover they've got to stop looking to the Government for prosperity and buckle down to *work*.



THE BUSINESS of farming has never been easy. Anyone whose family tree is deeply rooted in the soil can tell you how tough farming really is. When it's difficult to make a farm pay, thousands of farmers go in for specialties like chicken-raising. But the increase in the chickens raised is likewise an indication of the spot in which the American farmer finds himself.

In 1942 commercial broiler hatcheries produced approximately 228 million broilers. In 1946 this had advanced to 275 million. But since the war, the mass-production of chickens had so appealed to the work-tired boy-farmers that the annual output in 1950 had jumped to 603 millions, in 1951 it was 800 millions, and this year of 1952 it will actually pass a billion. Chicken is cheap, and so much of it is eaten, because whereas yesterday it was considered a luxury food, it is now

so plentiful and its price is so low in comparison to cattle meats that "everyone's eating it." The consequence is, easy money in the chicken business becomes passed around too thin.

The moment the mad scramble comes for markets in result of price-breaks, the American housewife will find her money suddenly spreading over the same buying margins she enjoyed in 1923.

LET EVERY Soulcraft recognize clearly that the crucial moment arrives to thwart Communism when prices begin to break disastrously and "the bottom goes out" of our economic setup afresh. The nation won't be lacking in its elements who take it as foregone conclusion that "we've tried everything else and it's failed; now let's try Communism." Harassed beyond endurance, the public can be persuaded of this devil's recommendation if the clamor is promoted too shrilly. This "we've-tried-everything-else" philosophy is precisely the end being sought by the alien element amongst us, promoting this diablerie from the first.

But only *Cooperativism* is due to save the farmer in the face of it. Whole communities of farmers acting in concert not only to buy supplies in money-savings quantities but marketing crops with more money coming to themselves and less going to non-producing middlemen, is going to be his answer.

All of us are pretty much the same temperamentally, no matter what the type of operation we may be conducting. When times are good, we get careless. Before we know it, the cost of running our show has gotten out of bounds. The farmer is no exception. His costs have continually gone higher and higher, while his net income has been dropping.

The American housewife may not get much relief until after election, but once the candidate has been determined who's to run the country for the next four years, the break can be looked for.

The only real headache in the prospect is the possibility that her husband's wages are due to break at the same time.

The solution to the whole crazy house system lies in the provisions described in the new Soulcraft book, "*Something Better*" out about September 1st. But the cost of living is not going higher—it's due to break disastrously.

See if Valor isn't right.

Is Christian Generosity a Virtue When It Makes Alien Peoples Hate Us?

THERE are millions of fine Americans committed to the altruistic program of promoting a world conversion to the principles of Christianity and Constitutional free government. But there are phases of this fine program that they fail to take into practical consideration. The first and most formidable is, that the rest of the world's peoples by no means *want* to be converted to any system of life epitomized by Christianity and Constitutional free government. And to the exact degree that they have Christianity and the tenets of constitutional governments forced down their throats, they hate us. It's one of those peculiarities of human nature for which there's no accounting.

Speaking by and large, anyone much traveled in these pre-Millennial days becomes haplessly aware that no nation, no government, and no people on the globe's face at present are more generally hated than Americans. And unfortunately enough, it is on such hatred that the anti-Christian Reds and radicals are fattening.

The hatred for Americans as a class, in most foreign countries, particularly those countries where the populace is Latin or Slav in character, arises from a type of blind jealousy that Americans as a people and a government are more energetic, capable, and efficient than themselves. It is the sort of enmity that rests more on personality than deliberate offenses. And yet, of course, the deliberate offenses are not lacking to make it worse.

OUR WASHINGTON politicians, being so typically and heedlessly American themselves, have proceeded

from the conviction ever since the economic upsets of the early 1930's—naturally world-wide in character—that the fine highway to acquire and cement friendships was to hand out money. The more free money handed out, the deeper the bonds of personal affection resulting.

This naive angle on human psychology shows at the least that little understanding of human nature is evident and much less knowledge of practical esoterics.

When you give away money or favors which the recipient is quite aware he is unable to repay in kind, a balance is disturbed that becomes swiftly filled with rancor. The rancor is against the recipient himself—subconsciously—but it can be no less venomous on that account toward the donor.

If the donor push ahead, scattering more and more largess, this rancor changes to contempt if it does not change to venom.

If our administration politicians were adept in esoteric principles, or even had a smattering of working metaphysics, they would realize that deep in the subconscious mind of every living person of any race exists the knowledge that he has incarnated in a given race and station in order to experience the ordeals or distresses characteristic of it. To walk in and destroy the basic nature of the conditions for which the incarnation has come about, makes for a restive resentment. The donor considers this rank ingratitude. Actually it's penalty for upsetting karmic equilibrium . . .



NO PRINCIPLE ever advanced in either public or private life was ever more fallacious than that friendship or allegiance can be purchased by presentations of flamboyant largesses.

Help a man when he is down, and he truly needs help, and he will be filled with a compensating gratitude. Keep on helping him and he is surprised. Presently he is annoyed. Ultimately he is disgruntled. Then, when he comes to realize that the largess is prompted by a callous desire to play Papa and Mamma Bountiful, his own independence of spirit is outraged and if he doesn't seek relief in retaliatory measures he seeks it in secret disdain that the "generous" one is such a dolt.

Americans as a class are the most provincial of peoples. Provincial peoples, knowing little or nothing of the ways of other races, always assume their own culture and institutions to be the best that history has ever produced. Give such

A Prayer of Gratitude

Mesha Fenton Hanson



FATHER we thank Thee for each tortured step of progression. We thank Thee for the path of correction, the path of crucifixion, if we may but gain one step beyond the last one; for the climb that seems so long, and its goal beyond our reach.

We thank Thee for so much time spent, through which so little knowledge was gained, for we know Time is naught to Thee, only the result that counts.

We thank Thee for the love Thou bearest each one, as Thou chooseth his earth path, a path where he may gain one tiny ray of enlightenment that will help to feed the flame of his soul on its upward growth.

We thank Thee for Thy world of Spirit that walk near to those who long for the path of purification and aspiration.

We thank Thee for this heavy body of earth, thru which so many needed lessons are learned, as do we thank Thee for the body of Light that we may step into when we leave this earthly shell. We thank Thee for the exalted ones in and out of the body who have helped us on the way.

Oh Father of Light we thank Thee for Life.

AMEN

earthly rebirth but contemptuously pronounce that no such thing exists, they are fumbling in the dark in reaching the souls of other races.

As a matter of fact, Americans, where you find them in most foreign ports, show this fumbling in their facetious belliciosities in respect to races in whose countries they should think of themselves as guests . . .

AMERICAN seamen, of course, are recruited from the lowest caste of populace on the North American continent. They are the second generation of alien nationals to start with, and they go ashore in foreign ports with the assumption that all overseas countries and peoples are deficient imitations of the United States. Anything that doesn't align with, or measure up to, the standards of life "back in the States" is either to be treated with jesting or abuse.

A visitor to Soulcraft Headquarters recently who makes bi-weekly trips to various ports in the Caribbean told of the deportment of these men in the Central American countries. They go ashore with the psychology dominating their behaviors that these smaller principalities are cosmic opera imitations of the United States. Throwing down American money in bars—far too much for their stations in life as compared to foreign laborers—they abuse the native proprietors if or when the latter make money-change for them in the currency of the country they've arrived in. "Don't gimme none o' them lousy shin-plasters," they roar, "I give you good money and I want my change back in good money." This is insult to the native—the implication that no money but American money has value.

Thus the venom against America deepens in the average man, and of this animosity the Red organizer for Russia takes full advantage. It's not that Communism is particularly understood or wanted in the Central American republics. It's the regrettable circumstances that Communism supplies a theoretical system opposed to United States bombast and superiority. Red organizers are winning recruits by the thousand in direct result of American bad manners, by convincing the Central American peoples that Russia will "pin America's ears back and put her in her place" . . .

Make no mistake, it's helping a people

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a people great wealth and ingenuity along mechanistic lines, thrust them suddenly out into a universe where the remaining preponderance of humankind mayn't agree with them at all about their superiority, culturally or even civically, and all that they're doing is asking for trouble. The overseas racials "want to pin their ears back", as the colloquialism has

it. And the American feels hurt, aggrieved or nettled that other racials are such "ingrates" . . . other racials are not ingrates, they merely are running true to the form of their own incarnational patterns and resent interference in them.

So long as Americans, in their benighted and bombastic theological beliefs, not only deny reincarnation or

Why Some People Resent Out-of-Character Jobs . .



OME fifty years ago, up in East Aurora, N. Y. Elbert Hubbard accidentally wrote a preachment that made him famous. It was called *A Message to Garcia*. Garcia was a Cuban General, cooperating with the American forces during the Spanish War. President McKinley wanted to communicate with him in a hurry. But Garcia was somewhere in the wilds of Cuban jungle. How to locate him?

A man named Gowan was called into McKinley's presence, handed the dispatch, told to find Garcia and deliver it.

The story has it that Gowan said, "Yes, sir!" clicked his heels, and with a snappy military salute, turned and went out the door.

He did not ask "Who is Garcia?" or "Where do I find him?" or "Can't you send somebody else because my wife's relatives are coming from Illinois this week, and my wife 'll raise 'ell if I'm not on hand to help her entertain 'em?" Gowan said "Yes, sir!" and was gone to find Garcia.

He sailed for Cuba, plunged into West Indian morass, and located the insurrectionist leader in less than two weeks.

Hubbard made a hero out of Gowan, the man who—handed a job to do—made no whines, gripes, or comments, but took his orders and carried 'em out.

Eighteen million copies of the *Message* are reported to have been printed. Industrial concerns bought copies by the hundred thousand, distributing them to their employes.

The idea was—and still is—that nine out of ten people on anybody's payroll, asked to execute some peculiar orders, or do something out of the run of their regular employment, will fret, stew and fuss, until the average employer would rather do the thing himself than answer the catechism that is sure to come before the employe has adjusted himself either mentally or temperamentally to the execution of the chore.

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

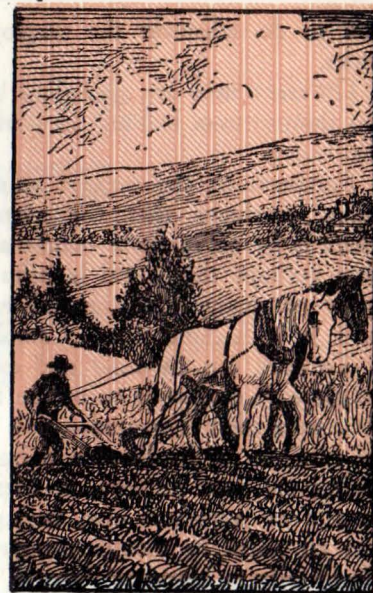
The man—or the woman—who, asked to do something out of the ordinary, says "Yes, sir!" and sets about doing it by the employment of his own wits and initiative, is such a prize that when one like Gowan is found, the story about him is printed eighteen million times.

THE *Message to Garcia* is now a classic, and on it rests the fame of the Sage of East Aurora. But while it is a splendid thing to eulogize a man like Gowan—who takes his orders and carries 'em out without fuss, complaint, or a barrage of inquiries as to how it shall be done—there is another side to the *Message to Garcia* that has never been examined.

It is easy to damn an employe as a dunce, a lazybones, or a nitwit, when the boss wants him to do this or that, and he plays the role of sour face on principle. But why does it not occur to employers in general to do a bit of analyzing, and ascertain why the average worker reacts to special instructions in the irritating way he does?

Why do nine out of ten people on the payroll feel at a loss, and express their annoyance in a bill of particulars as to methods, when something requiring initiative is thrust beneath their noses, or laid upon their desks?

After all, people are people. There are good and sufficient reasons why they react constitutionally in the ways that they do. The man or woman isn't alive who doesn't have his or her side of the story when they are held to odium for not taking special instructions, and—metaphorically speaking—clicking the heels, saluting, and backing out the door, when



Messages to Garcia are handed them a score of times a week.

Let's not be overly eager to glorify Gowan, or damn Tom, Dick, or Harry because he in turn isn't a Gowan every time the boss wants something done and bawls for the nearest employe to jerk to attention and do it.

As esoteric philosophers, we are interested in men and women for what they are, not for what we should like to have them show themselves in order to suit our whims and foibles.

HUBBARD said, toward the end of his famous preachment: "Try an experiment. Ring for your nearest employe and ask him to look up a word for you in the dictionary. Will he do it? The chances are ten to one that he will not. He will ask: 'Where is the dictionary? Are you sure that is the word that you want looked up? How do you spell it? Couldn't you use a different word? Why can't Joe do it?'"

Hubbard took the position which many employers take, that because a person is on the payroll, and handy, and they—the employers—want something done in a hurry, there is no reason under the sun why there need be argument about the employe's doing it, and any employe who speaks a word in rebuttal, or asks for more specific instructions, is an incompetent or a dolt.

It never occurs to the average employer that merely because a person is on his payroll, by no means qualifies that per-

son to do whatever the employer may order.

Different men are specialists in different things—even looking up words in the dictionary.

Furthermore, the average employer as often overlooks that the average employe is by no means a mind-reader, and that perhaps this world is infested with quite as many dunderheaded employers as it is with dunderheaded employes.

To bark out an order and expect the employe to execute it before he fully understands what is wanted—or is expected of him—is as insufferable a business as riding the poor employe, in Messages to Garcia or anywhere else, because he is not an adept in thought-transference or God's gift to commercialism in the matter of initiative.

OF A RECENT morning, this thing happened: An employer said to a thirty dollar a week stenographer: "Mary, go out somewhere and rustle some boxes, to pack up that junk in the stockroom." That is all he told her—and banged along about other business. At noon he returned. Mary was rebellious. The boxes had not been "rustled." The "junk" in the stockroom had not been packed. "What that gal needs is a whole bundle of Messages-to-Garcia," he stormed. "Tell her to do a thing, and does she do it? She does not. She sits and gripes, or she asks ten million questions till I'd rather say nothing and do it myself."

It wasn't Messages-to-Garcia that Mary needed. It was five cents' worth of second-hand brains that her boss needed.

He was ready with a blow torch for Mary for not having initiative. He really should have applied the blow torch to himself.

Mary was expected to "go somewhere" and "rustle some boxes." She couldn't know whether her boss meant to search the plant to find boxes, or visit all the neighborhood stores and buy boxes. She was instructed merely to "go somewhere" and materialize boxes. If she searched the plant and found boxes, they might be boxes belonging to other goods. Whereat she'd be blistered for using them. If she went out and bought boxes, her boss might refuse to reimburse her, and her own pocketbook be out the price of them. Furthermore, there were no specifications as to how big the boxes were to be—just as there was no indication of which materials the boss termed "junk" that was to be packed in them.



BUT greatest of all—that Mary's boss had failed to take into consideration—was the fact that Mary had been hired to take dictation and pound a typewriter, not act as impromptu shipping clerk for "junk" that was not even described; furthermore, the girl he had ordered to perform that eccentric errand was, by Numerology, on the life-path Four.

Of course, common employers of labor think Numerology a lot of impractical applesauce indulged in by cloud sitters. But when the world lifts an octave, and esoteric knowledge is discovered to be for daily use, not as mere subject-material for platform lectures at six for the hundred dollars paid over by long-haired men and short-haired women, employers may possibly know about such thing by academic knowledge, acquired in order to qualify in employing labor at all.

This employer had berated a Number Four person, a pioneer in Mentalism—instinctively a designer, an organizer, a systematizer, a person whose whole life-motif was method and technical accuracy—for not showing the so-called initiative of the Number Three actionist.

Had Mary been a Number Three person, she wouldn't have been a typist to start with, and digging junk out of the stockroom and throwing it in boxes—anybody's boxes, of any size, shape, color, or material—would have invited as the greatest lark in the world.

But Mary was a Four-person, as far removed from the actionist-functions of a Three as night is from day.

The dunderheaded employer depreciated Mary for not showing initiative. But Mary was not an initiative person—granted she could have read the unvoiced thought-specifications in her harassed employer's mind. On the other hand, the employer probably would have taken it for more applesauce, had someone of wisdom been near to suggest that he show a little initiative himself in the matter of the personality of the one he chose to do his errands.

Again, the mere facts that Mary was on the payroll, and seemingly not overburdened with work at the moment—and the boss had a sudden brain-storm that he wanted certain goods packed—were no particular reasons why she should have been chosen to obey the whim of the man's eccentricities.

Mary was not to be censured for not having the inclination to step out of her role and be something in an instant that characteristically she was not.

FOUR-FIFTHS of the friction between human beings that leads to such gorgeous fights, misunderstandings, and lesions in relationships, is directly traceable to an insufferable ignorance in regard to other people's characters, or of adaptabilities of temperament to roles forced upon people by those who may be in a position momentarily to do the forcing.

When you ask men and women to do given jobs of work, and they hang back, demur, procrastinate or complain, there are deep cosmic reasons behind such conduct.

They are not eager to comply, because the things they are requested to do contain features that "go against the grain" of their life brevets unto themselves.

Each is saying subconsciously, when the nature of the labor becomes known to him: "I can acquire no spiritual increment in keeping with my prenatal life-chart, by transacting this business. Why then should I waste my energies attempting it?"

The extent to which this conservation of energy operates in every gesture and phase of life, of course is not accredited by the spiritually illiterate who assume that all men and women are alike in that each is equipped with one torso, two arms and two legs, and in a majority of cases, one visible head.

We do no service voluntarily, and commit no act, that is not motivated by
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CALVADOS Castle, in Normandy, was the scene of one of the most remarkable and sustained hauntings of the century, back in the winter of 1875-76, and the account of it not only fills the annals of the continental psychical societies, but the owner of the property has left a remarkable diary describing the phenomenon in detail.

Continuing a transcript of this diary, under date of December 30th, he stated—

"We persevered patiently through all this psychopathic havoc, but that night—the next to the last night of the year—we got the most remarkable manifestations up to that time.

"About half-past twelve o'clock the usual shaking blows became audible upstairs and down, then the noises as of *walking*, on bare and resonant flooring, followed. Many steps were heard along the whole second floor passage, sometimes quick, sometimes slow. *These steps were quite unlike human steps—no animal, either, could walk like that; it was more like an over-grown youngster jumping about in six-foot leaps on a single heavy stilt!* . . .

"**A**T 6 a. m.," the owner went on, "more raps sounded on the second floor, heard by the parish priest who had come over to exorcise these bedlamic spirits if he could. This elderly man had been sleeping exhaustedly in early morning but when the raps altered to a general clattering on the floor, he quickly aroused. He was hearing something that sounded like an animal with boards tied to its feet, coming into the room adjoining his own, climbing onto the side table. Then crossing into his room, it entered upon his bed, coming across it and stopping at the level of his left elbow! The prelate was sleeping upon a feather bed

SUPERNATURAL EXPERIENCES . .

and its resilient nature, of the bed as well as the pillows, registered the weight of this invisible in great oblong indentations. The feathers of bed and pillow were responding to some physical weight upon them, and yet the body of whatever creature was causing them to be depressed, was not apparent. The priest had a light, was wide awake, but saw nothing.

"Arising, throwing a cassock about himself, and retiring down into the green room, the peculiar sound as of an animal thrashing around in loose straw or hay, could next be heard distinctly. It came first upon the couch, then in a distant corner, then up around the tops of the curtains. A dog kicking straw about to find a mouse or mole might make such a noise. When the priest returned to his room again, the noise followed him. Of course there was no straw in his sleeping chamber. But Martial, our farm manager, was sleeping with us that night to get first-hand evidence of the phenomena which was shaking the district with terror. Martial came into the priest's room in response to his call. He declared to me that whereas he likewise heard the noise, he could have sworn it was coming from under and about the priest's own person. When the priest returned into his bed on account of the December chill in the room, Martial declared the noise was loudest from the vicinity of his bed. Gradually the strange series of sounds faded away and we had no more phenomena until the following night, New Year's Eve . . .

"**A**T TWENTY minutes past midnight, all the barrages of rappings and poundings came back again and made the whole house unbearable. Single heavy blows would be followed by prolonged rappings. They would move up and downstairs. The New Year came in finally, but shortly after one o'clock the heavy blows that jarred the walls seemed to be followed as by a stampede along both first floor and sec-

ond floor passages. For the remainder of the night the blows and clumpings from the creature shod with the boards, kept up. At times we could see the flames of candles tremble in the still air from the repercussions of the poundings, so we knew none of it could possibly be our imaginations.

"It was notable that for the last three mornings, those who came downstairs from their rooms were seemingly followed step by step to the ground floor by raps which started and stopped with them. The parish curate declared he had been followed in this way ever since he had come into the house. Addressing these invisible intruders did no good. They seemed determined either to drive us from the premises or show off what they could do in defiance of all natural law.

"**W**E GOT a strange respite all day New Year's and New Year's night and next day. But on Monday, January 3rd, I was alone in the drawing room about 5 in the afternoon. The place was well-lighted. Six well-marked raps came on a table standing only six feet away while I was looking directly at it. And yet I was the only living thing in that apartment insofar as vision carried.

"The night that now came on was distinguished by the *Haunt* waiting until everyone was asleep—if sleep in such a place and under such conditions were possible—then impishly traveling about the passages and hallways and knocking everybody up by pounding on their individual doors. My wife at first responded, assuming some member of the household desired to speak to her. No one was visible outside. Shutting the door, the knockings immediately resumed. When she showed that she meant to disregard them, they traveled along the walls at about head height until they reached one of the windows. There they lingered, pounding on the sash with such force that the window shook with every blow. She still disregarded them. I came in and

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Development

IT WAS a remarkable contribution to futurist realities that "came in" on the Recorder's psychical wave-length on Thursday afternoon, August 14th, as part of the dictated "Revelation" for the 88th Soulscript. The Mentor Voice was speaking of Americans generally as "the new Aquarian race" when it suddenly veered into remarkable predictions. In the Aquarian Dispensation, into which humanity has been progressing deeper and deeper since 1844 but which will not encompass it completely until 2030 A. D., stellar influences are due to reach this planet that will have revolutionary effects on the subconscious.

Among the extraordinary experiences awaiting all races will be reactions to these rays in terms of *Lifted Memories*. In other words, the attributes physiological and otherwise making for recollection will be so naturally stimulated that the amnesia respecting previous lives, occasioned by embryonic gestation, will be lightened and ordinary people will remember with very little difficulty their earlier earth lives in other bodies. Neither space nor publishing policy at Soulcraft permits of lengthy quotation from that part of the Script. Most VALOR readers are Soulscript subscribers, anyway.

However, the mass effects on human institutions of any such phenomena can scarcely be conjectured. First and most startling of all, nothing will put the real quietus on religious orthodoxy more profoundly than for great numbers of people to have prenatal memories restored

unsolicited. It will fall hardest, of course, on the Fundamentalists. If people have lived before on this earth and died as other persons—remembering it specifically—the claims of ecclesiasticism about the After-life must be relegated to much the same status as the beliefs of the ancient Greeks about Charon and his ferryboat crossing the Styx. If they attest of their own knowledge that on earlier death experiences they were by no means wafted up into the orthodox heaven, to be judged or otherwise rewarded with admission behind Pearly Gates, the Salvation Hypothesis may meet with widespread discrediting. Lifted Memory now happens only to individuals at rare intervals, either naturally or by training in traveling back along the Time Track for therapeutic reasons. To have it occur to wide segments of society postulates a problem that may alter human cultures.



Of course the psychiatrists are due to get the business, and much of their so-called psychological "findings" be branded pure hocus-pocus. But the emotional reactions of such revelations as come to

the individual personally in respect to his previous identities can likewise be tremendous. For instance, the stenographer or grocer who comes to realize that in a previous career she or he had actually been a celebrated historical character, will bring realization of the spiritual reason for incarnation in humbler roles of the present life. Entire concepts of human relations generally must meet with change. It will be but a step to identification of the past careers of eminent people and open recognition of their earlier repute.

For the memory veil to be lifted even to the extent of going back to the thought-planes in recollection and discerning why given men have married the wives they have, or acquired the personalities of the offspring they have, may iron out thousands of unhappy marriages otherwise.

That earlier existence in the human organic form is a fact can be proven—and is constantly being proven—in various forms of hypnotherapy, even in instances of individuals most firmly hostile to the concept generally. But because it is individual in character, the claimant is always open to charges of faddism or esoteric cultism in entertaining the "belief." At least two-thirds of the human beings alive on earth subscribe to the doctrine of repeat physical existence, and early Christian dogma itself was full of it. Up over the generations, however, the theologians have largely edited it out from so-called Holy Writ although they didn't quite dare to eliminate the words of Jesus coming down from the Mount of Transfiguration anent Elias and John

HEAVEN

Samuel Harden Stille

I yearn
For the healing
Of the woods.
Deep solitude
I am lonely
For comradeship
With fog, mist
And woodland
Shadows.
Trees —
How I love them.
Rocks, streams, caves
Withered leaves.

Winding trails,
Fantastic fungi,
Rotten logs,
Crickets, birds,
Haunted places,
Moon and clouds,
Wind and rain.
This is God's temple.
This is heaven.
God dwells here
And walks these trails.
I love to be
With God.

the Baptist being one and the same soul-person, living 800 years apart in solar time.

The sudden reference to this Aquarian development is typical of the nature of the Soulcraft transcripts from the beginning. Discussion of the most prosaic type on commonplace acceptances might run along for pages, then reference be made to the most astounding mystical lore.

Wouldn't it be a wonderful thing to know the past incarnations of such a personage as General Douglas MacArthur? Or Josef Stalin? Or Franklin D. Roosevelt? Or Albert Einstein? Or even *yourself*?

Think it over.

Our Mistake



IN THE same high plane of comprehension of life vitalities, we have the political and economic sickness of the nation as a whole. Persons by the tens of thousands fondly hoped that General Douglas MacArthur was to be the possessor of miraculous hands in the civic scene and lift the Republic back to normality through the magic of his character capabilities. When it didn't come off in Chicago last month, the world became a bust and "the Republican Party had signed its own death-warrant." Especially among the more patriotic ladies was the despair most vocal. Fancy Jesus the Christ, upon being rejected by the world, taking a position as president of Remington-Rand at a salary of \$100,000 a year!

The trouble wasn't with the man; the trouble was with the degree of idealism at which his admirers held him.

They envisioned MacArthur in terms of their own superiorities.

He hasn't, of course, sold \$100,000 worth of corporation services to Remington-Rand, what he's sold has been his name and repute. That was for sale from the fact that he did it. Corporation presidents worth \$100,000 a year rarely move in at the top—they fight their way up through the ranks and demonstrate \$100,000 capabilities and value to the concern.

The crowds that cheered this man at San Francisco, New York and Chicago, weren't cheering the future chief executive of Remington-Rand. They were

cheering the superiorities of life which he represented in their better selves. That the General isn't keeping himself on that high plane is regrettable, but the estimate he puts upon himself is his affair strictly. The disillusionments have come, again we say, in the estimates which his admirers have put upon themselves. Theirs is the credit for being capable of thinking so loftily. The General as a personage is merely incidental.

As for the Man on the White Horse, when he rides in, he will doubtless be an unknown, because otherwise the Machiavellians wouldn't permit it. It begins to look as though it were the surprise element that would make his brevet successful. He will probably be the last man that anyone has suspected.

None of it deprecates the fact, as VALOR has previously stated, that the General may yet have a great role to play in America. But toadying to the Machiavellians earns him nothing but their contempt. Evidently the last two paragraphs of his Chicago Keynote Speech were meant to apprise them that they didn't have the bugbears to fear from him that they had supposed. But the moment was too late.

Oh well, nothing has truly been a bust but a rampant idealism.

VALOR doesn't think the Republican Party has signed its own death warrant at Chicago.

America is *not* going to the damnation bow-wows.

And Americans are to be congratulated for still having the idealisms they expressed in their huzzahs to MacArthur from San Francisco to Chicago.

Know the Soulcraft Doctrine "down to the ground" and you recognize that Loftier Forces direct the affairs of human society than any layman suspects.

And nothing's ever so bad that it couldn't be worse!

Red Haven Again



ON JUNE 28th, VALOR carried a criticism of a booklet issued by BSRA of San Diego predicting the early end of North American civilization under the title, *The Last Days*, and inviting fear struck Americans to hie them down into the Central American cocoanut groves to save their jittery lives. Nothing



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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.

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"I Don't Squander Time Reading Novels . . ."

replied a recent correspondent who had the big Soulcraft story, *ROAD INTO SUNRISE* called to his attention. He went on to say, that what spare time he had for reading must be given over to the most serious esoteric study only. This was commendable, but what difference does it make whether "the most serious esoteric study" is presented in dramatic story form or the deepest of philosophical books?



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SOULCRAFT PRESS, Inc. Noblesville, Indiana

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SOULCRAFT CHAPELS

Noblesville, Indiana

was said in the allegedly psychical text about Guatemala rapidly becoming one of the outstanding Communist states of the Caribbean.

The newspapers of August 18th carried a dispatch by one Charles G. Giffo, staff correspondent, in which he wrote—

"Landing strips in the midst of isolated circle plantations in the tropical wilds of Guatemala could be used easily by Communists for clandestine operations, an Indiana businessman who is an expert on Latin and South American trade said yesterday. The businessman's report came after Victor Reisel, syndicate labor columnist, reported that the Communists have installed air strips and hidden aircraft in Guatemala that are a threat to the Panama Canal. The strips would only be 800 miles, or two hours flying time, from the Canal's locks.

"The Indiana authority pointed out that there are hundreds of landing strips in that country, many of them in the dense tropical wilds, used to bring out chicle, the component of chewing gum.

"Any of those landing fields can be utilized either by Russian agents or Guatemala Communists," he said. "There has been a general shift toward Communism in Guatemala during recent months," it was pointed out, with agrarian "reforms" and confiscation of all private enterprise and property.

In case of war the air strips could be used by enemy bombers as refueling spots after a bombing strike-out of Russian-Siberian bases down the American Midwest, this source said. These same bases could also be used as "an underground railroad system" for sanctuary of Communist agents and for smuggling of agents into Mexico and the United States.

The Last Days monograph conveyed the impression that Guatemala was a free tropical paradise, next to heaven for safety, and all one had to do was go there by motorcar, climb a palm-tree and watch hell break loose up in the United States. It's an ironical circumstance that all the Milquetoasts of the nation who pack the family in the jalopy and start for this tropical belt of "safety" might drive straight behind a western-world Iron Curtain.

Anyhow, VALOR isn't sympathetic with these predictions of early doom and "fleeing to the mountains" to save the personal hide from terrain catastrophe.

Soulcrafters are the type of people who, without looking down their noses at anyone, would stick with the poor souls unable to flee *anywhere* and render what aid and comfort they could. Not being particularly afraid of death themselves, peals of doom don't especially daunt them.

BSRA was entirely innocent in putting out *The Last Days* monograph as an item of enthralling psychical literature, to be taken for what it was worth and understood or not understood by those "able to take it." Meade Layne is anything but a witting recruiting agent for an enhanced Red population down in the Guatemalan cocanut groves. But it just goes to show that people afraid to stand their ground and show the intestinal fortitude to take whatever God Almighty may have in store for irresponsibles could find themselves jumping from a frying-pan into exceeding Red flames.

There's no such thing as *running away* from a divine karmic responsibility. If you don't pay for it in one way you pay for it in another.

Anyhow, equally authoritative psychical sources declare there isn't any general cataclysm slated for the immediate future. The *Golden Scripts* say it unmistakably and if the *Golden Scripts* can't be trusted, who wants to live anyhow?

Calvados Castle

(Continued from Page 7)

heard them and saw the sash being thus tormented. The intelligence behind all this at length seemed to grow tired of it and desisted.

"But presently the stampeding through the house, upstairs and down began afresh generally. The stick jumping on one end began to sound on rugless floors. It would skip the height of the stair-flight in going up, then sound on the floors overhead. Meeting the parish priest in the upper corridor, I learned that he was too upset to retire. Sacred exorcisings seemed to have no effect on this creature, or creatures, or whoever or whatever it was. That the supernatural was responsible, everyone in the household and district now agreed.

"On Wednesday, the local Bishop sent the Premonstrant Canon to judge the facts and help us. A few moments before his arrival at 5 o'clock, Madame heard the sounds of doors being shaken in the

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drawing room and looked up quickly enough to see the handles turning violently. My minor son, Maurice, becoming greatly frightened at what was afoot, had to be reassured by his mother, who sang to him to prevent some of the more mischievous noises from reaching his ears.

"The Reverend Father came shortly after five, and from the instant of his appearance a sudden and absolute calm set

in. Nothing happened either by day or by night, and I could see that he was wondering whether we had fabricated reports of these happenings. Uniquely, during his stay with us, we enjoyed almost a fortnight without manifestations of any sort. On January 15 he made a religious ceremony. He left us on Monday, the 17th. But—

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK

.. COGITATIONS

THE MOTORIST never lived who hasn't driven a lonely road somewhere at night and asked himself, "What would I do if I rounded one these curves and saw a human body prostrate on the pavement? . . . How could I ever convince the authorities that I hadn't been the driver guilty of manslaughter?" It has befallen my lot in a million miles of motoring not only to think that thought but see it become reality . . . It happened late of a summer night down in the mountains of West Virginia. I was returning to North Carolina after a conference up in Charleston. Luckily, I had two passengers—a lady and a man friend. But that made the experience no less gruesome when it came. I'll tell you about it in a great many words . . .

YOU KNOW, the mountains in the southern end of West Virginia are like the walls of the skyscrapers in lower Manhattan. When they start up, they start up—sheer! Roads are mere passage-ways cut in deep ravines. Houses are miles apart. So is road traffic in the item of cars. We worked down past Bluefield in a night without a moon. Now and then we'd pass a truck. It was either hauling John L. Lewis' coal, or spiritous liquors. At the foot of the steep grade below Bluefield we met a truck coming up. Then nothing for a mile but trees growing close to the macadam and our strong headlamps picking up more and more road-curves. I thought the celebrated thought, "What will I do if I round one of these curves and these headlights pick up a human body on the pavement?" Of course, as a good citizen regardless of what Winchell and the journals were saying about me, I'd load it aboard and rush it to the nearest hospital. But where would I find the nearest hospital? Would there be a nearest hospital in all of West Virginia? Thereupon I reached the bottom of the grade, turned a curve, and there on the pavement a hundred feet ahead saw a male figure, prostrate. My heart turned over, my ignition went haywire, and the engine missed four beats. Don't lay any bets

that I failed to remark, "Well, this is it!" . . .

THE LADY was riding in the front seat beside me. A party I'll call Dan was riding in back. The lady squealed and Dan gasped. Both had seen it the same instant I had. That truck we'd passed a half-mile up the grade had undoubtedly felled this nondescript gentleman of the Old South, and I, being a furriner by all Dixiecrat standards, was up for manslaughter. Then the humanities came into play. Perhaps he wasn't dead but sleeping. Perhaps he'd merely been spun by that truck and was lying prostrate to get over his dizziness. Anyhow, I let the Buick drift down beside him. I jerked my safety-brake. Dan got out before the car had ceased motion. He was a veteran of World War I, Dan, but he too was a furriner from "up Nawth" and if we got blug on our fenders by reason of draping the remains over it to convey them to the nearest hospital, even the word of a lady witness wouldn't guarantee our innocence. I didn't know what to do and so did nothing. Nothing but sit in a spasm of imagination and visualize how I might look strapped in the electric chair. Dan had struck a match above the prostrate figure. "Gad!" he called softly, "not only bleedin' like a stuck pig but his left arm is missing!" . . . His left arm! *Missing!* Had that truck wound one of the Unknown's arms in its viscera and kept on going? I saw myself leaping from the electric chair and overtaking that truck, flagging it down, and admonishing its driver, "Whatsa idea scrambling off with another guy's spare parts?" As a matter of fact, I was inclined to feel bilious. And do you know what caused that biliousness to cease? It was the victim with the half arm absent. As Dan's match died, he roused himself from stupor on that pavement. He sat up perplexed. Next a roar split the silence of West Virginia canyons. "Hey!" he demanded—in a voice like John L. Lewis defying the Supreme Court—"whars mah blankity-blank-blank truck? . . ."

THIS, as the lower-class grammarians say, was the pay-off. Where was his



truck? It must have been delirium. Assisted by Dan, he got to his feet. He was the longest, lankiest hill-billy I'd ever set eyes upon in the aforesaid motoring mileage. He was drenched in gore down his shirt front—what shirt he was wearing—mussed as to pants, an old greenish coat, and pancake cap. And his left forearm certainly *was* absent somewhere, anyhow it was off his upper left arm at the elbow and by no means lying on the pavement. Maybe somebody had kicked it into the brush. Maybe some night animal had carried it to off to feed its young. But he certainly could stand upright. And he could swear. He could swear in all the brands of plain and fancy profanity that has made the South famous until he happened to see the lady beyond me on my right. "Oh, 'xcuse me!" he apologized. And he backed away, reached for the pancake cap with his good right hand, swept it from the smallest head ever exhibited on a human bean, and made a deep bow. He was the queerest-acting dead body to be found in the South—or anywhere—but I had to remember I was in West Virginia where John L. Lewis bossed some odd ones, dead or alive. Anyway, the chivalry bored me. "How come," I cackled, "you're lying out here in this midnight dew. And where did all that red ink come from on your turkey-bosom?" . . . Well, we got the straight of it. But you'd never guess what the straight of it was. Make certain, when you come upon *your* dead body that the straight of it is as good . . .

FIRST, he was the *owner* of that truck, we'd met back up the grade. Second, he'd hired a goop by the name of Pojowski to drive said truck out to watermelon farm that day, to load it with melons for sale in world marts, because in World War I he'd had his original forearm removed by German pig-iron at St. Mihiel

This precluded his driving his own truck, the authorities insisting that the drivers of trucks disclose two hands by count, whether they lived in West Virginia or Timbucktoo. The said Pojowski and another goop by name of Higglebotham—fine old southern name—had loaded said melons, which ran seventy to the acre, level with the top of the fleeing truck's tailboard, which in trucks of most American manufacture is located in the rear. Then, to the stimulant of much contraband corn, bought of a native who didn't pay dues to John L. Lewis by reason of not mining that sort of southern wealth, said one-armed owner and Goop Higglebotham had spread blankets on top of the melon-load, deposited tired frames on said blankets and told Pojowski "Home, Joseph!" Pojowski had complied, bumped out of the melon-field onto the road, and thereby bumped the one-armed owner off the blankets and onto the melons which said blankets failed to cover. Said owner, being in great lassitude on account of said corn, hadn't minded such a little thing as no blankets between him and the melons—till they came to the first West Virginia mountain grade. Then you conjecture what happened but don't be too long about it. *The truck, tilted at an angle of forty-five degrees, had made of those melons—level with the tailboard—perfect ensembles of gigantic ball-bearings!* . . . Out into the cold and cruel West Virginia night they'd rolled him, and the pavement came up and met his person—*whack!* . . .

THIS was the tale we were told as West Virginia stars twinkled peacefully above us and big Blue Ridge crickets cheeped in the undergrowth. "I gotta overtake that truck!" the bloodsmeared one roared, as though the thought had just occurred to him, . . . What happens when Joe backs up to the storehouse, lowers the tailboard, and I ain't present?" . . . The thought of this petrified us . . . Joe might quit truck-driving and go to John L. Lewis about it. I saw the necessity of overtaking that truck myself—in the interests of stopping a national coal strike and shortage of fuel the ensuing winter. Think of the innocent women and children who'd freeze to death and their bodies not be found till spring! "Okay," sez I to Dan. "load him in!" I'd overtake that truck if I had to chase it that mountain night to Montreal. I was so happy that my corpse found on a lonely road had merely gotten so

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SOULCRAFT CHAPELS

NOBLESVILLE, INDIANA

from using melons as ball-bearings, that I would have even have chased that machine to the Gulf of Boothia. We loaded Old Bloody-Nose into the rear beside Dan, I backed the Buick around somehow and we headed nawth—where we belonged. Presently, four miles back toward Bluefield, near the top of another grade, we overtook that crashing wagon with the melons bumping joyously and the party named Higglebotham jiggled down among 'em so far that his head re-

sembled a melon, only it wasn't green. I got around in front and motioned it to stop. But stop a truck in West Virginia with the hour close to midnight? Try it sometime. That Pojowski was city-bred. He'd heard of hijackers. He bumped me so hard that the four of us almost hit the road in a congregation of corpses—each possessed of two arms at that. We knocked off another mile before the owner's frantic waving convinced his driver he'd better halt. Thereat, when



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the owner climbed out of my car—the same owner who was supposed to be sleeping peacefully in Pojowski's rear on watermelons—Pojowski gave a squeal and well-nigh took to brush himself, dropping off all arms as he went. How in the name of psychical research and 57 Polish deities, all drunk on corn, had such transfer been made? . . . My lady passenger clapped her hands over her ears, when that one-armed tycoon of the melon trade informed his employe how he regarded him. Then what happen? . . . When Pojowski got it through his Slavic intelligence what had occurred, he lay down in the road himself and he roared—with laughter. All the surrounding mountains jigeled . . . My reward for doing my good deed for the day? . . . We got a melon presented to us so sizable that we had to yank off a door to get it in the rear tonneau with Dan. When we reached home we were two days consuming it . . . There's little moral to the tale and less psychical research . . . But the strangest things do happen in West Virginia. It's all good Americana . . .

—THE RECORDER

Why People Resent

(Continued from Page 6)

the keenest subconscious knowledge of just why we are in life and precisely what we expect to have gotten out of it when we shall have reached its end.

ANY SERVICE, or any act, that is cast within the province of a person's temperament as indicated numerologically, he will do eagerly, willingly, and with the most intense inner pleasure. Any service or act that lies without the province of his numerological designation, he will shirk, complain about or procrastinate in starting.

To "ride" this person and castigate that person for failure to render services or perform acts that are not in keeping with their numerological designations, is merely to disclose one's own ignorance of life's fundamentals.

There are people with an intuitive knowledge of these matters, who practice them as by a variety of instinct. We say that this employer, or that executive, "has the knack of managing men." He fits no square people in round holes, nor crams round people in square holes.

What he truly does is to recognize by a psychic sense, what a given person's vibration is, and see that such a person is put on a job that agrees with his mortal designation prenatally arrived at.

Such an employer or executive "feels" what a given employe's vibration is—among the numbers from one to nine—and sees that he is set at work which expresses the type of activity that best delivers mortal increments to his spirit-soul.

The result is harmony—harmony in the workman's spirit, harmony in the office or plant where many workmen are so allocated, harmony between employer and employe in their personal relationships.

"The boss has a swell way of handling the people who work for him," is the common way of saying: "The man I work for knows how to place me in work that best enables me to acquire the compensations from Life which I entered mortality hoping to acquire."

Such an employer of labor has too many brains to ask a Four-person to do a Three-person's job, or to send a Seven man on a Two-person's errand. He "feels in his bones" that it's the wrong thing to do. Instantly on coming into contact with a new laborer, he senses the number of his life path and allocates him accordingly.

Yes, the Message-to-Garcia business has been slightly overrated.

Christian Generosity

(Continued from Page 4)

ple to help themselves that pays off in the true international dividends, not treating foreign nationals like mendicants fit only for professional hand-outs. And if a people won't help themselves after they've been given the opportunity let them stew in their own juice of poverty, backwardness and ignorance. At least they respect the philanthropist for not being a mollycoddle. It's a pleasant sentimentalism to give every Hottentot a quart of milk for his morning cereal, but if the Hottentot doesn't drink milk, and doesn't like milk, and doesn't want milk—but spiritous liquors on which to get gloriously drunken—all the altruism in the world won't make a Christian or a constitutionalist out of him by pushing his face in milk.

Americans must learn these things, apparently, the hard way. They must reach

the place where financial stringency halts this vainglorious showering of wealth to all the multi-colored races of the universe. Thus may they be saved from the effects of their own uncouth follies.

Radical interests in our officialdom are building on our senseless sentimentality in two ways: Getting us to empty our own exchequers and thus introduce distress among us on which they can capitalize; getting us to cultivate maximum enmity against ourselves by showering largess on people who from the cosmic standpoint feel insulted to receive it.

Where's the sense in fighting Communism diplomatically and martially when we go to and fro in other countries stupidly creating conditions that promote it?

One of the sterling admonitions in the *Golden Scripts* is this insistent warning against a generosity that only works malodorous results in breaking down instead of building up character. There's nothing particularly Christ-like about throwing one's money to the four winds, to be picked up by people in all classes and conditions of economic servitude, and calling it altruism.

Dame Liberty ceases being a dignified and maternal lady, offering aid to alien racials as they merit it, and becomes a money-drunk harridan, debasing dignity and prestige by holding up, not the lamp of Freedom, but a fistful of bank notes—to whom the crafty Commie promoter has touched the match of jealous animus and produced seething red fire.

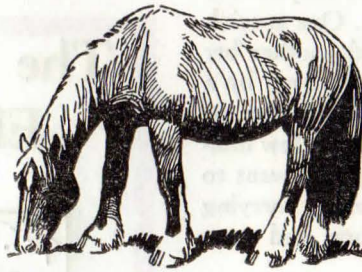
Of course the average American at home is powerless to mitigate this growth of anti-Americanism abroad—it's a business that can only be pursued in the highest administrative echelons. And that would mean the highest Christian altruism projected from the top.

Don't let's fool ourselves that the rest of the world, however, is perishing to become our friends. If we *are* superior, civily and culturally, being savagely envied is one of the prices we must pay for it. If the envy turns to military reprisal, our role is to speak softly but carry a Big Stick.

And hit nobody any punches unless we must, but when we do hit, make those on the receiving end of the blow realize they have been handed a good one.

Human nature being what cosmic experience has made it all over the earth, we can't hope to unmake or remake it in any passing generation.

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Soulcraft Press, Inc.

T H E P A Y O F F

A WOMAN had been to a hospital for an over-all examination. One specialist had checked her eyes and another her throat. Her lungs had been X-rayed by a third. Even her feet had come in for attention. She had been home but a few minutes when her doorbell rang. She went to confront a fourth man in white, carrying a bucket of water, a few rags, and some brushes.

"Now what are you going to do?" she demanded weakly.

The little man smiled at her.

"Don't let it get you, lady. I'm going to wash your windows."

A YOUNG mother was bathing her baby. A neighbor's little girl watched the proceedings. The child was holding a favorite doll minus an arm and leg.

"How long have you had your baby?" asked the small visitor.

"Three months," the mother answered.

The little girl sighed. "My, but you've kept her nice."

"SO YOU'RE troubled with sleeplessness?" the doctor asked. "Why not try eating something agreeable before going to bed?"

"But Doctor, you told me never to eat anything before going to bed."

"Tut, tut, that was last January. Medical science has made tremendous strides since then."

A MAN missing his train, came back through the gates and was met by a grinning porter.

"Miss yo' train, Boss?" the colored man asked.

"No," was the disgusted reply, "just chasing it out of the station. You should not allow the dam' thing in here. Look at the tracks it left."

A MODERN businessman was asked to say grace at a table where he was week-end visitor. Being unaccustomed to the ceremony, his Grace was in the office manner. He said: "Dear Lord, we are in receipt of your many favors of recent date and beg to thank you. The service you have been rendering us is excellent and we have no complaints

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

to file at this time. We trust the pleasant relations between us will continue. Yours very truly."

TWO VISITORS were riding down Constitution Avenue in a taxi when they passed the National Archives Building. Seeing the inscription, *What Is Past is Prologue* written above the entrance, one of the visitors to the Capitol asked the taximan what it meant. He replied—"It means, 'Brother, you ain't seen nothing yet.'"

THE STORE manager remarked to his chief clerk, "Glad to see you're getting here on time of late, my dear chap."

"Yes, sir. You see I bought a parrot." "A parrot! You mean for an alarm clock?"

"Well, I had an alarm clock but got used to it and went on sleeping. So I bought a parrot and hung the alarm clock over its cage. The clock wakes the parrot, and what that bird says, awakens me thoroughly for the day."