

Valor

The Golden Times Weekly . .

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

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THIS AUTUMN IS PRELUDE TO EVENTFUL 1953



WE HAVE turned the intersection from August into September, from the lethargic months of summer into the fraught months of autumn. The tempo of international affairs accelerates. The tempo of strictly internal affairs in America moderates for the bemusement of a Presidential election.

There is no spontaneous interest in this Presidential election. Two men of similar stripe, beholden to the same sponsorships, offer themselves for citizenship choice between them. Both stand committed to the same fundamental folly of embracing allegiance to a superior paper State, that uses the universal likelihood of War to rivet its manacles upon the freedom of Christian institutions.

Both operate from the premise that such superior Paper State is inevitable—because it pleases certain international megalomaniacs to make it inevitable. There is strong likelihood of improvement in the nation's prospects in the event that a reasonably wholesome and alert Republican Congress takes November control. But it is by no means an eventuality that commands vigilant interest. The public is jaded, confused, and apathetic. It is jaded, confused, and apathetic because issues have been so drawn that controversy over policies of great national import has been stalemated. No enlightened person is fooled by what has been engineered. The query in the minds of the alertly perceptive folk is, what Bastions of Fundamental and Permanent Freedom are being irrevocably scarred or irremediably damaged by such political maneuvering with malice aforethought? Actually, all of it is tied up in the greater query—

Is this the fatal defect in the republican form of government, that it can be thus surreptitiously manipulated to the majority's detriment?

STUDENTS wise in the tenets of Soulcraft have certain spiritual anchors holding to leeward in the face of this storm of international menace that appears so ominous to the illiterate layman. Probably the greatest of them is the knowledge that there is no such thing as a whole people jaded, confused, or apathetic, *permanently*.

Being jaded, confused, or apathetic means that the individual spirit has been the recipient of such wholesale dosages of Experience that its increments cannot be assimilated. But this is ever a condition that clears up with Time.

The illiterate layman goes to and fro in the land lamenting, "The voting citizen now coming to preponderance is the product of the past two decades of government venality and largess. He's likewise the product of Democratic subterfuge and guile. With his heritage of Rugged Individualism deprecated, the Sugaring-Off Time for the anti-Christian traducers now arrives. The Overseas Wolves can now ravage among the American Sheep without let or hindrance."

This illiterate layman isn't aware that no voting populace of any country can be degenerated within two decades—or fifty decades. *The molding of human*

character isn't so ephemeral. Always it's an individual phenomenon and carries over from life to life. The layman is stupidly ignorant of any human attributes carrying over from life to life. He doesn't even know that human life has rebirth sequences. He thinks it has but one sequence, that human creatures are produced for the first time by procreational processes, live but one mortality, are swayed this way or that by the emergencies of that sequence and irretrievably left better or worse by the molding influences of a mere handful of years.

Then he marvels and is speechless, *if, as, and when* a great spiritual resurgence comes on the parts of people who but yesterday were docile, dumb, and pardonably bewildered.

Given conditions made bad enough, and sooner or later revolt arrives wholesale—as in Russia of the present. Revolt is taking a long time to mature in Russia because the *intelligenza* has been purged by wholesale assassination, which means that the younger souls have a longer way to go to arrive at qualities of effective self-assertion. But it is coming eventually, and the payoff will be calamitous. However, as the 34th verse of the 226th chapter of the *Golden Scripts* declares, "*All things walk on earth that a purpose may be served.*"

We can remember that in this American Scene as well, as 1953 approaches.



THE MAN of the Ages, spoken of in this same chapter, who has "been disturbed, slumbering in his beasthood", must eventually meet with Divine Reckoning, exposed and pursued by his own malefactions, and the students of the Eternal Verities—likewise conversant

with Great Pyramid Prophecy—are generally convinced that 1953 is the year in which it happens. By all the signs, the international scene is set for it.

The great truth to which the Christ People can tie their lives and fortunes is the fact that these 150 million souls making up the current population of Great America are by no means the ephemeral creatures the orthodox layman holds. They are old, old spirits, in the main, attested by the fact of their Western World incarnation. They may get jaded, confused and apathetic as compounding spiritual lessons become too heavy. But in the long run they must enforcedly react to their long cosmic tradition. To say that the infringements on individualism of the Roosevelt Era could basically revise and degenerate these spirits in a mere 240 months, is an esoteric absurdity. And that is precisely where this Man of the Ages, in his own cosmic perversity, makes his titanic major mistake. By the same token, because the intelligence of human souls is acquired over long periods of cosmic time, the rank and file of mortals incarnate in the American Scene at present can be counted upon to react eventually to cast off the hypnosis of the international legerdemain and come back "on the beam" of recognition of righteousness and probity.

This is not conjecture.

When people "go back on the time-track" and jump the gates of birth, they find they have served long apprenticeships in learning to repudiate eventually such skulduggeries as the subversive programs the internationalists are striving to harness upon the American rank and file.

1953 is apparently to be the year of demonstration that something of this nature is adamant fact . . .

THAT a very real attempt at a *coup* will be made by the cohorts of the Man of the Ages, it would be folly to ignore or discount. *This* is the event, we're instructed, that will bring the Man on Horseback . . . and, by the way, try to hear The Recorder's discourse on this illustrious personage in the second electronic reel of the "Challenge to Crisis" series, to be run before almost a hundred Soulcraft audiences the night of Sunday, September 14th.

All things walk on earth that a purpose may be served! . . . There is un-

(Continued on Page 11)

Let's Not Pass Judgment on Flying Saucers Hastily



LRUE MAGAZINE has affected to come out with an "expose" of Scully's book, *Behind the Flying Saucers*. People not of analytical mind scan through *True's* article and exclaim, "Ah! The man is exposed as being a fake and a liar." Next time Scully's book comes up for discussion, the reply is ready-made, "Didn't you see how *True Magazine* debunked it?" It's an old method of procedure. No one thinks of debunking the debunker . . .

This Cahn, who affects to debunk Scully and the Henry Holt Company, displays an almost hysterical anxiety, it would seem, that the advent of Flying Saucers carrying denizens of other planets may really debunk certain myths that have arisen about a Midianite Deity being the jealous God of the universe and patting certain tribes of people on their queer-shaped heads with the divine assurance that they were His pets and favorites who at proper time in economic history would inherit the earth and mortal possessions of their less approved neighbors. And that happening is more real than affords comfort for the modern descendants of such Midianites.

None of it proves that the Flying Saucers aren't actual and contain living beings not originating within our universe.

What have the espousers of the Cahn debunking to say about a clipping that appeared in the Cincinnati newspapers the past week to the following effect? . . .

"The United States government 'for which the people have only themselves to blame', is 'deliberately trying to confuse the people on the flying saucers issue,' Stan Farwell, special representative to General Electric charged at a luncheon meeting of the Rotary Club Thursday at the Hotel Sheritan-Gibson. 'Three of the objects are known to have landed,' he said.

"Farwell, a representative for International Business Machines, related that one 'man' stepped out of one of these apparently interstellar contrivances and died on its hatchway. The visitors, he

Scully's Disclosures Getting Confirmation from Farwell and Taylor . .

said, cannot yet acclimate themselves to our atmosphere.

"Found within the flying saucers was a communication in Sanskrit and the Babylonian numeral system, indicating that in some things the civilization of the visitors is far behind that of our own. Yet a thread from their clothing is strong enough to support great weight, he added."

Scully states in *his* book that one single thread from the garments of the interstellar visitors sustained a weight of 400 pounds before breaking. He also stated that the Air Force ruined thousands of dollars' worth of diamond drills, boring into coat-covering of the grounded saucer that was salvaged and that the mysterious metal, almost weightless, withstood a heat of 10,000 degrees.

NOW DO the so-called Flying Saucers exist or do they not exist?

Probably the most extensive and authoritative treatment of the subject has been made by Henry J. Taylor, General Motors broadcaster over ABC. In a hand booklet of his addresses on the matter over the air since July 28th, Mr. Taylor tells millions quite frankly and openly that tracking down practically all the saucer reports as a business for his broadcasting connections, he discovered that 30 percent were caused by strange but nevertheless discernable objects, like new types of jet planes, or plastic fragments from the Navy's astounding stratosphere balloons. To quote Mr. Taylor—

"I found that some who reported seeing Flying Saucers had really seen instead the night maneuvers of the razor-like F-86 jet fighter, with its swept-back wings. That could be explained. Others were really seeing the 1000-mile-an-hour X-1, or the 8-engined Flying Wing bat-shaped bombers that looked like nothing



out of the world when flying high and fast, in the glint of the sun. Still others, reporting them as Flying Saucers, were actually seeing rocket-assisted aircraft with fiery ramjet engines on their wing-tips—a marvel of advanced engineering. The Navy's stratosphere balloon is particularly fantastic in appearance and operation.

"This last is an enormous vehicle. Nobody is in it but it carries 70 pounds of instruments to record cosmic rays and answer atomic-energy questions, when launched, it is filled to only one percent capacity with helium. At high altitudes expansion causes it to blow itself up into a gigantic monster one hundred feet tall and seventy feet in diameter—tall as an eight story building—all in oscillating plastic. Traveling all over America twenty miles high, some of these carry lights that blink on and off. At sunset the contraption glows and can sometimes be seen in its frightening flight as long as 30 minutes after darkness. A timing mechanism finally releases the instruments in a shock-proof container four feet tall, to descend by parachute, and explodes the contraption itself in the sky. The plastic pieces, in all sizes and shapes, are carried over immense distances in the winds."

But after going on to describe immense rings of tinsel released from known aircraft to test out radar operation, Taylor admits that 34 cases out of 375, by even government authorities remained in no wise explained.

AMONG these 34 cases have been the 9 flying discs sighted July 4, 1947 near Ontario, Oregon, by United Air-

lines Captain E. J. Smith and his co-pilot and stewardess, the giant disc over Madisonville, Kentucky, January 8, 1948 by the Kentucky State Police and by Pilot Captain Thomas F. Mantell, Jr., who died in an F-58 while chasing it, also the large disc flying high over New Mexico on a clear Sunday morning in April, 1949, and August 29, 1949, recorded by photographs and theodolite observations at the White Sands Proving Grounds, N. Mex. Then there was the incredibly fast-moving disc that "buzzed" San Francisco's Hamilton Air Force Base five times in one day at as low as 2,000 feet. Also another disc encountered over Columbus, Ohio, by eight flyers in four planes, and four traffic observers in the Columbus control tower.

Then on Page 9 in the booklet of his broadcasts between July 28 and August 4, Taylor makes the unequivocal and definite statement—

"Further, a disc has been found on the ground."

Significantly enough, however, he goes into no details about this disc "found on the ground", doesn't mention it again, and shies off into description of metallic streamers of glittery silver tinsel that are used for testing out radar registration.

If a disc has been "found on the ground", why the deliberate paucity of detail? Where was it found? By whom? What became of it? What was found inside of it? Why doesn't *True Magazine* debunk Henry J. Taylor of ABC?

IT SEEMS there has been a "security ban" against describing the existence and use of what is called these "electronic" discs, which Mr. Taylor remarks "now is lifted." But the mystery does not lessen, it only deepens. And from the Florida Everglades comes the testimony of a hitherto reliable Scoutmaster that he came on one of these unearthly contrivances and approached it near enough to receive mysterious burns on his forearm—which he exhibited on emerging from the brush.

Criticism of the Government and Military is mounting high, that a hush-hush policy on something so universally apparent has been adopted. If the Air Force knows the details described in the Scully book, now confirmed by a man of the prestige and connections of Stan Farwell of General Electric, why not talk to the American public in a sensible and adult manner about them?

Gale of God



THE GALE of God its crashing vigor booms
That Earth be raked of dead-falls of Dark
Souls!
Doth cataclysm roll, its Plan to work
To heave Life higher bastions as its goals?
The Sons of Battle-Storm their blades unsheath
And gird them for this joust of Tempest Fray
To sweep the awful arc 'twixt Death and Void
But find upon both crests the thrill of Day!
What though these hunger for the peace of dreams,
For baby laughter in the walls of love,
There is a sweeter laughter up all storms
For those who dare the battle's jests above,
Or fend at monsters from a vaster deep
That ever men in body saw from shore;
Hear then the Pibrochs of the Heavenly Men
Who ever climb that they may climb the more!
Once they were creatures of a morbid age
With pence to pay for dying in its strides,
For eating, loving, thinking—pence to pay!—
And plod in older, harsher, drier hides
When copper coins bought poor right to build
Life's lonely mansions for the soul's Bright Grace.
The Gale of God crashed in and paid in Flood
For futures of a more resplendent race.
Great Gale of God!—that plows all seas like grain
And harrows out all sorrow of men's wrongs!—
Lift us the hard right arm at shield and staff
To clear a passage for high angel throngs!
Our souls to shrive, our hard desires to test,
Spurn earthly comforts where the dead float white,
Hear Thou our prayer: Come flood us from this warmth
And give us Storm, and Rocks—and Faith—tonight!

At any rate, *True Magazine* may yet appear to have done itself a disservice by the Cahn "expose", which is no expose but approaches the aspects of a smear job. And this is no time for smear jobs, except on the part of bedeviled imbeciles who would seem to smear on principle whatever they find themselves unable to control or explain in fact.

However, *True Magazine* has rendered the readers of Mr. Scully's book one fortunate favor: It has removed the doubt in their minds about the existence of the mysterious "Dr. G--" apparently Dr. Leo A. GeNauer, who made the speech in the Colorado University precipitating the whole controversy. The

(Continued on Page 11)

DO YOU APPRECIATE YOUR VALUE TO LIFE?



HOSE who are ever prying and prodding about in the ethics assumed to maintain in other octaves of Consciousness, make queer discoveries.

Of course all discoveries are "queer" if they fail to stack up with the things to which we have commonly been accustomed. We get the term Queer from the old Greek-Latin root meaning *oblique*, and oblique—in turn—means to deviate from the perpendicular or the right line.

Now some of the customs and standards of values that we encounter in the succeeding octaves most assuredly deviate from the perpendicular or right line, if we want to call the perpendicular or right line the practices and estimates of earth.

And yet, to give it thought, perhaps we—after all—are the queer folk, and there is not one-quarter the rationality to our customs, standards, practices, and estimates that there is to those exercised by the folk of great cosmic age. For instance, take this question of social caste and prestige.

Here in our earthly octave we look from the side window and behold a begrimed, ragged, and somewhat uncertain male come along the fence. He pauses in indecision, keeps a weather-eye out for a dog, moistens weak lips, and finally decides to try us for a handout.

Maybe we feel a twinge of compassion for the wretch, times being what they are. Yet when we hear his timid knock on rear panels and some member of the family hazards a question as to who might be knocking, we reply: "Oh, just a bum!"

We don't mean it unkindly. Bum is a bona fide word with a place in the dictionary—meaning a generally worthless or drunken loafer.

All the same, this worthless or drunken loafer probably has an empty stomach, and recalling how our own stomachs have felt from time to time when empty, we make up a couple of cold meat sandwiches, perhaps add an apple, and send him on his way. He mumbles something

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

about God blessing us, rubs a grubby coat-sleeve across his mouth and has one of the sandwiches well massacred before he arrives at the corner.

TEN MINUTES later he is out of the neighborhood and as well out of mind. Describe him—so that a policeman can go after him and pick him up over in the next county—we could not, even had he filched the silver spoons from the kitchen while we were making up the sandwiches and they were priceless family heirlooms and couldn't be replaced.

We might mumble that he was a masculine nondescript in a baggy cap who appeared to have slept last night in a coal-car. But that would not identify the Man Within, and the policeman could arrest a whole camp of WPA workers on that description and be no nearer getting us back our spoons than he could by going cuckoo and standing on his head.

A bum is a human being with no outstanding characteristics—which is why he is called a bum.

WE REFUSE to concede that to himself he is very much of a living person who has had a consistent run of bad luck, with a cruel blister on the instep of one foot, and an idea that real riches could represent no more than owning a carton of cheap cigarettes.

It never occurs to us that this tramp who occupied our interest for a matter of eleven minutes was, some fifty-one years ago, a recent bride's darling baby, with chubby pink feet, a heart-melting smile, and a way of saying "Goo!" that caused chortles from the Old Folks.

We give no note to the probability that when he received his first small pair



of pants, with real pockets, he crammed everything into them from bird's eggs to hair brushes, that the same loving woman wept when his baby curls were shorn, that at the age of thirteen he caused a township to drain a pond to determine if he had drowned while swimming, that at seventeen he fell in love with a butcher's daughter—a girl by the name of Mildred—and nearly got himself decapitated with the old man's cleaver when he once took her buggy-riding and kept her out till midnight.

That he eventually eloped with a seamstress whom he met at a plumbers' clam-bake, that they had a baby who died, that he came home one night and found a note that she had "went with a younger and handsomer man"—all these very human and heart-tugging things we never stop to associate with the wheezy individual who, after all, actually didn't steal the family spoons, the said spoons having been picked up by the colored maid while we were in the pantry and laid away in the wrong buffet drawer.

We call him a bum, not because he begs a sandwich, not because we can't envision him as a former family-man trudging now through life with a broken heart because his "folks" disown him.

We really call him a bum because we measure him by the ruthless Economic Standard.

We declare he is adding nothing to the wealth of nations.

As if wealth of nations mattered to Cosmos!

He is shirking his share of the taxes we must pay to keep the oligarchy of political spoilsmen in power. He is not helping to keep grocery stores or clothing

shops or movie shows in business. He is a subscriber to no newspapers. If every mother's son of a male human being in life were like him, we would have no neighborhood, city, state, nation, nor civilization.

"How much does he weigh in the economic balances?" we demand, concerning him. And when we learn that he doesn't weigh three kopeck's worth, not even at the soviet rate of exchange, we wash him from our thoughts—to tune in on the radio and harken while someone tells us about the merits of corn-plasters, or what Mrs. Truman wore to the Raw Deal reception last evening, or how to make a tasty dessert out of three eggs, a walnut, and a shredded whiskbroom.

TWO BLOCKS up the street, in the big house of blocked granite, lives the Honorable Simon Poopinduffer.

The Honorable Simon first "got his money"—of course after his father's death—then shaking the old lady on a ride to the County Farm.

He used this money to develop a valuable patent stolen from a poor young genius who subsequently committed suicide by drinking bad gin.

When he had made a million dollars as a manufacturer, the Honorable Simon bought a bank, subsidized a newspaper, kissed two thousand babies, and successfully reached the Senate.

While in the Senate he stole a railroad. He would likewise have stolen the dome off the Capitol if it hadn't been too high to unscrew from a stepladder.

All the same, the Honorable Simon owns three limousines, he is quite as good a plate-passer as he is a mortgage fore-closer, and when he comes to shuffle out of his bulgy remains his funeral will be attended by forty-seven Elks, four Lodges of Masons, the Amalgamated Union of Hog-Callers, and a hundred and two lawyers with designs on his widow.

No one in his senses would ever dream of calling the Honorable Simon Poopinduffer a bum.

He is a Pillar of Church and State. Governments would collapse without him.

Here then, is the queer part about the Greater Universe and the Higher Aspects of Reality—

Both men, on getting out of their organisms, will suddenly find themselves graded upon a level.

Mawkish sentimentalists, particularly

those with the strong theological sense, would prefer to have it that Friend Tramp who didn't steal the spoons will find himself in heaven, candidate for a suit of kukluxer robes and an Irish musical instrument, who will wile away eternity in the bliss of harmonious idleness.

By equal token, they would aspire to see the Honorable Simon stuck head-first in a fiery vat, frying away at a great rate, with little gadflies of devils taking prods at his kicking legs, and the Tramp looking down the Far Incline every few days to bellow: "Hi, there! How's the temperature down there in the cellar?"



THE FACTS are, that two men, disembodied, will probably wander off and sit down back to back against a tree, with neither harps nor furnace fires in evidence, and after a couple of hundred years of such sitting, one will remark to the other: "Well, come to think it over, I sure did make an awful heel of myself. Guess I'll try it again presently, and try to do it more sensibly and to a better profit."

But the Caretaker of the Place, passing that way, will see merely a couple of tired and somewhat wistful souls sitting there with a befuddled look and trying to get it through their heads that with the Economic Quandary passed, they are both just alike.

The "God-Stuff" that essentially comprises both of them, is no different in one than it is in the other.

It never has been different.

One may have experienced a greater degree of development than the other in the matter of capacity to sense and analyze, but even this capacity is but processing by Time.

Such being true, there are gradations of intellect and groups of compatible temperaments in Higher Cosmos, but no ranks or castes as the earthly Economic Standard decrees them. This in turn decrees a remarkable fact.

Every soul is as important to Cosmos

as every other soul, and not a single one can be lost or misplaced because there is no area in which such a thing could happen!

Take it or leave it, this mighty truth holds!

It has been of report that The Great Teacher was once asked: "Master, what is the one greatest message that we can convey to the human race as coming from You—the significance of Your Communications above all other significances—that we may make the cornerstone of our preaching in the years that lie ahead?"

The reply was gem-like for beauty and simplicity—

"The fact that every life, no matter how humble, no matter how tragic, no matter how broken or thwarted, has a meaning and an Inner Glory, and is precious in my sight!"

And there, in thirty-two words, you have not only the spirit and the essence of the whole Christian Message, you have the spirit and the essence of Mighty Cosmos discerned by all sentient Consciousness on whatever grade it functions.

Get around it, you cannot.

The blowziest beggar that whimpers from his gutter—that you toss him a coin—has his page in the Books of Cosmos of precisely the size of the mightiest prince-magnate.

IT COMES as a shock to most under-privileged people in earth-life when their heads grasp the notion that Cosmos regards them, each one, as being of quite as much importance to the divine scheme of things as the mightiest conqueror who has ever shaped history. The conqueror had his name preserved on tablets for a time, but what do such slates signify?

He was simply one of the actors in the drama of his era that helped give pattern unto necessary History. But let ten thousand years pass and his kingship is a silliness.

Archaeologists delve down beneath Nineveh and bring to light a drinking cup with the hieroglyphics on its surface: "Used in the Reign of the Mighty King Tiz."

Tiz, in his day, probably took himself seriously and bethought himself some pumpkins—likewise some turnips, parsley, cabbage and locomoting summer squash. He made a great fanfare about

(Continued on Page 11)



SUPERNATURAL EXPERIENCES . .

HERE had to be an end, of course, to the epochal hauntings in Calvados Castle, Normandy, which VALOR has been describing for the past few weeks, and they came on the night of January 27, 1876, something like three months after they had begun. At 5:10 the afternoon before that date, the Abbe who was tutor to the owner's minor son, was reading his breviary in his second-floor study. The day was cold but fine, and he had a sizable fire burning in his fireplace. Suddenly from no place on earth, a great deluge of water was poured down his chimney. It hit the blaze with tremendous hissing and a cloud of steam, and quenched the fire completely. The Abbe, doing his reading before the hearth, was blinded by flying water and filthy ashes and his clothing spattered. Where could this water possibly have come from? In amount, according to the estimate of Monsieur du X, owner of the premises, it would have been equal to that of a full wash-tub. Transporting a three-dimensional chair, book, or candlestick would be one thing; carrying a wash tub amount of water up three flights to the roof and pouring it out of a fourth dimension, was something new in psychical phenomena.

All that final afternoon and evening terrific blows were rained against the walls all over the interior of the residence. Then from about the walls outside, at about the level of the second-story windows began a series of bellowings and shoutings. A loud and unearthly drumming began on the floor of the upper hallway. At least fifty blows were delivered on the door of the owner's room, even though it was open and Monsieur was staring directly at it . . .

THE NEXT evening the whole house was shaken at least twenty times, so that chimney-pots were in danger of being jarred loose. Then came blows so fast they could not be counted. The fury and violence of this final attack—although it was not then known that it was the final attack—seemed to express the anger or despair of the Discarnate Beings, that they had been incapable of frightening the inmates enough to make them quit the premises. The owner thus describes the climactic onslaught—

"At about 12:30 a noise began to rise like that of a bull roaring. Furious and inhuman cries reverberated through the second floor, particularly in the vicinity of my wife's door. Fearing the collapse of the structure, all the family members got up and assembled in the Abbe's room . . . The next phenomenon resembled the sound as though of a huge, wide board being allowed to fall flat on the floor of the second story passage . . . then came a piercing cry on the stairs . . . *A man's heavy bass voice was heard by all to cry 'Ha Ha!'* and the sound trailed away to silence . . . We waited for it to come again. It did not. The blows and jarring eased away . . . The last unhalloved happening of all was a heavy earthenware plate, coming from nowhere that we could discern, and crashing in a score of fragments against my wife's door . . . Then silence . . . permanent silence . . . The rest of the night was spent in quiet . . ."

AS A MATTER of fact, the celebrated hauntings were at an end. The family called the parish priest in next day and he had a Novena of Masses said at nearby Lourdes . . . But whether or not the religious exorcisms were responsible, the fact remains that the premises returned to normal. Nothing more was heard or witnessed of an untoward nature, any more than afflicts any other staid country house . . .

Flammarion remarked concerning the hectic period, "I must admit that every

worldly reader who has never heard of the phenomena of haunting might attribute the preceding descriptions to the brains of lunatics or persons under hallucinations. Yet these facts are true. The idea of the supernatural was undoubtedly dominant in this du X family and their surroundings but how account for the phenomena beginning unexpectedly and terminating without other incident than that ironical 'Ha! Ha!' from the middle of the 'empty' first-floor passage?"

Innumerable supporting affidavits were collected by the French psychical society attesting to all of the incidents set forth in the foregoing account, and more. They filled many pages.

There have been episodes of similar hauntings where it was determined that some youngish person, usually female, subconsciously supplies the motive force for unexplained levitations, but here was one famous case where the motive force for the feats performed would have necessitated several youngish females having to contribute. In the Calvados case, however, it was noticed that while there were several maids inhabiting the premises, the phenomena stopped without their leaving.

Why had they stopped? What had the haunting entity or entities wanted to achieve from the first? If they were merely desirous of showing off, why had they not gotten into intelligent rapport with the Du X family after a few demonstrations of physical antics? If they could make noises like women in suffering, or bulls roaring, why could they not utter sensible speech? And what would it have profited them to have the place alone to themselves?

The affair passed into local history as a mystery.

However, it did stand in the front rank of a roster of feats possible for discarnate beings to perform in contravention of all laws of three-dimensional physics.

And its like has never been repeated.

THE END

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That Thing



BELlicosE cynic demands, "With the head-start and mass backing that United Nations has received at the hands of world radicals, how is it ever to be stopped? Christians declare that God Almighty ought to, and could, halt it. But how could He do that, granted He were so disposed? Get down to the practical, and admit that if that bunch at Lake Success is audacious enough, it can do anything. And our plutocratic Senate will obediently follow through for the sake of the shekels. No, the Machiavellians have found a way to overthrow the Constitution of the United States of America and rule us in spite of it."

Such defeatist attitude not only discloses why One-World Government, ala Alger Hiss, seems to be succeeding, but how little thinking the defeatists and cynics truly do in their dolours and inverse perspicacities.

How could God—if He were so-minded—stop United Nations and crumple it to trash?

The remedy is terrible to contemplate, but simple.

It is a well-known fact that if United Nations didn't have America's bankroll on which to operate, the other nationals on its membership list wouldn't contribute a rusty kopeck to keep it going for two weeks . . . not out of their own pockets.

Suppose Almighty God decided to bring indolent America to its senses by precipitating a major cataclysm that broke off a sizable corner of the United

States. Any corner. Or undinted a great section of our Midwest.

Suppose every dollar of money and every pound of food and goods left in undamaged areas were needed for this Republic's rehabilitation? . . . *would it mean the end of lush money for United Nations operation or would it not?*

Understand, we're merely supposing. Money is reputed to make the mare go. Money—American taxpayers' money is needed to make United Nations go.

There is no spontaneous desire for United Nations anywhere in the world but in those countries benefiting from taking America down the line and cleaning her financially. With an America that has no more money for a long time to squander for radical experimenting, United Nations goes the way of the League of Nations—only it goes quicker.

People inclined to be skeptical of what God Almighty God could do if He decided it were worth the price in the long run, shouldn't require to think far to visualize what might happen when the bogus and improvident condition of the United Nations treasury is taken into consideration.

Better a damaged America than one that has lost her honor.

However, we're merely suggesting what *could* happen in answer to the cynics who are scornful of Divinity's power to get swift and certain results.

At that, it's undoubtedly going to take some sort of major cataclysm to arouse today's politically illiterate American to what United Nations means to his country's freedom in the long run.

Let's pray it isn't terrain cataclysm. But any sort of cataclysm should do that compels the American Congress to take thought to its commitments.

The Unexpected



ONE THING the American republic and its people can positively rely on this autumn and new year of 1953: that is the intrusion into the physical, political, and economic scene of . . . *the unexpected!*

That some sort of attempted *coup* lies in the offing on the part of materialistic radicals who credited no Higher Supervision in the affairs of this universe—believing themselves strong enough now to use direct action against opponents—

is a secret only among themselves. If they were better learned in spiritual and psychical matters, they would credit in no little dismay the visitation of Invisibles into their circles who are capable of imparting knowledge so acquired to those in flesh with whom they may be in touch. But matters more pertinent to the nation and their fortunes may easily arise to deter them before the autumn is out—and this statement does not refer to presidential elections.

The psychic, of course, is merely a "good guesser" if matters mature as he gets foreknowledge, and a "fake" and "fraud" if his predictions be error. For this reason, clairvoyance is regarded askance. To what extent mischievous people may be supplying information from other dimensions, has likewise to be taken into account. Furthermore, the true psychic has a moral responsibility in the giving out of such advance knowledge as may come to him; by no means is he at liberty to declare this and that, merely because of the sensational or sizeable nature of what is predicted. People whose karma specifies that they go through certain experiences, are not to be deterred from passing through them. Knowledge is not advanced for the purpose of deflecting people from that in which they have slated themselves to participate. The point is a fine one.

But the American nation, suspecting or fearing one set of complications, or counting upon them because they are obvious, may have its interests and destiny marked by others of quite antithetical tenure. For instance, what if terrain disturbances or a sizable and irrefutable advent of Flying Saucers made Mr. Truman's tax-rates or Red embroilments asinine? What if an epiphany right on the rostrum of United Nations came when least anticipated? The conventional materialist, the smugly orthodox, proceed on a sort of subconscious acceptance that worldly matters are always going precisely as they have always gone, and the nation's only concerns are those discussed academically in this morning's editorial column.

Perhaps, however, it's just as well. It isn't one person in fifty who possesses the intestinal fortitude—not to mention the moral discernment—to be accurately informed of happenings, in advance. The fiftieth person says, "I can take Life in its stride," or, as the *Golden Scripts* phrase it, "All things walk on earth for

a purpose." The other forty-nine wail in childish despair, "Haven't we had trouble enough, that more should be visited on us when we've done nothing to deserve them?"

If Soulcraft does one thing, it's to put the glint of constant interest in the eye for "what happens next". Whatever comes, Soulcrafters can take it.

So very little happens to them personally in the way of injury or distress because they're not inviting it by fear.

All the same, VALOR repeats: The truly influential things to happen this year and next are the things not now anticipated.

An early atom bomb war, by the way, is *not* one of them.

Shanti Devi Case Attests to Rebirth

THE world contains hard-heads who resolutely refuse to admit of Reincarnation. People live only once, they aver. Never has there been proof of a human soul coming back into flesh and remembering it. How are such skeptics to explain the case of the young woman that has recently moved all India with its positive evidence that remembering from one life to another is possible? Her name is Shanti Devi, and VALOR concludes the account of her Uninterrupted Recollection, begun in these pages last week—

The psychical societies of two continents are replete with evidence attested in other such cases, that the period of discarnation for the average person is from 200 to 500 years.

Strong, dominant souls, with particular missions to perform, have been known to revisit earth again after periods as brief as a decade. But a long span in physical life is usually too tiring on the psyche to make earthly return attractive till the Period of Rest in some higher octave of consciousness has been adequately indulged in.

For the skeptical to declare that this child had never been previously in earth-life at all, that the spirit of the departed mother was "obsessing" little Shanti, is propounding an enigma that becomes more preposterous than the rational acceptance which the evidence has invited.

It is fair to ask WHY such an obsession should take place, what could possibly be accomplished by it, more than all else: How could it be done?

Shanti has no other personality in her body—that observers are aware of—but that of her own spirit, directly "remembering" her sequence in life as Madam Chaubey.

Of course it makes hash of the theological hypothesis. But the theological hypothesis is something to be believed, not to be examined!

THE NATURAL smoke-screen for the orthodox-minded to throw around the case of Shanti Devi is the somewhat weak challenge: "Isn't it strange that it has to happen in distant India? We have opportunity to check up on none of it, on the opposite side of the planet. Why shouldn't things like that happen to persons right here in America, not in a land where mysticism has become the prevailing distemper?"

But offer such critics cases of the same thing that *have* happened here in America, and will they investigate and be convinced by the testimony?

Indeed they will not.

If it be proved conclusively that the soul goes neither to the harp-playing heaven nor the demon-fired hell when it departs from the body, then what happens to vast church structure and the fiat of Hebrew theology?

The answer is unthinkable.

Truth is not concerned in it.

Truth is not wanted in it.

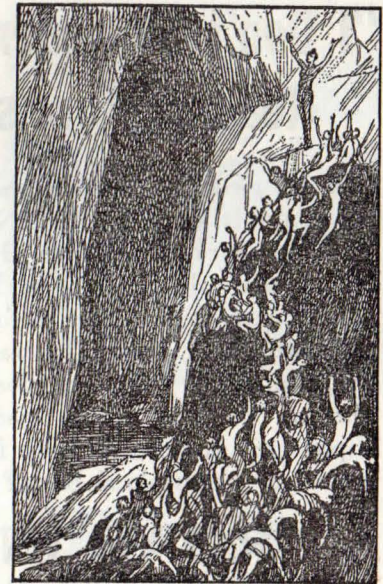
A hundred thousand clergymen would be thrown out of jobs, if it were conclusively proven that the Theological Hypothesis is false. Better teach the people error, frighten them into being good, than have promiscuous clergymen added to our breadlines.

The unemployment situation is bad enough already. Goodness gracious, certainly!

Speaking of similar cases not in far-off India, the editors of this periodical have examined the case of a 14-year-old girl in a Tennessee city who as a child of five sat back on its heels in bed with its mother of a Sunday morning and announced:

"Sarah, I'm a relative of yours!"

"Of course you're a relative," the mother responded, astonished, however, that the baby had employed her christened name which her husband never called her and which the baby could not



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SOULCRAFT CHAPELS

Noblesville, Indiana

have heard. "You're my own dear little girl."

"Yes, I know I'm a girl this time," the 'baby' went on. "But I wasn't a girl in my last life. My name was Amos, and I was closely related to you. I died when you were eighteen years old!"

Fancy this sort of thing coming from the lips of a child scarcely old enough to go to kindergarten.

Yet something more had startled the mother into disquieting perspiration. "Amos" had been the name of her maternal grandfather, and the man HAD died when the mother was in her nineteenth year.

OF COURSE unpleasant notoriety results when such incidents are cried abroad. So identities and locations concerned in such happenings are rarely made public. But Esoteric Wisemen know that humanity en masse is passing out from beneath the influence of the Piscean Cycle and into the Cycle of Aquarius. So such psychical attestments are due to become the general demonstration of the truth of earth-revisitation, not the controversial incident.

When, under the influences of interstellar rays that humanity at present knows little about, these phenomena of Lifted Memory begin to arrive in catastrophic flood, the whole human scene must undergo change.

Caste social troubles will begin to disintegrate, when it is disclosed conclusively to the general masses that earthly economic predicament is but an incident, that the slave-driver of today may be the serf of tomorrow, that the angered Red who wants to upset society because he imagines he has only one life to live while the Upper Brackets deny him all its good things, may be the industrial magnate of 1987.

WHAT CAN clergymen say to the case of Shanti Devi?

They can say, of course, that it's all hoax and heresy, or newspaper sensation. They can say that to give general credence to that sort of Theosophical Brainstorm would mean the tipping of existing institutions. They can say that when people die, they DIE, and no nonsense about it, that they go to either heaven or hell, and that no one has ever "come back" to give evidence otherwise.

That Madam Kedar Nath Chaubey has thus "come back," they vigorously refute.

More's the pity—for humanity.

The Pelley Case

BY THE time another issue of VALOR shall have come from the press, it will be known in precisely what attitude the local Federal Magistrate is to entertain the Motion for application of the Baumgartner and Hartzell 1944 decisions of the Pelley Case. Inasmuch as the local Federal Attorney took an extension of 45 days over usual time for answering Movant's motion, the Recorder's attorneys asked for a ten-day extension in answering his innocuous "reply". This answer to the "reply" should be in the Court's hands the first of the coming week. The Judge then either sets a date for oral hearing or denies the whole petition. If he denies the whole petition, then an appeal from this will be made to the Seventh District Court of Appeals at Chicago—for essentially the whole action is to ask the Government to take note of the Supreme Court decisions of 1944 that apply to movant's case and which he can secure benefit from in no other manner. Movant's original appeal was denied certiorari by the Supreme Court the same year that the Baumgartner and Hartzell decisions were handed down. Both Baumgartner and Hartzell, by having their certioraris allowed, were found Not Guilty and discharged—for "offenses" of exactly same character and consequence.

Year of 1953

(Continued from Page 2)

derstanding in that, there is comfort, there is philosophy. Soulcraft people don't become hysterical over political nominees, or official skulduggeries, or foreign threats, or minority malefactions. During the winter and spring of 1953, and on into its momentous summer, they know that a vast expose of these recalcitrant elements is coming and that they defeat and vanquish themselves by their own blunderings and lack of wisdom in cosmic operatings. Russia has done that already throughout half the world. The factors and factions behind the whole world-wide Marxist fiasco will do it.

There are those who see its maturing, clairvoyantly.

The sooner we're through the whole bottleneck of it, the quicker the Golden Times come in!

Flying Saucers

(Continued from Page 4)

periodical even prints his photograph—along with photographs of Mr. Silas Newton, the oil magnate, and Scully himself.

Particularly serious-minded citizens, from their looks, if VALOR were asked for its opinion . . .

Your Value to Life

(Continued from Page 6)

getting a bunch of men together, and going over and slitting the vitals of his rival, King Mut.

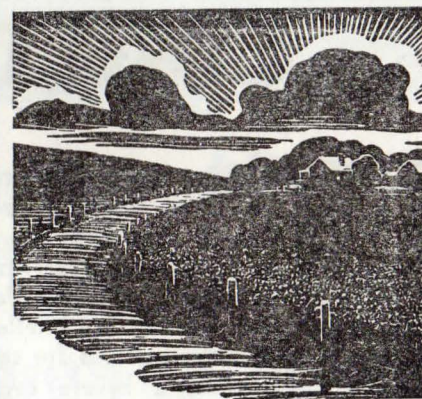
Tiz and Mut enjoyed a great squabble, while their days lasted. But ten thousand men on each side whose names never did get cut in granite, were equally as essential to the brawl between Tiz and Mut—making good their claims to kingship—as those potentates themselves.

COSMOS looks at the tumult as a unit. It says, "There were twenty-thousand-and-two Baby Gods mixed up in that stramash. Shove 'em all together in some cosmic Turkish bath—that is, without the identifying vestments to set Tiz and Mut apart in the parades, the two no different from Joe who did the hoof-work—and they all become mere particles of Performing Consciousness, gaining personal experiences to improve their self-awareness." As a matter of fact, for all that present humankind can disprove to the contrary, it may have been Tiz himself who begged the cold-veal sandwiches at the back door last night and Mut who got buried by the fancy assortment of Elks, Masons, Hog-Callers, and Ambulance-Chasers when he'd fallen from that stepladder in striving to unscrew the dome from the Capitol.

And you who held both in a certain disdain—one for being improvident according to twentieth century standards and the other for being a kleptomaniac in the matter of insurance moneys, patents, senate offices and railroads—may have been Joe Joblots who wielded many cheese-knives that history should have pattern.

Is it not strangely significant in this

(Continued on Page 14)



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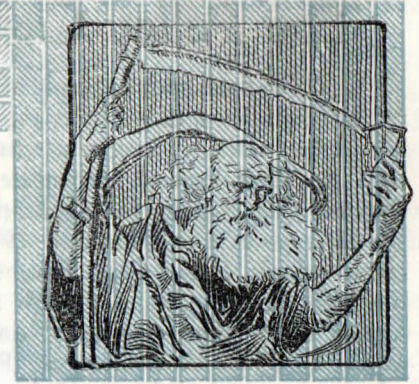


WRITES a Down East critic: "I see you're a Spiritualist, dragging Spiritualistic hocus-pocus into national politics. Too bad, with all the intellect you seem to have otherwise. As for myself, I'm a Christian. I believe every word in the Bible from cover to cover. And materializations are satanic. If my own mother walked out of a medium's cabinet, known to everyone in the room along with myself, and speaking in her own voice as I remembered it, I'd tell her to get back into hell with the devil who's called her up." . . . I do get letters like that. Some of them come from ministers, predominantly Lutherans, who remark in Christian frankness respecting the *Golden Scripts* that if Jesus Christ ever did come back to earth, and wanted to say anything to modern man, He'd say it through ministers of His church, not "common newspapermen" as one pastor phrased it. Another prelate of a big church said that he couldn't credit Soulcraft because it was too much "fad"—get that one. Funny people in the world! When they don't want to believe a thing, they can shut their minds up tighter than wall-paper against a wall . . . The fact of the matter is, I'm *not* a Spiritualist, although I have tolerance and sympathy for the religious tenets of the Spiritualists. I had a long argument by mail with A. Conan Doyle just before he Went Over, when someone had sent him a copy of *The American* carrying my Seven-Minutes article. "Deny it though you please, Pelley," said the celebrated creator of Sherlock Holmes, "you still *are* a Spiritualist—if you ask us to accept that your hyperdimensional adventure was bona fide." The reason I'm not a Spiritualist is because I see no reason for making the higher psychological faculties of the human spirit the basis of a religious denomination. As well make a religious denomination out of my radio—or better still, my heartbeat. And having gone so far as to subscribe all-out to the facts of continual earthly rebirth, the Spiritualists look askance at me. If I were a Spiritualist in France, I'd be laboring under no such censure, for it's my understanding that if you're a Spiritualist in France

and parley-voos professionally, you move in all the best circles and are accepted by all the right people. I'll concede there's a Summerland, because discarnately I've visited it. But by the same token, I know there's something higher and even more majestic above the Summerland level. It seems to me—and I speak in all earnest camaraderie—my Spiritualist friends are too content to play around in its valleys instead of upon its heights. However, that's their business . . . My personal activities in psychical research and Extra-Sensory Perception convince me that the Spiritualists are closer to Truth than any other religious denomination, but by limiting themselves to standards of doctrine, they're limiting themselves in wisdom they might acquire that's actually greater than anything they envision at present. But I started to talk about that Fundamentalist who was sure the devil was impersonating his mother. I wrote him asking how he knew there *was* a devil? He wrote back that not only did the Bible say there was a devil, but Old Nick proved himself by coming into a seance room as the impersonation of his mother. If this wasn't playing both ends against the middle in ectoplasm, then I never saw a spook of it. What are you going to do with such people? Well, not write letters to them, is recommendation One, because starting from the premise that the Bible is infallible as the Word of an anthropomorphic God, they use one fallacy to prove another fallacy—and sometimes end by announcing they're coming to Noblesville and knock out my brains . . .

o—o

I PICKED up the paper yesterday morning and found this item permanently displayed—carrying a Washington, D. C. dateline: "Publication of a new English version of the *Bible*, the first Biblical changes authorized by Protestant churches in 51 years, has a worldwide 'special significance' according to President Truman. Mr. Truman said, 'the event will be the occasion of a fresh awakening of interest in religion.' He made the statement in a letter to the National Council of the Churches of Christ in reference to Christian Education Week, Sept. 28-Oct. 5th, when the re-



vised standard version of the *Bible* will be released. The revised edition of the *Bible* was authorized in 1929 but a committee of 32 Biblical scholars did not start work upon it until 1937. The New Testament was completed in 1945 and was published the following year. *It was the fifth authorized standard version published in English.* . . . I suppose I'd be indictable for heresy, manslaughter, arson, bad-check-passing and Chinese mayhem if I dared to ask where the infallible Word of God figures, every time the dominies get together and change a few more passages—as they've been constantly changing them down something like 16 centuries—and we believe what they change . . . *If the Bible is the infallible Word of God, how do 32 mortals audaciously presume to alter or edit Him?* . . . All of it reminds me of Old Man Fitch back in New England . . .

o—o

OLD MAN Fitch had lived a long and a hard life. He'd buried three wives—although whether to sympathize with Old Man Fitch or the wives for such demises was problematical. One of his sons was in the State Penitentiary, another had committed suicide. Four daughters had left home as soon as the legal age permitted and were never heard from subsequently. Old Man Fitch in his sunset years lived far out on West Main Street in a cottage house where he did his own cooking and made his own beds. But through all his family vicissitudes, praise God, he never "lost his religion." He'd argue religion with you till the cows came home—and frequently did, and raised a bovine ruckus in the back barnyard where they wanted fodder and water and a surplus of lacteal fluid removed from swollen udders . . . Mrs. Tazzie Critchie, wife of "Doc" Critchie, the veterinary—with a flare for the dramatic

and fed up with the tedium of a small town—went sour on the sanctimonious old Fundamentalist one afternoon in Parmalee's Drug Store when she saw him making passes at Dexter Merritt's sister. Tazzie decided it was up to her to teach Old Man Fitch a lesson in sacred histronics he'd never forget. (I made a fiction yarn out of this for one of the standard magazine years later and got a thousand dollars for it, but it expounds a certain point and will bear a brief reference) . . .

o—o

TAZZIE'S method for teaching Old Fitch the lesson was to visit a costuming firm in North Adams and rent herself—of all things for Tazzie—a pair of stage-property wings hemmed with tinsel and a voluminous white gown that made her look like an angel. Having these shipped home in a huge cardboard box, she chose a night when she knew Old Fitch would be in his widower's cottage, she dressed her straw-colored hair in angelic fashion, donned the robes, hooked on the wings, and went through several back gardens under cover of darkness to knock on Fitch's door. Her obvious purpose was to impersonate a denizen of the celestial climes, gain entrance to Fitch's precincts, and tell him off to his face just what God and the Heavenly Host thought about his work—three good women into their graves, driving one son to jail, another to suicide, and four girls to either bright lights or dark alleys. She had her piece learned good, but even if she hadn't learned it good, Tazzie had a vocabulary and a manner of using it that left nothing missing in the epochal job of "expressing her mind" . . .

o—o

JUST WHAT actually happened in that cottage house at the end of West Main Street when Old Man Fitch opened the door and beheld a feminine creation equipped with wings where her shoulder-blades should have been, and her hands, face, and hair touched up with mascara and phosphorus, must be left to those among us whose imaginations are on the beam . . . But Tazzie Critchie was caught in her own trap, or hoist on her own petard—assuming she had a petard seeing she possessed practically everything else. Old Man Fitch, promptly from that night, went into retreat. He came into my printing-office



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Noblesville, Indiana

the week following and wanted prices on large auction bills, listing his personal possessions with which he was parting at public sale, rain or shine, free lunch at noon and women in attendance to care for small children. Long before all his worldly possession were thus sacrificed, he began taking baths and cutting his beard. He bought severe black clothes in the local emporiums and immaculate white shirts with starched bosoms like

boards. He'd had a Sacred Experience, he finally stated, and received a commission to save the world from sin. He celebrated his new prophethood by giving a thousand dollars to mend the Methodist Church roof on an agreement that he be allowed to occupy its pulpit of a Sabbath evening. Whereupon he preached the most sensational sermon ever heard around those parts. *And those New England folks fell for it.* Ebenezer Fitch as



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a prophet was the only one I ever heard of, not without honor in his own country. Revival meetings started from his vociferous sermons. Something had hold of the man. Something had hold of his hearers. Religious fervor swept the countryside. Something had happened in the way of an epiphany that had changed Ebenezer and who were they to say he had always been a whited sepulchre and ought forever to be held a whited sepulchre? And who do you think one of his first converts was, at the Bar of Divine Grace? . . . You're right . . . Tazzie! . . .

o—o

SHE STARTED in by confessing three infidelities when her therapeutic spouse had been over in the next county sitting up on various occasions with sick hogs; she confessed to shoplifting a watch-and-chain in a North Adams jewelry store one Christmas when her supply of Yuletide cash ran out; she told of finding seven hundred dollars in a wallet under Deacon Willett's pillow after attending him till he died, and keeping it, and letting the Deacon's wife become our leading pauper at the County Farm. Old Fitch, newly-raised prophet, amended her and praised-the-Lord over her . . . then carried away by something or other, or pinned down to make a complete confession before the Bar of Grace, she capped an evening of soul-purging by sobbing out how she'd rented a pair of stage wings with seven dollars stolen from her husband's trousers whilst he slept and impersonated a female Gabriel in a call on none other than Ebenezer the Prophet not without honor in his own country, to tell him off for working three helpmates to death . . . Did that tear it! . . . The Prophet turned red, white, blue, diamond green and sunset pink, gulped a whole program of times, poured water from the pulpit pitcher and lost most of it down the chaste starched bosom, gulped a lot more—and his divine commission went out like a light. There was nothing funny about it, and it was not meant to be funny. You see, Sobbing Tazzie—whose story this is, not Ebenezer's—had been touched by something Real. Which is the way with Spirit. It's bigger than man-made cant, or ritual, or barnyard prophets, or orthodoxy, or one's fancy notions about the devil, or how many cherubim can hold a New Year's Party on a pin-point . . . The one funny thing was, that although Ebenezer took off his hard-boiled shirts

and went back to argufying and sputefying—and to the devil with saving souls—Tazzie let Critchie divorce her for the infidelities and went to Springfield and joined the Salvation Army, where she may be rattling the tambourine this very moment, if she isn't too old. Maybe there's a moral to it somewhere, but you find it. You see, adding it all up, in what I'm trying to do I'm shouting for whatever-it-was-touched-Tazzie, not whatever-it-was-touched Ebenezer, not over-looking Tazzie's angelic hands as she shook the front of him to shake some honesty into him. And further deponent sayeth not . . .

—THE RECORDER

Your Value to Life

(Continued from Page 11)

connection, that out of the two billion human beings who usually inhabit earth during each generation, no two of them anywhere have precisely the same designs in whorls and ridges on their fingertips?

The marvel of this Science of Fingerprint Identification is not that Nature has found a method for marking each person peculiar to himself—something which it has not done in the matter of animals—but that absolutely no partiality has been shown in these markings, and that the markings are there at all!

Jungle savage or Coptic high-priest, Communist seaman or Christian industrialist, Chinaman, Britisher, Jew or Nazi—each and every sentient human unit born into the social world of earth carries about with him such specific credentials.

Who designed these credentials?

Who passed them out?

Why were not some souls allotted prettier designs than others?

And now comes an august convention of scientists sitting in Williamstown a couple of summers ago, giving it out that in addition to individualistic fingerprints, no two persons in all manifesting life have exactly the same electrical vibratory rate.

We each have a different buzz!

If you don't believe it, attend a church supper.

WHAT CAN all these separate and indisputable markings and buzzings mean but identification tags on our performing spirits as we play our varied

roles up ten thousand generations? If we were Babylonian monarchs yesterday, and are panhandlers today, and will be captains of arsenals stocked with armaments of death-rays tomorrow—and a thousand years hence shall be fillers of sandwich prescriptions in millennium drug stores—then is it not true that every performing soul is just as essential to Cosmos as every other performing soul, in that all are requisite to make the drama balance?

By the same token, how may one actor in that drama say to an other actor, "I am better than you," or "I am more important to the show"? His part for the given act may be the more spectacular, he may spout more pompous lines, but without the humblest spear-carrier the performance lacks perfection. In the eyes of the cosmic audience, the voiceless spear-carrier can no more be noted as missing from the ensemble than the throaty Thespian who stalks down center-stage.

It is therefore time that you asked yourself honestly, "Do I really appreciate my value to Cosmos? Have I truly come to grasp that one of these days-of-lives I am going to be jerked from the ranks of spear-carrier and made to stalk stage-center?"

For Cosmos, as such, can no more get along without you than King Tiz and Mut could have gotten along without Joe Joblots and still made good their enactments as past monarchs.

So the next time you see a beggar shuffling down a side street, be careful what names you call him.

Cosmos views him as of exactly the same importance as Henry Ford, J. P. Morgan, Senator Whoozis, and certainly General Dwight Eisenhower.

By the same token, whatever your station, caste, or affluence, you cannot get lost or misplaced in this universe. The buzzer of your beautiful personality is vibrating just as loudly and insistently into all the higher octaves, as the mightiest personage who ever saw sunlight.

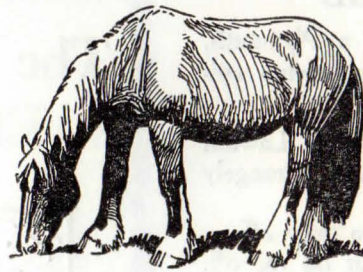
Cosmos isn't going to ask: "Who are you, anyhow?" as you push upward into it. It is going to remark: "We see you're doing better work these days and more power to you!"—which doubtless birthed that pretty notion that we each "have our names on angels' books!"

All Cosmos knows us intimately!

Yes, we learn some queer things when we probe the higher octaves.

We learn, for one thing, that it's insufferably silly to grow a Swelled Head!

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T H E P A Y O F F

EPITAPHS

AMONG the stones in a Plymouth, Mass. churchyard this Lawton epitaph is classical—

Here lie the bones of Richard Lawton
Whose death alas, was strangely brought on.

Trying one day his corns to mow off
His razor slipped and cut his toe off.
His toe, or rather what it grew to,
An inflammation quickly flew to,
Which too, alas, to mortifying
And was the cause of Richard's dying.

IN STOWE, Vt., a headstone carries the following—

My wife from me departed
And robbed me like a knave,
Which caused me broken-hearted
To sink into this grave,
My children took an active part
To doom me did contrive,
That stuck such dagger in my heart
That I did not survive.

ENOSBURG is a town in far northern Vermont, that contains a celebrated stone in memory of one Anna Hopewell—

Here lies the body of our Anna,
Done to death by a banana;
It wasn't fruit that laid her low,
But the skin of the thing that made her go.

IVY SAUNDERS of Shutesbury, Mass. put up the following tombstone to her four husbands—

Here lie my husbands, One, Two, Three,
Dumb as ever men could be.
As for my Fourth, well, praise be God,
He bides as yet above the sod;
Alex, Ben, Sandy, were first three's names
The fourth will come here, he's named James.

MIDDLEFIELD, Mass., contains another odd one, memorializing the remains of one Thomas Mulvaney, who departed this life in 1795—

Old Tom Mulvaney resteth here,
His mouth it ran from ear to ear;
Reader, tread lightly on such wonder,
If Tom had sneezed you'd gone to thunder.

The New Autumn Program of Electronic Broadcasts of Soulcraft



Second Address
SEPT. 14th:

“The Man on Horseback”

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 second discourse is upon the subject: *The Man on Horseback* . . . Don't miss it!

Attend or Start a Chapel

IN LEE, Mass., is a stone above the graves of two remarkable stout people which reads—

Open wide, ye heavenly gates
That lead to heavenly shore,
Our father squeezed in passing through
And mother squeezed much more.

A CEMETERY stone erected in Middlebury, Vt., by a widow in memory of her loving husband, bears this inscription—

“Rest in peace—until we meet again!”

UP IN HOLLIS, N. H. one Cynthia Stevens became immortalized—

Here lies Cynthia, Stevens' wife,
They lived six years in calm and strife.
Death came at last and set her free;
Our Cynth was glad, and so was he.

IN CANAAN, N. H., Amos Shute reposes beneath this—

He heard the angels calling him
From ye celestial shore;
He flapped his wings and off he went
To make one angel more.