

Valor

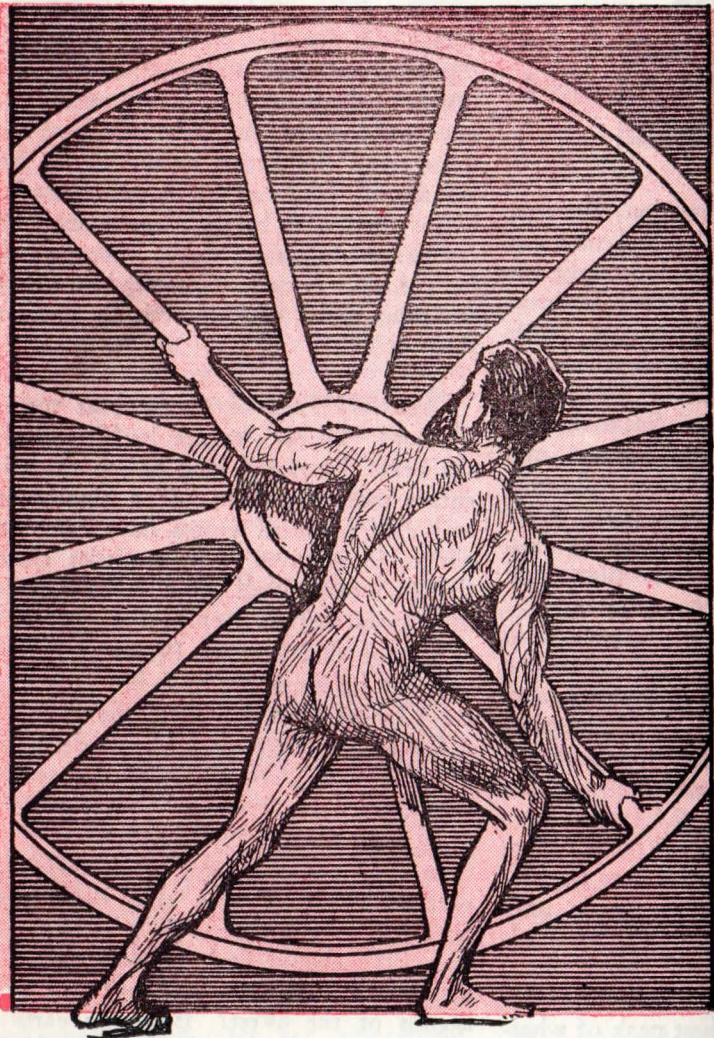
The Golden Times Weekly . . .

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

Volume III

Noblesville, Indiana, Saturday, September 13, 1952

Number 20



WHEN THE WHEEL TURNS OVER

SCIENCE is belatedly coming into realization that all natural manifestation, either out in the universe or right here on earth, performs in cycles. Some are wondering if it mayn't be the commonplace working of Cause and Effect. Others are not so sure. From *somewhere* comes a ghostly influence that shapes our daily acts in a way to make shivers run up and down the spine. It comes in rhythmic cosmic beats. Even events in lives of nations respond to it. From events in the lives of nations it travels into such anomalous displays as sunspots, disease epidemics, real estate transactions, marriage rates, wheat crops, rainfall, and the birth increases of snow-shoe rabbits and chinch bugs. Even the abundance of lynx and the patronage of public libraries rises and falls to it.

The peaks come every 9.6 years.

IN NUMEROLOGY we have what is commonly called the Pythagorean Cycle. Even the common-garden variety of Numerologist, if he knew accurately a given person's birthdate, can draw up a chart in a matter of minutes that shows in precisely what years back over the life have been "good" years and which "bad" years, and when these are checked and found accurate—as they infallibly will be—the figures may be carried on past the present and into the future. Only in the given individual's chart, the repeat-cycle will assume the aspect more of an upward expanding spiral.

(over)

EVERY one of us is aware of many common cycles, so common that we don't think of them as cycles at all—the rhythm in music, the pulse in our wrists, the swing of our earth around the sun, giving us the four seasons. Then there's also the cycle of plant-life reincarnation and the returning to life of trees and shrubs each spring. But there are also uncanny cycles in human affairs.

It doesn't necessarily mean that if a given person lost \$40 in 1944, that in the middle of 1953 he stands to lose \$50 in a repeat performance. It's the accumulate of fortunes that registers. You hear a given person complain, "It seemed as if everything I did last year went awry—I had a rotten run of luck every month of the whole twelve." You can't inform such person that nine years and six months hence he'll have another run of bad luck in an expanded form. You pick out the years when his luck has been good, when "everything seemed to come his way", and inform him in all certainty that in given years that are predictable he'll have return performances of that same good fortune. Because he will. How Pythagoras discovered it, we'll never know. But the discovery of this Repeat Cycle in the human program is attributed to him.

AS IT is with individuals, so it seems to be with all human institutions. Back in 1931 a group of scientists at a house party whimsically formed what they called the First International Conference on Biological Cycles, which ten years later seriously became the Foundation for the Study of Cycles. Because the cycles are real—too real for comfort.

What, for instance, causes the amount of ozone in the air to increase and decrease every 9.6 years? By the same token, how comes it that the death-rate from heart disease follows precisely the same pattern? Why is there a rise and fall periodically in the procreation of mink, grouse, marten, tent caterpillars, chinch bugs and salmon? Apparently there are magnetic disturbances somewhere, affecting all forms of sentient or organic life on this planet, but what causes them is hidden.

For instance, in the field of psychology it is shown that not only deaths from heart disease but suicide, mental disorders, and maladjustments of the nerves, sensory organs and circulatory system are all tied into the universal rhythmic swing. And commonly accepted, magnetic disturbances are dependent upon sunspots.

But can we lay fluctuations in stock-market prices to sunspots? We know that stock-market prices do rise and fall in response to the Pythagorean rhythmic beat, numerologically. We might lay the alkalinity of the human bloodstream in some manner to fluctuations in the o-

zone that in turn is determined by the magnetic influences from sunspots. We do know it happens but not why.

Strangely enough, statisticians are discovering that the real-estate cycle really requires *two* of the ordinary Pythagorean $9\frac{1}{2}$ -year cycles to complete in most pronounced form, whereas the so-called Business Cycle performs commercially at exactly one third of the Pythagorean rate.



Of course the connection between weather, industrial activity and prices is obviously close. Insects and drought affect crops, meat prices, retail business and transportation. But in the larger sense of civil activities, while the cycle is there we see it adopting forms that are still more significant. Scandals and corruptions in government, graver and graver exposes of malodorous influences behind governmental affairs, crises in diplomacy and even the outbreak of hostilities in various parts of the planet, all have their rhythmic reoccurrences.

Was it by chance, for instance, that the United States became afflicted by the ultra-radical New Deal 1932-1933 and that precisely the run of the Pythagorean Cycle as to time, Pearl Harbor and the War against Germany and Italy arrived—in 1941-1942? Then 9.6 years later came the outbreak of the Korean-Oriental struggle, leading possibly into the Armageddon of Scripture as Russia and China become deeper and deeper involved.

Every nine and one-half years!

By the same token, the business indexes show that the highest peak of whatever prosperity the country had under Roosevelt, came in 1938—just before the enforced embroilment with Japan. In 1947 the same thing happened under Truman. Which would bring the next "good years" commercially in the United States to 1956.

But here's something more portentous—

The Nuremburg trials of the Nazi leaders in the last war were held in Oc-

tober of 1946. Eleven top Nazis were sentenced to death by hanging—thus setting the precedent that victors in a war have the "right" to execute their opposite numbers when the latter have lost a conflict.

Does this mean that another Nuremburg is coming in 1955—but on a larger and more significant scale?

Certainly it is known that the world holds far more pernicious and malodorous workers of international iniquity than ever were the top lieutenants of the Hitlerian Party. That their works are gradually coming to complete exposure is as sure as the inevitability of Effect from Cause. It was in 1947 that President Truman addressed Congress on the necessity of financing Greece and other Balkan countries for the fight against Stalinism—and the nation awakened to the menace of Marxism on a global basis. What then is to be the "awakening" of the nations in respect to the interests and individuals behind Communism, and measures to be taken practically against them in 1956?

THE WHEEL of cosmic beat turns, and "history repeats itself"—which the poets discovered long before the scientists and economists. If a significant and vital series of events have come to climax in a given year, statistics show that it repeats itself on a grander scale in 9 years and six months.

Strange that in 1943 President Roosevelt put his signature to a bill repealing the Chinese Exclusion Act, and in 1952 a California court on a bigger decision, declared that U-N law in respect to aliens applied to orientals holding property in that State—9 years again.

In 1943 occurred some of the heaviest earthquakes in Turkey that the Near East had ever suffered. Is it so strange that 1952 should find temblors shaking the North American continent and the islands of the West? Even the earth's crust follows the law. In between 1943 and 1952 occurred no quakes of any real consequence excepting two years ago in South America—where quakes are more or less of a steady program.

We come back to the question of expose of malignant personages.

The Whittaker Chambers-Alger Hiss affair broke in the Congress in December of 1948. Nine years and 6 months

(Continued on Page 9)

Are You Aware that THE DEVIL IS ONLY 2,569 YEARS OLD?

IT REQUIRES an effort of the imagination to conceive of a time when throughout the whole earth there was not a nation, a religion, or a human being that held the slightest notion that such a personage as the Devil existed.

People who have not probed deeply into theological fundamentals, take it for granted that the Devil—like God—has always existed.

They are pathetically unaware that the personage of the Devil is a modern creation, that we know the man and the religion that first introduced him into human thinking, that he is not more than three thousand years old as a theological concept, and that men were born, and lived and died, for something like a million years on this planet, with no more suspicion that Old Nick had any existence than they entertain suspicion today that mayhap the earth is square, that it lays eggs like a turtle, or that its floods and droughts and riots are decreed by an ascended master named Jones who once was an alderman in Haverhill, Massachusetts.

If ever there was a silly and childish notion introduced into human philosophy to plague the spiritually illiterate, it is this theological fairy tale that all the evil in the world is under the control of a perverted god with cloven hoofs and a forked tail who presides over a celestial concentration camp for incorrigibles whom God won't have in the orthodox heaven.

It is one of those vicious superstitions that have gotten into the thinking of the race, born of a need for explanation of the ills to which poor mortal flesh is heir because the fundamental truths of earthly revisitation are so vigorously suppressed.

It is high time that those of us who are graduating out of the kindergarten of

How Satan Is a Man-Made Deity to Account for Human Frailty . .

spiritual thought, should view the notion of the Devil as the hypothetical scapegoat that he is.

Actually, he's a man-made deity, conceived to account for the human frailties and wickedness of which men are guilty.

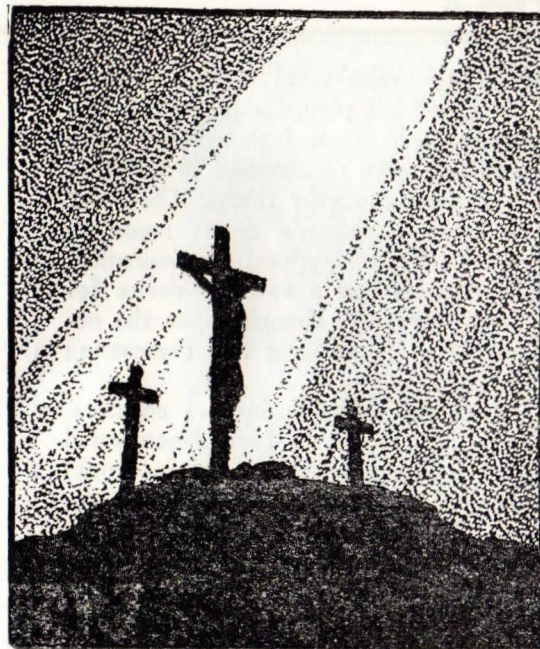
THE MAN who discovered the Devil, and, incidentally, Paradise, the Final Judgment, and the Resurrection of the Dead, is one of the most interesting characters in the history of religions.

His name was Zoroaster and the Zoroastrian tradition, corroborated by Arabian sources, places the beginning of this prophet's public teaching something like 272 years before the death of Alexander the Great—which would definitely locate the birth of Zoroaster at 660 B. C., and his death at about 583 B. C.

The Greek classics, through a mistake, dated him at 6000 B. C., and Theosophical writers often claim an antiquity of approximately 20,000 years for him. From a single word in an Assyrian inscription some scholars date him at least 1000 B. C., but the two greatest authorities to date, Casartelli and Jackson, after painstaking research, take as correct the traditional date of B. C. 660-583.

The place of his birth was somewhere in the western part of Iran. This would make him a native of what is now modern Persia.

Racially Zoroaster seems to have come of that white Indo-European stock which at the dawn of our recorded history had divided into two great sections. One was spreading west to settle Europe, the other,



the Aryans, were settling half in Persia and half in India.

It is no small task to discover the historical Zoroaster, just as it is no small task to discover the historical Jesus. The reasons for both lie in the fact that civil or historical authorities rarely record the careers or works of modern religious founders like Joseph Smith or Mary Baker Eddy. Scholars have even doubted Zoroaster's existence, and even some who admit his historicity despair of ever finding the man behind the myths. But careful scholars have patiently studied the Persian scriptures called the Avesta, and in the Avesta the real personage has been located. In the seventeen Gathas, or psalms, the oldest part of the Avesta which some students think were written by Zoroaster himself, a consistent and powerful character stands revealed to us.

Zoroaster founded the religion known as Zoroastrianism, today the smallest of the world's living religions, with about ninety thousand adherents in India, known as Parsees—the Indian term for Persians—and a few thousand faithful Garbars near Yazd in present-day Persia. All unknown to millions of devout Christians, this man exerted a mightier influence on their faith than the Israelite, Moses.

Take away the Devil, Paradise, the Last Judgment, and the Resurrection of the Dead, from Christianity, and what have we left? Yet if Zoroaster had never lived and taught, Christianity probably never would have known of them.

IN THE evolution of modern religion, the Devil has played a useful role, yet historically he came into existence with Zoroaster's need of arousing in mankind a hatred of unworthy things. The Devil was really Zoroaster's object lesson to teach his disciples ethical discrimination. The doctrine was a valuable device for focusing primitive thought upon the importance of recognizing and overcoming evil.

Upon the devil, during his comparatively short life have been concentrated moral indignations that otherwise could have had no exercise. Much as we deplore the superstitions attaching to the existence of the Devil, we must admit that—historically—men seem to have been obliged to learn to hate the Devil before they could learn to love God.

The danger in this business, comes in the fact that men may fear the Devil so much that to all intents and purposes they worship him negatively as they worship God positively.

That is precisely what has happened down here in this twentieth century.

The Devil, in men's current theological thinking, has truly been put upon a par with God. God has first pickin's at all earth's worthy souls and takes 'em at mortal death into heaven. All whom God doesn't want apparently are pitched off a cloud into the Hot Place, thousands of miles "below," and the Devil can thereafter do with 'em whatsoever he elects. The Devil is thus on a par with God in his jurisdiction, only the devil has always gotten the short end of the deal as to the spiritual quality of the subjects consigned to him.

It has been a convenient way to dispose of the human goats in the Hereafter, as distinct from the "sheep"—and beyond it men do no thinking.

The whole business is not anything to be thought about, anyhow, much less investigated. It is something to be believed, and whosoever believes it not is slated to come under the jurisdiction of the Devil, anyhow.

So things are nicely fixed up, thank you, and have you paid your pew-rent recently?

WE LACK the space here to go specifically into the details of Zoroaster's life. If you want the unabridged story, you can get it in the 44th Galahad Lecture: *The Man Who Discovered the Devil*. His christened name was Zarathustra—or "Zarath, the Camel Tor-

Higher Criticism



RACE in the car of my Thought up the star worlds

Where oceans of brilliance their combers roll far,

I pass high Arcturus for Bootes and Alpha

Where comets of morning are steeds drawn at bar.

I rush through all maelstroms of fresh constellations

Where Epsilon guards further galaxies dim

To find at the apex of endless worlds spawning

No gnat constellation that is not known to Him!

Who says I'm mere human, with vitals and heartbeat,

Thus blind in my mind-sight to outride the All?

Who dares to bemuse me with Midian Saga

That down through such Beauty my soul knew a Fall?

What marplot would beggar the Lord of such Glory,

Hence out of His grandeur a decalogue make

Who strolls around Edens, or baits a brash woman,

And gains His proud rank from a tiff with a snake?

How purblind the vision of clowns with a penknife

To whittle such Great Cause to caste of themselves,

How petty the vista of knaves with the complex

To mold of such grandeur a Shah among elves!

That greed of base metals, by brevet of Moses,

May seize the world pence of their fellows in sin,

Dishonor the concourse of Phoebus, Betelguese,

And give fly-specked crowns to such kin as cash in!

My God is a TOTAL, the Sum of all Aeons,

Vast, diamond kind, on the crest of All Thought,

Who has but to ponder to quicken the star-mass

And sow out new sky scenes, each Calvary-bought!

With contempt for the Little, I race up the Splendor

Till mind has run out and Pure Glory begun,

For this is MY pentateuch, born of my Soul Stuff:

One Soul is all worlds—but THIS is The Son!

mentor." His father and mother had the strange names of Pourushaspa and Dughdhova, and tradition traces his genealogy to Gayomart, the Adam of Iran mythology. It is interesting to note in this connection that Zoroaster's lineage is traced to Gayomart through his father, just as that of Jesus is traced by Luke to Adam through Joseph.

It shocks many devout Christians to be solemnly assured that the only authentic story which we possess of the life of Jesus is the New Testament Book of Mark, and the Gospel according to St. Mark opens directly with the Baptism and beginning of the Ministry. The Book of Matthew, purporting to contain
(Continued on Page 15)

What People Hope to Gain by Bossing the Neighbors . .



EVERY neighborhood in this nation contains at least one person who is never truly happy unless giving advice, or handing out criticism, as to how other persons in the vicinity should be running their affairs.

Does Mrs. Jones come home from downstreet clad in a purple dress? Mrs. Jones should not have bought a purple dress. Mrs. Jones should have bought a green chiffon dress. The very idea of Mrs. Jones acquiring a purple dress. Mrs. Jones looks terrible in purple and someone should remark upon it in her hearing for the woman's own good.

Does the Smith lawn need cutting, or its last year's leaves raked? What on earth is the matter with Smith, that he doesn't see that his premises, the calendar around, wear all the aspects of a dozen last-year crows' nests? The selectmen should get after Smith. There ought to be a law requiring householders who live in neighborhoods of velvet lawns and leafless turf, to maintain their premises in a condition similar to those of householders surrounding.

Is Brown about to buy a new car? In the first place, where is Brown going to get the money—and if he's got the money, why doesn't he help out first with the pastor's salary, loan his brother-in-law enough to go into business and take the chap off the town, then why doesn't he bank it anyhow, so that if a rainy day comes along he won't be borrowing from all and sundry to keep his rent paid? Then again, what was there to the report that Brown is dead set on buying a Quint-Eight? What's the matter with the man? Doesn't he know that Quint-Eights have weak axles, noisy engines, and horns that suddenly start blaring of themselves in the dead o' nights, scaring the neighbors out of their wits? Besides, he can't get service at any corner filling-station for a Quint-Eight, and statistics prove that Quint-Eights run amuck and smash off more hydrants per month than all other makes of motor cars combined.

Another Paper Aiding You to Understand Why Life Is What You Find It . .

If the man must buy a new crate, why doesn't he buy an Algonquin, or a Puritan, or even a Henry the Second? All things considered, Brown is a fool to buy a car at all, because a bank holiday may be coming along any day now, or maybe a communist revolution, and cars will be abandoned gasless at curbsings—like they are in floods.

THERE are people whose twenty-four daily hours are one continuous caterwaul and gripe at the way other people are running their lives, manifesting their preferences, and expressing their individualities. No matter what others do, they should always do it some other way and in line with the preferences of those who would supervise them.

This itch to boss the neighbors—in fact to conduct the whole world—after the idiosyncrasies of such critical people is more than mere selfishness of viewpoint. Selfishness of viewpoint, or egocentricity, is what the superficial philosophers would term it who lack a true knowledge of the machinery operating behind human life.

Something quite different is exercising in the cases of constitutionally bossy persons.

Truly, they are frenziedly impatient to get ahead with their cosmic errands unto themselves and register those gains upon their spirits which they entered life to get, in a swifter and surer manner than seems apparent to them whenever they look at themselves subconsciously.

People overly critical of others, people who forever intrude into the affairs of others, people who have the instinctive yen to go outside the orbits of their own personal affairs to make decisions, are afflicted with a variety of spiritual fidgets



ets that their current earthly careers may not be turning out as profitable in eternal character values as they would like to develop in the mortal time at their command.

Such people are weak in the trait of a Balanced Perspective.

THEY HAVE entered life to develop their capacities for correcting and facilely judging values, for analyzing factors or situations smoothly and adroitly, for acquiring poise and self-confidence in the face of sudden alteration. They solicit worldly experiences that give them opportunities for cultivating such traits. Their need of such development is so terrific that they are perpetually hounded by a type of fear that the ordinary features of the worldly roles they have elected to play will not be fecund enough with occasions wherein such traits may be strengthened through exercise. So they not only employ themselves in such openings as present themselves in their own careers, for such development, but they go out of their way to make openings for the cultivation of such traits in the personal affairs of others.

They want all the experience-profit that their own careers can furnish—in the matter of correctly and facilely judging values, analyzing factors or situations smoothly and adroitly, and acquiring poise and self-confidence in the face of Change—and when their own careers do not seem to be furnishing enough, they step over into the careers of others and attempt to get more development by exercising in them as well.

DEEP in the vaults of the subconscious—or eternal—mind, all of us keep stored a precise and inescapable knowledge of exactly the reason we came into life in the current span, what we expected to acquire from it in the way of permanent spiritual unfoldment, and approximately what sort of persons we should turn out to be when the earthly span is run and we inventory ourselves for gains and unfoldments from the higher vantage-point of Time and Space.

When we feel that our demands on Life are being met, hour by hour, and our experiences are satisfyingly developing us according to expectation, we live dignifiedly, serenely, and in minimum friction with those about us.

Our associates say to us that we are characteristically possessed of a "happy" nature—or "even" disposition.

But there is really no such thing as a "happy" nature of itself, or an "even" disposition of itself. Both of these are but manifestations of the spirit-soul, or qualifications of contact with the current life factors, denoting the manner in which the life is being lived.

The happy, even-tempered, congenial and ebullient soul is merely one who looks at himself subconsciously, checks with the blue-prints or charts of his life-course, and finds that he can say sincerely: "The things that I expected to get from this life, while in it, I am obtaining to my utmost inner satisfaction. Life is delivering to me precisely the benefits that I hoped to receive from it, and I feel that I am absorbing them healthily and permanently."

But if a person is not obtaining such benefits, or not getting enough experiences of a kind that give him his subconsciously wanted improvements, he will reach out and infringe upon the experiences of others, try to live their lives for them, attempt to make their decisions for them, and generally do a jitterbug performance in moral indignations when those within the field of his immediate observations are behaving in a manner contrary to the first person's woefully fulfilled Life Pattern.

On the other hand, if a person comes into life for a peculiar type of experiences and gets too many of them, or gets them at such a speed that his spirit can-

not absorb their increments permanently, he will develop "nerves", acquire the disposition that is commonly termed neurasthenic, and "fly off the handle" at the least provocation. His spirit is being overloaded with experiences, exactly as a wire may get too strong a charge of electric current, and his temperament will do precisely what the wire does: fuse under the load—or perhaps short-circuit into insanity.

PUTTING the matter in another way, we might say that people who are always exhibiting an itch to boss the neighbors are suffering from acute cases



of spiritual undernourishment. They feel themselves capable of bigger things than the life-careers which they have chosen are offering them. They are overcome by a consciousness of provinciality, of circumscription, of being in a rut that is too small for them. But their life-forms are so cast that they cannot alter their careers basically without incurring karma by injury or upset to others. So they attempt to get the experience-profit in vicarious ways, by volunteering as the deciding brains in the matter of Mrs. Jones' dress, Bill Smith's slovenly real estate, and Joe Brown's selection of a car.

They are saying anent these, and a hundred other items a week in the affairs of others: "I would do so-and-so, were I in the shoes of those persons. Thereby am I striving to live the lives of such persons for them, vicariously, that I may the better develop my own discriminatory faculties."

The selfishness in the matter comes in

the item that such people have not the slightest shred of interest in helping Mrs. Jones, or Bill Smith, or Joe Brown, that such neighbors may take permanent profits out of such contacts in their own rights. If the critical ones were altruistically interested in Mrs. Jones, or neighbors Smith and Brown, they would keep as far away from any interference with their affairs as possible—knowing that there is truly no greater way to help the spiritual profit of a man or woman than by letting them make their own decisions and thus learn from trial-and-error what happens.

No, such critical persons are strictly engaged in helping themselves, perfecting their own bumps of discrimination by trespassing into the Experience Field of who-soever is nearest.

Do not censure people who exhibit the itch to boss the neighbors. Look upon them as souls who are spiritually undernourished, who really hunger to perfect themselves faster and more satisfyingly than their life roles are permitting in the earth state as they arranged it. Their own lives are not fecund enough with opportunities for character-development. So they have to borrow opportunities from the careers of others.

After all, they are trying to get somewhere spiritually. And for that effort we should forgive them much!

After all, the problem is a delicate one, how far we *can* interest ourselves in the intimate affairs of others without upsetting balances in lives we have no business to upset. We have come into the mortal coil to gain certain benefits from experiences and contacts for ourselves. Being prone to estimate the errands of others by our own, we too often forget that the next man or woman may be in life to get increment from a wholly different set of experiences and contacts. If we insist too severely on the next man or woman living experiences patterned on what *we* require we may run a great risk of taking his or her karma on ourselves.

The secret to the riddle is not so deeply hidden as we think. When a given person *asks* for advice or help, and it is given and followed, even to the asker's hurt, we have taken nothing on ourselves.

It's *forcing* ourselves or our counsel on others that damages.

Let's be more circumspect.



SUPERNATURAL EXPERIENCES . .

THE HAUNTINGS in Calvados Castle, Normandy, the account of which has been running in these pages for the past several weeks, calls up the whole matter of Psychical Research and some observations regarding it. Readers' comment has been interesting. One Cleveland lady delivered a bit of a jolt by criticizing, "Of what use is it to know about such things, when we don't know the causes? I haven't been particularly interested in the Calvados narrative because the happenings were all Greek to me. All right, there were knocks and cries and displacements of furnishings—so what? What was accomplished and what have we gained from being told about it?"

The answer to that would be, as VALOR sees it, that we have an attested recital of what physical effects a discarnate entity can consummate in this material world, and by knowing the details of similar happenings universally we gradually establish understanding between the various planes of substance in Matter. That a world of life may not necessarily be non-existent merely because it is invisible to organic eyesight involves deeper investigation from Physics on this side. Is Matter any less Matter, or any less subject to manipulation, because it lacks the density to respond to our lower-grade physical direction. Actually, of course, in the last analysis, it is invisible Survival of conscious personality that is being substantiated.

And that is the ultimate in all psychical research.

SOULCRAFT has passing interest in psychical phenomena for this last reason only. What is the state or condition of spiritual units after they have withdrawn from bodily organism, how

far is this Third Plane or Dimension of Matter apparent to them, and how much does attested and proven happenings, motivated from the invisible areas of Reality, convey of the error that popular religious acceptances comprise?

The Hebraic versions of avowed "holy" writ make the flat statement as a religious fundamental, that "there is neither voice nor knowledge in the grave where thou goest"—meaning that the grave is the end of all things earthly. A man is a clay body, therefore, and when his body perishes, all that such man is, or has been, perishes with it. All of it was compiled three to four thousand years ago, in a period when men were so circumscribed in their knowledge that they weren't even aware that the earth beneath their feet was spherical, and only a fifth-rate planet encircling a third-rate star-sun. Yet religiously we of today are asked to accept it as unquestionable fact. This "truth" further stated that "at the last trump" or the End of All Things, an angel would blow upon a trumpet and "all who were in their graves would come forth." Thereupon they would be "judged" by Divine Providence for their sins in the flesh, and if found worthy, would live eternally—obviously in a mysterious new body that they would acquire without procreation.

And Psychical Research in a scientific Twentieth Century, is refuting the whole thing in seance rooms every night in the year.

There certainly is voice and knowledge "in the grave whence thou goest", or in the areas of survived consciousness lying behind or beyond it, just as Science has proven astronomically that the sun, moon, and stars were by no means "lights set in the heavens to give light upon the earth."

Modern humankind in the main is believing something as fantastically archaic as the story of Charon riding the souls of the departed across the River Styx. But because it's enshrined in tradition, and has been accepted as fact for such an incredible time, there's a restiveness

amounting almost to repudiation of whatsoever contradicts it.

To examine evidences of what does occur to the deceased person, is the one accredited value of Psychical Research or review of such happenings as disclosed themselves in Calvados Castle . .

PSYCHICAL Research itself, however, has by no means been immune from this inertia of tradition. Get ten so-called scientists together, produce manifestations of the most incredible phenomena before them, and how do they react? Nine of them will at once set about rationalizing it as occurring from sort of ledgerdermain or trickery, or suggesting ways in which the manifestations *could* have been done by mechanics or magic. That the latter often involve more parphenalia than the house has timbers, means nothing to them, if they can only discover a method by which the "hoax" *might* have been worked. Subconsciously what these so-called investigators are doing, is paying obeisance to the ancient Hebraic dogma. A body lies dead, so the soul within it must lie dead. Brain is stilled, so Mind must be blanked out. Induct these "investigators" into a situation such as the following and they are puzzled and lost—

Of an evening in May, 1941, one of the outstanding bona fide and reliable mediums of the nation was a guest of The Soulcraft Recorder at his home in Indianapolis. She gave a sitting in his library at which some 20 members of the Soulcraft headquarters staff and local friends were present. All windows were sealed, lights shut off and telephone disconnected. Every condition was dictated and controlled by the Recorder and his adult son and daughter, against any form of fraud. Some of the guests that evening had been invited no later than six-thirty that afternoon, and had not been known by the medium as being in attendance—thereby obviating the familiar alibi that the medium first bones up on the details of sitters' lives in order to

(Continued on Page 11)

Valor

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

SOULCRAFT CHAPELS

Box 192 NOBLESVILLE, INDIANA

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

VOL. III SEPTEMBER 13, 1952 No. 20

What Price Protest?



EVER in the history of the nation's distempers—reaching back to October 29, 1929—have so many persons in so many quarters of the land essayed so much print to protest what's being done in high official places. One morning's mail at Soulcraft brings bulky circulars from San Diego, California and Dayton, Ohio; Chicago, Illinois and Oakland, California; St. Louis, Missouri and New York City. Words, words, and more words—that Eisenhower's but a puppet from Nowhere for the internationalists from Everywhere, that Stevenson's a hand-picked stooge for the same interests who've had our country in thrall for almost a generation. The Americans for Republican Action in Philadelphia are thumping the tub for a return to the Constitution, the Christian Nationalists are going to hold another convention on the West Coast and raise a lot of money to spend God knows how—more bulky mail to harassed editors, undoubtedly—while in nearby Ohio petitions are being circulated to draft MacArthur on no ticket in particular, simply *draft* him. One would adjudge that the entire nation was in a bumble. But it isn't. The nation is browbeaten, thwarted, apathetic, cynical—or still downright ignorant. Salvation for the Republic isn't coming out of mimeograph machines. The times have merely grown so raw that regiments of would-be messiahs have much, much to write about.

In all Christian charity, they're 20 years behind the times.

People who are telling other people to form a Third Party and defeat Eisen-

hower and Stevenson between now and November are disclosing somewhat pitifully the scope of their civic ignorance. That great indignant segment that would "draft MacArthur anyhow", doesn't understand the processes of government by which our presidents are elected. Voting in America today is done uniformly on voting machines. These voting machines must have party rosters and handles. It takes a couple of months to prepare these gadgets. If a freak candidate comes up—granted a fight has been made for his name on a ticket—who's to guarantee the handles of the voting machines will work, come election morning? Witness The



Christian Party assumedly carrying the State of Washington in 1936, duly entered on all voting machines, but not a Christian Party handle working on any machine in the State of Washington. Why not? Maybe the fact that the head registration official, charged with the preparation of all machines, was an outstanding northwest Communist, had much, much to do with it. The lone voter qualified to vote and entered the voting booth. The handle on the voting machine failed to respond. His time in the booth was limited. He went outside to protest. A Democrat, Republican, or Communist grabbed his place, found *his* handle working without trouble, and the qualified voter was laughed off the premises. In Washington State in 1936, however, the Republicans fared little better than Christian Party candidates. Roosevelt polled more votes in scores of instances than there were Democrats, Republicans, Christian Party people and taxpayers in the city directory. Gripe about it? What good did it do? Roosevelt was "elected", wasn't he, and what local New-Deal prosecutor was to "investigate" incorrect voting? Did one of them do it? Do people kick Santa Claus?

No, the time for registering real protest at the one-way ride for which the

country was being taken was back between 1936-40. A real effort was made then by thousands of Americans to organize effectively against the same interests now behind *both* Eisenhower and Stevenson, and the artists of smear and libel flew to the defense of those interests. The crusaders were tried on spurious charges and their convictions manipulated. The public now so exercised should be logical enough to grasp that this is the payoff.

The agents of spoliation have long since made certain that no third parties can arise to defeat them. They have been working at this conspiracy 24 hours around the clock, while the defenders have worked at it only in times between evening paper and movies. Not enough States permit third parties—whether by statute or red tape—to assure enough electoral votes to elect a wild-cat executive.

The situation is *controlled*, and mature Americans should awaken to it.

The evil men, scheming to bring this Republic under their yoke, who offer free men no opportunity to express their preferences in respect to parties and public servants, of course are jamming the safety-valves of a steam boiler with the fire beneath getting hotter and hotter.

None of which is any surrender to the marplots nor admission that their success is permanent.

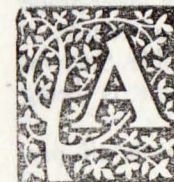
The explosion being generated is merely not a political explosion.

Meanwhile the bulletin mimeographers give themselves a feeling of patriotic benevolence, calling the minute-men to be up and to arms. The real contest is coming when the break arrives and the crisis is precipitated.

Then is to be the time when it's the patriots who will "play for keeps".

Read the 154th chapter of *The Golden Scripts*.

All About Soulcraft



LONG last, at the Soulcraft plant, has been printed—soon to be dispatched to Chaplains all over the nation—a 96-page handbook for gratis distribution, titled ALL ABOUT SOULCRAFT. The story of the *Golden Scripts* from the beginning, a short sketch of the former Liberation work, a detailed summarizing of each of the more vital Soulcraft deluxe books, a listing of the

91 Soulscripts issued to date with reference to their contents, and a capsule digest of the Soulcraft doctrine and its purpose—not omitting the reprinting of Golden Script 44 which authenticates the labor that Soulcrafters have taken upon themselves by reincarnation to perform. Also included in this little book are full instructions regarding the electronic recorders and the conduct of chapels.

All in all, it's a comprehensive little catalog of all Soulcraft literature, activities, and objectives that's been produced—something that Soulcrafters, particularly chaplains, have long awaited.

While it's something for which no charge is to be made, on the other hand it's by no means a "throw-away". It's been the policy of Liberation and Soulcraft from the first to establish a quality of printing consistent with the value of the text. Few of the publishings from Headquarters are tossed into wastebaskets.

Better a book of such value, even though sent free, that it commands attention and even preservation, than the gratuitous announcement that merely clutters up the mails.

ALL ABOUT SOULCRAFT is meant to be read by more than one person at any given address.

You'll get your specimen copy through the mails this coming fortnight. Tell us how many you can carefully circulate and we'll see that you get them.

They're meant to produce business, besides giving information.

Wheel Turns Over

(Continued from Page 2)

would carry the date of the next wholesale disclosure of rascality behind government to the middle of 1959. Is it significant that precisely 9.6 years before the Chambers-Hiss denouncement—in other words 1939—that Pelley of the Silver Legion had appeared before the Committee on Un-American Activities and given a four-day program of testimony about Reds that "put the un-American Affairs Committee on its feet" and caused it to get down to the business of truly investigating conspirators in departments of Washington government?

Yes, history repeats itself. Every nine and a half years.

But always on a scale of more vital significance!

U. S. Senate Has No Power to Give U-N Lead over Constitution

By Stanley MacDonald



HERE has been considerable talk in the press of the country of late, and also among some of the Members of Congress, to the effect that the regulatory provisions of United Nations, domiciled for the time being in the City of New York, are destined to take precedence over and supercede and supplant the Constitution and laws of the United States and of the individual states, and this writer is informed that it was so held in a recent case in the State of California, where, it seems, some particular regulation of the United Nations came in conflict with a statute of the State of California, and was held by a California court to take precedence over and suspend the state law.

But that conclusion, however loudly it may be touted by interests seemingly inimical to the welfare and longevity of this Republic, appears to be unsound and untenable from a strictly legal standpoint, and certainly not in accord with logic or ordinary common sense. Granted that the United States Senate under the Constitution has the power to make and ratify treaties with foreign nations, just what authority does that give the Senate to abrogate the Constitution of the United States—the very authority responsible for its own existence?

The Constitution, of course, is the highest law of the land, adopted and put into effect by the action of the several states, and, under the provisions of the Constitution, there can be no repeal or modification of any of its provisions except by the same authority that brought it into existence, that is, by the action of the individual states themselves, or at least by a three-fourths majority of them as therein provided.

That is to say that the individual states, or those of them that were in existence at the time of its adoption, put the Constitution into effect, and the states alone have the power to repeal or modify any of its terms. In other words, neither the Constitution, nor any of its parts, can be changed, modified, abrogated, or repealed, except by the same identical au-



"STAR GUESTS"

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

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

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

Clothbound: \$3.00

SOULCRAFT PRESS
NOBLESVILLE, IND.

"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?



"ROAD INTO SUNRISE"

A 658-page Story Dramatizing the Eternal Verities

shows you how the greatest principles Behind Life work out in the lives of modern people. It is a stupendous book, almost as voluminous as *Gone With the Wind* or *Anthony Adverse*. You can buy it in one volume or two, on white paper, clothbound, or in deluxe leatherette. It costs you \$6 per copy—\$8 deluxe—but you'll realize why when you read it . . .

SOULCRAFT PRESS, Inc. Noblesville, Indiana

You Can Now Get the Soulscripts Up to Volume Six . . .

There are 13 Weekly *Soulscripts* to each Volume in the order of their publication. Each 13 is bound in a beautiful cover of burgundy-colored leatherette. The Sixth book in this series of Sacred Esoterics has just come from the bindery and can now be shipped same day that order comes in. There are six more volumes to come, making 12 in all or 156 Scripts to the collection. There have been 88 issued to the current week, making 68 still to come. This means the *Soulscripts* will continue to be issued until approximately December 1, 1953. Price \$5 per volume.



SOULCRAFT CHAPELS

Noblesville, Indiana

thority that forged the fiber of its being in the beginning of its glorious career.

So, while the treaty-making power under the Constitution of course rests within the framework of the Senate, that treaty-making power does not apply, nor by any stretch of the imagination can it be made to extend to the abrogation of the very power and authority that created it in the beginning, even though it be in the form of a treaty with the United Nations, or any single nation on the face of the earth.

It all goes right back to a very simple provision enunciated in the law relative to the relation that exists between an agent and that agent's principal, namely, that any act or undertaking by an agent on behalf of his principal, but beyond his constituted authority, express or implied, is considered to be null and void.

In other words, an agent cannot bind his principal to an undertaking beyond the authority of the agent to make. And just so, the Senate of the United States cannot bind the United States Government, or the governments of the several states, to the terms of a treaty that purports to put the Constitution, and the laws of the United States, or any part of it or them, into the discard.

That would be sort of *ultra vires* under the law, and decidedly beyond the Senate's authority as laid down by the Constitution; something like a peanut butcher on a train attempting to sell his entire peanut-vending company to a passenger. And the same holds true for the several states.

Undoubtedly the proponents of the United Nations idea will endeavor to make it appear otherwise; but the regulations of that international monstrosity, whatever they may be, simply do not and cannot suspend the Constitution of these United States, or of any of the individual states, and sooner or later the Supreme Court of the United States must so decide.

The Pelley Case



REPLY to the "answer" of Federal Attorney Hanley in the Indiana court, which Mr. Hanley and the Department of Justice had made to the Pelley Motion to have his 1942 conviction declared illegal, was entered by the Pelley attorneys—George A. Henry of Indian-

apolis and Dilling & Dilling of Chicago, on September 10th. The case is now in the hands of Federal Judge William Steckler. Judge Steckler now rules whether or not to give movant a hearing on the matter or denies it out of hand. If he denies it out of hand, his decision goes to the 7th Court of Appeals at Chicago and thence to the United States Supreme Court.

Next week's VALOR will probably carry the story of how Judge Steckler reacted in the matter.

The "answer to the reply" filled 33 legal pages and was a masterpiece of argument and law citation. Federal Attorney Hanley confronts matters he *can't* answer. What Judge Steckler does about it, remains to be seen.

Strange Experiences

(Continued from Page 7)

"fake" communications from dear ones.

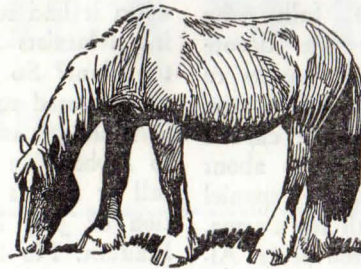
Twenty-eight full-sized persons materialized in the ensuing three hours. They were of both sexes and all ages—not overlooking the Recorder's oldest daughter Harriet who presents the same appearance, personality, voice and dress no matter who the medium may be through which she is "coming". In one instance, the father of one of the Soulcraft-plant pressmen appeared in tangible and living form and jested with his 50-year-old son for fifteen or more minutes about adventures and experiences of the two in the parental home in Minnesota 35 to 40 years before—*every one of which the pressman later declared authentic.*

These are the cases where survival of the personality would seem to be unquestionably proven. The physical appearance of the father was recognizable by the son, his voice was identifiable, his recount of their early family life was irrefutable. The medium had not known that such a person as the pressman existed when the sitting began, because he had been invited at the last moment, an hour and a half before, and she had been upstairs disrobing when the pressman and his wife were the last admitted to the premises.

Here was a materializing seance held in the Recorder's private library, in his own residence, to which no 28 people could have gained access after the house had been sealed—thus obviating the charge of impersonation by physical liv-

(Continued on Page 14)

The Whole Soulcraft Wisdom in One Book



"Behold Life!"



NCE every fifty years a book comes along so sweeping and dynamic and revolutionary that you never forget having read it. Your whole angle on life is altered by the thesis propounded in its pages. You look at the world differently thereafter.

BEHOLD LIFE—the entire digest of the Soulcraft philosophy—is such a book. It took two years to write and is now in its second large printing. There are 331 pages of fact and mysticism so irrefutable that you'll understand why EVERYONE who goes in for Soulcraft is automatically helped spiritually.

A Description of the Whole Purpose of Mortal Experience, Written in the Style of Valor's Weekly Cogitations!

BEHOLD LIFE gives you the whole working pattern of life—from the lowest brute forms, up past man, into orders and octaves of what man will one day become. *You can call yourself an educated person after reading and absorbing this startling work!* You will find the exposition of the entire SOULCRAFT doctrine—told in language that a grammar-school pupil can understand—reconciling Theology and Evolution, and explaining a hundred enigmas in Holy Writ and Science, that have hitherto been annoying headaches to you. The world, with all its mystifying and freakish animal orders suddenly makes sense to you. *A book for children as well as adults!*

Price, Leatherette, Copy \$4

Soulcraft Press, Inc.

.. COGITATIONS

DESPITE the folk who would have me devote these personal papers to either esoterics or psychics, I have the caprice this week to write about Buzzie. Buzzie is a brown cocker spaniel who has been mixed up with my karma, on and off, for the past dozen years. Although by every right and license he's a Soulcraft pooch, he's only lately returned to Headquarters after staying with an Indianapolis friend for approximately a decade. In electing to write about Buzzie, maybe I'm not so far off the beam of esoterics and psychics as one might think. I have looked at Buzzie many times and—but I'll save that for the ending. They do say that the life of a dog is as one year to seven in the life of a human, so Buzzie by such calculation is 84 years old. He's totally deaf, blind in one eye, and has lost all the teeth on the left side his mouth. Outside of that he's a darned good dog. The friend who took care of Buzzie whilst I became the guest of the New Dealers officially for saying unkind things about the Alger Hisses in American government, went recently to Texas, then Oklahoma, then Minnesota. Buzzie might have become grievously confused, not being able to overhear Texas cussin', see the beauties of the Cherokee Strip, or chew the leg off any St. Paulist who wandered over into Louis Hennepin's bailiwick, so the Group Soul that watches over cockers decreed he'd better come out and join Emma, Butch and Fritz. Were they glad to make his acquaintance? To my stupefaction they exchanged indifferent sniffs, then Emma, Butch and Fritz turned to me as though this Cocker Thing wasn't on earth and asked me in the language of dog-tails, When Do We Eat? Buzzie wasn't offended. Buzzie had equally no use for Emma, Butch or Fritz. Plain scrubs, said he with dignity, turning to explore many of the corners with which he'd been familiar in 1941, not a pooch among the trio registered with the American Kennel Club. He barked to be admitted to my studio, curled up in my softest chair and went to sleep. 84 years old in dog-time? Who'd get excited about this younger generation, especially

when it had to work for its Pard, keeping Marxists and tool-snitchers out of the plant? So Buzzie was back. I had to get oriented to him again. In 1941 he'd been shaggy with fringe; on the way out to Noblesville there'd been a half hour call at a vet's and Buzzie—in consideration of July heat—had received a Joe-Haircut. No longer did he look like a brown weeping-willow tree on four legs in a wind . . .

o—o

I RECALLED my initial acquaintance with Buzzie. Of a Sunday night in 1940 I'd been strolling Sprague Avenue in Spokane—that being the main business stem in case you don't know your Spokane—when I paused at the window before a pet shop. In it were dawgs, and a dog. The dawgs were a litter of fox terriers, snoozing together in a clump, dreaming frankfurters and cats on fences. The dog was a small brown parcel of energy, striving to get through the intervening plate glass and smooth me. Up and down he jumped on three-inch legs, crying desperately, "Hey, don't go past! I know you! I gotta karma to work out with you. I took months to arrange it so's I'd get born and be in this window tonight so you could connect with me!" . . . And his ears flopped, and the tail which he didn't have, wagged frantically. I went inside, for Sabbath evening or no, the owner—a pleasant old German—had the door unlocked while he fed his sales stock. "How much for the cocker?" I



inquired. The proprietor looked me up and down. Was I the sort of character to whom he could humanely trust a dog? "A thoroughbred, that dog iss," he informed me. "Okay, he's a thoroughbred," I assented, "but how much currency buys



him?" Again the hesitation to take the cocker out so I could pet him. "All of ten dollars I got to you charge," he warned, "the American Kennel Club, papers in it he's got." Ten dollars for a dog nine inches long—it was a little over a dollar per inch of dog. But when I continued my Sunday evening stroll, Buzzie was an item in my life and our karma had commenced . . .

o—o

NEXT day I nearly killed him—without meaning to kill him. Up in the town of Colville, twenty miles north, I had a director's meeting to attend, of a corporation in which I had an interest. It was held in an attorney's office on the west side of Main Street. My companion and I parked our car on the eastern side of the street in the shade of forenoon sun. We closed the windows so Buzzie couldn't escape, crossed over, and climbed to the lawyer's quarters. I'd expected to be gone an hour at the most. As a matter of fact I was tied up till one. One o'clock. With the sun climbed to the zenith and beating down upon said main stem on which a car was parked no longer in shade of east-side business structures. The erstwhile George Fisher who was with me, got out his keys and unlocked our bus. "Heavenly Day!" George gasped, "What ails the new pooch?" . . . Yes, what did ail him? The air that came out from that car was as hot as the hell of a Southern Baptist's revival meeting the third night. Buzzie—for his kennel register name was that—from end to end was a wash of lather, what there was left of him. Don't tell me a dog can't perspire. You could have smeared what was enveloping Buzzie, on a man's face, given him a shave, and charged him six-bits. And Buzzie was gasping in the last stages of starting back upon the Thought Planes almost before he'd been parked in this Third Dimension three weeks. I didn't pick him up

and wring him out. I picked him up and scooped him off, then carried him into the nearby drugstore. Maybe smelling-salts or ice would help him. The drug-gist said, "Take him in the back room and lay him on the cool cement floor." I did so, and to the best of my recollection, Buzzie revived. In half an hour he was weakly to lap a little milk. He wagged the tail which had originally been cut off behind his ears, said it was all an error and to think nothing of it—leaving him in a Baptist revival like that—and in due course of time he arrived in Indianapolis. Here he prepared to live a gorgeous life of chewing rugs, barking at Hoosier cats, jumping like an automaton at the bells of front door visitors, and consuming one can of Pard per day at a cost per can of 16c. Total per day 16c, total per week \$1.12, total per month \$4.48, total per year \$53.76, total for twelve years \$645.12. For a ten dollar mutt! Now don't any Soulcrafters get perturbed that such is the manner in which their hard-scraped donations are being spent at Headquarters—I didn't buy the stuff. The Indianapolis friend who kept Buzzie over the past ten years was stuck for it. But that's what Buzzie cost somebody—because I *would* walk down Sprague Avenue, the main stem of Spokane, in the cool of a Sunday evening . . .

o—o
BACK in 1940-41, before Adelaide took unto herself a family and I took unto myself free meals at the Federal feed-trough, we were living together in an Indianapolis house where Adelaide already owned a terrier named Peanut. Peanut was a Manchester, with the legs of a whippet. He and Buzzie hit it off from the very first night—none of this looking down your muzzle at something the neighbors raised and kicked out in the interests of this now domestic economy. A romp through the house between Buzzie and Peanut—through the reception hall from the kitchen, from the reception-hall to the library, and back through the butler's pantry into the kitchen again—was a signal for you to pull your feet in and make certain the floor-lamps were set back out of danger. But alas, the night came that God called Peanut home—and not to his Indianapolis home, either. God called Peanut home at 11 p. m. while going around the block with a friend who let him run free while Buzzie went along on a leash. After reading hydrant newspapers for a

block or so, Peanut dashed out upon the pavement and an oncoming car made a disgusting mess of what a moment before had been a perfectly good terrier. I'd gone to bed, where I was lying reading proofs. Son Bill, who was with us at the time, I heard say furtively to someone, "Shall we tell him tonight, or let him get a good night's sleep and break the news in the morning?" . . . I called out to know what news? . . . Because Buzzie had come up the stairs, made a

flying jump upon my bed, pushed his muzzle into my shoulder and trembled all over. And I mean trembled! Buzzie had St. Vitus Dance from his smelling equipment to the tail that wasn't there. "Peanut got smacked," said Bill from the hallway—with the insouciance of eighteen toward the Reaper. And Peanut *had* been smacked—the last smack he would ever get, and the hardest. I saw it next morning when we carried him out to the Noblesville plant and

The Unabridged Edition of the **GOLDEN SCRIPTS** IS BEING DISTRIBUTED!

The Great Project Is Done

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

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

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

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





Why I Believe THE DEAD ARE ALIVE!

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

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

\$3.00 the Copy

SOULCRAFT PRESS, INC.
NOBLESVILLE, INDIANA

buried him beneath the elm tree at the back. And Buzzie "grew up" in result of that experience. When Death had struck his playmate, he'd *known what it was*. I "went away" a couple of months after that, and didn't see Buzzie again for eight years. He was an Old Dog then, and didn't know me. It wouldn't have made any difference if he had, he possessed no tail, as I've remarked, with which to greet me. He'd become a Privileged Personage by that time in the home of the kindly lady who took him. Now he's back with me, whimpering if he can't have his way in this or that, barking angrily when the electronic recorders are running and he happens to be left alone, insisting he be allowed to go out and investigate nocturnal noises if insomnia afflicts him, giving Emma, Butch or Fritz no tumble as he meets them unexpectedly throughout the plant and they wish to frolic. Giving him freedom from a leash is impossible. Without his hearing to warn him of impending motorcars, it would be a cruelty to permit him on the highways. Besides, a cocker has no homing sense. If Buzzie turned the corner unchaperoned he'd become irretrievably lost in the wilds of Noblesville. Once he got away in 1941 and a thief picked him up to dispose of him to a vivisection surgeon. The plant watchman happened to see him riding out of town in custody and took after the culprit. So Buzzie was preserved to us, to become a decrepit headache in his 84th-year age, and sleep the remaining months away in dreams of things he's never done.

HE'S NEVER given a cat a good chase and heard it spitting down at him from the lowest branch of a tree, he's never been in a good fight with a brother canine unless attacked—when he shows his breeding and makes rags of the opposition—is no coward and has never been chewed to leave marks on his person. Unhappily, he's never had a wife and no cocker offspring bless his old age and listen to his stories of his youth in its prime. On the other hand, he's never known the problems of the mange, wanderlust or fleas. But he does show an instinctive disapproval of thunderstorms. Let a good rumbler come up the White River Valley and Buzzie has the willies—whether he hears the thunder or not. Funny thing, when the bolts are splashing 'round the neighborhood, Buzzie's

off the ladies. Maybe he figures they couldn't give him much protection—the ladies don't wear skirts in times of the present behind which even spaniels can hide. Buzzie appears to want *me*—and no nonsense about it. Maybe he likes my aura or something. Maybe he figures that if I were so disposed, I might speak a private word to the elements and ask them to quiet down. But Buzzie gets as close to me as he can park himself, looks up at me from eyes that would make the Civil War soldier in the park burst into tears, and trembles the way he trembled the night that Peanut Went Home . . . No, there isn't much esoterics or psychics to this. But nevertheless, I look at Buzzie sometimes when he's doing his utmost to snarl himself in my hair, and wonder if I'm as much of a nuisance to God with my own barking and caterwauling and wanting to go hence at two in the morning and read out of date newspapers? I don't knock Buzzie's brains out—and by the same token, God doesn't knock out mine. But I often wish I *could* squeedge his shrill bark, and then there would be some of Butch's or Emma's or Fritz's quiet around this place—but maybe God feels the same about me, if He ever could let Himself go . . . Poor old Buzz! . . . He won't be with us long . . . It just goes to show what karma you can uncork when you go strolling of a Sunday evening in the streets of Spokane . . .

—THE RECORDER

Strange Experiences

(Continued from Page 11)

ing people.

To see and talk with such persons, and have them make reference to conversations had at other seances with other mediums, gives every proof of personality survival that any reasonable individual could require. And their account of their lives in dimensions of Matter uninterpretable to those in organic three dimensions is not only enlightening but contributes to a vast literature proving the claims of Hebrew orthodoxy to be absolute untruth and error.

Novices in Soulcraft by the hundreds have first to be convinced that the human personality survives vacancy of body. That established, many of the higher or deeper truths of the eternal verities become easier of acceptance.

The Devil Isn't Old

(Continued from Page 4)

the details of Christ's life before He was thirty, is almost a complete "steal" on the life of Zoroaster.

The Wise Men who attended upon his birth—with their gifts of frankincense and myrrh—the astounding of the Temple elders with his wisdom while yet a boy, the withdrawal into the wilderness and the temptation by Satan—all these are of record in the Avesta, of known record five to six centuries before the Star was supposed to have arisen over Bethlehem.

Zoroaster's testing in the Wilderness was somewhat different in detail from Christ's, however. The story goes that early one morning when Zoroaster was about thirty years old, he stood upon the bank of the sacred river Daiti. As he lifted some of its holy water, he suddenly saw a figure coming toward him from the south, bearing a shining staff. It was the archangel Vohu Manah, nine times as large as a man. He bade the enrapt Zoroaster lay aside his body and follow him to the audience room of the great Ahuramazda and his holy angels. Ahuramazda means Lord of Wisdom; but truth and light seem to have been almost interchangeable in the prophet's vocabulary, and light and fire came to play a very important part in Zoroastrianism. Parsees today deny that they worship fire and it is true that they have been remarkably free from idolatry all through their history. Yet they do give fire the central place in most of their ceremonies. This is not to be wondered at since Zoroastrianism is the great religion that came to flower under the Sign of Aries, the Fire Sign, preceding Pisces the Water-Sign.

OUT OF this celestial visitation came a great contribution by Zoroaster to the evolution of religion, namely the belief that some great day the Lord of Truth and Light would triumph over the Lord of Evil and Darkness. This Lord of the evil and Darkness was called Ahri-man—and he was, and is, the world's original version of the Devil.

The Jews, carried captive to Babylon, came into contact with Zoroastrianism there, and Old Nick became an incorporation into the Jewish holy scriptures.

But Zoroaster invented him,

Of such is the life-and-death faith of millions built!

**WISDOM
obtainable
from
no other
source!..**



"The Soul-Scripts"

GRADUALLY it's coming to be recognized that in the Soulcraft Scripts the people of the United States have the most sweeping and comprehensive course in Metaphysics that has ever been made available to them. Hundreds of students of Theosophy, Rosicrucianism, and Spiritualism, have voluntarily attested to it in their correspondence with Soulcraft Headquarters. It is more fundamental than anything in Blavatsky's Theosophy. It goes deeper than Rosicrucianism. It probes the truths behind modern Spiritualism and carries them forward into scientific rationalism. A wholly new page in the recapture of The Ageless Wisdom is being written in these extraordinary papers that expound every enigma and contingency of life as mortal man lives it.

No Expensive Courses--Just Rich Information in Weekly Brochures

THERE are 156 of the Scripts and they cost you exactly \$1 for sets of four. They cover the whole sweep of life and incarnation, give you the scientific facts behind Psychological Research and Extra-Sensory Perception, explain the affinities between Man and Woman, and describe what actually occurs at death and afterward. And the figure of The Christ stands supreme over all of it. Soulcraft does not "debunk" Religion, it rationalizes it. If you feel "fed up with life", start reading Soulcraft and get a new and revitalizing viewpoint . . .

*Just drop a postcard to the address below,
asking that a list of titles be sent you!*

**SOULCRAFT CHAPELS
Noblesville, Indiana**

T H E P A Y O F F

More Epitaphs

LOST CREEK, Colorado paper, back in bonanza mining days, printed the following epitaph that was transferred onto the luckless one's tombstone—

Here lies the clay of Mitchell Cootes,
Whose feet yet occupy his boots.
His soul has gone—we know not where
It landed—neither do we care.
He slipped the joker up his sleeve
With vile intention to deceive,
And when detected, tried to jerk
His gun, but didn't get his work
In with enough dispatch, which
Explains the presence here of Mitch.
At Gabriel's trump, if he should wake,
He'd might likely try to take
The trump with the same joker he
Had sleeved so surreptitiously,
And which was placed upon his bier
When we put down his body here.

IN CALVARY cemetery, Chicago, one may find the following inscription on a headstone, arranged for by the deceased before his death—

In memory of
John Story
Who departed this life
January 13, 1859

"Cold is my bed, but oh, I love it
For colder were my friends above it."

AUGUSTA, Maine, holds a cemetery classic that preaches against the evils of strong drink—

Here beneath this stone there lies
Awaiting summons to the skies
The body of one Samuel Jinking
Whose fault was that he took to
drinking,
Whoever scans this tablet o'er
Be warned of Sam and drink no more.

OLD BRITISH Cemeteries offer quaint epitaphs in a rich selection. Gateshead Churchyard, Dunham, contains this explanation of the passing of Robert Trollop, architect—

Here lies Robert Trollop
Who made mason's stones roll up;
Then Death took his soul up
And he filled this hole up.

ARE YOU MISSING THEM?

Electronic Broadcasts of Soulcraft



Third Address
SEPT. 21st:

**"The
Goodly
Company"**

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 third discourse is upon the subject: *The Goodly Company* . . . Don't miss it!

Attend or Start a Chapel

GERMANTOWN, Pa. contains a grave upon which a dotting father placed the following stone—

Here lie the bones of my boy Fritz,
Whom God had cursed with ague fits;
Fritz was too good to live with me
So God took him to live with He.

NEW HAMPSHIRE comes in for honors with this stone warning from Canaan, respecting the fate of one Sarah Shute who departed from this life in 1840—

Here lies, cut down like unripe fruit,
The wife of Deacon Amos Shute,
She died of taking too much coffee,
Anno Dominy, eighteen forty.

BURLINGTON, Vermont, a state of many ingenious epitaphs, displays the following over the grave of an infant—

Here lies our darling baby boy,
He neither cries nor hollars,
He stayed with us just twenty days
And cost us forty dollars.