

# Valor

The Golden Times Weekly . . .

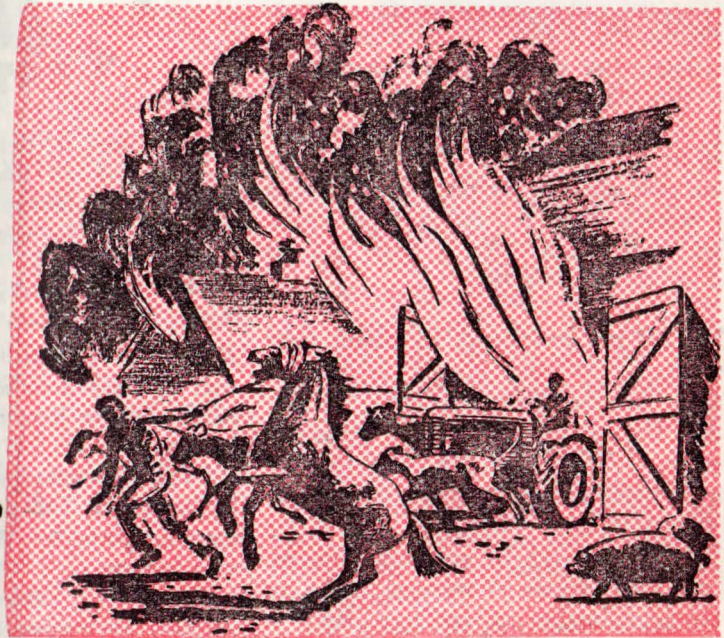
How to Live Life with Courage, Wisdom, and Enduring Peace of Mind through Soulcraft

Volume III

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Number 22

## WHO IS THE "EVIL MAN" OF PROPHECY? . . .



**T**HOUSANDS OF Soulcrafters, current and prospective, want to know where today's trend terminates. Is another economic stalemate to arrest the present mad squandering of the nation's resources, is Communism so to increase its gains that it dominates the American as well as the Asiatic scene, is some variety of new political party to put a different caste of federal officials in office, or is cataclysm or descent of Flying Saucers so to unite humanity that all present policies are junked and a new order introduced from coast to coast?

The precise recital of all things coming upon the earth is written large in the *Golden Scripts*, especially in the 34th, 35th and 36th Speakings.

Both the sacred text and the prophecies of Nostradamus indicate unmistakably the appearance of an attempted world dictator. Whether he seizes power through the directives of United Nations or by his own audacities, the tale is plain that he must have his brief day before being overthrown and exterminated.

**I**T IS all set forth in the 249th chapter of the *Golden Scripts*—and no prophecy ever included in this supernal text has ever gone amiss. Supposing we read what they have to say upon this perturbing denouement—

"My Beloved, I adjure you: I tell you it cometh to pass that an evil man shall rise up and address you. Behold he shall say, 'There are those who stand in the way of my conquest, there are those I would murder that my will have obedience.'

"I tell you it is reported unto me that a great blindness shall descend upon the nations in that this man stalketh among humankind. He cometh swiftly, he cometh suddenly, I tell you he cometh without giving warning.

"Thus do ye treat with him—

"In the moment that he cometh, make ye no pretense of challenging his vauntings. Say unto your minions, 'It behooveth us that we go not out to meet this man, for presently he falleth. Lo, from his own defilements doth

his power dethrone him. He taketh an evil glove and giveth an evil hand. Behold he shall feel the sting of the adder in the glove and his hand shall be pierced by that which doth fell him.

So be it, My Beloved. I warn you in season. I say unto you, Go ye not out to confront this man, but abide ye in your tents until the moment arriveth when he falleth. Then shall his falling be your signal for a great inrush of the cohorts of the righteous. Not until then, I tell you, Beloved. Let the man come first.

"Thus is it written.

"Let the nations resort unto armings, verily let them come to their misunderstandings. Let them rant, let them rave. Let The Man pursue his calling. I tell you that he falleth. I say the nations fall also, by his wickedness. They shall be as those that are cast among ferrets. Verily the weasels shall burrow in their vitals. They shall sting with a pain that is mighty in its sharpness.

**B**E YE not concerned. Be about your labors. Do your goodly deeds. Encourage ye the righteous. Have ye discourse with those who are of principle. Say ye, We prepare the way for the Lord's coming, we go out joyously to meet and to greet Him.

"Let your speech be guarded, Beloved, in that city wherein ye sojourn. Make no protestings, make no revilings. Keep a soft tongue for a loud purpose that falleth swiftly thereafter. Make ye your comings and goings as secret as possible, until I say the word to proceed with a loud shout and do a great heraldry of a mighty innovation.

"I say it shall come to pass, Beloved, that ye shall be ennobled in ways that ye know not. Ye shall have a song upon your lips for the moment of correctly making anthem.

"And now I tell you more . . .

**"I**T HATH come unto me that there are those among you who do want direction in smaller matters of Spirit. They do make a forecast of the purse and say, 'Is it not meet that we do this, for lo, we are humbled in the count of our coins.' Unto them I say, 'Take ye no



thought unto it, Beloved. I tell you it is possible for all things to happen with the Father. Mayhap ye do see presently wherein ye do profit by having lean purses.

*"It cometh unto me that presently the enemy commandeth of those who have that they relinquish such unto him. In that ye have none such, thus are ye not indebted unto him, that ye bow to do his bidding.*

"Take ye note of this. Tell it to the husbandmen. Tell them that I send them increase sufficient unto the moment of true action.

"Hear Me, Beloved: Say unto the workers at parting, these words—

"The Father hath called us to perform in His garden and turn a mighty clod that a rose might have nourishment, the glow of whose beauty no man now perceiveth. But ye shall perceive it, for do ye not turn the sod and water the bush and tend the vine whereon it blossometh?

"Say unto the workers: It behooveth the Master to direct at His pleasure. We but do His will and find a great joy in that we are favored. We do it patiently, behold we complain not. We turn the soil hourly and behold in the seed which we have planted tender pulsings of the life which manifesteth when the vine is stronger from the seed.

"Say this unto them with My blessing, for behold I know their hearts hourly, that they lift up a longing for the goodly days which shall be.

"Some there are who believe stronger than those among you have a notion. Some work with misgivings, behold some tarry, for their temper is uncertain. Some make lecheries in matters that are small, because they perceive not the trend of that which accrueth when all work in harmony.

"Take it with you in your journeyings, that those whom ye leave to do the goodly work are with me, and I with them, Lo, we labor together; I suffer no harm to come upon them in that they have been numbered among those who were faithful unto the end.

"In your leaderships be pure. Eschew evil. Make no vaunting.

*"Always take action!"*

"Let your writings be concerned with issues. Make ye no pretense of hollow strivings. Open the fountains of your spirits and let a fountain of truth and information gush forth that shall confound the enemy and put him to disobedience among himself and his eunuchs.

"Abide ye in me and know that I count that day lost which holdeth not its message of consolation for you . . ."

**W**ELL, there it is.

Remember, this prediction was uttered and recorded in the closing days of 1929. Close students of the *Golden Scripts* have not been without their conclusions—and even convictions—that the "Evil Man" referred to, was Adolf Hitler, and that he has already come and "fallen." The prophecy could fit Hitler, who came three to four years after its recording, in all respects but certain inuendoes in the 9th and 17th verses.

The layman reader would assume, from reading Verse 9, that "the nations fall also, by his wickedness," means that he so exploits peoples whom he has universally conquered that when he "falls", these countries fall also. True, certain countries—Germany, Austria, Poland, Italy—did fall also when the Nazis went down. But Verse 17, which reads, "It cometh unto Me that presently the enemy commandeth that those who have coinage, that they relinquish such unto him, in that ye have none such, thus are ye not indebted unto him, that ye bow

*(Continued on Page 11)*

**"No army can withstand the strength of an idea whose time has come"**

Hugo.

# Apparently Flying Saucers Have Visited Earth Before



ONE OF the most valuable contributions to the growing Flying Saucer literature has been Donald Keyhoe's little pocket volume *The Flying Saucers*

*Are Real*, published by Fawcett Publications of New York. Keyhoe was a graduate of the U. S. Naval Academy at Annapolis. He flew in active service with the Marine Corps, managed the tour of the historic plane in which Bennett and Byrd made their North Pole flight, was aide to Colonel Lindbergh after the famous Paris flight, and was chief of information for the Aeronautics Branch, Department of Commerce. Retained by *True Magazine* to run the truth about the Flying Saucer reports to earth, he made a thorough job of it. This pocket-sized book of 175 pages is his intimate account of just what he encountered, and what he concluded at the end of his investigation.

He arrived at the conviction that despite Pentagon denials and cover-ups, *the phenomena were actual*—too actual for comfort. Denizens of other planets, or from distant world systems, have found ways of crossing interstellar space and penetrating our stratosphere. His own explorations in running down reports for *True*, convinced him against his will. He states, in substance that he considers these space-explorers to be entirely friendly and that ultimately they will endeavor to make amicable contact with us.

But one of the most startling things in the Keyhoe investigations seems to have been what he turned up from official or otherwise reliable sources to the effect that the past four to five years have not been the first times that visitors from outer space appear to have arrived here and "cased" our planet. Keyhoe was given files of old sighting reports and excerpts from 19th-Century astronomical and scientific journals and gazettes. Most of them had been recorded in England or on the continent. Actually they happened all around the earth. Nothing of impor-

## First Disc Craft Seen Twice Over Texas in 1873 - .

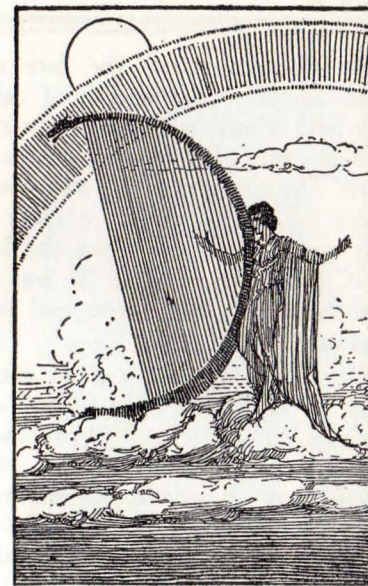
tance came from the United States earlier than 1873. That was the year that in broad daylight, an unearthly and swiftly traveling vehicle appeared over Bonham, Texas. Bonham is just over the Oklahoma line, a few miles northeast of Fort Worth. The astounded and frightened farmer folk, of a summer afternoon, rubbed their eyes in amazement, fled indoors or dived beneath their wagons.

The mysterious visitor encircled Bonham twice then turned off eastward and vanished at incredible speed. Remember, the only aircraft in that early year—79 years ago—was the lighter-than-air balloon such as exhibited at county fairs. Descriptions of the craft varied between round, oval, and cigar-shaped.

But twenty-four hours after the Bonham sensation a duplicate of the visitor, or the same sky craft, appeared over Fort Scott, Kansas, frightening seasoned troopers off the parade ground. This time, after two circles over the Fort, it headed upward and disappeared to the north.

**FIVE YEARS** went past, and then one afternoon—this time in the winter of 1878—the second appearance of high-flying and fast-flying craft was recorded in the evening newspaper of Denison, Texas. Denison lies in the next county to Bonham, only a few miles distant.

John Martin, a respected farmer and a reliable citizen, living six miles south of the city, was out hunting when he discerned a dark object high in the southern sky. Its strange pattern and speed of traveling entranced his attention. When he first saw it, he reported, it seemed to



be about the size of an orange or grapefruit, but it grew as he watched it. The Denison newspaper in reporting the incident, says that Martin took his eyes from it for a time to readjust his vision. When he next looked it had covered an incredible distance and was almost overhead. Then he saw that it was the shape of a gigantic *saucer*, flying at great height. It went so swiftly that it was out of sight in a matter of minutes.

Martin was a man of character and veracity, not at all the type to fabricate such a happening to earn himself publicity. The 1878 newspaper accounts ends on this note—

"If it was not a balloon, it deserves the attention of our scientists."

**THE FIRST** report in modern man's files of unearthly objects in the skies was recorded on August 9, 1762. An odd, spindle shape craft was plainly discerned, traveling at high speed toward the sun. This, however, was more easily explained as being a meteor though meteors are difficult to detect in daylight. This 1762 sighting occurred over Scotland. But exactly two days later—in a time when telephone or radio was unknown and not even a packet ship could travel fast enough to convey the report by post, identically the same thing was described in the south of France. That was 190 years ago.

The *London Times*, on September 26, 1870, staid and reliable newspaper that it was considered, carried a story of a weird and unexplained object, elliptical in contour, that was observed moving at

a far distance across the face of the moon. It showed some sort of tail, and took half a minute to make the passage from one side of the lunar satellite to the other. Then a year later, and five years before the Texas reports, a large round body was sighted encircling the heavens above Marsailles, France. It was visible to thousands in the streets and in sight a quarter-hour.


The Texas appearances, as aforesaid, came in 1873 and 1878. Then on the 22nd day of March, 1880, a cluster of brilliantly illuminated objects were reported over Kattenau, Germany, seen just before sun-up. They seemed to come up ahead of the sun and move at swift speed across the zenith, soon lost to sight in the west. The British *Nature Magazine* carried an account of this eerie phenomenon. Five years went past—note how the 5-year cycle maintains in these reports, as though some intelligence dispatched these ships to earth at stated intervals—and the *Royal Gazette* of Bermuda carried a long account of a great aerial body roving through the skies over Andrianople, Turkey, by an astronomer who had seen it along with other witnesses, and wrote to relatives in Bermuda about it. It seemed four or five times the size of the moon.

Then 1897 came with sizable epidemic was seen in New Zealand, speeding high overhead. In 1890 came reports of the same sort of thing from the Dutch East Indies. This craft over the East Indies was not elliptical nor circular but roughly triangular, a hundred feet across the base, two hundred feet along the sides.

The reports of aerial phenomena continued to appear. On August 26th, 1894, a British admiral reported seeing a great disc with a projection like a tail over the South Atlantic. Scotland too, claimed to have seen this strange thing of a pattern of a gigantic sting-ray.

Then 1897 with a sizable epidemic of sightings all over the United States of what seemed interplanetary visitors. April 9, 1897, the Midwest beheld a huge cigar-shaped moving body that displayed intelligence in the skies and was picked up by astronomers and observers through telescopes. It seemed to have fin-like wings on either side. Remember, the United States had not a single aircraft of any description but balloons until 1903. This cigar-shaped monster, flying at a great height, was sighted all over the Midwest, between St. Louis and Colora-

## Judgment



E'S greyed, they smirk, entranced by agile years,  
 His hopes gone limp, his vision in reverse;  
 The Midland Trail, its romance-echoes faint,  
 Filch back his wits as from a broken purse.  
 Why all this choice for that which zests the Past,  
 That it needs lift Young Song in psalming bright  
 And make the Forenoon's laughter freight more joy  
 Than Evening's mirth, foreboding of the Night?  
 Mine answer's clear, as richening peace serene  
 From Calling Dusk with timely voice invites:  
 I have mine errand wrapped, its record typed,  
 As serried Life each Plan of Birth recites.  
 Once I made tryst with Faith, its works to sing  
 That song-dead earth might harken to Love's Creed;  
 I have that Trail pursued, its pavements coursed;  
 And held Joy's chalice with its God-brewed mead.  
 Each life's the blueprint of a reckoned score,  
 To start and finish for a strength sublime,  
 To test and check against the hurts of flesh  
 And Wisdom meet, up Temple Steps of Time.  
 Would I watch back? 'Tis not the wastrel's yearn  
 For noon-quaffed cups that make the Soul obese;  
 I would past goals of Golden Years weigh true,  
 That I may grasp when I have EARNED release!

do. Sometimes red, green, and white lights were seen to flash some sort of signals from it, as though soliciting response from people of earth. A week later, West Virginia began telegraphing reports about it. Sistersville, West Va. even reported that just before dawn it descended so low that it flashed searchlights over the town—a typical Jules Verne contraption about 30 feet in diameter and at least 200 feet in length. It had stubby wings and red and green lights along its sides. For a full ten minutes it hung in the skies and then slowly rose and moved eastward.

Next came a report in the *Weather Review* of the U. S. Weather Bureau. On February 24, 1904, the members of the U. S. S. *Supply* beheld a mysterious light moving high above the Atlantic. It was speeding at high altitude. Lieutenant

Frank H. Schofield, U. S. N. attested to a detailed report of it. Three years later, on July 2, 1907, over Burlington, Vt., a strange, torpedo-shaped craft circled above the city, dropping a round, luminous object. This on approaching earth, exploded with a terrifying detonation. Still another cigar-shaped craft passed at low altitude over Bridgewater, Mass., in 1908. Like the sky-ship over Sistersville, W. Va., it carried searchlights that examined the countryside. The visitors arose presently in a remarkably steep climb and its searchlights blinked out. Nothing happened throughout 1909, but in January, 1910, the familiar cigar-shaped craft startled Tennessee, mainly in and over Chattanooga. It eventually sped away, appeared over Huntsville, came back for a repeat performance over

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# Why Those Departed Differ about Rebirth . .

**N**EW religions appear in the worldly scene, of course, because prevalent theologies have gone sterile in their degeneracy into mere ceremonial or formalism, or because man is still far from Truth in his mass estimate and preception of the correct fundamentals of mortality.

If man in the mass knew the exact truth concerning the phenomenon of physical and spiritual mortality, his spiritual hunger—which religions are assumed to fill—would come to an end.

Religions, in the main, are mass gropings for correctness in knowing what the Eternal Verities are, so as to accept them and abide by them.

And the reason for all the turmoil in religious conceivings is that man persists in fighting any divine admonition that he as a volatile spirit must return to this earth-life again and again, till he has absorbed the profit from all the experiences which earth may hold to impart to him, and thereafter is fit to enter a state called Heaven.

He squirms and screeches and follows false gods and false doctrines because he will forever try to concoct some mystical substitute for this seemingly unpleasant and distasteful certainty. When people get this supreme fundamental of mortality accepted into their philosophies of life, new religions rarely make headway amongst them.

Man in his mortal state is constitutionally convinced that having lived his one earth-life, he has had quite enough of it. What he wants thereafter is ease, life without effort, the bliss of sitting still and doing nothing for half a dozen eternities.

So any religious panaceas that come along and present new arrangements for this escapement, hold his ear for a time. But always they are panaceas, or palliatives. So they wear out, or cease to attract. Or rather, whatever new doctrine

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

comes along that promises still more that is antithetical to the cares and burdens of earth, is bound to overshadow whatever was believed in before it was proposed.

So long as man dodges the one fundamental truth behind all mortality, he will continue to shop around in theological humbuggeries.

**THIS MEANS** that "new" religions will continue to make their appearance till the Great Truth is faced. Thereafter there will be no more need of new religions. And where there is no need, there is naught called up to attempt its filling.

Probably one of the greatest stumbling blocks to the acceptance of the Earthly Return fundamental is found in the deployments of psychical research. People break away from the spiritual sterilities of Paulist Orthodoxy and begin to explore life and its consciousness-survival, scientifically. They become convinced by demonstrations in the seance room and otherwise, that actually there is such a thing as continuation of conscious personality after the vacating of the physical mechanism. They eventually find themselves in audible contact with Aunt Jane or Cousin Harry. Aunt Jane or Cousin Harry gives incontestable proof of her or his identity and that there is some mystical way of thinking and functioning beyond occupancy of mortal flesh.

Sooner or later they are bound to ask this question: "What of the truth of reincarnation? Do people come back into mortal mechanisms, and live new earthly lives, from the conscious state in which you are now functioning?" And Aunt Jane or Cousin Harry responds: "I see no signs of it!"



The earth-persons who go into the seance room open-minded upon the subject, resigned to acceptance of the earthly-return hypothesis if they receive discarnate testimony of it from those in whom they have had confidence, turn upon the mystic who has sought to expound it to them and cry: "If reincarnation is a fact, why doesn't Aunt Jane or Cousin Harry confirm it? Surely, in their discarnate states, they should be the ones in a position to know the truth of it."

Then likely as not, after all the Aunt Janes and Cousin Harrys have been conferred with—and the seance-sitter is becoming as fed up with their personalities in their discarnate states as he ever was in life—there enters into the psychical contact some profound and erudite spirit from higher realms of intelligence who states without equivocation: "Certainly reincarnation is the life fundamental. All souls must come to it!"

Thereat the person in mortality is still worse confused.

"Why can't these discarnate people get together and agree upon the matter?" he demands in pique. The root of the trouble lies in the fact that mortal habits of thought are operating, and earthly concepts will persist in intruding into situations where they have no business.

From these mortal habits of thought, and their deeply-established earthly concepts, people assume that the mere fact of being physically "dead" makes all discarnate people alike while at the same time it imparts to them an omnipotence of knowledge on all matters from how

an archangel parts his hair to where little Susan, aged five, lost her finger-ring on the Sunday School picnic.

It can be stated dogmatically for the benefit of the spiritually illiterate, that the mere fact of having accomplished the Passing does not make all persons alike. Neither does it endow them with omnipotence of knowledge.

Changing the bodily enhousement is no wise different from changing the suit of clothes in daily life on the planet Earth.

Men and women do not change their temperaments, their characters or their degree of scholastic knowledge by withdrawing into the side bedroom and altering their appearance by a suit or a frock.

A person illiterate as to spiritual fundamentals in mortality will be equally illiterate as to spiritual fundamentals outside of mortality.

All he does by "dying" is to enlarge the scope of his perceptions.

**T**HIS strange assumption, that the dead know everything merely because they are released from mortal enhousements, is a gracious tribute to the powers of omnipotent thought. Unfortunately, thought is no more omnipotent in the eternal dimensions than it is in this dimension. Or to put it the other way about, thought is thought in any dimension but there is no assurance that people go beyond their immediate environmental factors in thinking in the more elaborate dimensions than they are wont to do in this mortal dimension. It isn't a question of the functioning of the spirit that does the thinking.

The spirit-soul that has taken no interest in psychical research or the esoteric faculties in mortal life, will probably take no interest in psychical research or the esoteric faculties in the next immediate phase of existence.

The spirit-soul that has confined its observations and its thinking to strictly environmental factors on "this side" will doubtless do the same on the "other side."

Of course Aunt Jane or Cousin Harry reports back into the seance room that she or he "sees no evidence" of reincarnation in the more tenuous environment in which evidence exists for them to see? The functionings of a spirit undergoing a spiritual experience can no more be seen than one person in mortality can "see" another person's having a dream.

Still, material evidence or lack of it is

not the true reason why spirit-souls in the next dimension cannot attest by observation that reincarnation is a fact. The reincarnational process is accomplished by stages that in totality amount to a cycle. These stages might be likened to separate and distinct lives or consciousness-sequences.

A person lives in his mortal flesh for seventy years, let us say. That is the formal, three-dimensional sequence. At the end of the seventy years, he "dies." What truly happens is, that at the end of seventy years of fleshly encasement, his spirit-consciousness vacates that fleshly encasement.



But it only vacates a peculiar condition of Matter. It by no means vacates Matter altogether. The next consciousness-sequence is lived in a more tenuous Matter-body, a body of infinitely finer vibration. This body is sometimes named the Light-Body.

At the end of the consciousness sequence in this more tenuous Light-Body, it "dies" again—out of that more tenuous Light-Body into a still more delicate and imperceptible body. Finally, after such a series of occupancies and vacancies, each in a sublimated pattern of the original gross physical body of earth, the consciousness is utterly discarnate—or without residence in any body whatsoever.

In this state it is ready again to take possession of some developing fetus in a pregnant woman's body and, as we put it, incarnate anew.

This explains why children who die in mortal infancy "grow up" in the more delicate dimensions. But at each demise out of some sort of formal body they are getting closer and closer to Pure Consciousness, or consciousness functioning without the need of any body whatsoever.

The mystics of the East declare that they have discovered evidences of at

least seven such super-bodies, that must be "died out of," before the spirit-soul can go around the cycle anew.

**N**ATURALLY a spirit-soul like Aunt Jane or Cousin Harry, who has only lately quitted the gross mortal encasement, sees no more evidence of reincarnation in its next immediate state than it has seen in this state. Furthermore, it probably pays no more attention to such matters in its state next above that of each, than it has paid during mortality. How then, can such a one be authority as to the truth or falsity of the reincarnational cycle while engaged in living segment of it at any given moment?

We have to bear in mind that there is no more concurrence of conviction on these matters as between individuals in the next immediate life than there is at the present moment in this life.

The reincarnational cycle is not something to be observed, anyway. It is something to be experienced.

Only spirit-souls far up in the states of Pure Consciousness—that is, not dwelling in bodies of any nature—and ready for incarnation in new formal earth-bodies, are in position to attest as to whether or not reincarnation is a life fundamental.

They affirm it because they have shuffled off all bodies above the mortal and are at last prepared for it.

To expect that Aunt Jane or Cousin Harry must know all about it, is like expecting a high school sophomore, who has lately graduated out of grammar school, to be able to tell those children still down in the kindergarten exactly how it is with young men and women who have graduated out of high school, gone through college, and are about ready to graduate from college also.

Because a youth has graduated from high school is no guarantee that he is endowed with knowledge that comes to young men and women whose college career is almost behind them. The small child still in the kindergarten may adulate the high school student for being in a loftier state of scholarship, but that doesn't mean that the high school student actually does know all there is to know merely because he is far ahead of the kindergartner.

**F**RANKLY, people still in the mortal encasement are comparable to the academic kindergartner. And they apply to the "high school student" in the next  
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# SUPERNATURAL EXPERIENCES . .

DEAR SOULCRAFTERS:

**L**ET ME give you an account of the strangest experience I have ever had in my life. Until I discovered the Soulcraft Doctrine and principles of life, it was an utter mystery to me. Now I think I'm beginning to understand what was at work, although some of the features of it you may be better able to explain than I.

When I was a girl of about 12, I lived with my father and mother on a farm in Oregon. My mother's health was poorly and she was obliged to spend considerable time abed. This left the care of the housework on me, but I was robust and willing, and looked after my father and three brothers.

One June morning mother was asleep in the room off the kitchen and I had finished the breakfast dishes, when I heard a step, and a knock on the back door. I turned to see what I took to be a tramp—a man some fifty or sixty years old, dressed in a too-small cap, a faded greenish coat, and pair of frayed trousers and dilapidated shoes. I expected him to ask for food, but he did not. He asked for father.

I told him that father and my brothers—with the exception of the smallest—were down in the southeast meadow, plowing. He asked me how to get to the southeast meadow and I showed him, although it was not in sight from the door. I noticed one thing, that he had a curiously expressionless face. And something about his eyes gave me a creepy feeling. But he thanked me and started off. I returned to tidying the kitchen . .

**B**UT the stranger had made such impression on me that when father came up for dinner, I asked him who the man

was. "What man?" father asked. I told him about the morning's caller.

"No strange man looked me up in the wheatlot this morning," father said. "What did he look like?"

I repeated the description about the seedy clothes and curious facial expression.

"Nobody I seem to know," father said. And the incident passed.

However, it passed for a matter of about a week when it was practically repeated in every particular. Only this time father was working in another part of the ranch, and mother was not asleep—she was sitting in a kitchen chair shelling peas with a pan on her lap. She looked up when the knock came and saw the stranger as plainly as myself.

I told him where father could be found, pruning some young fruit trees, but asked him, "Couldn't you find him when you were here a week ago?"

I thought he looked at me puzzled. "Was it that long ago I was here?"

I told him it was, and he seemed confused. But he didn't give me a satisfying answer to my question. He started away from the back steps, mumbling to himself, I thought. I saw him turn the corner by the chicken-shed and that was that.



**F**ATHER seemed to think I was telling some sort of fib when I asked him the second time if the strange man in the greenish coat had seen him, but mother confirmed that I wasn't fibbing. The man had made his inquiry and gone away, but he hadn't located father for the second time. Father decided he might be some weak-brained old local character he hadn't heard about, who couldn't carry

directions in his mind. But what was his reason for asking twice for father in that manner?

Well, what made the experience one of the strangest in my life was the fact that about a month later—a hot afternoon in early August—the odd caller came the third time. Father and my brothers were haying this time and were almost in sight beyond a small knoll where a rough wall of stone divided the orchard from the mowing. This time, when I gave him directions where father was I didn't question him about failing to follow instructions the two former times. I waited until he had started and then slipped out after him, to see where he went or what he did.

I give you my word that he went up through the orchard straight enough, walking with a queer shambling walk. But approaching the wall to the hayfield, the trunk of an apple tree came between us and he never came out from behind the line of it. Where had he gone? Had he disintegrated? I can tell you I began to feel frightened as I never had felt frightened in my life . .

**H**AD he been a substantial man the two previous times I had seen him, or some sort of materialization? I did no know much about materializations in those days. Moreover, I had heard nothing about any possibility of his getting the power to make himself tangible from a strong country girl like myself.

Anyhow, he did not put in appearance again that summer, or the next. But the year I turned fifteen, what we might call the "payoff" came. Mother had passed away and one of my brothers had gone to France in World War I. I was alone on the premises with my youngest brother Harold and a young married woman-neighbor from whose folks father had bought our place. She had left her baby with Harold while we went to gather berries. A thunderstorm came up suddenly, drenching us, with a sharp crack of lightning that convinced us our house had been struck.

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# Valor

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## Things To Come

**L**ET'S not be cynical. Every effect is the result of a cause. To claim that the great American public has "gone dumb" all of a sudden, in respect to great abuses being of moment in high places, is to talk sophomoric. Take this big question of voting in this forthcoming election.

It isn't through stupidity, apathy, or indifference that this campaign is by no means being espoused as previous campaigns. It's rather from the inverse of dumbness, the intelligence that registers frustration and futility.

The present Administration, like its predecessors of the past twenty years, has built up such a formidable political machine as to become almost invincible in the public psychology. Indeed, it might almost be said that our representative government ceased to exist when Roosevelt contrived his Third Term. We have the form, but the spirit is gone. No one over twenty-five deludes himself into thinking in this campaign, we still have a government by the people, of the people, and for the people. Government agents and employes are numerically so great that they with their families, control the vote. Add to these the millions under government patronage and feeding at the public trough, together with the work of powerful trade union bosses, and due to such coalitions a tolerant form of dictatorship ensues.

Now to make the matter worse, the influences and interests behind this dictatorship, contrive to nominate a man of their own stripe as head of the opposition party. But there is no opposition

party. So the country is "in the bag" for the elements who smile cynically about the representative form of government.

But in what bag?

Does anyone in his right mind assume that matters are due to continue indefinitely in this "controlled" state?

Conditions are becoming so "brittle" throughout the whole nation that the least situation that presents what the Great Faceless Public considers to be a real break for assertion of civic sentiment, is due to send a gigantic rent through the whole body politic.

Anything that seriously scissors off the supply of currency to keep the great farce of popular government working, especially in its pump-priming activities either at home or abroad, is due to precipitate that crisis.

Mayhap a resurgence of the spirit of Free Men is closer than the most sophisticated dream.

The international interests are quite positive, of course, that they have matters so well in hand that given another October 1929 situation, they can move into autocratic control via martial law or its equivalent.

But wouldn't it be ironical if some wholesale jolt such as a major terrain alteration, or a descent of Flying Saucermen that exposed the denial programs of the Pentagon as the palpable deceits common sense is indicating, drew the blue pencil through the whole of it?



What the plutocratic internationalists should add to their payrolls is a group of bona fide and accurate clairvoyants. Obviously they have none such at present and consider them bosh and nonsense anyhow, else they wouldn't be pursuing the programs they are. Sheer economy of effort would restrain them.

People who are "on the inside" in esoteric studies, know that the one factor which can be counted upon in this "apa-

thy of seeming futility" is the Unexpected.

There will be small apathy or futility when mankind recovers its sensitivity to the integrity of institutions.

Watch that happen.

## Worthlessness



**T**HE PASTOR of a great Western Baptist Church makes the following comment upon the *Golden Scripts*. "From my reading, it is apparent that you have masterfully combined a weird adaptation of the Holy Scriptures with a rather ethereal philosophy to produce a volume of quite obvious worthlessness. Do you *really* believe that it can meet the need of the human heart? Tell me, what shall be done about *Sin*? What must a man do to be saved? How can a man conceived in sin, approach a Holy God and eternal promises of Glory? These are questions with which your text does not deal; yet they are questions for which the human heart demands an answer. I thank you for your thoughtfulness in sending me the text, but I must confess it has little value in a ministry devoted to the proclamation of this Eternal Truth: *Jesus Saves!*"

Here is the orthodox mind functioning according to rules laid down and enforced. However, the communication is composed in a spirit of kindly toleration keyed to patient skepticism. Let's take it challenge by challenge and analyze it—

That someone of earthly mentality has wilfully and strategically combined the Holy Scriptures with an ethereal philosophy to produce a volume of quite obvious worthlessness, is first of all only one man's opinion. Moreover, the particular volume of *Golden Scripts* sent to this pastor cannot have been in his hands long enough for him to do more than skim through pages here and there before rendering his negative pronouncement. We can skip that.

But does anyone believe that the message in the *Golden Scripts* "meets the need of the human heart?"

Some twenty thousand people who have followed the *Golden Scripts* since their first publication, and who find more needs of the human heart met by them than by the acclaimed Holy Scriptures, mostly Mosaic, might be in better circumstances to pass judgment on this point than the Recorder of the tran-



scripts. We can let that matter pass also, because no individual is in any position to say what needs the human heart feels outside his own.

When we confront the challenges, What must a man do to be saved? or, how can man, conceived in sin, approach a Holy God and the eternal promises of Glory? we have the pentacostal fixation refusing to be silenced. And yet it has its answer.

Answer one: Man is not to be saved by anyone other than himself and doesn't deserve to be saved by anyone else. That's the old Midianite psychology that a tribal god was gratified to have the most meritorious person slaughtered on the weird psychology that he thereby balanced the shortcomings of his brutal fellows. True, Jesus did say that He came to save those who were lost—chiefly the lost members of the House of Israel, of which Judah was the most needful. But "saving" may have allegorical as well as physical connotations. If His words and enlightenments wouldn't "save" anyone from a life of selfishness and spiritual error, then dictionaries themselves might as well be cast on the bonfire.

However, it's this foregone conclusion that man is "conceived in sin" that arouses the righteous ire of anyone acquainted with the Elder Brother's more wholesome, constructive, and optimistic Personality.

Man *isn't* conceived in Sin. That's a libel on every pair of decent parents who ever had a child to bless their union. Man is conceived in *ignorance of the Truth*, and his multiple experiences up the worlds brings him such knowledge and wisdom. As for "promises of eternal Glory", who wants eternal Glory if his mental, moral, spiritual attributes be so inhibited that these are mere words to his intellect? *Glory is everywhere* even right upon this plane—if one chooses to regard it,

Pathetically enough, this whole criticism would seem to be proving up somebody else's tenets by one's own, whether one's own have ever been pronounced correct or proven to be error.

Suppose this Baptist minister finds, twenty minutes after making his own Passing, that he has been preaching colossal fallacy all his theological career? He attests by his comment that he knows nothing about Psychical Research, nothing about Extra-Sensory Perception, nothing about what lurks in the prenatal

vaults of Subconscious Mind. He rears his entire professional philosophy on an assumed "holy" book, that is holy only because of its antiquity. Every once in a while great congregations of such pastoral scholars get together and edit God's asserted pronouncements, "bringing them up to the intelligence of the times"—as witness the new version of the *Bible* announced last week, in the modern vernacular, and with such adaptations as the dominies deem proper.

Obviously it hasn't dawned upon them that if Divine Providence really wanted to write a book for mankind, or make alterations in the text of a past one, It could dictate an entirely new volume on the sacred expressions desired.

But the pentacostal people say No!—God is the same yesterday, today, and forever, excepting for one thing—He stopped remaining on speaking terms with the human race some twenty centuries in the past, and has since been inarticulate.

Well, the decision should really lie in the fact that only 39 percent of the American people find anything in orthodox church attendance "to meet the needs of the human heart" while 61 percent are either skeptics or indifferent—excepting such portions as are discovering Soulcraft.

This Baptist pastor isn't preaching the Messiah as He is today; he's preaching yesterday's Judeo-Paulism and *naming* it Christianity—and the dominies rally 'round and edit Judeo-Paulism every little while. The Master says tolerantly, "When the world demands your authority in matters of Spirit, never make answer. Ye are accountable only to me."

But as these shepherds of the Judeo-Paulist flock confront the Man of the Ages as He truly is, aren't they going to be surprised!

The *Golden Scripts* worthless?

Read them first, brother, and learn what's truly in them.

### Something Better



WILL all purchasers of the new economic book *Something Better* be patient about deliveries until the volume is entirely redone? If anyone who has remitted for this book wishes his money refunded, he may have it done by making such request. But 256 pages had been



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### SOULCRAFT CHAPELS

Noblesville, Indiana

finished, with only 64 to go, when the decision was arrived at that a grievous error had been committed. It was determined to start from scratch and do the work over.

The grievous error was in assuming that *No More Hunger* could be duplicated as to essence in a second book of 320 pages. It could not be done. *No More Hunger* must remain the Mother Book of Christian Economics. *Something Better* should be confined strictly to the *modus operandi* of bringing it to establishment. Both works were badly botched by striving to incorporate them in one.

Definitely, *No More Hunger* will be reprinted in expurgated and revised text before the fall is out—which means December 21st. *Something Better* will be an auxiliary volume, taking up the practical phases of Christian Commonwealth establishment—in other words, pick up in expositions where *No More Hunger* leaves off, or fails to give fullest detail of how the Christian Commonwealth can be realized, practically.

*Something Better* will be off the press and out of the bindery weeks ahead of the Revised *No More Hunger*, but it must be in such faultless presentation that 100,000 copies of it can be duplicated in a paper-covered \$1 edition. Then, if it arouses commensurate interest, the same number of revised *No More Hungers* will follow suit.

These two books have been predicted, clairvoyantly, as "the books of the century", economically.

They must be technically perfect or not produced at all.

### Saucers Not New

(Continued from Page 4)

Chattanooga next day, then headed east and vanished.

A great shadow was noted on the clouds at Fort Worth, Texas, on April 8, 1913, as from some object above. Although the clouds moved, layer by layer, the shadow stayed stationary. In July, 1919, West Virginia was visited again, but the dirigible had been invented and the people of Huntington took the weird ship they beheld for such craft. Checking later indicated no known dirigible over the West Virginia mountains on that date.

SO PHENOMENA of mysterious space ships have been recorded in

years prior to 1947, when Kenneth Arnold, airplane using salesman, beheld the display of what he gave the name Saucers over Mount Rainier in Washington State.

Is it probable that this globe of ours has been checked on regularly up the past two hundred years, but that atom bomb explosions, either seen, or felt by, denizens of other planets, have suddenly aroused interest in us, which we have observed because of the better facilities from our own developments in aircraft?

All of it, however, should go into the record.

Read Keyhoe's book, if you can get it. You ought to locate it in the nearest rack of 25¢ Pocket Books.

If, however, we have been watched by residents of neighboring heavenly bodies and nothing of a hostile nature has resulted over such length of time, why should we suddenly decide ourselves to be in any jeopardy because of the rapid increase in these visitors in the present?

Why should they be hostile, anyway?

It's something to ask ourselves in all sense.

### The Evil Man

(Continued from Page 2)

to do his bidding." Hitler never made demand on the peoples of other nations that they relinquish their material wealth unto him. On the other hand, "the enemy" may coincidentally refer to the Marxist or totalitarian enemy within the gates, that is alleged to have ensconced itself altogether too influentially in our own departments of government. It may be an error of interpretation that the two "enemies" are mistaken for the one in the closing verses of Chapter 249 . . .

**T**HE RECORDER of the *Golden Scripts* does not feel that the chapter does refer to Hitler, although that is mostly his personal opinion. Neither, strangely enough, does it refer to Josef Stalin. The words of the prophecy say that the universal Evil Man "cometh swiftly," he "cometh suddenly", he "cometh without giving warning." Stalin would be the last personage on earth to fit such description. It is privately known that Stalin, instead of being the world's menace, is a sick old man, holding down his restive and rebellious minions with

(Continued on Page 14)

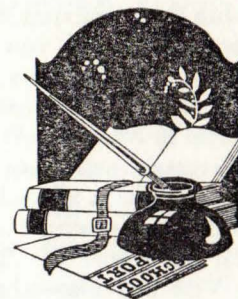
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# .. COGITATIONS

**T**HE NEWS that Charlie Chaplain is finally in wrong with the U. S. government for his pro-Soviet activities, recalls the days when I sat a table or so from him at Henry's on Hollywood Boulevard, and watched him clown with his associates through meal after meal. Those of you whose memories go back to the days of the silent flickers remember the squat little German general in *Shoulder Arms*. That was Henry Bergman, and when they finished that opus, Charlie is alleged to have been his backer in a restaurant on the Boulevard near the corner of Vine Street—or between Vine and Ivar—that was, in my day, the Brown Derby of filmland. I never had any personal dealings with Chaplain, because he operated his own little studio over on Gower Street, with his own crew, making up the sequences of his comedies "as he went along." When I ran a Hollywood Publicity Bureau in the Guaranty Building, another Chaplain personage was one of my clients—Mack Swain the big fellow who helped eat the pair of shoes in the *Gold Rush*. Also Mack would don fierce whiskers from time to time and play the role of a pompous French Count, around whom Chaplain would "run circles", to the howls of the audience. Incidentally, that pair of shoes that the two ate in the *Gold Rush* were made from sheets of licorice and the eating was actual. As if the eating wasn't ordeal enough before the camera, Chaplain had several pairs of the footwear constructed and Mack told me he was also required to masticate licorice shoes during each rehearsal, till he never wanted to look another licorice in the face. He was "sugar-sick" for a week. But that was Chaplain's way of making a comedy. Given an original idea for a feature film, he built it up sequence by sequence, bit by bit, after innumerable rehearsals. He'd take a "shot", have it developed as to negative and printed as to positive, then sit in the projection room studying it hour upon hour—after which he'd go back into the studio and invariably make it over. He was the sole owner of his company and his property

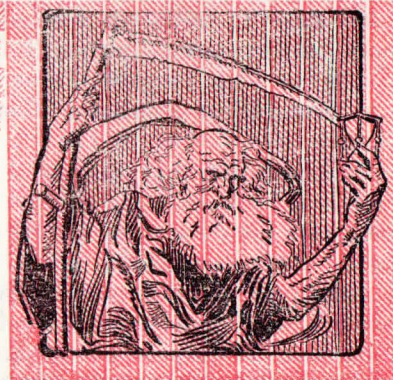
and could take as long a time as he pleased on each feature. If he did two features a year, he was satisfied. He did not work a good thing to death. He kept the film public hungry for his comedy masterpieces.

o—o

**C**HAPLAIN'S lineage, as claimed by his fellow racials, was the You-Mustn't-Mention-Them-People. His real name was given as Thonstein, and the information added that his family had "migrated from Eastern Europe" to England, where Thonstein-Chaplain was born April 16, 1889. This would make him an Aries (Fire Sign) on a One life-path. A One-Life path in Numerology (or the science of numbers, not Astrology) would make him the pioneer, the solo adventurer, the solitary performer in his career, that he later became. Both his parents were said to have been stage players, and at the age of seven he made his first appearance in London vaudeville. His first role of any consequence was with William Gillette in *Sherlock Holmes*, where he did the bit-part of Billy. In 1914 he turned up in Chicago, where he began doing bit-parts with the old Essena Films, (Selig & Anderson), the second partner of which was "Broncha Billy" Anderson, cowboy hero and the Hopalong Cassidy of his day. The Keystone Komedies came out of the Essena program, the Keystone cops includ-



ing such later celebrities as Mack Swain and Chester Conklin. Chaplain never became an American citizen. In the years of World War I, he had his greatest popularity, the children's stores even featuring Charlie Chaplain toys. In the early 1920's he showed up in Hollywood and



bought the Gower Street studio to make his film plays on his own capital. He was about the only player from the program pictures to make a heavy financial success from such venture. When I was writing and supervising screen productions in about five studios at once in Hollywood, his outfit was so reserved and exclusive that practically no one got a foothold inside the premises but the intimate members of his company and crew. He had an uncanny business and financial sense, and invested his heavy earnings in Hollywood businesses and real estate. The coming of the talkies finished him, together with his sudden tendency to make propaganda films so raw that they backfired. His high-voltage matrimonial exhibits "washed him up" . . . and thus in pique at his broken popularity, he began to go political . . .

o—o

**I**NCIDENTALLY, this is as good a place as any to record the assertion that Hollywood was *never* the Sodom of Sin and Gomorrah of Guile that the more hysterical moralists of the Midwest took delight in stigmatizing. I think I knew Hollywood in its halcyon days—between 1920 and 1930—as well as any person in North America. I "made pictures" on the stages of every studio but Paramount and United Artists, and knew almost every so-called celebrity personally. While most of my own fabulous earnings in that period (starting off the Liberation-Soulcraft work in the early 30's) came from my lengthy and intimate association with the original Lon Chaney, I collected goodly tariff from the making of some fifteen features with Tom Mix, Colleen Moore, Mary Astor, Mildred Harris—Chaplain's first wife—Cullen Landis, Betty Compson, Dick Barthelmess, Hoot Gibson, Henry Walthal, Huntley Gordon, Blanche Sweet and Joan Crawford. Most of the big Hollywood directors I knew by first

names. It was a strange circumstance that after Warner Brothers moved to Burbank, DeMille to Culver City, and Paramount dismantled its plant at Sunset and Vine to take over the First National lot on Melrose, "Hollywood" was anything but Hollywood as a place. Fox quit Sunset and Western and went out to Brentwood, and only the name adhered to the industry. Outside of one or two characters always popping up in the sensational news for their marital escapades, the industry was as respectable as to personnel as any manufacturing activity elsewhere in America. Its leading lights reposed by night in palatial residences, it was true. But the "wild Hollywood parties" were indulged in only by the second-raters, and included nothing much worse than getting intoxicated on cheap gin. I know because I had to attend many of them, usually after the preview of some new "masterpiece" . . . There were no politics, Marxist or otherwise, in screen productions in those days. At the first trace of anything political in a script, the producers or director would arise in a pet and declare it must come out, because "we're playing to all the voting elements in America, and can't run the risk of offending one at the expense of the other." It was none other than Charles Thonstein Chaplain himself who began the business of injecting propaganda into screen productions. No, the rank and file of the film industry personnel were decent, law-abiding, and as emotionally stable as followers of the stage ever have been up through history. All of which brings me to "the Tear in Adolf Zukor's Eye" . . .

o—o

WHEN Will Hays came up from the Harding cabinet in Washington to assume charge as first Czar of movies, I had quite a lot to do with the banquet that the industry staged for him at the Hotel Astor in Manhattan. I mean that I did much of the clerical and footwork for that occasion. Also, I had the head table just below the speakers' board along the dias on the diningroom's eastern side. As perviously set forth in these reminiscences, my table companions that epochal night were Mr. and Mrs. Charles Brabin—the Theda Baras to you. But my seat happened to be directly in front of that portion of the speakers' rostrum held by the Paramount—or Famous-Players-Lasky—contingent. And that was headed by Adolf Zukor, president of Paramount. Zukor was Hungarian-

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SOULCRAFT CHAPELS  
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born; at the time of the Hays meal was 50 years old. Famous Players Lasky was in its prime. He'd come to the United States in 1888, and engaged in the hardware business, upholstery and fur. He'd been one of the so-called Fourteenth Street Fur Merchants who'd gone into movies via the nickelodeons and cleaned up one of those early fortunes attending on the new public entertainment. He was bald-headed, grizzled with life, portly and truly dignified. Well, William Randolph

Hearst was the chief speaker at that dinner and as an after-dinner speaker Bill Hearst was a maestro. He was then approaching his sixties, ten years older than Zukor. He told of his own experiences in movie-making and the heavy funds he'd sunk in the industry. But he did launch emotionally into the responsibilities of producers toward the moral excellence of the rising generation—and I sat near enough to him as well to recognize that he wasn't speaking for propaganda



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purposes; he truly meant the words he was uttering. "We are custodians of a great privilege," was the substance of his climax. "Exerting a moral influence that the year 'round is greater than that of religion, it falls to us to rise from whatever humbler walks of life we've previously followed and be remembered for our goodly works as molder of a tradition that shall influence the America of the future." It sounds prosaic in cold type, perhaps. But not the way Bill Hearst said it. And I happened to glance at the long line of table notables to right and left. The faces of some held cynical tolerance. The expressions of others were dead-pan or bored. But of the whole line, the face of Adolf Zukor was awash with real tears . . . He made no move to smear them away . . .

I ALWAYS remembered those tears on Zukor's face. I saw him many times thereafter in Hollywood, engineering sizable film deals, holding his own in an industry of many hazards. But I recalled that those tears at Bill Hearst's eloquence must have welled from the Inner Man. No Famous-Players-Lasky spectacle, remember, was ever criticized by the Board of Censorship, ever ran the thin line between decency and bawdiness, ever relied on concupiscence for patronage. It was shortly after that, when Paramount under DeMille's direction made *The Ten Commandments* and *The King of Kings*. No, it's this younger generation of aliens that seems to have infiltrated into picture-dom and captured the screen as medium for the subtlest and most insidious propaganda. No tears are welling their eyes at emotional appeals to remember the heritage the upcoming generation will be receiving from us . . . But all is *not* moral fester in picturedom. Southern California is no more reprehensible than any other section of the United States. Let's clean up our own minds in respect to our assumptions. This world is nowhere near so bad as it's painted. People are people—lovable, earnest, trying to do the best they can under the pressures brought upon them—no matter where you find them. And that's that! . . . Charles Thonstein Chaplain, have a nice time in England, please, and be certain to stay there. We gave you hospitality and you played ducks-and-drakes with it. You will not be missed . . .

—THE RECORDER

## The Evil Man

(Continued from Page 11)

difficulty. That a less crafty and rasher Soviet successor might attempt such *coup* on civilization seeming to be successful for a time, is more logical.

That the secret forces behind world governments bethink to put forward a character who will act as messiah for them, with their united backing, is obviously indicated in the Robinovich Speech delivered in Budapest the past January—transcripts of which have now reached every part of the United States, doing thrice the damage to the conspirators' roles in that they have, by their stupid policy of suppressing public mention of them, driven their opponents underground.

On the other hand, there is another school of thought that identifies the Evil Man as a returned Hitler. That Hitler's body or skeleton never was accurately identified after the alleged burning by gasoline in the Berlin bomb-proof in 1945, is no longer any secret. Nostradamus, in his 4th Quatrain of his Tenth Century, says—

*About midnight the leader of the army  
Shall save himself, vanishing suddenly.  
Seven years after, his fate shall not be  
blamed,  
And at his return he shall never say  
Yes.*

This puts forward the prophecy that Hitler is supposed to return between now and January 1st, 1953, for seven years from 1945 would mean 1952. The fact of his "never saying Yes" might imply his refusal to book interference. Hitler is not mentioned by name in any such reappearance.

On the other hand, in Quatrain 75 of the same Book, Nostradamus implies the coming of a brief temporal ruler out of Asia—

*So long expected shall never come  
Into Europe; in Asia shall appear  
One issued of the line of the great  
Hermes,  
And shall be over all the kings of the  
Orient.*

OUT OF the transcripts of 247,000 words in the *Golden Scripts*, the Recorder's final impressions have been that it would come through the international manipulations of United Nations (or 50-nations) power that a single individual might be agreed upon as arbiter

for the complications of the world, and that this character, seeming to possess all military resource for a period, would suddenly use it to establish himself as inter-continental potentate.

However, we cannot admit of him without admitting of the denouement of this *coup*. The very audacity of what he strives to do, destroys him, then "the cohorts of righteousness rush in" marking the beginning of the long-awaited millennial condition and celestial appearance of The Great Law-Giver.

This is marking one event from another event quite plainly and positively.

The Recorder labors under the conclusion, from the *Golden Script* source and none other, that the *Evil Man* has not yet appeared nor been identified, but that his conspirational coming is just around the corner of the months. He only exercises power for a matter of weeks. The instant he falls, "then is the signal for the great inrush of the cohorts of righteousness."

It is part and parcel of the "inrush" that the Great Epiphany of the Great Speaking occurs.

It is well to take cognizance of developments along some such pattern, to gain logical idea of the trends of the present . . .

### Repeat Birth

(Continued from Page 6)

dimension for attestment of a fact of life that is only apparent to students far up in college postgraduate courses, so to speak. When the "high school student" just graduated out of earth-life, comes into the seance room and expresses doubt about the reincarnational cycle, and some soul that is far up in a college postgraduate course of Cosmos also comes into the same seance room and affirms what he discerns to be true from his wider knowledge and experience, the kindergarten in mortality cries petulantly: "Why can't these discarnate people get together and agree on what actually happens after mortal vacancy?"

Could public school students and postgraduate college students "get together" in a commonalty of knowledge about any worldly subject on this side? Would not the very difference in the degree of their knowledge cause them to make contradictory statements?

Why then expect people in the next dimension to hold exact and uniform

views on this mightiest of all subjects? As a matter of fact, a spirit-soul indicates by the scope of his knowledge upon such matters approximately "where he is" in the cosmic curriculum.

If you want knowledge of a high character and profound nature, you usually go to scholars who have completed their academic courses; you don't go to students immediately ahead of you in scholastic grades and expect them to know everything merely because they are a little advanced over yourself.

The situation is similar in the higher aspects of Cosmic life.

Spirit-souls will only agree upon these matters as they speak from the same plane of experience and observation.

### Strange Experiences

(Continued from Page 7)

We had to run half a mile through the downpour and thunder to make certain the baby was safe. When we finally managed to get home, we found the neighbors putting out a bad fire in the shed, Harold my brother sobbing hysterically, and telling a still stranger story of our mysterious caller.

"I'd gone across the road to the barn," Harold said, "when the lightning struck. It was like an explosion of fire all over. And a man in a little cap and a greenish coat, walked right into where the kitchen was all afire and brought the baby out. The door to the first henhouse was open and he set the baby down in there where it was dry, but he never came out!"

Mrs. Nunning, the baby's mother, then started looking queer.

"Mother had a hired man when she was first married and lived on this farm," she said, "who let my baby sister Hazel burn to death when he got drunk and upset a lamp. Your father will remember the incident. Ask him if he recalls Old Man Saunders who was struck by lightning about twenty years ago over by the Mills?"

It was the last appearance of our queer-faced spook. Had he remained around the farms in the discarnate until he had rectified his karma by saving the infant niece of the child he had been the means of killing by carelessness? Soulcraft is helping me to understand such things.

But we never did learn what he wanted of father three times.

Mrs. E. T.



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## T H E P L A Y O F F

A CLERGYMAN is responsible for the following pleasantry—

"A couple who had long loved on earth both made the passing and entered into the heavenly precincts. Never having been able to marry while in mortality they sought out St. Peter and asked if they could not finally be made one. St. Peter sighed and shook his head. 'You'll have to wait a thousand years or so,' he apprised them. 'Then come around and remind me about it.'

"Puzzled, they complied. The thousand years passed with the celerity of most celestial time and they applied to St. Peter anew.

"'Okay,' said St. Peter, and told them where to go to get wedded.

"After the ceremony, the new bridegroom sought out the Guardian of the Pearly Gates.

"'Would you mind enlightening me,' he said, 'why Maria and I had to wait out this thousand years in order to become man and wife?'

"'Simple enough,' St. Peter replied, 'we had to wait for a minister to come up.'"

*Money will buy a fine dog, but only love will make him wag his tail.*

A FARMER wrote the following letter to a poultry dealer—

"Sir: The crate you shipped those hens in, was so dilapidated it fell apart while I was bringing it home from the freight depot and all the hens escaped. I only rounded up ten of them. Kindly send refund."

Back came the answer: "Sir: Congratulations on your vigilance. There were only six hens in the crate. Bill for additional hens is enclosed."

*A few women throw themselves away, but most of 'em take pretty careful aim.*

THE DEFENDANT protested, "I was not going forty miles an hour, nor twenty, nor ten. In fact, when the officer came up I was practically at a standstill."

The judge said, "I really must stop this, or you'll be backing into something. Twenty-five dollars."

## ARE YOU MISSING THEM?

## Electronic Broadcasts of Soulcraft



Fifth Address  
OCT. 5th:

"Dwellers in  
Glass  
Houses!"

## 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 fifth discourse is upon the subject: *Responsibility for Conditions* . . . Don't miss it!

## Attend or Start a Chapel

THE SUNDAY School teacher inquired, "Now which of my little darlings can tell me why Noah took two of each species of the animals unto the Ark?"

A bright modern child responded disgustedly, "Because he didn't believe all that stuff about the stork."

IT'S FUNNY how a woman who can spot a blonde hair on your coat at ten paces can't see a pair of garage doors if her life depends upon it.

ON A RAINY day a lady in a mink coat boarded a Madison Avenue bus.

"I don't suppose I've ridden on a bus in two years," she said to the conductor, a gloomy fellow, as she paid her fare. "I ride in my own car usually."

"You don't know how we've missed you," the conductor remarked.

*"No ground is so fertile for the strangling weeds of Communism," says Ross Roy, "as one sowed by complacency."*