

# Valor

The Golden Times Weekly . . .

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

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## HARVESTS OF FOLLIES . .

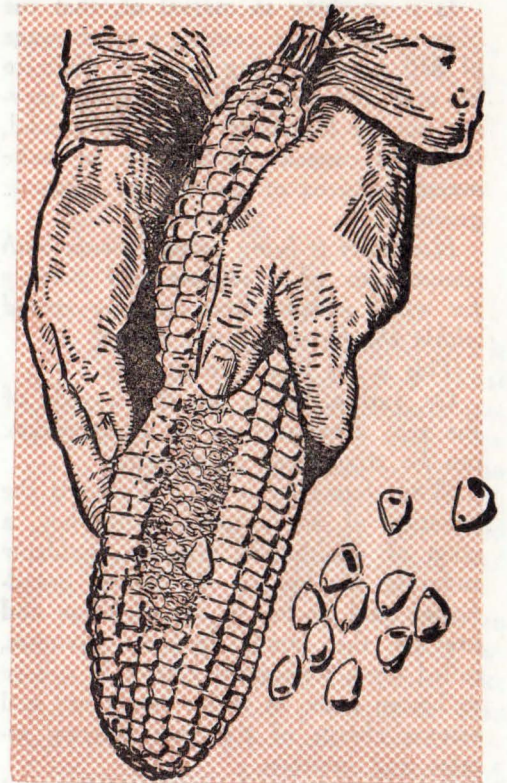
### May Bear Unique Fruits

**T**HE GREAT, over-all world situation is too far-spread and complicated to be solved in an hour by localized palliatives of political opportunists.

Squirm under it as we will, it is a fundamental of that situation that the nations of the earth in 1914 began an insane incineration of the accumulated savings of 400 years. This cremation of the wealth and bodies of living men continued unabated up to 1945. Out of the holocausts developed the strange fungus of Marxism, thriving on the charred properties of governments and cultures.

Marxism—misnamed Communism—affected to take the Spirit for Communal Cooperation that exists in all mankind and weld it into a substitute for predatory or undisciplined Capitalism. What it actually was, under its tough and ugly alligator hide, has long-since been disclosed—a stratagem for a minority element securing totalitarian control of the world's majorities and making political and economic serfs of them.

But it did not progress fast enough, and quickly developed the seeds of its own disintegration. So Luciferian wits took counsel among themselves and declared, "There is a quicker and surer method for bringing the earth under our suzerainty. Prey next on the universal desire in the human heart for military peace. Organize



the nations—or affect to organize them—into a One-World parliament whose purpose shall be to halt wars forthwith. Get them to relinquish their inherent sovereign rights to control of this parliament. Thereupon we proceed to domination of the personnel of such parliament, and forthwith are we masters over the whole. The excellence of this strategy lies in the fact that controlling Marxism, we can use the pressures of our Marxist countries to force our surreptitious wills upon all members. Thus, controlling both, we are masters without the earth's populace ever coming to suspect how the thing was done."

**I**NTO THE operatings of such audacities came the appalling potencies of the Atom Bombs—Uranium and Hydrogen. Came over-production of staple goods, so that there developed too much of everything and inade-

quate methods for distribution; consequently men suffered for the necessities of life in lands and times of plenty. Came readjustments in religious values and the shocking revelations regarding the immortality of the soul through Extra-Sensory Perception and Psychical Research. Came radio and television invention, annihilating distance around the earth and making the events in far continents something that happened an hour ago out in the neighborhood backyard. A wholly new international order is being born from the very nature of irrepressible forces.

Is it anything to marvel at, that the Man in the Street, earning a paltry wage of \$30 a week, going home at night to his wife and two children, scarcely moving outside his county the year around, lacks the capacity of intellect to make major decisions of the utmost climactic gravity?

*Humanity is being asked to cope with conundrums of a volume and potency for which no precedent has ever existed within the history of this planet!*

This is the Real Armageddon.

Or, rather, herein lies the tragedy of the real Armageddon, if Armageddon can be stigmatized as tragedy.

What humanity is truly facing is the situation of an immature school-boy, a scion of wealth and breeding, suddenly suffering the loss of his father, grandfather, and uncles, by an explosion and fire on the family business premises, called from sophomore classes in college to hasten home in major emergency and assume charge of the vast paternal estates and interests.

What intellectual or temperamental maturity does he possess to function in such authority?

Human beings are confronting a world earthquake of affairs that is too big for them to pass decisive judgments upon.

Very good, so what?

Does the earthquake occur, sweeping their puny travesties on maturity away? Does the entire family establishment flounder and collapse in ruin—from which there can be neither salvage nor recovery? Or does the youthful inheritor of the family fortunes learn the hard way, and in a twelve-month, how to hold his own and continue the gargantuan extent of the business?

Many a lad so circumstanced is fortunate in finding counsellors and advisers to show him what to do. Humanity of the \$30-a-week class naively assumes that

illustrious public figures, nominated for highest office, are elevated thus because they have the answers and will treat with humanity in terms of acumen and altruism.

In the current instance, are the Presidential nominees Eisenhower or Stevenson personages of such colossal stature that they know all the answers, plus possessing the integrity to solve complications unprecedented in history solely in the interests of the American people?

*Both have already uttered major statements revealing that they lack the basic comprehensions of the job they essay to tackle!*



The anecdote is pat—in this Republic's predicament—of the harassed business people in an air transport who could not understand the alarming pilotings of the man in the cockpit. Queried as to what he was trying to do, he laughed shrilly. "What a joke its going to be on somebody back at the airport," he exclaimed, "when they discover I'm missing from that insane asylum!" It isn't quite so bad as that, in the instance of the current nominees, but the hypothesis holds.

America is seemingly leaderless in this mighty juncture, of the type of intellect—of unsurpassing integrity—who can look squarely into the heart of this maelstrom of world affairs, behold infallibly what needs curing, and espouse and actualize those measures that restore the planet to sanity and peace.

*She is leaderless because this is not the psychological instant for them to step forward and declare themselves!*

**I**T IS a commendable sentiment that Man is inheritor of the Divine right to govern himself. The divine right to govern himself may be his inheritance,

but does Man have the intellectual capacity to govern himself? Time and circumstance do not wait on jingoisms. If Man has the intellectual capacity to govern himself, why does he not exercise it? Man has been proving for the past two hundred years that what he naively terms Self-Government is truly voluntary selection of the personages who shall govern him. The difference is so profound that it calls for no discussion. Disciplining one's self, having the acumen to see through minority deceptions and provide against them, proposing and actualizing measures that solve the economic quandary, these are manifestly different proposals than merely saying, "Let's have Joe for straw-boss over us, because Ned was in a mess with his own affairs ten years ago and besides, his wife divorced him for running around with a blonde."

Actually, it's a paradox, known by all profound thinkers, that a people capable of real self-government, require no government, because each takes care of his own concerns in ways that make governmental interference uncalled for.

So we can dismiss this myth of self-government and acknowledge the offices of Mentor Souls, projected into the earth-scene to do for humanity what it's unable to do for itself. The question is, How shall we identify them?

The answer is simple—

*Mentor Souls are always identified by how they behave in leadership functions in crises!*

**Y**OU don't—because you can't—have the True Leader until you have the true crisis! It's the crisis that produces and indicates him. Humanity left to itself, under ordinary circumstances, runs itself. People *do* govern themselves when the affairs of life only concern them in individual behaviors. But when it comes to persuading great masses of men to behave thus-and-so, the willingness to acquiesce is birthed only by intolerable conditions. Men who arise and say, "This is the way out!" and are correct in diagnosis, automatically become the human beacons that light the path for masses of mankind to follow to escape national or international cataclysms.

So we confront the proposal of leadership greatly simplified, and with the harangues of the Eisenhowers, Trumans, Stevensons, et al, shorn of too much significance. They're by no means leaders until they confront crisis and react ac-

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# Man, Geologically, Has Been upon this Planet but Two Hours . .

popularly known as the Carboniferous Era, and its various states, again in order of succession, were—

Carboniferous  
Permian  
Triassic  
Jurassic  
Cretaceous  
Upper Cretaceous

**A**CCORDING to all the most conscientious geologists—and backed up by no less an institution than the New York Museum of Natural History—some fifty-eight and a half million years ago the first faint forms of life appeared upon this planet in the forms of molds, bacteria and algae. You can go out into any swamp in the United States today, halt at any stagnant pool with green scum on the top of it, and behold what the evolutionists contend are your biological ancestors. That green scum is algae, and it is alive!

It first appeared, back in what was known as Pre-Cambrian days.

The planet was spinning much faster then, the days were consequently shorter, and the atmosphere under the misty water-canopy of the skies was warm and humid as in a greenhouse.

It should take a bit of conceit out of most of us to grasp that for a period of thirty million years nothing lived on this planet but algae.

Thirty million years is a long time—let us hope the statement will not be contradicted.

Then, some twenty-eight to twenty-nine million years ago, the morasses and sluggish mud pockets on the cooling crust of the planet began to coagulate

strange jelly-like substances that, also like algae, were instinct with life.

They were the jelly fishes, the anemones, the traveling plants that up the incredulous span of another fifteen million years would become identified as the invertebrates.

This period is known to geologists as the Paleozoic.

Just as the Pre-Cambrian times were divided into the Archeozoic—the first and lowest—and the Archean, from the “arch” at the poles where the unobstructed sky was seen, so the Paleozoic Period was divided. But the Paleozoic Period, in order of remotest age, had three sequences instead of two: the Cambrian, the Silurian, and the Devonian

**F**INALLY as the globe lost speed, and the days and nights lengthened—a fraction of a minute for each 10,000 years—the centrifugal force was insufficient to hold up the canopies of potential sea materials and they fell, laden with the carbon smoke of the earth’s uncountable volcanoes and burning lava beds.

It is certain that there must have been a time when nothing not nailed down could have remained on earth’s surface. The very speed of the earth’s rotation would have hurled it off into space.

This produced the Mesozoic Era, designated as Early and Late. It is more

This was the Age of Reptiles, and it lasted another ten million years. That is to say, from thirteen million years ago, down to some three million years ago, the highest developed forms of life on this planet were snakes, flying lizards, and bugs. Big bugs! Bugs that could probably carry off a modern man and dine off him sumptuously.

Ten million years of nothing alive on the whole earth but snakes, lizards, armored toads, and bugs! Something like twenty times as long a period as Man has been on this planet in any form.

Thereat dawned the Tertiary Period, or the Age of Mammals.

It was the age of the so-called Prehistoric Monsters, grading up from the Paleocene into the Eocene, then into the Oligocene, the Miocene, and the Pliocene.

Mammoths, dinosaurs, all the bad-dream species and forms that produced their young by copulation, came in this period. Three million years of them!

It is easy to say “three million”, or ten, or fifteen, or thirty million. Almost as easy as for a modern Congress to pass Relief Appropriations running to similar figures in dollars. But think of the interminable time that you feel you have lived—in your tiny twenty to seventy years in your body—and multiply that period by hundreds of thousands.

Then some inconsequential half-mil-

lion years ago, just a paltry 500,000, opened the Eolithic—or Dawn-Stone—Age, when Man in his faintest of materialized forms, made his entrance upon the earth-scene.

The Dawn-Stone Age merged upward into the Old Stone Age, or Lower Paleolithic, the Old Stone Age merged upward into the New Stone Age—or Neolithic then came the Bronze Age, finally the Iron Age, and we have Man of today in the Steel Age, bethinking himself quite the last word in God's handiwork, living on a globe whose every nook and cranny is explored, charted, staked, and recorded. But figuring in ratios, and likening the earth's 58,000,000 years to 24 hours, it truly means that man has only been around on this planet for the last two hours and six minutes!

**N**O historian or antiquarian can tell the exact year or day when Man stood erect on the earth and gazed upon a universe which he decided must have been created expressly for him just because he thought so and there was no one at hand who cared about contradicting him.

The earliest type of man-like creature which has been discovered up to the present is Pithecanthropus erectus, which simply means "the erect ape man". Authorities believe that he lived some 500,000 years ago—which was in the Pliocene or pre-glacial period. The remains of this man were found in Trinil, Java, in 1892 by Dr. Eugene Dubois. The popular name for this genus bohunkus is the Java man, and he inconsiderately left us no tombstone epitaph telling us about his folks. But Henry Fairfield Osborn, one of the authorities on Pithecanthropus erectus, says—

"Man has a long line of ancestry of his own, perhaps two million or more years in length. He is NOT descended from any known form of ape, either living or fossil."

It is indeed comforting to have Henry tell us that. Half-century ago, quite a lot of scientists and divines made an ungodly pother about it.

David Starr Jordan, in his "Footnotes to Evolution", says: "Man is not simply a developed ape. Apes and man have diverged from the same primitive stock—ape-like, man-like, but not exactly one nor the other."

Just how David happens to know, he doesn't remain around to enlighten us.

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## Armageddon



HERE come Red ghouls, like faceless tools,  
To scar both earth and sky,  
To shriek in runes of vicious tunes  
Fresh ways by which men die,  
To scream of Freedom, Progress, Light,  
That worlds their wits perceive,  
But all the while, by ashen guile,  
To teach souls how to grieve . . .

What is their Freedom, born of gyves,  
Or Progress, birthed in hate?  
What is their Light, which brings on night  
Where robots sit in State?  
What is their Curtain, Iron-Strong,  
Behind which millions weep?  
What State can fly its pennants high  
With Honor drugged to sleep?

The starry seal of snows reveal  
Their land with sorrow bought,  
Where spectres play their dirges gay  
That tortured flesh hath wrought!  
Shrunk phantoms on their Bony Nags,  
Their eyeballs filmed with dung,  
They ride the earth in witless mirth  
To jest with bleeding tongue!

Can such might conquer Legions Bright,  
Condemn them to death's sword?  
Can hosts from Hades' heart-lost vaults  
Such rides up Light afford?  
Can all the tears of all the years  
And all the Faith long-kept,  
Be bartered so, to Spirit's foe,  
Or Venom's slash inept?

Behold high vigil up the stars  
That's kept by Those Who Love,  
That's not a verse to deck a hearse  
Or tag a Heavenly Dove!  
Lo, Jordan's Voice, as suns rejoice  
Leaps from the heart's resource—  
"We are the souls who WIN our goals  
And seal a New World's course!"

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# What You Should Know about Your Prenatal Self . .

**I**T IS roughly estimated that in physical existence on the planet today are one billion men and one billion women. Barring a few hundred thousands, the ration of males to females is almost exact. The naturalist cannot account for this, and does not try to do so. He only recognizes it to be a fact. The spiritual transcendentalist knows that it happens because it requires masculine and feminine halves to complete one spiritual-essence unit. Even the Old Testament declares male and female to be one flesh.

More correctly speaking, there are in physical existence on this planet today about an even billion of spirit units, halved as to masculine and feminine attributes in separate vehicles, and exercising the functions of copulation.

Mortality statistics disclose that as each two of such spirit halves come together in parenthood, they produce an average of three offspring, so that the typical human family consists of five. Of these three progeny, two take the place of the parents upon the latter's death. The odd child either contributes to a gradual increase of population as civilization gives the planet a greater fertility for sustaining life, or fills vacancies left of those taken by accident or malady. No matter! Masculine and feminine halves of the one spirit-unit uniformly produce offspring, sustaining the planet's mortal population. But probably out of the whole billion, there aren't a quarter million intelligently aware of what biological feat Nature performs in rendering new bodies available for incoming spirit-souls to utilize.

Certainly they are not aware of the prodigalities of Nature in its microscopic aspects.

**I**T IS generally declared by physiologists in the present status of mankind's enlightenment, that the eternity of biological life in its human aspect is carried in the masculine contribution to

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

the miracle of procreation. The *Bible* makes reference to this biological fact by constantly remarking on the value of the masculine "seed." The germ of life perpetuates, in other words, through the phenomenon of the sperm-hormone—a strange minute creature that resembles the hub of a wheel with some of its spokes knocked off and rim missing entirely. Some of these "spokes" appear to possess queer little feathery barbs. If there be eleven "spokes" on one of these so-called hormones the resultant child will be of one sex; if there be twelve it will be of the opposite sex. But here is the staggering fact—

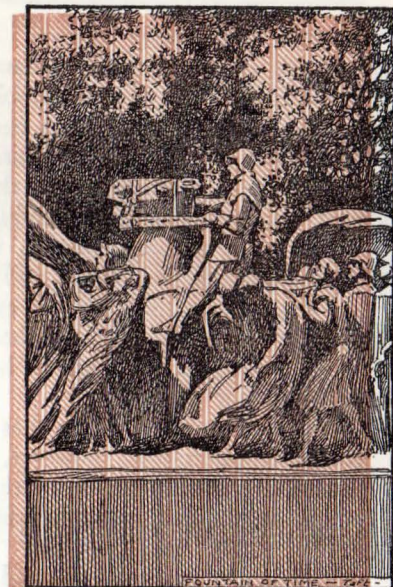
We are solemnly assured by scientists that these sperm-hormones are so unbelievably tiny that all the sperm required to produce the next generation on the North American continent could be contained upon the head of an ordinary pin!

Only when such a hormone plunges ruthlessly into the mature ovum, or egg, which thereupon galvanizes and starts to nourish and mature it, is a new human being biologically begun.

If such contact between hormone and egg be missed, both forthwith perish. And so reckless is Nature in her prodigality of supplying hormones and eggs, that millions of them die to the pair that make contact.

The bodies of all of us, which our incarnating spirits are ultimately to take possession of, grow from a combination of factors so small as only to be visible under the most powerful microscopes.

Even at the end of the first thirty days after such contact has been accomplished, the future body which a sentient spirit is to occupy is less than one-eighth of an inch in size, although in such month the embryo has increased 50 times in size and



something like 8,000 times in weight. Yet even that small biological unit possesses a recognizable head, torso—and, to a degree, a tail!—with a heart that throbs and blood that courses, and with the indications of future arms, legs, eyes, ears, brains, and stomach.

**I**MMEDIATELY that the "egg" has closed around this infinitesimal human "seed," a bewildering and unaccountable cell multiplication begins. The egg cleaves into two cells, which in turn divide into four, these four presently produce eight, the eight produce sixteen, and so on until the millions of cells of the body have been called into being. All growing from the one! And while such multiplication is in progress, the incipient human creature makes its first effort to take in nourishment.

A "feeding layer" called the Trophoblast forms on the outside of this increasing coagulation of cells—becomes, in fact, a sort of coat. This trophoblast fastens itself against a wall of the great sac of procreation within the mother's person and fuses its tissues with it. It is these tissues as they are literally "eaten," which give the developing human organism its first subsistence.

But this could not go on indefinitely without the mother's suffering from the loss of such cells. So she in turn begins to grow a tissue that counteracts such ravages. It is known to physiologists as the Placenta.

This placenta "takes over" and makes a steady business of providing food,

oxygen, and water derived from the mother's blood, for the demands of the trophoblast. And this trophoblast, when the nourishment system has become thus organized, gets these sustaining life essences to the maturing babe through the first frail vestiges of an umbilical cord.

The placenta, incidentally, also functions the other way about and draws off the waste products from the embryo, delivering them to the mother's blood, blood, which carries them to her kidneys or lungs for riddance.

Once the egg-substance has enshrouded the sperm-hormone, however, there is thereafter no contribution of the mother's actual blood to it, in any form!

**W**HILE trophoblast and placenta have thus been forming and getting down to business, the mass of cells inside the first has commenced to take the form of a cruller, twisted once. In other words, the cells shape into a sort of top and bottom cavities. Connecting these two where the cruller-twist occurs, there is a two-layered "plate" called the Embryonic Disk.

Then this non-understandable thing occurs—

This embryonic disk in itself is the thing that starts to shape itself into the later human being. The lower half of the "cruller" turns into a small empty vessel called the Yolk-Sac, which during the second month of life separates entirely from the embryo. The upper half forms a sac of water called Amnion, that gradually works its way down around the whole tiny coagulation and forms the water jacket which, after due development, will protect the maturing creation from blows or jolts received by the mother's body.

The fundamental conditions being now arrived at for the business of human development, at the end of 17 days the first true blood cells start to appear. These fuse to make the first true organ within the embryo—the heart.

This heart at first is a mere tube. Twitches begin to occur in this tube and run along it in first faint waves. These are the pristine attempts of the future heart to beat. At about the same time, what will become the body's nervous system begins to manifest.

In the center of the embryonic disk a second tiny plate will begin to form.

The edges of this plate will then begin to curl up and fuse, making a second tube like the heart-tube. The front end

of this tube will presently become the Brain and the rear the Spinal Cord.

Next, the food canal—later to develop into the true intestines—puts in appearance. Queerly enough, the first thing formed after the shaping of this tube is not the digestive stomach itself but an opening at its top that later is to become recognizable as the mouth.

The mouth then, be it known, is the first external organ which Nature manufactures—and it continues to be the first organ with scads of folks to the end of their mortal days!



**A**LL THIS happens within the first 25 days of the tiny creature's prenatal existence. And the word "tiny" in this instance is not misused. This whole assembly of recognizable development is not yet one-eighth of an inch in diameter, or to put it in another way, something not much larger than the eyeball of a mouse! Yet a true heart, spinal cord, and something of a head and torso are contained within it, the latter disclosing an appendage that resembles the tail of a tadpole.

Between the 25th and 40th days of its life, this tiny human tadpole shall have gone through certain evolutionary changes peculiar to the fish, the frog, and later air-breathing animals. One set of biological attributes does not actually turn "into" another, but simply disappears while another, utterly different takes its place. From this curiosity of development, certain biologists draw their conclusions that up across vast periods of time, those have been the forms that have succeeded one another as species.

By the beginning of the second month, the new human creature has become at least a quarter-inch in diameter, with little wens on its outer surface that will, within another sixty days, begin to show indications of being true arms and legs. The true head develops around the mouth, and the second external organs developed are the eyes. They make their appearance as small twin pouches set against the surface of the "mouth-tube." In the beginning they are located on its sides, but as the brain begins to form behind the mouth-opening and gives shape to the inflation of the head, these eyes actually change their location and shift around to the front.

In the space between them, when this altering has halted, tissue begins to appear which will presently mold into the nose. And where the eyes have vacated, other organisms will begin to manifest—the tympana of what ultimately will be the ears.

During this second month, while the face is thus forming, the whole assemblage of shifting and expanding cells becomes about an inch and a half in diameter. Toward the end of this period the tadpole tail wastes away and vanishes. Bones and muscles begin to appear in soft cartilage form between skin and internal organs. The organs of sex put in their appearance. The wens start growing in tubular form and mark the development of grotesque and gnome-like little arms and legs.

By the end of the third month there is a true human being in existence within the water sac that after another thirty days will acquire ridges and whorls upon fingers and toes precisely like no other human being that ever has been born. And sometime during the fourth month, the mother will feel the first definite and independent movement of the new biological life beneath her heart, that 280 days from the time the egg absorbed the sperm-hormone will demand to issue forth and start its career independently of the woman on whom it has lived parasitically up till that moment.

**W**HEN does the true soul, the incarnating spirit, therefore, enter into the whole of it? Passing from the strictly biological to the metaphysical, we are told that it may enter at any moment during the whole 280 days of the infant's uterine confinement.

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# SUPERNATURAL EXPERIENCES . .



LET me write you for your page on *Strange Experiences* a story told me several years ago by the Rev. L. R., who because of his role as an Episcopalian clergyman can reasonably be expected to have recounted the facts. It concerns the nerve-wracking ordeal suffered by himself and his spinster sister in a very old rectory in a city on the Massachusetts sea-coast. Called to the parish as a young man, soon after graduating from the seminary, his sister acted as mistress of his household, being at that time in her early thirties.

The rectory was more than "early colonial", it was a three-story structure, built of brown stone, and stood on a line with the sidewalk, with the roar of the Atlantic plainly audible the clock around, from the beach which was little over a block distant. The date of its construction was unknown, but tradition had it that the house had been in possession of the parish for at least a hundred and fifty years. It was low-ceilinged and musty when they took possession, with open fireplaces on two floors.

Miss Etta, the sister, had heard no rumors about there being any "haunt" on the premises but she was intensely interested in all forms of psychical phenomena for their own sake and was by no means a person easily terrified. But they had scarcely moved in, and furnished the third floor for their indigent parents, than she became puzzled by footsteps going up and down the back stairs in the dead of night. To understand all that followed, I should perhaps describe the general layout of the premises . .

THE HOUSE faced west. On the ground floor was the entrance hallway, with front stairs climbing to the second floor. To the right as one entered was a large living room, known in the heyday of the place as the "parlor". Behind the parlor was the dining room, also opening onto the narrow hallway, and behind that the kitchen. From the kitchen a curious circular stair-flight ran up

to both second and third floors. On the second floor, over the parlor, was a large pleasant room that the youthful dominie elected to make his study. Because bedrooms were at a premium, with the elderly parents on the third floor, the Reverend placed a day-bed in this study and used it at night for his personal chamber. A short passage on the east ran to the rear hall and stairway, with a small room opening from it that Etta selected for her sleeping quarters. She was thus within close distance of the back circular stairs, and could hear anyone passing up or down, especially if doors were left ajar.

At first she paid small attention to these nocturnal footfalls, thinking of course that they were made by her father, who might have descended to the kitchen to gratify his hunger by a visit to the pantry. But before inquiry of her mother developed the fact that her father had not left her mother's side at any time on any night, something poignant occurred in the front room the brother had appropriated for his study . .

THE PASTOR-BROTHER was an expert harp-player and had earlier acquired such an instrument, which had been placed in the front upper room encased in its green-cloth sheathing until the furniture was settled. It so happened that with the rooms finally in order, the young pastor slipped off this sheathing late one afternoon and rested his nerves trying out his instrument. Called to "supper", as the evening meal is known in New England, he left off and went downstairs, bethinking to re-cover the harp later. But while they were all at table, with the doors open through parlor and halls, *the most exquisite harp-music commenced to sound up in the study which the young man had just left.*

Creeping up the stairs and peering in, the family was nonplussed to observe nobody visible, and yet the harp-strings were twanging as though playing of themselves.

Etta at once reported the event in the town, saying that whenever the cover was



restored to the harp, no music came. But invariably the music started up when the instrument was left naked. Forthwith an elderly communicant in the parish came forward with the information that some fifty years before, the parish had been served by a rector with a crippled son. This lad, confined to that second-floor front room most of his days, became an exquisite performer on a gift harp which the parish had presented him.

WHEN Etta heard from her mother, who was quite emphatic about it, that the father had made no trips downstairs after the rest had retired, the daughter determined to wait, and perchance to watch, to see who or what it was, whose footsteps were so plain on those back circular stairs. She procured an old-fashioned lens-lantern, known in those days as a "burglar's lantern", whose flame—a candle—she could keep hidden until it became opportune to flash the beam.

Sure enough, one night shortly afterward, she was aroused by the sounds of the feet on the stairs. She arose noiselessly and lit the stub candle in the lantern. But the time required for this, permitted the maker of the foot-treads to go on down to the kitchen. As she awaited "its" return, she happened to notice her pet Pekinese dog that customarily slept in a basket in a corner. The dog was out of this basket, over in a corner of the room, pressed against the wall in every aspect of abject terror. This unnerved her almost more than sounds of the ghostly footfalls themselves.

Presently, however, as per the program on earlier nights, she heard the footsteps climbing back from the kitchen. Clad in her nightdress, with only a shawl about her shoulders and her own feet bare, she crept out toward the small secondfloor

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# Valor

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## Temple, Why Not?



THE PAPERS tell us that after 'hard-working years' without a home of its own, the United Nations General Assembly will convene this coming week for its first session in its new permanent abode in Manhattan. With the rainbow flags of sixty nations flying in the U-N plaza, delegates and spectators will pour through the silvery doors of the new white-stone Assembly Building. Something concocted for the Machiavellian purpose of impressing man's puny physical senses so that he relinquishes the blessings of constitutional national government, that the purpose of internationalism may be served.

The question has arisen, what to do with this massive pile of Luciferian stone and psychological strategy when the United Nations monstrosity has been kicked out of America as the gargantuan conspiracy it is?

The kicking out is coming—in the wake of international catastrophe—make no mistake about that.

The first thought occurring to mind . . . why not make it into a wonderful opera house for the rendition of glorious music?

The second thought that comes to mind is, No, why can't it be converted into a mighty church for the gathering of thousands?

Then superceding both of these suggestions, comes the still more awesome prospect—

*Why should it not be consecrated as a mighty temple for the exposition of Soulcraft to millions?*

Soulcraft is pure and undefiled Chris-

tianity, without the subversions of the Hebraic tradition.

Supposing such a thing should happen! What a resurgence of spirituality in the future of the Republic!

## Punishment



COMES now William Philip Simms, Foreign Editor of the Scripps-Howard newspapers, and being duly sworn says, that the United States faces disaster in Europe, that Eisenhower's NATO is a complete bust, that no European nations are following our lead to form a United States of Europe and have no inclination to do so, that most of them are about as afraid of Russia as a kitten under a stove, that we are banking on forces which do not exist, and are ignoring—or underestimating—forces which do exist and which work against us. Outside of that, everything in Europe is "just ducky."



We have been counting heavily on a reasonably quick western-Europe comeback to something like pre-war economic and military normalcy, but must abandon that hope. A crisis-torn world, kept in turmoil by Moscow, and too much reliance by Europe on American aid, has brought on the gravest economic crisis since the war. This crisis, if unchecked—and if Stalin's fifth-column inside western Europe keeps up its tactics—could develop into a bigger menace than the Red army. Which, of course, isn't saying much.

The whole thing rests on the spurious notion that you can buy anything with money, especially tax money, including foreign good-will. If the expenditure of such tax-money likewise bolsters up an

equally spurious domestic economy, so much the better. But when the home nation runs out of money to keep the hypothesis demonstrating, then what?

Both Eisenhower and Stevenson are captives of the Continued Foreign Aid illusion, so NATO is going to continue pouring American dollars into the continental snake-pit till the nation is bankrupt. Bankrupt not symbolically, but so it can't operate. Get set for that, and blame the overseas administration.

Eisenhower and Stevenson both stand for this bankruptcy. That is what 56 million Americans must vote for on November 4th or not at all.

In the Great Accounting that's ahead, we must investigate thoroughly the surreptitious influences that formulated this policy and committed both men to it. Anyone more than two years of age, knows that it never happened by accident or men's voluntary choice.

Anyhow, look for more and more of the truth to come out about the ultimate disposition of Europe. One the the greatest shocks to realism that the American people have in stock for them—as reported by a masterful and reliable economist who recently returned from abroad—was the report that despite all that the Americans have done for Great Britain, she will shamelessly repudiate the United States in the end and go over to Russia. That we have presented her with all the secrets of our atom bombs—and perchance samples of the bombs themselves—makes this prediction something more than a highlight of perfidy. As Simms said in his epochal article to the Scripps-Howard chain on October 6th, Great Britain is *finished*. It has been her Divide and Rule policy that has rung, or is ringing, her death-knell. The kind of world in which she flourished, has gone. With it also vanished her ability to maintain her armies and navies.

In connection with the whole of it, Stephen B. L. Penrose, president of the American University of Beirut, Lebanon, wrote an enlightening article in the June *Reader's Digest* titled, "The Arabs Don't Love Us Anymore." There are 270 million of them, and while they're by no means eager to side with Russia, they feel that United States has shut her doors to them because of America's side-taking with the Israelites of Palestine—or the Israelites of anywhere, for that matter.

We're making enemies so fast all over



the globe that the fizzle of NATO is only a minor mishap.

All of it boils down to the fact that the wrong people have captured control of American policy—by no means the rank and file of Americans.

**Get-Together**



SUNDAY, October 19th, may well be a memorable date for Soulcraft, in that it marks the first State Convocation for Soulcrafters and particularly Chaplains for Ohio, from 10 a. m. to 4 p. m. at 356 North High Street, Columbus, under the supervision of Ferdinand J. Zoppel, Ohio State Director. While it is not a gathering for the general public, relatives and friends of those prominent in Soulcraft throughout Ohio, will be welcomed. For those who care to stay over, there will be an evening session for the regular playing of the electronic broadcast.

In issuing invitations to this meet, Mr. Zoppel said—

“The purpose of this State-wide gathering is to devise effective ways and means to pump a steady stream of life-blood into National Headquarters, and by setting up a functional State organization to relieve the Chief and his staff of the mass of detail work that now smothers them and can better be processed at State levels. Thus the Chief’s time can solely be devoted to the kind of activity which only he alone can perform. Also, it is highly desirable that we become acquainted with each other and

ferret out such leadership assets as are now hidden and diverted by a multiplicity of secondary or even lesser considerations. Let’s remove the road blocks from The Christian Commonwealth and get it ready for an immediate start on its way, with vim and vigor. It is later than we think, and time runs out at a tragic clip.”

Soulcraft Headquarters gives this convocation its unmitigated blessing and it is hoped the attendance will be heavy. The national body will hear much from Mr. Zoppel’s activities. He is one of the outstanding businessmen of Columbus, 60 years of age, and has been conducting an energetic and model chapel-group in his business offices each Sabbath evening.

Those who attend have a treat in store for them.

**OUT OF THE MAIL**

“Your weekly Scripts are without a doubt the greatest bit of wisdom that has ever been printed. I have read and re-read them several times with renewed inspiration at each sitting. The Script on ‘Incentive’ has snapped me out of my doldrums several times—the one on ‘Art and Beauty’ has satisfied my ego whenever I have felt insignificant in this large universe of ours—but all of them have given me an understanding of the future with the courage to face it.”

S. H., Mass.

“Words can’t express my appreciation of this information. I am appalled and humble when I consider the bigness of this teaching.

S. H., Oregon.

**Armageddon**

*(Continued from Page 4)*

So glimpse the wake to Dawning’s break,  
Behold world-seas afoam,  
With azure light for dauntless sight  
All up the Bright Way, HOME!  
We’ve lived Inferno, cloaked in chill,  
Now warmth floods in, with vim,  
As clean bells chime the Golden Time  
We spur Life’s Heights . . . to HIM!



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## Man on this Earth

(Continued from Page 4)

Joseph McCabe, in his "Evolution of Civilization" believes it is safe to say that at least 1,500,000 years have elapsed since the human branch of the Tree of Life separated from the ape branch.

We are grateful for this degree of safety. There seems to be a little discrepancy of some 300,000 to 1,000,000 years in the matter of scientific findings, but inasmuch as we are powerless to do much about it, we can simply say that it happened sufficiently far in the past to make one authority's estimate quite as good as another's.

Skeletal remains have been found which indicate that in Europe the existing species of men—Homo sapiens—goes back at least 30,000 years.

The geologists reckon these things by digging or dredging down under strata of alluvial deposits and violating some caveman's graveyard. They know how long it must have taken to lay down a given stratum of soil or rock, and the defunctee who is discovered as slumbering underneath all of it, is contended to have been interred there before the soil or rock was accumulated. He just lay down and let it accumulate on top of him.

The experts are very clever at these things. That genus bohunkus might possibly have gotten that way by being buried under a landslide, four hundred years ago come Tuesday, is not to be suggested.

The other day in Missouri, a scientist was certain that he had disinterred a gentleman who could not have lived a day under two million years ago. He knew it from estimating the amount of topsoil and river-bottom that held him flattened. Everybody was all set to announce it to European universities and put the finder's name in all the more reliable encyclopedias, when a freckle-faced boy made a mess of it all. He continued to work the dredge down through another million years of topsoil and fished up a hoopskirt of the year 1848.

**THAT** Man as elemental divine spirit-particle not yet capable of identifying himself, may have come upon this planet in spirit form, and after incomprehensible periods of solar time found a way to incarnate himself in animal mechanisms, of which the ape's was the most facile for his purposes, is something that

—naturally—the scientists don't dawdle with. None of us can prove it. On the other hand, no one can prove that one form, or species, ever evolved out of another form, or species, either. Both Darwin and Wallace conjectured that species could scarcely have had a common origin, because the farther they traced species back, the more distinctive they became. Who, or what, started off each distinct species in the first place? Because the existence of species at present signifies that they must at some time have been begun, and because there is no known human being skulking around who seems capable of doing it, Man invents a super-being to do it and conveniently labels it God!

With no sacrilege intended, God seems to be the sum and substance of Causation of all which Man otherwise has no explanation for, in the matter of Beginnings.

Man wants a Life-Principle to account for a Life-Principle, or at least a Life-Manifestation. This concurs with his three-dimensional process of thinking, which when done by comparisons, he calls Reasoning. In other words, he has to account for all delimitation by limitation. Anything else would fail to make sense.

Sense is explaining what is non-comprehensible by making it thinkable in terms of the observed behaviors of formal substances.

**AND** here is another strange phenomenon in human behavior: whatever seems to be old, Man instinctively venerates. It seems to astound him that Things should persist for an extensive time. If something is old enough to be called ancient, or archaeological, this same veneration graduates into awe.

Whoever has viewed the Sphinx in Egypt at dawn, comes back with a breathless description of the awe that took possession of him—as though he stood for a moment at the very Beginning of Things. Yet though Egypt is old and gray, though some want to assume that the very first phases of civilization are mirrored in the waters of the old Nile, there is evidence pointing to the fact that North America is the older continent and that civilizations flourished here such as to make that of Nilia a denouement of yesterday morning.

Take something out of a museum-case, hand it to the average person, tell him that it antedates the first setup of government in China, and he will feel like returning it as quickly as possible to get

it out of his profaning grasp. Of course, he might walk out in his meadow which he bought on a New-Deal tax foreclosure, pick up any loose stone, and hold something in his hands that was integrated concurrently with the globe itself. No matter!

Man is rendered speechless at the possibility of Things having an existence that encompasses aeons. Why should he be such?

The process really going on within him—subconsciously—is one of stupefaction at his own pettiness of existence, or physical duration. He is not exactly thinking of the age of the museum-piece or rock; he is considering the lack of age of himself by comparison.

Tell him that he probably is older than any rock, older than the planet, older than ANY planets, and he will want to scratch you—or have you jailed for reflecting on his theology.

Man seems to battle from the cradle to the grave for the right to be little, to think of himself as petty, to prove himself of no consequence.

**B**UT all the time that Man is so doing, he is truly proffering his instinctive alibi for having confined himself in the earthly circumstance at all. He is actually ashamed that development—or unfoldment—of his spirit-self is necessary by trial-and-error incursion into planetary materials.

He is acclaiming and confirming his essential God-stuff, every time he does it. His conduct is one perpetual demonstration of the workings of a decidedly healthy Defense Mechanism.

All that he designates as Reality is but the properties by which he attains to recognition of the eternal spirituality—and nothing more—of himself. If he had been denied those properties, he would have found himself now as something that was alive and yet without ability to Think.

Of course, his first reaction on having such a condition proposed to him, is to term it a paradox. He paraphrases Descartes and claims: "I think, therefor I am."

The metaphysician lifts an eyebrow and remarks: "So? How about a tree? Is it not alive? And yet, does it think?"

However, Man has been in existence only 8.6 percent of 58,000,000 years.

On the whole, the thing about it which should appall us, is the fact that despite that interval of Time, Man is no further developed—or unfolded—than he IS!

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# .. COGITATIONS

**I** SAID in this column a couple of weeks ago that Hollywood was about one-thirteenth as wicked as it was painted, or words to that effect. I contend I should know. I spent eight years in it, going there in December of 1922 and staying until the talkies came in, approximately 1931, writing or supervising in that time some 21 productions. I discovered that painting Hollywood as wicked, had been more or less of a press agent's stunt that had backfired. Small-town folk, particularly the adolescent element often takes delight in being wicked vicariously, so Hollywood sufficed. Hollywood was made up of grown-up boys and girls, some of them knowing possession of heavy sums of money for the first time in their lives, but at heart just human kids, thinking their thoughts and reacting to ups and downs of life with characteristic sympathy or skepticism as the case might be . . . You want a case of what I mean? I had something happen under my nose that illustrates the humanness of Hollywood—a side that the Midwest never suspects could happen.

o—o

**I** WENT to Hollywood in the heydays of the silent flickers, after making my first picture with Lon Chaney in the old First National Studio at Fort Lee, N. J. The center of the industry, insofar as Hollywood as a village was concerned, was located on the Paramount lot—or Famous-Players-Lasky—at the intersection of Sunset Boulevard and Vine. Down Sunset a block or so, was Warner Brothers, and a block beyond that, at Western, the original West Coast Fox. Out toward Lankershim was Universal Pictures, run by the Lammles, father and son. Over on Melrose, to the southeast part of town, was First National, where the Colleen Moore and Buster Keaton flickers were made, and United Artists were just getting under way out toward Gardner Junction. It was a gay, happy, irresponsible time. Paramount, I recall, was just finishing up the *Covered Wagon*, and Doug Fairbanks had made the *Thief of Bagdad*. Wallie Reid had just demised from the hurts of a picture made down near Malibu Beach, and it

was one of the poignant sights of the industry to pass his residence out toward Beverly Hills and see his two sheep-dogs keeping vigilance on the steps for the master who'd never get out of his car at the doorway again. Immediately I was plunged into the filming of *The Shock* with Chaney, out at Universal—the first San Francisco fire-and-quake picture—and soon had *Her Fatal Million*, with Viola Dana, running down on the Metropolitan lot, and *The Fog*, produced by the Grafs, going up in San Mateo. But shortly after *Her Fatal Millions* hit the screen, the deal between Sam Goldwyn and Louis B. Mayer closed, and Metropolitan joined in the construction of the big M-G-M studio out in Culver City. But up in the Guaranty Building, at the corner of Hollywood Boulevard and Ivar Avenue, was the casting agency of one Grant Dolge, a Massachusetts man who had gone to Hollywood and cleaned up. Financially, that is. He had under contract, Chester Conklin, Gladys Brockwell, Blanche Sweet, Henry B. Walthal, Mack Swain, Huntley Gordon, Laska Winter, Ethel Wales, Nigel de Brulier, Dustin Farnum and Kate Price—the grand old Celtic lady who played Mrs. Kelly in the Cohens & Kellys back in the Roaring Twenties. But he was having troubles with his press relations. One



day, after I'd become intimately acquainted with him, he learned that I'd once been press agent for the Days of '49 Wildwest, and for a short period the Irwin Brothers Rodeo. "How's about coming up here and taking over my people, Bill?" he propositioned me. "You know the newspaper and magazine game and ought to give my players some legiti-



mate press-breaks." I didn't say Yes right away. I consulted my friend Eddie, press relations counsel at one of the bigger studios. "If Grant will give us a guarantee for handling his people," Eddie declared, "I'll throw up my job here and go partners with you on the deal." Grant did, and Eddie did, and I did. All of which brings me to Buddy, the biggest Man in Hollywood . . .

o—o

**P**HYSICALLY, that is. I forebear telling his last name because it would not be kosher, in light of the story I've got to relate about him. But you've seen Buddy on the screen in oversize roles many's the time, only he couldn't get many engagements because big men physically on the screen distract the eye from the smaller sized players and they raise hob about it. Buddy had to eat, to keep that 280-lb hulk of his going. He'd come out from some place in the Midwest to do a particular role because a giant was required, and Buddy was such a giant that he picked up my 144-lbs one afternoon in Grant's office and carried me to the window, affecting to throw me out. And I might have been an infant in rompers for the ease with which he did it, although I'd have been a mess in trousers on the sidewalk nine stories down, if he'd ever gone through with it. Buddy wanted Grant to take him on, and Grant called me in for consultation. Could Eddie and I give him some sort of press build-up that would popularize him and get him engagements? Eddie and I thereupon went into consultation, in our suite of offices up the hall. He was a hard-boiled and utterly disillusioned hombre, Eddie, who didn't believe in Santa Claus nor the stuff about the bees and flowers, not to mention the stork. But Eddie suddenly had a bright idea, considering the ready-money Buddy had to spend to make himself the Screen Sampson of the trade. "Let's stage a marriage for him, Bill, with the biggest

woman in Hollpwood. We'll make them the talk of the town for weeks!" When Eddie's brain started working, something other than sawdust flew out. "But who is the biggest woman in Hollywood?" I asked in my innocence. I likewise meant physically. "Betty Meadows!" cried Eddie. That wasn't her name but the movie-wise of twenty years bygone may catch it. "She's so oversize she can't get engagements either. We'll stage an act of a Sunday night in Henry's, when Buddy comes into the swank hashhouse and falls 'accidentally' over her table, flattening it. We'll have her haul off and baste him a couple, then next day the papers'll all learn that it was love at first sight—or the first slap—and the biggest man and the biggest woman are running around together. I'll get Wheeler & Gass Bros. to present them with the smallest car in Hollywood as an engagement present—and all that tonnage in an Austin will make even Hollywood sit up and take notice. We'll have a real estate firm present them with a house and lot—that they have to enter on hands and knees. We'll—we'll—" And Eddie talked for twelve minutes by the clock. It sounded sensational but there was a bug in it. Did Buddy know Betty, and if we introduced them would they go through with it? That point could be settled by having Betty come up to the office and listen to us describe the gag from beginning to end. She did and we did. Betty said she was game to go through with it if she got her side of the publicity for nothing. We collared Buddy presently and put it up to him. He looked grave. "But, fellers, marriage is an awful serious proposition," says this denizen of Wicked Hollywood. "What if she gets serious on me, I'd be hooked!" We assured him he would not be hooked. that Betty by contract would fail to want him for her consort and her comfort till death did them part. They were introduced and the arrangements made at Henry's. Betty was to be given a table prominent in the sight of all screen celebrities on the coming Sunday night, and we were to pay for the smashed crockery when Buddy got the heart-blow, not to overlook the face-bash. At six-thirty of Sunday evening it was to come off, to the second. And Buddy departed to get himself what he called a dinner-suit at a costumers—someplace where they dealt in sizable fabrics, say circus-tents and such. And Eddie went to work on the "commercial hook-ups" . . .

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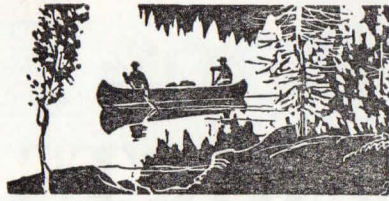
SOULCRAFT CHAPELS

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CAME the eventful night. Betty was ushered to her seat in the eyes of that Roman public that smelled strongly of *gvelterfische*. She was becomingly gowned and had a hair-do out of this world. She could afford the beautician because she was getting it all for free, not forgetting the meal. Eddie and I waited in our ninth-story offices for Buddy to show up. A quarter-to-seven came and no Buddy. Seven o'clock and no

Buddy. Had the biggest man (physically) in Hollywood stepped down a man-hole somewhere and subtracted himself from screenland without anyone noting? Seven-fifteen and no Buddy. *Seven-thirty* and no Buddy! Our carefully-laid plans of a week were a flop. Celebrities were finishing their meals and departing. Down in Henry's, Betty was in tears. Fancy waiting a solid hour for 280-lbs of raw man to show up and pitch head-



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long over one, and after sixty minutes of tension, no giant, no nobody. She got up, informed Henry he could charge it to Pelley & Eddie anyhow, and please to make it big because they were a couple of wet smacks as publicity men anyhow, and the next time she took an engagement to get engaged she'd be a smaller woman than she was in her stocking-feet right that moment. Eddie and I got it all second-hand when she took the Sunday-night elevator up to the ninth floor of our building and went through it all again, with gestures . . . Came eight o'clock, came nine. Still no Buddy. Then at 9:15, all other things being under control but Eddie's temper, the phone-bell whirred. Eddie swept the instrument off his blotter with a scoop. An instant later he was nodding to me to get on the extension-bracket. Buddy's voice came as from far, far away. It might have been Santa Monica, it might have been Barstow, it might have been Des Moines. "Hello, . . . Eddie?" he said, like a sick mush melon trying to find a soft spot in which to deteriorate. Eddie said it was Eddie, although not with my present equanimity. Also he added the inquiry as to Buddy's whereabouts and did the satanic domain have anything to do with it? At least I distinctly recall hearing the infernal regions mentioned, although it may have been an afterthought. "Never-mind where I am," says Buddy, "but I'll be up pretty quick. Just wait and I'll explain when I get there." Eddie cautioned him to come with reasonable dispatch, also that it might be an excellent idea to bring along a surgeon and two stretcher-bearers . . . They'd be needed. Well, at a quarter to ten o'clock, the door opened and in it shambled. Two-hundred and eighty pounds of male human being was sick, sick, very sick. Was it something he'd eaten?—certainly he hadn't eaten that expensive meal at Henry's, unless Henry had enticed him in first and poisoned him. It was a rainy night, I remember, and Buddy slumped in a chair in damp raincoat. He tossed on his desk that silly little cap he wore . . . "It's this way, fellers," he explained, "when you propositioned me about this stunt, I clean forgot something. I forgot that the news you were building up might get on the press wires and be printed outside Hollywood." . . . and he gulped. Eddie surveyed our client with the expression of a sour pickle that had just gulped a bad dose of cod-liver oil. "Spill it!" he barked. And so Buddy spilled it. "Fellers," says

he, "engagement and marriage is a serious proposition, like I mentioned. But before I came out to Hollywood, after the movie scouts found me on account of my size, I was engaged to marry a little school teacher back in Iowa who stands just five feet high and weighs ninety pounds. She's small but she's sweet. *And she trusts me.* If this news about me and this Meadows hulk ever got back to Iowa, it'd just about break Sally's dear waiting heart. I c-couldn't go through with it, fellers, . . . for her sake I c-couldn't" . . . and right before our bedeviled gaze, 280 lbs of perfectly wasted motion-picture giant leaned his head over the edge of my desk and sobbed without acting . . . Yes, it happened in that wicked, wicked Hollywood . . . Even a motion-picture giant could be filled with the spirit . . .

—THE RECORDER

## Strange Experiences

(Continued from Page 7)

landing and waited. Believe it or not, that was the moment that her "burglar's lantern" chose to blink out, leaving her in pitchy darkness with the "Thing", whatever it was . . .

Still half-convinced it was really her father, she dropped the lantern and seized "it" in a nervy clutch. Whereat she screamed and fainted.

Her brother, who recounted the story to me, assured me that when his father and mother responded to his cries and came hastening down from the third floor from which the father had not stirred that night—the sister was found prostrate on the landing, *the entire front of her person covered or splashed with a weird, mustard-colored scum that defied analysis or origin.*

Evidently she had intercepted some sort of semi-materialized ectoplasmic creature who had fled his temporary "covering" at being thus seized.

The First World War broke out shortly afterward and Reverend R. went to France as Army Chaplain. When he returned, he was transferred to New Hampshire and the strange haunting in the Massachusetts rectory was neither repeated nor explained.

E. B., New York.

*A layman is a pedestrian who jumped too late.*

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

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



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## Harvest of Follies

(Continued from Page 2)

ording to their backgrounds or temperaments. One man's promises are as good as another's in the matter of self-predictions as to what he's *going* to do if thus-and-such develops. How does he know he's going to do it? How can he guarantee it? He's only conjecturing as to what he *thinks* he might do.

So let crises come, to determine these matters. God Almighty has never yet defaulted on supplying true leaders and mentors for humanity's conservation and ultimate protection as the world has turned upside down in crises of the past.

This Harvest of Folly must be gathered! If it were not so, then divine laws of Cause and Effect would stand frustrated. Men have hoodwinked themselves that good promisers of the past have demonstrated leadership. They have demonstrated nothing of the sort. They have demonstrated only optimism based on opportunities purely hypothetical at the time such promises were made.

The real leaders lead! . . . they don't talk about leading. They go ahead and perform.

But they can't perform till men are of a mind to harken to them. And men don't find themselves in the mood to harken till their situations are sufficiently provocative.

Why find fault with it?

Why not trust God that He will supply the leaders who go ahead and do the real leading in times ahead precisely as they have never failed to do in times of the past?

## Your Prenatal Self

(Continued from Page 6)

The most enthralling reports have been given some of us interested in probing such matters, by those who affect to describe the process of incarnation from the higher octaves. The latter declare that there exist higher-octave "surgeons" or "obstetricians," who devote themselves to helping souls get born into such physical mechanisms as have just been portrayed, exactly as there are similar functionaries on the mortal side to aid in bringing the embryonic physical creation into independent life.

CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK

## You Can Now Get the Soulscripts Up to Volume Seven . . .

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 Seventh 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 five more volumes to come, making 12 in all or 156 Scripts to the collection. There have been 91 issued to the current week, making 65 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

# T h e P A Y O F F

**A**N IRISHMAN, a Britisher, and an Israelite were telling of their strange experiences in being mistaken for celebrated men.

"Would youse believe it," said the Irishman, "once Oi wuz took for no less than President Coolidge."

The Englishman wasn't to be outdone. "That's nothing, my dear chaps, believe it or not I was once mistaken for Lloyd George."

The Israelite shrugged. "By me," he said, "it's more celebrated than either of you. Comes the cop along, day before yesterday and sees me standing on the corner. "Holy Moses," says he, "are you here again!"

**A** KINDHEARTED English vicar one day observed an old lady laboriously pushing a baby-carriage up a steep hill. He volunteered his assistance, and when they reached the top of the grade, said in answer to her thanks, "Oh, it's nothing at all. I'm delighted to do it. But as a little reward, may I kiss the baby?"

"Lor' bless you, sir," the old woman exclaimed, "it ain't no baby. It's the old man's beer."

**A**N IRISHMAN who was fond of strong drink, was asked by the parish priest, "My son, how do you expect to get into heaven?"

The son of Erin replied, "Shure and that's aisy. When Oi git to the gates uv Hivin, Oi'll open and shut the door, and open and shut the door, and kape on doin' it till St. Peter sez, 'Fer hivin's sakes, Mike, ayther come in or stay out!'"

**A** WOMAN buying fish from a marketman, asked, "Are they fresh?"

The marketman looked at his long-dead stock.

"Fresh, mum? Why, just look at 'em." Turning to his wares he shouted, "Lie still can't yer? Lie still!"

**T**HE FIRST man said, "My wife spends too much money, nags me continually, and doesn't understand me."

"Is that a fact?" asked the second man. "When did you meet this other woman?"

## ARE YOU MISSING THEM?

### Electronic Broadcasts of Soulcraft



Seventh Address  
OCT. 17th:

## "The World Conundrum"

### 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 seventh discourse is upon the subject: *The World Conundrum* . . . Don't miss it!

## Attend or Start a Chapel

**A**N IRISHMAN who had been to Alaska, told the following story: "Oi landed me boat on an island. Oi went ashore. When Oi got up to about the middle ov the hill on the island, Oi met the biggest bear Oi'd ever seen in me life. There wuz jist one tree on that hill and the nearest limb wuz twenty fate from the ground. Well, Oi jumped for it."

Somebody asked, "Did you make it?" "Oi missed it goin' up. But Oi caught it comin' down!"

**T**HE WIFE of a German workman employed in a mechanical toy factory, tried to induce him to filch a perambulator for their baby. He refused to do this, but agreed to purloin separate parts till he had enough to construct a machine at home.

The great day for the assembly of the parts arrived. After five hours the wife went down into basement, to find her husband in a state of exhaustion.

"No good it is," he lamented. "Always a machine-gun it comes out!"