

Valor

The Golden Times Weekly . .

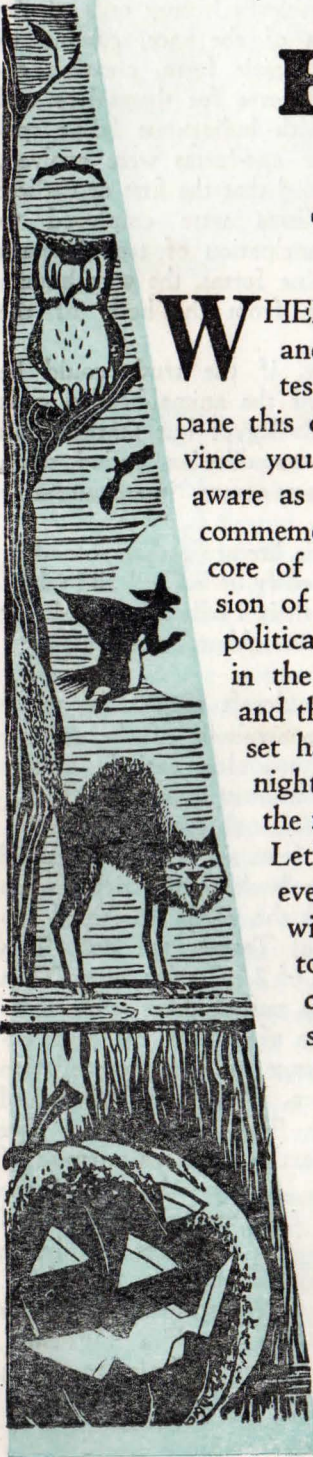
How to Live Life with Courage, Wisdom, and Enduring Peace of Mind through Soulcraft

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HALLOWE'EN DENOTES AN ANCIENT RELIGION



WHEN the neighbor's small boy—and his little sister—push a grotesque face against your window pane this coming week, and strive to convince you they are hobgoblins, are you aware as an adult what the children are commemorating? It penetrates to the very core of Soulcraft to expound an occasion of this kind. We can forego the political campaign, the lack of pence in the coffers of the Federal Union, and the manner in which the television set has been acting up the past two nights, to acquaint ourselves with the nature and origin of Hallowe'en. Let's be honest with ourselves, . . . even we grown-ups are stricken with the old nostalgias when October 31st rolls 'round and we recall when we as well imagined us scaring our elders into fits with faces of witches and lighted pumpkins.

We get the term Hallowe'en from All Hallows Eve, the name given to the 31st of October as the vigil of Hallowmas, or All Saint's Day. Though now known as little else but the eve of the

Christian festival, Hallowe'en and its attendant ceremonies long antedate Christianity.

THE FESTIVAL of All Saints, also known as All Hallows or Hollowmas, was a feast of the Catholic Church celebrated on the 1st of November in honor of all the saints, known or unknown. In the Roman Church it is a festival of the first rank, with a vigil and an octave. Common commemorations by several churches of the deaths of martyrs began to be celebrated in the 4th century.

The first trace of a general celebration comes out of Antioch on the Sunday after Pentecost. The origin of the festival of All Saints as celebrated in the West, is not so clearly known. In 609, Pope Boniface IV consecrated the Pantheon at Rome to the Blessed Virgin and all the martyrs, and this became in time the origin of an oratory at St. Peter's for the relics of "the holy Apostles and of all Saints, Martyrs and Confessors and of all the Just Made Perfect at rest throughout the world."

However, in the Anglo Saxon countries, particularly in England and Scotland, this November 1st festival fell by coincidence on the day following an ancient Druid ceremony.

It was a Druidic belief that on the eve of the Festival, Saman, lord of death, called together the wicked souls that within the past twelve months had been condemned to inhabit the bodies of animals. Thus it becomes evident that the main celebrations of Hallowe'en were purely Druidical. This seems further proven by the fact that in

parts of Ireland the 31st of October was, and still is, known as *Oidhche Shamhna*, or Vigil of Saman.

And the two chief characteristics of ancient Hallows Eve were the lighting of bonfires and the belief that of all nights in the year, this was the one in which ghosts and witches were most likely to go wandering about.

On the Druidistic ceremonies were grafted some of the characteristics of the Roman festival in honor of Pomona, held about the first of November, in which nuts and apples, representing the winter's stores of fruits, played important part. Thus the roasting of nuts and the sport known as "apple-ducking"—attempting to seize an apple floating in a tub of water, with the teeth—once were the universal pastimes of the young of medieval England, Ireland and Scotland on the 31st of October.

The custom of lighting immense bonfires—or Hallowe'en Fires, as they were called—in the highlands of Scotland and Wales, survived until recent times. In the dying embers it was customary to place as many small stones as there were young people in the party. Next morning an examination of these stones was made. If any one of the pebbles had been displaced, it was regarded as certain that the persons these stones represented would die within the coming twelve months . . .

Now this lighting of bonfires is, of itself, not recognized for the significance which it had originally.

THE WORD "bonfire" had a sinister connotation in Early England and Scotland. We in America think of a bonfire as the putting to flames of an immense pile of rubbish, usually at night. In early England it was a contraction of the words bone fire" and in Scotland it was "bane fire." However, in both countries—whether bone-fire or bane-fire—the heavy blaze was taken as an occasion of rejoicing.

Whatever the origin of the word, it has long had several meanings—a fire of bones, a fire for corpses, a funeral pile, a fire for immolation, such as that in which heretics and unlawful books were burned, a large fire in the open air on occasions of national rejoicing, or a "bane fire" as in Scotland as a signal

of alarm such as warned the people of Britain of the approach of the Armada.

Throughout Europe the peasants from time immemorial have lighted "bone-fires" on certain days of the year and danced around them or leaped over or through them. The custom can be traced back to the Middle Ages, even back to such antiquity as to suggest they came originally from customs in heathen Europe. In fact, the Christian synods of the 7th and 8th centuries attempted to suppress bone-fire ceremonies entirely by declaring them pagan. The third council of Constantinople in 680 ordered in its 65th canon—

"Those fires that are kindled by certain people on new moons before their shoppes and houses, over which also they use ridiculously and foolishlie to leape, by a certaine antient custome, we command them henceforth to cease." And Pope Zachary in 1742 forbade "those sacriligeous fyres which they call Ned-frie or bone fyres or all other observations of the Pagans whatsoever."

Leaping over fires is mentioned among the superstitious rites used at the Palilia—the Feast of the Pales or shepherds' goddess—in Ovid's *Fausti*, when the shepherds lit heaps of straw and jumped over them while they burned. Fraser's *Golden Bough*, or history of nature religions, gives pages to these ancient pagan and Druidic customs. The Druids, remember, were Nature worshipers from the Taurian Zodiacal Period, corresponding in the West to the Parsee cow-and-bull worshipers of the East.

VALOR'S readers who have not had access to the 91st *Soulscript*, describing the strange manner in which the religions of the earth follow the zodiacal constellations, cannot appreciate what is being celebrated on Hallowe'en, like those enlightened in sacred occult wisdom.

In the mystical hazy light of heavy October harvest moons, it was thought, back in the days of the Earth and Sun worshipers, that uneasy spirits who could not orient themselves to a non-understood discarnate condition, made rampage on

the eve of November 1st—and the hallowed and lighted pumpkin of today's children from over the way, is their infantile attempt to symbolize these unhappy and purblind creatures that for one night in the year indicated their existence to those still in bodies. The Witch on her broomstick, levitating through the air, of course is naught but an expression of the physical freedom of the discarnate. While as for the black cat, with its unearthly fireball eyes and arched back, the symbolism goes back further still into times so remote that no date can be ascribed to them. An unhallowed page in humankind's history tells of the first specimens of the race, coming to this planet in spirit form, creating organic thought forms for themselves and cohabitating with indigenous feline species before the ape-forms were evolved. Evidence is veiled that the first or earliest sphinx symbolisms were employed to mark the emancipation of true humans from these feline forms, the true human head emerging from the body of the lion-cat . . .

Undoubtedly, if the truth could be known, most of the animal-headed gods of very ancient Egypt but marked this vast sodomic, antediluvian period when men and beasts were interchangeably mixed up.

None of it is literature that should be resorted to, to edify little Cecil and Christine, donning their Hallowe'en masks to "have fun" at neighbors' windows.

WE OF Soulcraft regard the whole of it as symbolic of the manner in which religions alter entirely outside man's realization when it happens. Hallowe'en in its original symbolisms probably goes back from six to eight thousand years. It harks back to the times when the peoples of the earth worshiped under the Sign of Taurus, the Bull. This ran a sequence of 2,157 solar years. Then the solar system passed along from under the constellation of Taurus, the Bull, under the influence of the constellation Aries, the Ram. Whereas Taurus had been an Earth Sign, Aries was a Fire Sign. So all earthly religions partook of fire—the era of the sun-worshipers and sacrificers of burnt offerings on altars. Another 2,157 years of Fire Worship, and the solar system

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Why Faiths that Survive Are Slow in Making Converts



BEWARE the new religious movement that hits a country like a bombshell, flowers overnight, draws its thousands or tens of thousands, and seems to sweep everything before it in a mass hysteria of spectacular fanaticism. History attests, almost without exception, that such social eccentricities are always short-lived. Faiths that endure, that are to alter the philosophies of generations, make their first appearance "as a cloud no bigger than a man's hand," gather converts with painful slowness, and build for the centuries with the blood-spattered stones of persecution and martyrdom.

How often have we of this current generation heard of some new spiritual counsellor, some spectacular metaphysician, some author of religious books, who causes a season's sensation by his researches in Spiritism, raises a passing flurry of excitement among the country's spiritual vagabonds, draws crowds, goes on the radio, and appears to be God's latest gift to a world seeking novelty in its theological concepts quite as much as it seeks novelty in its movie entertainment? "Look at Brother and Sister Whoozis!" cry the esoteric excitable. "They're going over like a house afire. Why, last Sunday night in Los Angeles I

heard that they filled the Shrine Auditorium with seven thousand people!"

The idea seems to be that a male and a female messiah have hit the earth, because a good publicity build-up has filled Shrine Auditorium to capacity. Brother and Sister Whoozis are encountering no opposition. They are taking the country by storm. And little Willie Whoozis comes out on the platform dressed like the cutest adolescent angel and puts on his act with Paw and Maw till seven thousand goofs are about melted to tears. In fact, the combined Whoozis family have an ace-high, water-tight metaphysical monopoly that, in the language of our times, is "the cat's pajamas."

And what's become of the metaphysical wonder who held center-stage season before last, and before the coming of the Whoozis messiahs? The Whoozis menage eclipsed him, that's all. He went out like a light and hasn't been heard from in two to three years. It must go to prove that he was a phony, else why didn't he too draw his Shrine-Auditorium-filling thousands and hold 'em in the face of the Whoozis competition?

THIS SORT of thing keeps up, year after year, decade upon decade. If it isn't the Whoozis Family, it's the White Pundit who tries to induct life

into a corpse amid the wastes of Nevada desert, or the Knight of the Purple Bathrobe who holds forth in Florida—and handles a choice assortment of house-lots on the side. None of 'em "seem to get anywhere." Each periodically "steals the other's thunder." All of 'em had Lemurian theophanies on the sides of Mount Shasta, or were told straight from God Himself that theirs is the only pure and undefiled revelation made to the current generation, that they shall never lack for money or disciples—particularly well-to-do disciples—and that all things considered, the eternal verities would be a bust if they had not been raised up to show humanity the one and only Path.

Spiritual vagabonds, people always seeking new messiahs in this age as in every age, follow these Periodic Potentates of the Larger Life as gamblers trek in the wake of circuses, or retired Iowa carpenters buy trailers in the autumn and join the motor cavalcades to Miami, Florida, or Long Beach, California. Granted that any one of this annual crop of metaphysicians actually has a new and vital message, the crowds who acclaim him don't tarry long enough to digest his message anyhow.

More than all else, it never occurs unto the least of them that perchance—in behind the scenes—the build-up that fills the Shrine Auditoriums with such record-breaking crowds is financed by groups of predatory forces, anxious to back or promote any new religious racket that takes the edge off the Christian message and succeeds in substituting some bewhiskered Assyrian for the Carpenter of Galilee.

Still, that's not the point.

IT IS NOT permitted to the people of a given generation to decide—much less to know—which of its current spir-

itual counsellors is to found a movement that flowers up the centuries. The world has had sects, cults, and "mysteries" since Noah tumbled out of the Ark and was handed a card inviting him to come and hear Swami Lumbago give the first of six lectures that evening on the Cause of the Recent Wet Spell but the religions that have endured, have been instigated by men who never in the wildest flights of their hectic imaginations thought they were doing much more than cleaning up the political graft in their immediate local neighborhoods.

The fact that Brother and Sister Whoosis seem to have made esoteric hash of the erstwhile popularity of Nevada Susie, or that Nevada Susie in her turn doused the spiritual glims of Miraculous Mike the Massachusetts Mystic, means nothing whatever. Nothing, that is, excepting that—spiritually speaking—great masses of people are pathetically frenzied and turning from the sterilities of modern theology in search of most any sort of doctrine that they can truly get their teeth in.

It is actually nobody's province to declare that this or that spiritual counselor has gone out like a light—because he or she is no longer the nation's spiritual idol that season—for great teachers like the movements which they unwittingly instigate, are usually judged for enduring worth according to the nature of the opposition they call up.

If a man come forth from the monastic mazes of mysticism, attract his hundreds and then his thousands, and soon is addressing his tens of thousands, and if he go straight up the ladder of ribald popularity, so that all doors are opened to him and scarcely a brick is heaved at his top hat, watch him!

There is a colored gentleman in the esoteric woodpile somewhere. He is probably grinding axes that ulterior forces particularly want ground.

And if another man come forth from the mazes of mysticism, attract his hundreds and then his thousands, but is ingloriously set upon, attacked, persecuted, suppressed, watch him too! But watch him for a totally different reason. People may fall away from him, he may lose his popularity; critics may say, "If his message had truly been of God he wouldn't have encountered such ruinous opposition."

But chances are ten to one that he did have something, or that his message was

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All-Quality . .



DON'T send us Help, O Lord,
Send Strength!

When typhoons roar and earth-crust heaves
and parts,

Send us the calm to smile at Nature's brawn
And sing it as a hymn to valiant hearts.

Give us not Help, O Lord,
But Strength!

Don't send us Aid, O Lord,
Send Wits!

When wiles of evil tricksters plow Life's peace
That we may match their guile with braver craft
And chart High Wisdom for the world's release.

Give us not Aid, O Lord,
But Wits!

Don't haste us Rescue, Lord,
Rush Skill!

When doctrine hoar would mesh us in its wrong,
That we the talent lift to hail the right
And move Mind's road-blocks for a muddled throng.

Haste us not Rescue, Lord,
But Skill!

Don't send us Succor, Lord,
Send Light!

When Soul-murk from Old Error blights our way,
That we, of our divinity full-hailed,
May know the holier stance from which men pray.

Send us not Succor, Lord,
But Light!

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Make us Strong People, Lord,
That from Above,
Strength, Wits, and Skill, and Light
Add up to LOVE!

What You Should Know about the Phenomena of Dreams and Nightmares

EXACTLY how long a time human life as we know it has been in existence on this planet the average scientist of integrity is not brash enough to say. But one thing is certain: that as far back as the memory or history of man has extended, the phenomenon of dreaming has been one of Life's chief mysteries.

Dreaming is, and has always been, the universal esoteric practice. Men of every race and time have dreamed. Their dreams, moreover, seem to fall into categories. From the sublime visions undergone in sleep that are called Theophanies down to the internal wrestle with nocturnal indigestibles that are known as Nightmares, the mind during slumber has seemed to function in a world of its own.

The question is a fair one: why does this esoteric, meaning "inner", consciousness persist, and why are the explanations for its performance no more satisfying down here in this Twentieth Century after Christ than they were ten thousand years before Moses?

Is it possible that humankind has failed to hit upon the true explanation for dreams because Science before this present period has been more or less ignorant of the construction of Matter?

Is there, in other words, a direct connection between the atomic theory which purports to account for Matter being what it is, and the strange nocturnal realizations which come to the mind when the physical world has been shut out completely?

More than all else, is it possible that there is a cause for dreams wholly outside anything which scientists or psychologists have suspected to the present? Have they started from a wrong premise in trying to account for dreams in the first place, and persisted in error throughout a hundred generations?

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

THE COMMON method of accounting for dreams is to contend that during slumber the mind is released from conventions and inhibitions. It is "free", say the psychologists, to "wander at will" in desire-wish fulfillments or to render in picture form whatever sense stimuli may be playing upon the inert physical mechanism.

Metaphysicians go further and declare that at certain times during the night the psyche detaches itself from that physical mechanism and assumes what is to all practical purposes the discarnate state. In this discarnate state it has hyperdimensional adventures. Remembered by the brain in the state of awakement, and translated into terms of the secular-familiar, these adventures are termed Dreams.

Strangely enough too, the item of Time in such dreams is totally out of kilter with realizations of Time in this third dimension. A dream-experience that seems to cover hours, days, or years, with every aspect of reality, may take place in three-dimensional time within the fraction of a minute.

These two forms of mental activity, the esoteric and exoteric, are so much at variance that it is small wonder they have perplexed and baffled the philosophers from ancient days.

To help shed possible light on the matter, we might turn to modern Science and consider what we know today about the structure of materials.

First, consider the body or the physical functions as a possible source of dreams.

It is fairly well recognized that we are living today in an iconoclastic age. The



Luciferians in control of our modern "civilization" are striving to exterminate any credence of the functionings of Pure Spirit apart from physicality and attribute all mental or esoteric activity to some bodily process.

Paradoxically enough, these same Luciferians take a capricious delight in turning about and encouraging Science to explain all Matter in terms of atomic illusion—that is, that the breaking down of Matter into atoms proves that "solid" substance does not exist.

Suppose we ignore the Luciferians for the moment, however, and view the physical body not as a Thing but as a pure Field of Force. Let us see what explanations it may shed upon Dreaming.

TURNING to the findings and attestments of such modern physicists as Eddington, Jeans, Lodge, or Millikan, we are informed that no matter whether we "break down" the materials in a table, stove, coat, or pot of paint, we inevitably find the atom as their unit of composition.

Speaking now in general terms and devoid of electro-dynamic technicalities, we are further informed that the atoms forming the basis for any substance are created in the pattern of a microscopic solar system, the proton-centrosome acting as the sun and the electron flying about it in the aspect of a planet.

Where we have one proton-sun and one electron-planet we have the hydrogen atom. Many trillions of them performing together in any given instance supply earthly life with the substance known as Hydrogen.

For the benefit of the unlearned, we

may add that where we have one proton-sun and two electron-planets, we are served with a slightly different material than hydrogen. If we have a dozen proton-suns and a score of electron-planets we have a material still denser or more complicated as to structure.

The factual difference between wood, iron, wool, or pigment, in other words, is the difference in the numbers of electron-planets flying in different orbits and different speeds about different numbers of proton-suns—and to render the matter still more bedeviling, the difference between a proton and an electron is merely the difference between a negative and a positive charge of electricity. And these negative and positive charges of electricity are functioning in a primordial element that for want of a better description is known as Pure Ether.

All materials therefore, are but different coagulations of etheric electrical charges and the pattern for them is precisely the one followed in the celestial arrangement of all heavenly bodies.

Furthermore—and here is the crux of the mystery of Consciousness in our physical selves—in proportion to mass and size, there is just as much Pure Space relatively between the proton-suns and the electron-planets in any atom in our bodies as there is distance between our solar proton known as the Sun and its electrons known as Planets and named in our language Venus, Earth, or Mars.

If you want an idea of what that distance is, consider the sun as an orange and the earth as a pea. To make the distance from sun to earth relative, you must envision the pea as swinging in an orbit some forty feet away from the orange. At the same time, the nearest star to the sun will be represented by another orange some two miles removed!

SIR JAMES JEANS describes similar distances as between the proton and electrons of each carbon atom going to compose our bodies in the following startling manner—

Imagine, if you can, a common walnut suspended on a thread so that it hangs down squarely in the center of the great concourse of Grand Central Station in New York City. Then conceive of six wasps flying in a tight little group around the outmost confines of the edifice. This mental picture, not to ignore the space between walnut and wasps, conveys the idea of the proportion of mass to space

that exists in each bodily carbon atom.

Professor Eddington of Cambridge University uses the same mathematics to arrive at this conclusion—

Find a way, says he, to deduct and remove from the average human body all the space that exists between the protons and electrons of every atom, and the sum-total of pure protons and pure electrons would so reduce the average 150-lb person that his "solid matter" could scarcely be observed beneath the ordinary microscope.



A regiment of human beings so reduced could parade upon the head of the well-known common pin!

The bodies of the two billion human beings making up earthly society, therefore, are really composed of 99 percent Pure Space. Yet across these immense atomic distances there is something in operation that is known as directing Consciousness.

The self-aware, self-inciting human spirit cannot be said to reside in any particular proton, electron, or atom—physically—and yet it functions in all of them, holds all of them together, "thinks" across those great atomic distances with nothing seemingly between them to carry the thought, and manages somehow to retain them in pattern. When it departs this titanic Field of Force that is the body, these atoms all "go haywire" . . . that is to say, when the dictating spirit pulls out of this Field of Force at physical death, these substances disintegrate or the body decomposes.

IN THIS exposition of physics we have demonstration of a fact not known to the ancients, not even known to the scribes who wrote the *Bible* and named it the inspired Word of God: namely, that spirit must exist independent of atomic body-matter since it can scarcely be called the product of mere walnut-wasp coalition of etheric display. If that

were so, then human consciousness should result whenever and wherever the carbon atom, or any of the other atoms, was observed as in existence.

Coming back now to that form of consciousness known as Dreams, we discern this integrating Spirit performing unto itself independent of material atoms in sleep as real, and yet obtaining its recognizable results in terms of patterns of materials it has known by first exercising in the three-dimensional world of Form and Substance.

We find Spirit, in other words, performing nightly in what might be termed an aspect of discarnation or removal from all atomic sense-stimuli, though circumscribed as to idea by patterns, forms, and substances it has first become acquainted with, *in* materiality.

Here is where the ancients—and for that matter, the modern psychologists—make their basic blunder in analysis. They confuse the sense-stimuli of the body in a "living" though "slumbering" state with spirit's formal reflexes derived from its prior acquaintanceship and familiarity with materials in substance-pattern.

For instance, they will carelessly declare that the common dream of finding oneself naked in public is motivated by nocturnal twistings and turnings, and resultant uncoverings of the lower parts of the body as to bedclothes. Such statements are accepted because they are not challenged. Then again, how does the person asleep, and undergoing the naked-dream, know whether his body is uncovered or not? The fact has been attested, however, that many persons knowing of such explanation have awakened abruptly from such dreams of public nakedness and found themselves not only fully covered as to bedclothes but their bodies robed in pajamas as well.

If the explanation be found as failing in any given instance of application, then it is merely a conjecture, or better, a hypothesis.

Or take another challenge—

Psychologists who want to figure out everything from the Luciferian basis of materiality, say that dreaming is mere desire-wish fulfillment—the mind "wandering at will" in realms that are circumscribed by no social inhibitions.

If such were true, then why are not all dreams pleasant dreams, or ecstatic projections of fancy into spiritual activi-

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PSYCHICAL PERSONALITIES . .



SUPPOSE, from our interest in the divine or phenomenal nature in man, we give thought for the next few weeks to some of the extraordinary intellects that have existed on this earth in modern times. To illustrate, there is the celebrated instance of Zerah Colburn, who even as a child exhibited a mathematical genius that confounded and astounded our great grandfathers and grandmothers. What principle, incarnate or discarnate, could have been operating in the boy's personality to make him demonstrate the powers which he did?

Zerah was born up in north-central Vermont on September 1, 1804. In 1810, when he was about six years of age, he first began to show those wonderful powers of calculation that brought him notoriety even overseas, exciting the astonishment of every person who beheld his extraordinary abilities. The discovery of those abilities came about by accident.

His father, who himself was by no means outstanding in mathematics or accounting, had given the boy only such education as one year in a backwoods school afforded. The town of Cabot, where Zerah was born, lies some fifty miles west of St. Johnsbury, toward Montpelier, the state capital. In Colburn's day it was a small crossroads hamlet. But the strange thing was, that the lad's "education" in that single year had not included "figgerin'" as arithmetic was called—merely "readin' and writin'". One day, however, the elder Colburn came on the tousled headed and barefoot Zerah with tables of numbers he had gotten in an old arithmetic book left in the house by a surveyor, and he was adding the tables merely by looking at them. He told his father the results and Colburn Senior spent the whole evening laboriously checking, only to discover that in every instance his son had been correct.

STRUCK with amazement at the circumstance, the father proposed a number of mathematical problems to the

lad, which the child solved with remarkable facility and accuracy. News of the infant prodigy soon circulated through the neighborhood and many persons came far distances to submit tests to him on which they had worked out the answers with great labor in advance. Thus when he gave correct answers with as much ease as ordinary youngsters of six or seven spell cat or dog, the elders were nonplussed.

The father, encouraged by the unanimous opinion of all who witnessed the boy's miraculous powers, and having a native business sense, was persuaded to take the lad on a tour of the United States. And they were everywhere received with the most flattering reactions. From America it was but a step to try the boy out in England—particularly London.

Many persons of the first eminence for their knowledge in mathematics and well known for their philosophical inquiries, made a point of meeting Zerah and testing him.

It was found to be true that he could not only give at once the exact number of hours or minutes in any given number of years his interviewers named, but he would tell the exact multiplication of any numbers up to four figures by any number consisting of a like number of figures. He could take any number consisting of seven or eight places of figures and determine with expedition and ease all the factors of which it was composed. This singular faculty extended not only to the raising of powers but to the extraction of the square and cube roots of whatever number was proposed to him.

At one meeting, held for the purpose of exhibiting his powers, he undertook and succeeded in raising the number eight progressively up to the sixteenth power. He named the result as 281,474,976,710,656—and was right in every figure. All in his head!

With respect to numbers consisting of two figures he would raise some of them to the sixth, seventh, and eighth power. He was asked the square root of 106,929.

Before the number had been written down, he had answered 327. He was then required to name the cube root of 268,336,125. With equal promptness he replied, 645. One of the party requested him to name the factors which produced the number 247,483. He did this at once by replying—almost before the figures were spoken, 941, and 263, *which indeed are the only two numbers that will produce it*. He was then asked to give the factors of 36,083 and he answered immediately that it had none. This was correct, as 36,083 is a prime number.

Other brain-teasers were proposed to him. One gentleman asked him how many minutes there were in 48 years? Before the question could be written down he answered, 25,228,800. Then instantly he added that the number of seconds in the same 48 years was 1,513,728,000. The questioner had chosen the figure 48 at random. But an hour of careful multiplication—long before the days of calculating machines—showed he was right in both cases.

IT WAS said of Zerah that in some cases where the calculations were intricate, as in getting at cube roots of heavy numbers, he would scowl and a sort of vacant expression come into his eyes. His lips would be seen to move as though he were formulating the sounds of the numbers that were being arrived at in his mind. He declared he had memorized nothing, and there was no reason to doubt he was telling the truth. Repeatedly he declared that he didn't know how he did these fantastic sums "in his head", and seemed unaware of there being anything miraculous about it.

Here is the strange part of his case . . . it was hoped that the development of the strange powers of his mind would be pose mathematical experts took him in

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Can Happen



HERE are those who fail to agree with VALOR's "optimism" as it's called superficially, respecting "nothing of a serious nature ahead for America."

Take note—and let it be understood with utmost clarity—that nowhere has VALOR taken the position that "nothing of a serious nature" is ahead for America. Matters of the utmost gravity are ahead for America. What VALOR has said has been, *that permanent ruin is not ahead for America!*

America, meaning the United States, has both an economic and a political bottleneck to experience, the prospects of which are by no means pleasant. VALOR does not see America bombed to blazes in any Russian atomic war, or assailed by precisely the same type of financial crash that featured the last week in October, 1929.

This is what VALOR *does* envision—

It envisions a state of political and economic corruption and foment of so serious a nature, chiefly attributable to confiscatory taxes, debt, and the running out of money to meet largess of Congressional appropriations, that with the incoming of pro-international executives on November 4th, a situation is reached wherein a thoroughly disgusted and padded nation says—

"We've reached a point where it's shown we're incapable of running a nation so vast, complicated, and corrupt as the United States. So what say we turn the whole business over to the overlord suzerainty of United Nations and see what sort of a job of government Lake Success can give us? How can it possibly

be worse than the government we've contrived to give ourselves in our amateurish incapacities?

As if U-N personnel was professionally infallible!

With the country brought perforce to pernicious stalemate, and the Presidential electee having commitments to United Nations elements ahead of United States elements, this "getting out from under" can be seriously contemplated.

That's obviously the time when "Constitutionalism hangs by a single thread" in this Republic—according to the prophecy in the *Door to Revelation*, with which most older Soulcrafters are familiar.

That our United States has been deliberately conditioned to entertain such treason is, of course, something that our dwindling patriotic element has been kept from suspecting. Besides, such plot is too gargantuan for the average mind to grasp.

As Rep. John T. Wood says, "The real future of America is to be decided presently by what Congress the American people elect, more than what presidential candidate the country elects."

If it be a Senate preponderantly committed to "let the United Nations see what it can do" policy, there's rough going ahead for America as a Republic.

In the foregoing lies the real danger for this land which we love. And in the foregoing—or rather *out* of the foregoing—come the resurgent elements that pack the whole nefarious Red crew to other parts of the world about their business. Oh, yes, it can be done!

Stay around and watch.



Spook Toot



FROM Perth, Australia, a story comes to make the rounds of the American press cables that the Assistant Angelican Bishop of Perth had to hold an

"exorcism service" to drive away the ghost of a woman said to haunt a suburban house in that city. Bishop C. E. B. Muschamp said the service was performed at the request of a housewife who declared she "had been troubled for months by a queer sort of feeling of a presence." Sometimes, she reported, *it appeared by her bedside*. At the service the Bishop prayed loudly for a blessing on the house and its occupant, and then ordered the spirit away. Afterwards, holy water was sprinkled around.

This, apparently, made everything all right, and the ghost went elsewhere—although no record has been forthcoming of an interview with the discarnate to learn how it felt about the matter.

It is difficult to comment on an instance of this kind, because indicating the abysmal ignorance of so-called ecclesiastical authorities in treating with such phenomena can easily approach the domain of rudeness. But here, apparently, is a minister of God so utterly illiterate as to psychical matters that he imagines—along with his equally illiterate parishioners—that general blessings and holy water incanted about, fix everything up. It is the old "casting out of demons" childishness inherited from the Dark Ages. Whatever the race couldn't explain of a mystical nature, or the religious authorities couldn't rationalize, originated with the devil and all his angels. The clergy *will* have it that souls on physical demise go where they say such souls go, and no other location.

Any modern and Twentieth Century psychical researcher could have informed His Holiness that the "haunting" woman-soul probably had something on her mind over which she was so emphatically brooding that it made her presence visible out of the etheric, and if she left after the incantations of the Church it was more accurately due to her not being wanted about. Anyone, in flesh or out of it, "not wanted about", would readily go elsewhere—the exorcism has little or nothing to do with it. Flammarion recounts time and time again episodes of similar "hauntings" where the discarnate said fiddle-faddle to the exorcisms, and of course that ended the matter for the parish priests. They had to give up and confess that the offices of the Church were of no avail. One wonders why not?

The intellect who is adept in the Ageless Wisdom sees not much difference between the reported activities of such august Bishops and the leaping of the

Indian medicine man and rattling of the dried peas in his gourd, to "drive away evil spirits" . . .

Truly enough it is demonstrated that there is no evil but ignorance. But, of course, if the Church in the accepted sense credited the findings of modern psychical research, it would have to renig on the whole hypothesis of the Celestial Afterlife.

It couldn't do that.

There is too much at stake.

So a few more dried peas, please, and everybody stand back—in the name of the Wise Man of Galilee . . . You shall see, or not see, how the sacred magic works. As for the troubled condition of the poor soul that has lost its physical body and doesn't know what to do about it, let her concede she's "lost" and be done with it.

When will this human race ever become mature?

Censorship



RANK W. KERN, in a recent issue of the *Psychic Observer*, voices the following—

"Some years ago I was in New York, and called at the headquarters of the American Society of Psychical Research. Some young secretary was in charge. I inquired about the work being done at the present time and mentioned my somewhat familiarity with the work done in the past by such men as Prof. William James, Dr. Richard Hodgson, and Dr. James Hervey Hyslop. There was a smirk on the young man's face as he replied to me in a tone of voice which suggested he was addressing a child or a person of childish mind. He explained that 'no true investigator ever dares to take sides on this subject. As soon as he acknowledges a belief in the reality of psychical phenomena or of the veracity of spirit identification, *right away he loses his standing as an investigator.*' He went on to say that that was what had happened to those whose names I had mentioned . . ."

There was much more to Mr. Kern's well-written and illuminating article but this was its drift. VALOR is not acquainted with Mr. Kern, but obviously it might not occur to him that such censorship over psychical exploration would be one of the first insistences from predatory international elements who by no means

can tolerate information of any sort about their works "coming down" from sources higher than the mortal. Plugging the loopholes of precisely such leaks of information of supranatural character would by no means be overlooked—and back as early as 1933 was apparently not being overlooked.

Even before the editor of VALOR left Manhattan, to continue his activities at the nation's Capital, it was common gossip among investigators of subversive influences that such societies were getting first-hand attention and censorship, whether those clerically involved were aware of it or not.

Upon one occasion a Brooklyn clergyman, prominent in the Liberation-Soulcraft enlightenment, took it upon himself to call at 15 Lexington Avenue, the Headquarters of the Hyslop Foundation. His interest in all forms of psychical phenomena had been greatly aroused and he was in sincere search for Truth. A couple of hours later he was back in the Liberation-Soulcraft offices with a wry look on his countenance.

"What happened?" VALOR's editor asked.

"I was met by a smooth young woman," he reported, "obviously not of the Christian faith, who took time out to get me into a side room and sell me on the fact that I, as a Christian clergyman, should have 'nothing to do with the hocus-pocus that goes on upstairs.' I wanted to know what hocus-pocus? 'Surely,' she exclaimed, 'you're not letting yourself be convinced there's anything bona fide about this mediumship business?' or words to that effect. I gathered, during the course of the visit, that the young woman had been put on that job with malice aforethought, to discredit research that would in any manner bring disclosures of what might be going on behind the scenes to subvert America, politically or religiously.

The editor later took up the minister's alleged experience with Secret Service men in Washington who were erudite in matters motivating the then New Deal. One elderly espionage man exclaimed—

"You don't think these elements we're fighting are naive enough to let the truth concerning literalities of Spirit come out to their jeopardy, do you? If there's one thing that's got to be squelched, it's any revelations coming over proving that survival of consciousness is a fact. The public has to be kept in the dark about the possibility of there being anything but



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SOULCRAFT CHAPELS

materialism and biology connected with earthly life. It’s not surprising to me that your clergyman friend ran into contemptuous argument that he steer away and have nothing to do with scientific psychological research.”

With similar censorship extending over press, radio, television, America’s public libraries, and to a degree even book stores, it’s not to be marveled at if inquirers after psychical research who become convinced of its truth “reach the end of their usefulness as investigators.”

What good is a scientific research society if its only purpose is to discredit and pooh-pooh Truth as it becomes apparent? Truth can be destroyed at its source by a supervision resting on smear or ridicule no less than by arbitrary law.

It can even become doubly pernicious in that it is an invincible censorship. Thus does Mammon bethink to outwit Cosmos—keeping facts suppressed at their source.

Anyhow, such is Frank Kern’s report, and such was the narrative told to VALOR by a Brooklyn clergyman.

Why Faith Survives

(Continued from Page 4)

of God, else he wouldn’t have been considered of sufficient importance to invite the squelch to start with!

MOSES was something like forty years getting the Children of Israel to accredit his claim that God had spoken to him from a Burning Bush in Midian. Jeremiah’s life was one long martyrdom to principle, a heroic tragedy of such noble dimensions that only Akhenaton or Socrates or Jesus may be spoken of in the same breath. Christians like to think that their Christ was given to three years’ ministry, then was crucified, and two weeks after the Crucifixion the people of Palestine commenced to forsake the Sanhedrin and swell the ranks of the Nazarene’s followers by thousands.

Actually, for twenty-five years after Calvary the little band of twelve disciples was all that remained to attest that Jesus of Nazareth had lived or taught at all. And when at last Christianity “got sand under its drivers” and started going places, it wasn’t any one of those twelve disciples that whipped the Christ doctrine into the fundamentals of Christianity as we know of it, but an invalid

tent-maker who had never seen Jesus in the flesh—Saul of Tarsus who later became St. Paul.

And the religion founded on the alleged teachings of Christ by the erstwhile Saul of Tarsus wasn’t Christianity but Paulist Ebionitism, at that!

For twenty-five years after the ignominious death of Jesus, His doctrine was—to all intents and purposes—as dead as His body. Hundreds, nay thousands, who had heard the Galilean in the flesh, or made up the grandstand while He did His miracles, must have remarked among themselves during that quarter-century: “You recall that Nazarene Carpenter who appeared for some thirty months with the claim that He was the Son of God? What a princely flop He turned out to be! It just goes to show, considering the crowds he attracted for a time, that the world’s annual crop of suckers has in no wise fallen off!”

Then there was Zoroaster.

THE FOUNDER of Zoroastrianism was thirty years old before any one ever heard of him. These years are comparable to the “eighteen silent years” of Jesus from the appearance in the Temple at twelve to the beginning of His ministry at thirty. Then Zoroaster had his vision and revelation. But ten years more were to pass before the founder of the great religion of the Sign of Aries had secured his first convert. And wonder of wonders, it was a relative!

His own cousin, Metyomah, adopted the faith.

There is something intensely human in Zoroaster’s despondent cry: “In ten years only one man has been attracted by me!” And yet, after that conversion and fit of human despondency, within five years no less a personage than King Vishtaspa himself had been won over to Zoroaster’s doctrine. After that, worldly success was a matter of arithmetic.

Yes, we may well look askance on the religious teacher who wins a quick, easy, and profitable following.

The history of the world’s religions speaks quite the reverse.

Remember what Fame said to the poet: “I have a rendezvous with you! Meet me at the little grave behind the poorhouse at the end of a hundred years!”

It is doubly true of men who introduce new spiritual systems altering human lives to still richer unfoldments.

True teachers are martyrs first and spiritual instructors afterward!

Hallowe'en

(Continued from Page 2)

passed along in the celestial cycle under the influences of the constellation Pisces, the Fishes. This was the so-called Christian Age and the Messiah whose dispensation partook of Water—from Baptism to steam for power. Now, as stated, we are passing from the Piscean Influences also, and entering those of Aquarius, the Water Carrier, an Air Sign.

It is because the earth is thus following, or performing, this great circle inside the twelve constellations, that, reaching Aquarius in the journey of the equinoxes, we encounter such Air manifestations as aviation, radio, radar and television. But again our religion is altering to conform. Psychics and the Sacred Occult—matters of the higher psychical senses that can best be called aerial—are everywhere espoused as the Piscean and Paulist ecclesiasticism minimizes and vanishes, as the Arien and Taurean ecclesiasticisms minimized and vanished in times gone by.

Knowing these things, being wise in them, reduces any particular tragedy in beholding them in action. The world is not going to pieces, nor society to destruction morally or religiously, merely because the great and inexorable procession of the equinoxes is taking us on our way through the vast Celestial Year of 25,860 solar years.

Such profundities become common-places to you, as you grow more and more adept in the disclosures in Soulcraft.

As for Cecil and Christine, leering at you through their witch-faces next week, they too are following the purblind pattern of all society, that commemorates past religions in the burlesqued or facetious manner. It was the Ariens burlesquing the bovine worship of the Taureans that gave us the horned Satan, with his cloven hoofs and forked tail, that today's orthodox still consider so formidable.

We don't make sport of these earlier symbolisms—we merely indicate they have lost celestial significance. It all sums up to this—

Know the Wisdom and be more peaceful in your intellect!

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.. COGITATIONS



AT PAGE 168 of my autobiography, *The Door to Revelation*, there is a photograph of Miss Anna May Wong, the Chinese actress, Mr. Lon Chaney, Sr., and myself, made one afternoon on the M-G-M "set" during the filming of Chaney's opus, *Mr. Wu*, in 1927. I'm sorry that *Doors to Revelation* have had to be shut, insofar as the present public is concerned, because of references too frequently made to the Faceless and Nameless people, if you get what I mean . . . and I'm not meaning Chinamen. I've been offered a goodly sum to rewrite *The Door*, deleting these racial references and bringing the story up to 1950, but this is a case where currency holds no charm. It's not money that would bring the rest of the story to print, but someone of the proper inventive genius creating a contrivance that might resemble a hydraulic jack—no pun intended—that would push 4:30 a. m. three to four hours further away from 11:30 p. m., thus enabling me to insert three to four hours additional in the ordinary workday. In some future season when this Cosmic Drama is run, I hope to find the time to do a good job on the second volume of *The Door*. Meanwhile these *Cogitations* as they appear from week to week must substitute piecemeal. But in connection with that movie sequence in Hollywood in the closing weeks of 1927 when Miss Wong and Chaney were playing *Mr. Wu*, it happened that I formed a friendship with a young Chinaman that has lingered in my memory. His name was Moon Quan, and he was brought from Shanghai to act as technical advisor on the Chaney opus. It is of Moon Quan that I write in this present instance . . .

o—o

MOON did not seem to have been named after this planet's lunar satellite, the name was merely a Chinese word that sounded like the term we utilize to describe the orb of Night. He was a diminutive fellow of approximately my own years whose middle name—if he had one—should have conveyed tact and diplomacy if naught else, because the first thing he did when he stepped onto the *Mr. Wu* movie-stage at Culver City

was to go over behind the current "set" and laugh himself into quiet tantrum at what Chaney had filmed to the moment concerning Chinese people and customs. Tod Browning was directing *Wu*, if my memory serves me right, and he'd shot all the scenes possible before this Shanghai advisor stepped ashore in America. Lon, or Browning, or the wardrobe people, had gone to Los Angeles and acquired what Chinese garments were available at local costumers for these opening shots. They looked Celestial enough to American eyes but could you imagine what the reverse would be like if a movie representing Colonel House had been made in Shanghai, and he'd gone to Europe to do his diplomatic work for President Wilson garbed in the tulle wedding gown of an American heiress, to, let's say, cocacola millions, bridal bouquet and everything? . . . Chaney had played the opening sequences of the picture first of all in Chinese feminine clothes, his over-all garment being a Chinese lady's wedding gown when she married her 14th husband, or words to that effect. Moon Quan's job it was, to persuade Chaney, Browning, M-G-M, et al, to get this he-man character garbed in the proper masculine garments, and describe what they were without his own person being tossed over the back studio-fence. Moon Quan came out from behind the set where he'd laughed himself into a silent Chinese pretzel, with



his face as calm as though attending Eastern services to Buddha on a rainy Tuesday, and when Lon had donned the correct and proper trousers, shirt and turtle-neck sweater, kept dragon-eye on the picture to see that no more incongruities got in . . . This was about the time that Chaney called him over and made intro-



ductions between us. Moon Quan and I went out to lunch together. As the American colloquialism has it, we "clicked" . . . God knew why. Maybe something karmic . . .

o—o

THIS happened in the autumn of 1927, I say, and during said autumn Moon Quan repaid many lunches at Culver City for which I'd settled the check by taking me down to the Los Angeles Chinese quarter and acquainting me with Chinese life as it really was, sans Americanisms. Just to show you how nationals of any country can make flukes and faux pas of each other's customs, the tables happened to get turned on Moon in a way that sent Anna May into hysterics. He was religiously keeping the Chinese corsets, step-ins, brassieres and upward-trend hairdo's off Chaney o' days and esquiring me through the Los Angeles Chinese quarter by nights, when it so happened that we all gathered one evening in a strictly native Celestial Place, the guests being Mr. and Mrs. Harry Carr—erstwhile columnist of the *Los Angeles Times* and the Westbrook Pegler of the Southland in his day—Mr. and Mrs. Sessue Hayakawa, the Japanese players, Moon Quan and myself, and a current lady guest of mine from Pasadena. None of us were addicted to spiritous liquors, still, the times being Prohibition it was considered quite the proper thing to show our displeasure of such restraints by partaking of anything spiritous that we could. It developed that Moon Quan knew a spiritous liquor that we could get, and it came in small green bottles plastered over with Chinese hieroglyphics in the most approved spiritous manner. He went behind the scenes with his countrymen and presently a flunky appeared bearing a whole tray of the stuff. Mr. and Mrs. Carr, the Hayakawas and my lady guest sampled it and

pronounced it excellent. It tasted like imported Moselle port, vintage of 1878. We partook heavily of this beverage, pounded loudly on the table-top and called for more. Harry soon put on Mrs. Hayakawa's hat and gave imitations of barnyard fowls; I had several noisy impulses to entertain at the piano, getting a laugh from all present by forgetting to place the piano-stool beneath my person first. We were becoming a very Happy Crowd on principle, when Anna May Wong walked in by earlier invitation. She'd been detained at the studio making retakes. Might I hastily interpolate that of all reserved, sedate, astute and generally all-around intelligent females of the species, I've seldom encountered Anna May's equal. She took a look at Sessue trying to balance a chopstick on his nose, listened as Mr. Carr started to recite the Zend-Avesta in Algonquin, and demanded, "What in the *world* are you drinking?" Moon Quan looked sheepish. Anna May picked up the nearest green bottle, read the Chinese label, gave an astounded survey about the table and threw her Chinese poise overboard to go in for a snort of quite humorous hysterics. "How many bottles of this stuff have you put away?" she demanded of me at her left. I couldn't count them even if my eyesight had been steady. But just what was the matter, I wanted to know? "Without a doubt," she enlightened me most abstrusely, "you'll have twins within the fortnight." Twins! Could she mean diminutive human beans? Emphatically she did. "This," she pronounced, "*is the very potent concoction known throughout Asia as the Chinese Lydia Pinkham!*" . . . Harry, who'd imbibed six bottles of the stuff, grabbed for his belt and stole forth in the night to reserve himself the best facilities in the nearest lying-in hospital . . .

o—o

BUT LIFE was like that, back in the happy days when I was mere 37. When mercifully I did *not* get in the family way in result of Moon's hospital-ity, I had him over to Pasadena for the annual Rose Tournament, which is a flower festival held in that city every New Year's. Anna May came with him, and they were my guests for the day. But just to show you how little we understand these guile-filled heathen, Moon Quan was not impressed by the lavish floats festooned with roses and pretty gals as far as the eye could carry up Colorado Boulevard, which is Pasadena's Main



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Stem. Unutterable sadness filled his countenance, and when a true Chinaman gets behaving sadly, there is due to be considerable wet spell in such vicinity for certain hours not yet arrived. As float after float rolled past our favored grandstand seat, I had a Sobbing Chinaman on my right. I said Sobbing, and I meant Sobbing. Weeping audibly. "What on earth's the matter?" I demanded—the emotional reactions ranging wide in our camaraderies, I perceived. "All these ex-

quisite flowers *murdered!*" he whispered damply. "Tomorrow they'll be all *dead*, just to make this perfectly senseless holiday by their beauty!" . . . Moon Quan didn't like it and went back to Los Angeles to bury his soul in Chinese Lydia Pinkham without shame or reserve . . .

HOWEVER, we finished up *Mr. Wu*, and it was duly previewed and pronounced a Chaney classic. There was no more call for Moon Quan's services cen-



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soring Chinese girdles, lipstick and mascara, and he had to go back to his family—and film-making—in China. I suggested he let me drive him from Pasadena up to San Francisco to catch his boat. It was some 400 miles, but I owned a snazzy Jordan roadster and had plenty of money to keep its tank filled with gas. With Moon's American trophies packed in the rumble-seat, we headed northward, arrived without incident, stored his luggage aboard the ship—which wasn't to depart until next forenoon—and as parting hospitality in a program of great mutual hospitality, I must come with Moon Quan on a back-stage visit to San Francisco's China town along Grant Avenue—places the American never penetrates. Well, I saw the *real* Chinatown that night. Incidentally, I had the startling and novel experience of knowing how it feels to be kicked downstairs. Really kicked downstairs—a long, steep flight of stairs from the third story of a very hush-hush tong house. Someone with a queue wrapped six times around his noggin hadn't taken kindly to Moon Quan bringing a mere Anglo-Saxon American into such holy of holies, and to Moon's inexpressible chagrin, he was hoisted on a similar Chinese slipper-toe with me and accompanied me in the precipitous descent of those two flights, taking no care as to what sections of our anatomies served as landing places for us at the bottom. But at one in the morning all was quiet over the great port of the Golden Gate. I sat with Moon in a little pagoda restaurant over-looking the starlit harbor and Bay. There was no Chinese Lydia Pinkham in either of us, then. And Moon Quan was lachrimose again . . . "Meesta Peeley," he said in a great nostalgia, "to me come thoughts of great sadness . . . What iss all about?"

. . . We are two young man . . . you American, me Chinese . . . We meet so in Hollywood for leettle while . . . but you grow up to have grey hairs and become Big Joss Man in your countree . . . I grow up to be Big Joss Man in my countree . . . Day come we sit at Pacific council-table across from each other and settle troubles of my country with yours . . . So the gods invite . . . "He pounded on the table top and it brought the celestial funkey . . . "Four bottles Lydia Pinkham, please," he ordered, "we have one last drink to years when we meet again as Big Joss Men!" . . . And we drained the bottles that presently arrived

. . . I saw him aboard his Asia-bound ship as dawn was breaking over Oakland and he went back to Shanghai to send me postcards every Chinese New Year's till the celestial Reds closed the ports and said all good Chinamen should bow down thenceforth to the dragon of Lenin . . . Yes, funny incidents you find a life of 63 years including, when they're as colorful as mine has been. But was Moon Quan clairvoyant without my suspecting? It remains to be seen . . . Where is he tonight in the Chinese Marxist Maelstrom, I wonder? . . . What say we order some Chinese Lydia and forget it? . . . Really, it isn't bad stuff if you care to take risks of reactions . . .

—THE RECORDER

Dreams

(Continued from Page 6)

ties that surfeit each night's slumber with joy and happiness?

What desire-wish fulfillments can possibly be exercising when one undergoes an old-fashioned nightmare?

The nightmare, says the Luciferian psychologist, is probably caused from too late an partaking of mince-pie or lobster. Yet people have had nightmares with their internal organs functioning perfectly. Conversely, a thousand people retire each night with their insides loaded with indigestibles and do not have nightmares.

Many a person has gone to bed with a toothache, to escape the pain into the pleasantest of dreams. The true nightmare arrives when the time comes for awakening—and the molar starts to throb as Consciousness takes note of it.

THE MATERIALISTS inform us further that we can only dream about those things which we have known. Some fact of Life in Wakefulness goes into the brain and either is suppressed for convention's sake or abides there unnoticed until the vagaries of sleep make it a factor in their dreaming.

If their hypothesis be correct, how does it happen that night upon night thousands of us dream of, and have nocturnal experiences with, scores of people who are utter strangers to us in the state of awakement. In many such dreams, however, those "strangers" are our intimates.

One case is known where a certain man has "dreamed" for years about a

woman whom he has never met in life. He has almost as intimate a partnership with her in the dream-discarnation as though he were married to her—always the same woman, staying at the same age, presenting the same appearance although often clad differently, and picking up a literal "double-life" with him each night that he passes the Portals of Sleep.

Something of the same experience in regard to strangers is reported by persons having dreams called Prophetic. They frequently dream about a certain stranger, and days, weeks, months later, precisely that stranger walks into their three-dimensional affairs and at once is recognized!

The more likely explanation for dreams is, that deep sleep produces a form of discarnation. Spirit has its perpetual self-awareness whether operating in the Field of Force that is the coagulation of etheric atoms called the body or in the world of astral Thought Forms—or more tenuous octaves of substance-matter—that produce the environment in which the dream-life is experienced.

If such hypothesis be not the more correct one, how happens it that cases are of notice where two people—their slumbering bodies far apart—have both dreamed approximately the same dream in which the other was a recognized participant and on awaking have compared notes, finding their mutual experiences identical?

Get around the positivisms of such cases we cannot.

In fact it might be said that the spatial nature and construction of atoms well-nigh indicates that Spirit is living discarnately throughout its whole existence. But it coops itself in the physical Field of Force to acquire its formal patterns for the purpose of a constant self-identification.

Dreams, we might put it, are Inverted Reality!

It is the faultiness of spiritual memory that gives us their bedevilments!

Psychic Personalities

(Continued from Page 7)

hand and tried to train him in objective methods of calculation. But instead of his powers beginning to improve they started to deteriorate, and he came home from abroad with his miraculous facul-

ties badly impaired.

He ended his days as quite an ordinary layman, gradually unable to do anything extraordinary unless he got pencil and paper and worked laboriously to achieve conclusions.

What was operating in Zerah Colburn's case?

ADVANCED students of esoterics would hazard the guess that he was simply a child psychic who "tapped into Pure Knowledge." What is meant by that?

Truth—even mathematical truth—exists as finality of ideas in the Absolute. Some esoteric sects term them the Akashic Records. There is a point reached in Clairaudient faculty where no intermediary is required to supply answers to any sort of conundrum having to do with that which Is. The psychic can tap into the akashic records directly, as though he had sent up a steel antenna and formed contact with a reservoir of All-Knowledge in Holy Spirit, down which the current flowed not unlike electricity, bringing the answers into checkable three-dimensional form. The average person has neither the psychical faculty nor the magnetic power. But students of the higher esoterics know that they can so "sensitize" their perceptive faculties by expert exercise that it seems as though their consciousness expands to take in, or draw down, anything on which they wish enlightenment—even to events of the future, such as was demonstrated by Nostradamus.

The student starts off by listening to the Thought Voice of the intermediary between the planes, or on the higher planes. He grows more and more expertly sensitive as he trains his psychical ear. Suddenly he makes contact with Absolute Knowledge, and no facts or no terms, no matter how technical, are immune from his draining them out of the Absolute and into his own intellect.

Probably Zerah Colburn as an unlettered school boy practiced something of the sort unwittingly, because the psychical faculty had been born in him and he used it—perchance from some previous life—intuitively.

However, in the mathematical or scientific sense, what indeed is knowledge or even wisdom but enlargement of Consciousness?

Let us examine this faculty next in respect to certain musicians and artists . . .

(Continued Next Week)



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T h e P A Y O F F

THE POLITICIAN came along the fence in his home district and met the pretty young matron surrounded by a group of especially healthy appearing children.

"I'm Congressman Whoozis," he introduced himself. "I'm running for reelection. I can't help admiring your wonderful children. Would you mind if I kissed them?"

The prospective feminine voter said she didn't mind what he did, and the Congressman began his osculation. While he was at it, another group of youngsters appeared around the house corner.

"Are these yours, too?" the startled man inquired.

The matron said they were.

He was kissing the second group when a third group appeared.

"Heavens alive, woman! How many children are you the mother of, anyhow?"

"I'm not the mother of any," she answered. "This is the River Street Orphan Asylum."

A LITTLE girl knocked on the front door of a grocery store of a Sunday morning. Her chum, the grocer's small daughter, thrust out her head from the window above.

"Whatta you want, Nanny?"

"Maw wants a quart o' milk."

"Don't you know we was all to camp meeting this week and got converted? If you want to get milk on the Sabbath, you'll have to go 'round to the back door of this store."

A POLITICIAN was seeking reelection.

"I come before you, fellow citizens," he declaimed, "on my record. If a certain hired man had worked for you a long time, wouldn't it be only the right thing for you to keep on employing him?"

A voice from the rear returned, "Not if the buzzard took the notion he owned my goldurned farm!"

A Fire Chief was putting a recruit through his paces.

"We have only one fire engine," he stated. "Now suppose we are called a-

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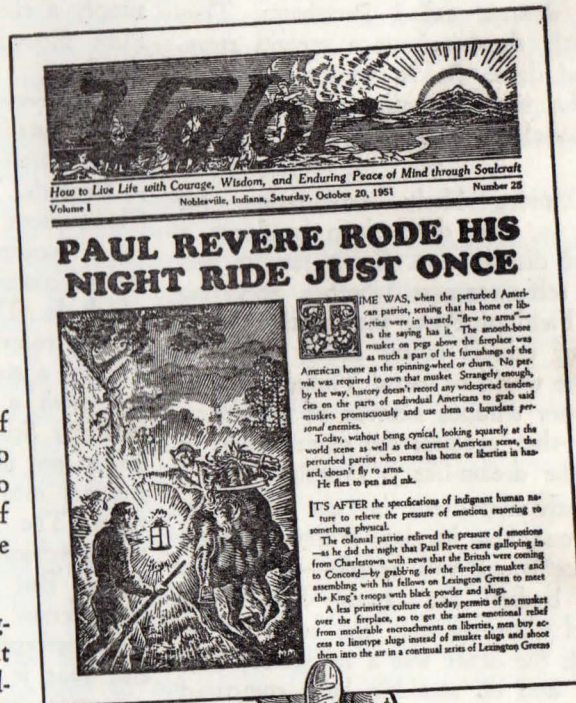
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way to a fire and you are left in charge of the station. Suppose a second fire breaks out. What do you do about it?"

The recruit considered it. He needed the job. Suddenly his face brightened.

"I'd endeavor to keep it alight, sir, till you get back."

THE COLORED parson addressed the bride—

"And does yo' take this hyar man fo' better or fo' wuss?"

The bride replied, "Ah takes him juss as he am, Parson. If he get any better, Ah'm afeered he die. If he gets any wuss, Ah'll kill him mahself."

"HOW FAR is it to the next town?" asked the motorist.

"Five miles as the crow flies,"

"Well, how far is it if the danged crow has to walk and tote an empty gasoline can?"