

Valor

The Golden Times Weekly . . .

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

Volume III

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Number 4

400 MILLION MOSLEMS ..

Want to Help Us
against Stalin



VALOR seeks to bring its readers light on the hidden blessings and resources of our times—to take the high spiritual view that our Republic was established as a shibboleth unto Aquarian eras and that its

history in consequence has not yet even begun to be compiled . . .

The world at this fraught pass is dividing into great camps—two of them!—Leftist and Rightist—on the Plains of the Cosmic Megiddo, and the United States starts its real history under grievous handicap if it fails to embrace on the high moral plane the stupendous fellowship of all those who stand foursquare to Lucifer and the continent-flung cohorts of all his Fallen Minions!

THIS REPUBLIC is indebted to an outstanding Christ Man in the Halls of Government—Dr. John T. Wood, Congressman from Idaho—for calling its attention to the overpowering reservoir of assistance in this struggle personalized by 400,000,000 Moslems, intervening between us and the hosts of Red Evil—both Slav and Mongoloid.

Why are we permitting ourselves to be childishly blinded in the matter of the strength of this aid which they offer on the barriers of the Near East? Do they not worship the True God with a passionate zeal? Are we supposed to commit the same crime toward them that we committed toward the Chinese Nationalists, which lost us Cathay? Can we not use them as friends?



ON MONDAY, February 25th of this year, Dr. Wood arose in the Halls of Congress and delivered a speech against the Viper's Nest of United Nations that disclosed dramatically for almost the first time what an altered attitude means if adopted toward these nationals—almost one-fifth of the world's population.

In the pages immediately following, therefore, VALOR brings the extension of his remarks to its reader-audience across more than 35 States.

Read these following pages carefully and prepare to make an issue of this United Nations jeopardy in this campaign that is coming.

Know these Moslems for whom they are, and the aid they can give us in this struggle brought to climax. Four hundred millions of them are a splendid host. Hear what Dr. Wood has to tell us about them—

MAKE FRIENDS OF MOSLEMS ADVISES DR. JOHN T. WOOD

Sponsor of Congressional Resolution to Take Us Out of United Nations Tells of 400 Million Religionists Who Might Stop Stalin Cold



MR. SPEAKER, I have delivered several addresses before this House in the endeavor to explain to the people of this Nation the crucial, and the many grave perils now challenging our sovereignty, and the survival of our independence, as a direct outcome of our present membership in that organization masquerading before the gullible world under the very misleading and deceptive label, "United Nations."

You will recall that I have many times called your attention to the fact that all aims and objects of this cleverly camouflage nucleus of the future "one world" government are nothing other than unadulterated communism in a disguise and wearing a cloak which conceals the true purpose for which its conspirators created this abomination.

I have often told you that the United Nations threatens the destruction enjoyed by us today. I have warned you again and again that we cannot any longer with safety to our security submit to the dictation by United Nations what the world-policy of this Nation shall be. It is daily becoming increasingly dangerous to us, and we must immediately and completely divorce ourselves from United Nations influence if we desire to prevent a national disaster, and with it inevitably, world destruction.

Conditions have been deteriorating with lightning-like rapidity this year in the arena of the Middle-East and the Near East. The ominous throbbing of war-drums is being heard from Egypt and Iran to Indo-China. Gentlemen may cry "Peace, peace," but there is no peace. Four hundred million Moslems in that area have been waiting to learn our intentions toward the predatory aims concealed behind the selfish and outmoded colonial policies of Britain in Egypt and Iran, and France in Indo-China and Africa.

THE POLICIES of the British in Egypt and Iran, and the French in Indo-China, with regard to their empty claims to embezzled sovereignty, violate the letter and the spirit of virtually each one of the principles expressed in every paragraph of the United Nations Charter. In spite of that fact, this "nest of vipers" has usurped unto itself the power to determine our foreign policy toward Moslem nations and has only succeeded in breeding hatred towards us.

The mandates emerging from the bowels of United Nations obligate the United States to aid and abet the predatory colonial aggression of Britain and France against the innocent peoples of these Moslem nations. This should cause every American worthy of the name to hang his head in shame. How much adulteration of our national ideals must we be compelled to tolerate from this aggression of fuzzy-headed opportunists? What are they now planning as the "last straw" with which to "break our backs," like the misfortune of that proverbial camel of legendary fame?

Shall we submit passively while United Nations transfuses Iranian oil into our veins to take the place of the red blood of our founding-fathers' constitutional freedoms? Are the rubber and tin of Indo-China, and the "good earth" of the Nile delta to become decoys with which the British and the French lure us to the brink of disaster, and the sacrifice of the sacred aims and ambition of the people of this Nation?



The security of this Nation, the survival of our cherished liberties and priceless freedoms, and those of all the other free nations of the world hang in the balance. To safeguard these has always been our traditional aim. United Nations now precludes the possibility of fulfilling our historic mission. Under provisions of our Constitution, United Nations decisions may be imposed upon citizens of the United States now as the "highest law of the land." The Senate for a "mess of pottage" has abdicated the sovereignty of the American people in violation of the limited rights of the Federal Government to do so under the Tenth Amendment of our Constitution. The electorate of this Nation at no time in history conveyed to the Federal Government the right to enter into a treaty with foreign nations depriving Americans of the sole right to create for themselves for their own laws. The "treaty" under which this Nation became a member of United Nations does exactly that. We have become now the "subjects" of United Nations, citizens of that genuinely "one world" government, without any understanding by the American electorate how their Senate deceived the Nation.

MR. SPEAKER, the voice of the United Nations is once again the voice of Joseph, but the hand is the hand again of Esau.

It is futile to talk of the Four Freedoms and the prospect of United Nations promoting peace while becoming accessories in the conspiracy which is leading us away from peace by the double-talk of two-timing counterfeit statesmen. The *de facto* policy urged by United Nations toward the Moslem peoples of the Near East, Middle East, and Far East will give birth to many wars, not peace. It is planting the seeds of future strife for us in those vital areas.

Above all else, make no mistake about this one thing: The fatal United Nations policy, "blue-printed" for this Nation's destruction is already in the process of implementation. What is taking place now in Korea is a preview. If what is now taking place in Korea is just a "sample" of what United Nations has in store for us, we must be insane, or the next

thing to it, not to immediately forthwith "cancel" the balance of their "order" before United Nations puts us completely "out of business." That will be our "net return."

A very ill-advised meeting recently was held in the Pentagon by the "top brass" of the military commands of Britain, France, and United Nations. They discussed their program for extending military assistance and supplying materiel to Britain in Egypt and Iran, and to France in Indo-China to aid and abet their camouflaged colonial programs which they vainly seek to conceal by meaningless pretenses and pretexts. Their intentions are very obvious.

After that fateful conference, the only information permitted to leak to the millions of anxious fathers, sons, husbands, and brothers was that they had decided, "Not at present." We have been furnishing materiel to the French in Indo-China in quantities equal to that supplied for the war in Korea. But as for manpower for Indo-China, they attempt to console our mothers and fathers by stating, "Not at present." It is clear what that cryptic promise implies.

We are now actually partners in another "undeclared war," in Indo-China. We can call it Korea II. We are all well aware of the holocaust that finally resulted from our undisclosed participation in our "undeclared" war against Germany not so long ago. While loudly proclaiming our neutrality in that war, we were all the time, secretly from the people of this Nation, actually belligerents against Germany. Can we so easily already forget the horrors to which that treachery misled us? Are we to make the same mistake the second time? *Can we really be that stupid?* I trust not.

Our "undeclared" and undisclosed participation in the war against Germany might have had some semblance of justification in the case of armed aggression by Germany. In the case of a weak, struggling nation like the Indo-Chinese, well to me at least, it is without doubt un-American, non-American, and anti-American and totally indefensible.

The "top brass" cabal held this secret and suspicious unconstitutional meeting apparently for the purpose of committing this Nation to military assistance at some future date without the knowledge or the consent of our Congress.

*"We
Must
Open
Our
Eyes!"*



CONGRESSMAN JOHN T. WOOD
Republican from Idaho

Take notice, however, only Congress, and Congress alone, possesses the constitutional right to make such decisions. If held at all, the discussions should properly have been held before the Foreign Affairs Committee of both Houses of Congress; the elected representatives of the people who must do the fighting. Congress must never "let down the bars."

WE ARE witnessing today throughout the world an unprecedented upsurge of national self-expression by the weaker and smaller nations never before manifested as the recorded histories of all civilizations will testify.

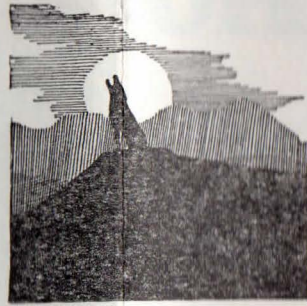
We must not do the "ostrich act." We must not bury our heads deeply in the sand. We must be equal to the situation and intelligent enough to recognize realities when faced by them. We must adjust our Nation's foreign policies to conform with existing conditions. We must reconcile our sacred traditions with the existing status rather than with wishful thinking. If we do, we shall do well, otherwise not.

On the other hand, if we prostitute our prestige and pander to the predatory ambitions of nations seeking to sanctify their aggression by the pious use of power, we shall also reap the penalty which finally rewards traitors to their trust. That is the irrevocable law of retributive justice. There is escape neither for nations nor individuals.

The Moslems scratch their soil and they find it rich beyond measure with God-given natural resources. They regard these natural resources as their national heritage. They feel that they are entitled to something more than the horse, the goat, and sometimes the gun their alien oppressors permit them as the substitute for their God-given rights.

In the fulfillment of their historic mission they cannot understand why it is considered wrong to revolt against the foreign oppression which enslaves them and exploits their natural resources. In the well-known words of the illustrious Colonel Lawrence of Arabia, "there is a revolt in the desert." Alas, he omitted the nub, "against oppression."

Experience!



BALLAD, my lads, of a gale in the yardarms
And Andes-high death that explodes into
spray,
A pibroch that shrills to the booming of bulkheads
When mizzens crash loose in the roll of wet
fray!

A lyric, my huskies, harsh-squawking with night gulls,
The cannon of surf-break on crags rearing stark,
The cackling of souls who are cursing yet dying,
Of tempests and dragons, Mother Carey and dark!

Or join in a dirge for white death in the Northland,
With bergs booming free where the Green Floe lifts high;
Paint, singing in verbs, Old Aurora at midnight,
Her arcs of shrill crimson twelve burns in the sky!
A chant to grim Whitney, ash-smothered in sleet clouds,
With men seeing red to get down to the Pass!
A rune for the scream and the sob of the blizzard
As camps slide to Hell in an avalanche mass.

A sojourn where Raoul's sky-cauldron is spewing
Her flames like Perdition igniting the black!

(Continued on Page 9)

The Egyptian today fully understands and appreciates the value and the possibilities of the mud of the Nile delta. Many Egyptians are agriculturists trained in the finest universities in the world specializing in that subject. They are fully capable themselves of utilizing to its fullest extent that matchlessly fertile silt which comes down the Nile from the virgin topsoils of Central Africa. This applies equally to all other natural resources. Their inherent culture is a latent challenge to all the problems offered by the complex nature of our modern economy. They have "what it takes."

The Egyptian is no longer content to

see the natural resources of his ancient homeland ravished by the greed of alien British traducers of their rightful heritage. The Egyptian has also stolen a leaf out of the book of his Western friends. He has learned the art of expressing himself with emphasis by the use of slogans. The Egyptian has formulated his own, "Egypt for the Egyptians." To those of the Western World who profusely preach, but dislike practising the Golden Rule, it might prove embarrassing indeed if they were to attempt to say "Nay" on that score to Mr. Egyptian of 1952. We owe it to them, and to ourselves, to be completely honest in our own observ-

ance of the Golden Rule.

The Indo-Chinese have likewise recently emerged from a long slumber and have opened their eyes. I met with several Indo-Chinese, numbered amongst their agricultural groups, who honored us with their presence here last summer. They are now fully aware and alerted to the enormous value of the natural resources which lie within their peninsula. By virtue of what human quirk can we expect that they will be content to continue to toil as before for their French foreign masters? The Indo-Chinese have no ambition to toil as the Anglo-Saxon churl did for his hereditary master. That system has long been relegated to limbo.

The time has long since passed into history when such unfair standards can prevail anywhere in the world. These recent victims of political and economic servitude to alien oppressors now seek their inalienable God-given rights and their rightful place in the family of the peace-loving nations.

THE PEOPLES of the Near East, Middle East, and the Far East are Moslems, with few exceptions. This also applies to North Africa. "Islam" is the "official" name for the religious belief practiced by Moslems. There are approximately 400,000,000 Moslems in the areas I have just mentioned, including the Philippines. *They were all our friends.*

The world's 400,000,000 Moslems are a deeply religious people. Moslems observe their religion more seriously than do most nominal Christians. Few Christians get down on their knees three times daily for devout prayer. The word "Islam" itself may be literally interpreted, "Thy will be done." Moslems are capable of the most intense religio-patriotic fervor. Witness Islam becoming the greatest empire in world history within the first hundred years after the death of the founder of their faith in the Seventh Century A. D. *Islam is today a greater spiritual force than ever.*

The Soviet Union did not dare to attempt an invasion of the Near East recently, when the time seemed so opportune, because the Soviet Union had never been able to organize effective branches of the Communist Party in Moslem areas. Where Islam flourishes the soil is not fertile for atheism. *In the presence of Islam,*

(Continued on Page 10)



How Romantic Love Is Viewed in Realms of the After-Life . .

Concluded from Last Week

plement that are denied him physically by social decrees and inhibitions.

Conjecturing the relationship in ideality, such imaginings—sublimated, although the principal may not always recognize the sublimation—is forever executed in idealism.

Thus is Romance born!

Romance is the business of building a mental world and occupying it in companionship with a given individual of the opposite sex under conjectures as to factors that always contribute to the enjoyment of the association.

The stronger the prohibiting situation in the physical or social world, the fuller and freer will be the compensating conjectures as to those factors in the mental world.

This is the state known as being "in love" as distinguished from merely "loving" a person from contact.

When we merely love a person, we do not particularly desire them physically. But being "in" love is Desire for personal monopoly on their spiritual, mental, and physical vehicles—and usually for highly individualized complementing purposes.

THE stronger the prohibiting or circumscribing situation in the physical or social world—to repeat—the fuller and freer will be the compensating conjectures called up to furnish the mental world.

Nature not only allows, but deliberately has arranged for, this escape into the mental world, in order to make its enticements strong enough eventually so the physical or social frustrations are willfully overcome without any sacrifice of ennobling idealisms. (over)

WE WERE considering last week the attraction between man and woman as regarded upon the higher planes of Consciousness. On those planes it seems to be taken for granted that for the mortal strain to be perpetuated, so that souls may have an adequate and unflinching supply of organic mechanisms for reincarnational use, there must be some incentive to copulation. This is commonly called Desire.

Desire may start as a blind glandular craving, but make no mistake, it is ever provoked and incited in exact ratio to its arrestment and frustration.

Here is one of the greatest mysteries in Cosmos—why this should so happen. Speaking strictly of the biological urge for the moment, and ignoring the karmic instincts, a particular man wants a particular woman—or a particular woman wants a particular man—with approximately that degree of desire that an influence of prohibition exists in some degree between them.

This is not necessarily Contrariness in human nature—as the spiritual cynics delight to proclaim.

A New Series on the Soul's Progress Up through Cosmos

This thing happens—

A man feels the Polarity Vibration of a certain woman and acknowledges its inciting effects upon himself as a specific individual.

In a low brute caste of society, such a man might proceed at once to seize that woman and force her to the role of physical complement. In highly complicated states of society, however, this is economically impractical and cannot result in the fine spiritual discriminations that attract high-caste souls to an elevated plane of ethical attainment.

Forthwith, continuing to feel the excitations of the Polarity, the man concerned proceeds to much the same consummations in imagination. Understand, there is nothing pornographic about it.

Man, being at all times a free mental agent, creates for himself in mental projection the conditions of attained com-

A man meets a woman and feels the Polarity Vibration commencing to exercise. She may be rich and he may be poor. She may be another man's wife or he may be another woman's husband. Social castes or slight differences in temperament may have erected certain barriers between them.

Denied free and easy access to such a woman's personality or constant company, such a man immediately proceeds to erect and sustain a sort of Dream World, wherein the desired woman-complement is mentally or hypothetically transferred.

In the precise ratio that he is frustrated in his desires toward her in the physical or social world, he will solidify the materials and fabrics composing the mental world that he has thus been obliged to bring into being.

The tacit woman-person in flesh is exactly the same creature that she has always been, and only suspects vaguely the degree to which she is being sublimated in the man's projected universe. She may respond or not respond in the beginning, and the act is not important.

THE IMPORTANT thing is, that when the man has thus materialized his mental universe—with this woman as the center of it—strongly enough and insistently enough, adorned it with sufficient beauty, comfort, and enticements that he can no longer resist, he will begin breaking down ruthlessly the physical or social circumscriptions and there is either a wedding or a scandal for a featuring by the papers.

He takes the physical body and the literal soul of the wanted woman and effects to establish her concretely in the mental world of idealism.

He puts it that his desire for her has become so overpowering that he will pay any cost to gratify his "love."

Really, frustration has worked a sort of ennobling effect on the relationships between the two of them, because the idealities of the mental world conjectured by the man live on to mitigate the disillusionments of the factual circumstance.

SOCIETY in general does not promiscuously discuss the factors pertaining to the biological phases of the Sex Attraction, therefore, because they partake of the personal and intimate furnishings of the mental universe thus builded.

Privacies of character, lamented weaknesses, peculiar licenses, and erotic eccentricities, all enter into the construction of such a mental world so prepared for the occupancy of the candidate for Complement.

It is Self-Revelation that is shunned in most prudish aversion to unrestrained sex discussions.

Prudery thus shows itself, more or less, as the defendings of one's privacies of reaction to the Sex Complement, derived out of all the comparisons of experiences that one has tasted up through his series of earthly lives.



Romantic Love, so-called, is therefore the biological half of the Sex Attraction exercising in the arena of the mental, and ever tending to sublimate or idealize the purely physical so that the spiritual components may each time be elevated a little more, and consciousness achieve a slightly higher note from the common union of Positive with Negative in the daily relationship.

Thus is the race-species perpetuated, with natural selection serving the karmic debts and credits, and ethical goals or stakes set up for two people to strive for as their mental-world ideals align.

But Love Itself is not the karmic lodestone, neither is it the Frustrated Desire that works conversely to actual physical possession of the loved one's biological equipment. It is the motivating and propelling FORCE that gets recognized identity by exhibiting in these forms.

For this reason—although the fact might lead to spiritually-harmful prostitutions if released promiscuously to the immature—there seems to be little or no criticism, or even attention paid, to the private morals of such Complementing Halves by those in the more ethereal octaves of Consciousness.

Every man and woman coming into worldly propinquity, have their own peculiar problems and complications to

work out as between themselves that, generally speaking, are nobody's business but their own.

Those in the higher-consciousness strata have long since come to recognize that people are punished BY their sins, and never FOR them.

So-called lapses from morality always carry their inexorable penalties, that must be paid in kind and on the spot.

You "never get away with anything" that is truly unmoral in the cosmic sense, for its unmorality is forthwith identified by the inescapable penalty that is automatically exercised.

On the other hand, there are certain lapses from the ethical-economic standards which society bethinks to set up for its own protection, that Nature by no means recognizes nor admits as such.

The old orthodoxy had it, "Where there is no prohibition, there can be no sin." But there can be prohibition that is coexistent with the result of one's acts—such as the prohibition against drinking befouled water because immediate typhoid may be automatically the penalty.

The prohibition is not of moment till the act is committed.

So too it can be said of certain phases of sex associations.

Russia under the Bolsheviks may declare it no statutory offense for men and women to live in promiscuous sex relationships—and thus defeat or excoriate the so-called "morals" of Christianity. But the Bolsheviks cannot defeat or excoriate the violations of Nature's law which dictate that such promiscuities shall be penalized with immediate reprisals of widespread and loathsome social diseases.

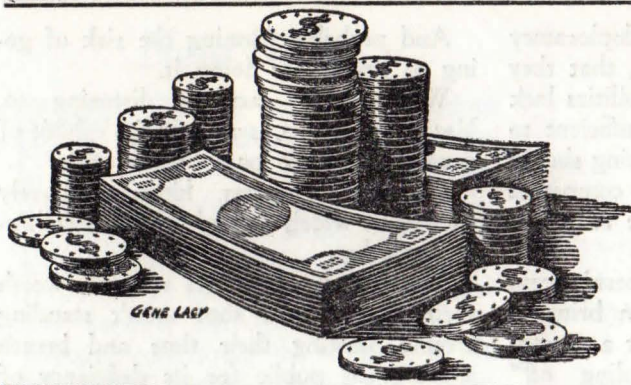
THE DEEPER or higher that we probe mystically into the true cosmic moralities, the more positive and beautiful becomes this certainty: that there is no essential conflict between Flesh and spirit.

Flesh is merely the raiment of Spirit!

To predicate any religion upon a quarrel as between Flesh and Spirit is equally as nonsensical as premising a theological faith upon a quarrel as between a man and a certain suit of clothes hanging in his closet, or between a woman and a certain evening gown that she fancied and acquired in a moment of caprice.

Flesh is merely the instrument of Spirit.

(Continued on Page 14)



Strange Experiences . .

Manifestations of the Departed

THE ACCOUNT of an appearance at a dinner-party one or two minutes after committing suicide by shooting through the heart, was forwarded to Camille Flammarion by a Monsieur Gaston Fournier of Paris, as data contributing to the great astronomer-psychicist's, *Death and Its Mystery*. Here is the extraordinary narrative, confirming the conviction arrived at by many psychical scientists, that passing from the body means only an expansion of consciousness in some form, certainly refuting the belief held by materialists that death of body is extinction of personality—

"I had been invited to dine at the home of friends of a February evening," writes M. Fournier, "a Monsieur and Madam Bonne.

"When I entered the drawing room I noted the absence of someone who usually dined at that house—Monsieur d'Estrange. I almost met him at their table.

"I remarked upon this, and Madame Bonne answered that their friend, who was employed in a large Paris banking establishment, was doubtless very busy at that time, for they had not seen him for the past two days.

"FROM that moment onward, no one mentioned him. The meal went off gaily with the mistress of the house not giving the slightest sign of any unusual preoccupation. At dinner the group of us hit upon the plan of ending our evening with the theatre.

"While we were having dessert, Madame Bonne arose to go to her room and dress, the other ladies withdrew with her, and we men sat smoking our cigars. Suddenly we heard a terrible cry. We rushed into the Madame's lounge to find her collapsed in an armchair, almost on the verge of fainting. We gathered about her, and little by little as she was able,

she told us her story.

"After leaving you, I was dressing to accompany you, was in fact in front of my mirror tying the strings of my hat, when suddenly, in this mirror, I saw Monsieur d'Estrange come in through the hall door behind me. He was wearing his hat and did not remove it, which was odd. He looked wholly pale and sad. Watching him, surprised and curious, I spoke to him without turning about. How was he? Wouldn't he sit down?

"When he didn't answer, I turned about and was startled to realize *I could not see him*. Only by looking into the mirror could I discern him. When I made certain of this, I grew frightened. Finally terror caused me to make the scream which you heard.'

"MY FRIEND Bonne, in order to reassure his wife and calm her, began to joke with her, calling her apparition a nervous hallucination, telling her that d'Estrange would be greatly flattered to learn to what extent he occupied her thoughts. Then, as the Madame was still trembling and not helped much by that sort of assurance, we decided to withdraw in order to cut her emotion short and not be late for the rising of the curtain.

"I haven't thought of M. d'Estrange for one moment," the lady affirmed, 'since M. Fournier asked me the reason for his absence. I'm not timid, as you well know, and have never had an hallucination. I assure you that there's something extraordinary about the whole of this, and as for myself, I shan't go to the theatre or anywhere else without having some news of our friend.' To her husband she requested, 'Go over to his residence, I beg you, and bring me word of him. It's the only way I shall feel reassured.'

"I felt the same way, and accompanied M. Bonne on the errand. It was only a

short walk and on the trip we joked about Madame Bonne's fears. When we reached the apartment-dwelling where the banker lived, however, we accosted the concierge only to learn that M. d'Estrange had not been down all day.

"Now he lived in a small but select bachelor apartment and employed no servant. We went upstairs and rang several times but without response. Finally we resorted to knocking with all our strength. Still only silence from inside.

"Really frightened now, Bonne and I finally took counsel with the concierge and decided to send for a locksmith. The door was forced open.

"We found M. d'Estrange sprawled across the bed, *killed by two revolver shots*.

"His body was still warm . .

"THE PHYSICIAN, whom we summoned at once, ascertained that our banker-friend had first tried to commit suicide by swallowing the contents of a bottle of laudanum, and then—finding, doubtless, that the poison did not act swiftly enough—he had secured the pistol and put two shots through his heart.

"According to the doctor's statement, death had taken place about sixty minutes before. This was an almost exact coincidence, lacking a few moments more or less, with Madame Bonne's so-called hallucination in her dressing-lounge.

"On the mantel-piece, we found a letter signed with the banker's signature, telling his friends, the Bonnes, of his resolution to end his life—also a letter in particular to the Madame, addressing her in terms of especial affection."

GASTON FOURNIER

THE CURIOUS circumstance about the above episode seems to have been that when Madame Bonne looked in the
(Continued on Page 15)

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Not Too Dumb



VER and over among prophets of doom you hear the hopeless conclusion stated, "The public is simply too danged dumb to grasp the significance of what's being put over on it," or words to that effect. The implication is, something is lacking in the American mind, making it incapable of understanding plot and counterplot. This "dumbness" of the public would be humorous, if it didn't likewise cover the tragedy of the person doing the criticizing.

The person with his head screwed on tight recognizes that the American public is not one whit dumber than the public in any other country, in fact a lot less so.

But it isn't dumbness that seems to have the public temporarily "down", it's spiritual weariness of a sort. The gamut of international events since July, 1914, has been so terrific, and the roster of political shenanigans since January of 1933 so unprecedented, that Americans have become emotionally jaded. Moreover, they're somewhat more mature than they were formerly. They refuse to break out in a rash of automatic goose pimples every time some expose expert sets up a \$75 printing press in an attic and starts to blast revelations of skulduggery that presently boil down to bad-tempered recriminations.

And in a way, this emotional lassitude is possibly a meritorious thing, since it keeps public disorder down to a minimum and prevents the average man from going off half-cocked.

What these writers of deplorable screeds truly are expressing is, that they in their own persons and capabilities lack either the skill or the facts sufficient to convince the public that something should be done, and indicate with competent clearness what the constructive steps are to bring the cure about.

The average stirrer-upper doesn't seem to be particularly interested in bringing about a cure, however. He get a personal gratification from "sounding off" about this or that abuse, but pin him down as to just what he expects the public to do specifically in reaction to his tocsins of calamity, and he'll start stuttering and stammering, and perchance regarding you with a sudden fishy eye as possibly belonging in the ranks of the subversionists.

It's required about seventeen years, take note, to arouse this nation to the menace of Communism—seventeen years of hard work on the part of serious-minded and fairly capable forewarners of the soviet menace that has carried with it pernicious congressional third-degrees and even retaliatory prison sentences for some—but nevertheless the nation is now aroused.

Seventeen years is like seventeen minutes in the life of nations as nations. Americans, on the whole, have done pretty well at this business of mass awakening—although in all hard sense, it's been the *denouement* of international events along with the journalistic pangeyrics that's wrought the altered public attitude.

This alert reaction to plot and counterplot, however, actually becomes easier as events march to climax. And in like manner but not in like lassitude, Americans are presently to come awake to the pernicious features of United Nations.

However, the Big Thing the public truly needs now is more of the ingenious little ranter who comes forward with the ways and means for realizing corrective measures that are practical.

All of which is saying that the public isn't too dumb when along with factual data on pressure-group conspiring, go down-to-earth recommendations for curing what ails us.

So when you next hear some walking bazoo castigating the public stupidity, remind yourself that you're listening to someone who hasn't got the answers himself or he would be proposing them instead.

And probably running the risk of going to prison for doing it.

What you're actually listening to, VALOR maintains, is an especial exhibit of dumbness on the part of the critic.

He can't express himself cleverly enough or widely enough to put a following together.

The real stirrer-uppers who are worth their powder and shot aren't standing around wasting their time and breath abusing the public for its deficiency of intellect.

They're too busy arousing the public and getting real results.

Dr. Firewood



AKING a pun out of a man's name is sometimes poor taste, but this Idaho physician who's igniting all dimwits within reach of his expressions with excoriations of United Nations, might well be nicknamed Dr. John T. Fire-Wood in the highest complimentary sense. Certainly he's building a fire under someone or something, from his position in the Halls of Congress—and of course sooner or later the American public is due to start squirming as the flames begin to sting.

VALOR devotes an unusual amount of space in this issue to his February 25th extension of remarks because every Soul-crafter in America should become apprised of what our latent resources in friendship are, overseas—real friendship, not the kind that's bought with another ship filled with a fresh billion of American dollars docking in a foreign port and hanging out a sign, "Come and Get 'Em, Folks!"

Strange how God Almighty seems to raise up a stalwart in our American Congress, decade after decade, to do this commendable and constructive sort of thing. First, it was Rep. Louis MacFadden of Canton, Pa. Then it was Dr. Jacob Thorkelson of Butte, Montana. Now we have big-bodied, straight-talking John Wood.

However, there are two John Woods in Congress. This is the other one.

Fire-Wood of most excellent burning quality.

Stoke up with him.

He's putting some remarkable things in the *Congressional Record*.

New Bibles



WITH no small reactions bordering on the poignant, a small group stood around one of the automatic Kluge presses at Headquarters about eleven o'clock in the forenoon of May 20th and watched the 2,058,000th sheet go through, completing the printing of the last "form" on the unabridged *Golden Scripts*. An hour later they were on the Headquarters' truck, on their way to the Indianapolis bindery.

The last sheet was saved and will be framed.

VALOR will carry a two-page story about this unprecedented publishing project the week that the 25 finished copies of the whole book go forward to the financial sponsors in each instance. The point now is, the job is a memory. Between 4,000 and 5,000 copies of the Clergy Edition have already been finished and dispatched to as many American pastors.

Now the distribution starts on the Unabridged Edition.

The price of \$5 a copy for an 844-page book in limp covers would not be exorbitant if these editions were being sold. Being given away absolutely without charge, means that Soulcrafter's are making the great American public a gratuitous present of \$50,000 worth of inimitable volumes purely for the spiritual hunger they may feed.

Nothing like this has ever been attempted or consummated.

Only the words of the Elder Brother could merit such a gesture.

Nobody to the moment who has requested a copy of *The Golden Scripts* has been refused. Every request has been filled.

But the work hasn't represented one cent of commercial profit.

However, if those who contributed to make this project the success it has shown itself, suddenly get notice from the Express Company of a heavy package waiting to be called for, let them be apprised that their quota of the full *Golden Scripts* has arrived and the Big Job is done.

Now, hot on the heels of it begins the printing of 100,000 copies of a \$1 edition of the corollary to *No More Hunger*.

Watch this one go off with same incredible success.

Experience!

(Continued from Page 4)

Life hurls us away on the hot slash of palm trees
Afar down a Hebrides typhoon and back.
With wails for mad wreckage, mute oars on long billows,
The stars strangled out in a green mustard sky,
We watch for the god who flies, steering the maelstrom,
While saints intone prayers as the dead men wash by!

In flight above Etna, Asama, or Viedma,
We'll grin at the cities of doomed at our feet,
And using the wings of the high eagle screaming,
Swoop swift through the burn over Tauvini's peak!
We'll drench us in mist from blue cataracts hurtling
Where water-tons batter the floors from the world,
Break open the flood-gates of Yantse and Kiang
And stroke a hard swim where the Mobang is hurled!

A volsung, my lads, to worlds mad in their armor,
Megiddo's blast-furnace outsearing the sun:
The deep throat of mortars, the earthquake of A-bombs,
And great countries rotting where battles are won!
Then plunge us soul-naked down fathoms of billows
Where dragons' spiked mail whips the oceans to foam,
Walk the streets of Atlantis and greet the green corpses
And love where the stobias boa has his home!

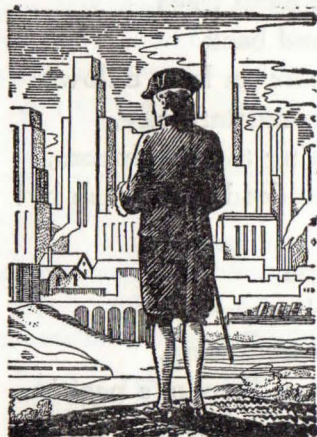
For what are these byways of pavements and parquets,
The stench and the squeak of these warrens of men?
We seek to strain bicep with white boar and great cat,
Or hear the sweet psalm of Ikhnaton again.
The soul would sleep dreamless on pelts of the sea-cow
And sense the earth's breath when 'twas matted with hair
When it stalked for its kill in the deep fens of Namcho,
And it fought for you, Sweet, with the thigh of a bear . .

Earth brings us its contest, its drag and its ferment,
It lifts us and drops us, and lifts us again,
We sing up the aeons a Song of Thanksgiving
When all that is holy, Lost Angels disdain!
So lift a hale saga of rich lives behind us
In mighty, hard-pounding, great God-lighted Space,
We stand on the star-tips of all we have conquered;
The peak, and the bead, and the bloom of our race!

Make Moslems Friends, Says Wood

(Continued from Page 10)

A Book that Will
Make You Think!



Why I Believe
**THE DEAD
ARE ALIVE!**

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

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NOBLESVILLE, INDIANA

Communism retreats. Let us bear this fact unforgettably in mind.

The communizing efforts of the Soviet Union's agents in Moslem areas had never reached the point where internal revolt and the creation of puppet satellite governments were at all possible. Communizing efforts of the Soviet Union have apparently been outstandingly successful only in Christian countries, with the exception of China, and that sell-out was plotted by those who call themselves Christian, "but who are not." Where Islam thrives, atheism dies. *Islam is the invincible, yet invisible, foe of communism.*

Why have the communizing efforts of the Soviet Union succeeded amongst Poles, Czechoslovaks, Hungarians and Bulgarians, yet failed among the Moslems? The answer can be stated in one word, "Islam." The believers in Islam stand like a wall of stone against the on-rushing flood of that Communist-bred atheism which is sweeping over the world's population and one-half the total land area of this world.

It is nothing short of a spiritual paradox that the Christian nations of the world should owe such a debt of gratitude to the believers in Islam in the present international "knock-down-and-drag-out" state of affairs. No other conclusion can be reached if one wishes to be honest with one's self. Islam appears to be Christianity's "first line of defense" against this world-wide creeping-conquest of atheism.

The leaders of the Communist-bred atheist creeping-conquest of the world get a shiver down their spines at the thought of collaboration, between the 400,000,000 Christians in the free world and the 400,000,000 Moslems, to resist their seemingly certain victory for atheism. Collaboration by the 400,000,000 Christians of the free world and the 400,000,000 Moslems could very well mean disintegration and defeat for Communism's program for their domination of the world.

The Communist-bred forces of atheism could never survive a real coalition between the two great religious groups of the world today. The combined resistance of the 800,000,000 deeply religious peoples of the Christian and Moslem

worlds will certainly triumph over the assault of the 800,000,000 Communist-bred atheists against that bastion of the inalienable right of the individual to freely worship God according to one's own conscience, without interference.

The believers in Islam do not fear death in battle for a righteous cause. Death in battle is reputed to transport a believer in Islam immediately into the realm of the blessed. In spite of propaganda to the contrary Americans must learn that through the ages Moslems have earned the reputation of being completely reliable and absolutely faithful allies in peace as well as in war. Islam teaches Moslems to be hospitable to strangers, and they practice this inspired attitude toward all. Islam, like true Christianity, is a living manifestation of a valid "brotherhood of man," in action.

There exists a superlative degree of religious harmony among all Moslems. To a greater extent than generally realized, Moslems are engaged in pastoral pursuits. Whether by choice or necessity, Moslems have remained close to "Mother Earth." In their soil they see their security, their salvation, and their survival. *Their land is their hope.*

Likewise, a little-known fact to Americans is the historic truth that the ancient ancestors of the Moslems of today, as we know them, were world leaders in architecture, astronomy, geography, mathematics, medicine, poetry, and other leading branches of the sciences and arts at the time when Europeans were still living in mud hovels like the barbarians they were. The system of numerals in use today throughout the civilized world is a contribution to world culture and progress for which we must acknowledge gratitude to the ancient ancestors of modern Moslems. The land they inhabited was the cradle of our modern civilization.

The 400,000,000 Moslems inhabit the broad stretch of territory extending across North Africa, the Near East, the Middle East, and the Far East from Morocco on the Atlantic to the Philippines in the Pacific. Exclusive of these areas, about 75,000,000 of the 400,000,000 Moslems are integrated populations in the Soviet Union, Red China, the Balkans and other areas behind the "Iron Curtain." The

400,000,000 Moslems inhabit every strategic area along the extremely extended "under-belly" of the Soviet Union.

The Soviet Union has resorted to every conceivable strategy to attract into its orbit the 400,000,000 Moslems along its entire under-belly. What is taking place at this very hour in Egypt, Iran, Burma, Indo-China, Tunisia, Algeria, Morocco, and the Malay Straits is the result of agitation in these countries by agents of the Soviet Union. The Soviet Union is fanning the flame of nationalism in these countries to create revolutions which will result in the creation of numerous additional Communist governments.

At the same time the Soviet Union imposes the death penalty upon any citizen in the Ukraine, Lithuania, Estonia, Latvia, or any of the other 106 vanquished European and Asiatic nations which make up the Soviet Union, if they dare to suggest liberation for themselves in keeping with their nationalist aspirations to restore their former sovereignty, as free and independent nations. This establishes beyond any doubt the deceit and duplicity being practiced upon the world by the Soviet Union. It talks nationalism for others beyond its borders while secretly scheming to establish a "one world" government dominated by the Soviet Union, by Communist infiltration and revolutions.

United Nations is the instrument conjured up in the evil minds of the international agents of the Soviet Union for the express purpose of foisting upon the unsuspecting peoples of all nations a "one world" government dominated by the Soviet Union. Who will dare to challenge that fact?

Once the Soviet Union is satisfied that the 400,000,000 Moslems are its allies, and not ours, it will feel free to move. Preliminary to winning the 400,000,000 Moslems as its allies the Soviet Union must turn them into our enemies. The Soviet Union has been eminently successful to date in converting the 400,000,000 Moslems into enemies of the Christian world. If anyone doubts this, all I can now say is, "There are none so blind as those who will not see."

We must open our eyes!

NEXT WEEK *Valor* will publish the concluding installment of this significant Extension of Remarks by Dr. Wood.

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“Behold Life!”



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

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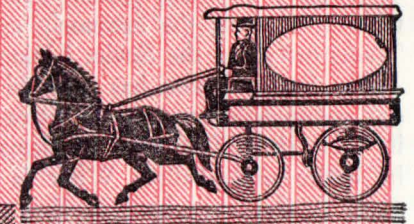
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Noblesville, Indiana

COGITATIONS . . .



LOOKING back on my young and tender years—at least reasonably tender—I recall the experience of Getting Rid of Dr. Munyon. While you, of course, haven't the faintest notion of what Getting Rid of Dr. Munyon might mean, I recognize now that the experience was profound and its principle applies to situations in the lines of all of us today. Lest I waste a great many words saying nothing in particular, let me set down at once that Dr. Munyon was not a flesh-and-blood medico whose presence for sundry reasons was *persona non grata*. Dr. Munyon was a statue, or rather, I might put it he was a graven image. Anyhow, he was made of chalk what there was of him and there was quite a lot—and to me fell the commission of doing something about him that had the purport of losing him, even perchance destroying him. Never do I hear that adjuration, "Thou shalt not make unto thyself any graven image" in the Ten Commandments, that by association of ideas I don't find myself back at 14 years of age under parental instructions to take Dr. Munyon far, far away and do something about him. And finding it very difficult . . .

IT HAPPENED in those days that I wrote about recently when Father had given up the ministry for the store in Gardner, and then given up the store in Gardner for that queer interlude of running the parcel delivery in Springfield—before he gave up the Parcel delivery in Springfield for the papermill out in York State where I learned my P's and Q's about Big Business. Among his patrons for whom he delivered parcels at the rate of 4 cents per parcel—when pennies were money and not slugs for a slot machine—was Green the Druggist. Green the Druggist was the most enterprising and popular pharmacy in the city, run paradoxically by a man named Brown, and among the oddities which had been an-

nexed by Brown in the way of the medicine business was a huge bust in chalk of the said Dr. Munyon for a window display of Munyon's Remedies, Good For Man or Beast or Whatever Ailed Both. It was, to my present recollection, some four feet in height, and offered the inventor of the nostrums from where his ribs left off to where the top of his head did likewise. This anatomical oddity was rendered doubly so by reason of his holding up his right forearm and hand with forefinger pointed warningly upward—whether in portent of the Wrath to Come or what would happen to you if you didn't use Munyon's Remedies, I wouldn't know. Maybe both. But the effigy had been sculptured in chalk on a substantial pedestal and made an arresting display in a pharmacy window surrounded by green bottles—reminding you to go three doors east and partake of spiritous liquors. Anyhow, he had been supplied by the manufacturer to Green the Druggist, as run by a Man named Brown, but the exhibit had proved a different kind of bust and Brown had Munyon on his hands, not to mention a big collection of the green bottles which nobody wanted to buy at \$2 per. What was Brown to do with Munyon? Evidently the firm didn't want him back. Brown couldn't heave him out in the trash can; they didn't make cans that big. Brown couldn't take a hammer and smash Munyon because he'd get chalk all over his pharmacy not to mention a chalky taste in his more successful banana splits. Besides, what would he have done with the pieces? He couldn't carry Munyon out and stand him in the middle of the Main Street trolley tracks; the trolley company wouldn't have liked it. Brown solved it by accosting father when he came in after the 4 o'clock bundles. "I'll give you fifty cents," he offered liberally, "to load Munyon aboard your parcel wagon, tote him somewhere, and drop him out. If, for any reason, your children might like him to play with, you could keep him for a pet and be four

bits to the good." Dad cast a sour eye at Munyon, now on his pedestal in the back of the store with right forefinger pointing heavenward as though reminding father to think where he might spend eternity, and scooped up the 4 o'clock bundles. "I'll send W-D's team 'round to pick him up," he said "his wagon's got more room than mine at the moment." To me on the sorting platform later dad said, "Go round to Green the Druggist's and have the janitor help you load a stale window display. When you get out White Street Extension, back your team to the dump there and tip it out. Collect fifty cents for doing it and you can have two bits." Now everything should be clear as to how I became commissioned to get rid of Dr. Munyon . . .

o—o

A STALE window display from a drugstore might be anything from sun-faded chocolates to a life-sized lithograph of a gal in a bathing suit where the dye had run—so I hied myself and team to Green the Druggist and asked what was cookin' or the equivalent for it in 1904. "That!" said he, using his own right forefinger for pointing, but at Munyon, not at heaven. I looked at "that"—almost as tall as I was, and realized I had a Contract. He must have weighed eighty pounds if he weighed an ounce. "You want me to bust him?" I inquired, awed. Brown, proprietor of Green the Druggist, said distinctly in reply, "Bust him, kiss him, kick him, take him home and let your little sister play with him, but tote him far, far away and never let me set eyes on him again." I gathered that Brown, the proprietor of Green the Druggist, had made sundry investments in the Munyon line that were anything but liquid, despite the nature of the stuff that caused the bottles to become the color of the druggist Brown worked for. So, appalled at grossly smashing or otherwise destroying such a work of art I summoned Joe Cork, the janitor, and we gave Munyon the careful heave-ho into my covered wagon. I clicked up the

tailboard, lowered the back grill so Munyon wouldn't spill out and mash the foot of any traffic policeman I passed en route, and got going out toward the Forest Park Section. Munyon looked through the back-grill with his right finger upraised as though appealing to all the city to flee the Wrath to Come, even though he were riding backward and on the way to Perdition himself when I reached the rural waste lot . . .

o—o

BUT I got thinking things over. Somebody had put a lot of work into this graven image, and while it wasn't to be worshiped—unless your innards were out of order or you had gallstones or something—it was wanton mischief to destroy it. An allergy to wastage in any form, especially malicious wastage, that really was an atavism, worked stronger and stronger as I approached the White Street refuse ground, where they were filling in foundations for new houses. How awful to topple Munyon out and have a house built upon him! I reached the Extension, backed my wagon to the edge of the spill, raised the grill and loosened the tailboard. Thereupon I practically broke into tears. Munyon not only represented Art, although of a low commercial kind, but he represented value. Destroy him, with that reproachful look in his prophetic eye and those yellowish chalk whiskers so exquisitely chiseled? No, no, a thousand times *No!* True, I didn't have three kopecks worth of use for Munyon myself, and wouldn't anymore know where to house him or what to do with him than Brown had done at Green the Druggist's. But the very soul of me shrank from knocking his map into non-recognizable fragments . . . it was homicide of a sort! So I did not topple him out. I set my pinfeathered jaw as grimly as I could, closed up the rear of my conveyance, drove rapidly from the neighborhood, and forty minutes later turned into our home driveway with Munyon still alive—figuratively speaking—behind me but still unable to see his immediate destination. My small pigtailed sister, aged 9, came out. "For pity's sake," she exclaimed in the shrill voice of small sisters, "where'd you swipe the monument?"

o—o

I TRIED to tell Edna it wasn't a monument; it was a graven image of Dr. Munyon who invented patent medicines. "Are you going to worship it," asked

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SOULCRAFT CHAPELS

Noblesville, Indiana

Edna, "when the *Bible* says it's wicked?" I said I didn't know what I was going to do with it, being at the moment stuck with it. It was somehow like a dog that had followed one home, only under provocation you could kick the dog and get rid of him but if you kicked Munyon you'd have a lot of odd-shaped pieces on your hands and no place to put them—like Brown of Green the . . . but I said that before. Anyhow, I told Edna I did

not mean to move Munyon out of the wagon that night and maybe by morning I'd have some idea about his future. Father had not arrived home as yet with his team, so I put up my horse and fixed the stable for the night. Maybe I should put in the moral of the tale right at this point and remind all and sundry that hanging onto abstract objects merely because they have value, although not the slightest value to oneself, can become a



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Soulcraft Press
Noblesville, Indiana

fetish that brings one to beggary and an improvident, misspent lift. Everyone has busts of Munyon pushed in odd corners somewhere. It’s a temperamental deficiency, I suppose. Anyhow, I went to bed that night thinking of my own temperamental deficiency, and during that night it snowed—one of the first snows of the winter and a buster. Poor Munyon was out in it all night, too, but he had to get used to neglect like that, the cruel world being what it was. Next afternoon when I came from school, to hitch up my horse and drive down street to help father deliver his burden of Forest Park parcels anew, here still was Munyon in my conveyance, pointing Upward and regarding the dooryard reproachfully—as he always regarded those who failed either to flee the wrath to come or to buy his medicines. No rations all day. Just snow. I called to the janitor of the Methodist Church, eastward from our property, and asked him to desist from shoveling snow from the church walks to help me lift Munyon down upon Edna’s sled. He was an accommodating chap, not being quite sound in his head, and Munyon came down upon the sled without mishap. Then I drew the sled into the lee of the carriage-shed and went on down street about my business . .

—o—

THEY were holding a revival service in the Methodist vestry that week and night, and the vestry—or rather Sunday School room—held five-foot windows opening in both walls onto the snowscapes. During the day more snow had fallen but a rising temperature had started a heavy snowslide off the roofs, banking the walls of the secondary church building. And at nine p. m. or thereabout the pastor was passionately exhorting laggardly souls to come forward and be saved, when one elderly woman happened to glance at a window. She gave a piercing shriek! If God Himself wasn’t there at the windowglass, looking into that Sunday School room, and pointing with upraised finger to the Abode of the Blessed that they’d better be thinking about, then she was losing her mind. All the sinners looked and the gasping was general. Not only did they see Him, they saw Him move. From the right-hand corner window they saw Him glide—move with incredible smoothness would be better—to the next window north and pause to look in upon

them as before, finger still upraised. Dozens threw themselves on the altar of divine Grace and asked for cleansing right then and there. Thereupon God started to move with more incredible smoothness. At the third window, however, cataclysm struck. God seemed to wobble on his mysterious foundation, then suddenly with an incredible crash, the whole top of Him plunged forward through the glass. His head broke off sharply at the neck because of the windowsill and it catapulted straight at the feet of a woman named Cooley, who went out like a light. Fact was, Edna and two neighborhood boys, out enjoying the evening snow piles, had thought it would be a wonderful idea to give the graven image a sled-ride up along the snowbanks under the church windows and all had gone well until they reached that third window when the sled had broken. So had Divinity’s neck. Old lady Cooley was never the same woman afterward. As for Munyon, he thereafter supplied all the neighborhood kids with chalk—for writing on the best front steps—for a fortnight. I forget what they did with the head that rolled inside. I’m practically certain they didn’t worship it . . Anyhow I certainly do remember the most irreverent things . .

—THE RECORDER

Love in the Afterlife

(Continued from Page 6)

it for getting exercise upon a plane of sentient experiencings called Earthly Life. It may be ennobled or degraded according to Spirit’s dictates—just as a man may keep his clothes at all times neatly tailored and pressed, or a slovenly woman may permit her frocks to acquire food-spots or gape at sundry seams. Romantic attachment as between man and woman is the employment of Flesh to its highest and fullest, or its cheapest and basest, according to the spiritual eschewments—or unfoldments—of the parties involved.

If you debase your flesh, no one suffers but yourself—in the sense of spiritual disfigurement that is lasting. If you sublimate and glorify your flesh, the increments and benefits to your spirit can be startling.

But sublimating and glorifying your flesh by no means implies mortifying or

savagely disciplining your body to the point of erotic chastisement for its natural inclinations in a world of sense. Neither does it imply freakish processings to allow its enshrouded Spirit abnormal performings.

Correct performings give Spirit maximum opportunities for advancement in self-awareness. The ancients continually reminded each mortal:

"The gods have trusted you with Yourself!"

Strange Experiences

(Continued from Page 7)

mirror and saw d'Estrange—apparently a moment or so after he had ended his life in his apartment a block away—she detected no signs of bloody wounds on his chest. But why had he been wearing his hat, when no signs of his hat were evident upon the body stretched lifeless on the bed?

If d'Estrange had succeeded in projecting a phantasm of his light-body into the Madame's dressing lounge, apparently he did so without it showing signs of the damage the pistol shots had wrought—and this is not in conformity with countless other cases of similar apparition. Already the narration has been made in these columns of another Paris woman who beheld her son's portrait flowing with blood from a head-wound, when the boy had been killed an hour or so before in Central American battle.

The interesting query poses itself: Can the power of consciousness project the light-pattern as the mind conceives of it in ideality, or can the pattern be damaged with the physical remains?

Sufficient records duly studied may in time shed light upon the enigma.

HE ENTERED a vegetarian restaurant and sat down. At length he sent for the proprietor.

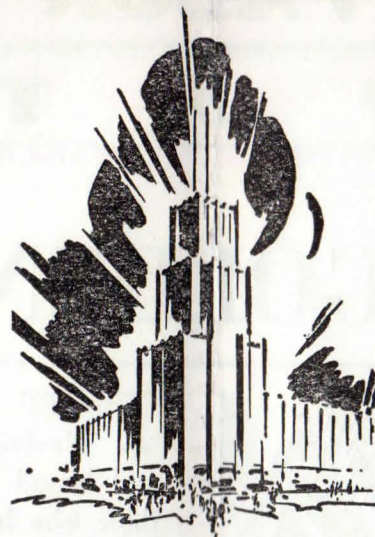
"Satisfy my curiosity," said he, "and tell me why you have artificial flowers in all the vases on your tables."

"Keep it a secret?"

"Certainly."

"If we put real flowers in the vases, the customers would eat 'em and we'd lose business."

IS HE a good motorcar driver? . . . Well, when the road turns at the same time he does, that's coincidence.



Thresholds of Tomorrow

By the Author of
"No More Hunger"

Here are the printed versions
of the **MAGIC CASEMENT**
series of *Electronic Discourses*
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WE HAVE ready for shipment same day ordered, one thousand new volumes containing most of the prophetic material that Soulcrafters have been hearing this past winter and spring in the electronic discourses. The printed discourses are not complete as Soulcrafters heard them on the broadcasts, but the America we are going to have tomorrow after this Communist headache is laid, is described.

*A Clairvoyant Picture of Changes
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THIS MOST recent printing from Soulcraft Press runs to 385 pages, done on India-tinted paper in the usual burgundy covers distinguishing all deluxe volumes in the Soulcraft library. If you didn't hear the **MAGIC CASEMENTS** series of broadcasts, here is your opportunity to get the meat of them. These thousand copies won't last long, so get your order on record at once.

A Beautiful Volume: \$5

Soulcraft Press, Inc., Noblesville, Ind.

T h e P a y o f f

SHE CAME determinedly into the room. "Doctor," she announced loudly, "I insist that you tell me frankly what's wrong with me?"

He surveyed her from head to foot.

Three things," he declared. "First, you need to lose about fifty pounds. Second, you'd look a lot better if you used about one-third as much rouge. Third, you bulge in seven wrong places."

"Why, I never felt so insulted in my life. Have you anything to recommend for it?"

"Yes, madam. Go next door and see the physician. I'm an artist and you're in the wrong joint."

A MAN came into a corner grocery. He asked, "Have you seen my dog this morning, Mr. Smith?"

The grocer exploded, "Seen him! He came in here, spoiled a perfectly good crate of celery, stole a liverwurst, bit my little girl on the ankle, and tripped me so that I fell in a case of eggs..'"

"Did he really? Well, I wonder, would you mind putting this 'Lost' notice in your window for him?"

MRS. JONES peered through the curtains at the snappy French girl going into the Greens' next door.

"Now why does that stuck-up young couple want a French maid?"

"Simple enough," her husband said wearily. "Green told me they're adopting a French baby and they want to know what the brat says when it begins to talk."

A FISHERMAN got such a reputation for stretching the truth that he bought a pair of scales and insisted on weighing every fish he caught in the presence of witnesses.

One day a physician borrowed the scales to weigh a newly arrived baby.

The infant weighed twenty-seven pounds.

HE ASKED, "What were you in the I I war?"

The veteran answered, "A private."

And Diogenes blew out his lantern and went home to his tub.

GOLDEN SCRIPTS



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SOULCRAFT CHAPELS

THE SMALL boy, bored by Sunday afternoon, looked up from an illustrated edition of Holy Writ.

"Paw!"

"Now what?"

"Why didn't Noah swat both flies when he had such a good chance?"

THE DINING patron summoned the headwaiter.

"That fellow who took my order, you recall him?"

"Certainly, sir."

"Tell me, did he leave any family?"

THE RESTAURANT manager sampled the new cook's first soup.

"So you say you served in France?"

"Yes, sir. Officers' cook for two years and wounded twice."

"How come they didn't kill you?"

THE FUSSY hospital visitor tried to be nice to the wounded veteran.

"Goodness, sakes, so you were wounded?" she asked.

"Yessum," said reluctant Joe.

"How?"

"A shell struck me, mum."

"Don't tell me it exploded!"

"Noam, it jus' sneaked upon me and bit me in the neck."

THE MISTRESS said, "Now Matilda, I know you're new as a maid here, but we have a few friends coming in this evening and I'm looking to you to show us what you can do."

"Well, Mum," the maid replied, "I ain't done no singin' for years, but if your caller-folks insist upon it, you can put me down for 'The Holy City.'"