

# Valor

*The Golden Times Weekly . .*

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

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## CAN WE BE COMING TO ELECTION OF A SOLON FOR AMERICA?



**S**TUDENTS of ancient history know that there happens to be little new about the political and economic quandaries in which America now finds herself.

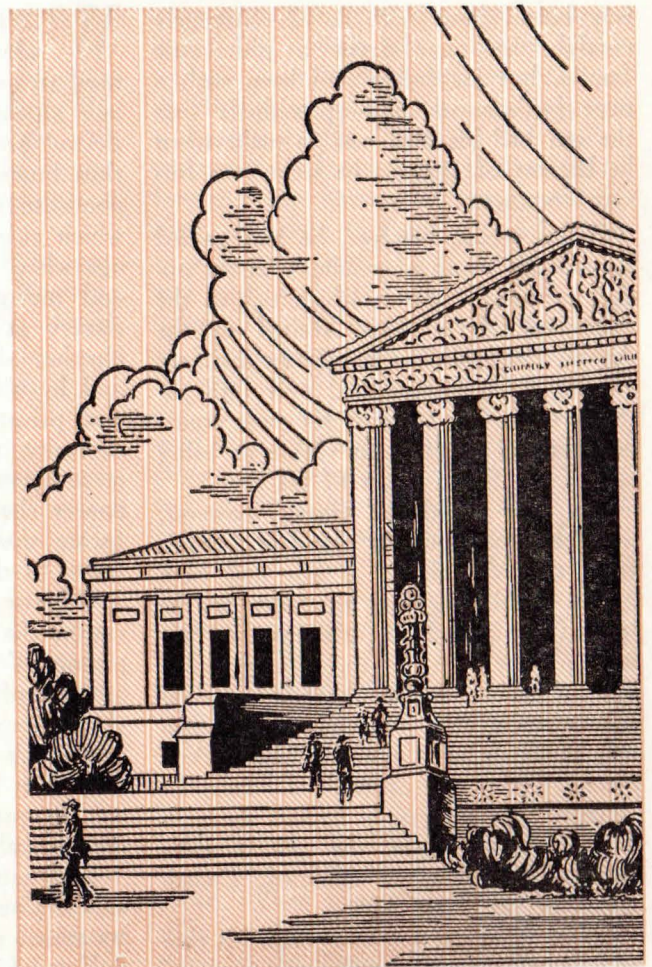
Back as early as the 7th and 6th Centuries before Christ, the Athenian State had run the public and private debt far in excess of the Grecian people's capability to pay, engaged in military involvements to which there seemed to be no "out", and let mortgages and usury run to such extent that a little handful of the Chosen Few dominated if not owned Greek agriculture, commerce, and the literal bodies of the poorer classes.

Those were the days when a citizen who had failed to pay off his mortgage to a money-lender, forfeited not only his property but his personal liberty. His creditor could sell him as slave. Gradually a plutocratic class had come to the fore under the Laws of Draco, whose predatory wealth was breaking down the whole social fabric of the Greek State.

How to get out of such suicidal mess?

The Athenian populace solved it by summoning Solon to propose a remedy. Under the legal title of Archon, he was given unlimited powers, which he at once exercised in economic and constitutional reforms.

**I**N OTHER words, they did what has often been done in history—practically the same thing that was to happen in England almost two thousand years later under Cromwell—made Solon a sort of Lord Protector of the Commonwealth.



Americans of today would term him umpire.

They said to him in substance, "None of us can seem to agree as to what should be done to save the Athenian State from completely folding up. You tell us what ex-

pedients we should take to unsnarl the mess, and we'll agree to abide by your recommendations."

Solon took over as Archon and gave Greece a new Constitution. This new Constitution practically repudiated the public and private debt and wiped out the ill-gotten property of thousands.

But it did save Greece.

Incidentally, it was one of the first times in recorded history when the utter fallacy of profit-taking was demonstrated on a wholesale scale. Or rather, we might express it that it was one of the first times in recorded history when unrestricted profit-taking—under the title of usury—demonstrated what could, and did, happen to a people even as civilized and advanced as the Athenians.

Let's bring Solon forward, across the economic debris of the centuries, and know him a bit better than we do . . .

**H**IS full name—as we compile names today—was Solon Codrus and he was born about 638 B. C. Strangely enough, he came from a plutocratic family, but his father had been such a poor businessman and spendthrift that the son had his own way to make when he became of age. So he went into foreign commerce.

In his youth, however, he had gained a tuppence worth of publicity as the author of bawdy poetry, which tickled the Athenian risibles when recited in the Agora. Gradually, as he got an audience for his stuff, he switched over into patriotic verse. For some of his more scouring opuses, he drew an Oscar as being one of the Seven Sages of his time.

His first big public service, however, was the recovery of the island of Salamis from the Megarians. A law had been passed forbidding any reference to the loss of the island—in other words, censorship over free speech. Young Solon escaped reprisal for breaking it by feigning madness and reciting an inflammatory poem about it in the public marketplace. Today, of course, he would be "bugged" or summarily locked away in Terre Haute—where the government's political prisoners are confined, Constitution or no Constitution.

Solon, however, got away with his ruse and actually received an appointment to recover the island—which would be equivalent today to the Japs capturing the Hawaii's instead of merely bombing them and an American Solon being com-

missioned to recover them if he could.

Solon did throw out the Jap-Megarians, and despite his comparatively tender years, became the Douglas MacArthur of his day.

When he came back to Athens from that war, they cast all sorts of Grecian ticker-tape from the skyscraper windows on his parading motorcar and decided he was precisely the Man of the Hour commanding enough public prestige to straighten out the Greek troubles economically . . .



**W**HAT the specific reforms were which he inaugurated, we don't need to go into here. He did, however, halt all exports out of Greece—the politicians' giveaway policies in Foreign Aid, thus buying peace by a sort of bribe—abolished the old Attic law of debt, by which citizens could be sold into bondage when they couldn't meet their loans and mortgages, freed those from such slavery as had fallen into the physical clutches of the plutocrats of his period, and by a sort of repudiation of public and private debt which had grown to enormity, redistributed the lands of the great estates into farming plats for the poorer classes. Note that he didn't confiscate these lands and make collective farms of them.

Whereupon he had to get out of Athens in the night with the howls of the plutocrats' goons ringing in his ears. He got out of Athens and stayed away ten years thus avoiding the unpleasantness of getting his hide nailed to an Attic barn-door. But his reform Constitution could not be upset—although his personal feelings probably were, prodigiously.

Today, in history, he was so accredited as the Great Law Giver of Greece that statesmen generally who try to put the welfare of their country above their own personal prospects are known as solons.

**O**NLY the illiterate and immature go around with the notion that these

complications besetting the nation are something new under the sun. All nations have been through them before, and from precisely similar causes.

What Solon Codrus did was what Douglas MacArthur might do in the year 1952-53 if the American people commissioned him to straighten out the current economic-taxation mess and he decreed the repudiation of an \$867,000,000,000 public and private debt, absolutely halted all further dissipation of the Republic's assets in further foreign aid, and made it impossible for racial minorities to further impoverish the populace by methods of predatory banking. It would add up to putting the Republic back to the economic status it enjoyed under William McKinley or Theodore Roosevelt, and then having to get out of the country with Mrs. MacArthur by speedboat in the dark of the moon—as the General did from Corregidor—before the strong-arm boys hired by the bankers removed his viscera by force and violence.

Greece was saved as a State by the drastic measures that Solon introduced.

However, the predatory profit-taking system swung the cycle again for the people Solon had salvaged—in a couple of generations—and then there was no Solon on hand to do the job over again.

The Roman Soviet—to continue analogies—waited for unsound economic policies to undermine Greece and then took over the ancient world, lock, stock and barrel.

The whole thing stacks up as a living demonstration to humanity of what Cause and Effect could be in such a federal situation, when a whole people refused to grasp what the abuses can be that bring a State ruin and erasement . . .

Under ordinary circumstances, that's why historical records are kept, that succeeding people may profit by the mistakes of earlier governments.

However, human nature doesn't alter.

If General Douglas MacArthur, instead of being elected Republican President—thereby depending upon a Republican House and Senate of the plutocratic boys to okay his reforms—were elected Archon, or umpire, or whatever you might choose to call him, and really cleaned house of the abuses that have brought the United States to her present economic sickbed, the historians of two thousand years hence might call statesmen who put the welfare of their coun-

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# Unless Christ Comes in the Orthodox Pattern How Many Will Know Him?



**A**N INTERESTING letter has been forwarded to Soulcraft Headquarters, containing comments of an orthodox religious communicant on the *Golden Scripts* written to a relative and not intended for the eyes of the *Golden Scripts* publishers. Doubtless it represents the reactions of hundreds to those Golden Speakings. But it also embodies both an intellectual and spiritual attitude toward sacred events that extends to more than the writer in question —

"You want to know my opinion as regards the contents of these alleged sacred *Scripts*," a Minnesota young woman writes to her elderly aunt. "Frankly, I do not seem to get the author's viewpoint. He claims to have received special revelations while in a so-called trance. Now, according to God's Word, special divine visions have ceased and divine revelations to Man were complete when God ordered the divine records to be closed. Nothing more is ever to be added to, nor subtracted from, Scripture. See Rev. 22, 18:19. What the Bible says as regards Faith and Life is altogether complete. Says the Master, 'I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life; no man cometh unto the Father but by Me.' It seems to me that even the Almighty in heaven would be unable to add to this last assertion of the Apostle.

"From the book it would appear that the author, whoever he is, dreams of a prolonged era before the End in which the Lord Jesus will reign visibly on earth, subjugate the nations with His sceptre of Love, and introduce upon earth social and economic conditions which are ideal in every respect. With this assumption Scripture does not agree, since Jesus Himself refers to the last days as being of the same nature as the days of Noah when Apostasy was rampant and only

eight faithful remained. According to the Bible, Jesus will return to earth for one purpose only: to raise all the dead, to enact the Judgment, and to remove all believers to the inheritance Above.

"One more feature strikes me as odd. It is the language of the book. The Bible was written by the inspired men of God over a period of many centuries. However, each writer accommodated himself to that particular language or vernacular in vogue at the time of writing. This man, however, comes to us in a language used a century or two ago. In fact, William Shakespeare employed it in the 16th century . . . Also repeatedly he begins a quotation from Scripture but ends it with his own opinion."

The writer of the above makes no suggestion, however, as to what language she assumes the *Golden Scripts* should have been written in.

But let's look at this criticism.

It holds food for thought . . .

**T**AKING the foregoing observations as a whole, the young woman makes it clear that she views the whole compilation of the *GOLDEN SCRIPTS* as a mortally fabricated concoction—in other words, a colossal piece of fiction originating in a human brain, with someone attempting to imitate Bible terminology. Just what the motive would be for such an audacious creation, is not given the slightest explanation, although she concedes that the whole work expounds the literal return of Christ to earth, to subjugate the nations with His scepter of Love. No personal increments or aggrandizements are admittedly of note in it. Just for the novelty of it, someone spent seven or more years of time compiling 844 pages of text, describing a Golden Age coming upon the earth when Christ should return to rule the nations, but this compiler wasn't sufficiently con-

cerned with such authorship to sign his name. The criticism is based principally upon the last two or three chapters of Revelation, but she fails to take note of the stupendous contradiction or paradox in the 3rd verse of the 20th chapter, in which the devil is to be cast into the bottomless pit after being bound for a thousand years so that he may deceive the nations no longer. But after this thousand years of binding, he, the devil, is to be loosed for a little while. Sincere Bible students have long puzzled over this act of binding, inasmuch as it is supposed to happen in the "times of the end"—when the Judgment has come and all former things have passed away, and the Elect are about to ascend to their places in a heaven only 12,000 furlongs long and wide and high, about 1,500 cubic miles. The challenge to accuracy is, if all things have come to an end and all the good people have ascended to heaven and all the incorrigibles to hell, why the need for binding Lucifer a thousand years or a thousand minutes? If all matters of earth have "passed away", and there is to be no worldly reign of Christ, why worry what becomes of the devil, anyway? St. John seems not to have given that much thought . . .

Loosing Satan for a little time at the end of a thousand years would have no meaning if earth's millions have all been judged and assigned to one place or the other. Who logically cares what becomes of Old Nick? However—

Revelations 22; 18-19 do *not* state that all further divine disclosure to Man has ended. They merely state that whoever adds or detracts from the specific language of the Patmos prophecy as a book, shall have unutterable things happen to him. It's a matter of the details of Revelations alone that is being discussed.

According to the Bible, says our critic, Jesus will return to earth for one pur-

## "Hath the Doctrine Ennobled You?"

From the 168th Golden Script



**W**HAT doth it matter when others beguile you?  
If an evil man cometh unto you and saith, My  
light is mine own and I cherish it in that I have  
found it! say ye unto him,  
And what is that to us? If the light hath come  
unto thee, on thy head be its radiance: go to and  
walk in it: if it lighteth thee safely thereat is thy profit, but if  
so be it thy steps are lighted not, then our torch spreadeth far  
and the multitudes walk safely.

I say unto you, there are many lights, beloved. Some are perceived by those who walk darkly, some are as beacons for those who climb mountains, some see the radiance burning on the earth's brim, others see the candle which the trembling palm cuppeth.

The light is the light; it hath many dividings; yet I say unto those going forward in a blindness, make sure it is the light and not a green phosphorus on that which decayeth.

Behold the rotted substance also giveth off its gleamings, but the true fire hath a vigor, it scorseth as it neareth: the true light hath rigor, it consumeth the unhallowed.

I say there are those who do watch above the erring, but in this manner watch they: they do manifest namelessly, their archery hath its target but the arrow goeth silently, they come not unto transgression but lay it low with beauty.

Behold, my beloved, the action is the watchword. Except ye go out and bend the bow mightily, the arrow flieth not, and the beast is unfelled.

The true guardsman saith: I come unto you privily and ye hear not my footstep; I cast my mantle around you: ye do see it not, but feel it.

Are ye troubled in your wits that the doctrine hath defilers? Hath the doctrine ennobled you? Can a rock know defilement? Behold thou art braggart when thou sayest, This doctrine which I love hath been broken as a sheepfold and let in many wolves. Hast thou profited from the doctrine? then was it not of truth? how knowest thou that thy brother unto whom it cometh, suffereth a whoredom in that he hath reasoned it?

The wake of the ship is the mark of its course. Doth the doctrine leave beauty behind as its marking? doth it lift up the hopeless? doth it kindle a beacon upon yonder mountain?

If the doctrine is your treasure, bury it deeply, keep it in the coffers that mark a secret hiding-place; mayhap the brethren do as much for themselves; thus all share the treasure and visit it by stealth . . .

Thus pass I from you, yet my spirit I leave with you; see that ye cherish it. I say it shall crown as a garland your chivalry.

PEACE

pose only: to raise all the dead, to enact the Judgment, and to remove all believers to the inheritance above.

There have been seventy-five generations since Jesus left earth in 33 A. D. The population of the earth is around 2 billion per generation. Those who die are replaced by those newly-born physically. Around 150 billion people have therefore had earthly life since 33 A. D., assuming there has been no reincarnation. There are 1440 minutes to each 24 hours, 525,600 minutes per year.

Grammar school arithmetic discloses to us therefore, that if all the people who have lived on earth since Christ were called back into mortal bodies to be "judged", even to the sea giving up its dead, and each one of them were allotted exactly *one minute* for such judgment individually, the time involved would amount to something like 285,308 years.

Give each soul 10 minutes to present his case before the Celestial "Throne" and hear his doom pronounced, and the time would run to 2 million, 853 thousand, 080 years.

And where would such persons stand while waiting to receive attention, assuming 150 billion souls were to be involved? Certainly the whole earth could not hold them and sustain them for 285,308 to 2,853,080 years. And bear in mind, if St. John is the last word in authority on the whole of it, this stupendous Day of Judgment and raising of all dead is supposed to occur all at once. It would be irreverent to conceive of the Judgment happening in sequences.

Assuming in all reverence that those who were in their graves came forth, and the sea gave up all the people who have perished in it, such resurrected persons would at least be enjoying 285,308 years of life right here on this planet before their time came to be tried and dispatched to eternal bliss or eternal torment. Revelations is, in effect, asking human beings to credit a mathematical and geographic impossibility. Out of such 150 billion souls, only enough are to be saved as to fill a heaven 12,000 furlongs long, wide, and high. A furlong is 660 feet. Twelve thousand furlongs is 7,920,000 feet or exactly 1500 miles. The heavenly city is therefore 1,500 English miles square and as many high. That's about the same land surface that exists between the Atlantic seaboard and the Mississippi River, and between the Canadian line

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# Why Every Person's Life Design Must Be Blueprinted in Advance . .

*Facts You Should Know about  
the Soul's Progress Up through  
Its Roster of Earthly Lives . .*



**B**ELIEVE it or not, you came into life to do a definite thing, to gain a specific increment, to execute a distinctive commission. You may not accept this now. The time will come when you will accredit it. It was no hit-or-miss affair—your coming into life. You had certain deficiencies in your character. You had certain responsibilities to execute toward particular people. Perchance you were one of those who volunteered to play leading roles in the great resuscitation of worldly society that is now in consummation. To attempt some definite achievement, you suicided—so to speak—out of the Higher Octaves, down here into physical life. You deliberately bade goodbye to all those then residing in the transcendental realms. Insofar as they were concerned, you “died.” . . You “died” to discover your self-conscious spirit coming into a realization of itself anew, in the body of some woman's baby. To you, since you “woke up” in such infant's body, the only contact permitted to you with those in the octaves you had quitted, has been by mighty excursions out of your body. You rejoin these people for fleeting periods and bring back vague memories of your incarnate contacts. You call these memories “dreams.” . .

In this gross and sluggish physical octave, you go through given experiences in form and limitation. Out of your reactions to these experiences you strengthen the deficiencies of your character, you pay karmic debts to those who are your

intimates, or you fulfill your job of leadership.

But here is the queer part—

You rarely depart out of your body for good, unless your pleasure-pain experiencings have exactly balanced.

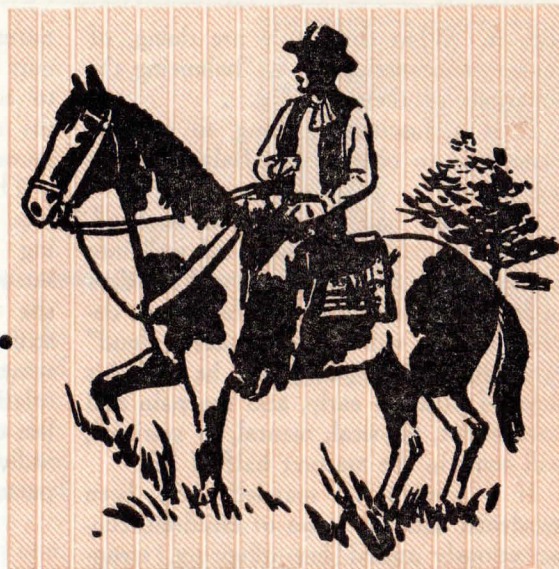
Putting it in plain, everyday English, you do not quit any span of existence until you have had an hour of pleasure for every hour of pain, an hour of success for every hour of failure, an hour of attainment for one of disappointment.

You meet all the people whom you arranged to meet before ever coming into mortal life at all, you discharge whatever of the debts and obligations you have the opportunity to discharge, you get equal portions of sorrow and joy, and when your spirit is so full of experiencing that it can no longer absorb it with any lasting profit, you vacate your mortal vehicle permanently. Your sentient spirit ascends back into the octaves of bodiless consciousness and there you take an inventory of your improvement.

You consume anywhere from ten years to five hundred years to decide, coolly and impartially, what your next venture into worldly flesh is to comprise.

But if the equation be not balanced, there must be, perforce, a certain lopsidedness to your character.

If you got too much sorrow, without corresponding joy, you would graduate out of life a morose and embittered person. Your spiritual judgment would be knocked out of plumb. If you got too much pleasure without sobering grief, you would be a rainbow-chasing nitwit, satisfied with baubles, taking life as a



mortal prank and devoid of the proper sense of social responsibilities toward those occupying whatever octave you found yourself in thereafter.

**I**N THIS great fundamental—that each normal life has to show itself as a fairly-well-balanced equation before it can be terminated—we discover the mystical secret—or rather, the explanation—as to why certain people, particularly the elderly, live on and on, year after year, when it would seem that their life-spans have been finished.

All of us are acquainted with men and women who have raised their families, gone through what seem to be representative runs of business successes and failures, had their share of life's ups and downs, lost their life partners and perhaps most of their children, seen their life intimates quit the body before them, and now are living on and on, with no seemingly logical reason for such persistent earthly residence. We remark, not meaning it unkindly, “It's a mystery why old Mr. So-and-So clings so tenaciously to life.” Or, “It's certainly strange that old Grandma Jones doesn't die and join her relatives.” But year after year goes past and still these stay among us, people “outliving their time.” . .

But that is precisely the thing they are not doing.

They are living their time—with accent on the “living.”

They cannot “go” until their time is lived, till they have partaken equally of life's shadows and highlights.

Earthly fortunes, relatives dead or living, physical conditions, have little to do

with it. What they truly are doing, of course—subconsciously—is “balancing the equations of their lives.” . . .

It is a fascinating thing to contemplate, and to observe this Balance working out.

If a man had a pampered boyhood, played around irresponsibly till well into maturity, ten to one he will end his days in heavy harness. Or his life will so develop that he will “go out under a cloud” of some sort—meaning that he took his days of pleasure early, and the pain and harassment, physical, mental, or spiritual, will come in the maturer half of life.

If a woman has married early, been burdened with the cares of children, conscientiously raised her offspring, struggled with finances, and generally applied herself to the obligations of her household, she will encounter the less of her dependents and finally find herself living her life alone. We say of such a one, in an altogether wholesome sympathy: “Poor Mrs. Whooshee! All her family’s dead and gone, and now she drags out her days by herself.”

As a matter of cosmic fact, our sympathy—if maudlin—is misplaced.

“Poor Mrs. Whooshee” had a fairly carefree girlhood and then spent thirty years of hectic application to her husband and her youngsters. From Monday morning till Sunday night she scarcely had a moment that she could call her own. She was first out of bed in the morning, and last into bed at night. This domestic concentration was altogether lovable in Mrs. Whooshee—doubtless motivated by the karmic obligations that she had toward her man and her brood—but it did warp her character. She hadn’t a moment to think of herself. Leisure was unknown to her. Now we deplore lachrimosely that she’s “left all alone.”

Deep in Mrs. Whooshee’s subconscious mind she’s taking this latter-life spell of being “all alone” for a good and sufficient reason. She’s “balancing her character” back into proportion, getting rid of reflexes, experiencing the sensation of not having to do anything particular for anyone on killing domestic schedule.

That’s the true reason why she’s “living on and on” with her “life in the past” as we put it in our ignorance.

Her life is not in the past. There is no such thing as anyone’s life being “in the past.” Life is ever positive at the instant of living it. We simply change the

nature of its conditions, so as not to quit it in too lopsided a status, a slave to conventions or habits, unmindful of the antithesis of what we have formerly known to surfeit.

The moment that old Mrs. Whooshee has experienced enough counter-balancing spiritual isolation to all that she knew as a sacrificing domestic servant, she will be found some morning quite stiff in her bed. We must at all times remember that no matter what our interrelationships in the earth-state, nevertheless cosmically considered we are all fierce individualists, living our careers for lone personal profit.



**T**HE QUESTIONS are fair ones:

How are these balancings of hours computed? Who keeps the record? How does anyone know just how many hours of joy he has had, so as to balance it with equalizing grief, sorrow, or disappointment? If a person—like old Mrs. Whooshee—has been busy to hysteria in the opening years of life, at just what point is the decision made that she shall henceforth ease off and enjoy relaxation?

The Great Mentors of esoteric wisdom tell us uniformly that two major forces are at work in nearly everyone’s career.

First, there is the major force of the prearranged program of life—the pattern of the career generally decided before the career itself begins.

A given person’s life is supposed to consist of so-and-so. Its natural adapt-

abilities, its manifest deficiencies, the peculiar vibration on which it has entered flesh, the circumstances of development which it has precipitated for itself by parental environment, prospective marriages, agreements as to children—all these dictate about what the life of activity is to comprise. Therefore a sharp veer from intense activity to gradual relaxation is a matter of action and reaction, cause and effect, provision and de-nouement.

The second major force is the Alter-Ego, the Personal Mentor, the higher-octave councillor or councillors, who observe the track and tempo of the character-conduct and from the dispassionate but spiritual-service viewpoint discern when an evolving soul has generally achieved its purposes and is ready for a change.

Then again, as likely as not, there is also the self-rendered consciousness of the person involved, himself.

Nine out of ten people are agreeable to working honestly and diligently for a given number of years, sacrificing for the dependents they have honestly acquired, struggling to save money to pay for a home or old-age competence. They are willing to accept the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, to take the bad luck along with the good.

But there comes a time along in the late forties or early fifties when the soul says suddenly to itself: “I’ve worked long enough and hard enough to have gained my reasonable objectives. I’m going to take it easier. If people continue to pile responsibilities on me, and let me pull so much of the load, I’m going to rebel. By jinks, the times about ripe for people to do something for me, instead of expecting I should also be doing my darnedest for them.” So a species of subconscious mental revolt sets in.

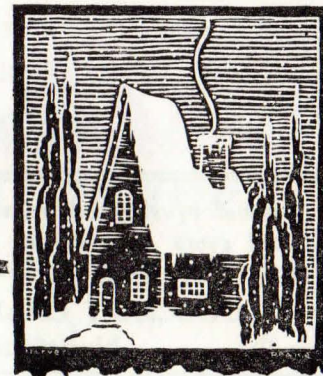
This is the age in men when, if one woman has exacted too much of their time and temper over a long period of years—and had a somewhat shrewish tongue besides—they “kick over the traces.” . . .

It is the age in women when they develop female troubles, have spells, enjoy nervous breakdowns, behave kittenish with younger men, or contrive to take trips and nurse artistic urges.

They say, each one to themselves, that they’re “fed up” with all that they’ve

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# SUPERNATURAL EXPERIENCES . .



HERE is a little story of a death scene which came to me one night in what I supposed at the time to be a dream. VALOR readers may be interested in it. I'm wondering now how much of it was "dreaming" . . .

When I was in my 'teens I lived with a family named H—. Upon marrying, I moved to a distant city but kept in touch with the H— family and then in course of time returned to the locality but four miles from where I had lived with them as a girl. We visited back and forth and saw much of each other.

Eventually, however, Mr. H— took sick with a lingering illness which proved to be cancer of the stomach. He was confined to his bed for several months and we heard from his relatives only occasionally.

One night it seemed to me that I was taken to his bedroom and witnessed his passing. Almost at once, when I had come into his room, three men appeared in it. They were dressed in what seemed to be brilliant armor, or so it looked to me, and wore helmets. What the helmets stood for, I had no way of knowing. Neither could I explain why their odd costumes of armor were necessary. But they were splendid specimens of manhood.

They went to the bed on which my sick friend lay and addressed him, I distinctly overheard what they said, something that does not often happen in the experience of dreaming. Although it really was almost dawn they asked, "How are you tonight, Henry?"

Henry responded, "I'm a very sick man."

"We've come to help you," they announced. "We will give you a little walk around outside."

But Henry protested, "I can't do that. I said I'm a very sick man. I haven't been off this bed in three weeks."

"We will help you," the spokesman insisted.

Thereat, despite Henry's protests, he took hold of one of Henry's legs and gently drew it toward the side of the bed. Then he reached for the other leg. Assisting, the second young man in the armor and helmet placed his arm around Henry's shoulders and sat him up.

What they were doing, I presently saw, was separating the spiritual Henry from the physical Henry. His spiritual body was just as real to me as his mortal body, because actually Henry's mortal legs had not been moved at all.

Next the spokesman for the trio said to him, "Now get up on your feet and we will see how well you can walk."

Henry protested shriller than ever at what they were making him do. His real thinking and protesting self was his spiritual body or light-body. "I'm a very sick man!" he kept crying. "I can't leave this bed."

They urged him to try. Standing on either side of him they supported him as they got him upon his feet. The second young man then asked him if he didn't feel better.

"I guess I do," he admitted grudgingly, "all the same I'm a very sick man."

He took a faltering step and they supported him toward the door. I found myself following to see what they did with him and how he made out.

They went out of the house upon the lawn. The sun was just on the point of coming up. The third man, who had taken no part in aiding the sick man to leave his body, was walking a few yards ahead when to my amazement I beheld him begin to ascend—as though mounting stairs that were invisible to me. This seemed to catch Henry's interest for the first time, and obviously amazed him.

One of the men supporting his dragging figure assured him, "You can do that, too."

But Henry's mortal reflexes were still strong. "No, I can't!" he protested. "I keep telling you I'm very ill. Why don't you believe me? I can't walk a step without help."

They were sympathetic but still insistent. Up the invisible steps one by one they helped Henry. I stood off a little distance and watched the slow and laborious climbing. All four rose gently but steadily into the air and I watched until they disappeared from my view.

Returning to my own body and awakening, I was presently informed that Mr. H— had that night died.

I HAVE had many such experiences that have proved to me that there is another life. Let me report briefly a second—

Across the road from where I lived, resided a girl friend with whom I often discussed the possibility of survival, and we came to promise each other that whichever one of us went first, would communicate with the other if at all possible.

The night that this friend actually did die, I had another of those odd experiences that I cannot account for. She seemed to come to me and ask me to select the hymns for her funeral, and to get Mr. S— to play and sing.

Mr. S— did not know that this death had taken place but was strangely moved to go home for that week-end. When he arrived, he was requested to provide the music for the service.

I have always considered it significant that I should be the one to come into the church just at the instant that he was talking to the minister about which hymns would be most appropriate. Mr. S— was not particularly interested in spiritual matters, and yet when I made the suggestions that my friend had given me in my nocturnal experience with her, he complied at once.

Thus my departed friend had her wish. Mrs. W. V. S., Conn.

# Valor

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## Everything Isn't Fixed



LITTLE over a month ago, the Pessimist Chorus could be heard in baso profundo. Had the Steel Companies appealed President Truman's steel-industry seizure to the Supreme Court? The Court, of course, was *packed*, and it would only be a question of time before its approval on his steel seizure would be followed by seizure of private industry, possibly radio and press. Everything was "fixed" these days. The way was wide open for the left-wingers to take America like Grant didn't take Richmond.

But on Monday, June 2nd, the Supreme Court handed down a 6-3 decision "pinning Mr. Truman's ears back" and making him return the steel industry to its stockholders. The Constitution still functioned in these battered United States. And the Pessimist Chorus, unable to account for it, declared there was still some deep dark game afoot that in time would become evident. There must be. If something warn't wrong, 'twant right.

VALOR declares that as the Supreme Court decision went on Monday of this week, so countless other catastrophic woes so noisily predicted for America, *are not due to happen!*

Everything is NOT fixed these days. Far from it. If everything was even half way fixed, the left-wingers wouldn't be in the perspirations they are.

Precious little is jelling that their desire-wish thinking has tried to foist upon the country.

America has been scared witless by bugaboos—Russia a case in point, along with certainties that the Supreme Court meant to authenticate Mr. Truman's dictatorship.

Get your chin up and your shoulders back. We are going to make a lot of economic changes in America, and sooner or later China is going out of hand in Asia, but the United States is NOT on the chute to perdition. Sacred clairvoyance may be scoffed at by the materialist element, but let the materialist element scoff. It's hoodwinking none but itself. Sacred clairvoyance sees the United States as probably the most dominant country on earth for the next thousand years. You should adjust your thinking to prepare to live in a Republic with a population of over 300 millions.

We are only at the *beginning* of our history as a nation.

The Supreme Court didn't let the Constitution down, and by the same token the Constitution is going to have a resurgence of endorsement that bodes no good for the spoliative elements.

Nothing is "fixed" yet in America until it is fixed right.

But fixing things right is on its way in.

The generation now alive will see it happen.

## Paradox



HERE'S one phase of the curious but typically orthodox letter commented upon in this issue on Page 3 that makes much of Biblical prophecy paradox. That's the matter of the present world being likened to what tradition claims society was, just before the Flood of Noah—perverse, degenerate, sodomic, wicked. The only trouble with it is, *there's no comparison.*

People in their senses with healthy views on modern life and mortality, recognize that at least half the populace of the United States is earnestly and sincerely Christian—and probably forty to forty-five percent nominally so. Current society throughout the world is not perverse, degenerate, sodomic or wicked. In all the civilized countries—excepting perhaps the Soviets—the average person is decent, reasonably law-abiding, and respectful of things religious. Something like 400 millions of Moslems are even

more devout than populations found in the Christian countries. Even the people of Israel are convinced they are correct in their religious beliefs. But the significant thing is, that they have them.

It's a form of witless fanaticism that makes the pentecostal and evangelical convert assume that the world as a world is on the verge of perdition. The world is nothing of the sort. It's made up of human people, doing the best they can—uniformly—under the pressures of modern living, thinking the thoughts that come to them, loving their nearest and best, and showing a reasonably good sportsmanship toward the eccentricities of their neighbors.

Wholesome-minded people recognize this. They're not prying open other people's souls to discover the festers in them. They're viewing their neighbors for the kindly, helpful things they do the calendar around, and recognizing it's the God in them that's making them do it. We're living in an age when the death of an outstanding person puts a hush in his neighborhood for a week and a day. The death of a neighbor's child makes a mother linger over her own baby's crib that night with a tenderness that supplies a strange contradiction to the mass human diatribes made in the Book of Revelations—particularly after she's been "over at the bereaved house, doing all she can do" for the benumbed ones. Off on an Oklahoma prairie recently a tractor ran over a small boy accidentally. The frantic mother flew to the party telephone and implored all to clear the line so she could reach the county doctor. Every neighbor got off the line so her call could go through, then those same neighbors—over the party line—passed the word that all telephone users unite in prayer for the small boy's life. Miracle of miracles, when the stricken father reached the hospital with the tad, there wasn't a bone broken in his wee body and scarcely a scratch on him.

Those are the kinds of times we're living in, not only here in America but in most civilized countries of the world. Reports have come out of World War II that while the military of United States and England were bethinking it necessary to bomb Germany, the Christian Germany people were singing hymns in their bomb-proofs asserting their faith in the Elder Brother's power to preserve them—from another Christian nation's bombs!



No, the Book of Revelations simply doesn't fit today's facts. People here in the United States are losing their beliefs in hell for the main reason that they're becoming too spiritually advanced to believe in hell.

The truly valiant soul takes the constructive, healthy, compassionate and Christlike attitude toward society and toward his times. Whole sections of the so-called Holy Book don't appear to measure up in goodness with the goodness that society's already attained.

Let's be modern and decent and constructive and cooperative.

It's giving the Christ heart-service instead of lip-service.

And there's a big doubt if there ever was any Noah, . . . anyhow, remember the Book says the first thing he did after being saved, was get drunk.

### And Another Thing



IT'S WELL to remember, too, that when you judge society, or trends in society, your personal character that you're bringing to such judging is the significant thing revealed.

The world isn't lacking in its spiritual crackpots, as well as intellectual crackpots. Starting off from some premise that mayn't be factual at all, it's easy to deplore what's happening in the Administration, or the Congress, or the United Nations, or Korea, or Timbuctoo, and estimating all humankind by the emotions called up. The man who's sure he knows what he's talking about, in discussing national or world conditions rarely goes into a mental St. Vitus dance because ten to one the purpose being served in the trend is apparent to him.

Right now, we here in America are seeing all sorts of economic disasters in a runaway tax rate, federal, state and municipal. What, for instance, if the big lesson being taught society happens to be, that excessive taxation defeats itself and people who permit themselves to be beggared by taxes deserve precisely the distress they invite?

Right now, here in America, there's a class of bleeding hearts that's bemoaning what it calls Juvenile Delinquency. Every 'teen-age boy and girl is positively going to the devil. The irony of that possibly may be that thirty years hence, all those same delinquent boys and girls

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—in the estimate of the current bleeding hearts—will be bemoaning the same tendency in their children or even grandchildren.

The editor of VALOR sat on a Massachusetts veranda one summer night in the late Thirties with a school-chum of Long Ever Ago and checked over the "fast gals" in their one-time neighborhood set—whom all the queasy old ladies cluck-clucked about. One by one those brash ladies were recalled—along with their maturities as they had reached them. Notable it was, that the brassiest young female of them all had the largest and healthiest family of youngsters of her own, and all doing well, and well over fifty percent of that one-time grammar school feminine lot whom the neighbors were sure would come to no good end, were the outstanding wives and mothers of the community.

None of which is putting any premium on brashness or prococity—in morals or any other department of sophomoric—but a new and more wholesome brand of theology, with less hell and more heaven in it, will come to recognize that soul's don't go to Tophet in one generation or one life on earth. Real degeneration is a long and slow process.

One doesn't need to be any sentimental Pollyanna to cast about him and see that life may be mischievous but that it's not one-two-three as pernicious as the Dame Grundy's are convinced.

Look at people as they are, or as they're striving to be, not as some old-flea-bitten patriarch saw them back in the Land of Canaan, who imagined he was holy because he went about unwashed.

Have faith that people actually are striving to do the best that they can, under the pressures bearing upon them. Tell a man you admire him for the selling qualities he possesses, and you get him combing his own character to review them—and becoming surprised perhaps at finding not a few.

Seeing that the *Golden Scripts* were not written by any mortal mind now living, we can say that we can produce a better race of human beings and make a better world by the sheer precepts of the Elder Brother found in them, than by most of the sacred propaganda a la Billy Graham, in all the books of the Bible combined.

Instead of being saved from our sins, let's abolish our sins as a people, then the saving won't be necessary.

## Unless Christ Comes

(Continued from Page 4)

and Northern Michigan down to Tennessee. All the rest of the 150 billions that cannot be accommodated in such an area as the eastern United States are going to be cast into hell and burn forever without being consumed. It's right there in the Book but not in the GOLDEN SCRIPTS. Hell would require to be an area then, almost as great as the orbit of the earth around the sun.

If anyone with a knowledge of modern astronomy credits it.

THE CRITIC of the SCRIPTS knows nothing, of course, of the history of the Bible itself. She doesn't know that until the year 363 A. D. there was no Bible that was recognized as such. The Bible came into existence by the cognizance of prelates and clergymen at the Council of Carthage in that year. That's about the same length of time after Jesus lived as the present times are removed from the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers on Plymouth Rock.

The folly of striving to contest any sacred point with a Fundamentalist is the folly of arguing from an uncertain or unproved premise—and a text that doesn't stand up in any logical respect with modern findings in science, geology, biology, astronomy, or mathematics—not to mention philology. Challenge such a one to *prove* that what was collated and confirmed as the Word of God at the Council of Carthage is the Word of God, and no proofs are offered. All must be taken on faith and the traditions of scholars. As for the Old English terminology, that is admittedly recognized in the English language as the sacred form—just as Zend is the sacred form of language for the Avesta.

OVERSHADOWING the whole of it, however, is the more tragic circumstance that millions live on earth who could not and would not accredit the personality of The Christ as being bona fide unless He complied with all the de-



tails of New Testament Scripture as written and substantiated solely by tradition. If He departed from that in any respect, He would remain either unidentified or named a false Christ.

They are textbook Christians.

They would repudiate the presence of The Elder Brother as being spurious if they beheld Him with their own eyes by the bedside of their sainted but pain-racked grandmother.

They will not have Christ speaking to humankind in any respect, trance or otherwise, in the current day without Him being a "false" Christ, deceiving "the very elect".

"Repent and be saved from hell" is their sum and substance for Christianity—regardless of the fact that the very New Testament they so revere nowhere has Jesus Himself in His lifetime so expressing His message.

No amount of argument, however, will remove or cure their complexes on such sacred matters. They are in complete mental thrall to the traditions among prelates.

And that would seem to be one of the reasons why the Appearance of the Elder Brother in person is due to encounter such contest and turmoil. If He neglects to appear in a Second Coming that is geographically impossible—a fantastic mental creation of prelates—He must be an Imposter.

What are such to do when they come face to face with Fact and Truth?

THE GOLDEN SCRIPTS, of course, were not composed in any respect by a mortal brain. They were not recorded in any sort of spiritualistic trance but in audible epiphany. If there are grammatical inaccuracies, they have been the fault of transcript only.

The greatest chapters in this book are 165 and 168, in confuting precisely the criticism that the aunt's letter contained. The supreme test of any truly sacred writing is the admonition in Chapter 168, "Hath the doctrine ennobled you? . . . doth it leave beauty behind it as its marking? . . . doth it lift up the hopeless? . . . doth it kindle a beacon upon yonder mountain? . . ."

These are the words of Omnipotence speaking, in any age.

But if imminent event prove the Golden Speakings to be true and not the traditions of the scholars, what then, watchman of the scriptural night? . . .

## Life Blueprint

(Continued from Page 6)

known, and want something different.

What are they exhibiting but the very thing of which we're speaking? The sense of balance in their own characters is demanding satisfaction. Their private subconscious minds are informing them when they've stayed on one pair of rails too long, and that—by the laws of averages—they should watch out for a switch.

**SOMETIMES** such recognitions are dramatic in their suddenness. Men have been known to change their whole lives between breakfast and luncheon. Women have been known to arise of a morning that manifests no different aspects than a thousand former mornings. Something happens around eleven o'clock that causes them to heave the stew through the kitchen window, write a note and pin it to the tablecloth, and by sundown be far away, "separated for life" from their former life partners.

If the subconscious mind doesn't announce when it is "fed up," then the Guardians observe it. If conditions don't produce the compensating change, then the life-plan exacts it.

And by the same token, the life of a child that has died at twelve may contain a career so balanced as to put the eighty-year dunderhead to shame.

The accounting doesn't need to be measured by minutes. All the same, it may be. Conversely, one sequence of high-voltage joy, crammed into a single night, may have as compensating an effect upon the developing of the character as forty years of spiritual bleakness and mental isolation.

As humanity comes to grasp such rational fundamentals, it will cease to do such griping as ignorance at present motivates. No matter what the predicament, the complications or the abnormal circumstances in any life, there is ever a reasonable cause for such happening—and it operates!

Take the orthodox attitude: that man first comes to being from the loins of his mother, lives one life in flesh, then pops to heaven or hell—and the earth-span is a bedlam. Take the Transcendental attitude: that all of us have lived as psyches since the dawn of all creation, that for reasons of our own we come back again and again into serried bodies

to develop our self-awareness and expand in spiritual consciousness—and every situation that life holds makes sense.

If every situation that life holds makes sense, considered from the earthly-rebirth standpoint, and no sense whatever accrues from the orthodox hypothesis, then which, forsooth, is Truth?

Truth always proves itself—under every analysis. That is why it IS Truth, because it does prove itself.

Anyhow, believe it or not, you will live your present span till all its factors balance. Then, if you want to go looking for either heaven or hell, there is naught to prevent your doing so.

But whether or not you find it is quite another subject.

## Electing a Solon

(Continued from Page 2)

try above their personal chances of reelection, macarthurs—spelled without capital letters.

And that, in general, is what we should know about Solon.

**WITHOUT** MacArthur—or someone like him—playing the modern Solon, what's the alternative throughout the United States in the years ahead? The answer should be looked at in utter dispassion.

Apparently there's another Great Depression to be experienced, the totalitarian rise of the Phillip Murrays, the John L. Lewises, the Walter Reuthers and the William Greens. Repudiation of the 867 billion dollar public and private debt must come anyhow, because it can't be paid—or at least it won't be paid—the American standard of living will hit rock-bottom with laborers taking anything in the way of work they can get, and the oriental sovietees will rampage and loot where they will, till some new Solon arises and says, "We've had enough of this, . . . let's try the cooperative system in economics where the motto is *All for Each, and Each for All*."

Our cues are to examine what the new solonic prospects are, after the thing has come to crisis.

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## .. COGITATIONS

**I**F YOU will turn back to the files of the *Red Book Magazine* for 1919, you will find that the first story in the October publication is a fictional opus of mine called "John Carver's Conversion." It is—or was—the lavender-and-lace romance of an old New England lawyer, and I took the tale from life. But there was a story behind the story, which I propose to recount. I admit I took all manner of liberties with the original occurrence, partly to put *oomph!* into its plot; partly to camouflage the identity of the lawyer from my New England readers. But the year before I left New England for magazine life in Manhattan, I'd done a sequence as reporter for a Vermont small-town daily. And among my contacts who were always good for news items of the homefolks was an attorney whom I'll call John Vanderspool. It had been his romance of an earlier day that I had worked up into fiction . . .

**N**O ONE who ever met Old John ever forgot him. Decidedly he was not the type to whom one would walk up on the street and ask, "Please, sir, do you happen to be anyone in particular?" He was a tall man, always immaculate, and had descended from a long line of bona fide Hudson River aristocrats. He had an office in the Bank Block at the corner of Main and North, and he came down to it punctiliously, rain or shine, every workday in the year. You never forgot Old John, however, because of his height, his flowing handle-bar moustaches, his flat-topped derby hat, his cravat, his cut-away coat and pin-striped trousers. And he always carried his lunch in a small wicker basket with a handle and cover. He lived a widower in an old mansion up in the residential part of town, where his

only servant and companion was an elderly colored woman bequeathed him by his wife. But when you looked at his Sioux-profile, his courtly bearing, his ultra-formal manner of greeting everyone, from head selectman to Italian fruitman, you realized that here was a gentleman of the old school indeed. He made you think of 1888 port, candle-light on old mahogany, hoop-skirts and medallion neck ornaments. He'd had a peculiar adventure one night up at his mansion-home where the shutters were always closed, when a chit of a high-school girl who somewhat resembled his deceased wife, had arranged with the colored woman to search one of the trunks in the attic and obtain an old-fashioned gown for a high-school costume dance. John had turned in the gate in the cool of the day, beheld the girl departing in the frock and mistaken her for a materialization of his long-dead sweetheart. What followed had been the drama of "John Carver's Conversion." Most of the town folk knew the story and were duly sympathetic. The *Red Book* paid me \$750 for the yarn and I'd gone to New York, spent the money, and forgotten all about it. But there were repercussions . . .

o—o

**O**LD JOHN, I'm sorry to say, as an attorney was a jest. I'd early discovered him as a source of news "upon the Hill"—where he'd known all the families since Hector was a pup, providing Hector had been a pedigreed pooch and belonged to "Money." But though John walked down to his office religiously, and a trifle pathetically, year in and year out, few law cases came to him. No one dared risk their lives, liberties and pursuits of happiness to Old John's limited knowledge of jurisprudence. Once I'd accosted him in a great dither of legal importance, bound for the courthouse with law books beneath his arm, only to find that Harry Jasper, a janitor of color, had been apprehended in the Bartlett chicken-coop the previous night and Old John "had a case" . . . He lost it, however, and Harry did thirty days in the pokey—something like ten days

for each pullet. Yet Old John always seemed glad to see me when I "blew in-to" his dusty Bank Building office around 10:30 each morning and he scoured his memory for bits of gossip about the Hill. In fact, the old man seemed grateful that I'd give him a half-hour of company—in the dusty old corner office on the second floor with its antiquated roll-top desk and portraits of Daniel Webster and Martin Van Buren. I wrote up his dramatic romance-sequence for the *Red Book*, I say, bought an automobile, threw up my small-town reportorial job and went out to see the world. They'd published the story whilst I'd been in Russia for Uncle Samuel. After World War I and my return to Vermont, I dropped in to renew acquaintance with the lads on the paper. And almost the first thing the Managing Editor said to me was, "I'd keep out of Old John's way while in town, if I were you. You know you wrote him up in the *Red Book*." I wanted to know what was wrong about that? "Nothing, perhaps," that editor said, "but everyone in the valley caught on that Old John's romance was in the magazine and the Newroom's pile of Red Books melted like ice cream in July. John went in and bought one himself, and they say he missed being at his office for the first time in twenty years." It was serious, then. I felt like the heel I undoubtedly was. I had made sacrilege, apparently, of something tenderly sacred in the old aristocrat's life—merely by using his episode at all. I refilled my pipe and stammered for words. It was about six thirty in the evening and the town around us was at its supper-lull. I asked my editor-friend how I might square it with Old John. "I wouldn't try," he advised, "just keep out of his way." I promised to be discreet and got the pipe lighted. The office door latch clicked. I looked across the match flame. *Old John in person was entering the office!*

o—o

**T**HE MATCH flame stung my fingers and I managed to wave it out. Old John, behind the celebrated handle-bar

moustaches, recognized me. He said "Aha!" And when Old John said "Aha!" like that, it looked like some other lawyer might have a case in the making. A real case. Homicide. He came across the office and planted his six-feet-two before me. He cleared his aristocratic throat. "Young man," he said, in a Voice that sealed my doom, "I've been hoping to meet you again for a long, long time." . . . I affected to be nonchalant. "About what, Mr. Vanderpool? You're looking well." He drew a breath of withering dignity. "Nevermind my looks. *Come with me!*" . . . The editor's chair-legs came down and concern filled his eye. He was even considerate enough, that editor, to reach for his hat in the gesture of accompanying me. After all, it had been in his office where I'd been thus apprehended. "No, no!" John admonished sharply. "I have a matter to settle with this young jackanapes *alone!*" . . . I was in for it, then. Old John took my arm as deputy sheriffs have been known to clutch felons who have stolen heavy bank funds. He "marched" me out and directly across Main Street. Citizens took in the Situation at a glance. They saw us turn into the stairway of the Bank Building on the corner.

o—o

OLD JOHN unclasped me long enough to get his keys and unlock his dusty upstairs office. Not a document had altered position from where it had lain when I'd been last in the place. Daniel Webster and Martin Van Buren looked down at me as sympathetically as possible. Old John had snapped on the lights after making certain the door was fastened against my leaving. I observed these rituals, found a cane-bottom client-chair as I could, and pulled my collar away from my neck. How did a young fiction-writer, who had gotten \$750 for a man's life-romance and spent the money, square himself in cases like this? Not that Old John needed currency—his long-lost spouse had left him plenty. I saw him come around the table, remove the flat-topped derby, turn the swivel to the proper height, and settle himself opposite me. Making certain he had my attention, he sloughed in the chair and propped his fingertips neatly together. "You—ch—write stories, young man?" he asked by way of torturing me. I said, in somewhat of a cackle that I wrote stories. "Ahem! . . . just so! . . .

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Now you let me tell you a story." Main Street was quiet below us, although I fancied that up through the opened windows arose excited whisperings of persons on the steps, surmising what flowers would be most appropriate for my burial services two days hence. "Mr. Vanderpool," I began, "I'm danged sorry—" . . . He stopped me with a hand. "Tut, tut! Never be sorry for your profession, nevermind how degenerate or degraded," he

admonished me, "let me tell you a story."

o—o

FORTHWITH he launched into recital of a hypothetical young man who had once been a small-town newspaper reporter. This youngster, dependent upon an elderly attorney for items of irreproachable news about the Older Families, had fallen into the practice of calling daily on the Old Man, until he had learned piecemeal the substance of



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his romance. The feeling Old John put into this narrative was melting. He seemed to be living anew the Long Dead Years. The Lavender-and-Old-Lace period existed again. I fancied I saw a tear brimming once on his eyelid. With Sioux-Indian chin deep in the Daniel Webster collar, he recounted every item of “John Carver’s Conversion” which again I say may be found in the *Red Book* for October, 1919. If he’d been defending the long-deceased wife in court for shoplifting, he couldn’t have staged a better performance. I squirmed and I stammered. I tried several times to get a word in edge-wise. No soap. That haggard hand halted me. “And then,” Old John approached his climax, “how did that unspeakable young renegade repay that old attorney for the material he had filched—I say *filched*, sir,—from his life? He departed far—shall we say?—New York. He secured employment in the author’s department of a great periodical. Shamelessly he placed upon cruel paper the narration of that romance. He sold that pint of the old man’s blood for pence of the Republic. He permitted what he had written to be scheduled for a definite issue. He offered no remonstrance, when an artist made spurious pictures affecting to illustrate it. And . . . and then . . .” Old John’s voice rose to tremulous crescendo, . . . “those magazine in great piles came back for sale in the newsroom of the town where that identical attorney was living his sunset years. People from far and near flocked to that newsroom and laid down their blood-money, pieces of eight, to secure copies to take home and gloat upon. *Gloat upon*, I tell you! . . .”

o—o

I COULDN’T stand it. “Mr. Vanderpool,” I cried desperately, “had I ever dreamed this was going to mean so much to you, I’d never have touched the dang story. I thought I had it camouflaged so nobody would hook up your romance with John Carver’s. ‘I’m a heel. I’m a drip. I’m a low-down, no-account, second-hand scoundrel!’ . . . Old John broke then. He swung around to face me with a muscular spasm. “You’re a *what*?” he demanded. I repeated all of it, adding a few deprecatory epithets that even Walter Winchell in later years had never cudged up. And Old John’s Sioux mouth dropped open. “Are you those things?” he demanded—“Why?” . . . And I recall I stared at him. What on

earth ailed him? If I’d turned into his wife’s phantasm right there before him, he couldn’t have appeared more astonished. “Why?” I stuttered, . . . “B-B-Because I wrote you up in that m-m-magazine as I d-did.” John’s whole expression changed. The “dead-pan” went off his countenance. He grabbed me. He hammered me on the back. He did everything but kiss me. “Boy, boy,” he cried shrilly, “what it meant to me to have that story published!” . . . Twenty years I’ve been going to and fro between my home and my office, and for the first time in all those years that story in the *Red Book* was the big occasion when the dimwits of this town ever gave me even a second glance! . . . You made me famous, boy, *Famous!*” His long arm swept open the lower drawer of the roll top. Out came a bottle of 1888 port. Out came two glasses. Old John made me drink two-thirds of that priceless vintage before I got out, as the greatest thing he could do to show his aristocratic appreciation . . . Fiction, my eye! . . .

—THE RECORDER

## **Russia Observed by Discarnate . .**



STARTLING episode was reported to Headquarters by a recent Manhattan visitor.

A psychical sitting was being held in New York. Present was a White Russia refugee from the Bolsheviks. He had, many years gone, made his escape from the Soviets, bringing out his mother and father-in-law to French territory. There he had lingered for a time. Finally his aged mother had died from natural causes, leaving him free to come on to America. Reaching the United States he had found gainful employment, taken out naturalization papers, and become a respected citizen.

At the sitting in Manhattan, Harriet appeared in materialized form. Soulcrafters know of Harriet’s identity. She called up this man by name. “Your mother is here,” she announced, “and will presently come out to you, but she’s delayed in dressing so you will surely know her. Meantime, let me talk about my daddy.”

Harriet talked about her “daddy” and

in a few moments more the mother was ready. The Russian beheld his mother of Moscow and Tiflis, walk toward him and begin talking to him lovingly in Russian.

She was dressed particularly in a black shawl and scarf he recalled he had procured for her in their escape from the Soviets in 1923. She referred to their adventures in making that escape. But in the course of their converse, she expressed concern about her daughter who had been thus fortunate.

"I can't seem to contact her from This Side," the aged woman lamented.

The medium's control interceded.

"If you'll tell me where you *think* your daughter is, in Russia," she offered, "I'll make a quick trip overseas and see if I can locate her with your mortal son's help."

The White Russian—he had been an officer in the Czar's Navy before the Communist take-over—believed he knew his sister's whereabouts. He concentrated on the place where he had last heard of her. Thus he created a thought-beam on which the medium's control could travel.

She was absent ten minutes.

Returning to the seance-room, she reported precisely on the sister, that she was a woman member of an underground slave-gang, in wretched health, and yet managing to subsist with her husband and three children. But continuing, *the control began describing internal conditions in Russia at wide variance with newspaper reports but entirely along the lines that have been emphasized in VALOR.*

Here is something as novel as it is new in espionage.

The Iron Curtain is powerless to shut out excarnates traveling on thought-waves. The Sovieteers may not "believe" in "that sort of thing" from their godless doctrines than Death means total perishment. But reliable information brought-back from the Soviets is no less reliable because of the psychical methods of its procurement.

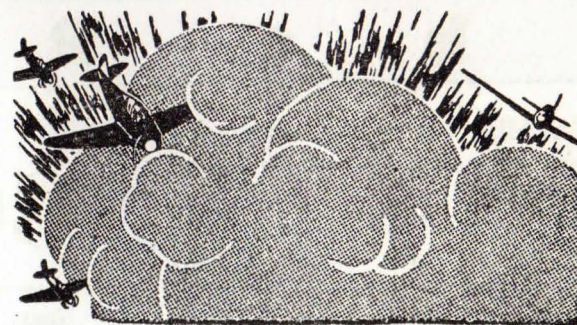
Let the Sovieteers go right along not "believing in that sort of thing."

The facts are the facts.

And they can't put the GPU on excarnates.

What are they going to do about it if the practice becomes general? And why shouldn't it become general, if the materialists in charge of our diplomacy would bring themselves up to date?

*After  
they've  
terrified  
you with  
Atom  
Bombs . .*



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# T h e P A Y O F F

A FATHER was having a discussion with his young son on the matter of church-going.

"There, my son," said he, "you behold an old print of the Pilgrim Fathers winding their way to meeting through storm and wilderness, Bibles in hand, trusty flintlocks across their shoulders. Those were the days of true devotion to the church."

"Why the guns, paw?" the boy demanded.

"Oh, there was always the danger of encountering savages on the way to worship."

"Huh," who wouldn't go to church for the sake of getting a crack with a gun at an Indian?"

ENROLLEES in a midwest town's kindergarten take home regularly a standard questionnaire to be filled out by the parent.

First question: "How many children are there in your home?"

Second: "What does your father do for a living?"

A typically harassed mother answered as follows—

"We got nineteen kids. My husband can also repair leaks in plumbing when he's a mind to, and is also handy around the house."

A SOUTHERNER was trying to make a visiting Englishman believe that Negroes speak the aboriginal language. Calling up a dusky idler at a railroad station, he asked, "Wah he?"

To which the black man made instant reply, "Wah Who?"

"Incredible!" cried the Englishman. He made a note of the survival of the red man's language in the Southland.

THE PRESIDENT of the corporation said to his secretary, "Smith, call a directors' meeting for next Tuesday."

"Yes, sir," said the secretary. "Directors only, or directors and sackholders?"

THE WORLD spends half its time praying for deliverers, and the other half nailing them to crosses.

## GOLDEN SCRIPTS



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

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SOULCRAFT CHAPELS

A FRIEND asked a colored man, "How come you broke off your engagement with Miss Jackson, Mose?"

Mose's reply was, "In de fust place, she warn't berry young, and she didn't hab no money, and she nagged like de debbil. Second, she wouldn't hab me 'round and went and married Sam Williams. So Ah took de advice ob mah many frien's and dropped her."

A FUNERAL passed while a man was standing in front of Goldblatt's. He turned to Goldblatt and asked, "Whose funeral?"

"Chon Schmidt's," said Goldblatt.

"John Smith's!" the man exclaimed. "Great Scott, is he dead?"

"Vell, vat you t'ink they're doin' with him—practicin'?"

THE INTERPRETER at a Missionary College in Korea before the present war, was wise in abrogating authority to himself not officially set down in his contract. At morning convocation the Bishop led off by saying—

"Well directed endeavor should be emulated, in contradistinction to a subconscious sense of effortless superiority."

The interpreter followed this with—"Bishop old boy say, he glad to see you fellars."

TOMMY demanded, "Mom, is it true that we come from dust and to dust will return?"

The mother responded, "Certainly, Tommy."

"Well, I just looked under my bed, and there's somebody there either goin' or comin'."