

Valor

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

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Number 9

WILL WE HAVE TWO DAYS HAILING INDEPENDENCE?



THE DAY is at hand wherein we commemorate the 176th anniversary of our independence of Great Britain.

Numerologically, 176 is a fateful number. It indicates change. And no one in his senses is oblivious to the fact that alteration of some sort in the affairs of this Republic must be imminent. The civic, military, and economic aspects of the nation's life are heavy with it. The American people have been jockeyed into both international and internal situations where something must give.

The \$64 question is, *what?*

YOU MAY or may not credit the reliability of psychical clairvoyance, but those who do, and who have access to its findings and conclusions, are fairly well apprised of the adjustments ahead. Oddly enough, psychical predictings are becoming fraudtly uniform.

From September of this year 1952. to August of 1953—11 months!—is more and more indicated as the time-sequence when all recent trends come to climax, throughout America and the world.

Experts in political legerdemain are currently working overtime—figuratively in the perspiration of desperation—to preserve the civic and economic *status quo* till the federal elections have been held. Their self-deluding hypothesis is, that if national and world events can be kept to anywhere near normal till hand-picked candidates are safely ensconced at controls, all will be well and the post-election deluge can be managed.

Fairly dependable clairvoyant vision indicates that the forces permitted to gather momentum are too mighty and assertive for ortho-

dox bigots to control them.

This may well be the last July 4th when the Iron Curtain of international intrigue hangs over America!

It is entirely possible and logical that events between this coming September and next August bring about conditions causing our great United States to declare a birthday of new American Independence. Corruption has become so rife at top-levels, intrigue is so brazen to capture control of the nation's foreign policy and put it in the hands of those intent on America's permanent demolition, emasculation of our economic resources is so apparent through Korean military commitments and the financing of NATO—not to mention a vast wave of purposeful industrial strikes in a time of unbearable taxation—while the industrial scene itself reeks of a spurious prosperity, that sooner or later the civic quake must come. Pressures are generating that are making it inescapable. That it *can't* be held off until after November 4th, and that America must suddenly underwrite a new Declaration of Independence, is what reliable psychism is promising us. The consensus of lucid expression of prophecy puts it—

“YOU ARE to have a complete change in your political fields, in the national and even your own State governments. One is to arise and take his place in your country. He is now beloved by many, and by his side will be one of the opposite sex. I see a continued rise in Socialism (Cooperativism?). Labor will fight Socialism . . . Abroad, the Red shall overcome the Red. There will be unprecedented turmoil within the Communistic countries and strange events and weird happenings. Man has erected these Black Clouds in the ether and now can only wonder what havoc results from them . . . Japan will have strange happenings and her people shall wonder if they shall stay within the United Governments (United Nations?) . . . China will experience the greatest famine it has ever known, forcing her hungry millions to extremities beyond her borders . . . November marks a complete change in governmental rule. America will come to realize that her ultimate interests do not lie in underwriting prosperity for the earth that she is having great difficulty maintaining for herself. When the end of financial resource

is reached, new policies in foreign affairs must be espoused . . . An unmasking of the elements responsible for the Republic's ruinous course will accrue. Then does a new and more Christian regime come to influence . . . I repeat, a great soul will come to the forefront. In a previous incarnation he was a magnanimous ruler and will chart a fresher and more wholesome course for this Republic. The work of Washington will by no means have been in vain. There is goodness in the future . . . Be not fearful, excepting of your own delusion . . . There is one with the knowledge and the magnetism to control the Light of Peace. Truly it shall come in as man has never seen it.”



WHEN Great Pyramid prophecy, the Quatrains of Nostradamus, and majority psychical pronouncements, combine with astrological calculations in designating 1952 and 1953 as the two great years of universal adjustment, following which “many shall walk with God”, we come face to face with the assurance that George Washington—illustrious servant of the Great Christ—did not direct the establishment of this western Republic to have it mulcted and debased by a pernicious concoction of anti-Christian havoc-makers.

We likewise are brought face to face with the agreement that this current Independence Day brings us to the cusp of vital events that are due to force adjustment. When we are told that a Mighty Avatar watches over the destiny of the great free nation that was Washington's handiwork, we can accept it as the as-

urance of perspicacious personages or the desire-wish thinking of sentimental women. But it borders on the preposterous to say that half a dozen clairvoyants, of proven talent in the past, situated in sections of the country as widely removed as Florida and California, Ohio and Washington State, can all be receiving uniform intelligence specifying the significance of the approaching September and yet have it coincidence.

VALOR has always been skeptical of psychical predictions that forecast specific dates too positively. Those wise in the technique of transcendent processes are aware that the methods of time-reckonings in the Higher Spheres are by no means those of mortality. When allegedly clairvoyant persons therefore, predict definite dates, they too often reveal the workings of subconscious mortal mind. But now comes the unusual circumstance of Numerological, Astrological, and Great Pyramid reckonings striding a norm with them. On one occasion the Survived Personality of Evangeline Adams, late astrologist, numerologist and mystic of Manhattan—distinguished during her mortal life for having had J. P. Morgan as her principal client—conveyed a transcript through the Reverend Leroy Johnson of Columbus, Ohio, that said in effect—

“Many things in the heavens can, and do, control earthly affairs. There are four planets that are now squaring off, and to me this indicates what has never before been seen on earth . . . The year 1952 is a critical period . . . All things are being brought to point . . . All mankind shall feel the effects . . . During July and August many fires will break out in cities throughout the nation. These will be the result of sabotage . . . *September will bring the great crisis! . . .*”

ONE of the most incomprehensible features of civic change in the autumn is the vagueness of identity of the personage who begins leading the Republic out of her alien-instigated doldrums. Can it be MacArthur? Certainly if we behold him raised to such role, it can only be because he was fated to do it from the first. If it is not, no lamentations should be lifted. The Great Avatar has long since selected His tried and proven servant for the place.

(Continued on Page 14)



MORE U-N CRAFT DICTATES OUR PROSPERITY . .

*And General Eisenhower Approves
It, Lock, Stock, and Barrel*



WE'RE swiftly approaching something ugly in this civic audacity called United Nations.

Not content with dictating our foreign policy, circumventing the personal guarantees of freedom under law in the Bill of Rights—to the extent that an American citizen will be seized under the Genocide Treaty and bundled off to any country abroad if he "mentally harms or disturbs" the members of any minority race, there to be tried and sentenced—the next encroachment on our liberties by this Communistic set-up is regulation of our industry, telling us what we can produce in our own country, and how much. This spells the end of American initiative and free enterprise.

The ruse by which this infringement on American independence is achieved is given the harmless sounding name of the International Trade Organization Plan. International Trade Organization means a controlling foreign body for crippling and whittling down American production to the level of the backward countries and races.

It is only one more straw that will eventually break the camel's back of American-Christian patience and cause us to affix our signatures to another Declaration of Independence in the face of the whole posterous encroachment . .

THE INTERNATIONAL Trade Organization Plan, to redistribute our wealth, was first proposed by the One Worlders in 1948, and presented to the Senate, where it was defeated in the Finance Committee. But a temporary defeat of that nature means nothing to the alien group whose persistence is Luciferian.

This Plan was to be the Third Point in an "international distribution-of-wealth program" . . meaning specifically American wealth. English, French or Russian wealth wasn't particularly of moment. Anyhow, Russia wouldn't consent to its interference in her wealth, granted she had any wealth to distribute. It's the resources of the United States that we silly Americans see thus tampered with.

The first Point was Free Trade, which is operating under the Reciprocal Trade Treaty, squarely in face of the historical fact that it was under a high protective tariff that America in the last three generations came to her apex of national prosperity. The second Point was the Subsidy, in operation for years.

But when the One Worlders were defeated by the Finance Committee's refusal to pass ITO, they created and put into operation, *without any act of Congress*, the International Material Conference, which now has operated for over a year. Don't miss the fact that its headquarters are in Europe, but it issues original orders to our OPA, which passes these orders on to our farmers and min-

ers and factories, *allocating quotas of production.*

When this by-passing of Congress was exposed by the Senators from Nevada and Michigan—because of the closing of mines and shortage of material for motor-car production, the One Worlders shifted their technique of procedure again.

Senator Malone from Nevada remarked of this, as attested in the *Congressional Record* of June 9, 1952, Page 6949: "So I ask the distinguished Senator from Michigan whether he is aware that there is now a definite move to transfer the work of the International Materials Conference to the United Nations, where that work would be administered to the benefit of each foreign nation, although our money would be used, and there would be no differential to cover the difference between the wages paid to the American workman and the wages paid to the workmen of other countries; but the United Nations would then take over the work, and simply distribute raw materials and other needed commodities to all nations alike, on the basis of need. Is the Senator from Michigan aware that such is under way?"

Senator Ferguson replied: "I am aware of that fact, and I called the attention of the Senators only last Friday to the fact that in the United Nations such a move is under way."

"The issue is now at least in the open," Senator Malone went on. "It is whether the Administration is to continue to take the tax-money from the pockets of American workmen and give it to other nations, where it can be used to increase their output of consumer goods, while

O Salutoris!



HIGH GOD of battled earth, our vows receive!
Great God of atom's might, our siege relieve!
Great God of ancient psalm, our dreams renew,
That we parade in angel rank
At Light's Review.

Great God of hoary sage, Thy wisdom send
That we may wear all lore at Learning's end!
Grant us the valor hard for all ordeal
Till at Time's high Review of Worth
Love's bugles peal.

Great God of fission's might, Thy marvels lay
Upon life's stalwart page, in blaze of day!
That we, by Power's chart, may set far course
To kingdoms where saints' legions mass
Unslaved by force.

Great God of olden peace, Thy balm bestow,
That we Thy silence grasp, Thy balsam know!
That we may climb all heights, all greed abate,
And reach the Golden Times of Right
That MEN create.

Such is our suit to Thee, not begged in heat,
But raised to make Thy worlds One Plan complete!
Our faith looks up to Grace, all rigors won,
Till on the mountain crests of Mind
Shall rule . Thy Son!

the production of the same goods is being curtailed at home without the review and approval of Congress."

SUPPOSE the International Materials Conference were openly and honestly titled the Soviet Materials Conference, how far would Americans countenance its dictating to our farmers, miners, and manufacturers how much they may produce? Remember that Stalin's henchmen, Trygve Lie, practically runs United Nations as a one-man world dictatorship, assisted by left-wingers of some 59 foreign countries, in which our own representation is confined to Warren Austin and Madam Roosevelt . . .

Earlier, on the 5th of February of this year, Senator Malone had inquired on the floor of the Senate: "I should like to ask the distinguished Senator from Montana if he is aware of the pattern—which has existed for the past 19 years—of buying and importing strategic and critical materials from foreign sources and drying up our own sources of supply through a long-range policy of Free Trade, in result of which no protection is given to the laborers or investors of this country from—as the Senator from Montana so ably said—the sweatshop and slave labor of Europe and Asia? . . . I know that the Senator from Montana is aware of the fact that 75 percent of

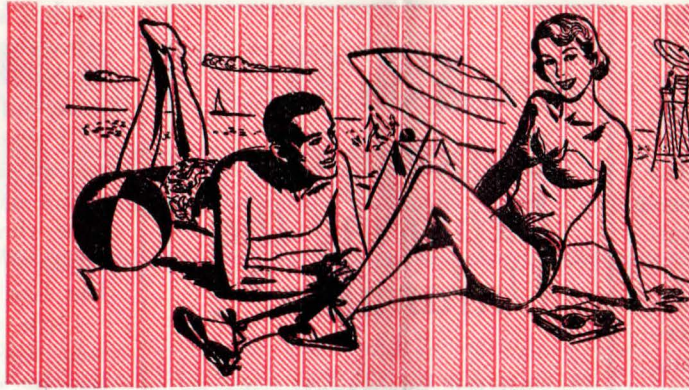
the mines in the United States have been closed since the end of World War II because of the operation of that same Free Trade policy. However, is the Senator aware that not only has the mining industry suffered, but that the textile, crockery, and precision industries, and the manufacturers of all those things without which we cannot live in peace or war, are in the same category? All those industries have been sold down the river by the operation of that same policy."

Senator Ecton said, "Yes, I realize all that." Presently he added, "It is hard to list the specific industries which are affected because *all* of them are affected both directly and indirectly, and at the present time we certainly are faced with a situation which makes us consider with fear and trembling what may happen overnight to our country. If we are to destroy completely every incentive, by means of Free Trade, low cost competition and higher taxes, the time will soon come when there will not be anyone at work in productive or any other fields, in our great land."

THAT ALL this is precisely as Oriental Russia and China want it, and are effecting it, has yet to come to Mr. Average American. What difference does it make whether Joseph Stalin shuts down a mine in Colorado and Nevada by a directive from the Kremlin—as though Colorado and Nevada were already parts of the Soviet domain—or by orders transmitted to Trygve Lie, who passes them along to the International Materials Conference, that passes them along to OPA, that passes them along to the Colorado mine operators? The effect is the same. *Ruin American industry and bring American resources to the vanishing point*—that's the purpose being worked, from which the sincere and God-fearing American people would swiftly write a new Declaration of Independence if they could only know the truth.

Alger Hiss, convicted Soviet liaison man, fanagled this monstrous jeopardy to American independence and liberty, modeling its charter almost squarely upon the charter of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics. Dollars are becoming tighter and tighter in America, taxes are mounting higher and higher, more and more workmen are walking the streets in

(Continued on Page 10)



IMPORTANT FACTS ABOUT KARMA

with which every Soulcrafters should be familiar

CONCLUDED FROM LAST WEEK

WE WERE discussing last week the perplexing problem of Karma as it might apply to the person who is murdered. Not that any of us are presumably planning to exit from life that way, but that we may want to understand to the fullest exactly how Karma operates. Let's get along to the end of it.

The analogy was being drawn, when the exposition broke off last week, of the life journey in general being compared to a train journey by stages across the American continent. Free will operated to place us at a given birthplace in life, the progeny of a given pair of parents. Free will likewise operated, but to lesser degree, within the train itself.

By deciding what the trip shall be and what cities the traveling soul shall visit it may encounter a police strike in Boston, a riot in Albany, a flood in Cleveland, a fire in Chicago, Prohibition in Minneapolis, and an earthquake in Butte. These things are "predestined" only in that the Soul has boarded a particular train that by its itinerary must cross the precincts or areas where they are slated to happen. Personally, the Soul may be clubbed over the head in the police strike in Boston, trampled in the Albany riot, bedraggled in the Cleveland flood, scorched as to whiskers in the Chicago fire, annoyed by prohibition in Minneapolis so that it quaffs bootleg liquor,

goes berserk and lands in jail. It may even jig around from crag to crag when the earthquake afflicts Butte. It is, in effect, part and parcel of the features that are to distinguish the places it visits.

But within the confines of these vicissitudes, Free Will still operates.

Our traveler can dress in kilts or rompers in Boston, wear knickers or red flannels in Albany, greet the Cleveland flood in a bathing-suit, or view the Chicago Fire in a nightshirt or even shorts. Within the limits of Minnesota Prohibition he can poison himself with Scotch, gin, beer, or hair tonic. If the earthquake hits Butte, he can lie abed and grip the headboard, or dash from the house and be felled by a rain spout.

So then, we come to that troublesome little matter of the exit.

Shall one murder or be murdered?

Shall one die peacefully in one's bed, take poison, fall out of an airplane, drown in the bathtub, or get plain hung?

What about the exit—and shall it be slow or swift?

NINE out of ten people, we are told, actually choose the manner of that ultimate exit as they develop and grow along! If the statement be novel, we must cast about for proof. The tenth person, by the way, has his exit arranged for—and it concerns his personal Karma; he "dies" in a way that smooths off his Design. But the tenth person is the Tenth

Person, and usually a Personage. We are not concerned with notables.

Dying, as we have seen in a previous discussion, is a matter of balancing the life equation. But as the subconscious mind takes note of the experiences and increments that have accrued to the soul during the time it has been in the body, unerringly it strikes a total. "I have had enough of this present incursion," it says. "I'll be leaving at any time now. The method is immaterial."

The moment that its exit is subconsciously determined upon, it relaxes its vigilant hold on the body. It serves notice on the universe, so to speak, that it is amenable to its exit. Then is the time that the disintegrating forces of Life operate on it strongest.

How will the soul "go out"?

If there be karma to be adjusted, resulting from lives recent or remote in the past, it may happen by election in substratum vaults of the prescient self that the decision will arrive to depart the life by force—or rather, violence. This is particularly the case if anywhere in the karma there is record of a similar iniquity toward another, of which the soul has been guilty.

It does not necessarily follow that the person who is the agent for the slaughtering in this, the present life, is the same soul that in remote lives, or mayhap lives close to the present, has been victim of the murderlust in the soul's own right.

The fact that a soul departs this life by violence at the hands of another, is apt compensation for the fact that at some time in its career, it has robbed another of life unjustly.

The queer part about Karma is, that it is not always needful to be paid to precisely those individuals to whom the karmic debts are owing.

The payment is strictly up to the sufferer. "Have I gone through the experience that I was the agent, or the means, of causing another to endure," is forever the criterion that passes with Cosmos. "If I have paid with similar experience, then the karmic record is clear. The akashic account is balanced. There is no further need nor necessity for me to enter my various lives beneath such shadow."

So the election is decided upon.

But how shall the soul "go out"?

People in general—in these Dark Ages of cosmic knowledge—pay too little attention to the significance of operations outside their mortal coils during the processing of the psyche known as Sleep. They think, taking it by and large, that Sleep is merely the repose of the body. Their minds become dormant. They relax and become rested.

But another experience is taking place each night that one enjoys his slumber. His spirit is released from its physical confines. It is free to roam the arenas of karmic recollection.

Such-and-such experiences have come to it in life. Unexpected denouements have been met. Unexpected experiencings have afflicted it and made it stronger or weaker as the circumstances may disclose.

So the exit from life is more often predicated on these, than the uninitiated concede.

In sleep, the released spirit roams far and wide on the Inner Planes of being. It views itself in the light of its current gains since it has incarnated. It sees its losses and its profits. And if sobeit the manner of its exit will "clean up" karma known to it by such excursionings, then that manner of leave-taking is decided upon.

THOSE people who arrive at their ends by being murdered, are actually no worse off for the experience than as if they had deliberately taken poison, jumped off a high building, fallen in

Are You Capable of Exploring the Unfamiliar? . . .

THERE are people who resent any necessity for having to consider the new or altered in the affairs of society or government. Anything different must be bad, merely because it is different. Valor isn't for such. It demands we change our concepts as fast as conditions change, keeping always abreast of new discoveries and ideas. Do its articles disturb you? Maybe that upset is invitation to Wisdom.

front of a motor-truck, or died quietly. The departure is The Departure. Still-ing of the body's functions is alike in all cases. There is a huge blast of Silence, and then all is At Peace. The peace that follows the first few minutes of "Death" is like no other peace which mortalized man experiences. The tranquillity is profound. There is a sense of loss, in that the weight of the enhousing body has been removed, but when that be adjusted in the consciousness, the effect is one of exuberance, of finding to a freedom of thought and desire that is altogether ecstatic.

No, the effects of a murder are not upon the victim, but upon the perpetrator. His is the karma.

He suffers the pangs of frightful remorse.

The business of being the murdered or the murderer, therefore, is not so

much a matter of predestination as it is expediency as one arrives at that balance of the life equation where the manner of going-out is more or less immaterial.

If there be karma to be adjusted, old wrongs toward others to be righted, old scores to be settled, experiences to be gone through which one has been the means of fetching upon others, the Violent Exit may be decided on.

Little of it is a cut-and-dried declension, forecast in advance and made positive by proclamation.

Strange to narrate, in the amazing interludes of Sleep, there can be such a thing as a spirit sallying forth into higher octaves and seeking the soul, or identification of the soul, that will end its days by violence.

Murders, we are told, have been arranged on the Inner Planes with all the seriousness and premeditation of two business persons deciding on a shipment of gloves to Panama.

Sleep is the Great Leveler of the earthly circumscriptions. The spirit journeys outward, lives a life of freedom to itself, and with morning, comes back, to pursue its flesh anew. But during the interval, black deeds may have been decided on—black, forsooth, in the eyes of mundanity.

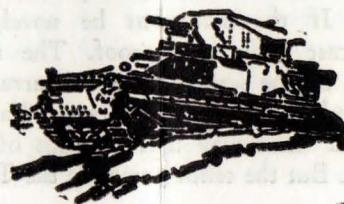
On the other hand, the sort of murder that makes for new Karma—done not from long-generated animosities but as an attempted "out" from a sudden knot of complications—may come as much of a surprise to the perpetrator as to the victim.

While few people come into life with murder foreordained for the ending of it—such as great personages whose careers are to halt with assassination—myriads of people embark upon earthly living on the Energy or Dramatic Vibration that forever leads them into, or surrounds them with, sensational happenings.

Murder as a word has a horrible sound, and the Brand of Cain is not a nice epithet. But from the standpoint of the person who is murdered, there is not much that needs worrying about.

Practically one hundred percent of people do not get out of life alive anyhow. Being the victim in a murder-snarl is a lot like having a tooth pulled by the dentist.

Most of the shock and distress in it is really suffered before it happens!



SUPERNATURAL EXPERIENCES . .



S CORES OF Soulcrafters have told their Strange Experiences on this page, data from English, Belgian and particularly the French Psychical Societies have been reprinted, many of Camille Flammarion's letters of testimony of psychical happenings have been used, due to his extraordinary researches into phenomena. This week, let the Recorder recount an experience that he underwent in association with the late Dr. Strath-Gordon in Washington, D. C. Was it psychical or was it not? Certainly it held no connection with discarnate happening, and yet it was both startling and puzzling. The Recorder made record of it at the time as follows—

"Dr. Gordon had come down to Washington from Manhattan to consult with me on details of a lecture tour which we started together through Ohio, Michigan and Illinois some days later. My office at that time—the first week in April, 1932—was located in a narrow three story building at 1019 15th Street N. W. I used the front quarters on the top floor for my private room. It was reached by mounting a flight of stairs on the north side of the premises from the second floor. My desk faced east, the western window looking down on 15th Street being three feet behind me. The door into the hallway and stair-well usually stood open, some six or eight feet on my left as I sat at my desk. Across this apartment, at the east, was a door that opened into a short passage and then admitted to a similar rear office occupied by my elderly secretary, Mrs. Olive Robbins.

"Strath and I visited maybe an hour or so, from 11 in the morning until noon. Then I suggested we go out to lunch. Mrs. Robbins usually remained on the floor until my return, in case I received telephone calls, but on this particular noontime she had been called over into New York Avenue on a business errand.

Assuming she would be back in a few minutes to care for the phone as usual, I left the doors open and went downstairs with my guest.

"We went south a few steps to K Street, then turned east toward 14th Street. A restaurant called The Crescent at that time was my favorite eating place. It was located on the west side of 14th Street, just below H. This put it some three and a half blocks from my business address on 15th.

"My memory has it that we had a substantial luncheon, lingered over our coffee, and chatted idly about mutual friends . .

"**B**UT Strath had an afternoon custom of napping immediately after luncheon, and when we emerged from the eating place and walked toward K Street again, he declared he was going up into the nearby Hamilton Hotel, where he was registered, and catch forty winks. I left him on the corner and returned alone to my office, expecting Strath to come over before he caught the 5 o'clock train for New York.

"I had almost reached the corner of K and 15th when I encountered elderly Professor Edgerton, one of my Washington assembly leaders and later lecturer at Galahad Summer School in Asheville. He had just come around the corner out of 15th Street. Walking up to me, he began without salutation—

"You're going to hear a queer yarn when you reach your place on 15th Street. I just want to inform you that the details of it will be true and I'll vouch for them."

"Saying nothing more, he walked away. This was strange behavior and after watching his receding figure a moment. I hurried around to my office. The clerks in the main accounting-room on the second floor were buzzing with some sort of excitement as I went up, but I paid them no attention. I hurried up to the third floor to find Mrs. Robbins.

"Hearing me arrive in my office, she came in directly along the intervening passage.

"For pity's sake, *where* have you been?" she demanded.

"**I** TOLD her I'd been over to the Crescent, having lunch with Dr. Gordon. What was unusual about that? She blinked at me incredulously. Then sitting down weakly, she related her story.

"You and Dr. Gordon had left before I got back from the stationery store," she told me—as though I hadn't been aware of it. 'I came back a few minutes after 12 o'clock, to meet Professor Edgerton coming down the stairs in indignation. "I don't mind waiting to see Mr. Pelley," he said to me, "when I've dropped in without an appointment. But I do resent being lied to." I asked him who'd lied to him? "Those girls on the second floor," he said. "They told me Mr. Pelley had gone out to lunch, and I prepared to wait until he came back. I took a seat on the settle in the second floor hall. But as they went out to luncheon themselves and the second floor became silent, I distinctly heard Mr. Pelley talking to someone up in his office. He was up there because I heard him. He's still up there, and they lied to me about him." I said that they must have misunderstood, but if he'd come back with me I'd make the situation right. I was sure you wanted to see him. He relented somewhat and followed me back up the stairs. *As we climbed to the third floor, I too distinctly heard you talking to someone.* If you don't believe it, I'll tell you what you said.'

"What did I say?" I inquired.

"You were talking about a Dr. MacDonald whom you seemed to know in New York, and a case of premature cremation that had concerned him somehow. And then Dr. Gordon's voice chimed in, and he gave you his version of it." (Continued on Page 14)

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Band Wagon



YOU notice that each and all of the candidates for Presidential nomination, Democrat or Republican, are most careful to give fullest endorsement to United Nations. Eisenhower in particular terms anyone "irresponsible" who advocates America minding her own business in the world. We did it for 176 years but we can't do it any longer. The Power Bloc wants United Nations and no man can ever get mentioned in the same breath with the Presidency until he subscribes to this political "must" . . .

The American voter gets no chance, therefore, to express his opinion of United Nations, pro or con. These matters are carefully taken care of in the primaries. Primaries theoretically are supposed to be arrangements whereby the public and not the bosses hand-pick the candidates. Load up the primaries lists with pro-United-Nations names therefore, and who cares which set of men become elected in November?

We must spend billions to fight Russian encroachments, the biggest item in preparedness being the stock-piling of atom bombs, the while we let the pro-Stalin men dictate our foreign policy. And just to show there are no hard feelings in Ike's personal direction, Bob Taft issues a blast against Joe Kamp for supporting him. Taft doesn't want the support of vigilante patriots like Kamp of the Constitutional League.

No, the American public can't get candidates who espouse reaction to the prevalent distemper. The candidates, each

and severally, must go along with the power-bloc. So there is no real attempt in prospect of remedying fundamental conditions.

Truth to tell, remedy for fundamental conditions isn't coming from political quarters.

Internal pressures are building up to something bigger. Just keep your nerve and watch the Higher Purpose operate.

Expect such things to happen and you won't be disappointed.

Debatable Cataclysm



THE QUOTES made from psychical predictions coming to VALOR's desk, included in the first article in this issue, represent entirely reasonable prognostications that have not only been received of late by more than one psychic about the United States, but concern matters in which the Recorder has from time to time gotten his own clairvoyant corroborations.

The same cannot be said for a considerable mass of data, purporting to have come clairaudiently, predicting a general atom-bomb war in 1953 that will wipe out American civilization—being circulated in these fraught months under the aegis of the Palmivarian Fellowship of Panajacel, Guatemala. The name of the medium is not supplied on this material, but it holds no hope for the North American white race. The United States is merely due to be blotted out, following which it's to be the revengeful Japanese who lead the oriental millions eastward and overrun a country that has committed atomic suicide. The general effect of this psychic material is one of despair and desolation for the people of America, good or bad. It affects to have been communicated by a distant Uranian who has been responsible for despatching the Space Ships or Flying Saucers to our planet in this decade.

However, the Recorder is not scared.

No one is more sympathetic than he toward all the Borderline Sciences, and explorations into creditable mysticism. But he likewise possesses no small knowledge about this earth's practical affairs, and it is a source of regret to him that coworkers in these branches of psychical inquiry are not similarly equipped.

PROBABLY the greatest criticism that can be directed to the Palmivarian literature is in the form of a serious and wholly sincere inquiry as to where all the atom bombs are coming from that are thus predicted as erasing the American civilization? Are they going to be launched upon us by England? France? Germany? No, of course not. The inference is plain that they're coming from Russia. Russia, apparently, has not only caught up with us in the atomic race but by next year is surpassing us. She's coming over here with hosts of airplanes, give us the business, then withdraw and obligingly let the Japanese lead the Chinese into the place, to make slaves of all Americans to the fourth generation.

Ho-hum!

Won't that be nice!

Evidently the Palmivarian Fellowship-pers don't think it will, and the answer to it all is flee to the tablelands of Guatemala, chop-chop.

UNDERSTAND, VALOR isn't attempting to make sport of the Palmivarian predictions. What it is saying, in all earnestness, is that whoever wrote a work titled *The Last Days* had better do a little psychical exploring behind the Iron Curtain. They should apprise themselves of a Russia that's on its last legs and will go where the woodbine eternal twineth the moment Uncle Joe steps aboard the ferry for that ride on the River Styx. If Russia has any worse bomb pile than a dozen old tomato cans filled with TNT in the back of Joe's garage, some rather keen hyperdimensional investigators have failed to locate it. It may be good publicity for the Palmivarians to follow the newspaper hokey that the cohorts of Zozo Djughashvili have so many atom bombs ready to hurl at American civilization that they're blocking traffic in the Moscow streets. But that's only one instance of psychical predictions being made on premises that won't stand up in the face of cold circumstance.

The second great criticism that VALOR would put in the form of inquiry is, while all this general messing up of America and Americans is going on, *where does the Elder Brother fit into the universal melee?* His program is, on the whole, definite—as those have discovered who have taken the time and effort to acquaint themselves with the *Golden Scripts*. He

has said everything that the Uranian communicators are purported to have said, in respect to His capability to "remove" the instigators of atom-bomb carnage before it happens. And if He's coming back into the earth scene to reign for a thousand years, what's He going to reign over, if all His people are in slave camps run by Japs?

If the Palmivarian or his Uranian communicator knew his oriental social relationships, the idea of a Nipponese leading the Chinese millions across the Pacific would appear slightly ridiculous, anyhow.

Strange, strange, indeed it is, that in all these reams of prophecy foretelling doom and destruction, nothing is ever said about the activities of racial minorities, and the parts they're known to be playing to bring America to an early destruction no less devastating than that of bombs that blast us from our beds.

The psychics seem to have found out nothing about the racial minorities.

One wonders why?

FRANKLY, it's a risky business embarking on a program of general predictions without first serving apprenticeship in some such lore as distinguishes the Secret Service or G-2. Otherwise, one's predictions are based on an ignorance that's pathetic. To say that "Higher Beings" transmit the intelligence is to scathe them for being ignoramuses as well.

The Uranian behind the transcripts of the Palmivarian Fellowship who affects to see denouement of events in America in such detail, obviously knows no more of the truly hidden influences undermining America than a 3-year-old child.

One of the greatest attestments of the authenticity of the material in the *Golden Scripts* is the circumstance that never once in their 844 pages do they violate actualities of conditions as they exist throughout the nation and the earth. And their statements check with the statements of conditions maturing abroad year by year, as practical investigators come back and report.

Of course it's very possible that the Palmivarian Fellowship don't have much faith in The Christ—either in His literality nor His forthcoming function. Aren't they going to be surprised! That He may already have proved a literality

even more tacit than the Flying Saucers perhaps wouldn't make much difference to psychics who see a universal atom war with no nations in the opposite camp having any bombs to drop.

VALOR isn't facetious nor contemptuous of the least of it. It concedes the Flying Saucers are real, and some of the theories advanced as to why they are prominent in American skies just now carry substance in sense. But singling out the American white race as nominated for destruction only, raises definite suspicions about psychical sources. If the Elder Brother's words are to be believed—as well as one's own proven clairvoyance—the American white race is to be around for a considerable time in future, and a rather fine country is gradually coming to flower. Running off to Guatemala by the millions doesn't make sense, and will get no one anything but possible seasickness if one runs by boat. Besides, a very-much-alive Galilean is more to be credited than a very-far-distant Uranian, nineteen times as far away as the earth is from the sun. Incidentally, it ought to be noted that whoever purports to be communicating by mental radio from Uranus—to know so minutely what's to happen on this planet that space ships have allegedly been dispatched here to counteract it—makes no mention of a fact known to all astronomers, that Uranus is so far from the sun that while surrounded by a dense atmosphere, its temperature the year around is below absolute zero. That should make every quart of water on its surface the hardest ice. How would these Uranians evolve and perfect Space Ships on an arctic planet?

However, such comment is only raised in passing.

Give us a modern mechanized Germany, to bring atomic fission to the point of America's achievements, and VALOR might get nervous over possibilities of big booms in the back pasture day after tomorrow at high noon. Just now we're taking the Elder Brother's word for it that no universal holocaust is scheduled nor in prospect.

If the Elder Brother and His precepts are myths, who wants to go on existing on this bedeviled earth-ball anyhow?

That's how VALOR feels about it.

By the way, as a closing inquiry, how comes it that the conquering Japanese



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take over a country of atomic wrecks but are going to be immune to radioactivity themselves?

Come again, Palmivaria.

But make your prophecies check with world facts!—facts, that is, that aren’t of report in the papers.

Gerald, Esq.



OMEbody’s written a book, so VALOR understands, “exposing” Gerald L. K. Smith. He’s this and he’s that. He denies he ever was a member of the Silver Legion—which seems to burn up a lot of fine souls. He never went out of his way to make any real fight for Pelley until Pelley was physically free of incarceration. He takes up too many collections. He holds too many conventions that never get anywhere.

It’s all so familiar.

VALOR’s position, in respect to the correspondence coming in upon the subject just at present, is, God has trusted Gerry Smith with himself, and what Gerald has in him will either reveal itself or it will not.

If Gerald “has what it takes” to get anywhere in this badly muddled Republic, he’ll demonstrate it. If he hasn’t, the loss is no one’s but his own.

This great Armageddon that’s coming on will separate and identify the leadership goats and sheep of its own Discrimination by Storm. Those who “have what it takes” will not alone survive, they’ll step to the fore and do their stuff because it was ordained from the beginning that they do their stuff. If Gerald is all that his hostile critics say, he’ll wash out in the tempest of it, so really no one need lose sleep over him. If he’s not, that too will be proven and the country will ultimately acknowledge its debt to him.

Men of true mettle are perfectly content to leave all judgments to posterity.

The only comment of a critical nature that VALOR would care to make about Gerald to the moment is, that he seems not to have anchored himself securely enough in certain arcane fundamentals, without which the would-be leader in these upsetting times is lost.

Orthodoxy won’t see a man through what’s ahead.

What are his spiritual contacts in the

present? Has he got them? Are they bona fide?

There are men in this country who know far more about the imminent disaster than Gerald does—but it’s not to his discredit that he’s not all-wise. Let him work out the problem of Himself to his own talent and temperament.

Remember, the false leader always kills his own following sooner or later. Critical books don’t do it.

But it’s really too bad that Gerald won’t take time out to learn truly “what it’s all about.”

He could be such a far greater power than he is.

Anyhow, he does get out a darned good magazine . .

United Nations

(Continued from Page 4)

search of jobs—200,000 of them in Michigan—all because of this Sacred Cow of United Nations, gaining by audacity and oriental craft what it never could get by frontal assault.

Now the big Alien Monster, constructed entirely of paper and brass, dictates what mines shall run in the United States and what miners shall work. Indirectly it dictates what industries and manufactories shall operate. But is any two-fisted attempt made to expose United Nations for what it is?

Yes, men like Senator Malone and Congressman Wood seek to do it. But with the One-Worlders spending millions of dollars to see that the candidates of both national parties endorse their Soviet super-government, they are voices crying in a wilderness.

The trouble seems to be, that Americans of today cannot identify their enemies. Back in 1776, the Britisher or Tory was known for his character. Today, the local politician hides behind his Party, and the Party is bossed at the top by the sovieteers working far, far into the night to see that their designs and plottings are successful.

What a nightmare indeed that with all of America’s other troubles and two vast wars to pay for, sane and mature men in public life should acquiesce in the premise that a Treaty with this Paper-and-Brass thing supercedes all constitutional law and hands the Republic over to the Red upon a platter!

Well, it's openly voiced in the Senate that the National Association of Manufacturers must obey the economic orders of the Kremlin, via Lie, via IMC, via OPA . . .

Americans should know about the strangle hold this Frankenstein—which is not a Frankenstein at all, excepting as they concede it and bow to its power—is gaining over America's productive resources.

It took them ten or more years to awaken to the true nature of Communism.

It may take them only a couple of months more to arouse to the nature of U.N.

Kick it out of the United States, lock, stock, and barrel, and the Republic's illness takes the turn into convalescence.

How queer, by the way, that a United Nations American is an U.N-American.

Even the alphabet is wiser than the taxpayer.

Identification



VER and over the query comes from chaplains, "I can't make out why certain persons come to Soulcraft meetings to listen once and not return. Nine out of ten persons may do this, but the tenth behaves as though he'd waited all his life for precisely this truth and having found it, nothing can keep him from seizing all that's offered him."

The answer runs like a scarlet cord throughout the whole latter half of the *Golden Scripts*, particularly Chapter 216.

The Soulcraft Doctrine is for a peculiar "upper crust" of spiritual aristocracy, we might view it, who seem to have incarnated from planes on which these tenets are of import. It's a definite distinction of spiritual intellect that such "hungry" ones are manifesting.

The 7th verse of the chapter recommended shows that the Elder Brother harbors no illusions about spiritual *hoi polloi*. He says in that verse:

"Seek ye out no brethren who do not say unto you: We perceive that if ye do come and move among us, we can uphold your hands the better for service.

"Make no untoward move toward contest that giveth not its promise of garlands hanging eagerly, verily beloved for them to fall and crown you;

"Give fortune not its hostages by poll-

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SOULCRAFT CHAPELS

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ing the slothful if they are pleased to be of service.

"Open your hearts to those who come grimly, who reach you by much running, who pant in your anterooms, whose biceps have their itchings."

There you have it. By the identification of the two classes of humanity you have Higher Acknowledgment that their existences are recognized.

The Doctrine is for those who are spir-

itually ripe for it. The Master Teacher seems to expect that nine out of ten earthly mortals prefer their errors and illusions. But He likewise recognizes that legion are the numbers of those who "reach us by much running."

To these belongs the victory that profits the indolent as well.

Let's not forget that this earth-life is a classroom.

Not all can be Seniors.

COGITATIONS . .



WHEN I was a youngster, half a century ago, the year held just two holidays that were worth mention on any small boy's calendar. The first was Christmas. The second was Fourth of July. Those were the days when the land was American. We were raised in the tradition of the Three Hills—Bunker, Malvern and San Juan. People of the male sex in United States military uniforms had encountered Interesting Situations on all three, in which the Other Side had generally gotten the worst of it. And all three had been accompanied by oceans of Noise. We boys took it for granted that it was the American thing to duplicate this Noise—insofar as within our power lay. Query: Whenever did a small boy, raised in the American tradition, find it not within his power to make Noise, particularly if he had a holiday as excuse? I was first introduced to this tradition during the July 4th of Grover Cleveland. My dad, graciously forgetting that his British ancestry had Gotten the Worst of It on most of the occasions which Independence Day commemorated, bought me two packets of Chinese firecrackers, which I set off one by one from a bit of smouldering punk. I arose before sunup to make sounds with such merchandise. In view of the fact that I had exhausted both packets long before nine o'clock, my diminutive mother oft told the anecdote of my finding one door in an upper chamber that banged with a noise surprisingly like a firecracker. Besides, it cost nothing to bang it and didn't require punk. I hied me abovestairs and continued to celebrate the Fourth with this door. Mother dropped the baby into the flour-barrel, figuratively speaking, to get herself abovestairs swiftly upon Detonation Number One, wondering if somehow I'd sneaked a cannon-cracker into the house. Some ceiling plaster had fallen in the sitting room. I reminded her that at Monmouth and Yorktown the skies had fallen on all the King's Horses and all the King's Men and they'd never been the

same creatures afterward. She said for me to be patriotic out on the front lawn—hadn't the first fight of the Revolution happened on Lexington Green? You see, we knew about those things and openly conversed on them in those days—we weren't fearful of hurting the feelings of the Misplaced Persons down across the tracks. I said I'd eagerly go out on the lawn—or Green—and fight any Britisher who came along if she'd only provide me with a musket. I'd even shoot Mr. Throckmorton who was openly known to have been born in London, if she'd provide me with a musket. Mother said that Methodist ministers weren't in the habit of keeping muskets about the premises to kill Englishmen, and besides Mr. Throckmorton had long since gotten himself naturalized, which made shooting him against the law. It spoiled my whole Fourth of July . .

o—o

I CONTINUED to have Independence Days all through the Spanish War and beyond, but I never managed to get me an Englishman because the nearest thing to a musket I ever encountered was my Uncle Samuel's shotgun which he left in the parsonage once, after a futile hunt for rabbits, and that had backfired in the breech and nearly blown the top of his head off, to say nothing of his hat. And it lacked ammunition. But from July 1st to 3rd of each year I always did manage to filch pence for "fireworks" and the bigger I got the bigger was my accumulation. Always I arose while it was still dark to ignite these properties, and throw them, and hear them go boom. Every time one went boom, mother wondered whether it was one of my combustibles or one of her offspring. One thing I do recall, by at least ten o'clock I had such a "ringing in my ears" that I couldn't hear human or any other kind of speech the rest of the day. This was part of the "celebration". Not to be deaf by noon of July 4th went to prove that one had been lacking in patriotism or small change. Then in my eleventh year, some of the larger boys down the street clubbed together and acquired a small hand-made

cannon. It was a thick, brass cylinder, with a two-inch bore, mounted on a block of wood that looked like an amputated railroad tie. This they set up in the middle of Hawthorne Street, pointing toward Spruce Street. Hawthorne Street ended at Spruce Street, in an arrangement like the letter T. The top crossbar of the T was Spruce Street, and the long vertical bar of the letter was Hawthorne Street. The cannon was pointed toward the top of the T and directly across Spruce Street was the staid cottage home of some German people named Morgan. They were excellent citizens and paid their taxes regularly, but they did not arise at 3 a. m. and make combustible noises. Old Man Morgan drank beer and grew mushrooms, sleeping as long as he could on July 4th dawn. The big boys whammed off their black powder, with the aid of newspaper waddings and fuses, on the particular July 4th of which I'm cogitating, and departed for other pursuits—when the neighbors had been duly apprised that Independence Day had arrived—and Old Man Morgan had probably gone back to slumber with a fat Teutonic curse for American patriotism. But the small brother of one of the larger boys, a tad by the name of Gerald, confided to me and three other stirrer-uppers that he'd learned where his big brother Gawge had stored this improvised artillery. Likewise being incubated in a particularly choice part of Averness, the oldest Harrison boy confided that he knew where Old Mr. Bates, the section foreman, kept his blasting powder. What say we get Gawge's cannon and Old Bate's blasting powder and see if we could make the artillery go boom on our own? Did we tell Gerald, no, it wouldn't be at all nice to "borrow" Big Gawge's neighborhood-awakener or Old Bates's black powder which wasn't our own, and all that sort of thing? We divided into squads, one squad going after the artillery and the other going after a big red

tin of the road explosive. And bringing these into propinquity, our Five Guardian Angels had their work cut out for them . . .

o—o

NONE of us had been at Bunker, Malvern or San Juan Hills, so we had no idea how much black powder went into the muzzle of a home-made gun to create one boom that should cap the noisy morning. We just up-ended the cannon and poured 'er in. We rammed wads of newspaper into the bore. Then the small Pelley squid had his usual bright idea. He knew where his father had a choice assortment of nuts, bolts and horseshoe nails. The cannon might go off with a louder noise if it were filled to the muzzle with such iron and steel obstacles—at least the whole five of us would certainly learn years afterward, we were in life to gain experience. So the nuts, bolts and horseshoe nails were located to add to the lustre of the morning. Joe Harrison used the fuse of a dud firecracker for ignition. When all was ready—and trust five youthful citizens to make it ready—we stood back along the sidewalk with our fingers in our ears and saw the flame burn down to the fuse-hole. But that wasn't all we saw!!! . . . To our astonishment the whole brass cannon did an abrupt somersault in the middle of the street. And we got our BOOM! Didn't we! Most of the nuts, bolts and nails we had pounded into that bore had gone with great speed and suddenness the last place we'd expected them to go. Old Man Morgan's front door, directly across the terminus of Hawthorne Street, got the full blast of them. The door went inward with a sickening crash, and if Old Man Morgan had gone back to sleep, there wasn't a particle of doubt this crash woke him up. He'd perhaps wakened up and gone back to sleep a dozen times that morning, but this was one time when he awakened to stay awake. His hallway premises as far back as his kitchen were peppered with nuts, bolts and nails, and some of them went into the woodwork so deep that he couldn't dig 'em out with a chisel. Whatever became of our cannon, I didn't stop to note. I did not linger to tell Little Gerald he'd better return it to the closet where Big Gawge had stored it. I was clearing our garden tomato vines like an Australian kangaroo long before Old Man Morgan got to the front stairs—to step on a horseshoe-nail in his bare feet and let out



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Noblesville, Indiana

a yowl that started his frau cranking the wall-phone for police. Or maybe the yowl was so mighty it started the wall-phone cranking of itself. Anyhow, the police got there in jigtime. I likewise used jigtime to disappear into my pigeon-cote in the top gable of the barn. By the time I peeked out—by the time I *dared* to peek out—the Fire Department was also coming, the reason being that Old Man Morgan's domicile had ominous smoke issuing from it. Of course, four other palpi-

tating youths thought our cannon blast had done it. Actually, Frau Morgan's old-maid sister had been so upset by seeing horseshoe nails spatter over the china-closet that she'd started in an alternate direction with a loop in her morning dishabille catching on a corner of the gas stove. Then there *were* doin's in the Teuton's domicile. It took an hour by the Fourth of July clock to quiet down the neighborhood . . . It took seven days to quiet down myself . . . (over)

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I RATHER lost taste for July 4th detonations after that. Everytime I passed a cop on the corner, I winced. I had seen one of them cross to the Pelley house and knock officially on the side door. The fact that neither mother nor father had been home, seemed to have saved me from durance vile until 1942. Who picked up the brass cannon I never learned, and strange to say, George Yer-ral never entered a complaint about losing it. But they were blissful days of taking patriotism and noise for granted. We burned our fingers, singed our hair, scorched our eyebrows off, and sometimes lost our eyesight. But at Yorktown, Lundy's Lane and Gettysburg our forebears had lost legs, arms, heads and even lives. The Safe and Sane Fourth had come in—safe on the oldsters' eardrums and sane insofar as German ladies are concerned, who monkey around kitchen gas-stoves while their dining rooms are being shot up by small boys with nuts, bolts and horseshoe-nails. We go to the public parks in the evenings now, and see the rockets burst with a soft plop high overhead, bringing down their umbrellas of stars. But it's not one-two-three to the joy of throwing a cannon cracker into a Chinese laundry to see the flatirons and Chinamen fly, or tying a packet of crackers to Madam Vanderspial's Pekinese just to prove that dogs can climb trees. Maybe some week I'll tell of a July 4th in my early manhood when an old Civil War soldier was turned down at leading the parade and in pique went up to the Soldiers' Monument in the cemetery on the hill and filled one of its cannon with croquet balls. One of the balls came down a quarter-mile away in the center of a lawn-party, and the pastor was ready to believe in psychical phenomena. But it was a different America we lived in, in those days, an America that was American. When we laid us down to sleep around midnight of the Grand and Glorious Fourth, reeking of arnica and with hair missing up the right-hand sides of our scalps, we were ready to turn our thoughts to Christmas. Don't let any modern youngster get away with the idea that life in Grandpop's day was weary, stale, flat and unprofitable . . . After fifty years I can still see Old Hans Morgan patrolling his front fence in bare feet and wondering about horseshoe-nails in German. Or maybe he was wondering what horse had exploded in front of his

premises and kicked its nails into his *fruehstueck ruhreiser*. And *fruehstueck ruhreiser* doesn't mean front door. It means breakfast eggs—or that's the general idea.

—THE RECORDER

Independence

(Continued from Page 2)

The main point is, that the brevet has been bestowed.

But the day and the date that mark emancipation from the controls of the Creeping Spoliators, well may remain on the civic calendar as a New Holiday commemorating the Republic's Second Independence.

In all of it, let this realization become a steadfast conviction—

No true lover and follower of The Christ has the slightest thing to fear from the dramas that seem imminent.

People who can view the entire stupendous melee without the least blanch to the cheek or flicker to the eyelid, have an armor of immunity about them that no earthly ordeals can shake.

Remember that people fear to the exact degree that their Faith is defective.

They are a new heaven and a new earth that are on their ways in. Who would be terrified that the very relief is at hand for which a continent has been praying? Soulcrafters know, in result of their enlightenments, that no one can go through anything that isn't specified in his karma from the start.

So, stand up to it joyously, as a privilege to participate in it, is the tocsin of the hour.

Two Independence Days for America!

It's by no means the aberration that the witless might think!

Strange Experiences

(Continued from Page 7)

"**ALIVE** was absolutely correct.

Strath and I had discussed the MacDonald case at some length over our coffee over in the Crescent within the past twenty minutes.

"You heard our conversation sounding in this room?" I asked Mrs. Robbins.

"Every word of it," she affirmed. "I stopped on the stairs with Professor Edgerton to listen. *But when we climbed*

the rest of the flight, came around the newel and into this room, the voices ceased and there was neither one of you visible.'

"What did you do?" I asked her, puzzled. It was my first experience with anything of the sort.

"We withdrew to the hall and the stairs again. And at once your voices came plainly as before. But you'd shifted your talk to Eddie Guest, the poet on the *Free Press* in Detroit."

"That too was accurate.

"Was Professor Edgerton convinced that the reception clerk hadn't lied to him?"

"He was so upset over hearing your voices in a room where your bodies were not sitting, that he got out of the building."

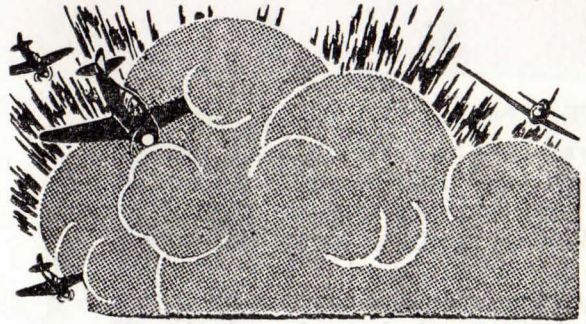
"I know," I said. "I just met him around in front of the Rust Building."

"THERE it was. All there was to it.

But Strath-Gordon and I had been conversing in ordinary post-lunch-eon tones across a small table at the back of the Crescent Restaurant—other patrons about us also carrying on conversations, and the noises of order cooks and waitresses around the serving-counters—yet every word that we had spoken thus privately had been heard in my third-story office three blocks distant. How had it been done? I never found out. Later, when I met up with Professor Edgerton again, he confirmed all details of Olive's account.

"Had I so magnetized my personal quarters by constant use, that my voice at a distance took audible form in it? But how account for Gordon's voice of equal strength with mine? What part could we have played in such magnetization? Later in Oklahoma City I was to hear of a case where a farm woman, miles northward, suddenly had exquisite symphony music erupt from her kitchen stove when she went to put wood in. But it was soon established that an oil pipeline ran directly through her premises, and under the premises of a radio broadcasting station, miles south in the city. To my knowledge there was no underground conduit or other connection between my office and the table at the back of the Crescent Restaurant. But if there had been some metallic connection, a la the Oklahoma farm home, why had my voice not sounded down in the main accounting room, not only in my office on the third floor?"

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



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Soulcraft Press, Inc., Noblesville, Ind.

T h e P a y o f f

THE KING had been bending over a wash-basin at a hunting lodge, performing facial ablution. His favorite court jester had come along and planted a kick in the vicinity of his anatomy directly behind his stomach.

The king was so enraged that he ordered the jester to be hung. Later he declared he would commute the sentence if the jester could make a jest adequate to the insult.

The jester came through with it.

"It's begging your Majesty's pardon I am," he said readily. "You see, I thought it was the Queen."

HE HAD landed a job as collector for the gas company.

"Take this master key and go around and empty all the coin boxes," the manager instructed. "Get all the pennies and shillings."

Three weeks later the employe walked into the office. "Can I have another key?" he asked. "I lost the first one."

"Certainly," said the manager. "But why haven't you been in, the last couple of Fridays, for your wages?"

"Lorr sakes," exclaimed the collector, "do I get wages as well?"

THE PLUMBER had been sent for, when there had been a cellar emergency. But he was late in arriving.

"How's everything?" he demanded, finally showing up.

"Not so bad after all," said the householder. "While we were waiting for you, I taught my wife how to swim."

THE OFFICE boy had shown up for work half an hour late. The boss confronted him.

"You should have been here at eight o'clock, young man!"

The boy's face brightened. "Why?" he asked. "What happened?"

IT COULD only happen in Aberdeen. A Scotsman went up to the door and asked, "Is MacPher-r-rson in?"

"Aye, he is," said his wife. "But he's verra busy the now. 'Tis sharpening the phonograph needle he is, fur the party the night."

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S O U L C R A F T C H A P E L S



THE CLUB bore was telling for the twentieth time about his trip to India and what he saw there.

"You can believe it or not," he contended, "but some of those fakirs can toss a rope into the air, then climb it themselves and disappear."

A fellow member looked around his newspaper. "Can you, by any chance, do the trick yourself, old chap?"

THE EMPLOYER was interviewing the applicant for a job.

"Are you a clock-watcher?" he demanded.

"No," said the candidate. "I don't like inside work. I'm a whistle-listener."

HE ASKED, "May I kiss you?" "Heavens!" she cried. "Another amateur!"