

Valor

The Golden Times Weekly . . .

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

Volume IV

Noblesville, Indiana, Saturday, January 10, 1953

Number 11

SOMETHING BETTER FOR AMERICA



IF PRICES start into a rapid decline sometime within the next three months, and business after business begins to "fold up", let no Soulcrafters become over alarmed. Nothing is happening that has not been forecast as happening ever since taxes went over 25 percent of the American people's income.

The experience of nation after nation in the past has been, that when a government takes away more than a quarter of its people's income, sooner or later economic collapse has followed. To assess any body politic more than 25 percent means that any citizenry is called to live on less than the other 75 percent. And 75 percent is not enough.

IN THE new book, *Something Better*, just published by Soulcraft Chapels, it is shown from United States Department of Commerce indexes that in the past peace time year of 1948, the nation did a total gross business—in book figures—of \$243,471,860,400. At the same time the amount of total money earned in wages and sal-

aries by all the working Americans in the nation—the actual cash take-home pay—was slightly less than \$116,000,000,000.

The average American should have earned the annual sum of \$1,646.35. What he actually got was \$785.06. The difference was the amount that Mr. John Q. Public went into debt, getting stuff on credit for which he has small hope of ever paying. Right today, at the start of the Eisenhower Administration, Americans are beginning 1953 nearly half a trillion dollars in private debt. This is "the bag" that the retiring politicians of the Democratic dispensation are handing to the Republican stal-

warts and expecting them to empty. The Republicans, of course, are not going to be able to do it. A tax reduction of a mere 5 billions has already been suggested by Republican leaders—hailed as the panacea for the Appropriations headache. The set-up being fundamentally wrong, this is merely adding another twisted plank on the crazy structure long since started toward the moon.

Where is the whole thing coming out?

Kismet obviously intends to make Americans face the economic facts of life, and forget the childish distraction of television for a time while problems demanding mature brains and thinking come up for settlement.

THE OLD adage had it that "Nothing is ever settled until it is settled right."

Burying the adult attention in television is not going to stop the vitals from demanding food in due season. When hunger compels the nation's grown-up children to pull their gaze off television with the demand, "When do we eat?" Kismet apparently means to say, "You don't eat. This is the way you've let matters develop, now go ahead and watch television on your empty stomachs."

Of course the television cohorts won't like it. But some problems of life cannot be blinked.

The whole economic structure of America has been wrong since the do-gooding of Franklin D. Roosevelt and his Braintrusters. Handing it to the Republicans with the comment, "See what you can do with it," guarantees no remedy. The days of excessive profit-taking—no matter how generously the profit-taker has shared with the reckless and irresponsible politicians—are being forced to a close by stern pressures of necessity. As *Something Better* portrays, you can't pay laborers \$1 for making a pair of shoes on which you tag a price of \$5 and expect that those laborers—who are also the consumers—are going to be supplied with the missing \$4 to buy those shoes for themselves or dependents, with manna dropped from heaven.

Of course the country isn't lacking in its elements all set to proclaim that the only way out of the impasse is Communism. They depend on the television-watchers, thanking them profusely for suggesting a way to get food through installation of Marxism, and letting them

go ahead and set up the American Soviet.

But all the time the success of the nation's Cooperatives has been well-nigh ignored.

The trouble with the nation's Cooperatives, however, has uniformly been their conservatism. They have been more or less honestly administered, kept out of politics, and run for the benefit of the share-holding members.

VALOR makes the prediction that, comes the Great Crisis when everything goes *klug!* the Cooperatives are due to fall down by being incapable of measuring up to the country's economic necessities. They will become alarmed at the lengths of expansion to which they will be called to step up. Playing the role of economic saviors of the Republic will appear too radical a step for their reactionary leaders to take. The economic soundness of Cooperative principles will demand that they avoid such gargantuan responsibilities. With the solutions in their hands, it will have to be a group that understands *both* Cooperative fundamentals and Political audacities, to feed the television-watchers so that tragedy is averted.



THIS TOO is something to which Soulcrafters should properly gear their minds. Already the great Cooperative executives of the nation are balking at such proposals as the Christian Commonwealth. That's "mixing religion with Business" is their obvious attitude. And religion belongs in the churches. Transferring it actively into the merchandising centers is sentimentality that is on the whole dangerous. That it's nothing of the sort—merely the *application* of the Christ Principles to the economic situation—is something so new and so novel that only national prostration can bring them to their senses. The whole nation, it appears, is to be caught in the general

paralysis of Orthodoxy. And coming out of such *rigor mortis* is bound to be painful.

Nevertheless, it is due to happen.

WHAT we are witnessing is the spectacle of the television-watchers in general demanding that New Ideas shall be actualized by all the old methods. To which Kismet cries, "Fiddlesticks!"

Therefore are we to see a Great Drama played out in 1953, and the stipulations of the *Door to Revelation* prophecy give every promise of coming true to the letter. With the demand for "more Spirituality" in commercial and political affairs being voiced by the nation's great newspaper writers and publicists, Spirituality stands at the thresholds of both television-watchers and Cooperative tycoons and says, "Here I am, what are you going to do about me?" And the times shall have passed when either may retort, "Do about you? . . . nothing! Go find a good church and build a fire in it to warm yourself."

The bitter jest in the whole of it may well be that suddenly the electric current goes off in all the television-wires and the watchers who have been so adolescent toward their own provisionings will find themselves staring at motionless screens. Then what?

The Founding Fathers are watching all this, . . . or have incarnated here and there to save those without the acumen to save themselves. That the book *Something Better* becomes overnight the economic Baedeker of the whole ugly plight is not so weird as it may sound at present.

So getting set mentally and temperamentally for this major drama in the Republic's life is the best recipe for wholesome peace of mind, not to mention physical well-being.

When the *Golden Scripts* speak of "the high being dropped low and the low being raised high" they may be dealing in something other than poetic imagery.

How prepared are *you* for stepping out in the role of Leadership in crisis if it comes? If you cry, "Mercy, I have no such ability . . . let George do it!" by what moral right or equity do you demand that your welfare be preserved?

Anyhow, it's 1953 and we shall see what we shall see.

WHY SOULCRAFT IS DIFFERENT . .



The Reason for the Existence and Phenomenon of Movements Is to Organize Men's Minds So that They Pursue a Common End

at the major concentrates of influence in the world and see them for what they are.

For all practical purposes at the moment, we can number them as Five—

FIRST, not necessarily regarding them by seniorities of strength, we have the Roman Catholic concentrate. This is a so-called "church" premised upon the historical Christian religion. It aspires to organize and move men's minds into universal acceptance of the ideology that mortal life makes the earth a factory for the manufacture of souls, filling up either heaven or hell at the rate of 65,000 every 24 hours. Christ as ruler and arbiter—general superintendent we might term Him—of this factory, determining in which direction this product may be shipped, delegates His authority in His physical absence to the Pope, who is assumed to be His vicar on earth. The Moral Objective of all this belief and organization is to bring the entire earth-factory into orderly and moral subservience to this Vicar, to the end and aim that the Roman Catholic Church become supreme arbiter over the lives and destinies of all created mankind, both here and hereafter, the slightest deviation from this ideology being considered and damned as Sin;

Second, we have the Protestant Christian concentrate. It aspires to organize and move men's minds into universal acceptance that "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that all who believed on Him should not perish but have everlasting life." Like its Roman Catholic counterpart, it accepts that this earth-situation is a great factory for souls, filling up heaven or hell at the daily rate of 65,000 as aforesaid—such being the rate at which physical deaths accrue the clock around in the Christian countries according to vital statistics—only in the case of the Protestant ideology, the focus of attention happens to be upon organization of life in the

HAVE you the type of mind that is capable of doing analytical thinking? Do you know what Analytical Thinking is? Let's consider it a moment in the light of Soulcraft . .

Analytical Thinking starts with appraising one's self of *all* the factors entering into a given situation, sorting them out in their relative importance or bearing on the objective to be gained, and mapping a course of action in result of such classifying that is premised on the constructive use of those that appear most vital or assistive.

We hear a lot in these hectic days about "trained minds"—supposed to be the automatic product of academic education—approaching a perplexing problem after a pattern or formula. We have no space here for the controversial distraction of determining whether academic education does anything of the sort. But we can give profitable attention to

that type of mind that has the capability of identifying the objective it wishes to reach, noting which factors aid most in attaining it, and eliminating all the deterrent or competing factors making for confusion of the intellect or emasculation of the energies. Generally speaking, the social world is a vast monkey-cage in which all the inmates are jabbering at once, striving to make articulate not constructive thoughts but mental impressions. Having expressed the mental impressions in form of larynx-noise they feel a species of temperamental relief. They call such articulation, human intercourse. We can ignore them also for the purposes in hand.

What we are looking at is a manner or method for clearly recognizing and then arriving at—in Soulcraft—the organization of men's minds to get them to move preponderantly as to numbers toward a worthy goal. The necessity for thus organizing men's minds, is the better impressed upon us when we look

Next World, the mortal world being only a place of temptation, ordeal, and suffering. Moral acceptance of Jesus Christ as Lord and Savior in the Protestant church permits Eternity to be spent as resident of His "heavenly Kingdom" and disdaining the actuality of such destiny is considered and damned as "sin" . . .

Third, we have the Talmudic concentrate. It aspires to organize and move the minds of an exceeding small segment of the race to the ideology that Jehovah in the person of a Mosaic Creator suddenly and for no provable reason looked with especial favor on members of that segment and promised them suzerainty over all the other peoples of the earth, together with their material wealth, on the philosophical understanding that they only were true humans and that all other specimens of the mortal race were only sons to animals or livestock, ultimately to become the organic property of those so Divinely Favored. No idealisms concerning the Afterlife enter in. Its members are strict realists and materialists, despising adherents of other ethical philosophies and considering it entirely proper to assert their Divine Favoritism wherever and whenever opportunity permits;

Fourth, we have the Marxist concentrate. It aspires to organize and move the minds of the great army of the world's Have-Nots into a universal overthrow and destruction—to literal extinction if necessary—of all those favored with worldly goods or high mental attributes, and sinking the individuality of the communicant in what is determined as the Good-of-the-whole—meaning the political-economic State ruled by a hierarchy of brutal, ruthless, self-perpetuating quasi-orientals.

Fifth and last, we have the Mammon concentrate. It aspires to organize and move men's minds into glorifying and adulating Wealth in the form of moneys or material possessions as the highest motivating factor in human consciousness and performance, subscribing to the tenet that "the end of Wealth-Accumulating justifies the means by which it is accomplished." The wealthy, in other words, are the highest privileged class and can do no wrong.

These five concentrates are the great social Power Dynamis in the earth to-

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What Went Ye Forth to Seek?

Chapter 105—The Golden Scripts



WHAT went ye forth to seek, a bed of heliotropes in which ye might delight your senses? Is it not fairer to say that ye didst choose thistles for your resting places, that there might come no ease until the work ye do be finished?

Harken to my voice, ye who sally forth carrying waters of instruction to the lips of thirsty men!

What went ye forth to seek, fine robes of linen to cover your nakedness, that ye might be proud of your raiment, or the coarsest of garments, that others might stand without embarrassment in the presence of those who have come to them serving?

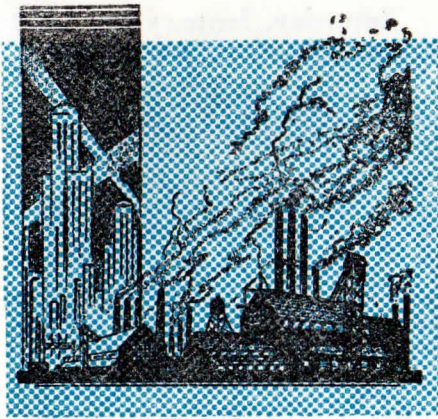
What went ye forth to seek, the avenues of goodly hopes, or the roads of circumscription that make you to know no resting place that hath luxury in it while there are trudgers in hot sunshine?

I speak unto you with my voice, cometh a day when ye hear with your ears; cometh a night when ye say, Our Lord is with us! Let us greet Him with hospitality, for hath he not come on a goodly mission?

Thus say I this hour: Abide ye in me and be my husbandmen and handmaidens that we may be servants of the one Father whose spirit dwelleth with us always.

For if a man hath not love, he is as one who casteth himself from an exceeding high mountain and knoweth not the disaster of that plunge.

When men shall say, Those walk among us whose garments are as snow, let it be told among them: Thus were ye always, in that your love was great for one another, yet greater for the world!



*Paragraph Sign-Posts toward
the Golden Times, that he
who runs may profit . .*

“Roads into Sunrise”

Swedes Have Sense . .

IT WAS a great article that Carl Sandburg, biographer of Abraham Lincoln, wrote in last Sunday's syndicated supplements; he doesn't think America is going to the damnation bow-wows—which ought to be something new under the sun. Says Carl in finishing his opus: “I have spent,” he says gravely, “as strenuous a life as any man surviving three wars and two major depressions, but never, not for a moment, did I lose faith in America's future. Time and time again, I saw the faces of her men and women torn and shaken in turmoil, chaos and storm. In each major crisis, I have seen despair written on the faces of the foremost strugglers but their ideas always won, *their visions always came through*. I see America, not in the setting sun of a black night of despair ahead of us. I see America in the crimson light of a rising sun fresh from the burning, creating hand of God. I see great days ahead, great days possible to men and women of will and vision . . .” He took off his hat as if saluting the future, ran his hand through his white hair, and said with a smile, “May I offer my favorite toast: To the storms to come, and to the stars coming after the storms!”

Grand words, Carl. VALOR agrees with you, the visions of the American people have always come through. As for storms, they're wonderful. They bring you to realize how much you can take.

Fagan to the Front . .

ANOTHER book that is a “must” with Soulcrafters is Myron Fagan's 28-page brochure on U-N, written out of Hollywood where Fagan has been carrying the ball without slip or falter. The title of it is “U. N. IS U. S. CANCER.” That's an atrocious title for a marvelous little concoction of patriotic vitriol. Send 50¢ to the Cinema Educational Guild, inc., for it. Their address is P. O. Box 8655, Cole Br., Hollywood 46, California. The world will never be the same to you again after you've digested what Fagan has to report about his confabs with the late Senator Vandenberg. He puts Dwight Eisenhower on the spot in this book . . . how is the new presidential incumbent to justify his attitude toward the U-N in the light of what Fagan reveals? That there are boys with Fagan's courage right in the heart of cinemaland ought to make the hinterland take heart. He asks 50¢ the copy for his parcel of literary dynamite—and it ought to be either \$5 the copy or 5¢. If it was \$5, perhaps the intellectuals would properly evaluate it and if it was 5¢ perhaps patriotic *hoi polloi* would get busy and help circulate it from coast to coast. However, there cannot be any more convincing demonstration of Roads Pointing into Sunrise than that men like Fagan rise up and Take Their Pen in Hand

in times like the present. After all, they don't *have* to do it. The Eternal God in them *makes* them do it. And for that, Soulcrafters can be duly appreciative. Maybe you'll understand why VALOR has been inveighing against U-N when you read Fagan's indictment. All of which recalls Dr. John Wood.

Congratulations, Doctor . .

DR. WOOD, as reported in a previous VALOR, was given the raspberry by the hoodwinked voters of Idaho in the item of the current elections. He writes VALOR that money was poured into his district like water to defeat him and no smearstone was left unturned to heave at him. VALOR wrote him, inviting him to join its staff. The imminent Doctor didn't say he wouldn't but on the other hand, didn't say he would. However, the chief reason the Doctor has got to take it easy, is his eyesight. Comes the twilight and Dr. Wood is more or less helpless in getting around. Anyhow, it won't be many more years now before he'll be hitting 80, and he feels that some of the younger generation should catch the relay and carry on. He's going to try out issuing a news bulletin of a vigilante nature, based on his congressional erudition. Trouble with that is, the enemy doesn't care what the ballyhoo is, concerning its activities, so long as no active *organizing* is done against it. That calls for a jail sentence, as a menace to existing institutions. You don't think they can be imposed? Do a bit of effective organizing and find out . . .

No Nonsense . .

IS THERE, or is there not, such a thing as flying saucers? Kenneth Arnold and Ray Palmer, Route 2, Box 36, Amherst, Wisconsin, have sent out a circular of saucer photos in which they declare as follows: “The photos in this folder are being sent to you for but one purpose—to prove that there is such a thing as a flying saucer . . . and as a personal and private note from Kenneth Arnold and myself that we've published a book—available only through ourselves and not through book stores—which is intended to cut through the smoke screen of misinformation, secrecy, censorship, false reports and biased analyses. After four years of official and public ridicule, accusations of trickery, hallucinations and imagination, we've finally been justified by more recent events—but that isn't enough. The truth hasn't been presented *yet*. So we've put that truth in book form, in an effort to set the matter straight.” . . . The book is said to contain 192 pages and 46 photos, 32 of them of flying saucers. It likewise states that flying saucers have been observed on this planet for almost 1,000 years—yes, they've been seen that far back.

VALOR has sent for the book and will review it for Soul-

crafters as soon as received and read . . . Could be, you know. The opus costs four dollars.

Never Had It So Good . . .

COMES the *New York World Telegram* with a story on December 30th that didn't make many of the news syndicates for the hinterland. Secretary of State Acheson flatly refused to give a House subcommittee the names of subordinates who cleared Red-tainted Americans for important jobs in United Nations. Says he acted "on instructions from President Truman." His refusal, according to the *World-Telegram*, came in a letter to the subcommittee which is investigating charges that the State and Justice Departments obstructed the work of a federal grand jury which on December 2nd reported heavy Communist infiltrations in U-N. Fagan in his red-hot mag on U-N comes right out with the backing of the late Senator Vandenburg and says that Acheson's firm is counsel for Stalin and the Kremlin. Which, of course, sews everything up. Harry S. said, "You never had it so good!" What he really meant was, "We never had it so bad" . . . but it's what the Republicans do when they move in, that counts. Wonder if Ike and Winnie are talking that over this week in Barney's Manhattan apartment? . . .

On the Beam . . .

CHARLES F. Kettering for 27 years was head of the Research Department of General Motors. He helped invent or develop the automobile starter, Ethyl gasoline, lighting and ignition systems and a neat catalog of other industrial improvements. He happens to be another American of no little intellect who says this talk about the nation being washed up is rot. Here are a few of the man's favorite aphorisms, culled from *Pathfinder*, that are brain-joublers . . . "We should all be concerned about the future because we shall have to spend the rest of our lives there." . . . "The world hates change and yet it is the only thing that has brought progress" . . . "Just the minute you begin to get satisfied with what you've got, the concrete has begun to set in your head" . . . "The wonderful age is yet to come; we are merely crawling along, groping for the truly wonderful things the future will see" . . . "Incurable diseases are only those the doctors don't know what to do

Great Pyramid Shape Has Mystical Properties, Says BSRA



PSYCHIC NEWS, London, of September 27, 1952, quotes from the French magazine *Radiesthesis pour Tous*, article by M. Pommeret. 'It is extraordinary', says the *News* in effect, 'that a small model of the Great Pyramid of Cheops, proportionately correct, has the same mummifying properties as the Pyramid itself, provided one side is facing North.'

'Writing in *Radiesthesis pour Tous*, M. Pommeret asserts that by keeping a razor blade under a paper pyramid made in the right proportion and with one side facing North, he was able to use the same blade for several years without sharpening. He obtained this information from friends in Czechoslovakia (where good blades are scarce), and says he knows several people who have obtained similar good results. He suggests a model pyramid having the triangles (sides) 23 cm at base and "corners" 22 cm. The *Psychic News* editor recommends a pyramid 6 1/4 x 6 inches for preserving meat, fish, etc. (1 centimeter is .3937 inches. One inch is 2.54 cm. Stick the triangles together with scotch tape). A doctor in Australia reports that his razor blade "lasted 78 days instead of the usual seven."

"The *Psychic News* continues by quoting Dr. Roger Weissenbach of Bologna, an assistant at the Radiesthetic Research Center. He experimented with a card-

board pyramid having dimensions proportional to the pyramid of Cheops and reported (1) that the pendulum vibrates when suspended over the vertex, provided no side is facing north. (2) If one side faces north the pendulum remains stationary. (3) If the pendulum is held over the hand of a person carrying a pyramid on his head it will gyrate in an opposite direction when the person turns so that one side of the pyramid is facing north. 'Does this mean the inversion of human polarity or its momentary annulment?'

"Returning to his former experiments, in which he as well as many other eminent radiesthetists have shown that such pyramids, oriented toward the north, have the power of desiccating and mummifying organic matter (meat, mice, bats, fruit, etc.), he goes on to point out that in every case where there were larvae present, these have always tried, even from the start of the experiment, to get out of the pyramid. If they failed they were mummified on the base or along with their host—provided one side of the pyramid was facing north. 'These small creatures must have felt some sensation of mortal danger threatening them'. But what about men? Four friends of Dr. W. experimented with a small pyramid, oriented north, on their heads.

"After five or six minutes all experienced disagreeable physical and psychical effects. The head felt a sensation of

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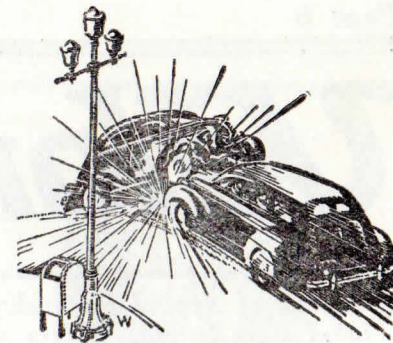
about" . . . "When we talk about a difficult problem, what we're really saying is, we don't know how to solve it" . . . "Most people think of research as one of two kinds, either highbrow or nuts. Research is an organized method of finding out what you are going to do when you can't keep on doing what you are doing now" . . . "Take bugs, for instance. Men swat 'em and spray 'em with DDT, but they couldn't make one of 'em if their lives depended on it" . . . "One thing we can be enormously thankful for, that we don't get anywhere as much government as we pay the bill for . . ."

Culture . . .

A KANSAS woman, preparing for a party, first dressed her young hopeful and then sent her out into the yard to play. When she came in, the mother gave the little girl one look and exclaimed, "Mary Elizabeth! . . . what in the world is that mess in your hair?" . . . The child's answer *might* serve for the international political situation. "Not to be improper, mommie, a great big crow came flying around the corner of the barn and went right over my head. You see, he was in a hurry to get to the bathroom . . ."

A Problem that Comes to Everyone
at Sometime or Other

Can One "Thoughtless" Mistake "Ruin" One's Life?



EW things in life cause such mischiefs, throwing switches that send us off upon strange rails, as wrongful interpretations of the meanings of words.

For instance, consider the term Mistake. "I made a horrible mistake," we report. "It well-nigh ruined my life!" But when we run down the meaning of the word Mistake, we see how incorrectly we have considered the episode.

The word Mistake means: "To take a thing to be other than it is, to understand wrongly."

In another sense, we "miss the take," if we should care to look at the meaning literally.

So a moment's consideration should show us that a Mistake of itself can never do harm, one way or other. We understand a motive or a situation wrongly, and it is our subsequent conduct in the reaction from faulty understanding that does the mischief which we so foolishly deplore.

Now for a moment let's consider Ruin.

Ruin means "to overthrow or impoverish."

But take note of the fact that both of these terms are relative. There is little of finality about them. If a man be overthrown from a place of power, it means that somehow or other he has first attained unto the height from which his tumble is something to gape at. If he attained to such a height once, and is suddenly cast down, he can attain to another height, albeit in time he is cast from that also.

If a man be impoverished, it means that he formerly had affluence in the shape of possession of properties or moneys. They are taken away. But there is nothing about such taking away that says he shall not acquire other properties or other sums of money. Everything depends upon whether he goes at it.

WHEN we face the query: "Is it possible for one mistake to ruin a person's life?" We are truly setting forth an equation in paradoxes. We are asking if it be possible for a moment's non-understanding of a motive or a situation to precipitate a condition from which no recovery is possible.

Of course, in the physical sense we might talk correctly of taking a window for a door, and walking into space in such a way that nothing prevents us from descending at once to the surface of the planet from whatever the height at which the window is located. It is conceivable that contact with the said planet's surface might be forceful enough to alter the functioning of our natural anatomies.

In fact, we might spatter up a considerable area of landscape—the human body being 86 percent water according to all the leading scientists—and in such sense our ruin be complete.

Contrary to the newspaper funnies, the human body dropped from a height, decidedly does not bounce. It spatters, yes. But it does not bounce.

We are wiped from existence by such an error, and O Lord what a mess for someone to wipe up!

However, in this present octave it is rare that the main actor in such an error has the opportunity to deplore his ruin. He just makes the error and goes down. He does not bounce, but as aforesaid, he spatters! After which spattering, we need not consider him further as a subject for philosophical discussion. He is out of our calculations and the headlines can have him.

Ruin in its more correct sense means a state of personal affairs arrived at where the personal fortunes today are not so favorable to a happy existence as they were yesterday, the day before, or maybe last month, last year, or last Administration. And the dictionary—if not

sound metaphysics—declares that what has been up and come down, can by due application of the requisite energy, go up again.

CERTAINLY even in a fall from a five-story building, the victim may conceivably light upon a load of hay, lose his hat, his glasses, and his dignity, and make fourteen old ladies faint in a row. But he may thereupon slide off the load of hay, beg the driver's pardon for knocking it lopsided, and climb back up to the fifth story of the building—if the elevator be not working. The principle holds in life's common situations.

There seems to be one big discovery that Cosmos insists that all individuals of every stamp shall make and remember, before they can call themselves fit to depart this mortal octave permanently. That is, that blunder and loss exist only according as the individual views them.

No blunder under heaven exists that somehow, somewhere, sometime, cannot be rectified and the correct line of action thereafter be embarked upon.

No ruin—overthrowing, impoverishment, anything short of physical demolition—exists anywhere in Cosmos that cannot be recovered from, surmounted, or turned into a profit two to ten times as sizable as the original condition from which such "loss" was reckoned.

Everything in life is relative.

One man has the habit of thrift and saves pennies for a home. Another man has the acquisitive faculty and saves dollars till they buy him a city block, a railroad, a seat in the Senate. A war comes along, an enemy air-fleet zooms overhead and presently drops bombs on thrifty man's cottage and rich man's railroad alike. After the raid is over, the first man sits down disconsolately on the edge of a hole that is thirty feet across, and the second man sits down on the edge of a hole that is thirty miles across. Both

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Valor

A Journal of Applied Spirituality, published every Saturday in the national interests of American Soulcraft, by—

SOULCRAFT CHAPELS

P. O. Box 192 NOBLESVILLE, IND.

SUBSCRIPTION: Per Year \$5.00
Six Months \$3.00

VOL. IV JANUARY 10, 1953 No. 11

Hard Sense



FROM somewhere reports alleged to be psychically motivated have come, creating the impression that presently this globe whirls into some sort of divine vapor belt by virtue of whose "vibrations" all the bad people are going to drop dead, all the good people are slated to become uncannily psychic, and the rank and file of humanity in between is due to pass up its "evil" ways and live at surpassing peace with its neighbors. Just who first projected this esoteric fol-de-rol is impossible to identify. But—

VALOR doesn't believe it by a single syllable!

If God Almighty does one thing it's to stand by the natural laws He's laid down for the conduct of the universe. Men and women were supposed to incarnate into organic bodies and thereby learn the spiritual lessons that come with limitations of flesh.

What's ordained for one generation ought to maintain for all generations—the earth-plane isn't a *place*, it's a system.

Why should any one generation become exempt from the educating rigors of the fleshly occupancy? The earth is no better nor worse than it has ever been, at any stage in history.

The earth—and earthly society—is going to turn on and on, for a good many million years yet. The *Golden Scripts*—which appear to be the soundest exposition of metaphysics yet released to man since Galilee—say in painfully plain language that as men and women take thought to their spiritual stature, so do

they become. This global ball is not due to plunge into any stratospheric bath of divine soapsuds and twenty-four hours later emerge on the other side with all conditions altered for the living of perfect lives . . . and any one who teaches such nonsense, innocently or intentionally, is treating in hocus-pocus.

Some "clairvoyant" put forth this beatific solution for the world's current complications, and with the idea sunken in the subconscious minds of competitors, edition after edition of it goes out as each rival improves on it. The "end of the world" has been "coming" ever since the times of Augustus Caesar. And yet generation upon generation is certain that judgment day is just around its own corner.

Judgment Day is every day you live!



All that VALOR subscribes to, is the reasonable certainty that malicious forces have spent the nation into near-collapse and that a new and improved economic order must—and will—be forthcoming. When the nation has gone through the bottleneck of the Roosevelt Repercussions, and whipped all the racial nonsense and Marxist plottings from which it has suffered at the hands of the spurious Do-Gooders since 1933, it will right itself. Life within it will display as very worthy and wonderful. If there come terrain disturbances, they will be of no more centennial moment than any terrain disturbance the country has ever known. Mountains have been "moving" all over the universe since time began, and when people are standing in their vicinities they are properly appalled. To say that the universe is suddenly to end up in one grand flummox, is to deal in deceits that are on the whole cruel.

From beginning to end, the *Golden Scripts* have emphasized that wholesome and wondrous times are coming in, under the moral leadership of the Christ. If the whole globe were due to crumple

in a night, the promings of the *Golden Scripts* would be chicane of the vilest order.

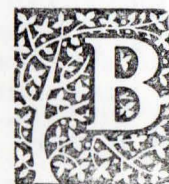
Surely we're going to have economic troubles, and here and there a terrain displacement. But so what?

If you're slated by your karma to be living in the year 1993, you'll be alive in the year 1993 and all hell can't prevent it. This is still a world of God's order. If we have an atom bomb war, it will be because we've been stupid and insolent in the methods of electing incompetent public officials. But even an atom bomb war over America doesn't mean that the end of the universe has arrived. Maybe it means the end of our own civic gullibility has arrived. Anyhow, European countries have been saturated by all sorts of bombings and lived to resume operations. If America has to pay such price, she can pay it. But there are no signs of its happening anywhere yet.

Let's return to sanity in respect to all this universal Destruction business. The country is still due to be here in the year 2,000 and it will be a pretty good country. The Progenitor of the *Golden Scripts* says so, and His word is good enough for Soulcrafters . . .

Will the psychic psychopaths quite yammering!

Tough Luck



BECAUSE the 10,135 Cooperatives in this nation make no profits, but split any overage on sales with members, the Federal Government—so it's reported out of Washington—means to reconsider this tax exemption they've been enjoying, and "give 'em the business" after the new Republican Administration comes in. Competitive business demands it, say items in the press.

On the surface it would seem manifestly unfair to sock heavy taxes on the profits of a shoe store run by private management and ask next to nothing in the way of taxes from the Cooperative shoe store across the street. But that's merely the sentimental way of looking at the quandary.

The private shoeman says, "I'll put \$1 tariff on every pair of shoes I sell, and call it my 'profit' under private enterprise." The Federal Government says, "Fair enough, only before you go buying

steam yachts with that \$1 profit, give us 40¢ of it to finance the cost of playing cop to the universe." But at least the private shoe merchant realizes 60¢.

The Cooperative says, "We buy shoes from the manufacturer at \$4 and sell them to our members at \$4, plus the cost of rent and lights." We pay no income taxes because we have no income to divide with Washington politicians."

Naturally the private merchant grumbles. He's an honest man, striving to make a passable living for himself and family, irrespective of the unsoundness of the competitive economic system. And he's being asked to shoulder the cost of wild-cat government while the Co-op is not.

How to solve it?

It's bound to open up the whole question of Cooperative economics.

Last year in the prairie States, approximately 426,000 American families had over \$2,000,000 returned to them in dividends on their Cooperative buying. Looked at in one light, had they continued to purchase from the private competitive merchant, they would have overpaid him 2 millions for absolutely nothing but the pleasure of keeping him in business, so that he could make taxes for the Washington politicians. The Cooperatives went "tax free" because this 2-million overcharge became "rebate" instead of "income." How can you tax a rebate on an overcharge? And yet for the Cooperative rebate to become general, means the wiping out of the retail merchant and the utter drying up of taxable income on which State and Federal bureaucracy exists. Worse and more of it, no Washington politico means to commit political suicide by advocating that taxation apply to financial turn-over regardless of profits hypothetical or otherwise.

Actually a situation is developing where practices in the national merchandizing field, being fundamentally unsound, are writing their own death warrants. You can't halt a group of people from getting together legitimately and buying in common. And yet for the Cooperatives to grow in the next five years at the rate they have grown in the last, means the disappearance of retailing. And for the tax on retailing to dry up means disaster for the U. S. Bureau of Internal Revenue.

These major trends are coming to cli-

max. It's tough luck for the Crab-and-Grab Boys, but it's real.

That's why a book like *Something Better* ought to be on the reading-table of every family in America. It makes the solution clear when the climax brings crisis.

The dictates of Christian Economics can't be ignored or averted. But the crisis carries no tragedy if sufficient numbers of Americans understand it.

Soulcraft

(Continued from Page 4)

day. Is there a Sixth, real or potential?

We say there is. And it is presented in a wholly unconventional philosophy, separate and apart from the five previously described.

It is the ethical ideology which for want of a better term is named Mysticism or the Ageless Wisdom.

And how does it aspire to organize and move men's minds? Let's look at it and get it . . .

MYSTICISM—which has the formula of all demonstrable phenomena of science and psychics to substantiate it, whereas the other five concentrates of power considers life from a completely altered status. It starts from the premise that all forms of Matter and Materials proceed from the atomic, composed of Positive and Negative electrical discharges or etheric galvanisms. Between the displays of such galvanisms, called proton and electron, are stupendous reaches of unoccupied Space. If human consciousness can reside in such space spanning the components of the atom, it cannot be an attribute of atoms but exists as a spiritual essence independent of them. Thus it proves an integrity unto itself. By proving such integrity unto itself it postulates that spirituality and consciousness must have existed prior to the formation of the atomic assemblies so occupied, partaking of attributes strictly peculiar to itself. Such units of spiritual self-awareness enter into the assemblies of fleshly atoms, known as Bodies, and inhabit them for stated periods called Earth-Lives, with which divine vengeance or favoritism has nothing to do.

The Divine First-Cause, in other words, is only interested in the education of such consciousness-units, up vast periods of cosmic time. It is interested in



The Unabridged Edition
of the

Golden Scripts

Is Being Distributed!

The Great Project
Is Done

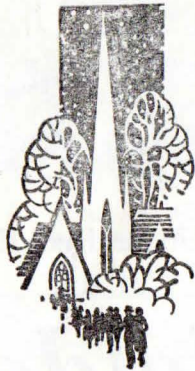
THERE are 844 pages of them—in the new *Unabridged Edition*—done on Bible paper and bound in limp round-cornered covers. To those who have "discovered" them they amount to *new* Sermons on the Mount, coming apparently from our Elder Brother's matchless intellect for His disciples in this modern generation.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

*You May Have a Copy
If You'll Cherish It!*

Donations from over 300 ardent Soulcrafters have made over \$50,000 worth of these volumes available for gratis distribution. If you wish a \$5 copy sent you, merely make the request in a letter to Noblesville, Indiana, Headquarters. Address—

SOULCRAFT CHAPELS

"MARCHING SPIRES"



The Stories of the Thirteen Civilizers

DO YOU remember the unique magazine "Little Visits with Great Americans", published under the Soulcraft auspices in 1941? It had run to something like 40 numbers when the Recorder was prohibited from furnishing further manuscripts. But two volumes of numbers had been collected and bound under the titles of *Bright Trails* and *Cabin Smoke* . . . The third volume was about to appear under the title of *Marching Spires* when the Soulcraft work went into holiday. Now 340 copies of *Marching Spires* have been completed in deluxe burgundy bindings and are available to those who want to make their shelf of Pelley Writings as complete as possible.

There are 340 copies of this book now available, \$4 done in leatherette: . . .

Soulcraft Press, Inc.

them to increase and expand their powers of mental capability so that up those vast periods of cosmic time they become capable of mentoring great galaxies of evolving spirits in turn, thus converting the universe into a stupendous university for the expansion through experience of limitless numbers of God-Units. And the end to be achieved is esoteric or improvement of the Thinking Unit in each instance for its own sake, not for the sake of the galaxy.

In such ideology there is no room for any God of Wrath, or God of Favoritism, for these are demonstrations of limitation—and God cannot be limited in any respect and be God. Wrath is the effect of frustration, and it is audacious to contend that an omnipotent Creator can be frustrated in anything He conceives. Favoritism, by the same token, is evidence of provincialism, and prejudice against the opponents of the favored. These are petty human attributes based on more provincialism.

Mysticism lifts the earth ordeal above any taint of penalty or undesirability and says that every phase of it is beneficent, in that it educates and develops Strength of Character and Augmentation of Morale. By its tenets, spirits may come into, and go out of, organic structure at will, without losing identity or suffering any form of cosmic reprisal. In other words, the processes of Life and Death are beneficial processes when correctly viewed. There is no more to fear in Death of organic vehicle than in birth. Both are transitions for practical ends.

CAN you not discern that Mysticism thus considered, is something entirely new under the sun, removing all Fright from the participating spirit at the stupendous natural processes which it is called to undergo?

Mysticism, in other words, seeks to organize and move men's minds to liberation from the terrors and penalties of Orthodoxy. It disdains the concept that after one little span of fifty to seventy years in flesh—ofttimes under the most cruel of adverse conditions—this earth-factory of souls is damned or rewarded for the deeds of such spiritual product while in flesh. It spurns the absurdity or bigotry that any particular species of earth people is divinely favored, just as it spurns the absurdity or bigotry that any personage in flesh can act in God's stead and determine the Future of a sen-

tient spirit as to abode.

Human beings are spirits occupying bodies to gain beneficent experience educating them to act in turn as gods in their own right to species not yet demonstrated. A free, wholesome, grateful attitude is thus developed in the individual spirit-unit. Christ, the Son of God, becomes the Great Teacher and Elder Brother to each and every student attending this Great University of Cosmos—and this role He Himself confirms in celebrated Later Speakings to lieutenants living current lives in flesh to bring such concepts to misled and confused humanity.

The whole thing substantiates the doctrine of Metempsychosis, that free spirits can enter into, and depart from, atomic organisms at will, or as their requirements ethically may dictate, and advocates that ALL arrive at a state of colossal achievement in the end. *No soul is ever lost*. All enter ultimately into the Radiance . . .

LET the entire human race embrace or espouse such recognitions, and ethical life on earth is bound itself to alter. Ordeals are always regarded by the participant, not in despair, but in stoical acceptance of their educative value. Poise, valor, and cosmic facility are engendered, and the soul quits the atomic body—composed of naught but billions of electronic phenomena—ready for its next phase of experimental study.

All is Knowledge and Wisdom. All is Light and Cosmic Understanding. This is the objective to which Soulcrafters aspire.

Revolutionary? Naturally.

Liberation from the terrors and penalties of orthodox earthly tenure is not only assured but achieved.

This is the great Twentieth-Century revelation to Man intellectually and ethically, and as individuals face it and have it proven, the ideological thinking of the whole earth alters. Phenomena become rationalized. Fright of any sort is childish.

Very good then—the problem is put in our laps . . . how do we organize and move men's minds to achieve maximum acceptance of such fundamentals of earth-life? Granted all the accumulated might and vindictiveness of the Five Power Concentrates previously described arise to combat this beautiful rationality for the earth tenure, can any of them

permanently maintain against Truth? The new philosophy of Aquarian Mysticism—which in the United States we give the name of Soulcraft—we know is to become the Faith of the era that is imminent.

But approaching the problem with "trained minds"—or analytical intellects—we are called to recognize its substantiality.

Suppose then, first of all, we visualize clearly what it is we bring to an intellectually enslaved and deceived humankind.

Mysticism is, in itself, the Sixth Power Concentrate. And prophetic and clairvoyant utterances both confirm that it is ultimately to triumph over orthodox error and inhibition. The first step in the campaign of "selling" the human race on the American branch of Mysticism called Soulcraft, is to envision clearly and uncontestably what it is we have to "sell."

We have the doctrine or philosophy that humankind every day "is living in eternity now" to sell!

Can it be done? That isn't the quandary. *How* shall it be done is the imperative challenge.

Anyhow, our own concepts are clarified.

We can remake the ethical and spiritual practices of earth as we entice more and more men and women into cognizance of the real reason why they are in flesh.

Great Pyramid

(Continued from Page 6)

heaviness and cold, with itching of the skin over the forehead, oppression of the temples and a dulling of the mental functions. If the experiment was prolonged there was a sensation of suffocation and nausea, with acute disturbance of the digestive system.

"Tests with Bacteria: For each kind there were three of the usual dishes. One was placed in a pyramid with one side facing north, a second in a pyramid not so oriented, and the third left out in the open. The pyramids were provided with small windows covered with cellophane to facilitate observation. On the third and fourth days there was a notable decrease in the cultures under the oriented pyramid, and this increased daily until the end of the experiment, when it was

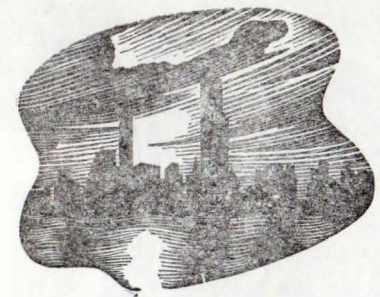
found that the micro-organism had been killed off in the culture.

"Meanwhile Dr. Fina of Palermo carried out experiments with the typhus bacillus. These bacteria did not develop in the dish which had been placed under the oriented pyramid, while there was a free development of those placed outside. *Cespera* (Center of Radiesthetic Research) is continuing these experiments to ascertain if definite general conclusions can be drawn from these data.

"Alleged findings of this sort, even when supported by well-known investigators, receive very little attention in this country. This is true of the whole field of radiesthesia, which is having a remarkable and highly complex development in England and continental Europe. In the book entitled *The Aurameter*, recently issued by the BSRA, a chapter is devoted to the rays or forces emanating from cones. The nature of the rays is determined by the angle of the cone, the material of which it is made, and on whether the wide end of the cone is sealed over or left open. Apart from the evidence of the Aurameter, the existence of the rays can be shown by directing the tip of a cone at a properly adjusted radio receiver, the 'howl' of which is modified by altering the position of the cone or intercepting the rays. Further, experiments by the inventor of the Aurameter, V. L. Cameron, indicate that certain infections and micro-organisms are destroyed by treatment with the rays—as is said to be done by the pyramid also, in the *CESPERA* experiments.

The Aurameter also shows that rays emanate from pyramids, though not so powerfully as from cones. With regard to the effect of orienting one face of the pyramid toward the magnetic north, it will be interesting to see whether the aurameter will detect any difference. The theory that the pyramids are effective, or more effective when their measurements are proportional to those of the Egyptian pyramids, should have very careful statistical examination. One could construct plausible theories about all this, but first of all the data demand a purely factual study.

"It is probable that the time will come when all germs, bacteria, micro-organisms of all kinds, as well as process of cell metabolism will be effectively controlled by rays or emanations now unknown to us, and chemical treatments



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"It takes a little time and patience to use the Aurameter successfully—it is a new instrument so far as the public is concerned. But a great number of people are using the pendulum in different forms, and anyone can make elementary tests with the pyramids. We hope that many of our Associates will look into this matter for themselves—keep us informed of any definitive results."

He was the kind of man who always grabbed the stool when there was a piano to be moved.



.. COGITATIONS

HAVE a most peculiar affection for Elbert Hubbard. He was, as the elderly will recall, the author of that capsule classic of the Mauve Age of Americana, *A Message to Garcia*. When not traveling about the country on the lecture platform, taking innocuous pokes at the clergy—at a time when taking pokes at the clergy was considered next to blasphemy—he conducted the institution at East Aurora, N. Y., known as the Roycrofters. Between times he published a monthly brochure known as *The Philistine*. Authorities wise in the art of letters have been kind enough to proclaim that only two concerns in America in the first half of the Twentieth Century have known what beautiful printing was, and produced it. One was The Roycrofters and the other the various Pelley enterprises. The Roycrofters books and the Liberation-Soulcraft books have been pretty much on a par, say they. A bibliophile in Michigan recently made me the invaluable present of a whole file of bound *The Philistines*, and I renewed my acquaintance with Fra Elbertus. It was by no means a synthetic or vicarious acquaintance. I knew Fra Elbertus in person. And the acquaintance held a touch of adolescent poignancy . . .

-00-

EARLY I had discovered Fra Elbertus and his anti-clerical effusions when *A Message to Garcia* had been published. Hubbard, according to his own accounts, had been especially riled at a heel-dragging employe in his East Aurora printery whom he'd instructed to do a certain thing and who had returned a barrage of questions and objections when directed to it. Banging into his writing-room—as

I have so often banged into mine—he sat down and Took His Pen in Hand. He wrote a couple of red-hot ziggities in the way of paragraphs about the man who can take instructions and Not Talk Back. One George Daniels, passenger agent of the New York Central, read it and gave Three Cheers. He had the thing reprinted in hundreds of thousands and it made Hubbard famous. Came the day when, in the eighth grade of grammar school, I returned from noonday lunch to find a big chunk of *A Message to Garcia* done in chalk on the blackboard by Teacher. All of us small fry were supposed to memorize it. The least I can say in praise of it was, that it did us no harm. Next I discovered a copy of *The Philistine* in the Springfield Public Library. I was a Hubbard fan from that lucky moment onward. When, in the exuberance of the ripe age of 13 I set up my own stable—or I might put it, horsebarn—printery and issued *The Junior Star*, hand-set and foot-kicked on a Pilot Press, I sent a copy to Fra Elbertus to acquaint him with the fact that I too was on earth and engaged in the vocation of arranging metal types to convey human intelligence. To my stupefaction, did an embossed envelop come back from East Aurora—which was, and is, a country bailiwick not unlike Noblesville, south of Buffalo in Upper York State—complimenting me on the publication and en-

life to read a small boy's smudge-sheet and visualize what a whole dollar paid by one subscriber could mean. It was like having Gutenberg, Benjamin Franklin, and the Lord God send me a year's subscription. Rocked along maybe six months and in a barbershop window on State Street glowed a placard telling the citizens of that city—Springfield—that on the 27th of October none other than Fra Elbertus, famous author of the *Message to Garcia* and editor of the Roycroft publications, would stand in the rostrum of the Art Museum Hall and deliver words out of the mouth that was presumably in his face, for which the admission charge was fifty cents to hear them. So! . . . Gutenberg, Franklin and God were coming to the city of mine adolescent residence and talking to the General Public from the rostrum of Art Museum Hall. All of Snazzy Springfield would turn out. I was certain. Likewise I would turn out if I had to burglarize a penny gum-machine to get the coins. Came the roseate night of the 27th and I did turn out. I turned out at 6:30 p. m. and was the first patron to relinquish three dimes and four nickels from my hot little fist that I might have my pick of the 800 empty seats, one-fourth of which were situated in the balcony at the back. I solemnly affirm that upon gaining to the Art Museum precincts I did not choose my chair up in the balcony at the back . . .

-00-

YES, indeed, I was there. I was there at 6:35 in the front row of chairs on the lower floor, as near to the platform as I could get and not be taken for Fra Elbertus myself by patrons who entered after me—with an hour and forty-five minutes to wait before the mouth that was in the Hubbard face opened and words came out, pokes at the clergy or otherwise. And while wiggling off the small of my back, because of the hardness of the seats—that were already unbearable long before seven o'clock arrived—who should be the second entrant into that hall but Gutenberg, Franklin and God himself, dressed in that inimitable Prince Albert, Stetson, and Buster-



closing one of Uncle Sam's paper dollars for a year's subscription. A man as big, and internationally known, as Fra Elbertus had taken time out from a busy

Brown haircut. Presumably these had entered ahead of time to scout the patronage, or anticipate the Gate. I looked, I froze, I opened many mouths in my own face and knew exactly how it felt not to have speech issuing from a single one of them. All these celebrities were coming toward me. They showed interest in the Early Patron in corduroy knee pants. "Hello, Sonny," said the Gutenberg-Franklin-God trio, "you're here early. What might *your* name be?" . . . Somehow I gasped that I had been christened William Dudley, that the last name was Pelley, and that I was pleased to meet him. Also I started to add something about my proprietorship of the aforesaid *Junior Star*. Did Great Man remember? He most certainly did. "Well, well, *well!*" he exclaimed—and the interest in his lustrous brown eyes was bona fide. Whereupon, for the first and only time that I'm aware of in this current vale of tears, I had God sit down beside me, put his arm about my shoulders, pat me in complimentary motif, *and talk excellent printing to me for almost an hour before he got up on the platform four feet away and opened the mouth that was in his face to talk to bigwig Springfieldians at 50 cents the wig.*

-oo-

IF YOU happen to have a bound set of *Little Journeys* in your home, take down the volume on Great Musicians and read Hubbard's Journey to the home of Guiseppe Verdi, the immortal composer of *Aida*. In it Fra Elbertus describes the boy Verdi, "ten goin' on eleven", lying at the foot of the garden wall of the great Signore's house and listening to the Signore's daughter playing Beethoven's *Moonlight Sonata*. Just a ragged little urchin, staring up at the lighted windows of the great Italian mansion as though seeking to see the music as well as hear it. Suddenly, "Do you like music?" came a voice from behind. The boy turned and looked up at the kindly face of Signore Barezzi, owner of the premises. The boy stammered out that music was his soul and his life. And the Signore said, "That is my daughter playing; come inside with me." The hand of the great man reached down and the urchin clutched it as though it were something he had been long waiting for. They walked through the big gates where the stone lion kept guard on either side. Into the great house the ragged little future composer of *Il Trovatore*, *La Traviata*, *Rigoletto*, and *Aida*,

went, and became the great musician that he did become because the Signore had been kind to him . . . Well, I like to think in my overly sentimental moments that I lived precisely that saga with the man who wrote the *Little Journey* to the Home of Guiseppe Verdi. . . But time rocked along and came the afternoon in the *Bennington Banner* office, just as we were going to press, that the news bulletin arrived that the Germans had torpedoed the *Lusitania* and Elbert and Alice had stood together on the ship's sloping deck, his arm about her waist, refusing to leave each other for the life boats, keeping their rendezvous with Splendor in close company. He would, and they would. So Fra Elbertus was no more, excepting as a nostalgic idyl in my memory. He had talked with me alone for an hour before facing a great audience once, talked with me about Good Printing . . . Time rocked along still further and came the day when I sat in the palatial drawing room of his nephew, one John Larkin of the Larkin Soap Company of Buffalo—one of the original Soulcraft supporters, by the way—and had John say to me, "Pelley, why don't you go down to East Aurora and buy the Roycroft plant? I can fix it so you can get it." Well, next day I did go over to East Aurora, my first visit there, by the way, and wandered through the dusty rooms of Roycroft, the monotypes looking frowsy and the Whitlocks presses rusty. There were webs of the spider in the once-famous bindery, and over in Roycroft Inn the mission furniture was battered like the desks of an old village school . . . I never did go through with the deal to acquire Roycroft, although I do have my moments when I'm sorry that I didn't. But the beauty of the Hubbard printing has stayed with me, and I have tried to make books that were a credit to his memory . . .

-oo-

FRRIENDS, it forever pays to be kind to the little boys, not born into proficiency of this world's goods, who look up at the lighted windows of the great Signore's mansion from which the Heavenly Music is coming, or who gaze in aphasia at the personage of the Great Man sitting down beside them and giving them a whole hour of his personal attention to discourse privately and personally with them on Good Printing. When you do such kindly things, from

"STAR GUESTS"



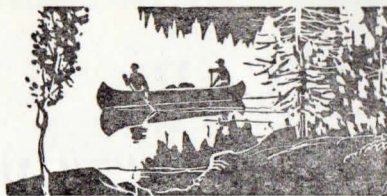
A Book that will give you something to think about so long as you are alive! . . .

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the grandeur of your mortal renown, you may be planting myrtle to your own worthiness in the Garden of the Anointed. I have tried to make the Soulcraft books the most beautiful specimens of the letter-press art to be found in America. Here and there I have failed. Not always have I been able to get the Boys and Girls to revere Beautiful Printing as I revere it. But I love Elbert Hubbard. He was a Great Soul who did a Great Work. The world thinks of him as a drawing room iconoclast of the Mauve Decade. I think of him as a sentimental giant who knew what was passing in the heart of a boy and sent him one dollar in Uncle Sam's cash to enable him to go ahead with his boyhood dreams that were to culminate in the nation getting the *Golden Scripts*. Yes, be kind to the wistful-eyed boys who look up at the Lighted Windows and dream their dreams. They be riders of Pegasus in another generation. And each generation needs them. . . . What an exquisite time I'm going to have talking with Fra Elbertus about Beautiful Printing when I too go through my own *Lusitania* without deserting a Help-Mate Woman. And further deponent sayeth not . . .

—THE RECORDER

Ruining Your Life

(Continued from Page 7)

men, however, are merely sitting on the edge of a hole, and insofar as brick-and-mortar structures are concerned, neither at the moment is possessed of enough assets to buy himself a tent. Well, and what about it? Are they going to spend the remainder of their seventy-year life spans dangling their totality of four legs over two holes' ragged edges? The war ends, the peace treaty is signed, everybody is gypped but the diplomats, and the populace goes to work. In another ten years it is the man who lost the cottage who has come into ownership of a railroad, while the man who formerly owned the railroad lost everything save honor—and his seat in the Senate. He lets his honor go whang, keeps his seat in the Senate, and dictates to the cottager how much he shall charge patrons upon his transportation system.

The only permanency there is about any given situation in life is the durability of a concerned person's tempera-

ment to ride the roller-coaster that is Mortal Experience—but view it as a ride!

All of which has nothing to do with Pollyanna optimism.

The man who finally gets it through his pate that just as there is no such thing as Failure, so there is no such thing as Success, has gone beyond the point where anyone can call him Average.

Again, all things are relative!

The old adage: "Up today and down tomorrow," should have gone one thought further and added: "—and up again four days from yesterday. But what of all of it?"

Being "up" of itself means nothing, aside from an item in location. Any flag-pole sitter can qualify. But being "up" by virtue of the ability in the character to make altitude as a matter of intelligent energy-expenditure, means everything. For one thing, it means a prime life-lesson which we come into mortality to learn. Being "up," we subsequently go "down." But unless we went down at times, or the other fellow went down—or at least there were people who were down at the same time that others considered themselves as up—"up" as a location would be unidentifiable and being anywhere wouldn't mean a thing.

THE MAN who is average, the mediocrity and the nondescript, thinks of "up" and "down" as finalities or permanencies. Much of such psychology can be traced to the nonsensical materialism that each mortal has but one life to live, following which he will be a long time underground—and nowhere else that anyone can check on.

But the person who breaks away from being Average, considers the ebb and flow of fortune as merely a method perfected by Nature and Nature's God to qualify the attainments of the character.

Using another metaphor, life in this regard is like learning to ride a horse. Any fool can climb upon a horse's back and fork his legs over the saddle. The horse moves, and he flatters himself that he is "riding" because he doesn't pitch off. But truly learning how to ride, is learning how to "take a tumble" if the horse misbehaves. The man who learns to ride, learns how to fall off so that he breaks no bones in the process. We should learn to ride Life the same!

When being "up" means little to a

man beyond the opportunity to employ his faculties and talents to the fullest, being "down" means only a temporary embarrassment that comes through an enforced curtailment of those faculties and talents. After all, neither principalities nor powers, nor all the king's horses and all the king's men, can take from a given individual the ability to rise up again after being overthrown or impoverished, if the business of rising be a fundamental of his character. So to talk of "a moment's mistake ruining the life" is to treat with absurdities.

The life doesn't manifest that can be "ruined," if the word be considered in its root significance. There never was such a thing as a "thoughtless mistake" that could not be rectified, the moment that understanding succeeded ignorance. The only real loss or ruin that can come to the individual is spiritual—closing the mind or the heart to the increments of Experience and refusing to learn with malice aforethought. That is more than loss or ruin. That truly is Retrogression, Degeneration!

And the penalty of Retrogression and Degeneration is gradual loss of identity—a slipping back into a fog or coma of erased Self-Awareness.

That is Death, indeed, and if the truth be known, the Only Death There Is!

But mistakes? Losses?

They are nothing but cosmic examinations to ascertain whether God has overlooked pupils who merit divine promotions!

HE HAD been asked to join a party to go through a zoo.

"Why?" he demanded. "My oldest daughter does the Kangaroo Walk, my youngest daughter talks like a parrot, my son laughs like a hyena, my wife watches me like a hawk, the family cook's as cross as a bear, and my mother-in-law refers to me as 'that old gorilla.' When I go anywhere, I want a change."

The little girl explained that language is called the mother-tongue because fathers get so little chance to use it.

THE PROFESSOR in the grammar class demanded, "Cecil, when I say, 'I love, you love, he loves,' what is it?"

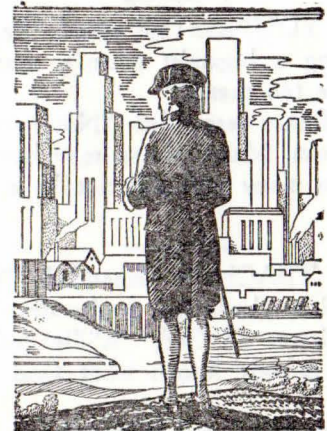
"It's one o' them triangles, sir, where somebody gets shot."

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A LITTLE Miss of four came tearfully to her mother one morning with the complaint, "How can I button this new Christmas dress, mommy, when the buttons are all in the back and I'm in the front?"

DURING the history class the teacher asked, "Very good, then what hap-

pened in 1483?"

"Luther was born," a student answered promptly.

"Right! Then what happened in 1487?"

"Luther was four years old, Ma'am."

The stork is frequently blamed for a lot of happenings that might more correctly be blamed on a lark.

T h e P a y o f f

MRS. JONES was getting dinner when her small son, Freddie came in with a happy look on his face.

"And what's my little darling been doing this morning?" she asked.

"Playin' postman," answered Freddie.

"But to play postman," his mother exclaimed, "you need letters to deliver."

"Uh-huh. I was hunting in your trunk upstairs and I came on a big packet of letters tied with a pink ribbon. I left one of them at each house down the length of the street."

A VERY nice old lady said to her granddaughter, "I wish, my dear, you'd do something for me. There are two words I wish you'd never use. One is swell and the other is lousey. Would you promise me that?"

"Sure," agreed the granddaughter, "what are the words?"

THE YOUNGSTER asked, "Pa, does being a bigamist mean a man has one wife too many?"

The father responded, "Not necessarily, my son. Many a man may have one wife too many and still not be a bigamist."

THE TEACHER demanded, "Willie Smith, what's that you're drawing?"

"A picture of God," Willie declared.

"But nobody knows what God looks like."

"They will," said Willie, "when I get this finished."

IT WAS the first day of a new term. The teacher asked a small girl what her father's name was?

"Daddy," the child replied.

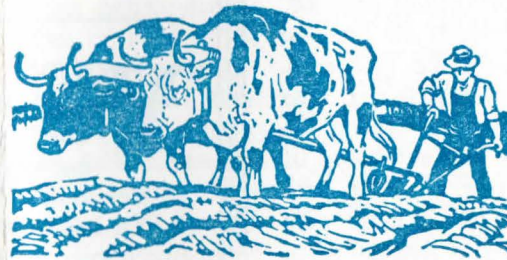
"No, no, I mean, what does your mama call him?"

"She don't call him anything, Miss Phelps. She likes him."

THE FATHER had taken the small son abovestairs.

"Robert," he said, "I'm supposed to punish you for defying your mother this afternoon. But I admire your nerve. Now, every time I whack this pillow, you bel-
low."

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