

Valor

The Golden Times Weekly . .

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

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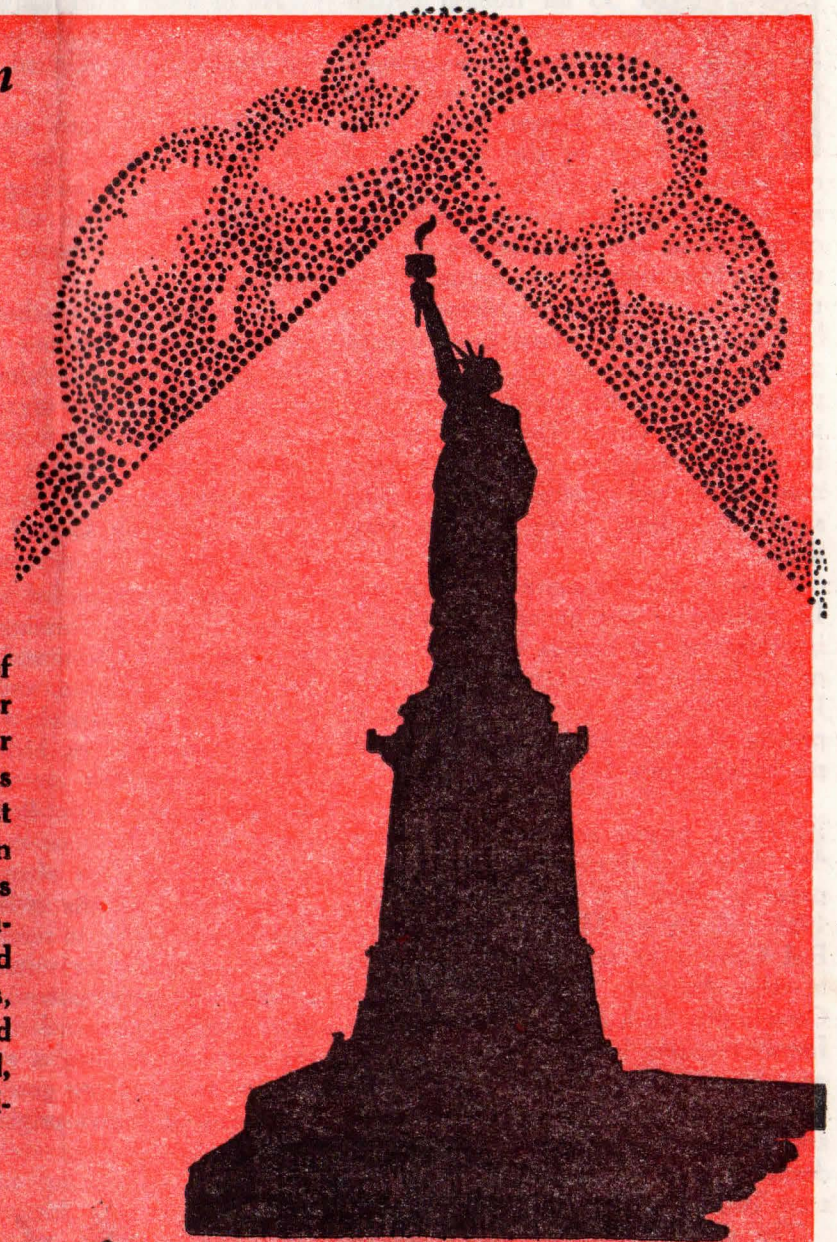
Number 13

i n a u g u r a t i o n

LET US BE CONTRITE. .

"I sought for the greatness and genius of America in her commodious harbors and her ample rivers—and it was not there . . in her fertile fields and boundless forests—and it was not there . . in her rich mines and her vast world commerce—and it was not there . . in her democratic Congress and her matchless Constitution—and it was not there. Not until I went into the churches of America and heard her pulpits flame with righteousness, did I understand the secret of her genius and power. America is great because she is good, and if America ever ceases to be good, America will cease to be great."

President Dwight D. Eisenhower,
at Boston, November 3, 1952



That Her Light may shine to all of God's People
in all the Earth.

Why the Christ Men Are On of the Big Millennial

A Glance at the Factors to Be Met and Mastered in Portentious 1953

L IS an ironical circumstance that at a time when truly deadly revolutionary forces were a weekly and almost hourly menace to the longevity of our nation, VALOR's publishers were meeting with the greatest public complacency or resentment when enlightening America upon it. Now with the tide begun shifting the other way, and as the Marxist forces both at home and overseas begin disintegrating and cracking up, the contrary public is worked into mustard bath about the danger of them. When they cease to be a clear and present danger, a naive mass of patriots subscribes to everything short of violence being used to erase them.

However, the phenomenon of this public reaction is not important. What is important is the agenda of events more or less bound to manifest in 1953 as the Pay-Off Year for all that has been in process of consummation since 1914, and particularly since 1917.

EVERY private economic report coming out of Europe that is worth the paper on which it is written, betokens the 1953 collapse of Marxist Russia. Anti-Red Committees are forming by dozens in every American State. Trials of head Communists from coast to coast are uniformly resulting in convictions, with prison sentences. And perchance before this issue of VALOR reaches readers, a man-and-wife Red spy team will have met death by electrocution for divulging atom bomb secrets to the Soviets.

The vast majority of the American populace seems determined to rise and stamp out Communism. It has lost its last friends and espousers in high circles in Washington.

All of which must lead inevitably right up to the doors of the supreme spy den on American soil, United Nations . . .

THE BLEAK facts are, that Retribution—or rather the Cosmic Law of Compensation—is catching up with those throughout the earth who bethought to loose the Marxist terror universally on humanity.

The aging Stalin reached the height of his power when Moscow agents high in the earlier Federal Administration arranged for his poorly organized and well-nigh defeated armies to stumble through and "capture" Eastern Berlin. Those same agents as well were craftily successful in launching United Nations as a furtherance of his diplomatic influence.

Thereat he proceeded to commit two colossal blunders—forming military alliance with Red China and thus entering the Korean stalemate, and directing his U-N agents to enact the roles of spoiled and perverse children, kicking their heels when they couldn't get their own way, or taking their little Red wagons and going home. The time came when they went home once too often.

He took on an ally in Mao Sei Tung that he was unable to service with proper military supplies for victory—having no adequate industrial potential on which to draw—and he alienated the good will of the world by pushing a program of opposition to everything good or bad, merely because it hadn't originated with the Soviets.



"The enemy," declare the *Golden Scripts*, "felleth himself."

We are witnessing Soviet Russia in the act of felling herself . . .

BY NO means is the Red Menace in America eradicated as yet, but the situation is infinitely better than it was a year ago. The same Law of Retribution—or Compensation—working in America's case operates in quite another quarter.

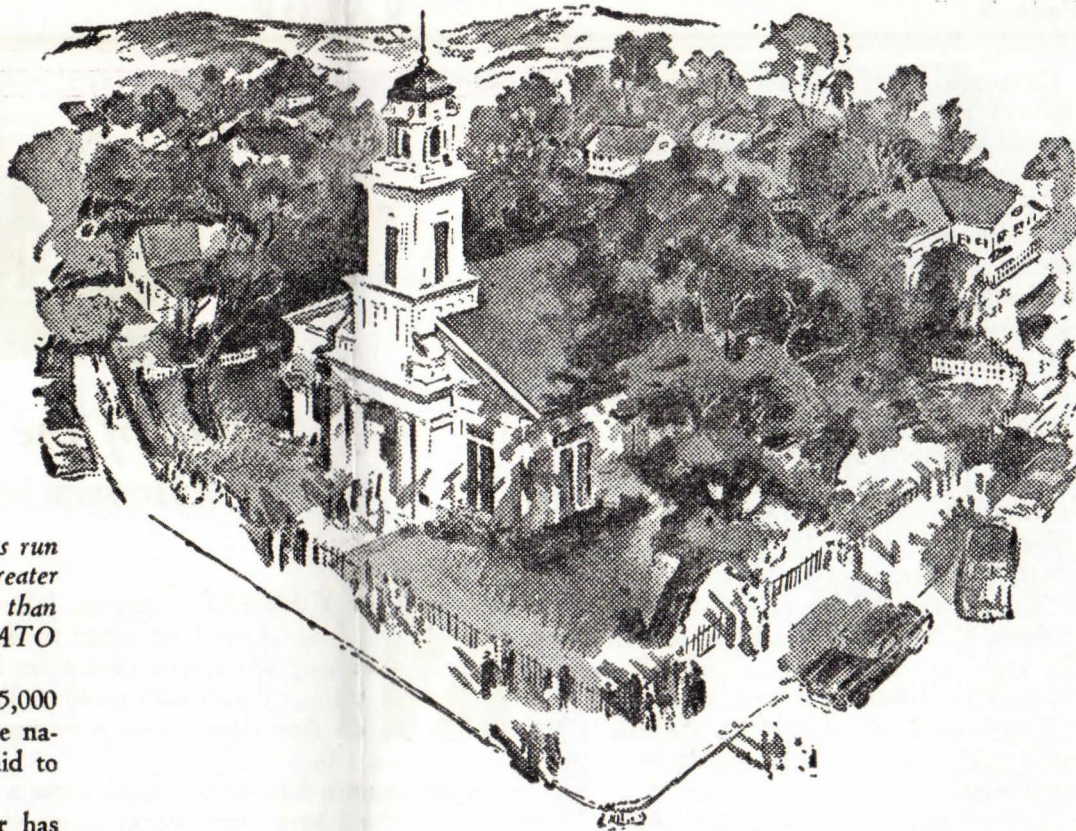
That quarter is the Economic.

We have given away approximately \$75 billion of our native wealth in so-called Foreign Aid—11 billions of it to the Soviets. In addition we have let the international Do-Gooders bilk us out of \$200 billion more in various schemes to produce a Better World. Not all of it was squandered.

We can be dispassionate-minded enough to recognize that Harry S. Truman had the courage and foresight—or someone around him did—to rush air aid to Greece and Turkey in 1947 when Congress was skeptical and the public unprepared, and when this vital area would have fallen to Russia if it had not been dispatched. Whether western Europe would have gone Communist without the Marshall Plan, only history can determine, but Truman did have the vision to project the Atlantic Pact as a means of making Stalin think twice about beginning general loot of the nations along the Atlantic.

What really came out of it that now looms so large and vital a factor in 1953, has been the quick recovery of Germany and provoking the misbehavior of Britain and France to such a degree that Eastern and Western Germany may suddenly fuse into one again, in a sequence when Britain is unable to prevent it. Britain economically is finished—at least for today's generation. But the Teuton nations are showing themselves as possessing the mettle to reorganize under the

the Cusp Chore . .



disaster of defeat, and before 1953 is run may be showing themselves the greater stabilizing factor on the continent than any or all nations in the whole NATO Pact.

In a day when it costs around \$85,000 to kill one enemy soldier, only those nations who lose their wars, can be said to win them.

America in one shape or another has actually picked up the check for both World Wars—in the ultimate accounting. The \$64 Question is, can our United States stand it?

PRESIDENT Eisenhower finds himself, if the truth be faced, as a sort of Referee in a Temporary Receivership. It isn't a total bankruptcy. It's an umpireship, to see if the concern can work out of her difficulties and reach satisfactory and permanent settlement with her creditors so she can continue to operate.

The real headache he faces isn't so much getting free of expensive international entanglements. It's handling a peace-time economy under which there's such a stupendous resource of Production that no matter how it's sliced, it still makes the bologna of glut and recession.

Put all Americans to work, operating or supervising their miraculous machines, and there's so many of them, and they make so much, that neither the country nor the world has the capacity to consume them.

To pile such retribution on retribution, the discovery of atomic fission for carnage purposes now means a devastating somersault of national economies all over the earth as the fuel issue changes character. No use blinking the fact that the establishment of atom reactors here and

there about America spells the end of oil-fuel production, the end of coal mining, the end of fuel-transporting railroads.

The American railroad, as we now know it, is due to become as obsolete in the next generation's day as the interurban trolley or "electric car" system of 1900 is now obsolete.

Helicopters of gigantic size are more probably to transport our freight through the skies, at a mere fraction of present costs.

All of which means a subterranean upheaval in our industrial securities. And all this at a time when the Consumers' Cooperative is forging to the front as the inevitable expedient for doing retail business.

The death-knell of the American retailer—to a degree the wholesaler as well—has been written. The tax-free Cooperative is pulling the bellrope.

SO IT'S not so much any peanut atom bombs that a disintegrating and suicidal Russia might unloose, at which America need feel perturbed, or that propose the Big Chore for the Christ Men of the nation.

A nation speeding toward a trillion dollars of internal liabilities, with her ac-

counts non-collectible all over the earth, finds that her only cash customers are the working men and women tending the miraculous machines in her factories and making ten to twenty times the amount of goods they can either use themselves or pay for from their wages.

Suppose in a few more years, ten percent of the nation's population can really perform all the creative manufacturing work for the whole country. How is the other 90 percent of the populace going to eat or live? This spectre of a 90-percent workless population is too close for comfort.

With the innovation of nuclear fission we're certainly coming to something perilously like it. And no matter what political party is in power, it's going to mean the whole industrial crew working one hour a day, or one day a week, and idling all the rest of the time, or some new system being found for sustaining the mass of our population when all labor is mechanical and wages too are obsolete . .

WED BETTER be thinking about all this for 1953, and seeing it in its *spiritual* aspects. Spiritual aspects do not always mean Religious aspects, although certain phases of religious observances may enter in. (over)

Have you any idea of the shocking alterations that a more cooperative economy will work on the theological elements of our nation? Take as leading instance the Roman Catholic Church.

Unlike the Protestant faiths, it doesn't rely on contributions or tithings of communicants to maintain its vast array of parochial schools, spectacular and expensive cathedrals, nunneries, not to mention colleges and universities. Rome has invested the tremendous legacies accruing to the Church up the generations, in banks and industrial securities, *the dividends from which pay the tremendous upkeep that the institution of the Roman Church presents.*

With all due respect to our Catholic brethren, that's one of the main reasons why Rome can never tolerate—much less acquiesce to—Marxism. Marxism pays no industrial dividends. And from the economic angle, Rome is a gigantic business corporation.

The revenue, of course, is entirely bona fide and honestly come by. But it works as one of the mightiest factors for the stability of industrial society. Profit-taking, dividend-declaring, is the Roman Church's sustenance. Time was, during the depression of the 1930s, when dividend-declaring was at such low ebb across the nation that Catholic officials were seeking mortgages on Midwest cathedrals from certain New York banks.

What would it be upon ultimate Co-operativism?

As for the Protestant faith, the advancing economic crisis hits in a different quarter . . .

THE NEWSPAPERS of the past November 2nd contained this dispatch under a Manhattan headline—

"Two of the outstanding churches of the East, the Riverside Church and Judson Memorial Church, both of New York City, will be received into the Congregational Church Association Thursday, in a move toward Protestant unity of widespread importance. Ministers of the two churches will be recognized as Congregational ministers, although both churches will retain their historic Baptist connections, but will become interdenominational in fact, as they have long been in character.

"The Rev. Robert J. McCracken, minister of the Riverside Church since the retirement of Dr. Harry Emerson Fos-

(Continued on Page 10)



Music of the Wings

By WINCHESTER MacDOWELL



MY HEART is singing, I have found the way,
I need not wings to take me to the stars
No mortal chains can bind, no iron bars;
I pass with speed of light, to Venus, Mars,
And there—there is no night, for all is day.

My heart is filled with joy, the quest is won
For I have found my number and my name,
And great and boundless freedom quickly came,
Nor need I look behind in guilt or shame,
I fly aloft at dawn, to meet the sun.

What futile words—no earthly tongue can tell,
The joy of quest and sequence, radiant day,
The Love and Laughter all along the way,
The music of the stars, each, all convey,
The Truth which now is ME and all is well.

The friendliness of friendship and of love,
Where boundaries are not and Love is all,
In ALL, to one who heeds Love's wondrous call;
His arms are underneath, not one shall fall,
The Wings! The music of the Wings! . . . far, far above.

A vesture is but outer coating, never me,
I find that I've had countless vestures, many days!
Have taken many parts in many of Life's Plays,
Each vesture, with the lesson each conveys,
Points upward to the Wings! and I am free.

Oh, lift me Wings, lift high in purple sky,
Nor boundaries nor barriers nor quell,
Just one fond tie for me in life, I tell,
That I may love my Brother and my God so well,
That I may always use my wings for worship high.

Wings! Wings of the dawn! I sing to you,
Of laughter, Love and Brotherhood with all;
His arms are underneath and none shall fall
Who heeds Love's beautiful, wondrous loving call;
To bondage of the earth—I find I'm through!

Why Some Souls Haunt Old Scenes in the Turmoils of their After-State . .



THE DEEPER we probe into the phenomena that becomes apparent to us in Psychical Research, the more convinced do most of us find ourselves that we are delving in the mazes of plain everyday Psychology.

Regardless of orthodox notions held generally to the contrary, people do not become all-wise, or superhuman beings, merely by escaping from their fleshly encasements. Their dispositions do not change. The same things that entertained them, or appealed to their emotions while occupying their bodies will continue to have attraction for them in those states called Discarnate. A sober, serious person who has made Service his watchword toward his fellows while physically alive, will continue to make Service his watchword toward all other sentient psyches after he is graduated from strictly earth conditions. A flip-pant, mischievous person who has found strange satisfaction in plaguing other people while both of them were at mortal pursuits, will get the same impish delight in mystifying them or scaring them by his behavior when the disembodied state offers him wider opportunities.

Why does it give a certain type of mentality or temperament, roguish pleasure to plant a sharp thumb-tack on the chair seat of a companion? The companion undertakes to sit in the chair, suffers the protuberance to be jabbed into his person, and springs upward with a yowl. Thereat the jokester holds his sides in glee. The same urge will activate another person to spring out behind a door with a resounding "Boo!" to make some friend emit a cry of fright.

We get back into the realms of the

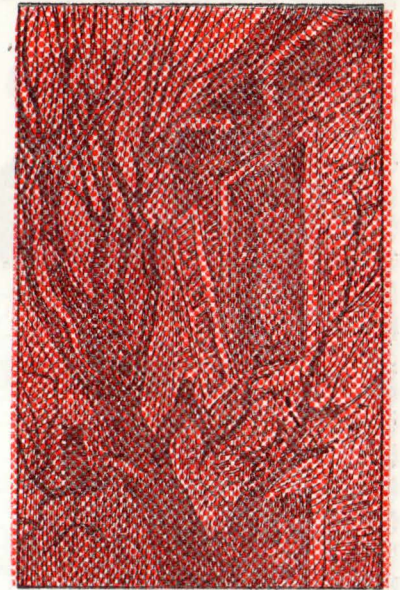
spirit's constant animosity toward confinement in fleshly mechanisms, acknowledging that the latter state is disciplinary with the one resenting the necessity for such discipline.

The celestial soul knows that it is superior to these kindergarten confinements of flesh, and should be able to command them at will, or be beyond the necessity for suffering them. But just about the time that it feels sure of itself in this regard, the physical takes control and shows its mistake—that it has by no means mastered the lessons of the mortal.

This jerking back to a realization that spiritual control in the ultimate has by no means been achieved, is the thing that makes for humor—harmless or pernicious as the case may be—in the program of life as we live it daily.

A pompous banker in a silk hat starts from his residence on a winter's morning. His physical carriage conveys that he considers himself quite in control of all the factors making up his world—and particularly his person. Suddenly a small boy espies the silk hat and heaves a snowball. The hat goes rolling from the august pate, the banker makes an awkward clutch for it and slips on an ice-patch. With a wild gyration of his august arms he not only sprawls his length in the snow, but gravity takes control of him and an instant later he is hurtling down the grade bottom side up, sweeping all old ladies from their feet in his pathway. At the foot of the incline there is an ebullient amalgamation of Prince Albert coat and petticoats, and sundry heads and limbs that require much sorting out.

All parties to the catastrophe have had it demonstrated that they are by no means superior to natural laws or super-
vision of their mechanisms—and that



fact, wherever and whenever it is discovered or demonstrated, becomes excruciatingly funny.

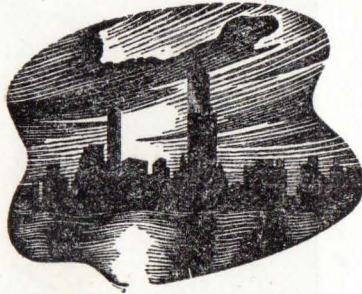
Now then, the practical joker who goes in for redhot tacks on chair seats, is, in a manner, precipitating this condition of uncontrol, or deliberately forcing it. Of course he does not always succeed. He may inflict atrocious pain with no loss of control of the physical mechanism demonstrated. No matter! He is soliciting such vague satisfaction as comes to a soul when it can cause other souls to react, willingly or no, to its bidding.

"Look! I have control of a sort over the conduct of other free and independent spirits!" it says to itself. And by the condition of a sharp tack being put upon a chair seat, it proves from what follows that it is right.

OF COURSE, if the jokester soul emerges from that demonstration with eyes blackened and front teeth knocked out, the debatable humor in the gesture is, in a measure, salvaged.

What we are interested in, at this moment, however, is the proposition that practical jokers want to joke on The Other Side as well as the state popularly called mortality. They want to see disquieted or terrified mortals react to their bidding, or the conditions they discover a way to effect. Being more or less intangible to the physical senses of their victims, their field of performance is enlarged. So they indulge themselves.

It gives them as much satisfaction in their disembodied state to scare people witless as it gives certain embodied people satisfaction to jump out from behind



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doors of darkened rooms and cry "Boo!" at some member of the family—who "jumps a foot" as a result.

Of course, after a time this sort of thing palls on the discarnate person responsible for it, or he finds other interests to occupy his attention. So the report goes forth that for some "mysterious" reason the "supernatural" phenomena in such-and-such a place have ceased. Or perchance a series of masses, said for the "repose" of his soul—if the miscreant has been a Catholic—bring home to him what a serious phase his behavior is taking.

If an individual in mortal life, given to puncturing people's seats with tack points should behold a group of devout prelates holding religious services and telling God all about him—or see a squad of policemen coming in at the door

—he might suddenly realize that tacks on chair seats are not funny.

In the discarnate state, a good sock on the jaw is, of course, impossible. Such spiritual quirks have to be straightened out by what we might call spiritual persuasions or appeals to logic.

The Poltergeist—or, as the Germans have called him, the Roguish Ghost—usually has to be studied and classified as an individual. His case is forever psychological, just as it is in mortality. And sometimes pathological!

If a man has been doing nutty things while in his flesh, so that his family and friends have consigned him to an asylum, he will doubtless do double the numbers and kinds of nutty things if suddenly freed from his body. If malformations of the body were responsible for that irrational state of mind, being freed of the recalcitrant body will after a time permit normality to return. The desire to commit pure mischief is not the sole reason for hauntings, however. Far from it!

Uniformly we find persons sticking to their earthbound states from a sort of obsession to adjust karmic conditions or work karmic compensations out of the order made and provided . . .

THE ONLY real shock that accompanies Death is making the discovery that Death is a fallacy.

Half the people who make the Transition are temporarily stunned to recognize that they have merely brought a sublimated form of themselves out of their discarded bodies, and that these sublimated bodies have senses of supernal delicacy, permitting them to discern aspects of the natural world that they had never dreamed as existing.

If they have been good church-people all their lives and reared in the Hebraic notion of the Day of Judgment derived from the old pagan Egyptians, they will be at once in a painful bafflement.

They will not have been popped out of their bodies into any celestial courtroom, where the Almighty puts in His time the clock around deciding the eternal destinations of saints or sinners. They will simply have become projected into a higher and finer octave of natural law, where in a majority of cases the mental takes precedence over the physical. And it is oftentimes a long and mentally painful process to become weaned from the

pre-lethal notions of what was due to happen, and make the adjustment to the obvious Realities.

"I'm not dead!" they cry over and over. "I can't be dead—see, I've got a body the same as I've always had!"

But operating mentally on the higher octave, they need a considerable time to discern that all apparent physical forms are also constituted at the same higher frequency. That comes to them slowly. Meanwhile, especially if they have quitted their lower-frequency bodies under some sort of cloud, their minds are riveted on the conditions under which they have "gone out".

Perhaps they were poisoned by a relative who wanted their worldly fortunes. Perhaps they came to a drastic end when their motor cars skidded, and their wills to the old home place have been left sequestered in a peculiar place so that loved ones are discomfitted because they cannot find such and get them properly probated. Perhaps they died in prison for a crime they did not commit, and are insane at the injustice of the thing—noting that relatives and neighbors take it for granted that they were crooks on principle.

Such mental upsets cause a wracking of spirit that must somewhere find consolations. Blundering about, striving to master the technique that would convey to people still in mortality that they are still "alive" and demanding justice, they effect demonstrations on three-dimensional materials that frighten mortal folks half out of their wits.

"Don't go near that old house up on the back road," the new resident in the neighborhood is warned. "Old Jones, the tin-smith, hung himself in its attic and his ghost haunts the premises".

But Old Jones never hung himself in that attic. A trio of young toughs broke into his bachelor domicile one night and hung him in vengeance for not finding a big poke of savings on his property.

Jones is trying to get it across to relatives and neighbors that he by no means died a suicide. Naturally he would confine his demonstrations to the place where he felt he had ownership rights. To begin fourth-dimensional manifestations in a school house in Florida or a blacksmith shop in Wisconsin, would mean nothing to anyone that would help solve Jones' problem. He stays about the

(Continued on Page 14)

NUMEROLOGY FOR EVERYONE . .



THE PERSONAGE of the week, is of course, our new Federal President, Dwight David Eisenhower, born in Dennison, Texas, October 14, 1890, and married to Mamie Geneva Doud on July 1, 1916. If he were an utter stranger, turning in off a sidewalk and giving us the foregoing data, what might we deduce from it as to his Inner and Outer Attitudes toward life, as well as his life-path, in their significances? Well, let's have his chart—

9	1	9			
D	W	I	G	H	T
4	5	7	8	2	4
5	9	5	6	5	
E	I	S	E	N	H
1	5	8	5	9	R

His "Inner" expression, registered by the vowels in his full name, adds to 49, which in turn resolves to the lowest digit 4. His "Outer" expression, registered by his consonants, adds to 66, which in turn resolves to a 12, which resolves to a 3.

The Inner and Outer expressions, added, make him a *Seven* person who got himself launched into life on a 6 life-path.

At 26 years of age he embarked on a 7 marriage.

There are six 5s in his full name, topping any other numbers. There are four 9s.

There's the man. The other numbers in his name are minor.

What do we read in the foregoing significances?

WE READ that he possesses a strong individualistic mind along intellectual lines, that he is subconsciously the engineer in approaching practical problems. His bump of initiative and intellectual self-reliance is well developed. He is without inhibition in exploring mechanically—as an astute army commander would be. There is very little of the emotional in his temperament, at least

it rarely sways him in making decisions.

In his contacts with the world and his fellows he is affable, tactful, and accomplished. He is easy in his social adjustments, likes people for their own sakes, but gets along best with them in crowds. He is, however, primarily the Actionist. His idea of accomplishment is *movement*. He would not be a person given to lengthy introspection. Thrusting his knees beneath a desk and keeping them there as an occupation could become a sort of punishment.

Because of the numerical computation of his name, he can be capable of hard determinations and fiery outbursts when aroused, but will always be amenable to superior authority.

But viewed as the complete personage, geared to the over-all figure 7, especially with the predominant number of 5s in both expressions, he has slated himself for changes of a drastic nature in his career that bring him no little heartburn and even spiritual suffering.

His office as President of the United States does not promise a happy and peaceful tenure, under any circumstances. He will encounter one crisis after another, and is due for experiences and relationships that will gash him deeply and hurtfully, but leave him with a deeper understanding of life and the spiritual values of life than a person whose numerals run more in harmony.

There is little or no harmony in Dwight D. Eisenhower's spiritual composition. He is in for some hard bumps, and only as he cultivates the philosophic attitude toward them will they profit him.

His temperament, however, bespeaking the cosmic progress he has achieved to the moment, will be somewhat mitigated by his lucky life-path.

He is on a life-path of uniform good fortune—some of it undeserved in respect to anything he has done in this life to merit it.

This Happy Six on which his career runs, will bring him out uniformly successful in his plans and ambitions. Six is the number of intellectual liaison with

society at large, uniformly making for ascendancy over the rank and file. Numerologically we might put it that Dwight D. Eisenhower is a man experiencing life to profit from spiritual difficulties, but born and maturing under a lucky star. Good fortune falls to him as a matter of course. He does not always appreciate how favored he is, from having embarked upon life on this 6 vibration.

When he married, he entered a partnership on a 7 vibration—which again meant encountering spiritual adventures and vicissitudes for the sake of the profit in the experiencing of them.

ADDING the whole chart up and viewing it dispassionately, whether it apply to the new Chief Executive of the United States or the man who just brought the milk—or better still who wants that job in the shipping room—the conclusion could be drawn that here is a person whose head will rule him more than his heart, who has a very sparse tendency of temperament toward the artistic or emotional, who probably never would write a poem to a sunset, but who would make a personal hit on a camping trip, in a barracks, or at a sales convention. He will be a hard person to get "close to," and while he feels deeply in an actionist way, and at times can be fanatical in respect to principle, is at all times weighing men and situations strictly with his intellect.

Would he make a good milk man or shipping clerk?

No, because he'd be experimenting too much on easier ways for delivery of milk or tying up of bundles.

Better let him have the job of heading the firm. He'll do that anyway, eventually, if he stays long enough.

That's the Six in his life-path.

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Limitation



THE INAUGURATION was an impressive ceremony, marred only by the obvious omission of the name of Jesus Christ spoken anywhere throughout the prayers and services. The Invocations to God were many and earnest, but that this is a *Christian* nation was nowhere emphasized. The reason why this peculiarity of the ceremonies was so glaringly evident, is, of course, unethical to publish.

The inaugural address was full of colorful epigrams that the American people love, and was delivered with force and a conceded sincerity. The trouble with the whole situation seems to be that despite Mr. Eisenhower's high calling and exceptional experiences, no one has ever taken him aside and told him the facts of life regarding U-N.

"Respecting the United Nations as the living sign of all people's hope for peace," Mr. Eisenhower declared to the thousands massed before him, "we shall strive to make it not merely an eloquent symbol but an effective force."

An effective force, of course, means government transcending that of our Federal Government and Constitution, else United Nations would be effective over all peoples but ourselves—and the UN framers never had any such exceptions in mind for a moment.

Our new President is therefore openly committed to the interests of internationalism and the alien tenets embodied in many of the United Nations prostitutions of the American Way of Life, such

as the pernicious teachings of UNESCO. Mr. Eisenhower has, of course, not taken time out in the midst of his multifarious duties as European NATO commander, not to mention Presidency of Columbia University, to apprise himself of what UNESCO teaches, since it is unthinkable that he should be familiar with what UNESCO espouses and yet take the oath of the American Constitution in good faith.

The proposed Genocide Treaty and its superimposition on the constitutional rights in the First Amendment, banishes Constitutionalism at a stroke. But Mr. Eisenhower, having spent his life more or less at military maneuvers only, would not be so keen to detect the subtlety of interests working through such instrumentalities. They would not, apparently, occur to him. This is not naivete. Mr. Eisenhower simply could not have had time in a busy life to get around to studying such matters.

The inaugural prayers and addresses were all couched in terms of idealisms. The men uttering them were not hypocrits. They thoroughly believed what they so touchingly proclaimed in connection with the creating of a New Executive. Again the trouble seemed to be that limited degree of worldly wisdom preventing them from questioning that infant States are brought by Norwegian storks, and that bees—very busy bees—scatter the pollen that makes the blossoms bud at Lake Success and other places in New York, U.S.A.

It would be non-cooperative and out of a statesman's character to see the present hocus-pocus of anti-racialism being stirred up in Russia as a propaganda ruse to get the Genocide Treaty through United Nations when the time comes.

Yes, it was a highly inspirational inaugural. But that Jesus Christ didn't merit honorable mention was regrettable—and significant!

Roman Holidays



CRITICISM of the program set forth in *Something Better* is surprisingly minor. The cold, harsh, economic facts and figures of the first six to eight chapters leave small room for retort. Still, it is annoying the thrifty element that any caste of citizens should be

introduced to a full stomach as a steady diet, without manual labor to compensate. It is entirely intelligent and charitable people who so react.

Liberally sprinkled through the sparse critical letters are the inevitable references to the decline and fall of the Roman Empire—by giving the multitude free corn and treating it to gladiatorial exhibitions without tickets being taken at the gate. Of course, this had little or nothing to do with Rome declining and falling, if one truly knows his history. Rome was bringing back so much loot from military conquest that home trade went to pot. Everybody had too much that formerly belonged to people over the skyline that the home artisans suffered for cash customers. A population of artisans without work or shekels was starving, so ambitious politicians arranged for allotments of free corn to be distributed—actually the Rooseveltian WPA relief in an earlier guise. And to keep the hungry thieves from climbing in Roman windows and stealing spoons—that had previously been stolen from people in Africa or Asia—the gladiatorial shows were thrown open to take up the unemployment slack. Today we're doing it with television.

No, it's not worry about the United States going the way of Rome that particularly scores. It's merely the thought that the Picklehauffer family down across the tracks might get something for nothing—the social castes be disturbed—that rankles on complexes too deep for description. Of course not an ounce of worrying is being done about old lady Giltplate and her six sons who were left a couple of million in steel stock—or steal stock—when old man Giltplate was gathered to his burglar ancestors. It's quite kosher for the Giltplate relict and her progeny to live on the coupons from stocks and bonds and not do a lick of honest toil the calendar around. Rome isn't summoned up by these.

However, that dratted family over on the Cabbage Patch getting a free dividend from anywhere—where's that Roman history? Let's drag it out. Old man Picklehauffer brought eleven little Picklehauffers into this addled Republic before getting killed by that blast in the quarry, and on what he left his widow—or didn't leave his widow—the six Picklehauffer boys are due to grow up to be truckers, crap shooters and slot-machine jockeys,

while the five Picklehauffer girls will be hustlin' the block before they're sixteen. That old lady Picklehauffer and the eleven little Picklehauffers should find themselves amply cared for, with finances available for a decent roof, respectable clothes, and full stomachs—with malnutrition something to be laughed at—might work out to make really valuable additions to society of the Picklehauffer procreational faculties and attributes.

Anyhow, it's the younger generation of Picklehauffers, not to mention the Giltplates as well—that the Commonwealth of Christian Mutuality is dwelling upon. Let old lady Giltplate throw mud in the eye of old lady Picklehauffer if it pleases her and Mrs. Picklehauffer lets her get away with it. What's that got to do with Christian Economics raising a breed for the oncoming octave of society in which poverty and famine are unknown?

Anyhow, it's not half so ignoble to make a respectable Cooperative dividend available to the families across the tracks, as to put them on Federal relief and pay a Do-Gooder eight thousand a year to visit 'em periodically and make 'em feel their social debasement.

Can't we be honest with ourselves for once and recognize that these social complexes of ours are merely deep-rooted prejudices and hard to get out? The poor should be ground down because they are poor, just as we should bow and scrape to Madam Giltplate because of the grand larceny her old man committed before his demise on society and the steal industry.

Leave us the children to feed and give the breaks up one generation, and Soulcrafters will produce a country to be proud of. And the progeny won't be going to Marxist meetings in the evenings, either.

We're not worrying about making Romans of Americans.

Meaning Business!



AND WHILE we're on the subject of Cooperation, Recorder of Soulcraft is unabashedly soliciting all the personal help he can get, this first month of the New Year, to push the heavy financial wheel over and put Soulcraft and the Christian Commonwealth across on

the radio and in the nation's newspapers and magazines so that they truly begin to scour.

Copies of the books in 10,000 and 20,000 lots are being printed and delivered. Radio, newspaper, and even billboard advertising space can be procured. The State representatives have been coming in to Headquarters in a steady stream, to get briefed for the campaign that runs along into the spring and starts rolling up a coast to coast public interest. Even professional radio men and advertising experts have indicated they'll get busy on the campaign, if the underwriting can be arranged. There's nothing in the current Soulcraft literature or *Something Better*, or the new revised edition of *No More Hunger*, that can cause the slightest political or official animus. The Harvester ranks are heavy and getting ready for real reaping. All the vibrations of 1953 are "right".

No one can predict what a professional advertising campaign rolled over this country will produce.

It's purely a question of working capital—not in donations but in loans. The money can all be returned from the bona fide sales margin in the books themselves.

It would cost around \$100,000, judiciously expended by professional advertising men, to start this whole nation talking about Soulcraft and *Something Better*. And if, as, and when a Recession hits, the alternative would be freshly imprinted on every citizen's mind—so that Marxism could be minimized out of hand.

Several thousand letters are going out to the "hard core" of Soulcrafters, asking them to supply the names of six acquaintances each, preferably in the towns and smaller places of the country, at the modest rate of six copies prepaid from Noblesville, for \$5. The idea is to percolate the book especially into the out-of-the-way places of America, where otherwise they wouldn't be seen or heard about.

With every copy so paid for, and mailed, goes a copy of the generous free booklet, *All about Soulcraft*. . . just in case.

But it's the larger and heavier campaign that the Recorder has in mind—and which every astrological and numerological chart indicates will be brilliantly successful—and it needs the interest of only three or four affluent people to make it real.

The whole complexion of American



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



Why I Believe THE DEAD ARE ALIVE!

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

Here are three hundred pages of "true ghost stories" that carry a stupendous significance. If they had happened to you, would you have reacted to them any differently than the Author, taking him into his role of the present?

\$3.00 the Copy

SOULCRAFT PRESS, INC.
NOBLESVILLE, INDIANA

economic and spiritual life can be changed just for the underwriting of the Soulcraft program on the loan basis.

Yes, the Recorder wants help . . . all the help he can get. This year's campaign is what we've all been awaiting.

This year's campaign is *IT!*

Christ Men

(Continued from Page 4)

dick in 1946, said of the move to affiliate his church with the Congregational denomination—

"Old controversies are no longer real. They stand as monuments to a bygone day and to institutional rigidity and conservatism. Most church people know little about the theological and ecclesiastical differences which long ago gave rise to denominations. Laymen detect little practical difference between denominations, anyway. They are more concerned that their children simply become Christians than that they should become, say, Episcopalians, Lutherans, Methodists or Baptists."

Religious faith itself, in other words, is clarifying and simplifying.

As for Judaism, the "chickens are coming home to roost" in respect to Judaistic sponsorship of early Russian Marxism—not that VALOR sees in the latest Kremlin developments anything but an oriental attempt to court the Arabian world into its perimeter of Communism as support elsewhere vanishes.

HOWEVER, these developments generally portend the times and events to which the *Golden Scripts* make such positive and constant reference. Eisenhower and his successful American political administration are but pawns in the great drama of Retribution that is everywhere playing out. National karmas are demanding their adjustments.

When a nondenominational faith like Soulcraft essays to propose an economic solution like the incorporated Commonwealth of Christian Mutuality, it is therefore largely the functioning of dispassionate cosmic agents who are expected to shepherd humankind around Grand-Canyon pitfalls.

Whether anti-Semitism in Bolshevia brings on erasing hostilities, thus wiping out the Schiff participation in Lenin's

1917 establishment in another post-Hitler bloodpath, or whether a fallacious economic structure based on industrial serfdom and machine-tending fetches the cash-customer dilemma to crisis—all these quandaries and plights are but one quandary and one plight, . . . there are new heart-stimulating adventures and departures for the current human race to essay, all adding up to humanity's millennial improvement. And the crisis may be predicted as precipitating shortly after the settlement of the Korean War. Unless new conflicts are provoked by U-N to absorb the man surplus as troops begin returning home, the economic recession sets in, about which neither Mr. Eisenhower or the American political parties can do much of consequence.

To expect these things to happen, and make allowances when they do happen, is to draw 90 percent of the sting of them as to spiritual discomfiture or turmoil of mind.

The Soulcraft people have a general idea of what is forecast to happen. So they will find themselves in the role of interpreters when they do happen.

"The Russians are far more afraid of us than we are of them and Korea has been a calamity to their policy," Maurice Hindus, Russian-born writer, declared recently.

The author of "Mother Russia" and "Humanity Uprooted," who lives in New York City, is here to get material for his new book which will deal exhaustively with the Korean question.

"Americans look at Korea as a frustrating war," Hindus said at the Biltmore. "For Russians it is even worse because it has resulted in our stepping up munitions production.

"Russians have much respect for, and much fear of, our industrial abilities and they have imitated us. But the last thing they want is for us to go into large-scale armament production in time of peace. Korea has meant that.

"It is often said that Russia will start 'other Koreas' but don't you believe it. This would merely increase the difficulty of their position.

"It was a great blow to Russia when we stopped them from getting our machinery back when the Communists seized Czechoslovakia.

"Before the Korean war, both Korea and Formosa had been written off by us. The reversal of that policy has been the

greatest possible blow to Russia. They never expected it. They will avoid an open conflict if they possibly can if for no other reason than to avoid a bombing of their oil fields and industrial plants."

A part of Hindus' new book, he says, will deal with the present Russian propaganda pitch that the United States started the Korean war for the purpose of invading and dominating Asia. This line has often been stressed by Foreign Minister Vishinsky but, Hindus says, it is utterly lacking in truth.

Hindus says that this argument is negated by every fact he has uncovered about the early stages of the Korean business. The writer came here especially to see Brig. Gen. William L. Roberts, USA, retired, who now lives in Redlands. He was head of the American military mission in Korea and organized the South Korean army just after World War II.

Hindus says that General Roberts is the best-informed man on this situation and has supplied much important material for the book.

Verily, the enemy "felleth himself" . . . Is it not occurring before our eyes?

Big Cleveland Industry May Go Cooperative . . .



THE TREND of all heavy industry in America continues to go toward employe ownership, and this must increase throughout 1953. On a recent afternoon the *Cleveland News* carried eight-column headlines on the front page of its Second Section, announcing the likelihood of a great pneumatic tool industry being bought out and conducted by its employes. Declared the *News*—

Employes of a multi-million-dollar Cleveland manufacturing company today were offered an opportunity to obtain 100 per cent ownership of the organization for which they are working—at not one cent out-of-pocket cost to any one of them.

Money for purchase would come from funds already in employe profit-sharing trusts as well as from future earnings of the company.

The company is Cleveland Pneumatic Tool Co., 3781 E. 77th St., world's largest maker of shock-absorbing aircraft landing gears. Potential purchasers cover

People Are Still Buying It "Thresholds of Tomorrow"

A Clairvoyant Picture of Changes Coming at Home and Abroad

YOU'VE heard about the catastrophic and bloodcurdling woes that the alarmists say are coming on America—from atom war to Communistic take over. Now why not read a book that depicts all the splendid, constructive, inspiring things that are due to distinguish life in our United States in the next twenty to thirty years as envisioned by the attributes of sacred clairvoyance?

Sacred Clairvoyance and Extra-Sensory Perception see almost none of the dour woes and calamities occurring with which the political alarmists would terrify the electorate in order to advance pet projects. THRESHOLDS OF TOMORROW describes for you the great innovations and inventions that are coming in, and what American life will be like when the country has 300 million population. Read it and relax!



A Beautiful Volume: \$5

Soulcraft Press, Inc., Noblesville, Ind.

the complete range of employes—from the lowliest sweeper in the factory to the shiniest brass in the front office.

A financial plan to effect this acquisition—unprecedented in any major-size corporation—was outlined to the 2,700 employes by 38-year-old President Sam M. Mullin in a series of meetings today.

The proposed purchase, which would

be effected through the employes' two company-financed profit-sharing trusts, was hailed by Mullin as "a landmark in the history of labor-capital relationships."

Under the plan, all stock of the company would be purchased for a total of \$11,800,000 with \$2,150,000 paid down when the deal is closed and the balance

(Continued on Page 14)



.. COGITATIONS

doing justice to what's proposed on the plane of practicality? . . .

o—o

MOST of the astrologers, I find, both professional and amateur, have an obvious tendency to grow excited when they secure the accurate data on my original advent into this Vale of Tears and begin setting up my horoscope for 1953. I don't claim to know much about Astrology, outside of acquainting myself with the zodiacal significances for use in Numerology. But when the horoscopes of the amateurs seem to check up 100 percent with the generalities of the national astrological monthlies, I've discovered it to my advantage to pay attention. Particularly do I pay attention when someone comes dragging forth predictions of things due to happen this year, as indicated by the planets, that I was advised back in July of 1929 would happen. Evidently they must have an astrologer or two on the Higher Floors of Life.



CANCER

Eric of Nebraska came slipping and skidding over icy roads last week all the way from spitting distance of Colorado, to lay a set of circular hieroglyphics before me that he seemed to feel should knock me out of my seat. As not even Westbrook Peglar's Moosejaw was able to do that completely, Eric's astrology nearly busted a gusset to get nowhere. But according to Eric, who sits up until the morning tumbleweeds blow in new sunlight across the prairies to figger out such things, the planets are slipping into formation in my case that won't happen again for 27 years ahead. And probably 27 years from now I'll be up in the zenith myself, helping shove 'em around. So excited was Eric over what he sez he discovered in my chart that he remarked, "I'd like to send it to some professional horoscoper for specific deciphering—with-out tabbing your name on it, of course—only the moment they came to grasp the meaning of the position of your planets this year, they'd move heaven and

earth to find out whose chart it was." He sez this very Straight-Faced and Serious. To show everybody how very worried I am about it all, I'm quite blatant about the fact that my good mother's labor pains—myself as the cause of 'em—began around midnight of March 11th-12th, 1890, in the city of Lynn, Massachusetts, and ended abruptly at ten minutes to one o'clock, a. m., when the Good Doctor spanked my seat and I began screeching right then and there in a crusade of Red-baiting that lasted until August 6th, 1942, by all the best clocks. Since August 6th, 1942, I've been more or less content to let the small fry carry on. I know that the Star of the Reds has already set, although it's no time to let up on the Smoking-Out.

o—o

ACCORDING to the horoscopers, the clairvoyants, the Esoteric Mentors, and the *Golden Scripts*, however, I'm supposed to have quite a lot to do with the gentlemen of the new federal Administration before their course is run, and not on the wrong side of the table, either. We've got a country to straighten out that the Machiavellians have made pretty much a Chinese puzzle—although the sons of Cathay are mainly in Korea at the moment. Thereat people in general are supposed to say, "Where does all of this constructive activity stem from? What's this now Soulcraft?" And they bore in and become excited—quite as excited as Eric at the things he found in my chart. How any man could get so ebullient over a lot of signs resembling four-legged bedbugs, sketched here and there about the segments of a circle, is beyond my Yankee understanding. But the heavenly signs were okay for me to go ahead and really register this year, sez Eric. And if January of 1954 comes and



SAGITTARIUS

DO YOU know the big quandary that's confronting me with the opening of 1953? It's preserving a balance between the spiritual and the secular phases of Soulcraft. By that I mean, primarily the Big Job I've been told ever since 1929 I'm supposed to execute, that has to do with the nation's economic life. I have, of course, interpreted this as meaning definite steps taken toward actualizing of the Christian Commonwealth Program. On the other hand, to rationalize the need for any such projection, a vast background of esoteric enlightenment is necessary. Worthwhile and strategic people must be awakened—and that's precisely the word because up to now they've been asleep in respect to recognition of their brevets—to the underlying motives and influences operating, making the Christian Mutuality a *must*. All my heart and inclinations lie in the priceless privilege of instructing colleagues so that they do arouse to their identities and jobs. In a manner of speaking, this is Soulcraft on the Celestial octave. But what must be achieved in a very practical, addled earth constitutes the True Chore for all of us. And since 1929 I've had it consistently emphasized from the



PISCES

Higher Octaves that 1953 is its year of culmination. There being only one of me, and only 18 hours of activity in any 24-hour day, the problem is a harsh one: how can I preserve all the gains in the Celestial phase while at the same time



TAURUS

I'm still getting up at 5 a. m. and kindling my own fires, Eric had better start traveling the other direction when he feels the Call to absent himself from Nebraska with a scroll of astrological wallpaper under his left elbow. But seriously, Numerology says much the same thing. 1953 is a Nine-Year, and I'm a 9 in my name-totally, on a 6 lifepath. My Inner Expression is a One—the digit of the inflexible individualist—and my Outer Expression an Eight. Eight is uniformly the number of worldly success, especially in respect to finances. Strangely enough, my Lifepath being a Six, it means top leadership in intellectual contacts with the masses. But there's a stranger confirmation of it all in the fact that being born in 1890, I came into the present incarnation in a Nine-Year as well, so the sum-total of my age this coming March birthday is likewise a 9 . . . sixty-three adding to that digit. Okay, I'm supposed to become national street-sweeper to the Republic this year and pick up all the gobbledygook with which the New-Fair-and-Dirty-Dealers have cluttered the country since 1933. And I'm very tired in the face of it all and like Greta Garbo, would like to go somewhere out in the South Seas—with at least one very Be-

loved Companion—and Be ar-lone . . . But will I? I'll be as ar-lone as a white-wing in the middle of Times Square in the rush-hour, any night but Sunday and Yom Kippur. Why do Kismet and the angels always call upon some exhausted old sextogenarian to do their dirty work? Why don't they, for instance, call on a personage like Winkie? . . . Think of the energy that boy's got! And he wastes it climbing trees, chasing dawgs, and getting up on the roof and just *hollaring*. No particular message for anybody. Just *hollaring*. Wondering what he'll be *hollaring* about when *he* hits sixty-three? . . .



o—o

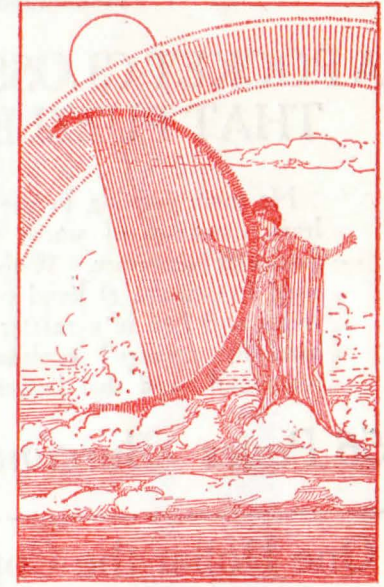
WELL, the astrological magazines say I'm going to make all sorts of new and invaluable friendships this year, and have helpers galore I've never had before. I can subscribe to that, because many of them have started to Come Hither. Ferd Zoppel seems to be heading the parade. For the information of a lot of you who are getting Soulcraft letters

signed by him, he's a 60-year-old Ohio businessman, born within a yodel or two of the Swiss Border, who decided to come to America and end up a Big-Shot Soulcraft, when he was 23 . . . has been here 37 years by all the best arithmetics, and yet only found Soulcraft a couple of years ago. When he found it, he didn't sleep that night, and has slept soundly for many nights since. He's a far-better educated man that I may ever hope to be, with startling resemblance—as to looks and personality—to David Lloyd-George of British Prime Ministry fame, who's mastered Soulcraft more adequately than many a communicant who imbibed it in his cradle. Ferd started dividing his time between his Ohio corporate affairs and a desk at Noblesville, on January 5th, with every indication of becoming the Roy Zachary of the esoteric phase of the instruction . . . At an early date I'll tell you more about him when I run a picture of him. And the man who'll probably draw the picture will be Winchester MacDowell, "Mac of Saranac", a bonny Scot of 71 years from New York State, who can sketch anything from the Gates of Glory to a lady's busse on anything from a piece of shingle to a stovepipe with one arm and both feet tied behind him. Incidentally does he know his Soulcraft? Turn back to the poem on Page 4 and read it again. A big hand for Mac, whose work you'll see generously besprinkled throughout VALOR for 1953 . . .

o—o

THERE'LL be others. I'm sure there will. But what I've wanted more than all else this past six months has been a letter-answerer and an artist. That I should get a Grade-A poet along with the artist merely goes to show you what can happen in Soulcraft. Maybe as these and others get into the new stride here, I can resume my weekly electronic broadcasts. But I still say I'm confused as to how I can keep up the Soulcraft spiritual teaching while at the same time building a national sales force for *Something Better*. I've still got to connect with a Grade-A auditor, and a couple of fast stenographers, and if you should happen to be headed toward Noblesville and your car hits one, for mercy's sake don't leave it, *him* or *her* lying in the road—load it, *him*, or *her* into the rumble-seat and Headquarters will cheerfully pay salvage costs . . . All in all, however, as

"STAR GUESTS"



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

MORE and more the evidence mounts, indicating that human life may not have originated on this planet but come here in spirit form from another heavenly system. Such is the disclosure of the Ageless Wisdom. And the manner of humanity's coming, and the reasons for it, explain a hundred enigmas in sacred Scripture.

Are you subconsciously troubled by worry about Death? You will lose it upon reading STAR GUESTS. You can't understand the massive doctrine of SOULCRAFT without reading it.

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Announcing the Soulcraft . .

"ELUCIDATA"

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A POCKET GLOSSARY OF 100 TERMS THAT PUZZLE SOULCRAFTERS

No more running to the dictionary to learn meanings of words while reading Soulcraft literature. With the pocket-sized ELUCIDATA at hand you turn to its Index and find in a matter of seconds a carefully prepared explanation of the ten-pound word that baffles you . .



56 Pages Burgundy Binding

One Dollar the Copy : Ready for Mailing

Soulcraft Chapels

I look back on the last three years, I feel not unlike the chap who was so hit and loaded in, only brought to a hospital. His boss came to see him. "Now, Henry," this boss pleaded, "don't worry about a thing. Everyone at the office is going to pitch in and do your work—just as soon as they can find out what it is you've been doing." . . Mel, Ferd, Mac, George and all the rest will cheerfully do my work, just as soon as they can make up their minds what it's been I've called work. I say I have my moments when I don't know, myself.

—THE REVELATOR

New Cooperative

(Continued from Page 11)

including interest spread over a 14-year period.

Down payment would come from funds now on hand in the two profit-sharing trusts, financed entirely by company contributions, one of which is operated for

benefit of the hourly-paid workers and the other for salaried employees.

Income from future profit-sharing, plus anticipated company dividends on the Cleveland Pneumatic stock to be acquired, is expected to be sufficient to meet future payments and to maintain ample reserves to cover all future retirement payments to beneficiaries, it was stated.

All the stock is now owned by Sixty Trust of Boston, a pension trust for employees of Textron, Inc., large operator of textile mills in New England. Sixty Trust was one of the interests in late 1950 which purchased control of the Terminal group of buildings on Cleveland's Public Square.

Whether the plan will be adopted is expected to be decided by January 22 through action of 18 representatives to be selected immediately by the employees—nine for hourly workers and nine for salaried employees.

Commenting on the proposal, Paul F. Hellmuth and Horace S. Ford of Boston, trustees of Sixty Trust, said in Boston today:

"In the interest of diversifying our investment portfolio, we have for some time been considering sale of the Cleveland Pneumatic Tool Co. stock which Sixty Trust has held for the past five years. We feel confident this transaction will prove advantageous to all parties concerned and will have the further merit of returning ownership of the company to its home community."

As soon as the deal is closed all profits earned by the company will begin to accumulate for the exclusive benefit of employees, Mullin said.

Hauntings

(Continued from Page 8)

premises to which he feels he has title, and groans, or bangs doors, or slaps "phantom rope" against the walls when anyone approaches.

He knows in an abstract academic way that as a "ghost" he is scaring the town-folk witless. But maybe sooner or later some studious or scientific-minded person will come along and make a thorough investigation of the phenomena he is causing. Then the truth can be discovered. Time means nothing to him in his higher octave.

THE EDITOR of this journal investigated one such "haunted" homestead not far from Ossining, N. Y., in 1930 and determined that two such disgruntled individuals were responsible for the phenomena: one, a man murdered by thugs on the premises as long ago as 1888, the other a woman who with her husband had originally built the house as a residence. These two earthbound souls had continued to live as strangers on the property the same as they would have done in physical enhousement. But one wanted, somehow, to convey to his still-living relatives that he had not fled ignominiously into a life of crime as they had suspected at his disappearance. The other was angrily demonstrative at recurrent periods that present-day owners of the property were allowing it to fall into wrack and ruin after she and her husband had put physical lifetimes of loving effort into it. She was blinded from recognizing that her own earthbound obsessions and angers, having effect on materials, were keeping people out of it.

When the murdered man had recited the story of his fate, and the woman had been made to realize that the structure was continuing abandoned because of her spookish activities, both were content to vacate and move upward into higher and more important spiritual octaves. The supernatural manifestations ceased. Strangers bought the premises, remodeled and restored them, the "ghosts" had been "laid."

Most of the authorities on hyperdimensional manifestation who have analyzed carefully the nature of all the happenings in Calvados Castle have reached the conclusion that an intelligent but earthbound spirit was seeking to reenact not one but a series of happenings that had transpired in that structure, for the particular benefit of the Abbe who probably had had something to do with their original performings in a previous life.

Letting oneself be physically terrified, babbling of "demons" and "creatures not human," shunning places where "supernatural" manifestations take place, is all so much childish reaction to great natural truths in process of transmission from higher to lower octaves of consciousness.

Of course it is unnerving to hear an unearthly wowl come up from the cellar, or to hear a sound like a lifeless corpse falling out of the attic, or to sit before the fire on a cloudless twilight and have a cistern of ice water poured down one's chimney.

But how else could a definite story of actual events be portrayed in terms of action?

Our radio entertainers are just beginning to learn how to tell connected dramatic stories by sheer sounds and naught else. Take a portable loudspeaker into an abandoned house and move it from cellar to garret as it tells the story of murder by duplicating all the noises, and no one will want to sleep on the premises—yet all of it will be naught but air-vibrations manufactured by the photo-cell within that loudspeaker. Bear this in mind if you remember nothing else: There seems to be no record in all the annals of psychical research whereof a living person has ever been attacked or injured by these manifestations of the "dead"!

The only deaths that have resulted from such events have been deaths from heart-failure, where people's imaginations stopped their breath o' life.



You Can Make a Living Selling this Book! . .

Soulcraft wants agents by the hundreds, and later by the thousands, to percolate this dynamic volume into every community in America. You can buy them in quantities at a discount that enables you to make a comfortable living disposing of them in sizable amounts daily. Write for particulars and get an exclusive territory. Address the Publishers—

SOULCRAFT CHAPELS

Noblesville

Indiana

T h e P A Y O F F

THE TELEGRAPH editor of a Denver daily complained to a country correspondent about omitting names in news stories.

"Names, names, names!" he stormed. "What I want foremost in a news story is names!"

Three days later, the correspondent turned in this—

Como, Colorado, June 8—A severe electric storm passed over this town today. It struck a wire fence on the ranch of Mr. Henry Wilson, killing three cows, their names being Jessie, Bossie, and Buttercup.

A VERY fat man called on a nervous young doctor to find out why sleeping with his mouth open seemed to be an automatic habit.

The young medico finally diagnosed it. "Your skin is short," he announced.

"What's my skin got to do with it?"

"Simple enough, as I see it. When you shut your eyes, your mouth opens. Close your mouth and your eyes open. You've got to grow more skin."

H. H. ROGERS was showing Mark Twain a graceful Italian sculpture which the great financier had acquired for his library. It represented the bust and head of a beautiful young woman, coiling her exquisite hair.

The celebrated humorist wasn't impressed. "Not true to life," he objected.

"Why not?" demanded the financier.

"She should have her mouth full of hairpins."

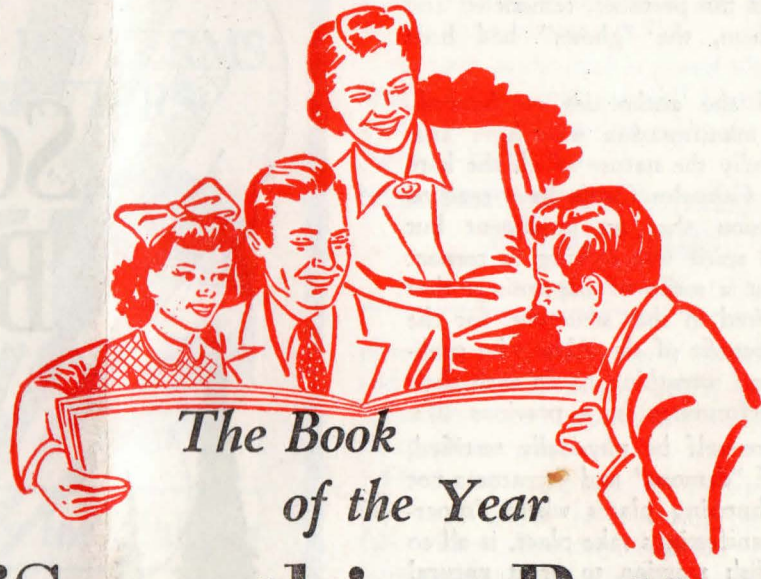
TWO bewhiskered cronies were enjoying the pleasant weather of the park when a third strolled past.

"Hear old Brown won't live long," said the first. "Got one foot in the grate."

"You mean one foot in the grave."

"I mean just what I said. Told me himself he intends to be cremated."

AN INDIANA minister says he does not mind members of his congregation pulling out their watches on him, but it generally unnerves him to have them shake the dratted things before their ears to find out if they are running.



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