

# Valor

The Golden Times Weekly . .

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

Volume IV

Noblesville, Indiana, Saturday, November 1, 1952

Number 1

## STORM OAKS FLOURISH WHERE NO OTHERS SURVIVE . .



**WE** STAND on the cusp of the crucial Administration of our affairs. It is actually a time to take stock of our own staminas. It is a time to make a shibboleth of the recognition that "Storm Oaks flourish where no others survive!" If we can't take what the future has in store for us, then we disclose we're not deserving of longevity as a people.

But we're going to survive. And we're going to know longevity. The quandary troubling too many Americans at the moment is, "Why must we be called to confront such ordeals?" Let's consider it . .

**THERE'S** a type of gambling device set up in the nation's cigar stores and barbershops. An oblong box, top enclosed under glass, stands upon four legs, tilted slightly toward the player. A nickel is deposited. A plunger is pulled. From the top of the incline comes a robot glass ball that promptly proceeds to make its way to the bottom, striking little steel pegs here and there as it rolls.



Having caromed from peg to peg, it finally disappears in a hole at the bottom. If it drops into the correct hole, the player wins a prize. If it drops into the wrong hole, he is the loser as to money but the wiser in experience. He has enjoyed a satisfying amount of suspense while the

ball has been striking pegs, as to whether it would enter the prize-winning hole and thus entice him to play till his coins are exhausted.

"That's Life!" thinks the philosopher. "The ball is every human being striving to get through a world of obstructions. Only the difference between Life and the Marble Game is that it's not gravity but evolution that gives the ball-person progress. The progress is a slight tilt upward, and the 'right hole' is at the top of attainment, not at the bottom to be reached by blind chance!

Pegs! Pegs! Pegs! Like the ball in the marble-game, we no sooner see a clear avenue ahead of us than a peg deflects us. Bumping one peg causes us to bump a whole flock of pegs. Life becomes naught but a bumping of pegs.

On the other hand—precisely like the contraption in all the best cigar stores and barber shops—if there were no pegs in the pathway of the ball, how could the game be any game at all?

There are people who think that the Game of Life should hold no pegs—that man should roll easily up the grade of evolution and spiritual unfoldment. They resent that there are pegs set everywhere in the track of free existence. They call God harsh because He has put pegs in the Course of Life at all.

But if people started out from their beginnings and rolled unobstructed to a "right" hole when the Life-Board had been negotiated, where would be the interest—in the Great Marble-Game of Living?

**WE ENCOUNTER** these pegs, these bounce-backs, these collisions with Circumstance, to make it of enticement, whether or not we shall land in a prize-winning hole in the end.

None of which is Pollyanna rationalizing—it is viewing the universe as a series of high voltage adventures prepared against our coming, to sharpen our intelligence and increase our sense of Self. Man, strange to say, requires that he shall pinch his finger in a door to learn that he possesses a finger. He pinches his finger in a door and cries "Ouch!" loudly enough, and seventeen people come running—to find out how badly he is hurt. Thereby he forgets his pinched finger in the cosmic marvel: "I—me—myself—the human organism that I am—actually send the power out of my consciousness to move seventeen people in my personal direction by crying 'Ouch!'"

Was ever a person therefore created so important as myself? I have a finger and I pinch it. I cry 'Ouch!' and alter the direction and mayhap the destinies of seventeen people. If I had enough fingers to pinch, and enough doors to pinch 'em in, and a larynx loud enough to emit a yell reaching from Tokyo to Paris, I could doubtless alter the directions and destinies of empires!"

But before there is such recognition of divine galvanism, there have to be the hills themselves for men to march up and down. There can't be the people-attracting "Ouch!" without the larynx to manufacture it. There can't be the pinched finger without the door.

So the physical, formal, material universe is necessary to the miracle of Consciousness and the people-moving or nation-moving galvanisms of Spirit.



**T**OO long have we deprecated the physical and material aspects of Man—created of "dust of the ground"—just as we have bemoaned the pegs in the Great Marble-Game that is existence, thinking that one is as gross as the other is insufferable. We have forecast our Heaven as a place of endless physical ease, given over to eternal harp-music, in which no one ever does a lick of work and pegs are distinguished by their absence. To attain to such an unspeakable stalemate of initiative and talent, we repudiate the physical world and beseech that a merciful Creator get us through it as swiftly and painlessly as contrivable. However, being All-Wise, He pays us scant attention.

The tougher the breaks, the harsher the times, the madder the sequence—the stronger and fiercer and sturdier the sense of one's immortal individuality! God Himself knows that. So the man or woman who has the toughest breaks is the luckiest—in the end of all things. He has learned the most about himself by having himself called to his attention as the victim of his predicament.

**C**HRISt said: "Come unto me, all ye who are weary and heavy-laden, and I will give you rest." It is an unfinished statement, an edited invitation. The thought He was expressing undoubtedly was: "Come unto me, all ye who are tired out with harvesting Wisdom, and I will give you interpretation that shall rest you as it diverts you—that ye may recuperate and go at the job of Wisdom-harvesting with renewed vitality!"

Nowhere did He say: "Come unto me, all ye who are weary and heavy-laden, and I'll show you a way to dodge work and go fishing!"

Christ must have known, more certainly than any other Being that ever lived on earth, that the more complicated and bewildered a life is, the more the liver of that life gets out of it. We marvel at times at the hordes of souls that clamor at the wombs of Chinese or Hindu mothers that they may get themselves born in China or India. Why should they so frantically seek careers in oriental lands so insufferably over-populated? Because such over-population makes for the keener self-survival, and the keener survival struggle means the greater amount of earthly profits derived from the incarnation.

Souls are a lot wiser before coming into life than they show themselves after they get into it.

On the other hand, no one plays a more ghastly joke on himself than the spirit who connives to get himself born on the Avenue, with a silver eating-impliment sticking out of his face and no necessity for doing a lick of work so long as the family bank-account endures. He has slated himself for a mundane Marble-Game without pegs on the board. He is projected to the top of the tilt by birth, rolls straight to the bottom—into a hole—and is out of sight. Who cares? And what of it?

**T**HOUSANDS of people are going through the Valley of the Shadow in these Mighty Years, loaded it seems beyond human endurance. They say, with lines of eternal patience in their faces and eyes abrim with tears: "Sometimes it seems that if I have another straw-weight loaded onto me I'll go raving crazy!" Only they don't. They turn out the wisest, kindest, most compassionate and intelligent people inhabiting the world at present.

Contrast them with the folk who go  
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# Why Dominant Personalities Are Resented but Obeyed

## *True Leadership Resolves into a Sagacity of Dis- cernment which Average Persons Have Not Yet Developed . .*

**D**EEP DOWN in everyday human nature there is the fundamental tendency to subconsciously—and sometimes rancorously—resent the dominant personality. At the same time that such resentment exists, there develops the instinctive aspiration to be dominant in one's own right.

No normal person, strange to say, particularly delights in being another person's slave. Man looks upon Woman, perceives that she is fair, and pays assiduous court to her affections. Somewhere along in the maturing romance he prevails upon her to believe that if she will only consent to become his spouse, he will thenceforth and thereafter render her vast constancy and endless labor. Perhaps he means it. At any rate, the lady has her eye on the increments involved—to wit, receipted grocery bills for her consumption of foodstuffs for the remainder of her mortal period—and permits the poor nitwit the chance to keep his promise. But this sort of slavery is the only type within the mortal tenure that is entered voluntarily.

Ninety-nine out of every hundred people work for somebody else, yet aspire to be the boss. When they can't be the boss, they indulge their secret inferiority complexes by displaying an itch to boss the neighbors. So we oftentimes find the smallest personalities kicking up the biggest shindy—about nothing in particular—

and hoping they're registering Assertiveness and Character.

Of course they're not. Ten to one they're merely being finicky or bombastic. And withal ridiculous.

The trouble with the average person who wonders why Life doesn't pay him more adulation, is his incapacity to recognize just what dominance of character is—the kind that makes some people employers and others employes, or some people leaders and others eternal followers.

It all harks back to a Quality of Consciousness that enables the Dominant People to judge values correctly by a sort of instinct that is the identification of an old and widely-experienced soul!

**T**O judge values correctly—which implies swiftly!—and by a sort of instinct! That seems at first reading a somewhat inconsequential test of real leadership for a man or woman to pass. But that's all there is to it! That's all that makes the difference between the self-sufficient man and the one who by temperament finds it easier to follow a track.

It isn't that employers, leaders, heads of enterprises and projects, KNOW more than those whom they gather around them as associates to help multiply their own accomplishments.

They merely PERCEIVE quicker!  
Ever do they have an eye for essentials! Discerning all the particulars of the situation or complication at a glance, they designate reactively to themselves or to others what the key-item is.

Probably at some time or other in your life you have passed an evening playing

jack-straws. A handful of little white wooden sticks was spilled out on the table. The game consisted in picking them off one after another with a little rake, without disturbing the pile as a whole.

Well, jack-straws or log-jam, the daily and hourly situations of life are similar.

The dominant personality is the one who regards them, conscious of the fact that some single item is more or less responsible for a social or personal complication's being what it is. Immediately that he is acquainted with all the factors, he pronounces as by instinct which one is at fault and how it should be remedied.

Of course, if it be his business to do so, he must likewise have the energy to shake a leg and do the remedying.

But he cleans up the whole complication while all the rest of his fellows are standing around talking about it.

All leaders are such because they are experts in discrimination!

They know the values involved in any project and put their fingers on the cause of any constriction as from some psychic resource.

People without this ability to discriminate concede that the first are marvels and hate their immortal intestines.

In time the less efficient people will arrive at the same capabilities, but not till they've lived a sufficient quota of educating lives!

**H**AVE you ever studied the crowd around a stalled automobile?

The bespattered crate seems to be clanking and rattling along with only a minimum disturbance of the neighborhood's peace and tranquillity, when all of a sudden there's a distressing konk in its innards and it does everything in the public highway but get down on its knees and roll over on its side.

Immediately a dozen hands are applied to its surfaces to push it toward the curbing so traffic can resume. Someone pulls up the hood. Several people try the horn. No!—it isn't the horn that has given up the ghost. The horn is working quite

nicely, thank you! Then what can be the matter with the ton of pig-iron?

Watch Mr. Average Man trying to figure it out. He pulls wires and punches gadgets. He declaims in a loud tone o' voice how his father-in-law by his second wife once owned a contraption of this specified make and it was a bust on principle. Automobiles aren't what they once were, and it must be the Administration.

The crowd swells to the size of a baby riot, and fifty-seven kibitzers are crawling underneath and looking up, or crawling overhead and looking down.

Off at one side is a snappy-eyed person who'd like the mob to clear an opening so he can get back to his office and close a deal. "What's wrong?" he asks. "Somebody hit?"

"Yeah—the poor dub who owns this bus. In his wallet, for buyin' it," he is informed.

"You mean all this fuss just because it won't run?"

That seems to be the general situation.

And some chap with his coat off and his hat over one eye is under the hood halfway to his spleen, busily pulling up cog-wheels and sending back advices over his shoulder that he'll have everything right again in a minute. Only he doesn't. By the time he's yanked out the engine-housing, he remembers he's got a date to see a man about a dog.

Our snappy-eyed man stands an instant taking in the situation and then he demands: "Have you looked in the tank to see if she's run out of gas?"

Everybody looks blank.

No one thought of that!

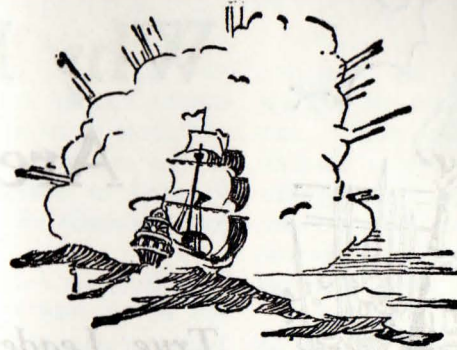
The owner looks in the tank, and sure enough he HAS run out of gas!

Believe it or not, the man who sized up the situation thus was the boss of the situation and no nonsense about it!

**H**EADS of modern nations—Action-ists—are merely men with the ability to judge great social values, discern almost psychically what's wrong with their particular corner of the universe, and do something toward fixing it while all the rest of their fellow citizens are pushing the buttons on horns to see if they work, handing out advice or engine-housings, and then departing the scene when their dunderheaded theories are proven to be busts.

And so the specification runs—all the way down to the individual who signs

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## Sojourn from Splendor



**W**HAT shall we reach at the end of our Course?

What shall we chant as a psalm?

What shall we meet at the crest of our Climb?

What shall we enter for calm?

What but the Light that we left for the dark?

What but High Anthem Serene?

What but the Silence, as soft as a cloud,

That veils the New Glory unseen?

We came down the Height in the fine dawn of birth,

To enter the dales of the dense;

We group and we stumble our Earth-Pact to keep

And beg not the Whither nor Whence.

We seek out the Right and behold it veers Left,

We drink a strong draught to the proud,

Enticements of Mammon our errands deflect

And we barter the soft for the Loud.

Yet keep we the Faith through the wrack of High Strife!

Our music draws key from the Soul!

The concourse we sight to the Far Reach of Thought

Has a Harp and a Sob for its toll.

We harden Mind's biceps through vigor and dare,

We open Life's page to the thought;

"It isn't the rage on the page that we seek

But the peace with which Wisdom is bought!"

Sweet singers, we Brave, to the bugle-note sharp

To give us the pence for the deal

Of that which besought us to come from the Heights

And learn our hearts' cores for their steel!

World-life's an Adventure, cloud-shrouded in pearl,

So why should Mind wander or nod?

'Tis sojourn from Splendor to test out our pluck,

We're on holiday absence . . . from God!

# How Affinity Romances May Differ from Karmic Love Affairs . . .



MAN and a woman, let us say, have had a flaming love affair. Their attachment has been deep, true, and sincere. They surrendered themselves to one another without reservations. For the time being they were all-in-all to one another and because of the romance, their twin worlds were enshrined in a glorified mist.

They may have married or not married; the point is unimportant. What we are the more concerned in examining is the circumstance that constant propinquity and mutual association to surfeit produces a condition where other interests gradually engage the attention of one or both. In other words, the personality of either no longer completely monopolizes the interest, and friends or acquaintances remark that their love is "cooling".

If this lessened concentration of the temperament occurs in one person and not in the other, a situation that savors of pathos arises. As the "neglected" one discerns it, the moment is certain to arrive when he or she goes to his or her erstwhile partner in the romance and puts the most poignant of all mortal inquiries: "What's the matter? Don't you love me any more?"

The person so addressed, of course, is thereat impaled upon the horns of a dilemma. If he says "No, I don't!" he is doing three things: He is telling a sort of falsehood, he is knowingly inflicting a spiritual wound upon his beloved's heart, and he is letting himself in for a distressing bout of explanations.

And of the three distresses, the third is the worst!

Probably in nine cases out of ten, he or she couldn't explain, anyhow, wherein or how their status had been altered. It was not something done with malice aforethought. It gradually "just happened".

Yet such a situation never has arisen, or the Poignant Question never has been

## Another Paper Aiding You to Understand Why Life Is What You Find It . . .

put, that certain Cosmic Mechanics were not involved, making it of moment. Can we view the usual "heart-break" abstractly for a moment, and examine what Spirit may be assiduously working out?

FIRST of all, no romance ever comes to fruition between a given man and a given woman without one of two postulates being in process of mortal denouement: Either the involved man and woman are male and female halves of the one bisexual Eternal Spirit, resuming their cosmic companionship after the incident of two new physical births, or they have errands to perform to one another no less lovingly for the adjustments of karmic compensations.

The former event requires little expounding. The latter should be considered as dispassionately as possible in order that its eccentric increments may be realized. A man and a woman with errands to perform toward one another usually have undertaken those errands from one of two causes—

They have fallen in love in a previous life because one of them vaguely resembled their correct cosmic halves—who had not yet been contacted—and the effects of such blunder had to be repaid in kind, or it was necessary for the soul-half of some unknown third person to have frictional contact with the soul-half of some unknown fourth person, that the two soul-halves so meeting might obtain increments that were not possible to gain from their own spiritual affinities.

There is this difference between the two: Apparently, or from all that we can discover or have discovered to the

moment, when a man half-soul and a woman half-soul have been hatched from the same cosmic egg—that is, when they truly belong to one another because each is a completion of the other—there is very little falling "in" love, or falling "out" of love, concerned in their relationship.

They simply demand and receive one another from the sheer fact of Being. Can it be said that a person's left hand "falls in love" with his right hand? The case of true Cosmic Complements, is similar. Such a complementing has existed since the commencement of their spiritual functioning. Periodically, life on life in flesh, it is resumed or renewed—and in such resumption or renewal there is a super-conjugal tranquillity.

By the same token that such a pair cannot fall in love—that is, into a state in which they already are, or have been since the beginning of time for them—neither can they fall out of love. No matter what life's exigencies or romantic competitions, any separation or departure from one another is unthinkable. It is quite as unthinkable as the right foot's saying to the left foot: "I have other interests in life henceforth besides padding along in company with you. From now on, you go your way and I go mine!" A pair of feet are a pedal tandem that has to be composed of both its members because either taken separately is useless—even to itself. In the case of the two halves of the bisexual soul, secular interests could not intrude to disrupt their partnership because the activities that interested one would automatically engage the two of them. They are, to all intents and purposes, one person—not two peo-



ple trying to be copies of one another.

So it is not with such spiritual affinities that our proposition deals.

**N**OW TO arrive at the vicissitudes constantly occurring between the male and female expressions of third or fourth persons, and ascertain why there should ever be a premise for the query: "Don't you love me any more?" We must be honest with ourselves as the scientist is honest, and set ourselves to examine what Love between ordinary man and woman is, in the first place.

In true spiritual physics there is little room for sentiment, because sentiment is a category of spiritual activity unto itself just as spiritual physics is a category. We are not being callous when we take such an attitude; we are simply discriminating as between cosmic processes.

So we have to look candidly at the stark fact that the influence known as Love—that first attracts and then binds into a partnership a given man and woman—is nothing more nor less than Self-Profit in Action! In the man-and-woman relationships aside from cosmic complementings, either the man or the woman—or both!—behold a vast improvement to their physical, mental, or spiritual selves by affecting to assume the role of partner to the other.

There is nothing particularly sordid in taking this view of it. To some measure or other, all life-roles hold profit. But in the case of a conjunction with a human being of the opposite sex, one or the other—or both!—propose to balance their karma or pay their karmic debts and thus profit by freedom from the weight of them, or they aspire to material, philosophical, or ethical gains which would not be theirs if such partnership were not effected.

To use a common expression, we might say that such people "Marry to better themselves!" In other words, they are after a specific profit from the relationship with the other.

There is nothing ignoble about it! It is Nature's method for increasing the self-awareness or improving the species, if there be offspring.

The man marries because he wants the improvement or profit of a home and a woman's domestic ministrations. The woman marries because she recognizes that the man is more learned than herself, or has the greater sophistication which he will impart to her. Whereupon take note of this—

The "love" that is assumed to exist between them is a sympathetic acquiescence in the other's foibles and private habits, based upon, or bred by, the romantic and domestic intimacy!

But by the very essence of the man's "knowing more" than the woman, or the woman's "knowing more" than the man, there is evidenced an inequality in the relationship that must ultimately become balanced. When such balance is effected, the basis for the romance or marriage commences to grow unstable. Other interests become of more imperative significance. Comes the day when the poignant question is voiced: "Don't you love me any more?"



Eternal reams of paper have been filled with the dramas and tragedies resulting when such status is reached. But fundamentally it means that the party so interrogated simply may have been first to reach a recognition that he has given all of himself—or herself—to the relationship that karma requires of him in the present life-span. The present life-span likewise holds other claims on his attention, to make the career well-rounded and prolific with the expected profit. The queried party must be about such other business as well. What the deficient partner, or the not-yet-awakened partner, truly is asking is: "Has the time arrived when I cannot be the monopolizing interest in your career any longer?" The vanity of the querying party may be hurt by a negative answer, it is withheld out of sentiment.

**A**LL THE same, karma will not be thus hoodwinked or ignored. If the monopoly is kept up longer than just to either party thus involved, strange vicissitudes in life will arise and intervene in the relationship—or there will be many kinds of unwholesome strategies resorted

to, which in common parlance make the offending party "untrue" to the one who is demanding to exercise the monopoly.

Remember, in nine cases out of ten, when such a would-be monopolist is thus "hurt" by the erstwhile partner's "neglecting" him for other persons or other pursuits, the hurt actually is to the vanity. It is insufferable to the ego, either in man or woman, to face the fact that he or she may no longer be indispensable to the other.

It was at no time a case of indispensability from the beginning. It was a case of one man and one woman having karmic obligations to adjust toward one another, or ministrations to give to each other that were to effect certain results in the character of one or the other—or both. The karma having been adjusted, or the gains delivered, then new interests demand that they shall be served as well.

Why not face such facts philosophical? Becoming lacrimose over them, or resorting to various types of violence to get "redress" is, after all, but stirring up new karma that in a subsequent life will have to be adjusted afresh!

Anything rather than that!

## *New Telescope Expands Man's Concept of God*



**W**HEN Galileo made the famous first telescope in Italy 313 years ago he opened a tiny peephole into the universe.

When Britain gets through building a fantastic new instrument in Manchester she will open a fairly large window that will enable man to plunge so many million light years deeper into "space" that if the mileage were like this—"1,000,000,000,000,000 . . . etc."—there would not be room to complete all the naughts in a column.

The instrument is a "radio telescope" shaped like a bowl that can be aimed into the sky to pick up radio waves emanating from black, or unseen, stars so far away that some astronomers may just have dreamed they existed.

It is the climax of developments of war-time radio discoveries and the first big step in the newest science of radio astronomy.

The radio telescope will be completed in four years. It is bigger than Times Square and is 300 feet high.

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# PSYCHICAL PERSONALITIES . .



**A**MONG the psychical personalities one should know about, outstanding in fields of esoteric abilities, was William Blake, the English artist, who challenged and confounded the psychologists of his day. He was born the son of a poverty-stricken small merchant in Broad Street, London, on the 28th day of November, 1757, making him a Sagittarian on a 5 Life Path. Anyone on a 5 Life Path is on a vibration of constant fluctuation and change, usually of a dramatic order, and Blake's career lived up to his Numerology.

Scarcely was he big enough physically to hold a crayon in his little hand than he began to draw, not the animal grotesques that most children concoct on paper—or maybe on domestic walls to their violent disciplining—but the most finished and artistic forms of design. His father, who ran a hole-in-the-wall hosiery shop, had sense enough to grasp that his wife had given birth to no usual child, and being an affectionate as well as sagacious parent he took the small prodigy at the age of ten to a school of design in the Strand, kept by one Henry Pars. Pars took a look at the boy's exhibitions of talent and accepted him avidly as a pupil, until later the lad could be apprenticed at twenty to James Basire, one of London's outstanding engravers. It was during the seven years that Blake stayed with Basire that he began disclosing as remarkable a poetical expression as he had earlier shown abnormal talent with pencil and engraver's tool.

**U**NLIKE most prodigies, Blake was to know a long life, in which his excessive abilities in both Art and Poetry were to earn him both money and fame but also the title of "madness" among stupid contemporaries and critics of his day. Contrary to most geniuses too, he married happily at 25 a Miss Catherine Boucher, daughter of a market gardener, who brought him affection and encour-

agement, and after William had begun to attract attention in the Royal Academy Exhibition for the graphic and unconventional nature of his canvasses, the compatible man and wife set up an engraver's and art-print shop with a fellow art student named Parker, in Golden Square, near the parental hosiery shop. Here William began to astound all his art clients—if not his parents, who by this time were prepared to see him do anything—by starting to write the most beautiful, out-of-this-world poetry.

He began by bringing out a book of poems called *Songs of Innocence*, illustrated by his own engravings. In the years that were to follow, and the fortunes of William and his Katie moved up or down, he was to bring out *Poetical Sketches*, *The Book of Thel*, *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell*, *Gates of Paradise*, *Vision of the Daughters of Albion*, *Prophetic Books*, and finally *Songs of Experience*. Among his final artistic triumphs was producing 537 bizarre sketches for an epochal edition of Young's *Night Thoughts*, although his real financial income was mostly derived from painting portraits. So proficient was he, in wielding a crayon and brush on canvass under psychical auspices, that he painted 300 such portraits in one year—almost a portrait a day.

No such record for art and verse has ever been equalled by any genius before or since . . .

**C**LAIRVOYANT vision or Clairaudient hearing were sealed knowledge to the savants of Blake's day and for his hyperdimensional capabilities in both fields he was early given the controversial nickname of Ghost-Seer.

"Look," says one critic, Dendy, in his *Philosophy of Mystery*, "on those splendid illustrations for the Gothic poets by the eccentric and half-mad Fuseli, or the wild pencilings of William Blake, another poet-painter, and you must be assured that they were ghost seers. An intimate friend of Blake's has told me the strangest tales of his 'vision'. In one of



his reveries he witnessed the whole ceremony of a fairy's funeral, which he peopled with mourners and mutes, and described with high poetic beauty. He was overtaken by one of these moods while painting King Edward I, who was sitting to him for his picture. While painter and monarch were conversing, who should walk into the sitting but the survived soul of Wallace, the great national hero of Scotland, who had driven the English from that country in the 13th century, and this uncourteous intrusion marred the studies of the painter for the day . . . Blake was a visionary," continues our author, "and thought his fancies real. Of course he was mad."

Being "mad" has ever been the rationalization for psychical adeptship up the generations on the parts of the stupid or the vulgar. It has always been easier to throw about the castigation of insanity than buckle down and apply one's self to investigation of Extra-Sensory Phenomena. Besides, orthodoxy claiming complete suzerainty over the soul and dictating its condition and location after death from the bumptuous standpoint of utter ignorance, it has been socially safer.

Blake, to our Aquarian generation, was no more mad than the most materialistic of his contemporaries. He was merely psychically sensitive to hyperdimensional personalities and influences. He merely saw and heard what other men could not see and hear, so their method of getting back at him was to call him psychopathic. Without a doubt, if the personality of the great Scottish liberator intruded vocally into a portrait sitting where the monarch of England was being painted, the artist was mediumistic as well. But to the ignorantly stupid, this too was psychopathy—or fancy or fraud.

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# Valor

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

SOULCRAFT CHAPELS

Box 192 NOBLESVILLE, INDIANA

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

VOL. IV NOVEMBER 1, 1952 No. 1

## Bounty Together

**L**ETTERS continue to reach VALOR asking information about the Man of Evil, described in the 24th chapter of the *Golden Scripts*. The editor has his own interpretations regarding this personage and they do not fit Abdul Baha, about whom a most portentous book has lately been published on the Pacific Coast. Whom they do fit, is not for him to make public at this time. However, the means and instrumentality by which the Evil Man takes power can definitely be designated, and the time is not so far distant when Americans may behold in dismay bordering on panic what sort of machine for world domination they have allowed to be constructed right under their noses in Lake Success, N. Y., now of a skyscraper building in Manhattan, said to have been erected upon the exact spot where the British hung Nathan Hale for being a patriotic spy.

The editor has treated with this highly volatile subject in his current electronic broadcast, *Bounty Together*, to be heard by all Soulcraft audiences this coming Sunday. And he will continue a still more trenchant exposition of it a week from Sunday, in his broadcast, *Drums of Glory*.

That the United Nations was going to be brought into existence at a date not mentioned, to serve the ultimate designs of Anti-Christ, was disclosed in entirety to the Recorder of the *Golden Scripts* on the evening of July 2, 1929—which was 17 years before it was projected by Alger Hiss and his cohorts at San Francisco. In the clairvoyant and psychical revelations, the higher Communicant named it the Fifty Nations. Pe-

culiarly enough, 17 years later the number of countries subscribing to the original proposals numbered fifty.

The Recorder has reason to believe that the progeniture of this malodorous organization is to be directly responsible for the rostrum of its organization being eventually utilized for the Great Epiphany of the Literal Appearance. But that's on the cards of the future and is of small consequence to consider at present.

Remember that both Eisenhower and Stevenson have "pledged their faith in United Nations" publicly and before the television cameras on the 7th anniversary of United Nations Day. So they are either acting in colossal ignorance of the true nature of this one-world instrument, or they are knowingly agents of "the Beast" spoken of in the Book of Revelations. In all brotherly tolerance, VALOR wishes to believe that both have subscribed to The Thing in ignorance.

Millions of Americans regard United Nations as the traditional Parliament of Man, commendably brought together to mitigate or avert international conflicts of the future. They have not, of course, made any study of its charter and constitution. They imagine it based on the Constitution of the United States, whereas actually it is based on the Anti-Christ organization of U.S.S.R.

Well, when the Man of Evil starts using the United Nations machinery to inflict his will on the world, the great American disillusion will begin.

Don't fail to hear the Recorder's two discourses on it.

Thus forewarned, you can be mentally forearmed . . .



## Chicken ala King

**C**HICKEN, not so many years bygone, was considered one of the high-priced delicacies among meats. Today, so altitudinous have the prices of cattle meats become, that without changing the price of chicken greatly, it is now among the cheapest. Chickens are the easiest of meat-producing creatures to raise in quantities, so the farmers of the

nation are turning them out in mass production.

You will find a wealth of startling material about the true nature of the farming situation through the nation, in the forthcoming Soulcraft book, "Something Better", now being pressed to completion at the Soulcraft plant as the publishing underwriting accumulates. The farmer is by no means the bewhiskered yokel of *Puck* and *Judge* of yesteryear. The average age of the American farmer, taken all over America, is but 44 years. Furthermore, twenty-five percent of these same farmers of 44 years, haven't been at farming more than a year and a quarter.

They're a breed of Rooseveltian Agriculturists, raised on parities, that now are dominant in grassroots affairs. They know nothing of the experience of weathering "hard times" . . . Their only experience with hard times in farming to date has been constrictions about getting enough parities out of Congress.

But they're due to learn . . .

**A**LL HUMAN beings are constituted much alike no matter what they do in the way of commercial activity. When times seem good, they become careless and presently the cost of running things has gone out of bounds. The farmer of today is no exception. Consequently his costs have gone higher and higher while his income has been dropping lower and lower. Thousands of farmers felt no compunction the past few years about going into debt because of the Government support program. Parity was the politicians' guarantee that the Farmer in the Dell—or the Well—would stay solvent. But in all matters where things are kept up by artificial props, that's not the way it works out. The farmer was supposed to feel satisfied if he could meet his costs and not lose money. But consider where our cockeyed military economy is taking him . . .

Did you know that as late as this past Spring, a dollar spent on chicken feed by today's boy-farmer produced \$1.14 in the market price of eggs? If he spent the dollar on feed with the idea of selling the broilers, he got back \$1.31. The same dollar spent for feed for beef cattle returned only \$1.49.

But this hasn't been all the farmer has had to worry about. The more important situation as stated, has been selling his record crops of wheat, corn, meat,



eggs, poultry, fruits and vegetables. The American family, being taxed too much to raise money to pay the farmer's subsidies, is eating less and less of key staple products. At the end of World War II it was consuming 153 pounds a year of beef, to mention one item. Last year it was down to 138 pounds. The city dweller has cut down on milk, bread, and cake as well as fruit and vegetables. Ask any truck farmer and he'll tell you how the public has been balking.

Will he go completely Cooperative and beat the Stalinites to the punch?

He can do it if he wishes. And save himself.

And in saving himself, he'll be saving a country for which he risked his life in 1917 and 1941.

He's still the backbone of that country's economy.

Soulcraft in its practical economic aspects would bring it home to him.

### Therapy



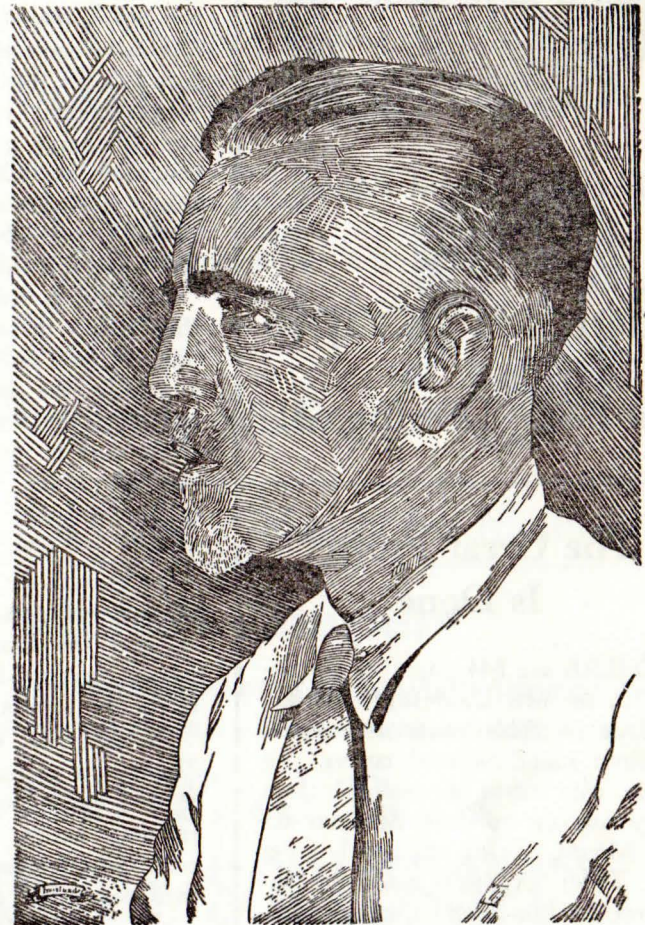
AS THE DAY to come in future when any and all forms of illness will first of all be diagnosed by taking stock of the patient's Subconscious, and determining what it has to disclose about the true reason for anyone's abrupt disability or loss of normal health? Do the medicos of the nation themselves want to countenance such a thing happening? Where would it leave them in the item of revenue?

If the physician came into a sickroom and his first address to the stricken one was, "Now what's the true reason behind you're wanting a vacation?" would the patient call him the next time or not?

How many of us, in other words, "fall sick" because we want to take time out from the inhuman or unbearable pace of modern living? How many of us want a holiday from work or conditions that have left us jaded with the familiarity of them? No, you don't always recognize it consciously, and you attribute the pain that's suddenly felled you to "something you must have et." Talk with an honest medico, however, and he'll confess that every person walking the streets in perfect health at any moment, is probably carrying around the germs of practically every mortal malady but bubonic plague, yet the person is healthy because the germs are lying dormant. Well, does mind have

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SOULCRAFT CHAPELS

anything to say about their becoming dormant?

Soulcraft doesn’t become arbitrary about the matter. It tries to be duly sympathetic with persons driven so inhumanly that the human mechanism—meaning Mind more than organism—just “wants time out to rest.”

As for making a fetish of “healing”, however, Soulcraft has never done it and sees small reason for doing it.

You’re expected to be healthy and to stay healthy, by maintaining the normal temperamental velocity within yourself. But if things go awry, you’re likewise supposed to admit something subconscious is cankering that’s taking the remedial course—bogusly—of making you flee what you think you can’t cope with.

Nothing is ruder or more ungracious than to say to an ailing person, “You’re not sick, you only *think* you’re sick, consequently the body obliges.” Nothing can raise the human risibles more positively than to inquire of a physically tormented person, “What are you seeking to escape from? Determine it and your malady will end.”

To express the thought crudely for the sake of emphasis, “Soulcraft is interested in how the head and not the bowels move,” because if the mind moves correctly the bowels follow suit.

People who respond to a gracious “laying on of hands” merely respond to a blind faith in the possessor of the miraculous hands, and give the possessor credit where they should give credit to their own blind confidence.

No, Soulcraft doesn’t have overly much to say about Health. On the whole it should be considered as impolite to talk about abnormal or subnormal health as to talk about the state of the viscera in polite company.

Your bodily vibrations keep the maladies away from you . . .

## Dominant Persons

(Continued from Page 4)

your pay-checke of a Saturday night.

He’s boss because he hits essentials!

Watch the head executive of a great business on his daily job. Fifty-seven men are mobbed about the door to his private office, waiting the chance to get in and tell him that the enterprise is sour and the whole world smells.

They’ve run up against a thirty-cent complication down in the engine-room, or the supply room, or in the shipping department, and as he’s the Boss, they’re at his door to gripe.

He hears each man, makes instant discriminations, points out the key-log that’s responsible for the jam, and sends the dunderhead to cling a tackle about it and yank it out.

We say that he’s dominant. But he isn’t dominant. He has the instinct for discerning what’s important and what’s unimportant. He sees that the important things are done, and lets the small fry worry about the thingumbobs!

They will, anyhow. That’s what keeps them small fry—and forever on somebody’s payroll!

The dominant man merely recognizes what’s important.

**L**OOK into any shop—whether it produces hairpins, motorcars, books, or macaroni. Who are the dominant men in that shop, workmen or no? They’re the men who size up the operation of a machine or a process, give it an instinctive twist, and make it produce while thirty-five fellows are fussing, pothering, and handing out advice.

All of us who are males—and some females—have visited barber shops where one barber took forty-five minutes to cut a head of hair. He snipped and he snipped, he cut this way and he cut that, and after the shave and bayrum, he grabbed up the shears and snipped some more. In the next chair was another barber who took a look at your hairshute mop, ran three fingers through it, jerked certain locks and massacred ’em, and with the whisk of a brush and the snap of a cloth was bunting you onto your feet and calling: “Next!”

That man was the Dominant Barber—and he harvested twenty heads of hair in a day to his associate’s nine.

He discriminated where to chop and trim as by an instinct. And he never slashed an ear.

Moreover, we usually waited for him!

Do you, therefore, aspire to be marked as a dominant personality and have people hate your celestial boot-heels? Stop your eternal fussing and pothering, your ruminating and your meditating, and train yourself to see the Important Thing and hit it!

You won’t need to go around with a petition, asking people to write their names to be forwarded to the Front Of-

vice that you may be the better appreciated or financially rewarded come July 4th or New Year's.

The Boss will note you when you least bethink it!

He'll note it because it's his job to discriminate between you and the dubster who is forever fidgeting and calling it competence!

**William Blake**

*(Continued from Page 7)*

If you wish to read up on the specific psychical talents and accomplishments of the personalities being described in this series of articles, the *Life of Blake*, by Alexander Gilchrist, published in 1906, gives the most complete and comprehensive data in respect to James Blake's little boy, William, who started chalking marvelous designs on walls instead of cows with horns where their tails should be. It is by examining closely the accomplishments of these psychical persons, realizing how greatly they differed from the ordinary run of blind and illiterate mankind, that the validity of the psychical faculties themselves is established. There is no other explanation for what these notables achieved.

The closing years of Blake's eventful and spiritually profitable life found special sympathy in the society of the celebrated John Varley, who, himself proficient in astrology, encouraged Blake in his gifts of inspired vision and hearing. Then, with a high voltage life of seven decades behind him, Blake slipped out of his mortal casing one August evening in 1827 at his house in London's Strand. The chief work of his last years was his splendid series of illustrative engravings for *The Book of Job*.

Who might William Blake have been, in the art or literary world, of prior generations or dispensations?

The conjecture holds fascination.

**A**N ELDERLY spinster saved her money and took a trip to northern California. There she beheld the giant redwoods. Returning she was telling her sister her experiences.

"But," demanded the sister, "how about the men out there?"

"Oh, men," remarked the traveler. "After you've taken a look at those trees, men anywhere are bound to be a disappointment."

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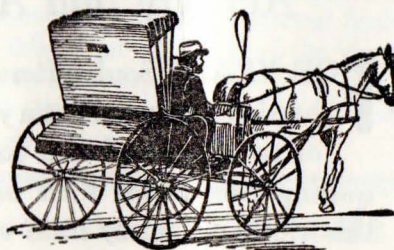
## .. COGITATIONS

**S**PEAKING of flying saucers, aerial phenomena, and what-have-you, I call to mind the first aerial phenomenon which I witnessed at the ripe old age of ten. It concerned a human bean ascending into free ozone in a balloon—and what came of it. Back at the turn of the century, when there wasn't an airplane anywhere on earth that worked, the project of an intrepid party in spangles taking his place on the trapeze bar of an inverted canvas bag filled with smoke, and being lifted to unprecedented heights, was a feat that called out the countryside for miles around. The nerve of the creature. Man belonged securely on earth, as witness the well-known stipulation of gravity. To defy this stipulation and go riding skyward with vast empty space between one's dangling ankles and the rose bushes of the community—not to mention the roof-tops and church steeples—was good for a crowd any time any one could connive to fill the inverted bag with smoke. The occasion which I cogitate upon had to do with an enterprising real estate firm in northern Massachusetts by the name of Fitzgerald & Fitzgerald that greatly desired to convene a crowd of the aforesaid human beans, the purpose being the displaying not alone of the intrepid one's tights, spangles, and aerial agility but several acres of primordial cow-pasture on the western edge of town which the Fitzgeralds desired to dispose of to buyers as house lots. Fitzgerald & Fitzgerald had obviously acquired the acres of cow pasture for a pittance—as acres of cow pasture uniformly sold for pittances back in the times of the Spanish War—staked out the plats and numbered them, and

would bring in the crowd to see the dividing strings and numbers, and get individuals to make commitments of \$50 to \$100 each for such sections of terrain. The payments of \$50 and \$100 would entitle the payees to construct shacks, cottages, residences, apartments or castles thereon, in such course of time as they could command the affluence. But to call attention to the the aforesaid strings and numbers in cow-pastures, dramatic exhibition of some sort was requisite. So one of the Fitzgerald boys journeyed afar and came back with an Intrepid One who had a huge bag that could be inverted and filled with smoke, and ads went in all the newspapers that on a certain morning, at half-past ten of the clock, people who did not own huge bags that could be filled with smoke could come to the cow-pasture specified and see the death-defying feat of a human bean going skyward and coming down God knew where. Leave it to me, being ten years of age, nothing on earth nor in the heavens above nor waters beneath could have kept me from being first in that pasture and watching the proceedings from start to finish . . .

o—o

**T**HE AERONAUT—for that is what the newspaper ads called him—was a skinny little man about 45 years old, with hair plastered down flat by reason of much barber's bay rum, a pair of gen-



erous handlebar moustaches, and a personal figger when stripped for defying death that greatly resembled a pork chop in blue silk. It was a day in midsummer, I recall, but good fortune did not smile on the Fitzgerald Brothers in that particular sales gesture inasmuch as the sun did not rise in the East that morning. Prodigious quantities of rain had fallen

ungenerously throughout the night and the pasture where all the beautiful house lots were strung out was the nearest thing to a quagmire that water and soil could make it. This rain desisted around eight o'clock, but a frustrating fog ensued . . . and upon my arrival in the quagmire I drew near the mystical outlines of the great balloon gradually acquiring rotundity over the embers of a smoke-creating fire. The prospective houselots stunk generally of tar, such being burned to create the smoke which was lifting into the bag, and being generally hotter than the cold fog about it, gave this bag buoyant properties that were soon to extend to the aeronaut himself. He was there, superintending festivities with the worried Fitzgeralds—portly real estaters also in handlebar moustaches but not spangles—and on one occasion I pressed near enough to rub his silk costume and practically touch a spangle. But the big bag did fill and ride buoyantly as ten thirty neared, and the crowd of prospective houselot buyers did increase and augment. How it expected to see more than bag and Intrepid One vanish into upper reaches of mist, no one but the Fitzgeralds—who were paying good American dollars for this spectacle—stopped to figure out. Ten thirty came, the big bag was rolling this way and that, eager to get going, the crowd was mighty enough to vanish into mist itself in all directions but *up*, and a six-man band made noises on its three cornets, two trombones and one drum. Standing on the trapeze-bar laid along the ground, the aeronaut would have waved his hat if he'd been wearing a hat, but at any rate the Fitzgeralds and other attendants got the cast-off signal and the smoke-filled bag lifted awesomely skyward. Do you know what the Intrepid One was doing as the general mist engulfed him? He was actually doing trapeze gymnastics on that bar . . . and then the smog took him . . .

o—o

**T**HE CROWD gasped, looked blank, looked at one another. It had been an exhibition for about 50 to 100 feet, which was scarcely worth paying a dollar a foot in real estate to bring the equa-

tion out right in economics. Our man and his balloon were exactly nowhere! They had *vanished*. Spangles might keep up his aerial gymnastics till he snagged on the limb of an old tree on the moon, but precious little benefit *we* got out of it, being earthbound under smog—which, as I remarked, stunk atrociously of tar. As a balloon “ascension” it had suffered from too many natural inhibitions. And the disgusted and disillusioned crowd didn’t want to linger and buy future residence sites indicated by store-twine and manila tags with numbers. It wanted to know where that galoot and his bag had *gone*? Big question-mark. Or rather, it wanted to know where that galoot and his bag were *coming down* when they did come down, for the logic was rational that having gone up, smog or no smog, eventually it was required that everything did come down, and if they came down through smog as suddenly and dramatically as they had gone up into *smog*, somebody across the municipality was due to be abruptly surprised. If that aeronaut came down in the top branches of someone’s apple tree, he was going to be the first party in local history to descend from a tree—any tree—without first having climbed it. The crowd moved as a unit to get out of that miry cow-pasture, and take to the roads in hopes of sighting whatever object aeronaut and bag came down in . . . I abbreviate my yarn because space is at a premium . . . Do you know what they eventually came down in, or rather *on*? . . . Oddfellows Hall was the biggest and tallest building on the east side of our main square in the business section. It was a dizzy three stories in height and those three stories were surmounted by a heavy cupola that commanded the business section no matter from what direction viewed. Fourteen horses tied to hitching-posts along the east side of the Square had emitted explosive snorts of sudden alarm and terror and arose on hind legs when a descending blob of something huge and awful settled down umbrella-fashion out of the heavens. Spangles’ bag had come back from the moon—and other satellites—but now, instead of being filled with smoke of tar products, it was filled with fourteen kicking and plunging horses and the family rigs and business conveyances to which they had been hitched. Not to be profane in the slightest, all hell had broken loose on the East Side of our Square and there was none to stop it. The aeronaut was not amidst it.



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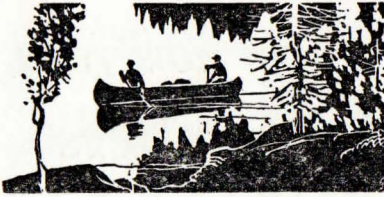
### SOULCRAFT CHAPELS

*Noblesville, Indiana*

Do you inquire where in more hell that defier of gravity had gone, with such confusion tangling up in front of Oddfellows Hall? He was up on the wet and slippery roof of the cupola, clinging to the weather-vane in canvas shoes and spangles, trying to make himself heard above the melee below, that the fire department come swiftly and rescue him with ladders . . .

o—o

THE GALOOT would pick out Oddfellows Hall to come down on, and he would pick out the huge cupola to grab when its weather-vane had stabbed him. So high up over the Square he was, clinging between heaven and macadam, Fitzgeralds and their houselots forgotten, and it was a different crowd entirely that was going to hunt up the Fitzgeralds and transact business with them when the general ruination was sorted out . . .



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NOBLESVILLE, INDIANA

That was the moment the smog would choose to lift, and the sun come out warm and muggy . . . Well, the Fire Department also came out warm and muggy when it could get around to it, because if Spangles slipped off that cupola he was only going to add to the mess below but not be available in an animated state to conduct financial negotiations with those rig-owners. However, that was not the main problem of the morning, when the firemen got on the job of rescue. The main problem was how to get Spangles down at all, because all the ladders in the Gardner Fire Department would only reach to the third floor of the Hall, not being required up to date to rescue anything more spangled than Oddfellows. And Old Handlebar Moustaches was up another 25 feet clutching the weather-vane as though it owed him money and was about to jump a train to foreign parts. Here was predicament indeed. How was Spangles ever to be gotten down to earth so that the owners of the fourteen horses and rigs could disembowel him or otherwise express their displeasure at letting his big bag, stinking of tar, plop on their respectable horses' heads? Helicopters hadn't then been invented. Safety blankets into which to shut the eyes and jump, had not then been provided for a provincial country town. Horses with remnants of rigs following them in pieces had come through the balloon-bag in all directions and gone places. The bag would never stink of tar again; it would never stink of anything but wild horses, what there was left of it. Public parley went on noisily from a pack-jammed Square, like a United Nations discussing the starting of a new war somewhere with the Russians vetoing it on principle just to be nasty. Somehow there was analogy in it to any great public question, where everybody wants everybody else to do something but everybody else doesn't know what. And naturally it was another little half-pint human bean—janitor in the Oddfellows—who solved it without so much as a puzzled yip. He got up inside the Oddfellows—or rather, their Hall—with a bag of tools and a saw, climbed a ladder inside the cupola, and sawed a small aperture through the roofing just big enough to permit Spangles to be saved for the proper punishment below. As simple as that. He went by the name of Bitsy, I recall. Bitsy Moriarty. Bitsy just sawed privately, unwitnessed, while the crowd below milled in panic and shouted itself hoarse

with advice, then when the aperture was made, Bitsy reached out and grabbed Spangles by an ankle. And that was the end of the Fitzgerald Balloon Ascension. . . . Whenever I consider examples of free advice and noisy counsel being thrown about the world in settlement of humanity's current troubles, my mind goes back to Spangles on the cupola of Oddfellows Hall with morning sun breaking through at about the same time Bitsy Moriarty's saw blade did likewise, and the solution to the public predicament being arrived at. I'd say on the whole, what the world truly needs is less Fitzgeralds and more Moriartys. However, that's only my personal opinion, take it for what it's worth.

—THE RECORDER

## Storm Oaks

(Continued from Page 2)

riding through life on flowery beds of ease—vain, arrogant, indolent, dispassionate, spiritually sterile—with lines in their faces as hard and uncompromising as the facades of the marble palaces which their forebears built for them!

Struggle is a privilege! Pain is beautiful!

Suffering is the Gateway into the splendid garden of Celestial Reality!

"God will not look you over for medals, degrees, or diplomas, but for scars!"

LIFE holds its thousands and its tens of thousands whose daily existence seems to be continual and uncompromising crucifixion. We look at such people in our ignorance of divine fundamentals, as misfortune upon misfortune strikes them, and we exclaim: "How they ever manage to hold up under such a soul-killing bombardment of hard luck is beyond me. If I had to know such a continual hell on earth, I'd buy a two dollar shotgun and blow out my brains!"

There is nothing particularly extraordinary in what is happening to such "unfortunates."

They are not unfortunate. They do not have to go through such a strain of life-antagonisms if they do not choose to do so.

What strictly is happening in the cases of such people is, that for reasons best known to themselves in their discarnate states between mortalities, they have elected to discharge the accumulated karma of two, three, four or five lives, all

in the single mortal tenure, to get it out of the way so that in their next incursion they can be about higher spiritual employments.

Do you think you are in one peck of difficulty from Easter Sunday to St. Patrick's-Day-in-the-Morning?

What would you say if it were eventually revealed to you that you too had contracted with yourself to get the karma of three or four lives all straightened out in this one incarnation, so that you might the better enjoy the increments of the Aquarian Cycle when next you Pass this Way?

When you get it through your head that actually there is no such thing as misfortune but only karma or the penalties of folly, you will have gone a long way toward cracking the enigma of what the universe is about. Life is energy! Life is purposeful energy! Humankind would not be on this mundane orb with all its ups and downs, unless some vast and ennobling errand were being executed. God doesn't need anything that we can do for Him. If He did, He wouldn't be omnipotent. We are in this mundane state to unfold our sense of our own celestialities by pinching our fingers in doors, piling up a fortune and having the bank fail that "protects" it, losing health or eyesight in the full bloom of maturity—to show us we can rise superior to both!

When those things happen to us, we are lucky. But we've got to know why we're lucky—and believe it as a Principle!

**WE ARE** standing upon the threshold of new Federal Administration—and that is excellent! We might pray for ourselves: "God send us relief from these dangers and these heartbreaks. Let the sun of righteousness shine quickly. Make everything easy for us and let us come eventually into Your presence as spineless and characterless creatures who have not graduated from a school but escaped as from a pestilence!"

But Life will not permit us that prayer—at least in circumstance.

We have a stony road to hoe—and are grateful for it! We have a sterile field to plow, and somehow or other we shall make it yield roses! We are glad that life holds turmoil, heartbreak, bereavement, disillusion—for rising triumphant over these things bespeaks our Celestial Sonship.

Such is our response to the God who

made all things good, even the stony road and the sterile pasture, the mountain crag and the terrifying abyss.

We do not ask for someone to come and straighten out our griefs and perplexities—during 1953. We think we have the nobility and intestinal fortitude to straighten them out for ourselves.

Anyhow, we have done with sniveling! Our prayer has a strange, strange tenor. We come and go, not as glass balls in a Marble Game but as students at a university, waving diplomas triumphantly and knowing in our hearts that the prayer to triumph was answered—"God make our futures *HARD!*"

## Mammoth Telescope

(Continued from Page 6)

It will cost 336,000 pounds (\$940,000).

The scientist in charge of the project is Dr. A. C. B. Lovell, a radio astronomy pioneer of Manchester University.

The new telescope probably will show us much that we don't already know. There are a few thousand stars that the naked eye can see. The 200-inch telescope on Mount Palomar, California, can distinguish, perhaps, another 100 million.

However, there are believed to be 100 billion visible stars in our galaxy when we can all get time off to count them.

There are thought to be another 100 billion stars that cannot be seen by telescopes because they are either black—that is, unborn or dead—or because they are too far away.

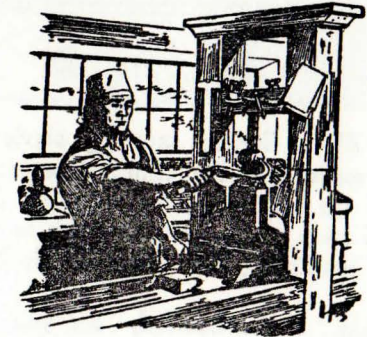
They will be "felt" by the new radio telescope whether they are black or incredibly distant.

The simple idea behind the telescope is that all those distant stars emit radio waves. This bowl-shaped "receiver" of steel lattice work will move its course across the sky to pick up the incoming radio waves. They will locate the direction of an unseen star.

Questions which arise are: how deep into miscalled "space" will the frail, questing steel ear of the new instrument take us? Just how significant is this thing on which we live, the earth? As everyone knows, even the sun is only an average star.

Evidently it is going to be cold Science itself that puts the quietus on the inhibited character of the Hebraic Jehovah.

About time, verily.



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**T H E P A Y O F F**

AFTER a Sunday morning service a woman left the church forgetting to pick up her purse from her pew. She hurried back to find the minister in the act of examining how much she had in it."

"What," she demanded, "are you doing with my purse?"

The man gulped. "T-To t-tell you the truth," the man stammered, "I was taking care of it for you."

"Taking care of it in a church!"

"Well, you see, sister, we do have members of this congregation so simple that if they'd found it in your pew they might have considered it an answer to prayer."

IT'S a gala occasion when a Korean veteran gets "rotated" home to the States. One Marine was explaining the precautions he'd taken not to miss the home-bound convoy.

"I got me two alarm clocks," he told a less lucky buddy. "One's set for two o'clock, the other's set for three o'clock. Then I paid the Exchange operator six bucks to buzz me on the phone at four o'clock. Besides that, what crazy goop in this outfit imagines I'm going to bed to-night, anyway?"

A SMALL boy came home from his first day at Sunday School and began emptying his pockets of money—dimes, nickels, pennies—while his parents gasped. His mother exclaimed, "Johnny, where did you get all that money?"

The youngster was nonchalant.

"At Sunday School," he answered. "They've got bowls of it!"

THE FAST train had roared through and hit the station agent standing too close to the platform's edge. They were gathering up the man's remains when a rustic drove up, stopped his mules, and demanded what had happened.

"Oh," said a local resident, "Looks like Ed had a little hard luck."

THE YOUNG doctor had been visited by a patient with an ugly looking rash. The immature medico hastily thumbed through all his books but could

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Volume I      Noblesville, Indiana, Saturday, October 20, 1951      Number 25

**PAUL REVERE RODE HIS NIGHT RIDE JUST ONCE**

IT WAS, when the perturbed American patriot, seeing that his home or liberties were in hazard, "few to arms"—as the saying has it. The moon-shine minkies on pegs above the fireplace was as much a part of the furnishings of the American home as the spinning-wheel or churn. No permit was required to own that minkie. Strangely enough by the way, history doesn't record any widespread tendencies on the parts of individual Americans to grab said minkies promiscuously and use them to liquidate personal enemies.

Today, without being cynical, looking squarely at the world scene as well as the current American scene, the perturbed patriot who senses his home or liberties in hazard, doesn't fly to arms.

He flies to pen and ink.

IT'S AFTER the specifications of indignant human nature to relieve the pressure of emotions resorting to something physical.

The colonial patriot relieved the pressure of emotions—as he did the night that Paul Revere came galloping in from Charlestown with news that the British were coming to Concord—by grabbing for the fireplace minkie and assembling with his fellows on Lexington Green to meet the King's troops with black powder and slugs.

A less primitive culture of today permits of no minkie over the fireplace, so to get the same emotional relief from undesirable encroachments on liberties, men buy access to lasotype slugs instead of minkie slugs and shoot them into the air in a continual series of Lexington Greens



SOULCRAFT CHAPELS

find no description that covered such a malady.

Desperately he demanded, "Have you ever had this affliction before?"

"Uh-huh," the patient nodded, "twice before."

"Well," the young medico diagnosed, "my professional opinion is, you've got it again."

A WOMAN phoned her bank about disposing of a bond. The cashier

asked, "Is this a bond for redemption or conversion, madame?"

"Look!" the woman snapped. "Is this the First National Bank or the First Baptist Church?"

THE SAD-eyed man had been waiting a long time for his order.

"Your fish will be along in a moment now, sir," the waiter assured him.

"That's very nice," said the patron. "Tell me, what bait are you using?"