

Valor

The Golden Times Weekly . . .

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

Volume IV

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Number 2



"Happy Hunting, Soldier!"

AS FOR the Stronghearts up the generations who essayed the Glory Trail unafraid, to perish without knowing they had made the Transition, there is a subtler faith that we, the Wise Freeman, keep with them.

We say that the stupidities or cowardices of the international bondservants shall in no wise dictate the loyalties of we, the Reborn Forefathers, who established a Pact with Destiny once long ago, and will not quit earth until it be actualized. We too, made many Transitions up the Glory Trail, to find that each has a fresh oppor-

tunity to serve again. So in spirit or in body, we are with those we commemorate as this New Reveille reverberates throughout our Homeland. Those who made the Passing in the line of duty, merely took holiday, that they might enjoy rotation in this Battle Everlasting to see that honor perishes not. Holiday, indeed!

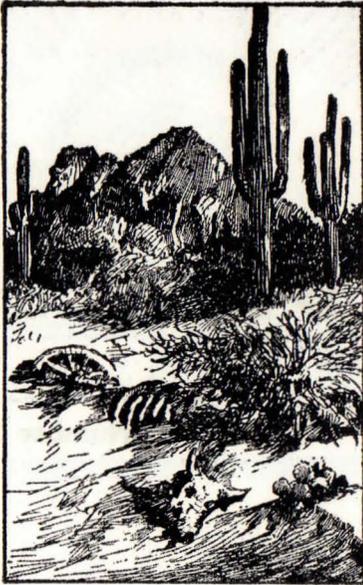
"Happy Hunting, Soldier!"

We know you'll report for duty anew as the Great War resumes for Victory Resplendent.



WE COMMEMORATE the Immortal Living this approaching week, by electing to the Republic's highest office an Executive who publicly pledges his faith in a world super-government, eventually to assume jurisdiction over Constitutional

Nationalism and dishonor the Stars and Stripes by flying above it a dastardly concoction of Spider-Web symbols with neither beauty nor Christian elegance.



Do You Know that Changing Climate May Alter American Behavior? . .

THERE is a school of thought in this country that seriously agitates the nonsense that twenty to thirty years of political largess out of Washington have wholly and disastrously altered the American character. Patriotism has "gone by the board", contends this school, because the character-morale of the average American has succumbed to the necessity of finding his three meals a day. If the "government" dictates this or that, as being necessary to supply those three meals a day—no matter whether the dictate be founded on truth or not—Mr. John Q. Public will supinely acquiesce. In consequence we have a country of willy-nillies conducted by a bureaucracy of self-seeking crackpots, and our once-glorious Republic generally is merrily engaged in going to hell in a hack.

Oh for the Good Old Days, sigh adherents of this school, when citizens of character abounded in this nation.

VALOR and Soulcraft jeer politely at the whole of it!

IN THE FIRST place, it seems to be only an idealistic generality that in the "good old days" there were more "citizens of character" abounding in this nation than at present. Who says so, and upon what indexes is such conclusion based? And who collected the statistics?

In the second place, character and what is known as "morale" is by no means any mercurial attribute, "built up" or "destroyed" within a single generation. Whether the orthodox want to persist in their cosmic illiteracy or not,

Character and Morale are the accomplishments of Spirit Progression compounded over whole series of past careers lived. Every caste and octave of people live more than once in this situation called Mortality. The revelations of the sub-conscious mind attest to this, when Memory is sent back upon the Time Track and jumps the gates of birth. The sensible attestments of scores to hundreds of persons to whom "lifted memory" occurs, confirm it. All of which is another subject.

To say, however, that people who fought in the Revolutionary War or lived in stirring Revolutionary times, could be reborn back into the problems of the present and toss the great character ennoblements and progressions that accrued to them in that experience-sequence, overboard, merely because one Roosevelt became Chief Executive and followed the economic delusions of one crackpot Hopkins, is to deal in imbecilities.

There are just as many "citizens of character" abounding in this American Scene as ever abounded in it. And back in the halcyon days of a more demonstrative patriotism there was just as huge a percentage of nitwits, scoundrels, double-dealers and Archibald Milquetoasts, as we discern anywhere in the American Picture today.

In other words, the school of thought that deprecates the character and morale of today's average man, is starting his acclaimings from an inaccurate premise. Where does VALOR get its statistics in turn, for such refutations? It gets them from the checkable data that if you interview ten out of every hundred Americans who have voted for the new President this week, you discover at least two hardheaded, well-read, and purposeful men who stood in line before the voting booths, with eight emotional, fanatical, or civically illiterate citizens "not knowing

what it was all about", both ahead of them in that line, and behind them.

Out of four to five million colonists up and down the American seaboard in those "halcyon days" of a "sturdier patriotism", there were only 80,000 who did anything about the establishment of free government after the fight to eject the British from these colonial domains. That is a percentage of one to five. In other words, only every fifth man in "the good old days" interested himself in the Revolutionary War or did a bitzy-witzy thing about fighting it. Eighty thousand forefathers out of four million, five hundred thousand forefathers—and foremothers—were all who were engaged in the American Revolution or lifted a finger to make it successful. Translated into today's population, we could say that out of a population of 150 millions there are only 30 million voting adults of the masculine gender, and one out of five of those means 6 millions of today's citizens who have their heads screwed on tightly enough to see the distempers of our times and care to do something practicable about them.

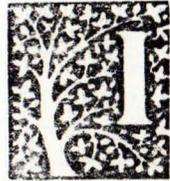
There certainly *are* six millions of this latter caste in the American Scene—we can set the figures for them more accurately around ten to fifteen millions.

NO, the thing that has worked what seems to be such deteriorating effect on our civic and economic perspicacities, so that it seems harder to collect a crowd interested in maintaining the sacred honor and integrity of the Republic, is more than all else *a physical alteration in the American climate!*

This is something to which the economists and statisticians for any Administration pay almost no attention. And yet it is the most potent factor afflicting our national longevity.

The whole American climate is changing
(Continued on Page 10)

Can We Keep Our Heads for Early Global Drama?



IT WOULD be very easy to fly into panegyrics of idealism over what occurred Tuesday in the national election. Truth to tell, there is very little to shout about, excepting the fact that America is not headed for the damnation bow-wows through cynical indifference of the average man to the national welfare or disregard of civic corruption. Furthermore, the "tax and tax, spend and spend, elect and elect" philosophy of the Harry Hopkins Crowd of 1952 has proven its fallacy. Instead of the Republican Party being "all washed up", the fact is more properly so regarding its opponent. But there are several items not to be overlooked—

Scarcely a single *basic* factor in the international situation has been altered from what it was a week, a month, or a year bygone;

United Nations and not Josef Stalin is still the menace to our republican way of life;

Devastating deflation, resulting from overproduction, in turn resulting from excessive plant expansion, is bound to bring economic readjustments—which the American Marxists must be kept from using to bring in Communism, when it appears furthest distant;

The Man of Evil, foretold in both Revelations and the *Golden Scripts*, must, and will, make his appearance, play his Mephistophelean role, and fall by his own malfeasance;

The Republican landslide carries not a feather's weight of effect on the altering climate of the North American continent with its far-reaching economic changes;

Inter-space visitation, or Flying Saucer phenomena, has yet to climax at its true significance, along with possible cataclysmic developments out of the Argentine;

Tuesday's Election Did Not Alter Basic Dilemmas . .

The election of the nominal opponent of Trumanism does not place dollars in American bank accounts or pantry sugar-bowls that do not exist to be so allocated;

Outside of these, we have not a thing to worry about.

VALOR does not swerve one iota from its position that it is all vapid nonsense to assume that the honor of America has been either saved or lost by what happened Tuesday.

The Soulcraft enlightenments have had it that if Stevenson won, the program of economic disintegration would go on apace until crisis was arrived at, by repetition of October 29, 1929 or worse; if Eisenhower won, the lame duck Democrats—so-called—still had two months in which to take their revenge by pulling the economic rug out from under the Administration and the country and crying in substance, "Okay, you didn't want us to run things, now let's see what you can do to salvage the mess we create in reprisal."

The fact that the national predicament was what it was, constituted the real dilemma to be solved, not the political dilemma of which or who presided behind the federal cash register when the alien mobsters strode in and held up the Republic's place of business at pistol-point.

VALOR, and Soulcraft, still keep their vision on the overall master-quandary that only accelerates from this week outward. It took intestinal fortitude to regard the arbitrary factors of it a year, a



month, a week ago; it takes double the amount of that same fortitude to regard crisis approaching in reaction and laugh audaciously in the face of the thundercloud of it.

So what? Intestinal fortitude?
We've got it.

THE WHOLE panorama of embroilment and controversy we're facing is strictly a matter of dollars and sense.

Deflation with crushing tread isn't out in the roadway of international affairs any longer, it's turning in at the gate and presently will have crossed the lawn and be coming up the steps.

The swarming snakes-nest of Reds in United Nations is moving up its propaganda arsenal to fire its most fateful shots of "You've made a mess of everything, you Americans, now let us take over your internal affairs and run them!" For such was U-N launched in 1946.

There will not be lacking dispirited and devitalized dimwits who will cry, "Let them have it, things couldn't possibly be conducted any worse."

Nostradamus said in Quatrain 4 of Century X—

*About midnight the leader of the army
Shall save himself, vanishing suddenly,
Seven years after, his fame shall not be
blamed,*

*And at his return he shall never say
Yes.*

Seven years after 1945 is 1952. There too is this contingency to think about,

for those who interpret this Quatrain correctly . . .

Germany and Japan are the only two nations on earth who have recovered from World War II, whose finances are healthier than any nation victor militarily, and that have the Know-How to emerge victorious from the world economic catastrophe as well.

These are great times in which to live.
Never a dull moment.

BUT LET'S keep our heads screwed on tightly for the whole magnificent global drama ahead. The United States is not going down the drain of international marplotting and alien subservience. The United States is going through her retributive bottleneck and emerging a new and regenerated nation. There are those alive in life who have had their roles in it disclosed to them with clairvoyant clarity.

If we want to accredit Nostradamus *ad infinitum*, some master spirit—by no means one of the Lesser Avatars—named Henry is due to take charge of the governments of both Europe and Asia. Nostradamus makes much of him.

Nostradamus predicts as well a cataclysmic earthquake, to alter the contours of continents, occurring on the 10th of a forthcoming May. He doesn't specify what year.

And just to make life interesting, ten thousand varieties of racial termites are scurrying like swarms of pestiferous ants all over the thresholds of sixty countries, occasionally nipping where it hurts.

Let's look on the whole of it as the breaking of the Great Stalemate of Piscean doldrums and the activating energizing of Aquarius. Golden Times begin to glimmer resplendently on ahead. But these colorful vicissitudes must all be gone through first.

Great! Let's get into them.

So it's President Eisenhower as we travel through the bottleneck!

What particular difference does it make?

Too bad, however, that he wasn't the temperament apparently to express his gratification over his success in terms of some slight mention of the Almighty as being any part of the electoral success. Perhaps he feels himself confident to cope with national and international complications without making God party to them.

However, we like such references in our Presidential utterances.



The Goodly Company



OUR Knighthood dubbed, O Lord, by Calvary's
Blade

On shoulders battle-scarred, that sired
command,

We charged at double-quick down Vales of Shade,
Where mobs of Mammon's guile raged out of
hand!

High Pibrochs of the Proud our throats reflect,
That chords of stalwart Scripts might peace compose,
And progeny up Golden Times such feats respect
That States were cleansed of sooted coats of woes!

Waste in Life's Cenotaph then, Age of Mesh,
Sleep ye in grey embalmings, Scribes of Wrong!
We were trumpeteers of tongues made flesh
To peal the concourse for the Conquering Strong!

Now bivouac's calm, as we have versed before,
All morrows fair, when rebuilt suns must rise;
Yet stars of earthy zeniths shine no score
That bests the lambent praisings in Thine Eyes!

Our bounty grant now, Lord, in Wreaths of Right
That, weaved of trusted sinew, fired the Great,
That patterns fresh in alchemies might smite
Old Error's cup and brew the matchless State!

Arms stale in armor, adulate the cause
Of dreams made Deeds, that carnage-furies cease!
Soon we start back, all campaigns won, from wars
For mustering out in Groves of Etheric Peace!

What You Should Know about . . YOUR NUMEROLOGY

IN figuring out anyone's Numerology, the sum of the birthday figures is of far greater significance generally and practically than the numerical significance of the name. Your name merely indicates what character-traits or talents predominate in you, in your present incarnation. But the breakdown of your birth date shows the nature of the career you are now pursuing for a profit.

Most people are far more interested in what they should be doing in their present lives toward finding and following their proper careers than in facing their achievements in lives to the present.

Your cue to your proper career—whether or not you are doing the thing that you entered life to do—is found by adding the digits of the year in which you were born, to this figure adding the number of the month in that year, and to this total adding the day in that month reduced likewise to its total.

Thus if you were born on April 6, 1890, you would total the digits of your birth-year and get eighteen, add the 4 which is the number of April on the calendar and get twenty-two, add the 6 for the day in April and get twenty-eight. Then you add the digits of 28 together and get ten. As the zero on the end of ten means nothing, you would be classified as to birthpath in Numerology as a One.

The significance of the numerals from One to Nine we shall deal with later on. Before going into them we should take note of the Three Cycles—Material, Mental, and Spiritual.

People whose birthdates add to ones, twos, or threes are said to be upon a Material or Actionist Cycle.

People whose birthdates add to fours, fives, or sixes, are said to be upon the Cycle of the Mental.

People whose birthdates add to sevens, eights, or nines, are said to be upon the Cycle of the Spiritual.

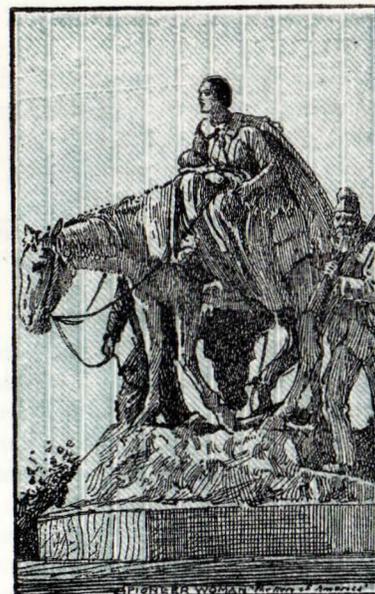
Another Paper Aiding You to Understand Why Life Is What You Find It . .

Understand, this does not mean that Ones, Twos or Threes are not spiritual, or that people who are functioning on the Mental or Spiritual Cycles may not be actionists. We are not discussing in the birth-path significances the casting-up of character. We are striving to determine in what line of endeavoring the people of given birth numbers will feel most at home and get best results for life efforts expended.

THE people whose birthdates add to One, Two, or Three are supposed to pursue careers that supply them with opportunities for action and they will do their best work in terms of that action. People whose birthdates add to Four, Five, or Six will find themselves most agreeably occupied in pursuits that have most to do with mentality, or Mind. They will uniformly be—or should be—planners, designers, and protagonists for the Direct Actionists. They will do the planning and thinking—be the “power behind the throne”—for those who must actually do the executing.

People whose birthdates add to Seven, Eight, or Nine will derive greatest satisfaction and be most properly fitted to their life-brevets when employed in those pursuits that partake primarily of spiritual ideals, charities, altruisms, discipleships to the fine arts, teaching, writing, or entertaining.

Furthermore, just as One, Two, and Three in the Actionist Cycle indicate respectively (1) Pioneering, (2) Partnership, (3) Parenthood or Mentoring over dependents, so too these three significances apply as well to the Mental and Spiritual cycles in their order.



A Four life-path will indicate a person who should primarily be functioning as a pioneer in mental pursuits—such as inventing, laboratory experimentation, engineering, architecture and the like.

A Five life-path will indicate a person who is in partnership on the Mental Plane not so much with persons as with other mentalities—which, alas, too often means competitions making for drama and change.

A Six-path means mental mentoring over a group, commonly referred to in Numerology as Cosmic Paternity. It works out practically in learning the meaning of responsibility, being able to adjust inharmonious situations or conditions, assuming burdens rightfully belonging to weaker brethren.

Then we turn to Seven, Eight, and Nine and confront Pioneering Partnership, and Parenthood on the plane of spiritual performance.

IT is a fact that as the Seven life-path means pioneering in spiritual values, so we find the Sevens usually interested in Mysticism, Psychical Research, and the development of the personal esoteric faculties. These people are “feeling their way” into wider fields of spiritual employments, which increase in size with the Eight and come to flower in Nine.

People whose life-paths add to Seven have certain lessons to learn, however, besides those of pioneering in the esoteric sciences. They must learn the trait of a keener mental analysis and develop subjectively. They must engage in such pursuits as enable them to apply spirit-

ual laws to material affairs. Their true brevet is to commence to understand the Unseen World, however, and discern its powers in relation to earthly activities of a nature called "practical".

In the Eight as to life-path, we have this achievement rendered.

To find oneself upon an Eight life-path means that the life brevet is one of Power and Material Freedom. It means being the executive to greater or lesser degree in a world of activity, cultivating the broadest outlook and learning to oil and run life's machinery. Great magnates, captains of industry, bankers, industrialists, have most frequently been born upon the Eight Vibration. It represents Partnership with the great spiritual values behind life and executes in forms of material prosperity, minimizing dreams, visions, and impracticalities.

Forthwith we come to the Nine life-path, indicating Universality—the Brotherhood of Man.

The person on the Nine life-path is slated to distinguish himself as the complete humanitarian, to abandon all prejudices of race or caste and realize the basic universality of all peoples.

Usually he will be found not to care much about personal possessions or money for its own sake. As one Numerological authority phrases it: "He must settle down nowhere but consider the world as his fireside." This savors to a degree of the Pioneering and Soldier-of-Fortune commission of the One, but with this difference: The latter follows such bent solely for selfish improvement or personal increments. The Nine is impersonal and obeys the Law of Fulfillment.

NOW, having worked out from the mathematics of your birthday the life-path upon which you embarked by getting yourself born on that particular vibration, suppose we set to and consider what each one of these mean. Briefly we might list them somewhat as follows—

- ONE—Individualism
- TWO—Association
- THREE—Self-Expression
- FOUR—Organization
- FIVE—Change
- SIX—Adjustment
- SEVEN—Self-Examination
- EIGHT—Material Affluence
- NINE—Universality

These are the Nine Brevets indicated by the sum of the digits that represent your birthday. If, at the present time,

you can read into your present career or life's activities the expression epitomized by your birthday number, then you are pursuing correctly the thing you came into life to pursue. Details of the activity itself are inconsequential. It is finding the expression, gaining the lesson from the correct experiencing, that counts.

So let us run the more detailed explanation of these numbers through—insofar as space permits—continuing the elucidations next month until they are understood. . .

ONE—INDIVIDUALISM

The person on the One life-path should by no means feel himself under any sort of odium if his role is one of painful independence and the natural disposition to "go it alone".

This disposition is by no means a fault in his character, or sign of moral weakness. It is the part he has elected to play in life's drama.



He chose that part principally for the reason that in former lives he allowed himself to lean too much on others, to be content with too much flabby dependence on those more audacious, to follow supinely where others pioneered. He needed a career that strengthened his own courage and developed his initiative, strengthened his individuality, developed body, mind, and spirit to the highest and cleverest of efficiency.

So he contrived to come into life on a vibration that made him a "soldier of fortune", an instinctive individualist, a person who wandered off alone when others declined to follow his suggestions.

Naturally, Number One Life-Path people encounter the greatest difficulty staying married. Fated to receive the full

force of the experiences that come from solitary adventuring, they must create their own situations—and live them—regardless of whether the man or woman they have wedded is upon the same vibration or not.

TWO—ASSOCIATION

Persons on the Two Life-Path are pursuing their life brevets most accurately and profitably when operating in conjunction with other individuals of compatible temperaments.

They have come into life to acquire the profits that result from partnerships, marital or commercial. Strangely enough, they cannot work with groups or crowds to half the advantage that results when they cast the features of their personalities against some one other personality for constant comparisons and reactions.

It seems to be true that in previous lives they have been overly independent or overly promiscuous in general human contacts. So they have set careers for themselves that shape around some close associate.

Marriage is a serious business with a person on a Number Two life-path. Having taken the step, he or she uniformly sticks to his contract "through thick and thin" . . . It is not all surprising in consequence to find them One-Woman men and One-Man women. They may make more than one marriage but they will have but one romance that is worthy the name.

Women on the Number Two life-path, when once they have given themselves to a man, will look to him for his loving leadership till the moment of their deaths.

The brevet to which they have set themselves is a purposeful submergence of themselves in the concerns and fortunes of another. They are perfecting themselves as peacemakers, diplomats, and go-betweens. Their outstanding trait is loyalty. They give it and expect it. They are patient, rarely dominant, good listeners, compassionate mentors.

Happy indeed is the conscientious man who has annexed a woman on a Number Two life-path for a wife. She will play her role with everything which equally conscientious woman has to give.

There is nothing ignoble or weak about a man on a Number Two life-path preferring an associate to share responsibility in a business venture, or a woman on a Number Two life-path deporting herself in such a way that she is classi-

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MENTAL PHENOMENA . .



WHY IS IT, a famous New York physician once asked a group of medical students, that if you have a scar upon the back of your hand, or anywhere upon the front of your body, it will continue in evidence perhaps for years—despite the fact that the cells of the same sort of scar on your back will gradually fade and disappear?

He hazarded the explanation that the scar on the back of your hand, or the front of your body, you can see constantly and thereby you keep the pattern for it in your conscious mind. The scar that was out of sight is out of the range of mental acknowledgment and therefore ceases to be a feature of the mental pattern-self.

Long since it has become a principle of mental therapy that the subjective mind has absolute control of the functions, conditions, and sensations of the body.

THIS proposition seems almost self-evident and will receive the instant assent of all who are familiar with the simplest phenomena of mesmerism. It is well known, and no one at all acquainted with mesmeric phenomena now disputes the fact, that perfect anesthesia can be produced at the will of the operator simply by suggestion.

Hundreds of cases are recorded where the most severe surgical operations have been performed without pain on almost any mesmerized subject, and in case of particularly sensitive subjects the phenomena can be produced in a waking condition.

How the mind controls the functions and sensations of the body, the orthodox medical man may never know, because the matter passes from the realm of the organic or pathological to the esoteric or psychical.

Thinking spirit obviously shapes the pattern-body, called by some cults the astral body, so that the physical cells—which are themselves only manifestations

of atomic energy—keep to a given design for the whole organism, despite complete renewal of separate cells by each seventh year.

Medical men have known for generations that the symptoms of almost any disease can be induced in mesmerized subjects by mere suggestion. Thus, partial or total paralysis can be produced; fever can be brought on, with all attendant symptoms such as rapid pulse, high temperature, and flushed face, or chills, accompanied by temperature abnormally low; or the most severe pains can be produced in any part of body or limbs at will.

This is, of course, reversing the mental control over the pattern body that makes for health.

But many recent scientific works tell of still more extraordinary effects produced on the body's functions by Mind.

For instance, Bernheim stated that he had been able to produce a blister on the back of a patient by applying a postage stamp and suggesting to the patient that what had been affixed was a fly-plaster. This is confirmed by the experiments of Moll and others, leaving no doubt that structural changes are a possible result of oral suggestion translated into psychosomatic effects. On this subject Bernheim makes the following observations—

“ACTUALLY, hemorrhages and bloody stigmata may be induced in certain subjects by means of suggestion. M. Bourru and M. Burot of Rochefort have experimented on a young marine with extraordinary results. M. Burot put him into a somnambulistic condition and gave him the following directions: “At four o'clock this afternoon—not a moment before nor after—you will come to my office, sit down in the armchair, cross your arms on your breast, and your nose will begin to bleed!”

Aroused from the condition and sent forth, no further instructions being given, he appeared in the physician's office precisely at four, and seated himself as directed.



Blood immediately began to issue from his left nostril.

Ordinarily it would have required ruptured membrane to get such flow, but careful examination showed that such membrane had not been broken in any way. How then, had the blood come through from the vessels without injury, and why had it come forth at this particular time and not under ordinary conditions?

On another occasion the same investigator traced the patient's name on both his forearms with the dull reverse end of a penholder. With the same marine in the somnambulistic state, the doctor instructed: “At three o'clock this afternoon you will go to sleep with your arms across your waist, and both your forearms will bleed along the lines which I have traced, meaning that your name will appear on your forearms written in blood.”

He was watched at the time specified and perceived to seek a couch and at once drop into slumber. On the left arm the letters of his name stood out in bright red relief, and in several places an ooze of living blood came through the surface of the skin. The phenomenon on the right arm showed only dull welts coming up, such as might have been made by the blow from a whip. *The right arm did not bleed, however.* The remarkable aspect in this particular case was, that the livid lettering did not go down, and for the ensuing three months the lad went about with his name particularly visible on both forearms. Only the fourth month did they begin to fade.

DR. MABILLE, director of the Asylum at Lafond, near Rochelle, repeated the experiment upon a subject at Rochefort after he had been removed to the asylum, but found that he did not
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All Honor

LET'S not blink the fact that the American people have done a great thing. This great thing is not the election of General Eisenhower but the fact that they have been capable of altering the personnel of their federal government as it grew corrupt and onerous. That this will be interpreted in many quarters as blanket condemnation of the Truman policies is natural. But more than condemnation of Truman policies is involved.

VALOR's oft-expressed prediction that the United States of America stands not at the end of her history but on it's thousand-year threshold, is the major at-testment derived from Tuesday's developments.

A perfectly safe man, who will not countenance too much reprisal taken on those who manufactured such conditions as to bring about civic revolt of the citizenry, has the whole pay-off of twenty years of maladministration dumped in his lap.

None of it staves off the day of economic reckoning. It merely shows that when the American people become aroused, they can still express themselves in terms that leave small room for the deprecation of having lost their honor and their character during years of New Deal largess.

There will be, of course, the usual illusion and disillusion.

When the nation does not whip back to normalcy in a twelve-month after the inaugural, all the usual pyrotechnics of indignation will be advanced that "the

situation is too big for Republicans as well" and so let's change the whole thing for something civically different.

Another misfortunate event will be the inevitable circumstance that in the deflationary period that looms, the tradition that "you always get panics and Crashes under the Republicans" will be advanced as an argument for one-world supervision of more potent stature.

However, Tuesday's election has demonstrated that the American system still operates and that the American people as a whole are not the mercenary dimwits that Harry Hopkins once slandered them.

It's the Reprisal Period for Tuesday's landslide that we now have to face—



that and the fact that the new incumbent is an avowed endorser of the Stalin-Hiss-Stevenson U-N. However, there is real hope for the country—as there has always been—in the incumbent's running-mate and the forthcoming Congress.

VALOR still declares that our United States is *not* going to hell in a hack.

Congratulations

IT IS hoped that nobody missed the election returns from North Dakota containing authentication of the return of William S. Langer to the Senate. The commentator, in announcing Mr. Langer's reelection, made note of the fact that by right of seniority he now becomes Chairman of the all-important Judiciary Committee of the Senate. This Committee, more than almost any other, carries most supervising weight with the Department of Justice.

This means that Senator Langer, proven friend of VALOR's editor, sits in the most influential position on the Hill to

give assistance in the editor's ultimate vindication.

It is not outside the realm of possibilities that before the new Republican Administration has proceeded far, all stigmas of Subversion can be officially removed on organizations of Liberation-Soulcraft origin that had not met with the personal approval of Department of Justice adherents under New-Dealism.

But a great and good man has been re-elected Senator from North Dakota.

Soulcrafters nationally can rejoice over that.

Proportions



EARLY man was staggered by the magnitude of matter. Modern man is staggered by its minuteness. The vast size of the universe is a less appalling idea than the inconceivable littleness of the material out of which it is built up.

Men spend their days searching out the mysteries of the solar systems. But all of them do not look at the night sky's stars. Some of them probe into the solar systems of the mighty atom. For every atom is itself a solar system with sun and whirling planets.

It would take a hundred million atoms to form a straight line if placed, like a row of peas, across a penny. Take an ordinary light bulb, which is a near-vacuum, and make anywhere upon its surface a tiny hole. Let this hole be no bigger than a common pin makes in piercing a bit of cardboard. Then start a projection of atoms through this hole. Send them through at the rate of a million a minute. It would then take a hundred million years to fill that bulb with atoms!

What makes these microscopic planets whirl about their tiny suns? What force holds the atom together? Where does it get its terrific energy?

Take a glass of water. It represents energy. You pour it into the toy boiler of a model ship and she steams across a model-yacht pond. Heat has been applied to the water until the water's molecules have flown apart. We say they have expanded. But take the same energy imprisoned in that same glass of water's atoms and release it and you have power not for the model ship but for an Atlantic crossing of a modern ocean liner.

Imprisoned in the atom is energy so vast that its release and harnessing would

make an end of nearly every problem that vexes the spirit of man. We should possess inexhaustible supplies of power so that every material need could be satisfied. We should no longer need coal, petrol, or any sort of fuel. Already it is known that when the atom is split, its energy flies forth into the infinite of space at terrific velocity. It is not generally known that Science labels such energy, Rays.

Investigators have catalogued the rays that come from the sun. But behind and beyond all rays that come from sun and stars they have found rays of shorter length that emanate, so far as Science can determine, from no known source within our solar system. They are called Cosmic Rays. And they fall like invisible rain upon the earth from some source far out in the eternal night of the Universe. But from whence do they come?

Man is a creature steeped in the psychology of his physical littleness. He imagines that he is small because he sallies forth beneath the stars and regards his gnat-like allocation upon a gnat-like planet. But the Science which theologians disdain, in that it offers them such vicious competition, is summoning man to regard his own bigness.

What about the hundred trillion solar worlds composing the atomic structure of his own body? What of his Spirit which rules over these? If a separate sensate spirit, possessing consciousness, could incarnate in a microscopic organism upon any one of the atomic worlds that go in assembly to make up man's heart, lungs, liver, spleen, or vertebrae, would not such an incarnating spirit preach unto his progeny the holiness and omnipotence of the vast directing Consciousness over all such worlds, centered in the brain?

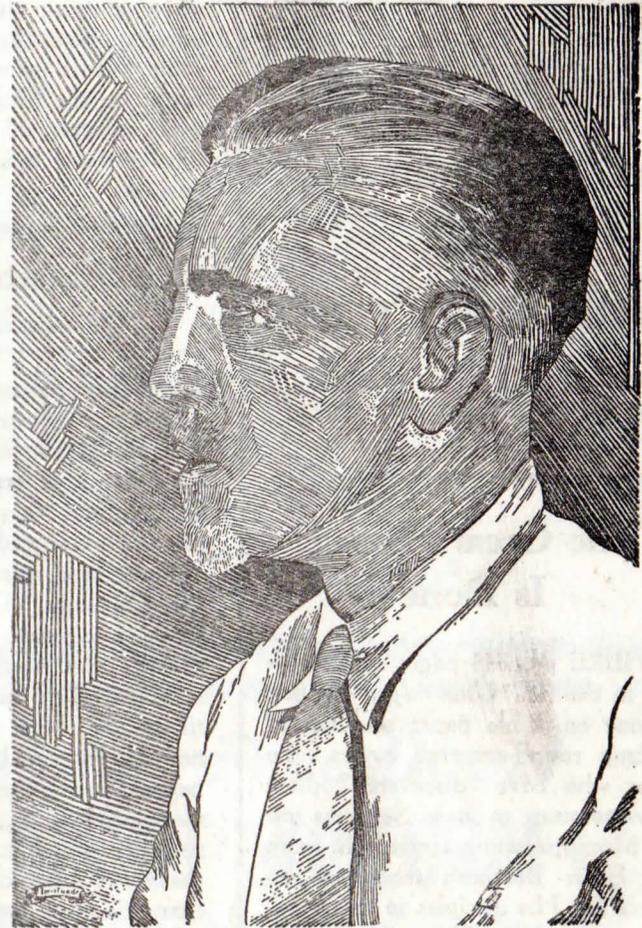
How long must we struggle with the realization that there is neither smallness nor bigness except by comparison with something external to the unit indicated? There is only Reality in the essence of assembly by which creation manifests.

Who, therefore, is the man who is big of concept? Is he the man who figures out that it would take a modern train fifty billion years to travel to Arcturus? Is he not rather the man who says: "Yon vagrant, rooting in the alley's trash-can, is Lord God in essence to more galaxies of worlds within himself than are visible to human eye when that eye scans the universe from a hill in October midnight!"

It is something to think about! Each

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mortal man is a universe unto himself. Why then bother with perpetual externalities? If physically enshrouded Spirit is Lord God now over the hundred trillion worlds composing its enshrouding, why should it not also have capabilities to rise to omnipotence over a hundred trillion worlds visible ten trillion years hence from many mundane hilltops?

We are all imprisoned Gods! We are given passing jurisdiction over atomic universes now, that we may be facile down some future aeon in helping clear the traffic up the Milky Way. Yet, after all, what matters it? Size is only relative. The universe is identifiable only by comparisons.

Climate Changes

(Continued from Page 2)

ing. Heat centers are moving catastrophically northward, with them go reactions to atmospheric pressures that alter the amount of resistance—in other words the physical energies—of the rank and file of two-legged people.

Texas and our southern States—from the Carolinas to Arizona—are growing hotter and drier, with compounding humidities that result in physical and moral languors. The most reliable of all statistics are those which disclose that the normal human being, of any race or temperament, thrives best and does his most efficient work at an average temperature of 64 degrees. Take any people that have been characterful, industrious, energetic and resourceful at 64 degrees average of temperature, alter the barometric pressures so that the last climb up to 70 and 74 degrees, and you will see what happens to civic consciences. En masse the citizens lack energy to keep up vigilant interest in what goes on. They drink more spiritous liquors to make up the drain on their vitalities, and in time that too depletes them more, as they suffer reactions of a permanent nature.

This year we had a mean heat of around 80 degrees all over the United States, with tremendous droughts in nearly a quarter of our terrain. People living in a constant heat of 80 degrees want to “get away from it all” and “don’t care whether school keeps or not.” What the sociological crackpot declares to be degeneration of morale mayn’t be due half so much to Roosevelt as to sunspots—and no facetiousness intended.

More and more the average American seems to be inclined “to let George do it”—whatever “it” is—George uniformly being the conniving or self-seeking politician.

THE EXTENT of this change in our climate is really something formidable to contemplate. All industry responds to it. Business in Air Conditioning, Brewing, Insecticide Chemicals, Gardening Tools, lightweight Clothes, Vacation Resorting, Refrigerators and Refrigeration generally, all kinds of Drinks—both hard and soft—Sporting Goods, Motor Transportation and Synthetic Fibres . . . all these boost as a pro-tropical climate climbs further and further northward. On the other hand, Anti-Freeze Compounds, Building Insulation, Coal and other Fuels, Commercial Fishing, Department Stores, Fuel Oil, Furnaces and Space Heaters, heavyweight Clothing, Summer Schools and Wools . . . these all languish and suffer.

When the climate of old-time Florida moves up to New York, and the former climates of Baltimore, Philadelphia, and Manhattan move up to Montreal and Hudson Bay—Americans as a caste are bound to go languid, lose their zest and their pep, become the more easily exhausted over any controversy inciting mentality, and try to “get away from it all” as a populace proposition.

And that thing is happening, and has been increasing in potency since the early 1930’s. Northern glaciers everywhere are melting and retreating. It is all “the bunk” about the antarctic ice-cap growing so vast and so heavy that it spins the earth out of plumb, needing atom bomb detonations to relieve weight on the earth’s crust, and possible cataclysm. *The antarctic ice pack actually is disintegrating decade by decade like every other aspect of terrain frigidity.*

The whole earth planet is “warming up” for some odd cosmic reason which the man in the street knows nothing about. And the Eternal Soul encased in a physical sheathing that requires a fairly cool temperature to function efficiently, responds or does not respond in ways that emulate the “character” evinced by the “forefathers” who shoveled snow drifts in winter and thought a temperature of 90 degrees a tropical furnace in the summer.

Surely the “outs” can make political propaganda of it against the “ins” but

we who look the facts of earth-life fearlessly in their faces are not being fooled that mortal "character" is changing.

It is the atmospheric pressure upon the organism of the "mortal character" that is responsible for a different mass reaction to quandaries that eat up energy. The average American in a semi-tropical climate is going to have less and less of it.

Suppose we halt this libel against atmospheric reactions and consider factors as they are.

Solutions to patriotism lie in quite other quarters than the demagogues declaim.

Mental Phenomena

(Continued from Page 5)

require to use the reversed penholder. He could get results on the patient's arms in somnambulism by suggesting what ever design he wished to become visible on the patient's bared forearms, and it would gradually raise above the skin in a highly inflamed ridge.

The suggestion was advanced that if designs of this kind could be created at will by the patient's mind, they could be eradicated the same way or by the same method. Dr. Mabile later, therefore, had an elderly mechanic brought into the institution whose abdomen disclosed a particularly vicious scar, the result of a machine accident at the place of former employment. He waited until he got the mechanic into the mesmeric condition, affecting to cure another malady, and admonished him about wearing such a physical disfigurement. The man responded with signs of subconscious distress. The doctor suggested to him that no later than the weeks' end, he should purposefully remove the tragic blemish, little by little by night as he slept. He set the following Sunday morning as the time when the abdomen should be completely clear of the scar tissue.

It vanished the first night that the patient dropped to slumber!

THE AVERAGE person, it would seem, is subconsciously proud of any disfigurement he carries, that he has suffered the ordeal of receiving it, and the scar is the mental reminder that he has experienced it, been hero enough to endure the pain or discomfort of it, and survived it.

All of which is something to think about.

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.. COGITATIONS

SO IT'S thirty-four years back to the original Armistice Day! Forgive me the bromide, "How tempus fugit!" . . . Thirty-four years ago this week I was clad in American army uniform, aboard a *tepluska* goods-car, weaseling my way out of Siberian Bolshevia with a fat bunch of dispatches from Ambassador Francis to President Wilson belted about my waist, the weather forty below on Siberian steppes, grinding and jarring and squeaking or being blown eastward around Lake Baikal with Consul-General Harris coming up from Peking to meet me at Harbin. I would surrender the dispatches to Harris, he would enclose them in the diplomatic pouches, they would be put aboard an American destroyer and rushed across the Pacific. Into the same diplomatic pouches would go three-quarters of a million dollars in Czarist money belonging to the International Harvester Company—salvaged out of Moscow and being rushed across Siberia to the main offices of the company in Chicago. I had left our Irkutsk Consulate the day the Allies had occupied Ostend, Bruges and Lille. That was October 17th. Two civilian employes of the Harvester Company were my companions—a Britisher and a Norwegian. I pause again for weather announcements. This weather was very cold . . .

o—o

WINTER comes early in Siberia. It had been well advanced by the last week in September. Night upon night throughout October had been distinguished by heavier establishments of ice and snow. Of a grey afternoon as November approached, Thompson, our U. S. consul at Irkutsk, had summarily given me my commission which would be

so memorable. "There's a peasant train starting east in forty minutes," he announced. "I've arranged for an empty goods-car to be attached for you—and Tanney and Olsen. A Czech guard will accompany you as far as Chita, then you'll be on your own. An orderly is taking a mattress down to the *tepluska* for you to use enroute, along with some fuel and provisions. Happy hunting! It was nice having known you!" . . . I have memory of Josef, who had been my Man-Friday on previous occasions, staggering through Irkutsk railroad yards trying to balance a hard-straw mattress in the high gale that all that afternoon had been whipping pedestrians and trainmen to cover, along with the slash of snow. He found the train and *tepluska*—trust Josef for that. A *tepluska* mean in Russian, any sort of movable compartment that is heated, so I'm given to understand. This *tepluska* had the size of the celebrated "8-horses-and-40-men" conveyances of European railroads, exactly four wheels connecting with tracks beneath, one sliding door at the left side, one narrow oblong window up close to its eaves at another side, and in the corner diagonally across from the window something known in Russia as a stove. In America we'd call it a couple of feet of vertical stovepipe with a door cut in the front of it. Cleated across each end of this *tepluska* were plank shelves, three feet wide, that comity called berths. My celebrated mattress occupied one of these shelves with a couple of feet hanging over. I had a Japanese air-cushion—which could be conveniently inflated with the icy breath—for a pillow. No blankets. Sixteen pieces of birchwood for fuel. An ordinary soap box, 15 by 20 inches square, containing canned stuffs supposed to be edible. And the consul's best wishes for a pleasant journey.

o—o

THE DISTANCE over which I was thus dispatched was similar to giving me sixteen pieces of stovewood (the weather was very cold) three cans of Campbell's Soup, a can of lima beans, two cans of corn, a jar of pickles and one of marmalade, two loaves of very

leathery bread and a can-opener to sustain life on an American journey in a freight-car from Denver to Pittsburgh. The Czech guard, armed with a rifle with bayonet so long as to be a menace to navigation in any sort of closed conveyance, heated or not, would help consume this sumptuous fare for a distance as far as Kansas City, then he would drop off, and Tanney, Olsen, and myself would continue onward to Pittsburgh, moving eight miles an hour and sometimes for hours not moving at all, gorging ourselves on these provisions as we dared. The country was as flat as your Aunt Jane's breadboard and when a gale came down from the North Pole—which seemed continually out of sight just beyond the crest—it blew icebergs, wolves, tumbleweeds, trains, bolsheviks, railroad ties and Marxist literature on Utopian life in the Soviets, over most of the landscape as far south as India. When the weather—which was very cold—developed one of these gales from starboard, we let 'er blow and rode along with 'er. Sometimes there were empty patches of steel beneath us, mostly there were drifts. We fed the sixteen pieces of birchwood into the vertical stovepipe a shaving at a time and kidded ourselves we had fire. Sometimes the gale came down the roof-hole and blew the fire out. Then we had no fire. I thought, having been raised in Massachusetts and Vermont, that I knew wintry temperatures. But when we had shaved the birchwood billets to chips the bulk of pencils, and crammed them one at a time into our seething furnace, we discovered it didn't obviate one of us remaining awake and on his feet while companions slept. If all three went to slumberland at once they would likewise have gone to Iceland, without moving off those Trans-Siberian tracks. We would have been frozen so hard, no attempts would have been made to thaw us out till spring. The weather, as I say, was very c-c-cold. Ears would freeze inside the *tepluskas*—not to mention on either side your head—while you watched them. Vapor breath, as we traveled those sprightly miles, caromed around the car, fell floorward and came back and hit us

in the ankles. When the temperature went down to what my British friend declared was sixty below—I think he was psychic and read cosmic thermometers—the locomotive itself stopped because it couldn't make steam. Thereat even the engineer and fireman froze. We were very arctic all around, but Wilson was getting his *billet-deaux* from Francis all the same. True, he could have gotten it faster if the Consul had presented us with a sled of fourteen dogs and told us to mush it. But such is war in Utopian Russia. Long before Tsi-Tsi-Ka on the Chinese border had been reached, we had not only eaten the lima beans—one at a time to make them last longer—the corn and the pickles, but were further deriving nourishment from tin cans and can-opener. The marmalade we had stashed where the Czech guard hadn't been able to devour it, against a grand splurge of jelly-jam on the final night before reaching Harbin. But of an evening in late November we rolled in over the Sungari River bridge to Harbins' north and saw Bright Lights again, were blown to a halt in the railroad yards before we knew what town had been reached. We chopped the frozen door open and got out. Eastward from where we'd stopped, stretched a great snow-blanketed plaza. Across the plaza we saw real electric lights-bulbs forming the letters of an illuminated sign—C-A-F-E . . . Could we actually stagger that last hundred feet from Siberian Denver to Siberian Pittsburgh? To avoid the drifts we hugged the walls of the plaza buildings along the south, wishing more than ever we had those mush-dogs. And midway of the plaza wall we came upon the frosted-glass window of a tobacconist's shop. The weather was still very arctic outside but tropical within. Melted ice in consequence was making rags of a newspaper attached inside the glass. It was the front page of the *Japan Advertiser*, published in Tokyo. Across the seven front columns of that front page was the cataclysmic headline—

HINDENBURG ACCEPTS ALLIED TERMS

Who had a *speechkey*—match to you? I had a speechkey, and Tanney lighted it. He held it to the glass and tried to make out the date. "God in heaven!" he gasped. "Boys, *the World War has been over, two weeks!*" . . .

o—o

THIS WAS my Armistice Day, 34 years bygone. We reckoned backward and found that while the whistles

had been screaming for a couple hours in America on November 11th, we'd been crossing the border between Siberia and China—into what later was Manchukuo. But . . . *the War Over!* Olsen began to sob. For not a reason in the world that Norwegian decided that blubbering was in order. Tanney and I got into the coffee-place—by the three of us moving sideways through the motley crowd that jammed it. It had a piano on a platform up at the end. A long-haired maestro was thumping it. Beside him, violin beneath her flawless chin, was the most beautiful blonde creation I'd seen up to that time in all my travels in the Orient. We couldn't be in Pittsburgh. This damsel was too stunning. She—or they—beheld my American uniform and began to thump and saw at the *Star Spangled Banner*. I saluted the damsel and later she came and had a schnapps with us. Think of being marooned in a jernt like that, after 23 days on snowy wastes of Bolshevia, with three-quarters of a million smackers stashed around our equators! Of course, even though we found an interpreter to make converse with the fair fiddler, I by no means interpreted that we toted such affluence. Instead of melting by degrees as I was doing, I would have been tossed out to freeze again and be forgotten till spring. Very much forgotten. Through the interpreter, she—the violinist too white and fair ever to reside in any Pittsburgh—imparted that she was Polish, that the Steinway-thumper was her parent, that they had beaten their escape on the getaway trains from Tomsk to Harbin, and if she found nice Melican soldat she would commit matrimony with heem to preserve remainder of life alive. Tanney leaned across and said I should show her the snapshot of Daughter Adelaide in my wrist-watch, aged four. I did, and Katrina made a face and went back to the platform to say-can-you-see another Star-Spangled-Banner for the Melican uniform that might edge in. Life was like that in Bolshevia back in those tame Armistice times of thirty-four years bygone. Meantime, Olsen on my left was building up the most classical demonstration of spiritous ossification that ever had happened in any country since there was a nation.

o—o

BETWEEN Olsen's spiritous liquors and the quantities of warm borsch and blood-sausage that Tanney and I stored away, that quick lunch cost us nineteen thalers each, Melican moola.



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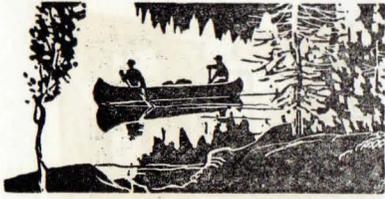
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Fifty-four dollars—including the harmonious matrimonial enticement. If my memory serves me right, it was the only time before or since, that the International Harvester Company of Moscow, Chicago, and points East, ever settled the check for anything I ate. Yet after what I'd done for his family fortunes in 1918, Colonel McCormick of the *Chicago Trib* called me a so-and-so in seventeen different editorials during the Washington mass trial, because I'd printed the truth upon an eventful occasion about why Slim Lindbergh had delivered a celebrated speech for the America-Firsters in Des Moines, and why the *Trib* hadn't liked it. The ingratitude of plutocrats! . . .

Consul-General Harris came up from Peking in his waggon-litz next morning, and I took a hot bath in real water, with soap, ate my way through a seven-course lunch, crawled in between linen sheets and slept 48 hours. The war was over! There was no more excuse for my being in Bolshevia. I had Harris make reservations for me on the next train to Vladivostok. When I finally came to move forward on it, standing on the bottom step of a coach, Harris wrung my hand as he walked along the platform. "You'll never know, Mr. Pelley," was his gracious compliment, "what you've done for your country." . . . But the Consul was wrong. I had converted myself into a pillar of ice and had myself shipped 1700 miles across Bolshevia for my country, that Woodrow Wilson might know to the smallest detail what the Bolsheviks in and around Archangel thought of the United States and the Democratic Party—and have continued to think. Did I happen to mention to you that the weather was very, very, very, very cold? . . . as cold as Katrina after I'd told her I preferred brunettes to blondes . . .

—THE RECORDER

Numerology

(Continued from Page 6)

fied as a Clinging Vine. Either of these get the clearest expression of their personalities by casting them against the solitaire characters of their partners, whereas trying to cast them against the personalities of many characters in the group would only confuse or distract them.

They are deliberately learning the power of silence, perfecting themselves in

the gentleness that distinguishes true friendship, and foregoing personal profit or praise to see their team-mate get it.

THREE—SELF-EXPRESSION

The person on the Three life-path is the Actionist performer in relation to a group. Individualization would terrify him. Association with one other character only would bore him. He wants to be surrounded with acquaintances, to work in conjunction with committees or boards of directors. He courts all kinds of direct action where more than two persons are involved.

The program such people have set for themselves is to learn to give of themselves, to cultivate social contacts and be welcome guests at any gathering. Particularly are they desirous of following direct-action pursuits that gratify laudable ambition or enable them to express themselves artistically.

As married partners they may love deeply enough, but unless they become parents of a group of children their marriages may fail. Confining themselves to a life partnership with one individual seems a terrific loss of personal effort to them and develops a situation that seems horridly inadequate to what they feel are their inherent capabilities.

Men on the Number Three life-path are good foremen, superintendents, and supervisors. They make excellent top-sergeants or captains in time of war. In business they want to belong to a company that has more than two heads.

Women on the Number Three life-path are usually prominent in church or club work, make good nurses or foreladies, lead local movements for civic betterment, and are usually found directing others at parties, weddings, funerals, emergency situations, or even political rallies.

THESE three classifications indicate the lives that are charted to receive the greatest spiritual increments on the "practical" plane, the arena of physical movement and executive functioning. People who have set themselves to any one of these three brevets need not feel chagrined that they are not particularly philosophical, scholarly, or contemplative. Neither should they feel it to be any castigation on their roles that their prime concern in the present life happens to be themselves, or the material welfare of those with whom they are immediately associated. Their legitimate purpose for

being in life is to strengthen or round out their own characters, not to concern themselves overly much in the development of the characters of others.

There are plenty of lives ahead in which they will cultivate philosophy or the esoteric attributes. In this particular life-span they consider they have their share of the world's work to do, their own roles to play as individualists—either as solitaire performers, devoted husbands or loyal wives, or mentors to groups either domestic or industrial.

We should all of us remember that the world needs the individualistic Direct Actionists quite as much as it needs engineers or professors, poets or painters, financiers or statesmen.

Verily it takes all kinds of people to make a world and if a man or woman requires to live a life that strengthens them personally where they are weak, whose concern should it be but their own?

A PREACHER got into a tavern by mistake, thinking it a regular restaurant. Ordering a glass of milk, he was served a milk-punch. He tasted it, look startled, tasted it again, finally drained the whole glass of it.

At length he set down the glass, empty, and wiped his lips with the back of his hand. He was heard to exclaim—
"Oh, Lord, what a cow!"

Because a woman wears black may not mean she's in mourning for a husband. Maybe she never had a husband, that's why she mourns.

HE LOOKED askance at the lobster the waitress had brought him.

"Tell me how it happens," he demanded, "this creature has only one claw."

"They're so fresh," she explained, "that our lobsters fight with each other in the kitchen."

"Is that a fact? Take this one back and bring me the winner."

THE DISGRUNTLED sergeant climbed into the barber's chair.

"I want a shave," he ordered. "No haircut, no shampoo, no bayrum, no hair tonic, no hot towels. I don't want the manicurist to hold my hand nor the boot-black to fondle my feet. A plain shave, no trimmings. You got it?"

The barber looked meek.

"Yes, sir. Lather, sir?"

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SOULCRAFT CHAPELS

Noblesville, Indiana

T h e P A Y O F F

TWO colored maids stopped to exchange greetings over the back fence. One asked, "How is yo' feelin' these days, Mandy?"

"To tell yo' de truth," Mandy answered, "Ahs feelin' sort ov effervescent lately, an' it gets me down. How is yo' feelin'?"

"Ah has dese yeah spells ob convalescence ebry little while, Lindy."

"Convalescence, eh? Yo' wants to be careful, Mandy. Dat's de same disease mah brudder die of. De doctah-man say, 'He die durin' convalescence.'"

THREE hermits lived in a cave, doing nothing all day but staring out the entrance. Finally a horse passed.

Six days later, one hermit remarked, "Pretty brown horses go past this place."

Six weeks later the second hermit aroused himself to say, "That warn't a brown horse, that was a black horse."

Six months later the third hermit declared, "If we're gonna have this constant bickerin', I'm leavin'!"

THE HOUSE detective asked the Swede maid about the sporty looking guest in Room 416.

"Ah tank he bane plantation owner," Fredericka answered.

"What makes you think that?" the detective demanded.

"Ah bane go by door of four-sixteen and he say to someone, 'Jus' one more leedle drink, den we go out and raise cane sugar.'"

THE YOUNG lady, not too bright, had called at the Dispensary to donate some blood for soldiers.

"Do you know what type your blood is?" the attendant inquired.

"Sure," she answered. "Most of my gentleman friends say it's the sultry type."

A YOUNG mother was changing her new baby with the gallery looking on, namely her four-year-old son. When she neglected to sprinkle on the talc, the young kibitzer was indignant.

"Don't he get the powdered sugar this time, maw, like them other times?"

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SOULCRAFT CHAPELS

THE HOSTESS at a children's party was puzzled by the expression on little Cecil's face.

"What's the matter, Cecil? Don't you like your jello?"

"'Tain't that I don't like it, Mis' Jones. It's still wigglin'. I don't think it's dead yet."

Some men are born great, some achieve greatness, some just grate upon you.

AN OLD Negro mammy had a family of boys so well behaved that one day her mistress asked her, "Sally, how did you ever manage to raise your boys so well?"

"Well, Ah tell yo', Miss Maizie—Ah raises dem boys wid barrel staves, yas-sum. And Ah raises 'em frequent."

He calls himself a human dynamo—everything he has on, is charged.