

Valor

The Golden Times Weekly . .

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

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Number 3

Why Not a Policy of Frank But Firm Non-partisanship?



WHEN AMERICANS have fooled and fiddle-faddled with all kinds of international experiments, attended to the business of every other nation but their own, and singed their wings of constitutional freedom in the fires of super-government, it will occur to them to see what sort of a country and a world they can make by concentrating their thoughts and energies on the United States and nothing else.

It has been something like 36 years since the United States paid strict attention to its own concerns, and let the rest of the world take care of itself. Even so, Trouble wasn't brought to America because it followed such policy. Woodrow Wilson went after it. He permitted American ships to sail to England loaded with munitions for Great Britain, in full knowledge of the German U-boat menace and when the *Lusitania* met with grief, we joined the Allies and made ourselves parties to Europe's complications. None of it was Isolationism. It was Partisanship of the rankest sort. If we would go throwing such partisanship around, it was only natural we should become involved in foreign troubles—and hurt.

So deeper and deeper we have let ourselves become involved in increasing partisanship, on a basis that we furnish the men, materiel, and money to decide whatever war the other countries start . . .



THUS WE find ourselves, 34 years after Wilson repudiated the American doctrine of No Entangling Alliances, in the midst of the whole snarled-up pattern of the world, left with the thankless role of policeman to the

universe. So publicists for the Military are breaking news to us "gently" that we shall "probably" have 10,000,000 of the flower of our young manhood under arms before the United Nations program is successful. No one bethinks to wonder why such a stupendous military establishment has to be actual if this U-N Thing is supposed to exist for creation of a warless world. With a 10-million man-power of our own, we wouldn't need United Nations. The prospect is a paradox. And the joker in it is, that in an age of atomic warfare we wouldn't need ten million soldiers, anyhow. This is not the age of Napoleon.

All of it boils down to the fact that someone, somewhere, has had great expectations of using the resources of the United States for their own partisanship designs, and to the moment we've been allowing un-American interests to supervise our resources for the very purposes we could utilize them for, ourselves.

However, to be masters in our house is malodorous Isolationism. To let someone overseas, or even in United Nations, be master in our own house is supposed to be Progress, and international Peace, and the Parliament of Man. Can balderdash go crazier?

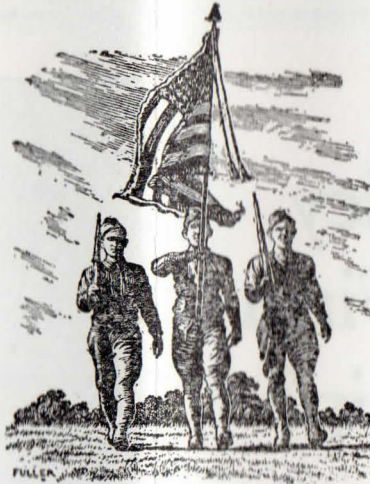
AT ANY rate, let it be understood that we are *not* going to put ten million of our young men permanently under arms whether we run our own affairs or let the alien radicals run them through U-N, first because we shall shortly exhaust the resource to sustain them; second, because United Nations shall soon become so malodorous as to find itself evicted from United States territory; and third, because in the resurgence of Americanism that is imminent, *a policy of frank but firm non-partisanship will make such concentration of man-power anathema!*

Comparatively few Americans have awakened as yet to the real meaning of the Republican landslide of last week; not so much in the head personnel that was elected as for the reactionary shocks that are bound to be felt as new men take over the federal sinecures held by the power-intoxicated radical bloc for the past twenty years. The olfactory effects are bound to be so asphyxiating that new federal policies will be espoused automatically.

It hasn't dawned on the rank and file of the country as yet that some of its

finest pro-American statesmen at last confront opportunity not only to be heard, but to function constructively. When the "Clean-Up-America!" band wagon gets rolling—sometime along in the late winter or spring—the patriotic vacuum is due to suck some startling personalities into the dust-bag.

VALOR dares to predict that what has contemptuously been labeled McCarthyism, may get a momentum that nobody can stop, not even McCarthy himself, granted he wishes to stop it.



SOONER or later, with a different sort of drought striking the Treasury from the cattle and crop regions of the Southwest, new policies are going to be embraced by the very nature of developments. Remember, too, that with only the heartbeat of a 63-year-old army man standing between young Nixon and the Presidency, it would be the anti-Communist Crowd that holds the baton of power.

With the Cooperative Economy standing ready to function within an hour, in event exhaustion of our fiscal resources brings industrial hiatus, and the younger "Anti" Crowd becoming the potentates behind the Big Stick, matters look anything but sour for the United States in the wonderful decade ahead. Republicanism as Republicanism has little or nothing to do with all of it, take note, because politically there has been almost no difference between the Republican Party and the Democratic Party. *But considered as a reactionary influence*, few are in position to predict exactly how far or how high the reaction must carry. And it can't make matters worse for the United States. It must perforce make them better.

All of it aligns 99 percent with what has insistently been "coming over" psychically from more Intricate Dimensions of

Time and Space about America's destiny. "America has a brief but painful bottleneck of economic readjustment to pass through", has been the consensus of this enlightenment, "but it is to be the gestation period for a revised set of principles and policies that are to open Golden Times for citizens of the United States, and through them, the world."

Thirty days bygone it all appeared illusionary. Now here in the middle of November, every element has appeared, or is appearing, making such predicting the soundest part of fact.

Again VALOR emphasizes, it wasn't *who* succeeded *whom* in the change; it was the wonderful realism that change itself has operated.

Reactionism comes from Change.

And Reactionism, skillfully and honestly guided, can revamp our whole traditional national policy that Wilson so perniciously departed. If you have any stock in United Nations, sell it short and sell it quickly.

You're going to see presently that it's not even serviceable wallpaper for the chicken-coop, assuming you own a chicken coop.

AMERICA, with her amazing industrial and inventive resources, does not require to lean on a single nation atop this planet's surface. She can be friendly but non-partisan toward any country but Russia and China. But you are going to find ere many more moons have waxed and waned, that Russia and China will be shown up for the hoaxes they are.

VALOR is looking for the great unmasking and collapsing to start via China, and pull down Russia. And with Russia pulled down, or rather, her Iron Curtain pulled down, America can overhaul her whole international policy.

She can go back to utterly independent action!

Which she will.

And the ten million boys who would otherwise have found themselves doing guard-duty in Kamchatka or policing the Transvaal will make the pleasing discovery that their own breed of young American male has assumed high command.

Where, in the vista of the whole of it, is there probability of woe and disaster?

Cooperation internally and Non-partisanship internationally!

It's going to be a glorious thing to be alive in this country by 1960, when resurgent America is performing full tilt!



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

“Roads into Sunrise”

“Onward, Christian Soldiers!”

THIS nation is going to do anything but go to the damnation bow-wows. VALOR began proclaiming it a year by-gone, and the national election of a week by-gone points to the truth of it. We are only just beginning our magnificent national history. The ways the citizenry has thrown off the shackles of the bogus New-Deal largess, has proven their capability to throw off the spurious. From now on out it's *Cooperation* that's going to point the sign-post to the future. Ninety-five percent of our predicted national troubles are not going to happen. This page is going to contain confirmations of it as time goes on into wonderful 1953 . . Shoulders back and chins up! . . Shoulder *arms!* . .

New Timber For What?

CONGRESSMAN Sabath has gone, Philip Murray has gone, David K. Neylus (alias Niles) has gone. It won't be so long now before John L. Lewis, Bernard Baruch, and Josef Stalin will be characters of the great flux-period in the nation's history. Too many Americans get the mental fixation that mortal life is everlasting and that a character in a high office is a national perpetuity. God Almighty smiles paternally and beckons a finger for this man or that. And the whole scene changes and the younger generation has to step up into places of power. New timber replaces old. But what will be built from this new timber? Let's try to remember that no matter how bad—or how good—a man is, he's no permanent fixture on this earth. And . . oh yes, Franklin D. Roosevelt and Harry Hopkins are also among the missing, or hadn't you noticed? . .

Better Remember It . .

PUBLISHER W. H. Harold, of the *Walla Walla Statesman*, makes a good point: “Communism,” he says, “is something which cannot be ‘tried’ . . You can try on a pair of shoes, a shirt, a suit, and if they do not fit you can take them off. If you do not like your American radio program you can turn it off. Under Communism there is no such thing as trying it and then rejecting it. The only way we in America can get rid of it is to vote out all who cater to Communism.” . . There are brainstrapped people in this Republic who are only two thought-laps ahead of the recommendation, “Well, we've tried everything else, we might as well try Communism to see if it works.” Communism will work for these, quite right. It will work by the expedient of the Secret Police marching them out against the barn and pointing rifles of a firing squad at their heads, to rid the scene of them so they never have chance to declare, “Nope, Communism doesn't work, let's go back to Constitutionalism.” Harold has made a point not to be deprecated . . Thank God great cohorts of folk beside those in the

Soulcraft ranks, past or present, are thinking and saying these things . . Red Baiters! . .

Crazy As A Fox, Brother

NATION'S Business asks how crazy can we get, and enlightens us with this: “State Department made a deal with Chile, guaranteeing a U. S. market for Chilean copper at 36½ cents per pound. The ceiling on U. S. produced copper is 24½ cents a pound. To make its deal stick, U. S. requires domestic manufacturers to use 40 percent of Chilean copper. Since largest producers of American copper also are fabricators, they must sell 40 percent of their production to competitors at 24½ cents, or less, replacing it with Chilean copper at 36½ cents.” Nobody's crazy. The State Department merely goes into international business without authority, in the interest of the other fellow because protecting our own would be nationalism and isolationism—horse-and-buggy stuff. Well, it may be horsey but it isn't buggy. When Big Business awakens to the U-N gyp, it is slated to start some roaring that helps the patriots in the Congress who are striving to kill that evil thing. Watch for more noise . .

Salvation By Wholesale . .

THERE are 10,135 Cooperative organizations in this nation that as long ago as 1948 had 5,800,000 members and did a gross business of 8 billions a year. Business after business that has “gone cooperative” has solved the labor problem, the capital problem, and certainly the cost problem. The New Soulcraft book, *Something Better*, at last out in the week ahead, shows how such expedients pave the way for the whole grand sunrise of the Christian Economy that is due to break any day or hour now, with conditions as they are. If 5,800,000 cooperative enthusiasts ever went all-out for *No More Hunger* and *Something Better*, Soulcraft is coming out of the peanuts-and-bananas category with a bugle-peal. Better get set for it .

Printed Dynamite

LET US not hoodwink ourselves that the scores upon scores of vigilante protest journals, published from Union City, N. J. to Walla Walla, Wash., did not swing a heavy punch in turning the results of the election away from the Fair Dealers. These journals, atrociously printed, were offset by their fanatical sincerity and utterance of incontestable truth. Voters may have been dissatisfied personally with this or that, but to make themselves articulate about this or that, they carried a copy of one of the vigilante sheets in their pockets until it was worn to ribbons. This is the heritage of a free press in action. The great newspapers and magazines rode with the Insiders and the International crowd—and along came a copy of *Commonsense* and knocked over the mighty “influence” of *The Sat-*

urday Evening Post, at least in the civic reactions of the individual fed-up voter. Time's ahead when all periodicals are going to free-lance journals, sold for the price per copy that the reader wishes to pay and bought strictly for their contents. And the more squeeze the Invisible Government puts on the unconventional journal, the doughtier it is supported. That's journalistic sunrise. Hasten the day! . . . Liberty is the one thing you cannot have until you give it to others.

Mac's Still Around

THE PATRIOTIC dishards looked for tallies of the MacArthur write-in votes and scarcely a write-in showed up. But so what? . . . VALOR takes the position that if Douglas MacArthur has a foreordained job to do in this Republic, he will still do it, although he has to wade knee-deep through Remington-Rand calculating tape to reach the scene of action. If he hadn't—or hasn't—a foreordained job to do, all the write-in ballots in the universe never will raise him to the status of dog-catcher. So nothing is changed that isn't as it should be. The General is still around, and the idol of the patriotic ladies. Okay, many times are approaching when he can be challenged again and again to perform. Every week is fecund with opportunity for the Republican Keynoting Speech that he didn't choose to give. What's detaining you, General? . . . Don't tell us you haven't got what it takes . . . Oh, well! "The terrible thing about the quest for truth," said Remy de Gourmont a long time ago, "is that you find it!" . . .

Endings of Wars

YOU want to know what finally is going to bring international peace? Not the United Nations humbuggery. The cost of killing the enemy. In the time of the Napoleonic wars it was only \$7 per dead enemy soldier. We fought our War Between the States, and Northerner slaughtered Southerner at a cost of \$121 per dead man. We have no cost on the Spanish American War. But by the time 1917 rolled in, and we went overseas to help Britain slay Germans, the cost of all the high-priced machinery involved in modern war had actually jumped to about \$25,000 per German. Then came World War II with its fantastic aircraft progressions, and the cost per dead Hitlerite to the American taxpayer jumped to the unbelievable score

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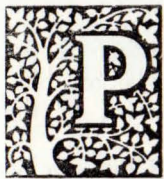


We Lesser Avatars



WE STRIKE the Harps of Mind and music rolls
 Above the turmoils that each world has nursed,
 We dip the cooling draught from Wells of Lore
 And give its balsam to all souls that thirst.
 We spread the Meals of Kindness in Love's groves
 And bid the famished hordes to halt and dine
 Without the squalor of a price-tag paid
 Or marking which is mine and which is thine . . .
 For are we not marooned in sky-seas great
 Where all the planet-isles show not a sail?
 Are we not castaways on barren ledge
 Where all the cloud-lost wastes disclose no vale
 Where we may wander in a mystic shade
 And feel at last we're done with Voyagings bleak?
 Is there a Home for any of our breed
 That search the constellations, Peace to seek?
 Can we not see ourselves as Thoughts in mist
 That ever rise through endless star-worlds vast
 But pausing for each rest on planets met
 Renew all futures from all Calvaries past?
 Why grasp we not the wanderlust we serve
 That havens are but haltings for Mind's night,
 That we the Journey's endlessness must hymn,
 That Home is but each birth-pangs' Eyes of Light?
 On! Ever on, then! sea on sea! . . . So what?
 'Tis pausings in that voyaging shapes our ends,
 Employing Mind and Joy and Love and Lore
 As we for witless Error make amends.
 We are the Deathless Voyagers charting Space,
 Content to sail, for sailing is our sum;
 Thus are we worlds ourselves, in breathing guise,
 The Peace we sought is what we are Become!

How Spiritual Progress Is Discovering One's Own Divinity . .



ROBE deeply into most of the Ageless Philosophies and ultimately you arrive at this fundamental—

“Man, in his conquest of the Eternal, first discovers the Universe; then he discovers God, then he discovers Himself!”

Translated into everyday parlance, the thought is—

Units of divine Thought-Consciousness called “spirit” are assisted into periodic imprisonments of the physical, or biological, and the sentient soul resulting is termed Man.

Gradually, through trial and error experiences in a universe of forms of substance, Man begins to take note of his unique predicament, live objectively, react to environmental factors in terms of self-preservation, and evolve Individuality and then Personality.

Over countless cycles of lives it is borne home to him that he is a volatile creature in a universe of natural wonders, but in the exact degree that he understands Nature's laws and processes, he attains to a direction of what he calls his Destiny.

This is the first stage of his evolution: the business, forsooth, of discovering the Universe.

He probes and pries into every corner of this universe, compares this with that, notes that all natural occurrences seem to happen in cycles, that for every effect there is obviously a cause that sometime, somehow, should be identified.

From lengthy noting and comparing, Man arrives at a fairly reliable process of anticipating and this anticipating as a system is given the label, Reasoning.

NEXT, Somewhere along the refining of this reasoning, the idea hits Man: “In a vague and haphazard way, I think I perceive a certain system and order in

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

the performance of all phenomena—which are only phenomena, of course, in that for the moment I have not succeeded in analyzing them from effect back to cause. Viewing the grand display in terms of the processes that operate within myself, it would seem the likely conclusion that the existence of all this system an dorder indicates that behind it somewhere—originating and directing it—is a Master Intelligence that can not be gainsaid. The more I prove up the regularity of the phenomena, the more firmly am I convinced of this Master Intelligence and its supervising control of all natural affairs. Moreover, inasmuch as the effects achieved by this Master Intelligence are beyond any effects I achieve in my own right, I think it behooves me to acknowledge this Master Intelligence, revere it, and insofar as I understand it, make attempts to propitiate it. Otherwise it might wreak harm upon myself as a unit capable of suffering and yet beneath its jurisdiction.”

At just that point of such acknowledgment, Man turns his attention from his discovery of the Universe and applies himself to discovery of God.

OF COURSE, Man being what he is in physical limitations, his primary gesture is to conceive of God as a glorified enlargement of his biological self. If he—Man—as a sentient physical unit, can dig a ditch that carries irrigation water to his pasture, or construct a sluiceway that drains flood-waters so that human beings similar to himself do not drown, then God in his manipulation of streams and rivers must be someone like

himself but of size and powers increased in the same ratio that streams and rivers are mightier than ditches or sluiceways.

It rarely occurs to Man in such pristine concepts that by no means does it follow that two similar results prove that the causes are identical, or that the creators or motivators of the causes are similar in essence. That comes later, after Man passes to the status of unfoldment where he starts to discover Himself.

Man's first impulse, gradually taking the form of a conviction, is to envisage the Almighty as a glorified human. Artists and sculptors automatically depict Him as a sublimated patriarch. And the race for which they paint or carve would deem it no less than blasphemy, should they present Him as a gigantic insect, a world-girdling octopus, or a cloud-sized birdt.

The accepted term for this concept of Deity is the Anthropomorphic God.

So Man applies himself to an examination and an estimate of this sublimated human being. But as he does so, and after long reasoning in all three-dimensional and biological factors, Man commences to be troubled. If God is similar to Man in His instrumentalities of function, where did His biological body come from? He would have had to come into existence by some sort of birth. That postulates a Mother. But such a notion postulates also a whole skullful of headaches, for the idea of a Mother presupposes the existence of such Mother's parents, and if God be First Cause, who created such parents? Furthermore, the concept of an anthropomorphic God introduces the limitations and afflictions of



flesh. If God has a body, it must require to live somewhere. This is not difficult, in that naming such an abode Heaven, and locating it anywhere, gives him an answer in reasonable conjecture. But a body must be kept alive by processes of metabolism, and that means food. What does God eat? What time does He go to bed at night? Who cuts His hair? Man is soon so snarled up in absurdities that he dismisses the enigma on the alibi that God is Spirit and has no form.

"What, what?" cry the lesser unfolded brethren. "God without form? How can that be possible? And how can we conceive of Him?"

Man shrugs his shoulders and answers: "But that's the way it must be. However, if you want something to help you grasp the idea of a God without form, consider God, not for the appearance He presents but for what He does—the effects He gets! Think of Him as Pure Mind, functioning of Itself without Brain, because Brain is ever physical."

"Harken to the blasphemy!" cry the lesser brethren. "Always we have worshiped the monarch-deity with a beard, and now you say He no longer exists. How can a thought—even a God-Thought—exist without some sort of brain to think with?"

Man ponders that one, and then the answer comes, or is demonstrated—

"In my experiments in Consciousness," says Man, "trying to form contact with the God-Personality without taking my unwieldy body with me, I have succeeded in divorcing my spirit from its flesh. Something within my body has arisen out of it, carrying my thinking and observing apparatus along with it, so that I have been able to turn about deliberately and view my enhousement inert upon its couch. I have proved, not once but countless times, that this can be done. I thought, and was, and went, but no stairs creaked beneath my tread; no mirrors of materials gave back my reflection. True, I did not go to any locality where I encountered the anthropomorphic God face to face, but inasmuch as I knew a provable period of discarnation—later returning to my mechanism and resuming normal occupancy—I am forced to alter my previous notions concerning consciousness and its operations. If I, as a human spirit, can realize, think, and go, irrespective of my physical equipment, then why should not the God-Concept do it, but in magnitude advanced beyond myself

to the degree that I am less than the God-development?"

"It's hocus-pocus!" cry the lesser brethren. "No spirit ever vacated its flesh without death resulting!"

"You think so?" asks Man. "Well, try it yourself after the formula that I shall give you." The lesser brethren proceed to do this, and discover to their consternation that their previous notions of life and death must have been all wrong.

"Now what?" they quaver.

"Let's explore and find out," says Man. And one experiment leads to another, each one more profound than the one before.

"Goodness gracious, we must be really deathless!" cry the lesser brethren finally. "Consider all these wonderful things we can do ourselves in Thought, that we have hitherto never suspected!"

"Yes," agrees Man, "we'd better give a little less focused attention to the Universe, or even the Intelligence behind it, and more to what we may be, as units of consciousness, ourselves."

So Man proceeds to enter upon the third great stage of philosophical enlightenment—the discovery and examination of Himself!



ALL RACES and classifications of humanity go through such evolution, and all bring forth their orthodox skeptics, stand-patters, and stick-in-the-mudders, who periodically would halt the process because it is hurting them to think, or injuring their theological jobs and religious gate receipts. "Blasphemy!" is their defense. "We are permitting the abandonment of all religious fundamentals and undermining the integrity of Church and State."

But imprisonments, torturing, burnings at the stake, rarely suffice to halt such advancement. When it is proven that it cannot be halted, Man—or the lesser brethren—seek refuge in Tolerance. "We are noble creatures," they declare. "We allow this experimenting to continue in the name of Progress." What they truly mean is, "We are at our wits' end to find a way to halt Man in the examination of himself, so, in order not to make ourselves ridiculous, we had better permit what we cannot suppress."

Here is the important point, however, that appalls as it invites—

What goes for the evolution of the species in the foregoing exposition, likewise applies to the unfoldment of the individual!

Man first discovers himself through experimentation with his body in childhood. Then he discovers God through sublimation of what he experiences as parent. Then he begins to deploy into simple metaphysics, arrives at the conviction of the existence of Mentors, finds somewhere up the pathway that mentors may play him tricks, attempts to discover why they should do so, and ultimately achieves to the awesome realization: "Is not all this accomplished, somehow or other, by some identification of processing that might be named my Over-Self? Am I not, in some aspect of mine own integrity, responsible for the phenomena that I am experiencing or witnessing, but are the phenomena any less divine or awesome for that? What AM I, anyhow? Have I ever truly arrived at understanding of the accurate fundamentals of myself?"

MAN is at first horrified, and then a little sickened, when the suspicion first enters his thinking that perhaps external entities are by no means as transcendent as he had at first supposed them, and that mayhap he shall discover in the final analysis that there are aspects of his Eternal Self that motivate the marvels of which he has first-hand knowledge by participation. But this horror and sickness soon passes as the capabilities and fecundities of his Over-self begin to take shape in his life and "prove up."

He becomes so obsessed concerning the demonstrations made by this Over-self, that his former dependence on the Universe, the anthropomorphic Deity, and orthodox interpretations of Primary Esoterics, begins to lessen and finally to van-

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PSYCHICAL PHENOMENA . .

CHARLES Benjamin Hefelfinger was my father-in-law," writes Soulcraft Merritt L. Gruver in the October issue of *Chimes*, "but I never regarded him in that way. He was closer to me than that, and in conversation with him, he always addressed me as 'My boy', or 'Son'. He was a good man and he lived to be almost eighty, 'upon the land which his God had given him'. He had a contagious happiness that was carefree, and everyone who knew him seemed to appreciate his attitude toward life. Little children were his special friends. They flocked to him for the candy and chestnuts that his bulging pockets always held.

"As a younger man he followed foundry work, but as the years mounted he sought a lighter job. So it was that he became a janitor at the old Webster School building on Carlton Avenue in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. While thus employed, in some strange way he attracted a flock of pigeons that for years came regularly to the schoolyard for their cracked corn.

"**T**HEY were his pets. He called some of them by names that he had given them as they crowded upon his hat and shoulders, or were so close about his feet that he could not take a single step for fear of injuring some of them. He laughed and beamed like a happy child as they pulled at loose threads or pecked at the bright buttons of his shirt. No Sunday was a holiday until he had made his trip to the schoolyard to feed his birds, and no matter how severe the weather, they were waiting for him.

"After his retirement at the schoolhouse, the pigeons followed him to his home where it soon became a daily sight and custom to see the old man spending a happy hour with his feathered friends. They did not stay around after the feeding to become a nuisance, but all came together at about the same hour each day.

Where they went afterwards, or to whom they belonged, no one ever knew. In that single hour they belonged to him *alone*, and he was lost to all else about him.

"On the day that 'Charlie' became ill and life was ebbing and the mists were thickening, people saw his pigeons sitting tightly against one another across the roof-ridge of his home. There they sat with heads under their wings, waiting.

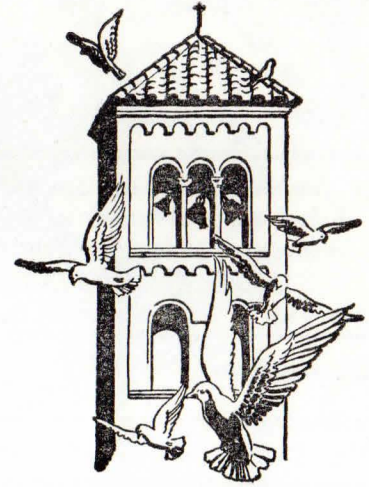
"When his spirit was set free, *they all arose and with one accord took flight!* Up and up they went, to become mere dots, then fade into the sky, never to return again.

"**A**LL of this happened more than twenty-five years ago but old residents will tell you that not a single pigeon has ever been seen in that neighborhood since that day.

"What did those pigeons see? Was their sense or instinct keener than human sight? Did they see, or try to follow, Charlie's spirit in its flight to greater glory?

"This I do not know, but I am sure that the ways of God are mighty, and that 'He works in mysterious ways His wonders to perform' as he points us toward Reality. I know there is 'a land that is fairer than day' but only by faith is it visible to the soul. I believe too, that our Passing is but a change and that there is no death. What seems so is transition."

THIS poignant reminiscence about Mr. Gruver's father-in-law recalls to VALOR's editor the passing of his friend, the Rev. Lyman Rollins, Episcopalian clergyman of Lebanon, N. H., in the summer of 1930. Rev. Rollins had been chaplain with the A. E. F. in France in 1918, and miraculously cured, of lungs burned by mustard gas, through psychical means too lengthy to narrate here. VALOR's editor was a guest in his rectory in April of 1930, where various phases of the Liberation-Soulcraft doctrine were heavily discussed.



According to the Rev. Rollins' relatives, the clergyman shortly afterward announced to them that it had been revealed to him that he was to make the Passing at precisely 11 minutes after 11 o'clock, on the morning of the approaching 11th of July. He stated that he had lingered in the body after his Army experiences in order that certain quandaries about life and incarnation might be cleared up in his mind.

Presently as July approached, he was taken mysteriously ill. He continued to sink physically as the fatal July 11th neared. The morning of the 11th, as he lay in his last coma, a *pure-white pigeon appeared out of nowhere*—seemingly—and took up vigil on the second-floor window-sill outside his bedroom.

The dying man's relatives, relating the circumstances later, emphasized the pure whiteness of the dove, together with the mystical fact that no one in that part of the New Hampshire town was known to own such a bird. Whenever the relatives approached the screened window, the bird would take to wing, wheeling in a circle until the relative withdrew. Then it would come back, light on the outer sill and . . . wait!

At precisely 11 minutes after eleven o'clock, the physician holding fingers upon the dying man's pulse pronounced, "He's gone!"

In the instant of his speaking it, *the White Dove left the sill and started a straight flight eastward, gradually rising as it winged!*

Pigeons customarily do not gain altitude by flying in straight lines. They wheel in spirals till they reach a wanted height and then proceed in a given direction. (Continued on Page 15)

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What Armistice?

NOVEMBER 11th was distinguished by the alleged resignation of Mr. Trygve Lie from the general secretaryship of United Nations. "Buffeted from one side by the Kremlin," explained the news reports, "and from the other by a United States congressional committee," he submitted his resignation. Referring obliquely to the hostility felt toward him by Russia because of his all-out support of the U. N. effort in Korea, he stated, "The United Nations has thrown back aggression in Korea. There can be an armistice if the Soviet Union, the Chinese People's Republic, and the North Koreans are sincere in their wish to end the fighting."

The gobbledygook, false-fronting, and double-dealing in this one-world government situation—which plainly is due to encounter rough traveling with anti-Administration policies being pursued by the rank and file of the incoming Republicans—surpasses anything but an outright Kremlin conference with Josef Stalin posing as apostle of Christian peace.

Senator Wiley gave it out a few days ago that "the American people were due for some major shocks" when they learned the true purposes to which United Nations was being put—or words to that effect. Wiley is big timber on the Senate Internal Security Committee.

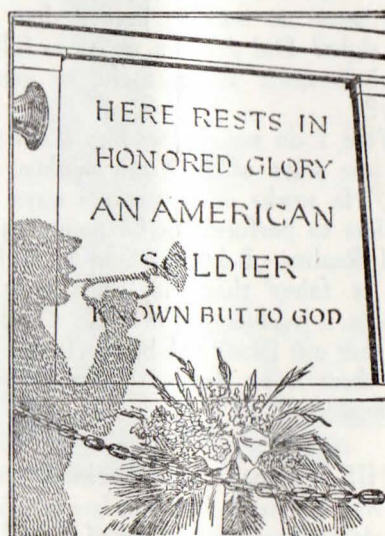
The "major shocks" may well be the discovery that the whole United Nations gesture has been pro-Soviet behind the scenes from the beginning, its charter written by one Alger Hiss to serve Kremlin world purposes. Now the American people, through a group of Republican

senators, are coming to learn the facts of international life and where Soviet babies come from. Trouble lies in the offing for the whole Soviet spy works—it would be an unforgivable pun to write it that trouble trygve-lies in the offing for the whole Soviet spy works—and begging Mr. Lie's pardon for showing the intelligence of more than two years, the evidence is unmistakable that somebody is getting out from under.

In America it is likewise described as running for cover.

This gobbledygook about "there can be an armistice in Korea if the Soviets, the Chinese Reds and the Marxist Koreans want it" would rank with George Washington saying that the British could have an armistice any time Cornwallis was willing to throw down the King's arms, or Wilson saying the Kaiser was willing to have an armistice when he was finally resigned to fleeing to Holland.

The real situation would seem to be that things are going badly, very badly, all over the earth for the Luciferian Marxists. That they may go worse is indicated by what may come out of these Senate investigations on the part of Republicans, as the Americans learn the extent of their rooking by all this U-N entanglement.



The \$64 Question would seem to be, "Has Commissar Lie fallen out of the good graces of Uncle Josef, and for what reasons?"

If a Republican Senate digs out the reasons, the miracle may happen of the "Washing up" of this one-world twaddle.

And, by the way, where has the notion come from that the **Parliament of Man**, traditionally predicted, was also to em-

body within itself totalitarian executive government and military directorship? A true Parliament merely makes laws, at the behest of representative members, for the executive branch of any government to carry out, with the judiciary pronouncing on their legality. United Nations has disclosed its Marxist character by attempting to become a People's Assembly, in which the function of the people is to give the cheers, while the leading characters, behind the lighted-windows, behave as they please.

Anyhow, on November 11th they called it celebration of Armistice Day, and Trygve Lie resigned.

Now the *real* fighting can resume on all fronts.

Cauldron

EVENTS now start boiling in the civic posts on all fronts. From now on out, we shall gradually be able to distinguish what gigantic world elements are tug-of-warring for American control and hence world control. The headache for those One-Worlders, who believed they could hold the nation in line in case of a Republican victory, by nominating a favorite-son, is to hold the rank and file of the victorious Republicans in line. The rank and file of victorious Republicans will unquestionably prove stronger than the personality of the favorite-son.

There will be but one recourse for chastising Republicans as a party who forget to listen to their customary master's voice. That will be to pull the economic rug from under the government and teach these reverberant boys they are not so much. The public will never know just how it is fanagled, but it's a safe bet that it will come.

And it will be made to look like "natural causes" in action in the economic scene.

But the end to be gained will be prostration of economic resource for the Americans as a whole, that they may be humbled and strengthless by reason of no money to spend and less food to eat. Then it is obviously intended that some new and less vulnerable form of NRA be actualized before the Republic can recover from the solar plexus blow. And it will, of course, be Marxist in essence—that's what the Control Boys *think*.

Do you know on whose shoulders the

vicissitudes of fate have made the success or failure of such gargantuan gambling to rest?

One happens to be Bill Jenner of Indiana;

The other happens to be Bill Langer of North Dakota.

Senator Bill Jenner rises by seniority to chairmanship of the Senate Rules Committee, in which position he can pass or stymie any legislation or legislative appointment that requires Senate confirmation. Thus is he in a place to advance or squelch more of those nefarious United Nations treaties, giving away our freedoms to the world.

Senator Langer rises by seniority to head of the Senate Judiciary Committee, from which stratospheric position he is empowered with supreme influence over the Department of Justice, as it works out in practice.

Within the coming year—meaning between now and August 20th—these two senators may suddenly find themselves, in effect, the most powerful men in the world.

John T. Wood of Idaho, heroic worker against the U-N sell out, is tied with a charming Democratic red-head—or maybe she's a blonde—in the Idaho elections, with voting so close that the determining results may not be known till around November 24th.

That wouldn't stop senators, or top echelon Republicans, from making Dr. Wood a personage high in federal ranks in some other capacity.

All of which is not precisely a surprise to VALOR, in view of its oft-asserted Soulcraft predictions that the United States was *not* due to plunge over the edge of the international abyss to Abaddon, but that its *real* history was merely beginning.

However, "pulling the rug" economically from under the power-drunk Republicans is not to be treated lightly. Conditions everywhere throughout the nation are lush for it.

How we behave ourselves with no rug longer beneath our feet, is going to be the criterion of our capabilities as a people. That certainly is the period of real accounting in which "all the dirt is coming out"—and not from the rug so pulled, either. Splendid!

It's what the Enlightened in this nation have been awaiting.

And it's practically in the front yard and coming up the steps!



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SOULCRAFT CHAPELS

Regrets

HERE is an element in Soulcraft, occasionally making itself vocal, that to VALOR’s manner of thinking can only be viewed with regret. It’s the element—by no means confined to one section of the nation—that complains, “The trouble with material coming out of Headquarters is its *sameness*. We had the spiritual doctrine given out to us twenty-four years bygone. We had the fundamentals of the Christian Commonwealth given out to us seventeen years bygone. *What have we had new, since these two expositions?*”

The implication would seem to be clear that such persons are not interested in fundamental principles of life and economics; they are interested in being entertained with something *new*.

One wonders why.

One wonders by what abnormality of vanity it should be taken for granted that the propounders of either set of principles are under obligations to take rabbits of different breeds and colors out of the hat of esoterics merely that personal interest may be sustained.

As well might it be asked, What is new in Christianity or Christ’s precepts as set forth in the Sermon on the Mount?

. . . or, What is new in the principle of Constitutionalism that we should continue to be excited about supporting or preserving it?

What, in other words, is new in Truth, that it should command agitational support?

It is easy to be indignant at such limited grasp of the mightier situations underlying or supervising life. It is the part of real Christian charity to grasp that the people who must forever have something new and startling to command their interest aren’t communicants of Truth but of Novelty.

What they really mean is, that they want to see miracles worked by someone else, and when so worked they will approve.

However, uttering criticisms of them only makes them antagonists, and they pass as quickly to the “support” of someone who has newer and more novel panaceas to offer. In time, these too will acquire “sameness” and they will be off in pursuit of the next painter of rainbows.

The Soulcraft Doctrine, or the Christian Commonwealth, are never to see reality at the hands of such itinerants. And more’s the pity, because their sustained support is so badly needed until goals have been reached. They were so enthusiastic in the opening phases of these doctrines. They gave them impetus. They are like the persons who make excellent brides and bridegrooms but whom the monotonies of matrimony pall upon insufferably.

They lack what it takes to stick with a program until it’s put over.

So the question arises, were they real Soulcrafters or merely audiences at a pageant?

Also consider something else—

What is to be their status when the real promoters, evangelists and martyrs have brought in the kingdom—heroes and heroines who *did* have “what it took” . . . ?

Happily the latter far outnumber the former.

It will be interesting to watch, how this whole Great Program sugars off, and what’s to be the reaction anyway, from the pageant spectators. But one thing is blessed, . . . it never occurs to the people who are doing the real things in this movement, to complain of the “sameness” of its tenets, continually expounded.

They aren’t treating them as tenets. They’re treating them as recommendations to be materialized in action, and it’s the *accomplishment* of it that focuses their attention.

More power to them!

Roads into Sunrise

(Continued from Page 4)

of \$55,000. With no more war goods needed to keep American industry “prosperous”, the Korean War seemed to be welcomed to enable our highly integrated industrial machine to pay wages. And the cost per dead Chinaman or Russian today is only slightly under \$80,000. Nietzsche’s celebrated remark is not far off target, “Insanity in individuals is something rare—but in groups, parties, nations, and epochs it seems to be the rule” . . . They do say Nietzsche passed out slightly *non compos mentis* himself. Paying for enemy corpses is expensive. When our bankroll runs out we go permanently humane . . .

Man Discovers Soul

(Continued from Page 6)

ish. Whereat comes the moment of terrific illumination when he cries—

"Now I begin to understand what the Galilean meant: The Kingdom of Heaven is within us!"

And this immediately introduces a still more prolific idea: "Mayn't it be possible that the teachings of Jesus truly were pivoted upon spiritually maturer concepts of the functions and capabilities of the Over-self—and in mine own particular instance, the functions and capabilities of mine own peculiar Over-self?"

Proceeding thenceforth from that point, a wholly new and terrific landscape for exploration comes into man's view.

It is really the Garden where Spirit-God walks personally in the cool of the day. Presently he will know it.

But every neophyte in esoterics first discovers discarnate activity, then he identifies what he is pleased to call his Mentors. Next we find him insistent that his mentors are more accurate and infallible than anybody else's mentors. To them is due his clairaudience, his clairvoyance, his esoteric goings-out and comings-in. Inevitably, after unspeakable disillusion in much of it, he starts becoming cosmically mature—by taking his first step across the landscape of Transcendent Self.

He may not know it until long afterwards, but in that instant he has started to become the True Christian.

Because in that instant he has put himself in the way of receiving what must logically have been Christ's Message—not what the Paulist theologians contend was His Message, befogged with, and subverted by Ebionitism.

Heresy? Not a bit of it! Rather, Evolution.

So "let not yourselves be troubled" if in your progress in psychical development you come to that "great stepping-off place" where you are palsied by the suspicion that what you have taken for the miraculous has probably been the workings of your own subconscious mind. Well, and what of that? Who can tell what "your own subconscious mind" is? Might it not be something greater and grander than you have ever dared envision? Might it not, perhaps, be one of the demonstrations of that Great Over-self which truly outranks any "men-

(Continued on Page 15)

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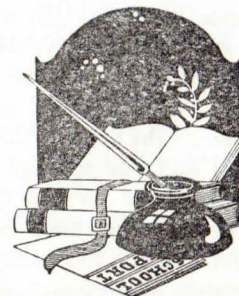
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Soulcraft Chapels



.. COGITATIONS

brush. He was most careful about his beautiful moustaches, which were called "soup-strainers" by the facetious who were unable to grow them . . .

o—o

THIS AMERICAN wore a jeweled tie-pin. Diamonds were preferred by flashy gamblers or "dudes". A married man wore a "plain gold band" ring to indicate he had been domesticated, and carried a heavy gold hunting case watch, considered an improvement on the open face, inasmuch as breakage of crystals was lighter. His suits always included a vest and across from its two upper pockets he suspended a heavy gold chain hung with trinkets. As he advanced in years and affluence he lowered this watch and carried it across his two lower vest-pockets. In the lower right vest pocket he carried a quill to pick his teeth after meals. The trinkets across his watch-chain consisted of representations of everything from little cats and dogs to imitation green pickles. A device in his coat lapel indicated membership in some secret order, Masons, Oddfellows, Knights of Pythias Woodmen of America. "Going to lodge" was his favorite alibi to get away from his wife one night a week. In middle-sized American cities, the man of 1900 walked to work, or used a trolley or bicycle; he didn't jam all streets with a motorcar that could have carried five, merely to transport one. In New York or Chicago he boarded elevated trains, sometimes drawn by dummy steam locomotives. He worked ten hours a day, six days a week, with summer vacations from 10 days to two weeks which he saved his money to finance himself. If

he were his own boss, he could leave his place of business around 11:30 a. m. and cross over to the corner saloon where a 5¢ glass of beer entitled him to a free lunch of beef stew, roast veal, *hors d'oeuvres*, or cold slaw. He preferred cigars to cigarettes—calling the latter "coffin-nails". His own brand of younger years, Sweet Caporals, or "Sweet Caps", was being disdained by college youth for Fatimas, Murads, or Pall Malls. He uniformly smoked a pipe, buying tobacco for it in a store distinguished by the huge wooden effigy of a North American Indian in front. The cigar-lighter in this emporium—which usually had pool tables out behind—was a gas jet. Spitting was a necessity, and liberal brass cuspidors in any place was a sign of affluence. His father's generation still "ate" tobacco, although the American of 1900 was cutting down on "chewing" . . .

o—o

THE BEER that he bought by the "schooner" in the saloon at noontime was draught beer, and big trucks delivered it to side door portals of the place, drawn by oversized Percherons who got that way by having been allowed to drink pails of the stuff at the brewery. The "fancier" beers, advertised on the billboards, were Schlitz, Pabst, and Budweiser. Anheuser-Busch got a boost from the St. Louis Centennial Exposition. A pretty girl's face usually appeared on calendars but never on beer signs. The American who did not filch a "free lunch" at saloons could get well-fed at noontime for 15¢ to 30¢, in a place where the waitress yelled orders to the cook in strident voice heard all over the premises. Wise-cracking waitresses had kitchen calls for food such as "Adam and Eve on a raft, break their backs!" for eggs on toast fried with broken yolks. A steak dinner cost 50¢. For \$1 the 1900 American could get a four-course "supper" at night, with wine. He was still leery of canned soups just being introduced by a man named Campbell. When he had to travel, it was upon trains with "vestibules" that had "observation" platforms, chemical lamps overhead in coaches, and sometimes hand brakes operated by wheel or crank. To

I FOUND something in *World Almanac* last week that seems very much worth reprinting. It was headed, "Everyday Matters in American Life Fifty Years Ago." American ways are continually changing. Some changes are the result of major inventions, such as the motorcar and the airplane. Others appear because Americans welcome new gadgets and have the money to buy them—between Depressions. Here are composite portraits of other days . . . The American Male in 1900 was careless about keeping his clothes pressed—at home—and often wore baggy trousers, which had no cuffs, with a frock coat. He wore a derby hat in winter, a straw "sailor" and black alpaca coat in summer. He could buy the most serviceable ready-made suit for not more than \$30. Tom Murray, Chicago haberdasher, who advertised the back of a man's head with the slogan, "Meet Me Face to Face at Murray's", sold suits for \$10 . . . The American wore a high, stiff, detachable collar and detachable cuffs, held in place by adjustable clips. He could change collar and cuffs and still get several days' wear out of the shirt, which went on over his head and had a huge shirt-tail. The shirt that "went on and off like a coat" was still to be invented. Some men wore celluloid collars that could be cleaned with erasers or a sponge, but the average male ascribed them to country bumpkins. He wore high-laced shoes in winter and "Oxfords" in summer. He shaved with an open-blade razor—when he did shave, which was on an average of twice a week—and heard with curiosity about a "safety razor" by which he couldn't cut himself. He made lather in a shaving-mug and worked it into his whiskers with a



get fresh air he endured layers of soot. At night double screens in his Pullman failed to protect him from locomotive smoke that furred back. The Lackawanna featured ads, about one Pheobe Snow who never got sooted, no matter where she traveled on their lines. When his journey was over he put up at a "first class" hotel for \$1.50 a night, with bath. Without bath, \$1. Few rooms had bathrooms connecting . . .

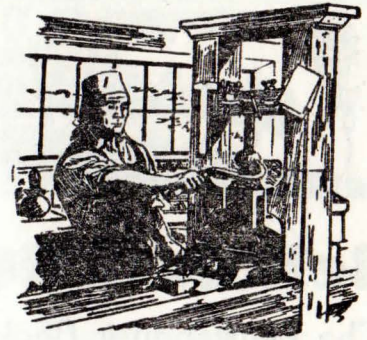
o—o

THE AMERICAN at the beginning of the century was particularly proud of his Navy. He knew the names of the principal ships and their commanders. Each Memorial Day he enjoyed G. A. R. parades and went with the Civil War veterans to lay real flowers on cemetery graves. Many of these veterans still wore beards without silver. Election nights he went in for torchlight processions. Fourth of July he was awakened before dawn by ground-trembling explosions as neighboring cannon were set off in celebration of the day. By ten o'clock his small boy had probably been sent to the local doctors for first degree burns—anyhow second degree burns. This small boy collected picture buttons of all the military commanders. Later he would forego the military button collection to make a private album of "cigarette pictures", shapely ladies in "tights" whose names—and silhouettes—were headliners in burlesque. These ladies were always portly and had hour-glass figgers. Barbershops where the youths graduated from hair-cuts to "shaves"—at 10¢ the shave—always had numerous copies of pink *Police Gazettes* flattened on the chair seats, with one of these shapely females going as far as the 1900 law allowed. But as for politics instead of art, the 1900 American was a reactionary. What was "good enough for his father was good enough for him" in respect to election candidates. He was convinced that Trusts, especially John D. Rockefeller's oil trust, grabbed profits by grand larceny and frenzied finance was concocted by the devil to harass the American savings account. By the way, for this savings account—which he added to regularly every payday—he drew 4 to 5 percent annual interest. On the other hand, while agreeing that trusts were pernicious, he admired Bigness in all things national, praised the "self-made man" and envied "captains of industry". His favorite author was Horatio Alger, who wrote on the one theme—from rags to riches. Elbert Hubbard was "high-brow", al-

though Fra Elbertus's pokes at the clergy were as popular as they were smart.

o—o

ALL IN ALL, the average American at the start of the century was vaguely conscious of an under-surface clamor for social reform, although he had never heard of Communism. Socialism, personified by Gene Debs, was his limit in radical "thinking"—when he did think. Presently he would become interested in employers' liability for industrial accidents, fire-proofing of all factories and public buildings, cleaning up of the meat packing industry, control of the drug traffic and taking the street railways out of politics. He could ride from one end of the city to the other on these trolleys for 5¢, by the way, and in the summer it was considered smart to stand on the running-boards of the cars and "hang on" by looping an arm about the upright at the end of each seat. Motormen braked these trolleys by hand, winding up brake-chains frantically to slow down speed, when dogs, children or buggies moved unexpectedly onto the right of way. The clang of the motorman's footbell was so familiar that he heard it only subconsciously. He had never seen a traffic policeman, but when he "went to the city" he got a nostalgic pleasure from the clop of horses' hoofs on cobblestones or the calling of hucksters' wares . . . His great moral indignation was aroused by the plights of girls "sold" into white slavery, and vice clean-ups were the continual sensation. He heard evangelists inveigh against white slavers and robber barons of Wall Street, or went to Chautauqua in the summertime and heard lectures to musical accompaniment by Swiss bell-ringers. He was, on the whole, quite positive that these moving pictures being shown in vacant stores for a nickel admission, "weren't going to last long; the public would soon tire of them as it tired of everything else" . . . His standard entertainment was the Course Peyton Stock Company that gave good sound "dramas" by Owen Davis, such as "Nellie, the Beautiful Sewing Machine Girl", and "Lighthouse by the Sea", at the end of which virtue always triumphed and the villain met his just deserts. He believed in these things and was sincere when he repeated them to the boys of his Sunday School Class after divine service on Sabbath mornings . . . He was living in an America that he couldn't appreciate because he couldn't compare it with the America that would come as



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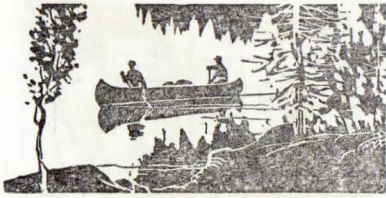
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the century turned military, the auto and the plane came in, and alien infusion from abroad began to tell on his national ethics. His grandson today, reviews all these peculiarities and thinks of him as a "hick", "provincial" and horse-and-buggy reactionary. But he uniformly stayed married to one wife, and if they broke crockery at home in an argument about her mother coming to pay a three-month visit, it was all in the year's business of living. . . . But he was also married to a different breed of woman . . . What his wife was, I'll recount for you in next week's Cogitations . . . Wait for it . . .

—THE RECORDER

William Lloyd Garrison's Views about Death . . .

THE FIRST subject to which my mind naturally reverts is the sudden death of our noble little boy, Charles Follen. For your consolatory letter, touching this great bereavement, dear Helen unites with me in proffering heartfelt acknowledgments. In the hour of affliction, the sympathetic expressions and comforting suggestions of friends are of priceless value. These we have had, in great variety, and they have helped to mitigate our sorrow. That sorrow, however, was not caused so much by the mere fact of his removal as by other considerations.

Death itself to me is not terrible, is not repulsive, is not to be deplored. I see in it as clear an evidence of Divine Wisdom and beneficence as I do in the birth of a child, in the works of creation, in all the arrangements and operations of nature. I neither fear nor regret its power. I neither expect nor supplicate to be exempted from its legitimate action. It is not to be chronicled among calamities; it is not to be styled "a mysterious dispensation of Divine Providence"; it is scarcely rational to talk of being resigned to it. For what is more natural—what more universal—what more impartial—what more serviceable—what more desirable, in God's own time, hastened neither by our ignorance nor folly? Discarding as I do, as equally absurd and monstrous, the theological dogma, that death settles forever the condition of those who die, whether for an eternity of bliss or misery for the deeds done here in the body—

and believing, as I do, without doubt or wavering, in the everlasting progression of the human race, in the ultimate triumph of infinite love over finite error and sinfulness, in the fatherly care and boundless goodness of that Creator, "whose tender mercies are over all the works of his hands"—I see nothing strange, appalling, or even sad in death.

When, therefore, my dear friend, I tell you that the loss of my dear boy has overwhelmed me with sadness, has affected my peace by day and my repose by night, has been a staggering blow, from the shock of which I find it very difficult to recover, you will not understand me as referring to anything pertaining to another state of existence, or as gloomily affected by a change inevitable to all: far from it. Where the cherished one who has been snatched from us is, what his situation, or what his employment, I know not, of course; and it gives me no anxiety whatever. Until I join him at least, my responsibility to him as his guardian and protector has ceased; he does not need my aid, he cannot be benefited by my counsel. That he will still be kindly cared for by Him who numbers the very hairs of our heads, and without whose notice a sparrow cannot fall to the ground; that he is still living, having thrown aside his mortal drapery, and occupying a higher sphere of existence—I do not entertain a doubt. My grief arises mainly from the conviction that his death was premature; that he was actually defrauded of his life through unskillful treatment; that he might have been saved, if we had not been most unfortunately situated at that time. This, to be sure, is not certain; and not being certain, it is the only ingredient of consolation that we find in our cup of bitterness . . .

He was a beautiful boy, but in no frail or delicate sense. He had a fine intellectual and moral development, with great bodily energy; he seemed born to take a century upon his shoulders, without stooping; his eyes were large, lustrous, and charged with electric light; his voice was clear as a bugle melodious, and ever ringing in our ears, from the dawn of day to the ushering in of night—so that since it has been stilled, our dwelling has seemed to be almost without an occupant. But, above all, he was remarkable for the strength and fervor of his affection. He loved with all his soul, mind, and might. In this respect, I have never seen his equal. All the friends who

have visited us for the last three or four years, have had the strongest proofs of his attachment. He would almost smother them beneath a tornado of kisses; his embraces were given with intense vital energy, and "with a will." He had not a vicious quality . . ."

Pigeons

(Continued from Page 7)

The bird outside the dead clergyman's window—whether an earthly or unearthly bird was indeterminable—seemed to wing straight as a gradually lifting light-beam into the East.

Lebanon parishoners who knew of the happening, resorted to the poignant explanation that God had sent that particular white dove to bring the Rev. Lyman Rollin's soul up from the worldly densities of earth-life to his merited reward.

Straight into eastern sky, in gradually rising flight, until it was lost to view, the white dove lifted. And three days later they buried what was left mortally of the man of God, and VALOR's editor lost an invaluable friend.

Pigeons! . . . Doves! . . .

Who knows what they are, anyway?

Man Discovers Soul

(Continued from Page 11)

tor" you have ever conceived of.

"The Kingdom of heaven is within you!" counselled Jesus.

It is something to dwell upon.

Jesus may have been the perfect rendition of the mortally functioning Over-self!

It is a theme to be explored, but it starts with the certainty that wonders should not be deprecated as their causes become understood!

THE SAD-eyed citizen agreed that Experience was the greatest of all teachers.

"For instance," he explained, "mine commenced of a time when I was a small lad and crawled under a tent expecting to see a circus. I discovered I'd crawled under the tent-flap of a revival."

When a dog howls all night, it's a sign of death—usually the dog's.

"My Seven Minutes in Eternity" . . .

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SOULCRAFT CHAPELS
Noblesville, Indiana

T h e P a y o f f

AN ARMY rookie went mumbling to himself as he picked up bits of stray paper from the grounds of the camp base. He kept it up so continually that the division psychiatrist was called in.

"He has an obsession he must find something," the psychiatrist reported, "but I can't learn what it is, and I doubt if he could tell himself."

"Give him another week," said the commander. "If he goes on in this way, list him for discharge as too mentally incompetent to make a soldier."

The mumbling and picking up stray papers went for another seven days. There was no hope for the rookie and he was presented with his discharge document. He took a look at it and his eyes gleamed suddenly.

"That's what I've been looking for!" he exulted. And he went to turn in his uniform and go home.

THE NEW preacher had been warned that he mightn't hold his pulpit long if he bore down too heavily on the transgressions of certain wealthy members of his congregation. Being a timid soul and needing the salary he arose to deliver his first sermon.

"Brothers and sisters," he began. "It has been suggested that you must repent, as it were, and be converted in a measure, for I have taken this position to advise you that you will be damned to some extent."

THE prospective juror was asked, "Do you know anything about this case?"

"No," he answered dully.

"Ever heard anything about it?"

"No."

Ever read anything about it?"

"I can't read."

"Well, have you formed the slightest opinion about the case?"

"What case?"

Accepted!"

THE ATTRACTIVE wife purred, "Were you annoyed, darling, just because I sharpened my pencil with your razor?"

"Twice," replied the patient bridegroom. "I not only had to forego shaving, but I tried to write with the pencil."

These first two volumes are priceless as mementoes

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SOULCRAFT CHAPELS

A BEFUDDLED sailor and buxom lass with a certain vacancy across the eyes applied late at night to a seaport clergyman, stating they wished to be married in a hurry. The clergyman dressed and came down.

"Tell me fursht, Reverend," the sailor asked, "how mush ish gonna cosht."

"I get five dollars for marriages after six o'clock," said the minister.

"I got two dollarsh," said the sailor. "Marry ush far as it will go!"

"GOOD LORD!" cried the friend. "How'd you get that classical black eye?"

"The bridegroom let me have it—for kissing the bride after the ceremony."

"But that's an ancient custom."

"Not in my case. 'Inis was two years after the ceremony."

THERE was a time when a fool and his money were soon parted. Now it happens to everybody.