

# Valor

The Golden Times Weekly . .

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

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Number 5



## MORALE IS EVERYTHING!

THE THING that will give heart to millions is not the naming of this man or that to the head position, or to cabinet seats around the personage in the head position. The thing that must give heart to millions is utter refutation of the caterwaul that the United States was rapidly becoming decadent under contaminating effect of unmoral and immoral leadership, that the American conscience had become ossified, that the whole Republic was sinking into a state of moral depravity, wasting its heritage, dissipating a knowledge of right and wrong, in the convulsions—in other words—of losing its own soul. Such talk not only was fanatically banal, but it ignored the spiritual composition of the individual citizen-soul in which *Morale is Everything!* . .

**W**HETHER or not you approve of the specific personages who have been elected to constitute the government of this Republic for the next four years, the fact does remain that the national administrative situation has changed definitely for the better. VALOR kept emphasizing all through the first ten months of 1952 that it would change for the better, though precisely in what aspects was not of moment.

The main improvement lies in the circumstance that an entirely new coterie of officials is ascending into seats of federal authority . .

THOSE who know their Soulcraft are aware that the individual human character does not go degenerate in any single generation. It takes series of generations, under the type of civic brutality that affected the latter days of the Roman Empire, to disastrously undermine the moral stamina of a people as a populace.

When the great rank and file of Americans had come to a situation of administrative arrogance and corruption, they deployed in their function of the free franchise and changed Parties.

Actually it mattered not that similar policies to the outgoing Administration . . (Continued on Page 2)

were in many instances espoused by Republicans. The wondrous merit in the situation lay in the fact that the rank and file actionized its disapproval of recent management of federal affairs and retired a regime in whose policies it had no confidence.

Policies as policies are always a matter of transitory detail.

Greater than the question of what the policies may be, is demonstration that the civic conscience is by no means impaired by what has been made to happen since 1933 . . .

**WE CAN** still change Administrations, in other words, and if the results expected fail to materialize, we can change yet again. Keeping the system malleable is the true golden worth of it. The resignation based on a stupid despair that "they're too powerful to throw out" has been the one great thing that Americans realistically needed to be concerned about. Not the impossibility of throwing anybody out, but the public stoicism that it probably was impossible. Nothing in that sense is impossible. The ribald braggadocios of the early Hopkins cohorts—that they had found a recipe that was inferentially new under the sun for making Americans captive and themselves omnipotent—is finally demonstrated as mere rancid bombasts. Hopkins is Gone. The personage whom Westbrook Pegler designates as Old Moosejaw is Gone. General Hugh Johnson of Barney's Duck is Gone. The whole crackpot mania of the Do-Gooders has Gone.

A page of newspaper photographs of the new cabinet members and department heads, coming in with Mr. Eisenhower, offers the photogeniture of the days of William Howard Taft or Calvin Coolidge.

But are Happy Days here again? . . . and is "everything going to be all right" from here on out?

About as Happy and Right as it was with Little Red Riding Hood as she tripped to her grandmother's house where the wolf was in bed, or with Judas Iscariot when he signed the receipt for his money and flattered himself that, all things considered, he had done an evening's smart business.

Probably no group of public men ever ran for dog-catchers—and found themselves elected—with less knowledge of how to bag pooches, or less wisdom as to why it may be in the public interest to

restrain canines at all, than the august gentlemen whom we will now have with us until January 20th, 1957 . . .



**THE AMERICAN** people and the exuberant slate of candidates have three major strictures to confront and transcend in the four years ahead.

First, they have the economic payoff for twenty years of the Squanderbusters;

Second, they have the United Nations gila monster to quarantine, and either evict or exterminate;

Third, they have the creeping polio of Marxism to arrest on the basis of predatory race manias, thus disinfecting the world household at one effective operation.

These three negotiated, Golden Times roll in.

They are due to become a vastly more sophisticate group of august gentlemen when they approach the relinquishment of office than they are in these weeks of sophomoric victory in a sizable political contest.

VALOR makes the calculated prediction that the morale of the Great American Populace will out-stamina the morale of the men who attempt to guide the Republic through this inevitable bottleneck of millennial crisis!

**THERE** are non-arrestable trends and momentums, eventually commanding treatment, that only dissolution of causes can dismiss.

First, there is the trend and momentum of Over-Production in a country whose tax levies cannot be curtailed before financial prostration precipitates;

Second, there is the trend and momentum of purposeful involvement in an oriental military morass where victory will be no less costly than defeat, with the international gila monster making its own longevity the price of extrication;

Third, there is the trend and momen-

tum to open showdown on surreptitious world rulership with a minority that lacks the spiritual capability to sense the fate it is prescribing for itself.

The "time of trouble that never was since there was a nation" may arrive in conjunction with affected settlement of any one of these.

*But all three will be unriddled!*

The irony of unriddlement lies in causes for plenty of assumption that when it comes to tacit and permanent settlement, the roster of political plutocrats elected on November 4th will be no more responsible than the Virginian House of Delegates was accountable for John and Mary Washington giving birth to a son named George, with corresponding repercussions on the colonial fortunes of Great Britain.

These three crises in the affairs of the Republic: Ultimate readjustment of the Economy, resurgence of constitutional autocracy, and emasculation of the phyletically deranged, are coming to head and issue. Because they are bigger than any candidate or Party. They are major pressures from fundamental maladjustments.

**IT IS VALOR'S** opinion, to be taken for what one considers it worth, that solution to second and third is arriving in result of brilliant negotiation of the first.

Whoever regenerates the economic life of the Republic finds himself automatically ordering its involvements in world affairs and schizophrenic bedevilmments. Because the first is progenitor of the others. Conversely, what remedies the first, tends to act curatively on the others.

The leader who has the country behind him to a man, in that he has salvaged it from economic debacle, encounters no great difficulty in persuading his fellow citizens into following his prescriptions in maladies of internationalism and ecclesiastical heredities.

Do you get the point?

But the one polarity-essential is civic morale on the part of the public conscience and its ethical omniscience.

Let the whole American people once get the stamina-obsession that no official gyves can be riven upon them that are not amenable to breaking, and the leader's consummations are mere transactions of details.

Divine Prophecy as well as secular clairvoyance assure us we are going resolutely and combatively through a Dark

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

## *“Roads into Sunrise”*

### *The Bright Horde . .*

**T**HERE will be 21,533,054 American children enrolled in our national school systems for 1953, according to the figures of the National Education Association. That is an increase of about 821,000 over the estimates for 1951-52. However, it's what they're going to learn that counts. Most of them fall into the category of little Ethel, home after her first day in kindergarten. "Well, darling," asked her mother, "what did they teach you?" The child replied, "Not much. I've got to go again."

### *It Wouldn't Happen Here . .*

**I**T SEEMS three Communists sat in the deep dungeon of Prague's Pankrac prison. One asked another: "Why were you locked up?" . . . "Well," said the second, "they arrested me because I was against Commissar Slansky. Why are you here?" The second Communist, who had been jailed after the first replied, "I'm here because I was for Commissar Slansky." Whereat they both turned to the latest arrival. "And why have they jailed you?" they wanted to be informed. "Well," he said, "if you really must know, I'm Slansky."

### *Change Must Be for the Better . .*

**J**UST to make it graphic to your mind, in another seven years Joe Stalin will be eighty years old, and in another seventeen years he will be ninety, and in twenty-seven years he will be a hundred—along about 1980. If he lives so long. So there is gratification in the thought that a change is coming in Russia sooner or later. Meantime it is close to 1953 and he hasn't gone to war yet. So the alarmists will have to postpone to 1954 or 1955 this "Red Horde rolling over Europe." Instead of going to war, the reports coming back from the continent are full of details of people getting out of Russia by hook or crook, or the countries under Russia's control. And the Reds aren't the only people having their hands full as the new year nears. The story all over the world is the same—of international trade drying up, or more and more of the world's shipping tied up at the docks, of declining prices for commodities in international markets. The whole Middle East is in serious difficulties. Egypt is so broke that a military dictatorship has been established to try to cope with unemployment and with the demand of the populace for relief. In Iran, Mossadegh has been given dictatorial powers and the mobs are shouting for the seizure of the foreign oil holdings. India has nothing to sell us that we care to buy, having far, far too much of our own. South Africa has had to put rigid restrictions on imports. God has been too, too good to the whole muddled world. We don't know how to handle His largess. Wouldn't it be marvelous if He were a little less generous? The situation resembles the comment on the new preacher. "Dat man," re-

ported Rastus, "so good he ask de Lawd fo' things nobody eber had a notion de Lawd had."

### *Smart People These French . .*

**"K**EEP on your toes," is the motto of 80-year-old Edward Herriot, president of the French legislature. "Don't go to sleep thinking a thing is impossible," says Herriot, "or you may be waked up by the racket of somebody else doing it." Wasn't it Herriot who remarked, "The statesmen of Europe should put their heads together—hard!"

### *Horse-and-Buggy Utopia . .*

**G**ROVER CLEVELAND was Chief Executive in 1887. The population of the Republic was 50,155,783. Do you know how much it cost to run the federal government in 1887? The expenditures for 1886 come down to us as being \$279,134,000. If cost of government increased proportionately to growth in population, the whole federal jurisdiction should run us today \$837,402,000. Less than a billion. Instead, today, it costs \$85 billion. The debt cost per capita in 1887 wasn't quite \$5. Today it's \$566. The difference between present-day Administrations and Cleveland's is perhaps signified by this item in the day's mail from the Americans for Republican Action (to bring back Constitutionalism): "In 1887, Congress passed a bill authorizing the Commissioner of Agriculture to spend \$10,000 to make a special distribution of seeds in drought-stricken counties of Texas. President Cleveland vetoed the bill and in his veto message said, 'I can find no warrant in such an appropriation in the Constitution, and I do not believe that the power and duty of the general government ought to be extended to the relief of individual suffering which is in no manner properly related to the general service and benefit. A prevalent tendency to disregard the limited mission of this power and duty should, I think, be steadfastly resisted, to the end that the lesson should be constantly enforced that though the people support the government, the government should not support the people.'"

### *Something Better . .*

**T**HE answer lies in the Christian Economy of Mutuality by which the government as government gets out of all business but does maintain an economic cooperative as a legitimate public service to handle those cooperative matters which no one State can handle for itself, with this Cooperative making money which goes to finance all costs of Executive, Legislative and Judicial Departments. You find the details in the new Soulcraft book *Something Better*. Today the situation resembles the colored man's explanation to the Judge as to the source of his livelihood. "It's dis way, Jedge," he said, "Ah takes in de washin'

but de ol' lady does it. Den Ah takes de washin' to de customer an' collects de money. De ol' lady make me gib it to her, den Ah turns 'round an' talks her out o' most ob it. Ah makes mah real livin' talkin' her out ob it."

*This Is the Sort of Talk! . . .*

SOMEBODY put the question to Henry J. Taylor, General Motors commentator, as to what gave him cause for always dwelling on the hopeful factors in American life. Henry's answer tingles the blood: "We are a nation abounding in natural energy. Ours is still a land of breath-taking resources. The facts we should remember are these: Our men and women are trustworthy and valiant. Our churches are sound and free. Our fellow citizens of special talent are second to none. Our engineers and scientists, medical men, educators, artists, business managers and agriculturists can prepare a standard of living for us undreamed of in any other country or any other age. We have at our doorstep the genius and wisdom and vision and materials to build the greatest civilization that the human mind can conceive. To lack faith in the future, or to toss it away, is deliberately to deny our own strength. It is to be faithless to the courage and confidence of our forefathers who hewed their own roads and built with their own hands."

Can't you just hear the You-Enners exclaiming under their breaths, "Who let that crackpot in?"

*Speaking of Development . . .*

THE UNITED States is 32 times the size of Great Britain. Texas alone is bigger than France. California has more square mileage than all of Japan. You could get all of territorial India into the American terrain east of the Mississippi. We have more acreage between New Jersey and California than exists in all of China proper. There is enough room in the Grand Canyon of Arizona to push off all the people living on the face of the globe, and it wouldn't be full of human bodies. We have a better climate the year around than any other country on earth, more and better roads mile for mile, and more automobiles to drive on them. Seventy-nine percent of all American homes are served with electricity. Sixty-seven percent have private baths. Only a third, in the remote country districts, are without running water. Eighty

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## Summing It Up . . .



HAD fought the stern fight as Thou, God, gave me light,

I had tilled what Thou sowed in my thought;  
I had oathed to be true to the Code of the Few  
Whom the sweet school of battles lost, taught.

I had held my pulse still to the thrill of Thy will  
Up the crag roads of man-tooled alarms  
As I ruddered hard gale with Hope's stars showing pale,  
Yet I rode out of all heartbreaks and harms.

So grudge me not rest on this couch of life's crest  
That the flame of my Mind-Light has built;  
If I fallow my hand in the speech of the land  
It is pause from proud alchemy's guilt.  
I will try it again when I've outcrafted pain  
And have learned to grow tough from the pride:  
Though one sprawls in the dark in earth's fens without  
spark  
Thus he learns to be surer of stride!

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So, Lord, let me pause though I rate no applause  
In Thy throne-rooms where heroes divert;  
I have comraded lives who took breath for one prize—  
That they learn to give thanks for their hurt!

# How the Nature of Your Religious Belief Indicates Your Cosmic Status



**M**OTOR in off a midwest prairie and ride down the streets of any American city in the hinterland. Unavoidably you will pass one ornate edifice after another, each with a spire that tapers toward heaven. These, says your worldly knowledge, are churches. They are buildings erected and set apart to the "worship" of the One Deity who is supposed to have made the planet and all that is upon it, the solar star about which it swings, and some five thousand other incandescent heavenly bodies visible in the skies on any clear evening.

The "worship" of this omnipotent Being consists of a thousand or less—usually much less—sentient and volatile spirits entrapped in physical bodies, taking time away from materialistic pursuits for at least an hour a week to enter into each one of such edifices, mumble orisons in concert, listen while a subsidized orator harangues them on ethical tenets, make certain financial contributions to the upkeep of the parish, then depart to their material pursuits again, to practice or not practice the aforesaid tenets in their social maneuverings as may seem expedient.

Profess an utter ignorance as to the cause for so many of such edifices, and express the wonder that a city holds several when one or two of the larger buildings could conveniently hold all the persons who so deflect themselves into their precincts for this "worship" of a Sunday morning, and you will discover eccentric facts.

You will discover that each of them has been erected—and is sustained—by a group of worshipers who hold their own notions about the existence and operations of the aforesaid Deity.

Ask any one of them where he got

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

such notions and he will be at loss to tell you with accuracy.

Ninety-nine out of every hundred of them found themselves born into possession of such notions. That is to say, the persons who inducted them physically into the world in the role of parents, had received similar notions and instructions from their own parents. Each of these pairs of parents accepted without question that the notions imparted by their own parents were infallibly correct as to basic facts.

**O**F COURSE, such transmittal of notions from generation to generation does not indicate that such ideas are accurate. Nevertheless, they are items of inheritance and as such must be considered.

But keep on with your probing.

Make a business of finding out why some particular group of parents embraced such notions in the beginning, or where such notions came from that they served as the basis for fresh concepts of the Deity.

Back at the very start of things you confront this eccentricity—

Within the society of the period in which such notions first found voice, was some outstanding single character who began his life in the normal manner. He had been inducted into a world already surfeited with "religions" and "creeds" and accepted them unquestionably as a phase of the worldly drama in which he must play his role.

Suddenly, as he grew along into his maturity, something peculiar happened.

Some demonstration of psychic phenomena interrupted the secular nature of his ways. Either he thought he saw beings not endowed with bodies of physical substance, or he affected to overhear utterings of wisdoms that did not reach consciously the ears of the multitude.

Being the recipient of these, he leaped to the conclusion that he was somehow a divinely favored personage. He could not see or hear what he had seen or heard unless an obligation had visited upon him to impart the results to his non-observant fellow men and alter the nature of his beliefs and behaviors.

God, the Universal Creator, must be the provocateur savoring of super-mortality must, in common logic, partake of the divine.

God, the Universal Creator, has therefore "visited" such a person and officially appointed him to transmit the Last Word in revealed wisdoms to those not so favored as individuals.

Believing this himself with an inexorable fanaticism, the enlightened one compiles or collates such revealed utterings and forthwith proceeds to make a life career of passing them on to mankind in general.

The Substance of what such a fanatic has to tell the masses is this—

The details of the cosmic set-up as accepted by you at present, are wrong. They are not as you have accepted them from your parents, or as your parents got them from parents before them. The more accurate details have been disclosed to me, and me alone, and it is my mission to convince you of your error.



OF COURSE the rank and file that has not been first fortified by the psychic phenomena, and made receptive to such notions, is perturbed by such declaimings. Inevitably it antagonizes human nature to be told that any basis for its acceptances and behaviors is fallacious. It upsets human vanities. Furthermore, when there is a large and well-organized caste that derives its living from posing as experts in what is stigmatized as fallacy, trouble is in prospect.

The new divine appointee to incontestable wisdoms is challenged.

"On whose authority do you suggest such alterations?" is the demand made upon him.

"Upon God's authority," responds the fanatic.

"And on what occurrences do you base a claim so preposterous?"

"I had certain things happen to me, and I heard certain speakings."

"But if you speak truly, why have not we—as God's previous appointees and agents—seen or heard such phenomena also? Would it not be rather inconsiderate and ungracious of God to wholly ignore us as His recognized experts and go to you—a nobody—without informing us about you? How can you prove that you are not a charlatan?"

"God said to me, in the private interview with Him which began the business, that I was not required to alibi or explain myself. The message I brought would be self-authenticated."

"Oh, it would, would it? And where does it leave us?"

"It leaves you stigmatized as proclaiming error for your profit or self-enhancement."

"So! You are the only person to whom the truth has been revealed—with no witnesses present when it happened—and all of us are proclaiming inaccuracies?"

"It amounts to that, yes!"

"And do you know what we will do to you, sir, if you don't desist from bedeviling our clients—those who have the utmost respect for, and confidence in, our doctrines? We will slit your tongue and cut off your ears!"

"Doubtless you will. But that doesn't prove that God didn't come to me."

"We will work up the populace, sir, to hang you!"

"You can do that also. But if your position wasn't weak—and your doctrines fallacious—you wouldn't bethink yourselves to resort to it. So you stand

condemned by your vengeful reactions."

"Away with this noisy and blasphemous fellow!" shriek the doctrinaires. "He is throwing a monkey-wrench in our profession!"



SO THE "fanatic" is slain, as promising too effective an opposition.

What the "fanatic" has failed to recognize, much less accredit, however, is the fact that his embracement of such psychically revealed alterations has largely come about as a matter of temperament. And temperament, let it be suggested, is forever a gradation of cosmic development.

Your temperament, any man's, is largely what it is, because of the wisdoms or lack of them which you and he has siphoned off from your drinkings of experience. Your psyche has reached a facility in observation of the facts about you that gives it a classification in its evolution toward Universal Consciousness. Men of a given temperament are men of a given cosmic evolution and a given consciousness in accrediting natural or spiritual phenomena.

The "fanatic" has received revelations that are appropriate to his cosmic unfoldments to receive. These may be in advance of the general unfoldments of mankind, but that does not alter the causes for their occurrence.

Now scattered throughout society in any age are always and forever people of similar temperament and rectitude who are arriving close to the attained psychologies of such fanatics and ready to accredit in their own rights that which the fanatics are happy in being first to articulate.

These will forever hail each fanatic as a prophet.

In reality, what he actually has been is a spokesman. He has put into expressive language those things which they

themselves have felt the urge to say in their own rights but which the fanatic says first.

It is from such persons that the fanatic, murdered or not yet murdered, proceeds to draw his "following."

This following takes the brunt of any general persecution which ensues because it cannot do otherwise and give evidence of its own unfoldments. And it must give such evidence in order to receive its grading celestially.

The persecution itself, which identifies and stabilizes such groupings of spirits in the matter of a demonstrated evolution, is secularly but the natural antagonism of an entrenched caste against loss—loss of prestige, loss of power, loss of revenue. Nevertheless, no persecution ever yet succeeded in exterminating the truth or persistence of Vitalizing Idea.

As such identification and stabilization becomes of increasing moment, and some way is sought for memorializing and venerating the fanatic who experienced the original psychic phenomena, a new religion, creed, denomination, or cult is born and an edifice is erected to give material evidence to its validity.

The intrinsic Creator has little to do with any of it, else these religions, creeds, denominations, and cults, would be perpetually durable and constant from aeon unto aeon—the Creator being durable and constant from aeon unto aeon else the universe would disintegrate, or at least alter, as an expression of His consciousness.

Religions, denominations, creeds, and cults, are essentially what some man or set of men—aligned as to cosmic unfoldments or spiritual evolutions—have thought or had revealed to them at some propitious period in social history. Always they are man-made, though no less spiritually inspired.

And because they derive their followings from persons approximating the spiritual evolvings of the founding "fanatic," and the rest of the world wants none of them because it is not in a sympathetic state of moral attainment to appreciate what is being rendered articulate, so it comes about that there never can be a universal religion, or creed or denomination that serves commonly and satisfyingly all the races and conditionings of human beings who may find themselves domiciled in physical bodies at any given period.

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# NUMEROLOGY FOR EVERYONE . .



IT IS time for Soulcrafters generally to acquire a working knowledge of applied Numerology, each in his own right, so that he may profit from the wealth of hidden enlightenment in this "mathematical branch" of Esoterics.

During this winter of 1952-53, VALOR proposes to devote this page weekly to practical studies in Numerology, so that Soulcrafters may understand precisely what it is, and what it does. Their own proficiency in it will attest to its validity as the Science of Vibration.

Understand, Numerology is not Astrology and it has nothing to do with fortune-telling or predicting the future excepting as it reveals the reoccurrence of cycles in given lives that make for mortal weal or woe.

The study itself has come down to us across something like 3,000 years, having been originated in the forms we now have it, by Pythagoras, the great Greek philosopher, mathematician and mystic. It has a wholly respectable and authentic background.

The basis for it, taken collectively, is the argument that each letter of the alphabet represents a numerical vibration, just as each digit of the nine digits represents a numerical valuation. These, taken in assembly, indicate the vibration on which the person is operating, as well as the Life Path he is following in respect to the numbers that preponderate in his birth-date.

Just why all this should be so, is one of the great mysteries associated with Cosmos and the Eternal Verities. All we know is, that when you figure a person's Numerology correctly in respect to his christened name, you have an infallible clue to his character, just as you have an infallible chart of his earthly destinies when you accurately determine his Life Path. You may figure it out in ten thousand cases, applying to ten thousand persons, and you will never make a miss, just as you may add 6 and 3 ten thousand times and get 9 without a miss.

During the months of the present win-

ter, therefore, this weekly page will contain expositions and examples of Practical and Applied Numerology, so that all Soulcrafters may not only calculate their own, but be in a position to benefit from their findings in respect to others whom they contact. At an appropriate time, when most of the subject has been covered, the text of these weekly expositions will be drawn off into a little deluxe handbook entitled, *Numerology for Soulcrafters*.

Let's go.

THE FIRST thing for the novice to know about Numerology is the numerical significance of the letters of the English alphabet. The alphabets of other languages, such as Greek or Arabic, have their own letter-significances which are no part of our present examination. Here is the indispensable chart of the letter significances which should be preserved in order to get the sense of what follows in later papers—

A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
J	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z	
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	

The second thing for the novice to know is the fact that in Numerology, all digits are added horizontally instead of vertically, and totals are in turn added horizontally so as to reduce the additions to the lowest possible sum. To illustrate,



you want to know the Numerology of the girl-friend whose christened name was Mary Jane Smith. Remember you've got to have her *accurate* christened name, for that was the name her parents chose for her in response to the vibration of her spiritual self, and this circumstance accounts for the long and acrimonious controversies that often arise in "naming the baby." Mother wants the new child—if it proves to be masculine—called Oswald and father wants it called Jack, or John. Father hopes it won't be a girl but if it is, he insists she shall carry the name of Elizabeth, whereas mother has "an intuitive feeling" that she should be known as Joan. They compromise, after the baby comes and its sex is known, on a name or combination of names that seem satisfactory to both. What they are truly doing, the Wisdom informs us, is finding a combination of names whose letters total the cosmic vibration of the small soul that has arrived to join the family circle. And the christened name is the cosmic seal on this name, in a manner of speaking. So, to return to Mary Jane Smith, and finding the significance in the digits, we "chart" the three name-words as follows—

MARY JANE SMITH  
4 1 9 7 1 1 5 5 1 4 9 1 8

Adding these horizontally into a gross sum, we get the figure 56. Adding this 56 horizontally again, to reduce it to the next smallest sum in turn, we get 11. And adding this again horizontally we finally get the digit 2.

Perhaps it's unfortunate that for this first illustration we happen to consider a combination of names that come out to 56, which in turn adds to an 11. Because—as will be duly set forth in a subse-

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# Valor

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## Prospects

**D**ON'T discount the expositions in the first article in this VALOR, and don't give vent to infantile fixations that sundry terms require dictionary recursings. Andrew Jackson hid the successful deployments of his cohorts from the British at the Battle of New Orleans by using cotton bales. There can be other sizable barricades.

The history of our Republic and our times for the next four years isn't concerned with politics so much as eventualities. The man or set of men who surmount the eventualities will be written a hundred years from this week as the real leaders throughout the world.

We have an economic convulsion to relieve. We have That Hiss Thing to dispense with. We have the eternal problem of the pathological Midianite to solve on a basis of ethical disciplines—and his own gargantuan collapses.

We do not have an atom war in the foreseeable future, nor global holocaust carrying biological extinction. Neither do we have a Flying-Saucer landing bringing other than Aquarian friends.

Nostradamus said he didn't see terrestrial extinction until around 3,000 A. D., and some make it 7,000. That is far enough distant so we don't require to sit up nights for fear that it might possibly catch us asleep.

There isn't a people on the face of the

planet that the United States needs fear. But you had better wage it's to be the Chinese who will turn out sooner or later the earth's major headache.

Meanwhile, we have an economy in this country going onto the shoals when bureaucratic spending Hisses out.

The one thing that all Americans can expect is the Unexpected.

Constitutionally, VALOR tends to the Republicans' camp of politics—by hereditaries—but it looks for more Republicanism in the Congress than it expects in the White House.

Still, you never can tell.

One thing VALOR is inclined to credit, that Dwight Eisenhower is not a vicious man temperamentally. And his physiognomy is molded wrongly to indicate grandeur illusions.

Economics, however, is mightier than the contours of D. D. Eisenhower's facial geography.

Let's see what happens.



## Smart Alec

**S**PEAKING of countenances, did you happen to catch the newsreel that photographed Adlai and Ike in the throes of failure and victory, followed by Harry adding his ten cents' worth in a gesture of magnanimity? There you were in the audience, face to face with Mr. Big. He seemed to be waiting for the Go-Ahead signal, not wholly aware that the cameras were turning. And being the naive person he is, you could see the cog-wheels clicking behind the rimless glasses. Ten years professionally in movie making gives the veteran the tip-off what's going on behind the mask

before it joins the performance. And Mr. Big was mentally engaged at making "just the right impression".

He read a carefully prepared paper in which he said, "Aha! Just wait! Four years from now will come another election!" He did this in the voice of the small-town insurance agent reading to the local Kiawanis what he'd practised before his wife. Poor Mr. Big.

## Small Fry

**O**NE of the Soulcraft innovations for 1953, now being programmed, is a comprehensive literature for enlightening the Small Fry. "What can I teach my child about Soulcraft—and how?" has been the oft-expressed wail in Headquarters' correspondence. With the *No More Hunger* printing executed—revised edition to align with *Something Better* recommendations—periodic scripts for American citizens of 18 and under will be produced during the year ahead, with the possibility of a junior's monthly periodical.

Everything depends upon formation of the competent crew at Headquarters to make a business of it.

And that goes as well for the 1953 electronic recordings.

An electronic Producing Unit must be brought to capable function. The electronic department has outgrown the Recorder's capabilities to handle, considering other vital duties devolving upon him. Not the least of the latter is making time available for major visitors who journey from afar. Besides, too much Boss-Man palls as much as educates. Other leaders in this work, nationally, should be heard on these wires or tapes. Your Recorder gave a hundred discourses. What started out with 17 group-audiences now has multiplied seven times. So the invitation is going out soon to district leaders to deliver their own speeches on the reels, which shall be dispatched to Headquarters and become incorporated in the programs for the national grandstand. Thus may critics of the Boss-Man have their chance to see if they can say it better.

"Corrupt freemen are the worst of slaves."

Gatrick



Anyhow, the whole Movement must gather the force of its own momentum and roll as a cooperative expression of the whole Goodly Company.

It will.

You'll be justified in waiting for it.

### Survey



MELFORD and George Berta, former Philadelphia chaplain, pulled out of Noblesville on Sunday, the 23rd, for the Coast. Loaded in their sedan were goodly numbers of paper-covered specimen *Something Beters* for the Faithful along the route. From Denver and Salt Lake they will go to Los Angeles, then turn north toward the Bay District and up through Oregon to Seattle. Home via Spokane. Running time at least a month. Hope to be back by Yuletide, weather permitting.

Melford has long anticipated this travelog. By temperament a "field" person, nevertheless he stuck to the plant through the completion of the *Golden Scripts* and *Something Better*. Now with the Christian Economy moving up into major place in the Soulcraft work for 1953, he will contact major Soulcrafters in a gesture to his liking.

It is the beginning of a program of persons out of Headquarters for closer liaison work afield. The Recorder visualizes well-nigh a Lyceum of Soulcraft speakers, knitting up the national staff of chaplains and augmenting their work.

The year 1952 at Soulcraft was one of financial stabilizing. The year 1953 is one of emerging into a dominant spiritual and economic leadership, befitting the Nine-Year it is.

One thing is certain. By no stretch of negative imagination is Soulcraft going backwards.

What do you feel you could do for Soulcraft in the national field during 1953?

Let the Recorder know all about it. Or tell Melford and George.

### Hiss



THE question has been posed to VALOR, should Alger Hiss be granted parole?

If he has served one-third of his sentence, and



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SOULCRAFT CHAPELS

his prison conduct warrants it, of course he should have parole. And, assuming he was guilty of the malfeasance that imprisoned him, VALOR has no use for him.

Parole is different.

The parole law having been enacted, it should apply to all persons impartially. It has nothing to do with personalities or the crimes for which would-be parolees were sentenced. How much “time” they drew was the court’s business. Arising in a pet and bellowing that Hiss be kept confined because he is Hiss, is vengeance. It is using the parole statute to punish by recommendation. The law has no concern with vengeance.

Hiss is no more dangerous today than he will be five years from now, and *vice-versa*. He maintains to the parole board that he still is guiltless of the crime for which he was imprisoned. Maybe, paroled, he can establish his innocence—that should be his right. If he cannot, then he is never going to establish it and his name remains anathema wherever he goes or whatever he does.

But assuming an exemplary prison record, he should have parole without quibble. This is equal justice before the law. It’s Americanism without jingoism.

\*For Roads into Sunrise see Page 14

## Unfoldments



**H**UMANITY has a strange weakness for assuming that each of the great religions has been God’s personal and direct revelation to earthbound man. Research establishes that nothing of the sort is true.

History discloses that each of the world’s major religions has evolved from the rebellion of some fearless soul at the current notions of his times concerning the origin of life and its purpose. “What you think or believe is not true,” declaims this fearless soul, “and I not only give you my reasons for my conclusions, but I also offer you a more rational hypothesis for the origin of life and its ultimate destination.”

This fearless soul addresses himself to mankind at large, but it has ever been the intimate few about him who first accept that his hypothesis has points. This little handful goes forth, and each individual helping to comprise it seeks to convert his intimates. Presently, if such hypothesis be alluring, there are twenty,

a hundred, a thousand, who have altered their concepts to conform to the thinking of the original declaimant.

Next, in the exact ratio that converts are won away from established orthodoxy, the proprietors of current theological establishments attempt swift extermination of the “heresy.”

The proprietors of current theological establishments affect to be defending God and the celestial hierarchy in this, but actually they are defending a system that gives them lucrative jobs.

So, to defend the system that supplies them with lucrative jobs, they persecute the heretics with fire and zeal—and that feeds strength to the heresy itself. All religions expand and strengthen to the precise degree that their converts are endangered.

To escape the rigors of such persecution, converts gather up women, children, dogs and chattels, and hie them doughtily to distant precincts.

Wherever they settle, there they give voice to their mighty indignation that they should have been subjected to persecution in the first place.

Bodily jeopardy—because they have dared accredit antagonistic concepts—has been the most important thing featuring their petty careers to date; therefore in a group hysteria they tell the details loudly to whosoever harkens.

Sympathy engendered for the would-be victims crystallizes in wider circles of converts.

Presently there is news of the spread of the new doctrine, or the new faith, coming in from the four points of the compass, and men say: “Surely God Himself must be behind this thing, else this expansion could never be happening.”

God Himself is too busy projecting celestial systems 200,000 light-years beyond the milky way to pay the slightest attention to any of it; the new religion is simply following a pattern as old and established as society itself. In time, the progenitor of the altered doctrine—or the new faith—is lost sight of, or canonized, or deified; his life and speakings become vaguely traditional.

As the new sect expands, new jobs are created, new Masters of the Wisdom ascend into seats of Old Authority, persecution is overcome or dies out, the new system crystallizes, the stage is all set for another fearless soul to approach the ramparts of organized orthodoxy and cry: “What you think or believe is wrong,

and I not only give you the reasons for my conclusions but I offer you a more rational hypothesis for the origin of life and its ultimate destination."

So it has been since the Dawn of Year One; so it will ever be, so long as evolving spirits unfold in their Godhood to higher and wider concepts of eternal benefactions.

Religions are man-made revolts at crystallizations of human thinking; they are Holy Spirit's expedients for keeping spirituality in flux; they are the fiats of Omnipotence for harrowing the soils of human intercourse that fresh vegetation may flower constantly.

Of course the purveyors of the doctrines supplanted are certain—during the process of supplanting—that society is degenerate and that the Devil is in the saddle.

All heretics must be satanic.

So the eternal drama plays, generation after generation, age after age.

Always the concept that tends to disrupt the existing order must be born of Dark Forces.

Naturally the ecclesiastical potentates want a religion that is changeless, for it means that their sinecures are rendered everlasting.

But God will not have it!

Twenty-one hundred and fifty-six years seems to be the average span of solar time between the advent of each fearless soul, striding in from mountain or desert to tell humankind that its thinkings are erroneous.

Yes, religions are man-made things, and history discloses that each of the world's major faiths has evolved from the rebellion of some fearless soul at the current notions of his times concerning the origin of life and its purpose.

Why should we not admit at once this attestation of the ages and not waste our holy substance in combating a Pattern that God has ordained for human evolution since He first busied Himself with celestial affairs 200,000 light-years east of Betelgeuse?

*Undoubtedly they locate radio studios on the top of high buildings so it will be impossible to throw bricks at the performers.*

*Some men tell their wives everything that happens; most men tell their wives a lot of things that never happen.*

## "I Don't Squander Time Reading Novels . . "



replied a recent correspondent who had the big Soulcraft story, ROAD INTO SUNRISE called to his attention. He went on to say, that what spare time he had for reading must be given over to the most serious esoteric study only. This was commendable, but what difference does it make whether "the most serious esoteric study" is presented in dramatic story form or the deepest of philosophical books?

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shows you how the greatest principles Behind Life work out in the lives of modern people. It is a stupendous book, almost as voluminous as *Gone With the Wind* or *Anthony Adverse*. You can buy it in one volume or two, on white paper, clothbound, or in deluxe leatherette. It costs you \$6 per copy—\$8 deluxe—but you'll realize why when you read it . .

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## SOULCRAFT CHAPELS

Noblesville, Indiana

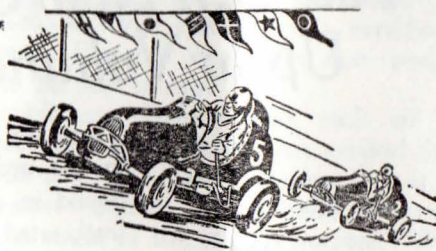


## .. COGITATIONS

**S**PEAKING of first things, everybody's telling everybody else that now it's going to be television that hypnotizes the country into mass mental coma.

When every home in America has its television set, people won't go anywhere, do anything, think anything else but what comes pouring at them visually from the television mill. It's already killing the movies, say they, and will presently kill the radio . . . We who remember a time when there wasn't an automobile, or an airplane, or a movie, or a radio anywhere in America, wear our tongues in our cheeks at such predictions. New inventions, as they come along, do not kill anything. They have their periods when the public goes all-out for them because they're novel. Then the public tires of the novelty, and the old, old battlecry of the bored sounds afresh, "What shall we do tonight?" . . . I've already told in these columns of the first automobile that made its appearance in the town of my boyhood—a "steamer"—and how it drove audaciously down Main Street, halted in front of Garland's Pharmacy while its plutocratic possessor went in to get a soda. Presently came a Very Loud Noise and the owner went out to see what had happened, with the straw still sticking from his face. There was no Stanley Steamer parked in front of Garland's Pharmacy but excited townsmen were pointing out the first flying saucer leaving for Venus. Actually it was the soda-drinker's left rear wheel with the spokes gone out of it. When the new motorist had paid for all the plate-glass windows for three blocks around, it was a considerable period before the public

taste in motoring got into a stage that might be called Enthusiasm . . . Then the first airplane. I saw it fly over the Steel Pier at Atlantic City in 1908. Glen Curtis cleared the roof of the Steel Pier by just enough inches to lift the tip of his propeller out of the tiles. He was so close to me overhead, sitting in his Death-Seat out over Nothing in Particular, that I could not only see his flapping trousercuffs but I noticed he was wearing Boston garters. Practically a quarter-mile that contraption of bedsheets and broomsticks traversed the welkin. Then it came down in the seashore sands and he "monkeyed" with its innards throughout the remaining afternoon and night. But he had "flown". Now the stratoliners are transferring from Pasadena to Boston between breakfast and lunch. Then there was the time when a man named Howe traveled the gas-circuit—Lyman Howe—hired the biggest halls and opera houses, stretched a screen made of four bed sheets sewed together across the stage and proceeded to flicker pictures upon it, *pictures that moved!* You paid 15¢ to see this wonder if you were adult, children with parents admitted free . . . Imagine this latter happening today!



**T**HEY had lots of uses for bed sheets. It seemed, back in those halcyon days when the Age of Aquarius was just peeping over the zodiacal horizon—lots of uses for bed sheets besides sleeping between them. Stretch two bed sheets across a framework of broomsticks and you sped through the air with the greatest of ease. Sew 'em together quarter-wise and the human race lived life synthetically on 'em, ran off with the other fellow's wife on 'em, got a squash-pie squarely in the facial terrain on 'em. In the first two movies I witnessed from the Lyman

Howe projector back before the Spanish War, a train actually came down a track, complete with an engineer 'n everything, but passed off harmlessly into nothing on the right before the audience was mangled. Parents bit their lips after that one. Small children witnessing 'em, might try it in the flesh at the nearest choo-choo crossing, to see if the steam juggernaut passed off at the right into nothing, or whether it was the tender human beans who passed off into nothingness, right or left. All done on bed sheets. Could you beat it? . . . And, oh yes, the train had no sooner passed off into nothingness at the right than *presto!* we were disembodied spirits wafting over a few square miles of sunny ocean, and straight down at us, intent on making us pass into nothing a la the water route, came a creaming yacht sails at forty-five degree angle. This passed into nothing to our left, thank goodness, and the mothers and fathers felt relieved. There was practically no way that small children could hover over oceans and be run down by creaming yachts—not unless, of course, they first had experimented with the trains; when it was more probable they would need a road-block set against angels. . .

In 1899, my wealthy Boston aunt took me home with her after a Gardner visit, and after a shopping trip up Boylston Street of an afternoon, we went into Keith's. The front of this vaudeville theatre, ablaze with lights, had me ga-ga, but not half so ga-ga as I presently became when the comedians retired and the ubiquitous bed sheets lowered. In a darkened playhouse, as one of the leading acts on the week's bill, do you know what I saw with my own eyes? I saw a cinematograph gentleman supposed to be a plumber in a dress-suit come into a lady's kitchen to fix the sink but remained instead to fix her ironing-board. And he fixed it by the expedient of bolting a crank-handle beneath the board which he presently proceeded to turn with his muscle. And from the top of the board, or out from it to all intents and purposes, he cranked up a living ravishing blonde swathed in more bed sheets—they still couldn't get away from resorting to 'em—who stepped down off the ironing-

board, picked up one of the plumber's wrenches and konked him over the noggin with it. It wowed 'em. The cinematographic lady of the house came kitchenward and found an extra blonde on the premises she didn't know what to do with, as presently she had a husband coming home. How the eternal triangle worked out, I forgot to register, on account of the elderly gentleman lying in the aisle at my left, having hysterics in result of such pleasantries . . .

-oo-

**B**UT I started to talk about television Sweeping All Before It. The motor-car swept all before it—and perhaps in a manner of speaking is still doing so, if human beans neglect to get out of its way in time, or will persist in crossing against the lights—but interest as interest leveled off. The airplane swept all before it, until you had experienced your first ride in one for two dollars at the county fair and came down in one piece, then you were perfectly willing for them to level off and stay leveled off. Movies swept all before them, particularly the corners of empty Main Street stores of size where anybody who could afford a projector and the first month's rent, could become a theatre exhibitor at 5¢ per spectator. Then they leveled off into talkies and technicolor. I remember a noontime at the Dutch Treat Club in Manhattan when Jesse Lasky of Famous-Players exulted as to what he could now do in the way of entertainment. "With Talkies and Technicolor," sez he, "I can now produce a whole comic opera, costumes, moosic 'n everything," and he cut short his lunch to get back to his Long Island studio where the Floradora Sextette was actually coming to life, only you couldn't date up the hussies and dine 'em after the show. . . . Next came an afternoon in Greenwich Village when an actress friend of mine walked into my place morosely and announced that inasmuch as she'd flopped for a spot in Charles Froman's new stage opus, she'd had to take a part in one of these new raddio skits to keep the breath of life in her body. They pronounced it "raddio", no foolin', in the first days of the industry—similar to the way we pronounce rad-ish. "But what do you do?" I inquired in my ignorance. "All I do," she explained, "is step up close to the mike when my part comes along, and read words from a script. Then I step back and the next player steps up and reads his words from

his script. We keep stepping up and stepping back until we come to the last page and then I get ten bucks and we go home for the day." I blinked and tried to comprehend it. "What!" I asked. "No bed sheets?" She looked at me quizzically. Up till then she had supposed me a decorous and clean-minded person. No, no bed sheets. No romance, no glamor, no nothing. You just stepped up and stepped back. Did I care to come along and observe, or witness, how she earned ten bucks to pay her room-rent? I did and I went. As I recall it, the place was NBC, and in my ignorance of the extent to which raddio was already wowing 'em, I asked what the National Biscuit Company was doing, putting on theatricals where you merely stepped up and stepped back. It was a sort of empty loft in the upper Forties hung about with some drapes supposed to soften the more strident voices among the stepper-uppers and stepper-backers. A half-dozen kitchen chairs were at odds with a plain kitchen table, in which players sat while waiting their turns to step up and step back. Something that looked like a violinist's music rack with a horizontal fire-extinguisher on the top in place of the framework to hold the music, had wires going somewhere. A group of half a dozen Broadway second-raters, male and female, were sprawled in desultory fashion in the chairs waiting their turns to step up and step back before the open end of this horizontal gadget. They were dressed in their ordinary street clothes and the women stepper-uppers and stepper-backers hadn't even bothered to remove hats or veils. I sat in one of the chairs among them while a comic feature known as *Tompkin's Corners* "went on the air". As for entertainment value it smelled, as we say in show-business. But the client who made Featherbloom Petticoats—or maybe it was Cannon's Bed Sheets—was paying \$200 a week for this spot on the air just before six o'clock so presumably people were harkening to the drivel and buying petticoats or bed sheets in consequence. Virginia stepped up and stepped back for fifteen minutes, collected her ten bucks, and we went to eat somewhere. Not on her precious ten bucks—on mine! But presently the lists of raddio programs were filling whole columns of the Sabbath news sheets and the elderly Scotch gentleman with whom I shared quarters at the time had brought home a contrivance in a walnut case about eight inches

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high, eight inches deep, and two feet long, with knobs in the front to turn to get this and that, and a grandiose gadget to set on the top that bore startling resemblance to an opened ostrich-fan standing upon the base of its ribs. This, he explained, was a Loud-Speaker and it had set him back sixty-five bucks. And the man was Scotch! But the question was: Would the sound of the human voice come out of it? Up to then I had never heard any other manifestation of raddio than what came over a head-set, where one person listened at a time and small family children slapped one another's faces and bawled "Maw!" if a small brother or sister monopolized it overlong. But Pop set up his new-fangled voice relay and fan me for a bed sheet to lie down on, if my own personal friend and acquaintance, Ellis Parker Butler, didn't actually say in my hearing and in his own voice which I recognized, "I have been asked tonight to tell you, ladies and gentlemen of the raddio audience, how I came to write 'Pigs Is Pigs'." . . . Well, I admit that after hearing Ellis try to be about as funny as a bed sheet on the family wash-line that comes down in the mud, it was quite a spell before raddio leveled off with me. In fact I was quite a fan—by no means the fan atop Pop's elongated box—until Gents'-Room Walter took to fulminating over it, then I wouldn't have one of the nuisances about the premises for sixpence. And now Television! . . . Oh, well, it's been a great century and lots of things have been invented in it that we could get along without. By the time we're packing the small fry in the old family valix and leveling off for the moon—to get back in time for the bed sheets—television too will have leveled off . . . But by that time I hope to be leveled off myself with my favorite bed sheet wrapped securely about me and tied in enough knots so I don't get out. It is a consummation devoutly to be wished . . . At least Gents'-Room Walter thinks so, though he ain't seen nothin' yet . . .

—THE RECORDER

## Numerology

(Continued from Page 7)

quent paper—the Number 11 has a special significance of itself, making Mary Jane an 11-Person and not a 2-Person. Had her names been such that their

letters totaled 20, then we could drop off the zero as meaning nothing and identify her as a Two. But 11 is the Genius Number, as will be subsequently explained.

At any rate, with the Basic Chart of the numerical significances set forth in this first paper, you may be able to figure your own Personality Vibration and be ready for interpretation of its total as will be set forth in a working interpretation of each of the nine digits in our Numerology Paper of next week . . .

## Morale

(Continued from Page 2)

Valley, but as we emerge from its defile an unbelievably magnificent vista opens up the centuries.

And intellects as of angels will not be missing to supervise us as we make such deployment.

Actually, you require to be mystically in touch with a higher octave to grasp the supernal certainty of it. When the gloomy moments come that you question it, get out your *Golden Scripts* and read the closing chapter.

Verily do we have "a gift to receive, a pledge to fill, a lamp to keep lighted, a destiny to transact in terms of redemptions."

*All of it is Morale. Expressed from a psalter! Everything!*

## Roads into Sunrise

(Continued from Page 4)

percent are equipped with refrigeration. And the Bureau of Farm Statistics officially states that 67 out of every hundred homes have no need of any sort of repairs.

Lastly, only the Americans have mastered the art of being prosperous through broke.

*There must be a woman in the moon, no man would stay up there so long otherwise and be out every night.*

*He kept saying he aimed to tell the truth, but most of his friends declared he was the worst shot in America.*

## Your Religion

(Continued from Page 6)

WE COMMONLY distinguish such religions, creeds, denominations, and cults, by calling them "beliefs."

But what is a Belief and why do we find it commonly convenient to designate one man's Belief as different from another's?

A Belief is little else than the conjecture of a given caste of people as to the First Cause and subsequent nature of the universe, as they conceive it en masse or from a common premise, due to their own factual experiencings with life and their pardonable deductions therefrom, in the light of their probable spiritual evolutions.

Lacking a complete knowledge of the actual facts—because not all of them are attainable in this three-dimensional physical universe—an hypothesis is fabricated that appears to fit the observable evidence. Men view it, examine it, pass upon it, and then say: "We believe thus-and-so!"

They truly should say: "We conjecture thus-and-so and arrive at this hypothesis!"

The very necessity for belief demonstrates the probable incompleteness or fabrication of certain parts of the doctrine which the said belief affects to substantiate.

And this being recognized, it likewise follows that fresher and more audacious hypotheses—for similar temporary credence—are going to be advanced from time to time as man climbs higher in spiritual evolution.

Religions, creeds, denominations, and cults, must therefore ever symbolize or secularize the current status of the spiritual unfoldments of such groups or masses of human beings as are agreeable to endorsing them.

The nature of your belief therefore proclaims the status of your cosmic unfoldment, and to decide that because all these religions, creeds, denominations, and cults have shown themselves for what they are—mere man-made conjectures based on bedeviling psychical phenomena experienced by their "founders"—that there is therefore no God, and no "head or tail" to the universe, is to miss the essence of religion entirely and prove that the atheist's unfoldment has been small indeed!

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**Soulcraft Chapels**

**T h e P A Y O F F**

**A**PROPOS of the recent election, a Republican remarked that Christopher Columbus had been the world's first Democrat.

"How come?" bristled a defeated Fair Dealer.

"When he left Spain to seek the world in the West, his voyage was government financed, wasn't it?"

"Perhaps."

"When he began sailing he didn't know where he was going, did he?"

"N-No."

"When he reached San Salvador, he didn't know where he was, did he?"

"Very possible."

"When it was all over, he couldn't tell where he'd been or what he'd done. He was the world's first Democrat."

**T**WO HUSBANDS were discussing their status at home.

"I tell you," said the first, "I am the boss at my house. Last night, to illustrate, there was no hot water when I came home, so I proceeded to raise the roof. Believe me, I got hot water. Plenty of it."

"I do that, too," said the friend. "Only in my case I get dishes with it."

**C**ARELESSNESS in the use of simile and metaphor in modern novels has been compared to the telegram which the babu in an Indian state sent from Bombay to announce the death of his mother. It was worded—

"Regret to announce that hand which rocked the cradle has kicked the bucket."

**T**HE SIX-year-old came proudly up, bearing a stub of cornstalk.

"Look, daddy, I pulled this up, all by myself."

"My, but you're strong," said the dotting father.

"I guess I must be, daddy. The whole world had hold of the other end of it."

**O**N THE LAST day of school, prizes were distributed. When one boy returned home, his mother was entertaining callers.

"Well, my lad," asked one of them, "did you win a prize?"

"Nope," said the boy, "but I got horrible mention."

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