

Valor

The Golden Times Weekly . . .

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

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Number 6

WHAT TO TELL OUR BOYS AND GIRLS ABOUT AMERICA

THE TIME has come, with 1953 arriving just after Christmas, when our boys and girls must be intelligently informed about the Golden Times that in the immediate future are due to be felt and enjoyed by all. Grown-ups have no monopoly on foreknowledge of what is in the cards to happen.

On November 16, 1952 was published in central Indiana a book by the title, *Something Better*. It described the new Christian Economy that becomes national in the wholesale flowering of the great Cooperative Movement that already is laying the old cutthroat economy of archaic times by the heels. To give grownups an idea of how this book already impresses readers of early copies, VALOR first publishes a bona fide and unsolicited letter from a big businessman of Columbus, Ohio. Here is what he says—



“I FINISHED my first complete reading of *Something Better* yesterday. I am still reeling under its impact. . . The concept is so vast and its premises so breathtaking, that even the downright sluggard must transmute his lethargy into the relentless purpose of a Sir Galahad on his

quest for the Holy Grail—if only he will put forth the effort to *understand* the full sweep of it. Here is sheer adventure and high romance at its zenith. Not since Alexander Hamilton sold his palatines on the American Idea so successfully that they translated it into being, has hu-

manity encountered a spectacle of one man holding aloft a torch of such compelling intensity that the promise of full realization can only be around the corner! I wonder, can there be found an ear so deaf that it would not thrill to the clarion call of such a challenge, or a heart so dull that the vision of the rising Christian Commonwealth would not set the human pulses to racing? *Is it not time at last to begin the harvest sown two millennia ago on the shores of Galilee?*

"HERE is the fruition, and now the call goes forth and echoes across our nation for the laborers in the Vineyard—and blessed are they who heed it.

"During the perusal and study of *Something Better* I often found myself carried away by the significance of the theme to the point where I had to return again and again for the mere checking of errors of one sort or another . . . Will you permit me a stab at a definition—

"*Soulcraft* is to the cosmic personality what *the Christian Commonwealth* is to the mundane citizen: A compass pointing to the next goal ahead, and, upon its attainment, projecting its function to that Beyond in endless performance. Its utility is impartially available to successive or simultaneous beneficiaries."

"From the purgatory which now envelops me, the lure of *The Christian Commonwealth* beckons all the more irresistably in direct proportion to the increasing pressure tying me to my present assignment . . . *Anch'io sono pittore!*"

THIS is the first reaction expressed in an articulate manner that voices scores of lesser letters and long-distance phone-calls on similar theme. Actually, however, it is to be the 60 million minor children of the nation who are the real beneficiaries of this New Cooperative Order, and how shall it—and *Soulcraft*—be interpreted in such simple terms that those smaller fry comprehend it? . . .

THE FIRST thing to explain to them is, that if three boys club together and start a popcorn stand, and they hire a fourth boy to run it for them—paying him 50¢ a day—it makes no difference whether he pop ten bags a day or a hundred bags a day to sell to the public at 5¢ the bag, all he's able to buy of the popcorn himself is 50¢ worth, no matter how many bags he pops—assuming his parents or any relatives give him no

money and all he possesses is what he gets from running the stand. Now if he happened to be the only person in town who relished popcorn, so there were no other customers, it would make no difference how many bags he popped, he could only buy 50¢ worth of it and all the rest of what he popped would have to be given to somebody free or go to waste.

Make it clear to our children that in a manner of speaking, the same principle applies to all creative effort—multiplying it by the numbers of different things that all the factories in America make. The same people who pop the corn—or make shoes or shirts or automobiles



or babies' rattles—have to wait till they have drawn 50c wages, then go 'round in front of the stand and be the customers. But they can only buy popcorn—or shoes or shirts or automobiles or rattles—according to the amount of money they've drawn, working for wages. So with nobody to come along with money and buy the amount left over, it piles up in storerooms, or warehouses, or department stores, and the popcorn stand has to shut down unless the money is borrowed from someone to buy it. This shutting down, because all the storerooms and warehouses and department store are filled with goods that no one has money to buy, is called a Depression. There's no trade in popcorn or shoes or shirts or motorcars or baby toys, because the people are only able to buy a small portion of all these finished goods, as far as their wages carry. The same people who made the goods are those who are customers for them and users of them.

Ask any small boy or girl if it wouldn't be better sense for the four boys to say,

"If we're going to be the only customers for the corn we pop, why not all four of us club together, work in concert, and divide up what we pop so that all of us get equal shares of it? It's not fair for one boy to do all the work, and only get 50¢ for popping \$5 worth of corn, so that the rest of us divide \$4.50 worth of popcorn that's left *three* ways. Let's the four of us do different things about the popcorn stand, and divide the \$5 worth of corn we pop working as a troop every day so that each has \$1.25 worth. And at the end of the day, there's no corn left over to be given away or go to waste."

MAKE THIS clear to our boys and girls, for it's that simple. Tell them that certain politicians in our government have been borrowing money in a form called Government Bonds, from the earnings of all the boys and girls when they grow up, which will be taken from them in taxation and for which they'll not realize a penny's worth of value, since their grandparents spent it years ago. Tell them that Christian Economy, as they hear more about it, means all the boys and girls, and all the men and women, chipping in their efforts and producing enough popcorn and shoes and shirts and motorcars and toys for all, and then fixing it so that they're paid enough money to buy it and don't have to borrow money to be repaid ten, twenty, fifty, a hundred years in future.

Still keeping to the illustration of the popcorn stand, tell them that Communism is the same thing as the biggest and toughest boy in the bunch saying to the other three: "You work for me and produce all the popcorn I tell you to produce, and take the two handfuls of popcorn I give you to eat as your pay, or I'll take you behind the stand and beat up on you, bloodying your nose, giving you black eyes, and making you wish you'd never been born if you refuse."

Tell them that Socialism is the same thing as the three boys setting up the stand and *calling* it that the whole four own it in common but still only paying the boy who runs it 50¢ for his day's hard work, taking the profits if any and dividing it among themselves but leaving the boy running the stand no better off than as if he worked for a private employer. What difference does it make whether one man owns the stand, or three men own the stand, or the city says that it

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Why Boys and Girls May Die On the Threshold of Maturity . .



OF ALL the inhuman losses which the mortal spirit may be called upon to suffer, none results in more anguish than the seemingly unmerited death of a child. It makes small difference whether the child be two years old, or twenty. If it has been reasonably beloved by the normal parent, a condition of bitter challenge is hurled at Kismet: "Why did this tragedy have to happen?"

The loss of the two-year-old calls forth unbearable memories of all the inimitable baby ways which endeared that particular child to its parents. The loss of the child of twenty, too often crushes the parents with a numbing sense of the futility of all loving parental effort and sacrifice. They cry in the frenzy of spiritual bewilderment: "Why go to all the anxiety and expenditure to raise a boy or girl to the threshold of maturity only to bury either in the ground just when one's effort holds promise of reward?"

Only in the rare case is it possible to discuss with the bereaved parents the cosmic principles that may have been in operation, resulting in the demise of their particular offspring. They cry in pardonable despair: "I don't want philosophy, I want the child *back!*" And there are days, and perhaps weeks and months, when the void within themselves is so grisly that even an alluding to a just God at the head of this universe is well-nigh anathema to them.

"Whoever thought," they torture themselves by asking over and over, "when we were having the Christmas party last year, that Timmie or Janie would be but a loving memory by the time another Yuletide came in?"

So instead of lighting candles and hanging bright holly, the Christmas following the death of a child is a season of tar and ashes in parental hearts, and

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

sackcloth and quivering nerves in their spirits.

The big question in the paralyzed souls of such parents is: "Why did it have to happen?" This is particularly so if the splendid virile offspring has departed the family circle since the past Yuletide by sudden malady or gruesome accident. Always in the case of gruesome accident there is the thought in the parent's heart: "Mightn't I have prevented it by showing more judgment, by prohibiting the canoe trip on the lake, by refusing the loan of the family car, by restraining the lad somehow from going out the door in a pique or making him visit his Aunt Jane instead of his Cousin Fred where the awful mishap reached for him?"

Such preventions happen unwittingly a thousand times a year, of course, but the parent doesn't know it. On the thousand and first time, when they don't happen, there is wailing in the domestic Israel, Rachel mourning for her lost children, unable to be comforted because they are not.

FIRST of all, we should each one of us strive to realize that no two boys no two girls ever quit their mortal mechanisms on the threshold of maturities for exactly the same reasons. There is no law of the process by which we can explain such doleful leave-takings. We cannot point to any formula on the page of any book and say: "Here is set forth for our benefit the nature of the reason for Dick or Mabel leaving us." Always the youthful person has its own peculiar and private motivations for altering the octave



of its Consciousness—just as it had its own peculiar and private reasons for entering the octave of earthly Consciousness and becoming our specific son or daughter.

Never forget for one instant that no mortal being graduates out of the flesh, be he old or young, without the Inner Realization motivating him that he has either benefited himself sufficiently by the current worldly experience, or will be benefiting himself by taking time out and thinking the worldly works over.

Self-profit is ever the actuating cause for all death!

IT CAN be accredited in reasonable rationality that the biggest percentage of "children" relinquish their earthly roles because the peculiar increment that they came into the current life-span to get—brief as that life-span was—has been satisfactorily consummated.

Nobody, we discover, ever makes the incursion into flesh—as somebody's beloved son or daughter for any period—to indulge himself in a lark, or torture those who have been most serviceable to him by quitting them when bonds of affection have been forged, or to make it appear that he is indulging himself in some sort of karmic brevet when he is not.

Always bear in mind that people go into earth-life for a definite purpose. That purpose achieved, they hasten to get out of it—mainly for the very candid reason that they can truthfully "put in their time" much more enjoyably somewhere else.

There are far too many millions of souls clamoring to get into physical experience for constructive reasons, for boys and girls to "tamper with birth" or the willing offices of acquiescent parenthood.

It can therefore be concluded without maudlin hoodwinking of the self, that the boy or girl who appeared amongst us for a given number of years, and then made a sudden exit, had rounded out the Special Cycle which had been launched upon for specific increments.

To insist that such a boy or girl should have remained with us till our own accumulate of specific increments is run, would be to demand that they suffer experiences and ordeals for which they have no particular business, or perhaps are not prepared to undergo at the current status of their spiritual evolutions.

They are sometimes very delicate and elusive increments that the transient child bethinks to acquire by appearing amongst us and staying but a season in mortality. Why consider it a tragedy that such a child did not persist in mortality and meet up with a load of ordeals and experiences that would have borne every aspect of a load of coal or ton of bricks dumped upon it—weights of educations which it was in no wise prepared to meet?

As we say in the idiom: we should give such a soul the breaks.

This is especially true of the child whom we behold as physically frail, super-sensitive, or delicately attuned as between soul and body.

On the other hand, merely because a normal youngster has had a virile childhood and seems to have been "snatched away" just when a marvelous career had every aspect of opening to it, by no means authenticates that such "marvelous career" was actually required by that soul in the slightest.

Uniformly the boy or girl who comes up to the point where it contemplates a "marvelous career," does so because it has the quality of soul whose career would be marvelous in any octave in which it exercised.

It is because the average soul, in earthly life to educate itself to that point where it, too, can command marvelous careers, is concentrating only on such increments itself, that so much lamentation ensues when some soul who may be more adroit or unfolded seems to see nothing more to be gained by experienc-

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CHRISTUS



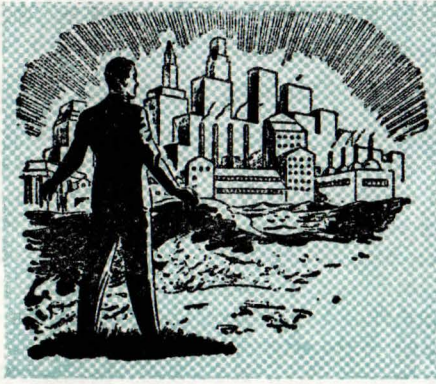
WHEN did I seek Thine august joy to read,
 Upon the lintels of whose grief-moist door?
 Where did I hear Thy salient Voice declare
 That we had name upon the love-sealed score
 Of those who gain their zeniths, wreath adorned,
 And ribboned with a zeal in anguish bright,
 That we should lantern cohorts from the Vale
 And out upon a plane of Singing Light?

Where did I see Thy stately form peruse
 The myriads of those sufferers, gnarled of pain,
 And measured in Thy scales of tenderness
 The payment of their penance, sired by gain?
 Where was that strand where summer sun sank low
 And mists of purple evening dressed the sea,
 And crowds drew off to meditate Thy tones,
 So left Thy Voice to starlight . . . and to me?

Where stood that field of wheat we, musing, trod,
 And linnets greeted Thee, that passed on wing,
 And lines of talking pilgrims pressed the grain,
 Small thoughted of what centuries were to bring?
 Where wended we, that skies were thinking blue
 And Mind was lost in Hoping's azure heights,
 We were the Chosen—for the griefs of years—
 And hymns and stakes and loyalties and rights!

What was the Wonder Theme Thou joyed to speak
 That hucksterers of pride slipped out the door
 And wits took counsel in the cots of wrath,
 To plot that earth should hear such sense no more?
 What was the golden token, gemmed by Time
 That lent its gleam to make the sad soul laugh,
 That Days of Better Things should nurse the earth
 And mankind's heartbreak be reduced by half?

How comes it all through Memory's incense-gauze,
 That we should live again Golgotha's thrill,
 Recalling how the jousts of Mammon screeched
 To do a felony against Celestial will?
 The Yuletide music rides through snowy dark
 To cheer the weighted heart with magic glee . . .
 All Windows Lighted in the soul—for what?
 That mankind's grateful heart thanks God . . . for Thee!



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

“Roads into Sunrise”

Anyhow, They're All Americans . .

A NEW TAG for the incoming Eisenhower regime, says the New Newspaper Service, has been making the rounds in Washington the past week. Washington was calling it the General Motors Administration. The phrase stemmed from the General's cabinet appointments of the last few days. They include Charles E. Wilson, president of General Motors, the largest corporation in the world, to be Secretary of Defense; Douglas McKay, Cadillac dealer in Salem, Oregon, to be Secretary of Interior; and Arthur E. Summerfield, largest Chevrolet dealer in the United States, to be Postmaster General.

This administration should really roll.

Take It as a Gift . .

HHEADQUARTERS of United Nations should be moved from New York to Geneva, where Woodrow Wilson's League of Nations was established, is the suggestion appearing in the French press. "The U-N in New York suffers from too much pressure from the United States," is the argument advanced. "That difficulty never arose when the old League was in neutral Switzerland."

Maybe if international orders on how America must be run arrived daily from Geneva, Americans would awaken to what they've been hoaxed into joining. As for U-N being under too much pressure from the United States, it's the other way about.

Not enough. That's the trouble.

If You Don't Like It, It's an Ism . .

THE COUNCIL of State Chambers of Commerce held in Washington in October, listed "four basic socialistic objectives" which they didn't like, and declared "the existence of creeping socialism in the United States is no myth." The four basic socialistic objectives were, government control of banking and credit, government ownership or control of electric power and other basic instruments of production, government control of land and government control of import and export trade. The Council based its charges on a report by its Washington research office. It said the Government was working toward these "socialist objectives" by federal preemption of the taxing power, federal control of education, and information and preemption of the police power.

All of which sounds formidable on paper, or on the tongue of the stoutest Babbitt in the bunch that gathers for Rotary luncheon. But somebody ask Babbitt if this audaciously encroaching "government" is composed of anyone but the people themselves? If it isn't the people themselves, or their elected

representatives, then who are they, and what are they doing at the head of things presuming to run them? Funny, if you don't fancy a thing because it trespasses on your personal clip, it's an ism. If you do like it, it's a Cause. Just as the man who changes from one political party to another is a deserter. But the other political party lists him as a convert. What we need are a whole lot of new words of anathema to describe the things we don't understand or approve. The old list is growing corny . .

Price of Progress . .

STRANGELY enough, towns throughout Indiana are reporting a paint blight. It has reached Noblesville in at least twenty-five instances where some mysterious agent is gradually changing the color of paint from white or cream to a dirty "rusty" brown and in some cases ugly grey. The exact cause has not been determined. Some of the finest and best painted residences have been effected the most lamentably. It is no respecter of persons in that even Mayor Lawson's home shows serious effects of it. The theory has been advanced that the houses so effected have all been recently painted with colors that have a lead base and the lead may be getting the chemical reactions from radioactivity in the atmosphere released by experimental detonations of atom or hydrogen bombs in the West.

Comes a big "boom" in New Mexico and homes in Indiana look like one-house slums. What we want is a Boom that converts all the shanties in America to bright and cheery bungalows with merry curtains at the windows. Could happen!

"I Know What You're Thinking" . .

PROFESSOR Gilbert Murray, one of the world's most honored scholars, is a firm believer in telepathy, or the transmission of thought from one person to another without ordinary communication through the senses. In a recent London address before the Society for Psychical Research, the former Harvard and Oxford professor told of some experiments of his own to support his belief.

Apropos of it, *The Indianapolis Star* says editorially, We are struck by Professor Murray's theory that animals and primitive peoples still have sharp telepathic abilities which have been blunted in most of us by the use of language communications. Could it be that as men became more and more 'civilized', they found it advantageous to do away with thought transference and hide their true mental reactions behind the mask of speech? We're for all progress, and if telepathy is progress, let's have it by all means, Professor. But most of us will have to wash our brains more carefully on occasion than we do at present or

human relations will not be improved when everybody knows what everybody else is thinking . . ."

Fourth Dimensional Bird? . . .

DOWN in Deland, Fla., a Mrs. J. W. Waples, who lives near the army air base, not only has a mystery on her hands but a new and unexpected addition to her family. Mrs. Waples found a bird—identity and species unknown—perched on the table in her living room a few days ago. The house was completely closed and she could not understand how it got in. She gave it water, took it to the window and permitted it to fly free. But again, a day or so later, with all the rooms closed as before, the bird was back and perched on her living room table. It gave no evidence of wanting to be evicted. Still unable to figure how the bird got in the house, Mrs. Waples decided to keep it as a pet.

Most married women coming upon strange birds in the house make the discovery they're storks.

There Is Not a Doctor in the House

DR. JAIME TORRES-BODET, director-general of that UNESCO thing which preaches how wrong and non-international it is to teach American children the history of their own country in their schools, is walking out. He's quitting because only \$18 million of these American children's tax-money is to be spent for this sort of subversive teaching in the next two years, when he wanted \$20 million. At the same time and for the same reason, two other members of the Anti-Nationalism-monkey-cage are also taking their little red wagons and going home, Prof. Paulo E. Berredo Carneiro to Brazil and Vladislav Ribnikar to Communist Yugoslavia. Torres-Bodet is a Mex. His government pays seventy-one one-hundredths of 1 percent of the Patriotism-Is-Wrong bill. Brazil pays seventy-one one hundredths of 1 percent. Yugoslavia pays forty-seven one-hundredths of 1 percent, getting a grant out of us first in order to make it possible. The United States pays one-third of the whole bill. The United Kingdom pays 12 percent—after we've loaned it the money. So the United States—with pensioner Britain—pays nearly half the cost of this piece of crackpotism to undermine our national fortitude via our children. There are 65 nations in UNESCO. Each has one vote. So the two nations that foot half the bill

get two sixty-fifths of the voice in deciding how to spend the money.

One wonders just how crazy can we get?

Buying Rancor for Cash . . .

WHILE we're on the subject of being crazy, the two nations that tax their citizens the most to support UNESCO which teaches their kids that their pasts are busts, tax their citizens the most to build and buy armament to protect the free world from Russian aggression. This even includes buying guns to protect Comrade Ribnikar's Marxist Yugoslavia from Marxist Russia. In addition, United States taxpayers have been called to put up \$87 billion as of last June 30th, for all sorts of programs which other countries get for free. And there isn't a line in the Constitution anywhere that sanctions these Give-Away appropriations of American taxpayers' money as being legal. However, do all these furriners like us any better? Imagine three of 'em walking out in a peeve because we give 'em eighteen million and they want twenty. Would Christian Economy make a sour pudding of the whole of it?

Fifty years ago this country used to be known as the melting pot. Today it resembles a pressure cooker—with the tax-paying citizen taking the heat.



It Won't Happen Here

THE TEACHER of a Russian School gave each of her pupils a picture of Stalin. Next day she called them up, one by one, and had them report where they had hung it. The first, little Ivan, said—"I hung Papa Stalin up on the wall, right above the door, so that all can see his handsome face the minute they come in." The teacher beamed. "Good," she praised the boy, "now you, Fiodor, where did you place Papa Stalin's picture?" Little Fiodor replied, "I took the Christian's picture of the Madonna down and hung Papa Stalin's in its place." The teacher cried, "Well done! And where did you, little Olga, hang our handsome and generous leader's portrait?" Little Olga looked glum. "No place, teacher," she reported, "you see, we're good party

people. We live in the middle of the room. The walls are occupied by four bourgeoisie families."

Christian Economy in Action . . .

BELIEVE it or not, the *Cincinnati Inquirer* employes had almost no trouble worth talking about to buy the paper and run it henceforth cooperatively. The price was \$7,600,000. A reporter named Ratcliff was chairman of The Inquirer Employes Committee, heading a four-month fight merely to get clear title to the paper from the court. Ferger, the former publisher remained as President; the Advertising Director became vice-president, the City Editor and Circulation Manager became the remaining officers. Reporter Ratcliff said of his fellow employes, "I don't think I've ever seen any performance equal to it. They started in April with nothing and they wind up with \$7,600,000 in cash on June 3rd. It apparently was accomplished by a spirit that simply would not give up."

Yeah, Americans have got a lot of that. But what's become of the traditional reporter who held to the bar and said to the head copy-man, "Might as well have another, brother. A woman can get just so mad?"

Russian Menace Department . . .

JAMES RATLIFF was six years on duty with Military Intelligence before turning his hand to doing a Washington column for the *Cincinnati Inquirer*. Here's how he describes the "Russia-Is-Invincible" drivel . . . "In the spring of 1948, the Fair Deal began to get panicky over Soviet and Communist intentions. When the Berlin blockade was started by the Reds, the Administration immediately acted as though the Stalinites were about to attack the West. Frantic orders went to intelligence officers in Germany to get news of the impending attack—all the way back to Moscow. The Reds had no combat troops, no supplies, they had even ripped up all the railroad tracks in their sector of Germany to get steel. They had likewise dug big holes on all roads that ran under the Iron Curtain. They couldn't possibly have attacked. They couldn't have gotten out of Russia themselves. Yet Washington seemed determined to convince everyone that war was imminent. Orders were readied for general mobilization and the arming of merchant ships in New York har-

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NUMEROLOGY FOR EVERYONE . .

THE SECOND important thing to know in grasping the significances of Numerology, after you have familiarized yourself with the numerical values of the twenty-six alphabetical letters, is the categories into which the numbers fall. There are three of these, and they should be understood for the peculiar ways in which they seem to work out in the practical affairs of life. We approach the problem in this manner—

The progressions of life divide into three departments or planes—

- The Physical;
- The Mental;
- The Spiritual;

within each of which there are in turn three classifications. We term the Digits One, Two and Three the "physical" material, or social numbers, we term the Digits Four, Five and Six the Mental or Worldly Expression numbers; we term the Digits Seven, Eight and Nine the Spiritual or Artistic Numbers. Charting it so that you have it in your mind's eye, we say that the various figures manifest the following general significances—

- 1 Physical or Social;
- 2 Physical or Social;
- 3 Physical or Social;
- 4 Mental or Worldly Expression;
- 5 Mental or Worldly Expression;
- 6 Mental or Worldly Expression;
- 7 Spiritual or Artistic;
- 8 Spiritual or Artistic;
- 9 Spiritual or Artistic;

Translating these into practical aspects, the people whose name-totals or birth-path numerals reduce either to One, Two or Three—with the exception of 11 and 22, as we warned last week—are in life to function chiefly on the material plane. The people whose name-totals or birth-paths reduce to Four, Five and Six, are in life to function chiefly on Intellectual Planes. The people whose name-totals or birth-paths reduce either to Seven, Eight

or Nine are in life to function chiefly in various kinds of Spiritual Manifestation, Writing, Art, Sculpture, Painting, Poetry or Teaching.

However, in interpretation of the various numbers on each one of these planes or programs, we get some strange lines of activity . .

THE ONE number, whether we encounter it on the Physical, Intellectual or Spiritual planes, is ever the Pioneering or Soldier-of-Fortune number. "One", "Four" and "Seven", therefore, are the Pioneering or Soldier-of-Fortune specification for the three categories.

The Two Number—with its corresponding significance of Five and Eight on the Intellectual and Spiritual octaves—is the Partnership or Polarity number.

The Three Number—with its corresponding representations of Six and Nine on the Intellectual and Spiritual Octaves is the Culminating or Success Number, the highest point to which the human soul makes progress on such octave as we find it expressing.

So, repeating these in a column for your mental picturing or future reference, the chart of the nine numbers signifies as follows—

- 1 Physical or Material Pioneering;
- 2 Physical or Material Partnership;
- 3 Physical or Material Success;
- 4 Mental or Intellectual Pioneering;
- 5 Mental or Intellectual Polarity;
- 6 Mental or Intellectual Success;
- 7 Spiritual or Esthetic Pioneering;
- 8 Spiritual or Esthetic Polarity;
- 9 Spiritual or Esthetic Success;



In reading either personal character, or determining what the individual's lesson is, to be learned in life from the birth-



date, we get our first generalization by referring to this last chart.

However, in actual working-out day unto day and year unto year, we discover that each of these nine numbers has particular characteristics when we come to interpret what Pioneering, Polarity or Success means on each of the three octaves. Long practice or application in figuring the charts of great numbers of persons gradually defines the specialty which the given digit represents. Meaning this—

PHYSICAL or Material Pioneering is not difficult to recognize for precisely what it is. Physical or Material Partnerships are as readily understood, and so are Physical or Material Successes. But when we come to mental or Intellectual Pioneering, or Mental or Intellectual Polarities, or Mental or Intellectual Successes, we find the applications assuming strange guises. And that goes as well for Spiritual or Esthetic Pioneering, Spiritual or Esthetic Polarities, or Spiritual or Esthetic Success.

When we talk about Pioneering Mentally or Intellectually, and observe what its practical effects are in day to day living, we discover it indicates the Engineer, the Architect, the Inventor, the Explorer into odd fields and odder ideas. That isn't difficult to understand or follow.

But when we come to the Five Numeral, it seems to carry more significance than merely implying the union of one mind or intellect with another mind or intellect. Five, we discover, is the great Dramatic or Change number. Mind reacting on Mind, or Intellect on Intellect, doesn't seem to be seeking affinity and status camaraderie so much as facile adaptation translates into physical or material alterations, more than eternal compatibilities . .

(To Be Continued Next Week)

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Dynamite Time

IT WOULD be a wonderful thing, you will probably say to yourself upon reading the final page of *Something Better*, for a sizable enough quota of American citizens to get together as a great enlightened body, and espouse the Christian Economics of Mutuality by mass action. But the author of *Something Better* is not so naive as to expect it will happen.

Remember this great truth: People, as a rule, rarely if ever vote for a thing; they rather vote against something.

If, as, and when the Christian Commonwealth comes in, it will be in rebuke and discipline of the predatory wild-cat system that by the laws of mathematics makes panics and depressions to happen at almost predictable intervals.

PEOPLE in 1932 didn't vote for Franklin D. Roosevelt and his New Deal—although he thought they did. They voted against Herbert Hoover and the money tycoons of the Republican Party whom they had made whipping boys for the Crash of October, 1929.

Roosevelt, for all his accredited political astuteness, hadn't a lick of business sense, else he would have acknowledged the laws of mathematics that had operated in his favor, and stopped at that.

These laws of mathematics are now about to operate again, and Dwight D. Eisenhower is bound to be their victim, not their fair-haired boy as F. D. found himself.

Eisenhower has already had the pace run for him by Winston Churchill in

England. Ike, we might almost put it, is the American Churchill.

WHEN the Labor Government controlled Britain, and Churchill and the Conservatives were demanding an election, what they really were demanding for themselves was a first-class disaster. To get back into power, they had to make all sorts of promises to correct situations that were as basic as mathematics.

Britain had drained herself of accumulated savings in two wars, her empire was breaking up, and her radical elements had played ducks and drakes with the Tight Little Island's industries. If Winston and his Conservatives could not deliver the miracle of pre-war conditions to Britain, all they could hope for was to be "handed the bag" . . . the bag of war impoverishment and crackpot nationalism of industry and finance.

If they couldn't perform that miracle—which of course they couldn't because you can't "unfight" a war or unpay its costs—the country at the next election must turn away from conservative leadership for years and say, "You had your second chance at bat and struck out a second time."

Since the Conservative government has been in, no miracles have been performed—for the simple reason that they can't be performed—and disillusionment sends Britain back again toward Labor control, only next of the pro-Russian, Leftist pattern.

However, it doesn't make any difference whether your name is Churchill or Eisenhower or Roosevelt or MacArthur or Glutz—if the tide is running against you, a great name can't alter it. Particularly the tide of mathematics.

And what may we call the law of mathematics?



WILLIAM J. BAXTER, one of the nation's canniest economists, put it succinctly in one of his recent Bulletins when he wrote: "If a hotel is operated at 100 percent capacity, that is the very time when the public wants to buy its stock. If the steel industry is operating at 100 percent, that is the time when sales of steel stock are heaviest. If you told one of those buyers that the steel industry was operating at 20 percent of capacity, or the hotel was only 20 percent occupied, he would have nothing to do with the investment, but rather would wait until they are at capacity. *That is the point where he would be defying mathematics.* From 100, there is only one direction for you to go, and that is down. When Roosevelt and the New Deal came into power, all the laws of mathematics were in their favor. The banks were closed and our basic industries were operating at the lowest capacity in our history. To a large part of the country he became the greatest hero of our time for having performed a "miracle" . . . but the truth was, all the laws of mathematics were in his favor, and the tide was going with him. *Today the situation is completely reversed*, with the steel industry at capacity, and on the surface it looks like 100 percent employment, 100 percent production, no major bankruptcies and no pressures . . . Now if you as an individual were asked to become president of an installment or finance company when it was about to go broke due to the pyramiding of credit, you would naturally say, 'I don't want the job until the company is put through the wringer. I will be blamed if I am in office at the time of collapse.'"

So much for Baxter. He's right as rain.

THE ROOSEVELT group took over after a relatively small amount of debt had toppled the economic structure. It took over after the whole thing had been put through the wringer. Thereupon it proceeded to mortgage the American people's future for generations ahead.

Today, in spite of all the surface prosperity, the American people are "busted higher than a kite", with their government owing a quarter-trillion dollars, American corporations owing \$363 billion, and individuals owing around \$254 billion. The bankruptcy that really exists today makes 1929 a picnic.

But Eisenhower and the Republican conservatives have inherited this "busted higher than a kite" proposition. When the New Deal came into power, people weren't working and industry was at a standstill. Today, Ike and the General Motors cabinet are taking over both the situation and the wringer and presently must find themselves stuck with both.

The Fair Deal Prosperity which made Harry S. exult, "You never had it so good", has been compounded of debts, more debts, non-payable installments, and the making of guns. The national debt burden is so heavy that the average American citizen has to labor throughout 1953 something like 120 days—up to the date of June 17—for absolutely nothing, in order to satisfy the tax collector. From next June 17 to December 31st he can keep what he makes as his own, and try to pay his \$254 billion of debts with it, not to mention raising his family.

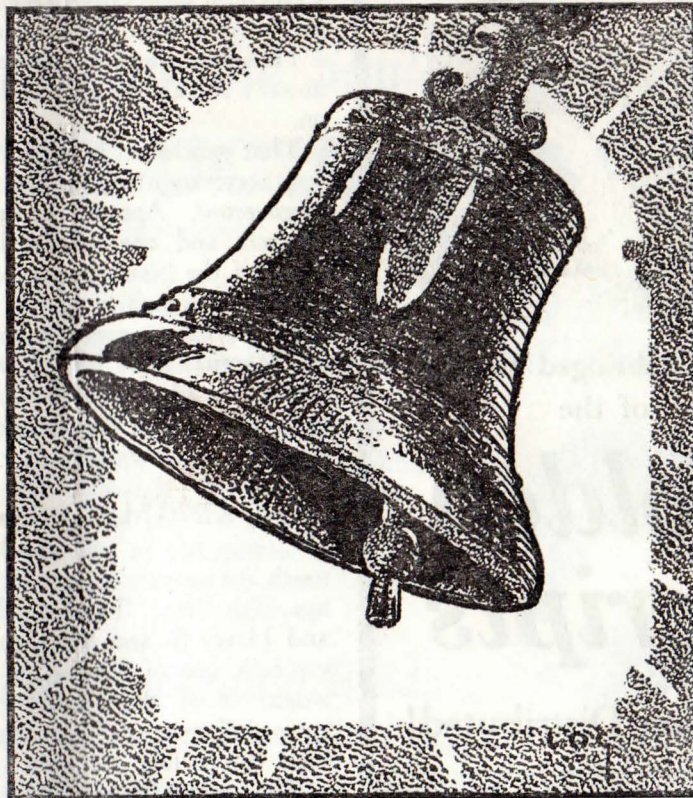
Dwight D. Eisenhower has inherited this mess, take note, and the outcome is due to be a hue and cry when the bust comes: "We had the Republicans in office in October, 1929, and got the Crash that brought 12 years of Depression. We were foolish enough to return them to office on November 4, 1952, and we have the 1929 Crash multiplied forty times. Republicanism and Crashes are synonymous."

Such is the Dynamite Time that the Demos are now counting upon, either to return them to power in 1956 or enact Marxism.

However, from the deck can be dropped a joker. The economic-political woodpile may yet reveal a gentleman of color.

Few, if any, are yet remotely considering the Christian Commonwealth's recommendations as set forth this week in *Something Better!* . . .

THE KING-MAKERS behind the scenes, Marxist to the core, are undoubtedly gratified to see the Wilsons and McKays and Summerfields go into Ike's Cabinet, and tycoons of the stamp of W. W. Aldrich represent us at St. James. Eisenhower is expendable. A solid rightist Administration, made up of all the conservative reactionaries, is due to "get it in the neck" by the very law of mathematics quoted, because there is no place for the fortunes of the country to go but *Down*. And the Wilsons, and McKays, and Summerfields, and Aldrichs,



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will go down with them. Whereupon it will be all over but the shouting—the Churchill-Conservative Dilemma repeated in America, with Marxism taking all.

However, there is one man in Eisenhower’s cabinet for you to keep your eye on.

That gentleman is the Hon. Ezra Benson, Secretary of Agriculture, from Utah, ex-governor, Apostle of the Mormon Church, and one of the leading exponents of the New Science of Cooperativism in the Republic.

If this nation goes Cooperative instead of Marxist when the Dynamite Time comes, the Hon. Ezra Benson may prove to be the Patrick Henry against the minions of the George-III Marxists!

THE KING-MAKERS can be counted upon not to pull the rug from beneath the country’s economy before January 20th, until Ike is safely coronated, and Harry S. and the Debt-Makers are cynically out of reach. To do it before, would tip off the country to their back-room influence and put the nation behind Ike to take reprisals.

That means almost six weeks of time for a nation-wide circulation of *Something Better* to reach the public and enlighten it as to what the alternative can be to the hoax to end all hoaxes, economically characterized.

Then what happens?

When this vast structure of debt—or munitions-making prosperity starts through the wringer, the American electorate can espouse this new Christian Economy in vehement protest against what they consider both swindles—the Fair-Deal swindle and Conservative-Promise swindle.

The country can, and may, go Christian Commonwealth, not because it particular relishes or even understands the Economy of Mutuality, but because it can thus take its indignant reprisals against all sorts of Dealers, including those who slip the aces from the bottom of the deck.

And the Christian Commonwealth will stand, because it not only has the answers—as *Something Better* will convince you—but because the tide will be running with it and its obedience to the laws of mathematics is correctly timed.

Five million copies of *Something Better* can be produced this winter if the ear of the public can be caught so that it wants to know what the answers are, and

buys the books. Five big printing plants are available to produce them.

Summing it up, watch for Dynamite Time in this Republic, which is as certainly ahead as St. Patrick’s Day in the morning.

Marxism is out.

Indeed, the Marxists may count themselves lucky if the greatly aroused Americans don’t decide *they* are responsible for everything and smoke them out with tar-pots and plethora of feathers.

Check on this editorial a year from today for errors.

The Christian Economy and the Christian Commonwealth of industrial and financial mutuality will unquestionably arise phoenix-like from the ashes of Tycoon Republicanism paying the price for election success.

Perhaps General MacArthur was longer-headed than we realize.

He wasn’t so stupid as to grab too eagerly for the bag . . .

Roads Into Sunrise

(Continued from Page 6)

bor. This was the authentic and little known ‘war scare’ of 1948. Only rumors of what lay behind the government’s unwarranted panic have leaked out . . . An Indiana congressman has charged that the Administration deliberately staged the fake war scare to create an ‘emergency’ in order to demand more controls over the people and business.”

No less a personage than Dwight Eisenhower knows that there isn’t a nation on earth today in a place to attack the United States without committing suicide but we still have the element with us that insists “. . . if somethin’ ain’t wrong, ’taint right.”

Telling Children

(Continued from Page 2)

owns the stand, if the boy who does the work finds he can only buy 50¢ worth of the \$5 corn he daily pops?

Of course its easy to explain to any reasonably bright boy that the Capitalism against which the Communists continually screech, is one man owning the stand and getting as many people as possible to work for him at 50¢ a day, while

he puts all the profits in his own pocket for what they've done.

THE THING we want to impress on our children's minds about the America into which they're advancing is, that the Christian Economy that's being spread by Soulcraft, makes a great Boy-Scout Troop—or Girl Scout Troop—out of all the people who work for pay envelops every week, and if there's a popcorn stand it's owned by the Troop and every Scout has his fair share of the popcorn coming to him, and if there's a shoe or shirt factory, or an automobile factory or a toy factory, all the people making up the workers in it act together as a Scout Troop *and are the company as a Troop* and pay themselves enough so that nobody in the Troop lacks for anything or goes hungry. Nobody has to borrow money that has to be repaid out of taxes of people who will live fifty or a hundred years from today, in order to keep unbought goods piling up in store-rooms or warehouses or department stores. The system verily ought to be simple enough for any ordinarily bright child to understand and herald, among his kind.

Every lad and every girl in America, knows the cooperative spirit of the great Scout Movement. Every Christian parent in the land should make it his business to let his offspring peruse *Something Better*, explaining the weightier words and terms to him, because the incoming of the Christian Commonwealth means that child is due to have credited to him his minimum dividends of \$1,646.35 per year so that on reaching 21 he shall not only have the money to buy himself the best education the land may afford, but on graduating from college shall find that he has a comfortable nest-egg on which to marry or engage in a cooperative enterprise with his fellows. Tell him that with wealth properly handled in this mammoth Republic into which he has come, and its institutions cherished and sustained against the inroads of plotting foreigners, it is rich enough potentially to aggregate something like \$34,593 to his credit by the night he turns 21. The goods and wealth representing this amount, less of course, what he has consumed throughout his adolescent years, have been produced and his quotas allotted him. Thus, with the Christian Commonwealth entrenched, every child in this land is born into a reasonable amount of personal wealth. The child who

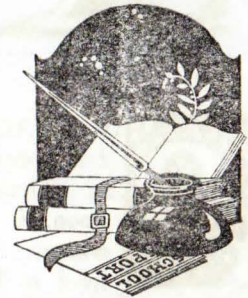
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cannot understand this, is dense indeed.

It means a regenerated population, to thus allocate the federal largess with its attendant personal benefits. It means a resurgence of patriotism from the simple proposition in self-interest that any assailment from abroad, either military or diplomatic, jeopardizes that stake which is due to come to him and under his own management on attaining his majority. It's one thing to ask a young man to forego marriage and business while he hazards life or limb in defense of the flag as an abstract idealism; it's quite another to say to him that if any foreign foe or clique succeeds in undermining or subduing America, it threatens his \$34,593.35. It brings the value of Great America home to him in dollars and cents—or dollars and sense.

Some temperaments require to visualize it so.

BOYS and girls in grammar school, high school, or college, must be instructed and enlightened in what's in future, because all of it is to be *their* prop-

erty and their patrimony in another dozen years, when the New Economy based on the Christ Principles has been effected. They won't understand it?

Maybe the boys and girls will understand it so well that they will soon be instructing their parents in the finer and more profitable parts of it.

DENNIS KELLY come home one night badly addled from over-drinking. Living in the fourth floor tenement, he was presently aroused by the shrill cry of “Fire!” Blundering up clumsily, he reached for his trousers and got them on hinderside before. Then he went to the window and jumped out.

Some wires broke his fall and the final bump on the pavement sobered him. Friends came crowding up.

“Dennis, Dennis!” cried one. “Is it hoited yez are?”

Dennis glanced down at the reversed trousers.

“’Tis not hoited Oi am,” he lamented, “but ’tis plain to be save Oi got one ’ell uv a twist!”



.. COGITATIONS

ON A PAGE of wisecracks I happened to be reading on Thanksgiving afternoon, I came upon this wheeze: "Have you ever lived in Hell's Kitchen?" which is a New York district on lower 11th Avenue. And the other New Yorker replied, "No, but I've lived in Hell's Kitchenette." He meant Greenwich Village. Instantly I knew the corny pun had never been spoken by a Gothamite. Because Greenwich Village never was Hell's Kitchenette. It was only imagined as Hell's Kitchenette by provincial persons in Keokuk. I speak, as usual, from experience. Three to four years of my checkered career were lived in The Village, once on West 10th Street, once on Perry. Also for a year I conducted a printing establishment on West 8th. As the great American Bohemia it was about as wicked as a group of mischievous little boys chalking naughty words upon a sidewalk.

-oo-

IT IS rather nice to look back upon a life that has encompassed adventurings in almost all districts you have read about in the papers, from Russia to Hollywood. I moved into The Village in 1921 to have a hideaway to write in isolation. It happened to be the top-back of the West Tenth Street house, where I sublet the studio of a landscape painter who had gone domestic in New Hampshire with a wife. What a metamorphosis! But it did have a romantic atelier-window opening upon the chimney-pots, and when I was ensconced in it, between Fifth and Sixth Avenues, with a few sticks of necessary furniture, a bed to sleep on, books thrown about, my soul knew life's most precious possession, Leisure. I thought,

in my fledgling *naivete* that I was living in most risqué environment and "seeing life" . . . But what I most wanted to see was Wickedness, and as usual, Wickedness is where you find it. The Manhattan district down around Sheridan Square was no more wicked than any other part of New York, although I didn't know it then, and within three days the doorman and janitor was showing me pictures of his wife in Brooklyn and his married daughter in Poughkeepsie who'd just had her third triplet. The premises were owned and supervised by the most squeamish maiden lady who ever tore herself loose from an Iowa country school-desk, and when fellow writers came up to see me on rainy days there was loud conversation in the lower hall



if they didn't wipe their feet. Wickedness indeed. Out on the corner of Sixth I took my meals at a restaurant run by a loving husband and wife from Rhode Island, and at the Sheridan Square Theatre where I kept track of current films, such being my business, the boys and girls necked with no more abandon than in Bennington, Vermont. I went looking for Sin. But try finding Sin, I repeat, by going deliberately out on the hunt for it . . . It consumed many weeks, what with the writing I had to do. Over on Christopher Street I found a commercial artist from Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, living with a redhead from Coldwater, Michigan, *sans* sanction of ecclesiastical authorities. He was short, dumpy, and as romantic as a mop. She was long, rangy, and usually appeared in hose

wrinkled on her ankles. But see them walking Washington Square and they looked like any other married couple short of pence in O. Henry's *Bagdad-On-the-Subway*. Actually they looked too poor and nondescript to Sin. Being invited up to their "flat" for a cocktail, she had her trunk—on which I sat to drink their watered hooch—and he had his bags. They also had a small discouraged stove, one chair, a table made from a packing-crate—the lower part of which did duty as pantry—a bed and a mat. They probably took turns standing on this mat on chilly mornings to don anatomical habiliments, certainly both couldn't have stood upon it together. There was dust in the corners of their "apartment" and the rodent that scuttled along the mopboard had nothing to do with what they had poured from a flask. I didn't see a broom and it was doubtful if the Sinning Redhead would have known how to use one . . . Oh, yes, John had his drawing-board and assortment of pens, brushes, and India inks, and she "painted", though I saw no canvasses. Maybe I had the Art business wrong and she meant that she donned overalls upon occasion and slobbered color on houses. She certainly had the reach for it. Here was "raw life", I said to myself, and made notes for a novel I might someday compose. *They weren't married!* Tst!—tst! And yet she talked to him precisely as though there had been a ceremony, and he talked to her as though the honeymoon had ended with a spill in a ditch. I made the startling discovery, during the run of my Bohemian acquaintances with John and Maud, however, that no people can be more securely married than those over whom no clerical blessings have been said. Each thinks of the other with a more poignant tenderness because of the "sacrifices" each is making for the other, and there is no respectable promise for a divorce action for either. They have definitely closed that door on themselves. Much has been blithered in play and fiction about the unmarried pair merely "walking out" on each other, but a long acquaintance with Sin in both Manhattan and Hollywood has convinced

me it isn't done. Each is too fearful of admitting to the other that he or she is "tired" of it all. Decidedly neither is tired of it, if the truth could be known. There is always the spice of *assuming* they could walk out on each other, when she gets to worrying over whether he'll put on winter flannels in October, and he gets to worrying about her weakness for opening cans of chicken soup and forgetting to pour it in a dish, and if she awakened in a stiffish state some morning from ptomaine, "he'd never forgive himself." So they rock along up through the years, not realizing they're probably living in cosmic union because of karmic obligations and God married them in heaven before they ever came Downstairs. It would spoil everything if they actually knew this, and ten to one if they did wed legally they'd break up in a month. Have you ever noticed how often that happens when things are made legal? . . .

-oo-

UNDERSTAND me, I'm by no means endorsing the relationship, because being legally joined does minimize complications. But when it happens in the name of necessity or Art, I've never seen two people more constant to each other than cohabitants. John and Maud palled on me. They were too respectable in their Sin. I hunted elsewhere. I found a poet on Jay Street who had come to the Village to live by himself because he had fits and his family in Yonkers would have put him in a "home." He captured the mopsies wherever he could find them and gave them bed and board any night. He captured a down-and-out stock actress along in the rain one evening, took her home, heard her story, and made up his mind to Get Her Off the Stuff. He did it, too. He made a clean fine woman of her, and she scored a hit in a Fox flicker in nearby 11th Avenue and got a heavy Hollywood contract. She decided she couldn't leave him in her prosperity—he was subject to those fits, you know—so she took him along to Sunset and Western. Then she introduced him to Christian Science and convinced him his fits were psychosomatic and voluntary. And he believed it and stopped them. The last I heard of them, their eldest daughter, Bernice was just entering high school. Now he's a wealthy Hollywood producer who can't see me for dust . . . All from hospitalities to mopsies in Hell's Kitchenette. I still went searching for Sin . . .

A CRAZY Frenchman who ran a linotype in a Third Avenue printery, who lived in the Village because he didn't "believe" in marriage under any circumstances, having learned that lawful wives made him change his socks regularly; a girl connected with the Theatre Guild who kept a love-nest for an uptown physician and lived in cold terror that her Albany parents would find it out; but truly made him happy; a property-man for a Long Island movie company who wanted to try out marriage with a Sweet Woman in whose features somebody had once thrown acid, so that no one but Joe had beheld her without a veil—and who tenderly cared for her because of her affliction—hunting for Sin in Greenwich Village was a brainstorm. All I found were eccentric folk doing the usual kindly things for one another. All the successful Bohemians had studios uptown around Central Park West. However, one late autumn night I did get invited to a cocktail party thrown by a piano teacher to her "Bohemian" friends. And I looked the assortment over. Poor, underprivileged, thrill-hungry souls, sitting around with their toes together on trunks and crates to sip a little firewater, chiefly because the times were Prohibition and the smart folks did it everywhere. A couple of workless actresses, a press photographer, a girl waiting on table at the Rhode Island couple's hash-house while otherwise posing in the nude, a window decorator from Macy's, the male gigolo to a Metropolitan opera singer, and a script-girl for Paramount, gathered by the light of some greasy candles—the lighting company having shut off the juice—and anticipated their concentrated lye with cherry. It was the smart thing for all the gals to keep their hats on, so all the gals did keep their hats on. And the hostess wanted to know if I'd shake up the cherried arsenic. Having signed the pledge at the tender age of nine, I only accommodated because I was Seeing Life. She brought me a sizable glass receptacle of eccentric contours with a cover and a knob, and set out a tray of assorted bottles on a chairseat. The motley assemblage watched with the greedy glitter of starving spaniels when somebody carelessly handles a Porterhouse. I clinched and I poured and I emptied and I mixed. Anyhow, I got the queer-shaped receptacle full of something that would be poured into tumblers—piano pupils weren't numerous enough for the hostess

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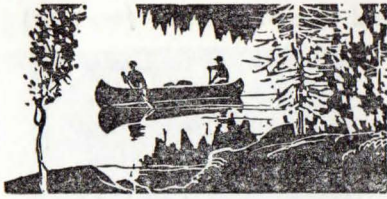
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to own goblets. Thereat I placed the glass top on the "shaker" and I shook. I believe I shook gin and beer and Scotch and port and whatever-was-to-drink-in-the place that had the slightest trace of alcohol till the compound began to foam, then I took off the cover and started the rounds of the inebriates. Into the tumbler of the Paramount Script-gal went not only the compilation of plain and assorted poisons but something that caused a scream and a mishap. Something had gone into her glass that wasn't a frog nor yet a mouse, but it might truly have been the alcoholic materialization that the good book says makes strong drink sting like a serpent and bite like an adder. Something shapeless and formidable and indescribable had certainly gone into the thirsty maid's tumbler from my shaker, and it resembled nothing that had come from any bottle. In heaven's name where *had* it come from? Moreover, *what was it?* The window-decorator was fanning the script-girl. And the press photographer had gotten—of all things—a pair of small fire tongs and was lifting the out-of-this-world substance from its floor puddle. He held it up to the light of the candles. Of all my two-year experience in Greenwich Village, trying to decide what brand of Sin had appeared in that lady's cocktail became my thrill of thrills. Shall I ever forget the drama by candlelight . . . the nondescript sitting in a semi-bare room on trunks and boxes, the horrified circle of faces, the cocktails unpoured? It was one of the lady hams who solved it. "This," she pronounced, "is a sponge!" . . . I jolted and looked afresh at the receptacle I'd been using. It was an empty sales jar for pipe-tobacco, with hollow knob on top where a chunk of sponge had been supposed to keep the Fine-Cut moist. I had moistened it all right. And shaking the drinks, preparatory to making everybody in the gathering see red, white and blue elephants with straw hats on, it had dropped into that delirium of alcohol and come out in a lady's glass. . . . Hell's Kitchenette? . . . So's your New England grandmother's back pantry! . . . Verily I know. I've been hungry in both of them.

—THE RECORDER

SIGN on a Scottish golf course—
"Members will please refrain from picking up lost golf balls until they have stopped rolling."

Death of Children

(Continued from Page 4)

ing it and in a manner of speaking "turns it down."

Truth to tell, the boy or girl who broke glass in the chicken house, put Halloween tick-tacks on neighbors' windows, and helped to tie a tomato-can to the tail of the deacon's dog, may inherently be a soul so cosmically achieved that it sees nothing particularly "marvelous" in the current career at all. Mischievous pranks of children are merely energy improperly directed.

On the whole, the "marvelous career" business exists principally in the estimates of the person regarding it, and such regarding is done from the viewpoint of its own personal limitations at the moment.

To wail: "Ned seemed to have had everything to live for!" is to say in other words: "The things that Ned had to live for, are the things I aspire to experience myself!"

We always read our own limitations into the other fellow's opportunities—be the other fellow old or young, related to us or otherwise, among the physically living or the physically departed.

Ned probably confronted the opportunities that stack up to us as so wonderful because he was big enough to command them naturally in his spirit. So they opened before him. But Ned can, and would, command them by that same quality of attained spirituality, no matter on what octave of functioning consciousness he found himself. He has truly lost nothing by departing the mortal arena. He takes the arena along as part of him. Sobbing over that fact ourselves, is to degenerate into lacrimose self-indulgence.

THE SECOND classification of souls of largest numbers whose sojourn in any earth-span may be brief, comprises those whose behaviors toward earth situations is normally "experimentive" or, as we might put it to be plainer, they come into earth-life to test themselves out and prove the exact status of their cosmic accomplishments in order to determine what their next big fling at mortality is to consist of.

Here is a motive for Child Death which rarely appears delineated in conventional esoterics.

It may seem strange to a given pair of

parents that a child should come and reside amongst them for a little time for the somewhat unkind reason that in its next true life-span of seventy to ninety years it should prove to itself it is ready to undertake some extraordinary career.

And yet we find millions of child-souls doing precisely that!

Figuratively they say to themselves in the karmic interlude: "I think that I'm about ready in my next well-rounded earth-span of existence to head a great State, or teach a vast group, or undertake the social responsibilities and get the spiritual increments that come from the possession and administration of twenty million dollars."

"No," some Wiser Mentor may remonstrate, "you haven't properly developed the factor of eternal patience as yet in your temperament."

The prospective candidate for earth-life gets brooding over this, doubt arises, somehow or other there must be a way to prove to itself whether it actually has absorbed sufficient increments from past lives to make the next big major undertaking reasonably successful.

Presently a squawling infant is born to Mr. and Mrs. John Whoozis of Blank Street. Perhaps Mrs. John Whoozis is the kind of woman, selfish and self-centered, who ultimately needs to be brought to her senses regarding her self-indulgences by "losing her beloved only son" when he arrives at sixteen. There is a lesson in the boy's forthcoming death for Susanna Whoozis, so two constructive purposes are being achieved by the one incursion.

The boy grows along under the Whoozis parentage, is brilliant in school, puts himself easily at the head of his companions. Tacit experience even in the school yard discloses that the factor of Patience in his make-up is doubly present over what was only a conjecture before his birth. That soul certainly is ready to undertake vast social responsibilities, mentoring a forthcoming generation, and though the Mentor knew many things, in this case it was wrong.

"I guess I'm all set to go places," the boy-soul senses to himself. "This test incursion in the role of young Bill Whoozis has proved it."

So one afternoon there is a wild ride in a high-school flivver, a stalled engine on a crossing, and grief in the Whoozis family that evening that equally numbs the neighborhood.

"He had everything to live for!" says

the kindly old pastor over the "remains" . . . But where the kindly old pastor is making his supreme orthodox blunder is in assuming that all things young Bill had to live for, were to be experienced as the son of Old Man Whoozis in the current generation.

Young Bill has really been the spirit of the Great Statesman who in the forthcoming year of 2,075 A. D. is going to remake the map of Europe and get himself cited in the encyclopedias for the next thousand years. That Whoozis incursion, brief as it was—or seemed to be to the relatives and friends of the Whoozis clan in 1938 in Sand Center, Wisconsin—was truly a brief laboratory-test period to prove up certain things that in the next major visitation he might be great.

THERE are countless other reasons for the seemingly premature demises of our beloved progeny that will be discussed in other classifications in issues ahead. But the two classifications above cited uniformly comprise souls whose earthly careers do not get much beyond adolescence in greatest numbers. Though the wound may be raw for a time, at having some exceptionally-promising boy or girl snatched from us, and though we may live in imagination all the wonderful things that particular lad or lass might have attained, had the "accident" not happened or the "illness" not been fatal, too many of us fail to take into account that it was only that boy's—or girl's—person-exhibit that got such a hold on our daily affections. The soul inside was hoary with age. It knew precisely what it was about, subconsciously, every instant of the time that it stayed among us.

So instead of Christmas being a time when lamentations are in order that "only last Christmas Harold was taking such delight in the Christmas Tree," we ought secretly to exult that the soul that was our darling Harold has truly taken itself off about bigger business.

If the lad had stayed, he might have lived to prove his Littleness.

Let us do ourselves the justice of not overlooking *that!*

THE UNDERTAKER tiptoed up to the visitor in a funeral parlor.

"Are you one of the mourners?" he asked under his breath.

"Faith, Oi am thot," replied Pat. "Yer corpse wint off owin' me tin dollars."



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T h e P A Y O F F

RUSHING his expectant wife to the hospital, the husband became so excited that instead of stopping before the Emergency Entrance, he drove his car off upon the lawn. This unexpected ride caused his wife to have the baby right there in his car.

Later the husband received a bill from the hospital. It read: "Room—\$24." Indignantly the husband replied to this demand, stating that he couldn't understand why he was billed for a room when the Blessed Event had occurred outside. The hospital auditor, knowing the man to be an ardent golfer, revised the item to read: "Green fee—\$18."

THE TEACHER impressed on the class in English composition that brevity was essential to all good writing. Then she assigned the Life of Benjamin Franklin as a subject for applied brevity. One small girl produced this—

"Benjamin Franklin was a man. He was born in Boston. When he was old enough, he traveled to Philadelphia, bought three loaves of bread, met a lady on the street, heard her laugh at him, married her, and discovered electricity."

COMPLAINED the irate citizen, "Our federal government now spends more per year than the earnings of all the persons in California, Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Colorado, Nebraska, North and South Dakota, Kansas, Oklahoma, Minnesota, Iowa, and Missouri combined."

"Goodness!" exclaimed the cheerful wife. "Aren't we glad that we live in Wisconsin!"

LITTLE JANE came awesomely to her mother with a large pressed leaf she had found between the leaves of the family Bible.

"Mama," she inquired, "do you suppose it could possibly have belonged to Eve?"

THE PROUD Scot declared, "Scotland has turned out a great many pipers, and is still turnin' 'em out."

The morose American demanded, "Well, can you blame her?"

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