

Valor

The Golden Times Weekly . .

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

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MERRY CHRISTMAS!

The Grand Accounting Time When We Take the Measure of Our Growth of Spirit . .

THIS month is December, the wind-up of the year. In this month comes the final holiday of the year—the natal day of The Teacher of Galilee. Christian tradition has made it a sacrament. Worldly men, with commercial gains driving them, have made it a mart of increment. We who are graduating out of archaic inhibitions are called upon to view it in a new and novel light.

It is the day we celebrate for the Elder Brother's birth—certainly. But to few of us does it occur that Christmas of itself can be something else in Spirit.

Christmas is the Grand Accounting Time, when those of us who have made definite expansions in the development of our characters, demonstrate that such growth has been real by the degree of our sensitivity to what we call the Christmas Spirit.

NOW, explicitly speaking, there is no such thing actually as a literal Christmas spirit. Spirit is Spirit every moment throughout the year, throughout every holiday, throughout every day and hour and moment of sentient, self-aware Consciousness. This great fact of lambent self-awareness, of a provable and manifested destiny,



of a definite errand to consummate in the current fleshly incursion, could not, of course, be confined to a season.

But there is such a thing as a time arriving—or a time set aside and observed—every once in twelve months, when each and every one of us gives definite proof by his reactions on and toward his fellows that he has come into a vaster, sweeter recognition of the beauty and purpose in mortal existence, no matter in what situations his career may be cast.

It is the great Proving Time of Universal Consciousness in its upward spiraling expansion, when each soul demonstrates that the gains and increments from mortal vicissitude are registering on his Immortality of Ideas, that we are bigger than we were a year bygone, that we have conceived the higher purpose inside life as a whole, that we have taken its sufferings in terms of fine profits, that we are observant in consequence to the more delicate comities between ourselves and our fellows.

This is the thing erroneously named the Christmas Spirit—that millions of us thus acknowledge such improvement and give it demonstration, but do not always name it for the exquisite thing it is.

UNKNOWN to millions of earnest disciples of the Carpenter, Christmas as a festival is far older than the Savior. The word *Christmas* itself is a compounding of two words, Christ and Mass—or Mass said for Christ.

This, of course, is itself a misnomer.

Modern scholars uniformly agree that we get the word Mass from the old Latin term, *missa*, as applied to the Catholic Eucharist.

The origin of the word as applied to the Eucharist, is obscure. The first to discuss the matter was Isidore of Seville, who mentions an "evening office," a "morning office," and an office called *missa*. Of the latter he says: "The *missa* is at the time of the sacrifice, when the catechumens are sent out, the deacon crying: 'If any catechumen remain, let him go forth.'" Hence the term, *missa*, because those who are as yet unregenerate—that is, baptized—may not be present at the sacraments of the altar. It would seem to come from the same root meaning as our modern word, dismissal—to be sent forth, with or without a blessing.

There are other authorities who point out that the word *missa* has been applied to any church service from remotest an-



tiquity, the term *missa* coming from the solemn form of dismissal of the congregation with which it was customary to conclude them.

It is, however, far more probable, that *mass*, or *missa*, was a general term that became crystallized as applying to that service in which the dismissal represented a more solemn function.

In the narrower sense of *Mass*, it is first found in St. Ambrose, whose works evidently identify the *missa* with the sacrifice. The best encyclopedias declare that it continued to be employed loosely, though its tendency to become proper only to the principal church service is clear from a passage in the twelfth homily of Caesarius, bishop of Arles: "If you will diligently attend, you will recognize that *missae* are not celebrated when the divine readings are recited in the church, but when gifts are offered and the Body and Blood of the Lord are consecrated."

In other words, *masses*, or *missae*, are commonly connected with Holy Communion as the Catholic Church celebrates it, and have to do mostly with commemorations of the Last Supper, and the Elder Brother's Passion and Death.

Yet here in a modern world, we find all this business about Passion and Death turned about and used in connection with His birth and His life!

What a paradox!

Yet here are some facts you should know about the *Mass* of Christ—or, as we term it, *Christmas* . . .

IN THE Christian Church, the festival—or Feast—of the nativity of Jesus, coheres so closely with that of Epiphany, or Feast of the Baptism or "Apparition of Christ" that for nearly four hundred years the two were interchangeable.

According to the older forms of theology, Jesus did not become The Christ till after the descent of the Holy Spirit

upon Him, and into Him, as He stood knee-deep before John the Baptist in the River Jordan.

The Apparition, or Holy Ghost, was added to His mortal personality at that time, as attested by the fact that He went forth shortly into Canaan and began doing miracles. He did no miracles before the Baptism, so it was reasoned that something had entered into Him making miracles possible which had not existed there before.

The Feast of the Epiphany was the celebration held in January of each year in the early church, commemorating the fact that the Holy Ghost thus entered into Him, and Christ the Lord was presented to the ages.

Gradually, however, as the centuries began to pass, we discern the Epiphany—or Apparition—being used in the plural. And when we probe to find out why this happened, we are led to believe there were two epiphanies—the first when the Christ was physically born, the second when He entered upon His ministry with the Baptism.

It may jolt a lot of orthodox Christians to be told that for the first 386 years of the Christian religion, there was no Christmas festival, strictly speaking, but only the Feast of the Apparition.

Moreover, it was not celebrated on December 25th, but on the 6th of January. Or to be more specific, it opened in a general way on the 17th of December and continued till January 6th, on which date it reached its climax. Which meant that it continued for practically twenty days.

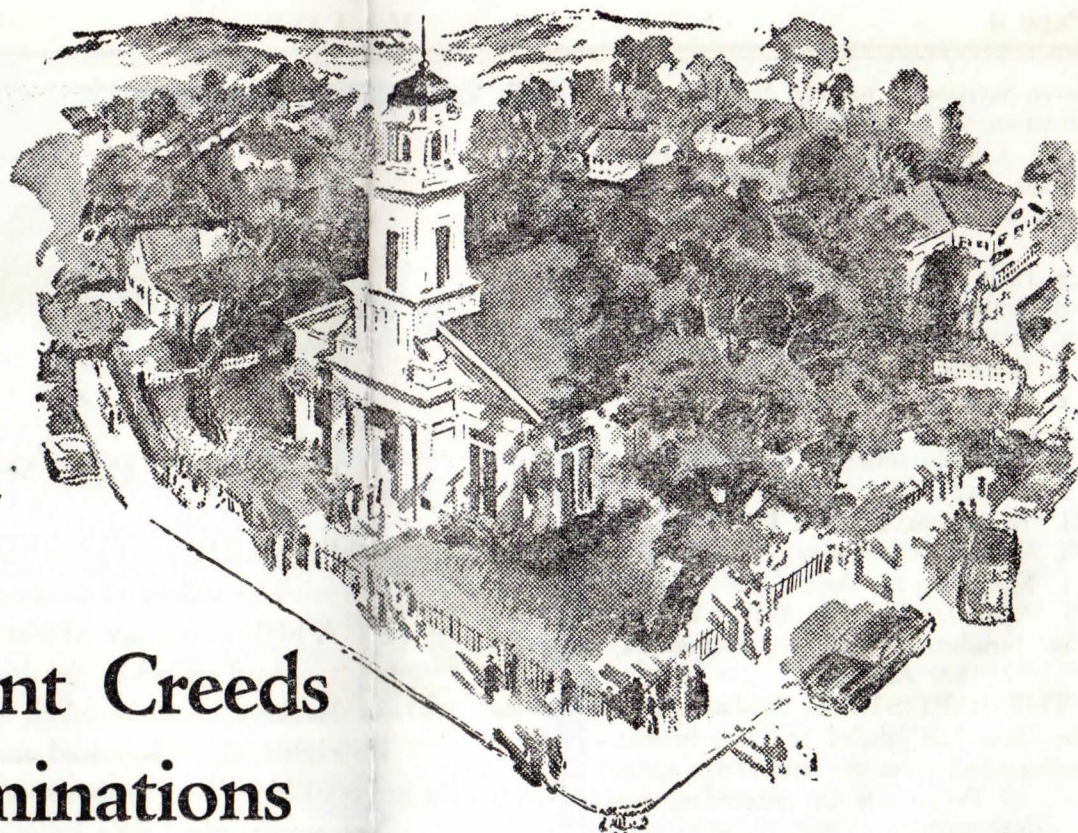
As time went on, the Festival of the Apparition was shortened, and as December 25th lies precisely midway of the twenty-day period between December 17th and January 6th, the whole modern ceremony came to be concentrated upon this one date.

That Jesus was literally born on the night of December 25th, A. D. Zero—or even 4 B. C. according to pre-Georgian calendars—had very little to do with it. As a matter of fact, well-read people know that the correct translations of our present Georgian calendar into the old Caesarian, would bring our present December 25th to the 8th day of the ante-dating October.

To be scholastically honest, we have no authentic data of any sort to indicate the

(Continued on Page 7)

Religion in America Calls for 114 Different Creeds and Denominations



IT IS time to look candidly at the religious situation in the United States and compile a roster of the various faiths in point of membership for the record.

America is generally regarded as a Christian nation. The population as of December, 1952, is reliably estimated to be 147,946,000. A census of the denominational bodies of the United States places the total number of religious communicants at 79,777,480. Of these, 5,000,000 to 15,000,000 are Talmudists—who are anti-Christian—and 70,000 are Asiatic Buddhists. The Talmudists will only admit to 5,000,000 members, however, and the Christian Scientists will give no figures as to communicants. So this leaves a balance of 74,707,480 professing Christians, and 68,169,520 either anti-Christians or affiliated with no faith at all.

This last figures to slightly less than 46 percent.

Now, of the great Christian Faiths or denominations, the *combined* numbers of Protestants far outrank the Roman or Greek Catholic. But the Roman Catholic leads all other faiths for membership under a single ecclesiastical authority. Here are the figures graded according to adherents—

What You Should Know about Sectarianism in Free America . .

CHURCH	MEMBERSHIP
Roman Catholics	26,718,343
Baptists, all bodies	15,464,718
Methodists	10,492,029
Lutherans, all bodies	5,718,087
Presbyterians	3,349,073
Episcopalians	2,160,207
Congregationalists	1,184,661
Latter Day Saints, Mormons	1,784,595

THES E are the eight sects or denominations in the United States with memberships exceeding a million. Curiously enough, the Congregationalists and the Mormons have practically the same membership, the difference being but 66 members. The anti-Christian Talmudists about balance the Baptists—the Baptist figures including both Northern and Southern churches. Only three faiths have adherents in excess of half a million—

There are 12 Faiths in the class between 100,000 and 500,000 members—

Churches of Christ	309,551
Churches of God in Christ	300,000
Adventists	262,296
Assemblies of God	241,782
Church of Eternal Life	219,106
Church of the Nazarene	217,106
German Baptists, Dunkars	203,963
Society of Friends, Quakers	158,511
Mennonites	157,623
Polish Catholics	250,000
Pentacostal Assemblies	169,433
Spiritualists	126,834

In addition to these twenty, there are 90 lesser sects, with numbers under 100,000, the smallest being the so-called Church of the Gospel with only 47 members.

A GAIN for purposes of the record, and running down the foregoing list of the Big Eight, here is the data available on each for general working purposes—

TH E ROMAN CATHOLIC Church took form as such in the year 606 A. D., with Boniface III as the first Pope. The Papal System comprises 1 Pope, 70 Cardinals, more than 600 archbishops and bishops and many thousands of priests. The present Pope is number 195.

This Church has had 29 controversies from the beginning as to who was Pope, at one time three men claiming the office. This Christian system has what is called

Seven Sacraments, namely: Baptism, Confirmation, Holy Eucharist, Penance, Extreme Unction, Matrimony, and Holy Orders. The origin of the various doctrines of the Roman Church are as follows—

- a. Holy Water, 120 A. D.
- b. Penance, 167 A. D.
- c. Latin Mass, 588 A. D.
- d. Extreme Unction, 588 A. D.
- e. Purgatory, 593 A. D.
- f. Kissing the Pope's toe, 709 A. D.
- g. Transsubstantiation, 111 A. D.
- h. Celibacy, 1015 A. D.
- i. Indulgences, 1192 A. D.
- j. Auricular Confession, 1215 A. D.
- k. Sprinkling for Baptism, 1311 A. D.
- l. Pope's Infallibility, 1870 A. D.
- m. Jurisdiction over Civil Authorities, 728-1870 A. D.

THE BAPTISTS, or Anabaptists as they were first labeled in 1522, became distinguished from the rest of the great body of Protestants by contending for scriptural teaching on the "action of baptism" as contrasting to those who accepted the practice of sprinkling or pouring. "Action of Baptism" generally meant being immersed completely in a body of water, preferably a river, since the current of the water symbolically washed away all sins, or in a "fount" on church property, duly consecrated. Figures released in the press, however, stated that in 10,000 Baptist churches this past year, there was no baptism by immersion. Water, under Aquarius, an Air Sign, is losing its significance.

The Baptist Church as known throughout the United States and the world today, however, was founded by John Smythe—who baptized himself—in Amsterdam, Holland, in 1607. The first Baptist Church in America was established by Roger Williams, Providence, Rhode Island in 1629.

THE METHODISTS gained their name in allusion to the exact and methodical manner adopted by the followers of John and Charles Wesley, clergymen originally of the Church of England, who instituted a club at Oxford in 1729 for the promotion of personal religion. In 1733 the Wesleys came to America and preached in Georgia, from which American Methodism grew.

LUTHERISM evolved from the doctrinal teachings of Martin Luther, who rebelled against corruption of the Ro-

(Continued on Page 15)



New Year's Eve . .



HIS NIGHT next year, this fresh year shall be old,

The valors of its days their victories run;

A high new page of history will be told

And added to the joust of Cosmic Fun.

Its days, three hundred sixty-five will pass,

Its nights, three hundred sixty-five shall fade,

Its golds of New Year hopes may turn to brass

Yet errors join Life's karmic masquerade . .

What are all years but fragments of an age?

What are all seasons but brief pools of dreams?

Shall we false runes indite on cosmic page

Or make Great Total of earth's evil themes?

Yet sighs and starts and griefs and loves must come

Within this Beat of Time that sounds anon;

We must our vespers sing when Joy is numb

And all but Hope, and Pluck, and Pride are gone!

All right, so what? . . We have its crash to live,

To know its sweet exploits of tourneys sure,

We have its treasured might of loves to give

And freight its weeks with incitations pure

Of that which quickens us to walk with God,

All epitaphs on Folly's graves to write,

The forest maze of tangled thoughts to plod,

Yet climbing, weaving, ever toward All Light!

This Hour, next year, this new year shall lie cold,

But must its deeds be sere leaves, winter cast?

Or shall we scan its heights for crests of gold

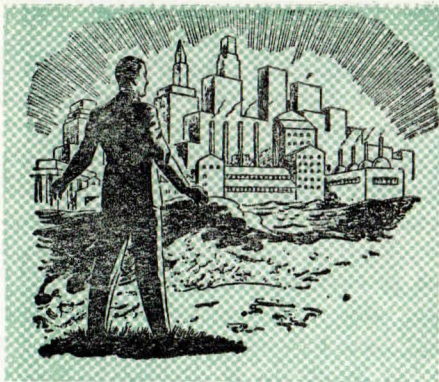
And add its failures, worthless, to the Past?

Is it the Book of Life, fresh pages clean

That we fill up as authors pressed by Fate?

Cry rather, "Opens now the Door Foreseen!

This is THE year we'll ever sing as Great!"



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

“Roads into Sunrise”

Applesauce Department . .

WHEN the Soviet has to resort to the following applesauce to scuff up animus toward America, the Aquarian Sunrise can't be far distant—because when Russians escape the Iron Curtain they can see for themselves how nonsensically the Stalinites have bilked them. From a Moscow news broadcast by Berko, a Soviet commentator, we learn the following—

“The streets of New York are full of the children of the workers, dressed in tatters, with pale, thin faces. They stand at the doors of the luxurious hotels and restaurants, begging. But the patrons of these establishments, the owners of bulging pocket books, are not noted for their generosity. The children, having stood for hours with outstretched hands, go somewhere else.

“They often appear on Fifth Avenue, searching for something to eat in the rubbish. They look with envy on the quarters of the millionaires. Here is a beautiful, richly decorated house built by the best architects of the country; this is the home of the little dog, Toby, whose mistress, a mad American woman, left it \$75,000,000. The dog sleeps on a golden bed; it is attended by a staff of 45 servants and six lawyers. The dog's apartment—a drawing room, dining room, and bathroom—is done according to the latest in fashion.

“This picture gives one a good idea of the American way of life. The millionaire dog lives in a beautiful private house, while the children of the workers roam the streets in search of a piece of bread, and, like stray dogs, sleep in the open or huddle in the famous New York slums.”

No comment.

Ike and Mac Again . .

APPARENTLY we're going back to sanity and proper consultation in our international relations. The Scripps-Howard newspapers—which, by the way, have one of the best pro-American editorial pages of any journals in the nation, the *Chicago Trib* not excepted—opened with this significant observation the other afternoon:

“Truly great men do not stand on ceremony or protocol when their country's vital interests are concerned. In a speech last Friday in New York, General MacArthur said he had a 'clear and definite solution to the Korean conflict' which would not unduly increase casualties or further the risk of world war. On Sunday, he received a cable from President-Elect Eisenhower, on the *USS Helena* in mid-Pacific, which invited an early exchange of views on the problem. General MacArthur has agreed. “It is good to see two great figures of World War II dropping any personal differences they may have had, in the interests of national welfare. It seemed unthinkable that Ike would have adopted a new or long-range Korean plan without

having first consulted the nation's greatest authority on that part of the world. But such lack of consultation was commonplace in the recent past. General Marshall did not seek General MacArthur's views when he embarked on his ill-fated mission to China—its disastrous consequences might have been avoided if he had. If President Roosevelt hadn't been 'too busy' to talk to an Air Force officer sent to Yalta to acquaint him with Japan's waning war potential, the peace won on the battlefield might not have been squandered. Ike isn't doing business that way. He discussed Pacific problems with General Wedemeyer before the take-off for Korea. In Korea he got the views of the commanders in the field. Now, on his return, Ike will review his findings with General MacArthur. Decisions arrived at in this way can be accepted with confidence because of the knowledge that they are based upon the best obtainable information and judgment.”

Anyhow, there are no signs as yet that Mr. Eisenhower intends to castigate as demagogues any who may not agree with his infallibilities . .

The Swing Is to the Right . .

FURTHERMORE, the Supreme Court begins to show signs of heeding the temper of the times. Labor leaders are trying to find a way to get it to rule that State Courts cannot issue temporary injunctions against Labor Unions under the Taft-Hartley law. The high court has just declined to decide the issue. In a 7 to 2 decision it held its jurisdiction extends only to permanent orders by State courts. FDR's "packed court" is not performing according to Hoyle.

Nothing coming out of Washington in these pre-Aquarian days can supply greater confidence in their government to Americans, than sterling pro-American decisions coming from the High Court in a row. Felix retires off the high bench in a handful of months because of having reached the age limit.

Don't be at all surprised if you awaken some morning and discover you have traditional Americanism back . .

He Has a Sense of Smell, Too . .

AND DID you catch that brief comment in the news broad-casts wherein Ike was reported as saying, as his Korean tour ended, that it was becoming apparent the Super-Soviet would have to be revised or perhaps abandoned, as it wasn't achieving what it was supposedly founded to achieve, international peace. Of course he called it United Nations. But he implied that the great free nations of the world must be those who get together on a common parliament. Anyhow, Vishinsky has gone back to Rubbish-Land, Trygve Lie is on relief, and the Super-Soviet says it's shutting down for several months in the interests of peace and unit. Diplomatically it was called “a holiday recess” . .

(over)

Shut it down permanently in the interests of permanent peace and unity . . . and call it a holiday absciss for luck.

Americans You Can Trust . . .

UP IN Seattle, the President of the American Farm Bureau federation labeled what he termed the "get it from the government for nothing" philosophy as insidious fallacy. Allan B. Kline criticized the theory in the Presidential message, prepared for the annual convention of the big farm organization, as differences appeared to be brewing over what stand the federation should take on the issue of government support of farm prices. The stand taken by the organization at last year's Chicago convention was, that "farm price supports are an appropriate and necessary protection against unreasonable price declines." It is not, however, the responsibility of the government to guarantee profitable prices to any economic group. Kline, an Iowa farmer, admonished the convention today—

"The philosophy that the citizen can get something for nothing by getting it from the central government, aids and abets inflation." He called inflation, already long continued, a "dangerous path". He warned also against price-fixing and regimentation, "always sold to the farmers as an advantage." He described them as "real threats to rising standards of living in agriculture." A policy of "no compromise with Russia" was advocated in a speech by Frank R. Ahlgren, editor of the *Commercial Appeal* of Memphis, Tenn.

Once we looked upon the nation's farmers as hicks. Now the designation is voted to the regimenting Washington politicians. They belong back in the archaic days of Roosevelt . . .

Wilson, That's All! . . .

MR. EISENHOWER'S cabinet has some weak brothers who were doubtless chosen to pay political debts, but it also has some strong men, such as the country hasn't seen for a generation. Make no mistake, General Motors Wilson is one of these. Thirty-three years ago, he started with GM as an 18¢ an hour bench-worker. He ended up heading the works. Men who do that, aren't Yes-Men. Henry J. Taylor, who broadcasts Constructive Stuff for GM because he's got too many brains to sell America short, lists the Intangibles of Leadership in a broadcast on Mr. Wilson. The man's

outstanding trait, says Taylor—who knows him intimately—is *integrity*. This, of course, is something novel in Cabinet officers. "All anybody ever needed," Taylor reports, "was a quiet Yes or No from C. E. Wilson. I never heard of him 'pulling the rug' from anybody. I never heard anybody say, 'Well, I guess I didn't understand him.' Next to his integrity I'd list his sense of justice and decency. You know, you can be efficient and still never be too busy to be decent and see that justice is done." Taylor goes on to enumerate Wilson's Selflessness, Optimism, and Courage, finally Good Judgment and Long-Headedness. "Deep and dark our nation's troubles flow," goes on Taylor, "but Mr. Wilson will be right in the middle of them, starting right off at once with the trip to Korea with Mr. Eisenhower. For these new, overwhelming responsibilities, and as one of the highest paid executives in the entire world, he leaves to serve the United States Government at less than 4 percent of what he earns with GM."

Such men are Christ Men by the nature of their attributes . . .



"Mud in His Eyes but . . ."

WRITES Mac of Saranac: "I was lettering a big truck over in Lake Placid a while ago and one of the mechanics was working on a glide under a part of the steering mechanism. I was eating my lunch at the time and reading VALOR. He completed his work on the steering gear, and, as he pushed himself out from under the truck fender, a mass of ice and snow let go and buried his face and head. He regained his feet and after swobbing his eyes out, he said to me, 'My mother told me when I was a very little boy that as long as I lived, I would have days just like this one, when everything seemed to go haywire, and she told me the truth.' I said, 'How do you account for it?' He said, 'Well, I figure that this whole life-thing is just an endurance test to see how much you can take without folding completely.' I said, 'I expected you to paint the air blue with cuss words.' He smiled, 'No, I figure it like this: No matter what happens to

you, the final results depend upon your spiritual reaction. To me it's soul education, if you can get what I mean, control and quiet resignation to the lesson or test, that one may profit spiritually. What use to renounce control and curse? The basic fact confronts you in any and all emergencies. Your personal reaction to the condition or circumstance is what matters.'"

Mac adds: "So I learned a lesson in a garage from a mechanic with mud in his eyes but Soulcraft in his heart."

First Aid to Jitters . . .

A PURGE that is expected to reach in to the top branches of the East German government and may topple Gerhart Eisler, appears to be shaping up in the Soviet Zone. The Communist-run government, faced with discontent and growing opposition to its policies is expected to open a campaign against scapegoats for its economic difficulties and punish government opponents. This campaign, in addition to calling for mass arrests of anti-Communists is likely to end in a Prague-type trial of both Communists and anti-Communists lumped together as spies, saboteurs and diversionists. Premier Otto Grotewohl in a speech before the Politbureau last month, disclosed that there were wholesale shortages of food and raw material, so somebody must die for failure of the Marxists system to work. Grotewohl listed butter, sugar, potatoes, meat and vegetables among these shortages. Coal is so scarce that many homes and buildings in East Berlin—the Red show window on Europe—are without heat. Power cuts have forced countless factories to run on reduced schedules. Farmers are refusing to "volunteer" to merge their holdings with government-run collectivist farms.

This is the mighty colossus that is so powerful that it threatens to conquer the world—and it can't even run its own trains on time, not to mention getting food and fuel to its own people. But Gerhart Eisler! VALOR's editor recalls a night in Washington, D. C. Jail when Captain Knight "purged" the East Germany boss into an antiseptic bath and a cell, after VALOR's editor had taken his fingerprints. If he does require to be tried and shot, let's hope they stuff him. The editor would like to see him in the Smithsonian as an exhibit of the breed who thought he was tough just because he'd been raised in a district where any cat with a full-length tail was a tourist . . .

NUMEROLOGY FOR EVERYONE . .

WHY it should be so, we cannot say, but we do know that in practical application the letters in the name divide, as to vowels and consonants, so that the former indicates the Inner expression of the personality, and the latter the Outer. In other words, the Inner Expression, as indicated by the addition of all the vowels, signifies what the soul seems to have attained in its eternal cosmic climb over the entire series of physical lives it has lived, while the consonants signify what the soul's demonstration happens to be in its current life—that is, how it will react in its social contacts of the present.

What we do, to get the Inner and Outer Expressions, is place all the significances of the vowels on a line over the full christened name—names voluntarily assumed don't count in the "eternal" valuations—and the significances of the consonants below. Then we make additions of these and interpret their significances. For instance, let's consider the name John Paul Jones, and look for its Inner and Outer meanings. Here would be the set-up for our additions—

6	13	6	5
JOHN PAUL JONES			
1	8	5	7
		3	1
			5
			1

Adding 6, 1, 3, 6 and 5 for the significances of the vowels, we get 21, which further reduces to 3. Adding 1, 8, 5, 7, 3, 1, 5 and 1 we get 31 or 4.

The Inner Expression of J. P. Jones would be 3 and the Outer Expression 7. The whole name would therefore give us a 7—the sum of 3 Inner and 4 Outer. Determining the significances of Mr. Jones' Name-Numerology, we would declare somewhat as follows—

THREE is the great "social comity" number, the designation of the Actionist, who interprets the phenomena of living in terms of physical activity. That would also imply leadership of a sort in practical matters, insofar as the soul's inner or esoteric urges were concerned. Four is the number of technical, engi-

neering, or mechanical expression, exploring in terms of mechanistic activity.

Here you have a man who would "get along" with people normally, in smooth and efficient fashion, be generally accepted and liked for his temperamental reactions to mankind in the mass. But in the practical expressions of this, he would tend to some form of mechanistic or engineering leadership.

Perhaps you discern, by the way, how perfectly these qualifications describe such a man as the original John Paul Jones, founder of the United States Navy. His whole number made a Seven, which incidentally is the number standing for Spiritual Pioneering. He would go through a certain amount of spiritual travail in his earthly career, encounter difficulties and quandaries that broadened and deepened his Spirit. Which he did!

THE CELEBRATED John Paul Jones of the American Navy was born on July 6, 1747, by the way, which put him on this birth-path—

July 6, 1747
7 6 19
23
5

The Five Birth-path, as we have had explained, signifies dramatic changes and secular alterations, training the soul in facile orientations and adjustments to developing environments or dilemmas. By no manner of means would it be peculiar to find such a personage as the original naval commander pursuing a 5-Life-Path. He was a physical leader-actionist in his private soul expressions, functioning on the outer planes of life in the mechanical-pioneering manner—which describes the temperament that would drive the *Bonhomme Richard* right up under the British guns and when asked if he had struck his colors, retort, "I haven't yet begun to fight!" Withal, however, there would be spiritual travail in his career as a whole, with resultant spiritual increment, and the summary based on a life-



pattern of constant change and adaptation to circumstance.

John Paul Jones, in fact, in every aspect of his numerology, ran strictly according to Hoyle—as he would, Numerology being an exact science.

Now let's take such a woman character, as, say, Florence Nightingale, the great Crimean War nurse and founder of the international Red Cross. Let's see how Numerology stacks up in giving us her significances—

(To Be Continued Next Week)

Christmas

(Continued from Page 2)

date on which The Savior was born. We know that He existed, therefore He had a birth-date.

OF COURSE millions of devout people turn to the story of the Birth in Matthew, and revel in the tender legend of the Virgin who found herself with child, traveling up to Bethlehem with her husband to be taxed, and giving birth while there to the Babe in the stable.

We have the familiar coloring of the Three Wise Men who followed the same Star that was seen by the shepherds tending their flocks by night, coming to the inn and locating the manger in which the Christ Child lay.

It is the exquisite story of mortal motherhood incarnate, and it gives its inspiration superbly to millions.

There is nothing mischievous in calling attention to a fact known to all researchers in religious fundamentals: that precisely the same delectable legend surrounds the birth of Zoroaster, antedating Jesus about 3,000 years!

The tradition of the baby-killing king,
(Continued on Page 10)

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Holiday

IF Christmas achieves one particular good in the world, it can be identified as providing a week and a day when American humanity is given a respite from viewing-with-alarm. The peculiar mental attitude termed "the Christmas spirit" calls a recess on the viewing-with-alarm business, as we wrap some particular toy the small fry has greatly wanted throughout the year, the while giving ear to the sweet and nostalgic strains of *Silent Night*, coming across the snowy evening air. 'Tis difficult to view-with-alarm when all humankind is engaged in a mass gesture to peace on earth, goodwill toward men.

For such relief, much thanks to Someone.

The trouble with viewing-with-alarm, too long and assiduously carried on, is the loss of the potency of the alarm. The main cause for mislaying this potency is the fact that what is viewed with alarm is too often not cause for alarm, while something that truly is cause for alarm, is overlooked.

Why can't all of us pull a general switch on this alarm-viewing, anyhow, and instead View-with-Possibilities?

Meaning, instead of laying something malodorous under the microscope and calling for drastic dissection, why can't we get hot and bothered about ways for Improving the Situation on a constructive premise? Russia and Marxism, for instance.

Lay on the line an improvement in our economic structure so that the Marxists have nothing to inveigh against, and the

Spread of Communism needn't be viewed with alarm.

United Nations?

Well, there never was any real call for it in the first place, if nations had lived up to their Kellogg Pacts. Anything as unnecessary as United Nations can simply be dropped and not missed. The professional viewers-with-alarm, however, could join in a common crusade to laugh it out of existence. Call it the Super-Soviet and ridicule everything for which it stands, and what it seeks to impose, and the foreigners will shut up shop and go home. These global busybodies can stand anything but ridicule.

As for most of the things which are viewed-with-alarm, take note that they simply don't keep the appointment to happen. Think of all the viewing-with-alarm that attended the recent election and the probability of the Dealers New and Fair, carrying the Republic to inevitable perdition.

None of this is discounting the very real hazards or nuisances that confront the Republic at this particularly fraught juncture. But it is recommending that we remember the Lord is running this universe and He sends us nothing that's beyond our strength or ingenuity to bear.

As VALOR looks at it generally, Viewing-with-Alarm is a species of Leftism. Viewing-with-Possibilities (for constructive correction) is Rightist.

Anyhow, Christmas gives us a viewing-with-alarm respite. For small favors, O Lord, make us grateful.



Naughty Stuff



HIS publication has been asked to comment on this congressional investigation of the naughty book racket. Rep. Ezekial Gathings, from the Bible Belt of Arkansas, has got himself an investigating subcommittee—on public funds, of course—and is romping all over that section of the publishing field that produces the sex and horror books—incidentally running violently close to violation of the First Amendment.

These particular viewers-with-literary-alarm have been holding hearings at the Capitol which, of course, have given the strip-teasers publishers a couple of million dollars' worth of free publicity—even announcing the titles of certain naughty volumes, thus making it easier for intellectual nincompoops to acquire them at book stands.

Not to be overlooked is the fact that the Hon. Gathings likewise gets a barrel of free publicity, aiming to make himself the Martin Dies of the nation's morals. But what's new about it?

The thing has been going on ever since the invention of printing. In the naughty book racket, the investigators forget in nine cases out of ten that they are reading into the text of the books the fetidity of their own minds. Actually you judge any book by what you contribute to its contents by reading into it your receptive reactions.

VALOR doesn't know how aged Rep. Bible Belt Gathings maybe, but we had the same thing in a better edition about 50 years back, conducted by one Anthony Comstock. Anthony didn't like the hour-glass figgers of the ladies on the front of the pink barbershop-journal, the *Police Gazette*, so he arose in Manhattan and indignation and agitated that there ought to be a law . . . To look at the hour-glass ladies today is good for a laugh that involves the waist-line—the observer's, not the ladies' picturized.

Perhaps the older generation will also recall Assemblyman Jimmy Walker's famous remark in the Albany legislature, "Nobody's ever went to hell from reading a book, but plenty have gone to hell from condemning them."

Where's our sense of humor?

Once upon a time a pious lady accosted old Sam Johnson—of Boswell's investigating committee of one—and ac-

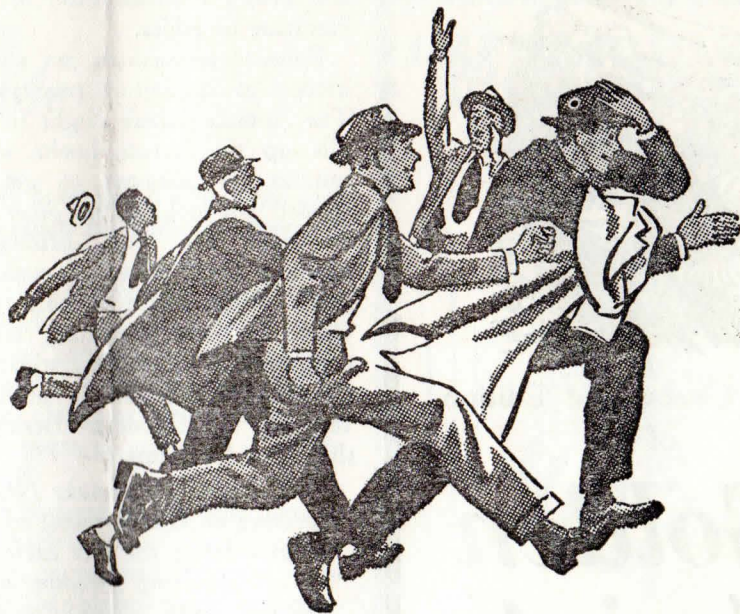
cused him of having included many pornographic words in his Dictionary. "Madame," retorted old Sam, "you've been hunting for them."

The so-called purists, of course, overlook the fact that the delinquent element among us doesn't come from reading Pocketbooks, it comes from the fact that too many elders are ready to blame the moral lassitude of their offspring on books instead of themselves. Roof shingles and hair-brushes have been rendered archaic. And the outstanding trouble with a public or federal censorship is the personnel of the censors themselves.

Back in this editor's younger years, Mrs. Charles Brabin—Theda Bara to you—took 'em off before the silent camera and we had movie censorship. Shortly later, your Recorder made a movie opus picturizing the Holy Grail against the background of modern New York. Said opus completed, the New York Board of Censors was called to give it it's okay and make certain the Minds of the Young were properly insulated against Alfred Lord Tennyson. Do you know who showed up in the preview projection-room? Go up into some general-store New England village, pick out three grim and shapeless maiden ladies with hair twisted up in cruller hair-do's, jaws like pile-drivers and the breadth of philosophy of three superintendents of three reform schools, and the New York State Board of Censorship was present to edit the morals of Manhattan society. In the film it was essential to the "action" that the fair heroine, weakened by hunger, faint at the top of a flight of stairs and spill to the bottom. Arbitrarily that bit of "business" was ordered out. It was too "brutal" for the minds of small fry. Besides, it might incite husbands to so treat with wives or daughters at the tops of stair flights. Nice girls did not fall down stair flights in a properly adjusted state of society anyhow—so your Recorder was admonished. And the ruling of the trio of Gorgons was *Law*.

So who does the deciding on what is moral and what immoral?

The Catholic Order of Decency has always had the better way of handling the matter. Certain films and books are reviewed, and parents apprised of the derogatory features, along with the admonition that parents discipline their small fry to remain away from those disapproved. That puts the parent in his wholesome position of being the responsible



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arbiter in the bringing up of his young,
and avoids totalitarianism in matters of
literature or ethics.

Political censorships can always be re-
garded as exquisitely profitable rackets.
The formula “there ought to be a law”
fills up the statute books with oppor-
tunities for someone to get his palm
crossed for looking the other way when
violations are most profitable. That
means a break down of respect for law
itself. What would be more to the point
would be laws protecting society from
congressmen who investigate society.
Censorship laws usually profit the pro-
fessional Do-Gooders. Besides, there’s
the First Amendment—

“Congress shall make NO law re-
specting an establishment of religion,
or prohibiting the free exercise there-
of; or abridging freedom of speech
OR OF THE PRESS; or the right
of the people peaceably to assemble,
and to petition the government for
redress of grievances.”

That’s the exact language of the Con-
stitution. It doesn’t say Congress can
make one little peewee law respecting
children or morons reading *Strange Fruits*
or *God’s Little Acre*, or another itsy-bitsy
law respecting free lance journalism criti-
cizing the political or military authorities
in war-time. It says NO LAW. And the
word “NO” is absolute. Every so-called
Sedition statute on the books is uncon-
stitutional, in literary logic and rational
sense. But under the cloak of it, the po-
litical authorities can gag off their en-
emies from wholesome criticism—doesn’t
VALOR’s editor know?

But would we have the Marxists go-
ing up and down the land proclaiming
overthrow of government by violence?

The answer is Bah! It isn’t Marxists
going up and down the land proclaiming
this or that, which constitutes the men-
ace of them. It’s shutting the intellect to
ways and means for so re-ordering our
economic affairs so that Marxism as a
philosophy doesn’t thrive.

Old Voltaire said it in twenty-five
words—

“I don’t agree with one word you say,
but I’ll defend to death your right to
say it!”

Does all of it imply that VALOR con-
dones the flooding of our news stands
with immoral books or pornographic lit-
erature without let or hindrance?

As an ethical matter, of course not!
But the way to stop it isn’t “passing a

law” and appointing some inhibited old
gorgon to see it isn’t violated. The way
to stop it is to raise general cultural
standards, and the moral responsibilities
of the parents of the nation to do their
own censorings within family circles, not
look to the professional Do-Gooders of
the State to bring up their young.

Prohibiting sex books isn’t going to
make parents stand on their mature and
adult feet and *be* parents.

The moralities start at home.

Anyhow, they did once upon a time.

Happy New Year!

Christmas

(Continued from Page 7)

the flight of inspired parents into another
country, the flashing of a miraculous
heavenly body, the mystical harmonies
of the Magi, or wise men, for the mor-
tally-created redeemer of all mankind,
all of it is Persian—and seems to have
been incorporated into what is now the
first gospel of the New Testament about
100 years following the Crucifixion.

There is no record anywhere that Je-
sus Himself at any time referred to it.

Christ came to earth miraculously—so
the legend tells us. But for that matter,
is it not equally true that each and every
human being, deriving his physical ve-
hicle out of his mother’s womb, comes to
earth miraculously? Is there anything
more miraculous than the birth of a ba-
by, and the development of a completed
and functioning mortal body from the
bloodclot that is a fetus?

Angels are reported as having sung
holy anthems the night of Mary’s de-
livery—

*Hozannah in the highest!
Peace on earth,
Goodwill toward men!*

Here is embodied the heartcry of every
struggling, suffering mortal for a square
deal from the world in which he has
found himself rigorously experiencing.
That there is a square deal for him
eventually, that sooner or later the whole
earth shall know peace, that there truly
is no quarrel between the Higher Invisi-
ble Powers and blinded, stumbling, grop-
ing man encased for a period in sluggish
mortality, is a rendition in one pretty
sacrosanct Love Story of the highest as-
pirations of the quivering heart toward
Godhood.

How Divorced People View Each Other in the Afterlife . .

(Concluded from Last Week)

They get themselves born as seeming strangers insofar as mortal society is concerned, but the man and the first woman—the one to whom he owes a debt—meet and arrange a marriage through assumed youthful romance. They proceed along together as husband and wife for a few years until the man has bought her enough squirrel coats, diamond bracelets, and Cadillac runabouts, not to mention being kind to her in enough tantrums so that she begins to sense what a contemptible piece of baggage she is on principle. She pulls herself together and starts a different life. But the man all along has "suffered" the sterility of the attachment and reached the time when his sincere heart-hunger merits compensation.

That is about the time when woman number two trips over his feet in the omnibus, is given his seat, dated up, and fourteen months later figures as the correspondent in his divorce suit. The divorce is allowed and the two of them marry. Woman number two pours out on the heart-starved male all that woman number one denied him, because she has that sort of debt to square with him. In their previous matrimonial venture in an Eskimo igloo she was such a shrew toward him that he went out one day and let a polar bear chew him fatally. That lady as a she-Eskimo was responsible for the man departing his icy life before his span was run. So now she will square it by cutting her fingers on delicatessen cans till the blood runs three times a day, or petting his soul till the disgusted neighbors slam down their windows with a bang and lurid language!

Three people have adjusted two debts within one span of mortality—although some sanctimonious nitwit will arise in some congregation of the self-righteous and bemoan the fact that divorce in our degenerate society is increasing.

SPIRITS on arriving in the interludes between mortality, discern these obligations as the problems in abstract compensation which they are. Social ethics as-

sume a higher note. Sex is mainly the convenience by which the ethics of mortality are exercised.

Of course free spirits who have become sincerely attached to one another over spans of lives, continue in that attachment. But earthly morals as perceived by those in the excarnate interlude are a matter of manners to attain to a strictly spiritual profit.

There are persons in life who like to consider themselves most moral because they have not as yet had sufficient occasion to go to the "dry-cleaners," who unerringly point to Christ's words about divorce being a form of adultery. First of all, they start off with the assumption that Christ actually spoke such words, because they have survived in Holy Writ.

Well, the story of the Woman Taken in Adultery and Christ's assumed admonition: "Let him who is without sin among you cast the first stone," is also in Holy Writ and accredited to Christ. But honest Biblical scholars know that it nowhere showed in the original gospels, but suddenly appeared in the text of the Bible somewhere along through the Middle Ages.

But if such a gigantic piece of fabled fabrication as the story of the Woman Taken in Adultery could be written by some unrecorded and over-zealous monk and copied into the early Bible manuscripts, why is it so far-fetched for us to suppose that the avowed utterances of the Elder Brother on the divorce matter might be open to considerable challenge?

What manner of wise Christ would insist that it was moral and non-adulterous for a man and woman to continue living together whose daily association was a venomous program of mutual hatred?

Let us be sane about these things. Morality doesn't consist in keeping off the doorstep of the harlot. It consists in realizing conditions in the life of the person or persons involved so that each day's existence is a joyous expression of the developing personality.

Solomon was undoubtedly the wisest man in the world because he had so many wives to advise him.

"MARCHING SPIRES"



The Stories of the Thirteen Civilizers

DO YOU remember the unique magazine "Little Visits with Great Americans", published under the Soulcraft auspices in 1941? It had run to something like 40 numbers when the Recorder was prohibited from furnishing further manuscripts. But two volumes of numbers had been collected and bound under the titles of *Bright Trails* and *Cabin Smoke* . . . The third volume was about to appear under the title of *Marching Spires* when the Soulcraft work went into holiday. Now 340 copies of *Marching Spires* have been completed in deluxe burgundy bindings and are available to those who want to make their shelf of Pelley Writings as complete as possible.

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done in leatherette: . . .

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... COGITATIONS

self born of parents in the theological profession. I recall that I happened to become possessed of four or five sleds that winter, due to such thoughtlessness on the parts of communicants widely separated as to terrain and opportunities to check on the Yuletide altruisms of one another. Then there was Aunt Georgia . . . A big hand for Aunt Georgia!

-oo-

NOT ONLY had I been astute in inducting myself into the mortal coil as a minister's offspring, but I had likewise finagled myself into acquisition of a story-book "rich aunt". If from here out it sounds like a fairy tale, I aver it did happen. My mother's sister, a mere couple of years removed in age, had contrived to get herself wedded to a wealthy shoe manufacturer in Peabody, and to make matters still better the pair had stayed childless. Aunt Georgia lived in a small "mansion" in Peabody, she "went to Europe" every summer—coming home and bringing mother all sorts of Parisian and Swiss knick-knacks—and as Christmas approached she drew heavily on the working capital of the shoe factory and assailed Boston toy stores and other emporiums in my interest. What I mean is, she made a ceremonial business of Yuletide buying. She Christmas-shopped from a bursting wallet and acquired everything in sight that showed brilliant colors or played Christmas music or operated mechanically in the main-spring-wound manner. Have you elderly folk ever stopped to recall how much *brighter* all the colors of earth, particularly those of Yuletide,



appeared to the vision than in these moribund days when the public and private debt is \$867 billion? . . . Came the day before Christmas, which on all the best calendars is December 24th, and Aunt

Georgia arrived on the noon train up from Boston, completing the trip to our domicile in a hack. It was an aristocratic vehicle that met all trains, the only rubber-tired conveyance in the community, with sprightly horses driven by a male party of the name of Phil Murray—by no means related to the erstwhile labor dignitary. To arrive in the "depot hack" expressed opulence of the highest brackets in those halcyon days before the Spanish War, especially because the rear of the vehicle contained a rack commonly used for trunks but in Aunt Georgia's case, December 24th, was used for the strapping on of a sizable packing-case in which were her Christmas purchases in said Boston stores for her "poor" sister who'd been so brash as to marry the fortunes of an impoverished country minister. Georgia might let mother starve, freeze, or clothe herself in sackcloth the remainder of the year, but she did show her sisterly solicitude at Christmas. Phil Murray got down from behind his patrician hobs, unstrapped the grandiose "box", and with the help of a neighbor's boy carried it into the "spare" room—which in those far-off New England days was a special bedroom reserved for Presiding Elders, wealthy Peabody aunts, and other notables, depending on the season. Whereupon I went into anticipatory ecstasies. Aunt Georgia had arrived, the "box" was on the premises, and the passing of fifteen hours meant Christmas effulgence . . .

-oo-

OF COURSE honest-to-God Christmas trees, the kind that cost seven dollars today from the stock in front of the side-street pool-hall, could be cut by the simple expedient of climbing the back wall, into the pasture, and father had not been remiss in providing it thus inexpensively. That shepherd of souls would doubtless get two flamboyant neckties, six handkerchiefs and a pair of cuff-studs out of the dramatic Yuletide excitement. Anyhow, the gratis tree had been procured and set up in the living room—we called it the sitting-room—a week before, and I had strung popcorn and made colored paper chains toward its decoration

I HAVE lived a good life. I don't mean I'm congratulating myself on my specific moral excellence. I mean that this especial mundane career has been rich in all those contrasts that give life spiritual values. With Christmas in the offing, this is brought home by recollection of the sum of the sixty-three Christmases I have known, and incidents attendant upon them, each and severally. Sixty-three is an ample flock of Christmases. Of course, being a March infant. I was but nine months of age when first introduced to the epochal festival. Outside of new bootees and a rattle or two, I paid it scant attention. But the Christmas of 1892-'93 stands out in memory because it was the winter of the Big Snow in Massachusetts, and the little white house of the Methodist pastor on the country hill side was erased and obliterated from Santa's nocturnal observation. Santa would have been required to dive his reindeer into a snow drift of arctic proportions to discover a chimney underneath—which he could enter or not as his mood might have dictated. But by the Christmas of 1894, I had learned that being a country pastor's offspring did have compensations, inasmuch as parishioners "took pity" on the poor pastor and his menage, and went to excess seeing to it that his small son had such toys as sparse purses could provide. To my small and predatory soul, having forty or fifty parish families "remember" that the pastor had a small boy, utterly removed the sting of ecclesiastical connections. Each family forgot that other families might feel the same and did their best on their own. So their best on their own multiplied by 39 to 49 caused me to decide I had been very wise indeed, getting my-

in anticipation of Georgia's arrival in the CIO hack. Later as my only sister joined the family circle, she assisted as she could, strung popcorn and pasted our domestic paper-chains. With Georgia's presence on the premises, however, the pungent odor of the spruce needles and the scents of the strung popcorn were augmented by the exquisite smells of the Parisian "perfume" about her person and the peculiar tang given off by the heaped bowl of Christmas candy that presently appeared on the "sideboard"—you had to be "worth" more than \$50,000 to call it a buffet. If you don't think Christmas candy had a smell, you've forgotten how it was, being a five-year-old American back in the Nineties and ecclesiastically connected. By the way, where's Christmas ribbon candy gone? You were able to buy it for ten to twenty cents the ton and it didn't make you sick. For once in the year I had all the confectionary my sugar-starved system craved . . . and my Aunt Georgia arranged her mohair skirts and heatherbloom petticoats all over the most scrumptious chair in the "sitting" room the rest of December 24th afternoon and talked family gossip with my mother through the open door to the kitchen. Georgia "having money" meant that she never touched a dish-towel or cookery skillet the year around. However, that's nothing against her now. Mother would have been equally embarrassed having her pothering around the kitchen anyhow, where she might have or gotten stove-soot on her sheer silk "shirtwaist" or dropped finger-ring diamonds into the turkey-dressing in place of chestnuts.

-oo-

DEAR AUNT Georgia! I've remembered her up across half a century for the roughish way her nose wrinkled when she laughed. She had nice friendly crows feet as well in the corners of her eyes. And she wore on her left breast a continental watch that told the time, not by the conventional "hands" of ordinary watches but by tiny figures behind twin apertures in the center of the "face" that "snapped" the hours and minutes into view as time fled. I wonder where that watch is, tonight? . . . Every minute that passed, a new digit clicked into view night and day, the week and the year around. Weren't inventions marvelous! Clever people, those Swiss . . . which reminded Georgia to tell mother through the open door to the kitchen about the

afternoon she'd gone tobogganing down the Matterhorn, or climbed the Jungfrau in company with the Duke and Duchess of Spitzdoodle, and Romance from foreign parts came into our bleak little New England domicile where the gratis Christmas tree smelled of popcorn along with the roasting turkey, and mother gnashed her teeth that she would probably never toboggan down anything steeper than the pasture hill southeast and probably break an arm at the bottom at that. When, later, Aunt Georgia "took in" the Paris Exposition, we had all the souvenirs of it bedecking our parlor center-table for years, including views of the Eiffel Tower on the stereoscope, but mother always made a point of telling the parishioners about the foreign travels of "my wealthy sister in Peabody." However, to get back to Christmas . . .

-oo-

I WAS almost ready for long trousers before I learned why, all up through boyhood, my Christmas gifts from Aunt Georgia's box had chiefly been mechanical—cats that played fiddles, dogs that danced erectly, merry-go-rounds that gave mechanical rides to gnomes and fire trucks that sped under their own spring-power, across our flowered carpets, to knock a hen's egg on father's ankle if he stepped from kitchen or parlor too suddenly. The tragedy of one Christmas about 1897 was my maternal grandmother—for Grandma Goodale frequently contributed to these Yuletide carousals—setting down a forty-pound foot on a mechanical colored man engaged in perpetually sawing wood, after which the colored man sawed nothing more of consequence so long as Christmas or boyhood endured. The cause of these many flashy gadgets was, of course, my Uncle Herbert. Being childless as I said, he used me as excuse for visiting all the toy shops of The Hub—as we called Boston—and buying whatever toy they wouldn't let him sample on the premises. The rate of breakage being too high in the shops, he acquired these mechanical wonders by dozens, took them home to Peabody and played with them himself, pathetically I came to realize, the entire day before Georgia left for Gardner and "poor Sister Gracie" and her progeny. Wealthy shoe manufacturers did such things back in the Nineties. I got, in short, all those mechanical ingenuities that Uncle Herbert didn't "bust" . . . and between multiple new sleds from the conscience-af-

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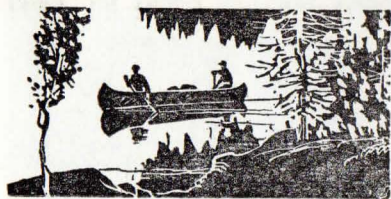
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flicted parishioners, and the multiple mechanical gadgets from Herbert via Georgia, plus the little velvet pants mother had made with her own toil-worn hands—to which, of course, I attached no Christmas value—and the actual magic lantern that father splurged on one Yuletide, I made out, I made out. Especially with all that bright ribbon candy on the sideboard. If you have never been the recipient of an "actual magic lantern" from your father at the mystical age of seven, the occasion being Christmas, you haven't lived, my friend, you haven't lived. Of course we had no such thing as electric lights and magic lanterns must be filled with oil and ignited as to wick. Which gave you the adult prerogative of handling fire, frightening your mother into fits that you'd either burn the place to the cellar-walls or become her private juvenile holocaust. So when you desired to go into pantry or closet to work the magic lantern in the middle of Christmas Day—they being the only two windowless compartments in the domicile giving you darkness for projections on screens—you were unerringly afflicted with presences of elders. But you managed, you managed. Inevitably you contrived to leave the slides on the floor where sooner or later Grandma Goodale trod on them, but by that time magic lanterns had lost their glamor. Grandma Goodale would tread on anything that shouldn't have been on the floors, and you must learn to be careful. I shall never forget the circumstances of one of those remarkable new auto horns that distinguished our pristine motorcars, that I somehow acquired once as a boy will, and left on the floor with its big rubber bulb for grandma to tread on. She trod on it all right, and it blasted a tremendous honk right under her, like an aggravated and tortured feline, into her voluminous maternal petticoats. She was never the same woman afterward. But that incident had nothing to do with Christmas. Scarcely could the ecclesiastical glories of the Second Coming approximate the brilliance of that popcorned and paper-chained Christmas tree on Yuletide morning, when I popped from bed in the gray of dawn and went forth to revel in such toys as Uncle Herbert hadn't wound too tightly and snapped as to main springs. Ah, the brightness of those colors indeed! . . . As Edna grew along, divers dollies and doll-carriages began making their advent under the tree's

lowest branches—and diminutive tea sets and tiny sets of tubs. Invariably both of us opened the most bulky package tied with holly paper, to arrive breathlessly at . . . shucks! . . . a mere pair of shiny new shoes. As if *clothing* were anything to give juveniles for Yultide. I grew along I say, and books began to make their appearance, on the assumption that I might improve my mind by learning all about the Rollo Boys in Switzerland . . . Then, alas, we transferred the domicile out of the ministry to commercial pursuits of the Gardner store, and then the Springfield parcel delivery, and finally the York State paper mill, and I found myself grown-up and the New Deal to be faced and Roosevelt to be vanquished. And somewhere along the Odessa I mislaid Aunt Georgia. Herbert graduated from the shoe manufacturing business into making sandals for angels, and it was found that his widow with the nice nose-wrinkles had a mess of unpaid bills on her hands. So there were no more Christmas crates. But one night in Boston, in 1930, I addressed a packed hall of patrician persons on the wonders of the Fourth Dimension, a la *Seven Minutes*. And after receiving the congratulations of all Boston psychical experts a bowed, shabby little figure put out her hand rather wistfully from a side aisle. "My, how big and important you've grown!" she adulated. I looked down into a life-seamed countenance where the nice nose-wrinkles still showed . . . and gathered her to my heart, right there in front of God and all the Boston metaphysicians. My little story-book aunt! Let's give her a great big hand. She tobogganed back up the Matterhorn—or maybe it was the Jungfrau—on a winter's night in 1935 and she's still up beyond the highest of either peaks. God love her! You never make a mistake, attending on the happiness of nephews at Yuletide. What wouldn't I give at the moment to be able to wind that mechanical cat and listen to the tinkle of its fiddle . . . sweeter music than celestial chimes. With such recollections are the coffers of Memory filled. The strung popcorn and the paper chains were really links with spiritual glammers that never can be offered for sale in earth's Woolworth stores of the present. Ah me! . . . As I said in the beginning, I have lived a good life, and so, probably, have you. A Merry Christmas to everybody and may you get mechanical cats and magic lanterns unto Infinity.

Denominations

(Continued from Page 4)

man Church, tacking the 92 remonstrances to a chapel door in Wittenburg in 1508, and starting the so-called Reformation that split the Roman Catholic Church in twain. The strength of Lutherism lies in its insistence that the Bible is the complete and sufficient source of Christian inspiration and that there can be no intermediary between the believer and his Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ.

PRESBYTERIANISM originated in Zurich, in 1523, under the instruction of John Calvin, who formulated most of its doctrines. Later John Knox introduced it into Scotland. It is a system of church government which affirms that the church is a theocracy with Christ as its supreme and only Lawgiver, but that the powers of government are vested in the body of believers and are to be exercised through representatives called Elders.

THE EPISCOPALIANS, or more properly, members of the Protestant Episcopal church, represent the Anglican communion of the Church of England in the United States. It is historically descended from that Church, established by Henry VIII, but completed its organization as an independent denomination in 1789, after its episcopate had been established through the consecration of its first bishops in Scotland. "High" Church is replica of Rome in many of its ritualistic ceremonies.

CONGREGATIONALISTS constitute a self-governing church organization whose faith recognizes but Jesus Christ alone as head of the denomination, and the New Testament as its standard. This independent system came down from Puritan times in the Massachusetts and Connecticut colonies, and today 17,837 American churches function on such self-governing principle.

THE MORMONS or Latter Day Saints, grew out of the religious illuminations and teachings of Joseph Smith at Fayette, N. Y. in 1830. Smith announced his discovery, through divine revelation, of buried metal tablets from which by special power he translated the text of the Book of Mormon, which, with the Bible, is the sacred book of that church. The articles of Mormon faith include belief in God, Jesus Christ, and the Holy

Ghost as individual beings, punishment for sins, baptism, atonement, divine authority, prophecy, and salvation for the dead. When it sanctioned polygamy in 1843 the sect grew rapidly, but a schism developed in which Smith was shot to death in Carthage, Ill. in 1844. Later, Brigham Young led the whole band of believers to the vicinity of Salt Lake, Utah, where they founded Salt Lake City, growing prosperous by furnishing supplies to the settlers traveling to Oregon by covered wagon. That when the Millennial day arrives, Mormons will succeed to spiritual suzerainty over the United States is held generally by adherents.

THESE then, are the eight great Christian faiths in this Republic at the present time. But Rome, like the followers of Joseph Smith, declares itself supreme over the civil authorities of all countries, and the Talmudists are positive God promised the earth and all its wealth to them a thousand years before Christianity was ever heard of. Baptists, Lutherans, Methodists, and Presbyterians, generally speaking, are not so concerned over temporal matters.

All the Talmudists trace back their supreme spiritual authority to alleged illuminations which put the mantle of divine truth on their clerical shoulders and none others. But a knock-down and drag-out controversy of fatalistic proportions shapes up between the Romanists, the Talmudists and the Mormons. Each believe God has especially endowed them with authority to assume rulership over the peoples of the world and of America in particular.

Obviously the Almighty wouldn't have so endowed three, so two must be wrong.

Wouldn't it be ironical, however, if all three were wrong and the mettle of true spiritual leadership fell on non-organized individuals, acting on direct personal illumination?

Here are these twenty-odd sects and ecclesiastical systems, none the less, and "winning the world for Christ" can hold little compatibility while dynastic ecclesiastical expectancies continue.

It's something to think about.



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T H E P A Y O F F

IN THE billiard-room of a country club, the son of a tycoon was knocking the balls about, a glum expression on his face.

"Life is rotten," he grouched to a friend.

"Rotten!" the friend exclaimed. "Did not your wife's Uncle die in July and leave her a quarter-million?"

"Perhaps."

"And last month everybody knows your grandfather passed away, leaving you most of his estate."

"Perhaps."

"Then why the gripe?"

"Who's going to do something for us next month?"

A RAILROAD foreman had been drawn on a Federal Grand Jury and didn't want to serve. "We are very busy at the shops and I should be there," he explained.

"Is that so?" the Judge retorted. "So you're one of those men who imagines the railroad couldn't run without him?"

"No, sir," the foreman answered. "I know perfectly well it could run without me, but I don't want the Superintendent to find it out."

THE JUDGE looked over the jurymen disdainfully.

"I order you to tell me," he directed the foreman, "what possible reason you could have had for acquitting this prisoner?"

"Insanity, sir."

"What! . . . all twelve of you?"

A PARISIAN was explaining to a Washington friend why France was superior to the United States.

"In America," he complained, "you see pretty womans, but eef you speak to her without introduction, policeman he arrests you. In Parea, he introduces you. Parea ees better."

DURING a Christmas exam, one of the questions asked was, "What causes a Depression?"

A smart-aleck student wrote, "God knows! I don't. Merry Christmas."

The exam paper came back with the Professor's notation: "God gets 100. You get zero. Happy New Year!"

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