

Valor

The Golden Times Weekly . .

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

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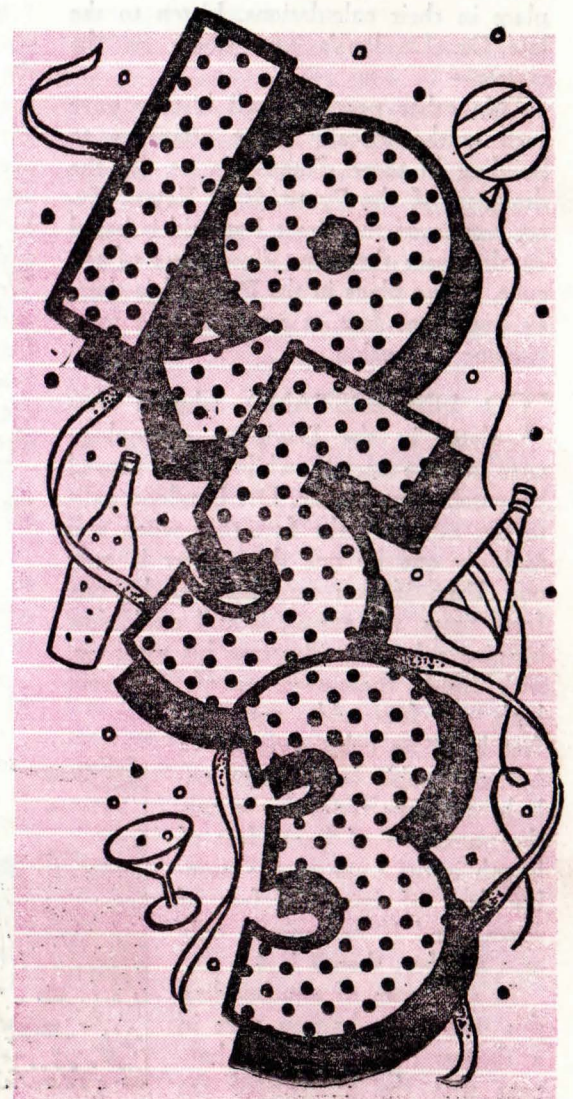


A GREAT YEAR NOW OPENS . . !

THERE are those who regard 1953 as a year of unnamed calamity in that they subscribe, without much independent investigation, to the calculations of Dr. David Davidson on Great Pyramid significances. On August 20th of the year now opening, humanity is supposed to arrive at the back-wall of the King's Chamber, bringing termination of all prophetic Pyramid measurements. The conclusion is therefore logical that if the Christian Dispensation commenced at the foot of the Grand Gallery, proceeded upward to the Great Step, through the period of the First World War, across the Truce in Chaos and into the Second Low Passage, the end of that Passage into the King's Chamber and the arrival at the South Wall means that the Christian Dispensation probably ends. And naturally they assume such "ending" to be accompanied by world-wide convulsion.

VALOR for the first time takes the position that 1953 is to be a great and notable year but not on account of any significance in Dr. Davidson's reckonings.

THERE is every probability that millions of persons have been led by Davidson and partisans of the British-Israel Movement to interpret Great Pyramid dates incorrectly. A study of the erudite works of Brown Landone confirms this suspicion. That Davidson was correct in his



measurements of the Grand Gallery—as diagrammed on Page 9 of this issue—figuring approximately an inch to a year, was more or less borne out by secular events since the Crucifixion. But of his own initiative, or rationalization, that he should, from the top of the Great Step alter the rate of measurement to an inch to a month, and conclude he was correct in doing so because the First World War lasted approximately as many months as there were inches in the First Low Passage, is lamented by Dr. Landone from an altogether reasonable premise.

Dr. Landone, whose erudition was quite on a par with Dr. Davidson's, declares in his great little book *The Prophecies of Melchi-Zedek* that where Dr. Davidson erred was in ignoring the cubic measurements of the Great Pyramid passages and considering only the linear. The ancient Pyramid builders, supposed to be pre-Egyptian, were strict realists architecturally, and cubic measurements of a given tomb or temple would take first place in their calculations. Listen to the late Dr. Landone's own words on the matter—

"No other people in all history gave such mathematically exact attention to building in three dimensions, as did the designers of the Pyramids of Egypt. Every section of the Great Pyramid is based on the exact three-line dimensions of the cube. At no place in the Pyramid is there an important fact or symbol based on a one-line dimension . . ."

TO UNDERSTAND why a few dates in the Davidson chronology were almost correct while other proved lamentably inaccurate, Dr. Landone calls to our attention the fact that when you multiply one by one the answer is only one. Even if you multiply one by one forty times, the answer is still *one!* Now imagine a box, to illustrate his meaning, with inside measurements of *one* foot high, *one* foot wide, and four feet long. Its cubic space is $1 \times 1 \times 4$, or 4 cubic feet. Hence, only because one times one is one, the number 4 of lineal feet of length is the same as the number four of its cubic feet of space. And if one uses 4 only as a *number*, then 4 is 4.

In any room of any building this might not happen once in a thousand times, but it happens that the number of the

inches of the length of the War Passage is almost the same as the number of its cubic feet of space. Its cubic feet of space are a little more than 52, and its length in inches is a little less than 52. *One is inches, the other cubic feet.* But since Davidson uses number as mere number, 52 is 52. Hence if you assign a month of time to each unit of the number 52, the answer will be the same whether the unit be inches or cubic feet.

The true time in the Passage should be determined by its cubic space, declares Landone. And Davidson uses the one-line length only, yet in this one case his time period happens to be almost correct—because 52 is 52.

NOW one would imagine that if the Great Pyramid measurements foretold world happenings down to a period as short as 52 months, they would foretell happenings down to the accuracy of a day. But the First World War did not last 52 months. It opened officially on August 4, 1914 and continued until November 10, 1918. Properly allowing for the Leap Year of 1916 of 366 days, the exact time of World War I was 1559 days. Figuring at the most 31 days to the average month—which by no means is accurate, for there are four months in each year that have only 30 days each, and one that has but 28—the First World War lasted only 50 months, 50 and a very small fraction. That leaves Davidson two months—or two inches off—and that is a serious deficiency. However, that is only the beginning of Davidson's "serious deficiencies" . . .

To be *strictly* accurate, in accord with the Pyramid's measurements if consid-

ered linearly, World War I should have terminated January 4, 1919. But the British-Israelites conveniently look elsewhere when such facts are called to their attention and say it is "near enough" . . . It is not near enough, and succeeding measurements based on the same faulty reckonings, go completely haywire.

The Hall of Truce in Chaos, or the "breathing spell lest all flesh perish from the earth" is supposed to run from November 11, 1918 to May 29th, 1928, when humanity was supposed to plunge into a second Low Passage of similar woes to those of 1914-1918. Actually not a thing happened throughout the whole earth on May 29, 1928 that was worth recording in *World Almanac*. VALOR is scarcely so presumptuous as to make the point that this happened to be the date of Mr. Pelley's *Seven Minutes in Eternity* experience in Altadena, California. But that shook no nations and has no register in international affairs, not even though it be called the natal night of International Soulcraft.

Humanity was supposed to plunge into the Second Low Passage on May 29, 1928 and remain in it until September 16, 1936, when it was to emerge into the King's Chamber. To emerge into such an awesome and mystically significant temple, even symbolically, merited at least some happening of consequence in the world. Indeed, the editor of VALOR was watching closely the hourly events of that date, having been a most interested follower of Davidson's for years.

Absolutely not a thing happened on September 16, 1936.

Plenty had occurred, on October 29, 1929, when the entire economic universe went into a tail-spin, producing a depression on the bourses of the earth that lasted up to September 1, 1939, the breaking-out of World War II. The next world-shaking event was December 7, 1941, when the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor and America went into the second world conflict. The third world-shaking event was September 2, 1945, when the second Armistice came with the disappearance of Adolph Hitler. The Second World War lasted six years to the day, or 72 months. If Davidson were accurate, the Second Low Pass-

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Do You React by Instinct when People Need Help?



MORE reams of blah, balderdash, and blither, have been written about Helping the Other Fellow than upon any other subject that concerns human life. The arguments for Helping the Other Fellow range all the way from the "service" of the professional altruist—who makes a career of assisting other people's business—down to the Christian axiom that we get out of this life about what we put into it, and to the exact degree that we exert ourselves in the interests of others we shall ultimately find ourselves repaid in kind.

There is nothing particularly commendable to be said of the professional altruist, who goes to and fro in society seeking whosoever requires the Helping Hand—or who the professional altruist decides needs the Helping Hand. He is dealing in other folks' complications and troubles as a business, just as some men undertake to sell rubber-heels to aid people in walking more comfortably and others advocate insulated walls for the home so the neighbors won't be overly edified by sounds of breaking crockery when the Great American Family engages in a brawl. Of course the professional altruist expects to get paid for what he does, just as the rubber-heel merchant or the compo-board dealer expects coin for his wares.

If the professional altruist didn't make a career of other people's troubles, he would doubtless make a career of broomsticks, carving-knives, odorless automobiles, or skinless bananas that anyone may grow in the cellar of the home. He is, in other words, a commercializing merchant, and should be regarded as such.

The fact that he counsels widows in their investments, takes up the taxpayers' fight for lower power rates, or helps small children over crosswalks in front

Another Paper Aiding You to Understand the Problems of Life . .

of school-houses, no more entitles him to adulation than the man who takes clocks apart to find out what makes them run backwards, or the man who contracts to run the cockroaches out of your plumbing for four cents the cockroach, or the lad who hustles new industries for the Chamber of Commerce and fills the town up with new sash-and-blind mills, pickle works, or factories making gas-masks.

THE person who goes to and fro in the earth seeking opportunities to cast his bread upon the waters—that after many days it may be returned to him—may not be classified as a private banker, loaning of his substance without security in the expectation that sooner or later his loans will be repaid with interest—merely because he has foregone that security.

In any event, he is fundamentally interested in gain.

He is baiting a sprat to catch a mackerel and calling it Brotherly Love.

The man who casts his bread upon the waters, confident that after many days it will come back to him—with some sort of increment added—is not concerned in the question of helping his fellow man; he is concerned in the matter of helping himself.

Helping oneself is entirely bona fide when it is honestly and openly engaged

in. But when it is camouflaged with a sticky sentimentality and called something else, the exercise hoodwinks the party engaging in it.

What we are interested in considering for the moment is the item of Helping the Other Fellow for the sheer sake of seeing him helped, not because we are expectant of the slightest returns to ourselves beyond that of the spiritual gratification resulting when we share the happiness which we have been the means of bringing to him.

Let us look at this subject and analyze some new angles with which personal compensations have nothing to do.

A PERSON, for some reason or other, signals that he needs assistance. He may have fallen down a coal-hole where he faces the prospect of dying of slow starvation unless someone pushes a ladder down to him in a hurry—and uses the lungs that are in his chest to make noises that mean ladder brought with minimum lost time. He may have grabbed hold of the rear appendage of some strange four-footed beast at a circus and requires a whole tentful of assistance to aid him in letting go. He may have bought a run-down boiler works, only to discover that he needs more money for machinery to make noises than he estimated was to be required when he prospected the project. Or he may have lost his savings and his health and finds himself succumbing to malnutrition in a packing-box cottage down across the railroad tracks with no

fuel for the stove. These are dilemmas inviting contributions of additional strength or resource from those with whom he is immediately in contact.

On the other hand, the appeal for assistance may take no more serious form than the earnest request from a harassed executive that the person at the next desk do some errand that conserves his time or energy or enables a given point of accomplishment to be reached by a point on the face of the clock.

No matter what the nature of the predicament, the cosmic process at work reduces down to this—

The man that perceives himself to be the victim of a complication where help is required, is deficient in his command of energy of some sort, which, if he possessed it, would enable him to accomplish his purpose though not another human being existed in the whole world. This sounds at first like an asinine platitude. But wait. There is more to it.

He indicates that he is deficient in force to accomplish his purpose, whatever it may be, and whether the inadequate energy be muscular, moral, or financial.

He says to his handiest neighbor or intimate: "I want more force to use in satisfactorily controlling this situation or escaping my plight. Can I commandeer some of yours?"

The person so appealed to, may comply with the request or he may not. Nine times out of ten if he complies with the request, he feels a pleasant glow of elation which cynical psychologists have described as "buying a benevolent feeling" whenever the help is of a practical or substantial nature.

But no benevolent feeling is being "bought" and here is the crux of the matter—

What actually is happening, is that when another appeals to any one of us to help him, and we supply the force that he thereby admittedly lacks, we are, for the duration of the act, stepping into the role of omnipotent Deity ourselves and feeling the same sensation which it is said the Deity feels in expressing Himself in divine love toward the world!

An appeal comes for help. The person making the appeal thereby identifies himself as deficient in the energy-force he requires to control the situation or accomplish a given labor. The person receiving the appeal, and loaning or contributing the force that is lacked, is truly "playing

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Normalcy



NSOIL our bruised souls, O Lord,

Make soft our song;

Take from our hearts that purblind guile

Man must be wrong.

Keep us from watching trusts betrayed

Till we assume

All men are rogues by temperament,

Their futures, gloom . . .

Save us from going brassy, Lord,

Not prone to know

That Rightist works, too, have their might,

Earth's wreaths to show.

Help us to hold our minds in flux,

To see each Night

As Spirit's ruse for giving point

To each morn's Light.

Unbind this plight of mischief's nets

As Man's estate;

Give us the craft to use Thy gifts

For which we wait.

We have fine year to run—in strength—

No hopes deplored,

We have the Campaign Bright to win

Without war's sword.

May we all beauties grasp, O Lord,

Of lore divine,

That when each heart its brevet serves,

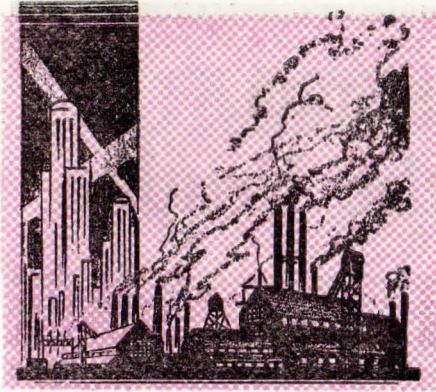
Its love is Thine.

Let us be Quality, uncramped,

So skilled in grace

That we do, unashamed, at last

Look in Thy face!



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

“Roads into Sunrise”

Upward-Look Department . .

GET IT through your head that the swing throughout the whole earth is Rightist. Humanity is fed up on Leftist high-jinks. It isn't by happenstance that there's no alien name on the list of cabinet appointees. The aliens have decided to sit it out under cover—because they're scared. With the Do-Gooder Crowd gone out of Washington, the blunders and excesses will be repaired because it's the temper of the nation that they shall be repaired. Don't be scared of this Deflation thing when it hits, and don't join “The Country is Through” mourners—join “The Country Is Coming Through” choir, because you'll have a grandstand seat. No miracles are due to be performed the first ten minutes, and it's going to take quite a spell to clean out the empty Scotch bottles, broken cocktail glasses and unpaid bills from the desk drawers of the departed. Accept that these things go in cycles and nothing is ever so bad that it couldn't be worse.

Remember that Experience is the name men give to their mistakes. The nation has had a lot of experience . .

Here Is Your Trend . .

THEY'VE just completed the fifth annual conference of the Council of Profit Sharing Industries in Philadelphia. The PSI is a fast-growing organization with a membership of 600 firms and an employe list of over 2,000,000. Members include such outfits as Sears Roebuck, Motorola, Procter & Gamble, and Eastman Kodak. More than half of those attending were representatives from all over the U. S. and Canada who sat in on the proceedings for the first time, anxious to learn more about profit-sharing plans—which means cutting the employes in on the dividends. Such major corporations as Pennsylvania Railroad, General Electric, General Motors, U. S. Steel and Du Pont are helping work out such plans. Of course it started as a strategy to avert labor troubles. It will end with the employes running these concerns, for no matter how you look at it, the boys and girls who make the goods are the works. The question is, how soon will they find it out? Prosperity has been described as something that businessmen create for the politicians to take credit for. It could also be described as something the employes of a business create in order to support security-holders in the style in which the working people have always cussed 'em . .

Terms If Desired . .

OVER IN Vienna the times have changed so greatly that *Weltpresse* runs ads of a Swiss concern offering lowest prices on 370 Aircraft Guns, 50 Anti-Tank Guns, 1,000 Anti-Tank Guns. The offer also details a large stock of ammuni-

tion for sale. It states that all weapons have been checked by the “Swiss” Army inspectors and are considered to be in good serviceable condition. The leading “merchants of death” in our time would no longer seem to be money-grubbing capitalists but the shrewd, calculating bureaucrats who rule the Communist “people's democracies.” Two Soviet satellites Czechoslovakia and Poland are standouts in the arms smuggling rackets of the present. The Skoda works of Pilsen supply the lion's share of the new military equipment that seeps into the black markets of the world, enabling the excitable tropical countries to get bristly against the “foreign capitalists” . .

Why not legitimize the business and let the department stores over here offer low-priced anti-aircraft equipment, on the sales slogan of “A Gun for Every Home?” Wouldn't little Willie have a grand time up on the roof operating the family's anti-aircraft equipment? At least there'd be a welcome shortage of pigeons defacing public buildings and teach little Willie to do his shooting around the house instead of the nearest bank or super-market. Even mother could enliven her day by going up on the roof when her housework is finished and banging away. She could also practice on father when he shows up at the end of the street, in adjustment of those nasty remarks he made before leaving for work . .

Cow in Installments . .

PRESIDENT Peron of Argentina comes up with a new 5-year Plan, a la Joe Stalin, calling for increases of 154 percent in corn, 27 percent in wheat, and 44 percent in linseed. Why these precise percentages only a dictator would know. Probably entertains the proletariat, the latter having mighty little to think about otherwise.

Up here in U. S., General Eisenhower is embarked on a 4-year plan for the accomplishment of a 35¢ steak. These steaks went out with the horse-and-buggy but without a doubt American ingenuity can restore them. Under the Eisenhower predecessors, the American family has been buying the whole cow on installments. To be able to buy and own forthwith just 35¢ worth of any given cow would be a politico-economic achievement first water. Four years? Make it eight . .

Shaky Structure, Thank God . .

NOBODY had better breathe too hard, say the dispatches out of Manhattan, or United Nations will collapse in a heap and leave receipts for the cost to date scattered over Wall Street, and other American parts, till the place looks like a reception to another MacArthur. The Super-Soviet buildings are still shiny and the pow-wow elegant but behind the fancy facade is the pitiful spectacle of a world organization tremulously waiting for a gang of Communist bandits to name its

terms. Red China has put the Indian sign on India's proposals to end the Korean death-trap and Vishinsky has sailed for home in an emphatic gesture of contempt toward anything the U-N proposes from here on out. And in Washington, John Bricker's proposal to bulwark constitutional law against monkey treaties stands chance of first consideration at the hands of such stalwarts as Bills Jenner and Langer—now due to be the really important lads in the Senate, which means the whole world.

No, that screwball scheme to steal America all in one piece simply didn't work, and won't work. Too many members committed to the policy of, "All I want is what adjoins mine." Likewise too many supporters who deem it progress not to steal the family spoons but steal the whole premises by legal foreclosure. If it's legal . . .

Non-Kosher Liquidation . . .

SOMETHING goes on in Russia, without a doubt. Trial of 14 leading Czechoslovakian Marxists on treason charges recalls the equally fantastic "purge" trials in Soviet Russia in the 1930s. The 14 defendants were all leaders in a "gangster" movement, paying the penalty for outgrowing their breeches. Naturally they were convicted, because under these gangster governments of Communism, the verdicts are arranged in advance. Trials are merely public scenery. But there was a more sinister and portentous note in the fact that Slansky and ten of his fellow big-shots belonged to the It's-Against-the-Law-to-Mention-'Em people. This Hitlerian attitude would seem to be evidence of a Kremlin intent to turn the wrath of its unhappy subjects to racial issues. But it just doesn't make sense. Fact is, without New-Deal largess being sneaked out the back door to keep the Kremlin Rubbish-Heap in loot, everything is going sixes and sevens in Russia, and then when Marxists of any race get too big for their breeches, the formula is, Take 'em out and Shoot 'Em. All this race rubbish is getting tiresome.

Lots besides United Nations may fold in 1953 . . . two of the reasons why it may be an outstanding year . . .

A shower can keep a man away from church on Sunday when a flood can't keep him away from a show on Monday.

Facts about Christmas Traditions for the Erudite



RANKLY, the facts accurately describing the Christmas Festival, are beclouded in obscurity. If it had been begun promptly the first year after the Ascension, the record would be simplified. Actually, it would appear, the Savior's natal day was an evolution. Outside the details given in the *Golden Scripts*, we know almost nothing of the Birth of Christ. But we carry on in the sentimental values, deeming them sufficient to perpetuate the observance in all due reverence.

Students well-read in the *Soulscripts* are aware that the first mention of Jesus the Christ in earliest Scripture was not in this first gospel, for accurately speaking, Matthew was not the First Gospel but the last.

The first gospel to be written—and the only gospel authenticated as written by an eye-witness to the events narrated—was the Gospel of St. Mark.

All the other gospels are either rewrites from, or augmentations of St. Mark's.

And St. Mark starts off the story of the wondrous career of His Friend and Master by recounting the specific details of The Baptism. He mentions not a word of any Star over Bethlehem or confinement of a mother in a stable. This would seem to be strange if he had ever heard of it.



THE FIRST mention we get of Jesus the Christ in the earliest sacred writings other than Mark's, is in the letter of the Apostle Paul to the Thessalonians. Recognized authorities like Lightfoot and Harnack place the date of its composition not earlier than 47 A. D. and probably not later than 53.

St. Paul is not a historian in these first of all written references to Jesus. He is

not attempting to describe what Jesus said or did. He is writing a letter to encourage a little Christian society which he seems to have founded in a distant Greek city, and he reminds his readers of many things he had told them when with them.

Here, it is expertly agreed, is the first mention of Jesus the Christ in the literature of the world.

Those who would get a true history cannot afford to neglect or ignore the facts of their earliest documents.

The opening sentence of this letter reads—

"Paul and Silvanus and Timothy to the Church of the Thessalonians in God the Father and the Lord Jesus Christ: grace to you, and peace."

Three men with Greek and Latin names are writing to some kind of assembly in a city of Macedonia at a time about as distant from the Crucifixion and Ascension as society today is distant from the Armistice that closed the World War. The writers are Judaists—to judge by their salutation of "peace," and by their mention of "God the Father," and of the assembly or society as being "in" Him.

But what is this new name that is placed alongside the Divine Name for the first time now in history?

AN EDUCATED Greek, who knew something of the Greek translation of the ancient Hebrew Scriptures, if he had come upon this letter before hearing elsewhere of The Christ, would have been deeply interested and not a little shocked by these opening salutations.

He would have known that Jesus was the Greek form of Joshua; that Christ was the Greek rendering of Messiah or Anointed One and the title of the Great King for whom the Judaists were looking. He might further have remembered that "the Lord" is the expression which the Greek Old Testament constantly uses instead of the ineffable name of God, which we sometimes call Jehovah.

Translated into the idiom it would have meant: Joshua the candidate for
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NUMEROLOGY FOR EVERYONE . .



WE'RE going to do a long series of celebrities now, in the Numerological manner, to see how their mathematical charts work out. As we go along down the list, the various features and factors in Numerology can be expounded as complexities arise in what we confront. As per the suggestion in our last chapter, suppose we take up the Numerology of Florence Nightingale, the celebrated Crimean War nurse, born in Embley Park, Hampshire Derbyshire, on May 15, 1820. First we wish to secure Florence's "inner and outer" expressions. So we write her name, giving each letter its inner or outer significance, as follows—

	6	5		5					
	F	L	O	R	E	N	C	E	
	6	3	9	5	3				
	9		9		1		5		
	N	I	G	H	T	I	N	G	A
	5	7	8	2	5	7	3		

The Inner Expression of the name Florence adds up to 16, which in turn reduces to a 7. Nightingale in its vowel letters adds up to 24, which in turn reduces to a 6. The combination of the two tells us that Florence in her Inner Expression was a 13, that in turn reduced to a 4.

The Outer Expression of the name Florence adds to 26, that reduces to an 8. Nightingale adds up to 37, that resolves into a 10 or 1. So the combination of the two makes her outer expression a 9.

She was a 4 in the development of her eternal character, that is, the pioneer in intellectual exploring, the venturer in method, social engineering, and mechanical application of altruism to the practical circumstance. That she should reduce nursing—or have the inclination to reduce nursing, to the status of International Red Cross activity is quite in line with what her numbers reveal. Privately—or to herself in her inner consciousness—she was the mental engineer, the architect, the planner in its highest sense.

But her Outer Expression vibrated on

a 9, the highest altruistic number, which explains the universal love-service she rendered humanity by founding the International Red Cross.

NOW suppose we take up her life-path and see what it indicated she was to do. She was born on May 15, 1820, as aforesaid. The fifth month, a "sixth" day in that month (1-5) in a two year—1820 adding up to an 11, which in the case of years usually reduces to a 2. We can't designate a year as a genius number, else everybody born in such a year would be an intellectual prodigy, and that would be nonsense.

Anyhow, Florence came in upon a life-path of a 13, that in turn reduces to 4—the same as her Inner Expression. She was fated to do an engineering or architectural job, to supply the brains in an "exploration" into altruistic service. Being a Taurian, insofar as the Celestial Month of the Celestial Year was concerned—something that doesn't concern Numerology so intimately—she would seek expression for her engineering talents in what we might call "physical" or "earthly" pursuits, strictly.

Founding the International Red Cross stacks up as the perfect instance of what her Numerological talents indicate . .

ALL RIGHT, suppose we roam the corridors of history and pick out another celebrity whose accomplishments we know. Just to show you how infallibly Numerology operates, let's hit on the subject of Oliver Cromwell, Lord Protector of England.

Cromwell was born on April 25, 1599.



But his birthday indicates his life-path, and we can leave that till later. What do the letters of his name tell us? Let's "numerologize" it—

6	9	5		6		5			
O	L	I	V	E	R	C	R	O	M
3	4	9	3	9	4	5	3	3	

Very good—the total of the Inner Expression of the man is 31—which resolves to that Engineering Four again. The total of his Outer Expression gives us 43—which resolves to a 7. This meant Spiritual Turmoil throughout his life, insofar as his contacts with his fellows were concerned. He was "pioneering spiritually" . . . and certainly the life of Cromwell expresses "nothing else but" . . .

He pioneered in social or intellectual organization, but outwardly expressed, it applied to spiritual vicissitude and turmoil—which certainly would describe a man with the karma of Cromwell and his leading of the "hosts of the Lord" in his battle for Puritanism . . .

He was the Social Engineer, but his Outer Expression would indicate to the professional Numerologist that his engineering would concern the tempestuous applications of Spiritual Experimentations.

Well, what about his birthpath? . .

CROMWELL was born on April 25, 1599. That meant he was a Taurian. Being a Taurian, he would seek practical expression in strictly earthy or materialistic matters. His whole birth-path adds up to 17—if we cancel out the 9s, which after all are of no consequence in Numerological additions. This indicates that Oliver would encounter outstanding "worldly success" in actualizing his Inner and Outer Expressions of the 4 and
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Valor

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Get Set



SOULCRAFTERS are aware of the frequency with which VALOR quotes the economic figures of the Baxter International Eco-Research Bureau, its head offices being at 68 William Street, New York City. VALOR refers to Mr. Baxter's industrial predictions, not because he happens to be hard-headed Yankee from Worcester, Massachusetts, and VALOR is biased in favor of New England hard-heads, but because over a long period of years—reaching back before the 1929 crash—Baxter has been more consistently correct in his economic prognostications than any other authority in America. VALOR likewise leans toward Mr. Baxter's opinions because he stacks up almost one hundred percent with the 1929 Soulcraft clairvoyant findings.

To tell a businessman or citizen that such and such a condition is due to happen because of psychical perspicacities may be one thing. To have a truly big international economist assure the same businessman or citizen that the same condition is due to materialize from financial indications is more rational. So, on November 8, among other things, Mr. Baxter voiced the following—

“A FEW days before the election, I ran into a friend and client who has been a lifelong Democrat. He expressed doubts about the outcome of the election for his Party, but then added quickly, 'But even you yourself have gone on record that whoever does win the election will be holding the bag.' He felt

confident that a depression would kick out the newly elected Republicans and put his Party back into power.

“It is true that all the work of this Bureau shows plainly that one of the severest commercial and business depressions is facing the new President, Dwight D. Eisenhower. But as our clients are well aware, I have constantly emphasized that, *while we are facing a serious depression, it would be characterized more by its breath-taking speed during the decline than anything else.*

“If a system of electing a President to a two-year term were in force, I would say that my Democratic friend would not be far off. But the fact is, that General Eisenhower will have *four years* in which to lay a record of accomplishments before the country. It looks to me that the first two years are going to stack up as mighty rough and that he will have ample opportunity to prove his ability to organize the country, and bring sense into the chaos that is going to exist.

“I know that some will adopt the attitude now, and even more so later, when the gloom will be thickest, that it will be impossible to make a come-back out of a chaotic business situation. Many will say that 'the country is through.' But long before this takes place, I want to tell you in the strongest language at my command that *this kind of talk will be nothing but unadulterated bunk.*

“It is going to be a defeatist attitude that will refuse to deal with important factors of reserves that are inherently contained in the American people and in American resources.

“Certainly many old fortunes, as well as some newly made fortunes, are going to be wiped out. Many of those enriched as a result of the manipulations and maneuvers by an Administration long entrenched in power, are going to lose their shirts. There are going to be a number of industries and businesses that will be in trouble for many years, for they will insist on fighting a trend that will be foreign to them.

“On the other hand, there are going to be some businesses that have been neglected and 'sat upon' for so long that they themselves don't recognize the strength they will provide when the crisis comes, *and when the time is near for a rapid comeback of the country.*

“No, our nation is far from through! . . . Each time we have had one of these upsets, as a result of the sun refusing

to shine on the group in power, it has meant a reshuffling of the country's wealth and fortunes.

“If anything, it is going to give those who have built up substantial cash reserves, many opportunities to create very sizable stakes in this country . . .”

Canny businessmen with the resources to do so, can become clients of the Baxter Service for \$90 a year and will find themselves repaid a hundredfold by the service that Mr. Baxter renders them . . .

The Pyra

KING'S CHAMBER
 2nd LOW PASSAGE
 29 May 1928-16 Sept. 1936
 1st LOW PASSAGE
 4 Aug. 1914-11 Nov. 1918

QUEEN'S CHAMBER
 18 Jan. 1918

CHAMBER OF CHAOS
 "UPSIDE-DOWNNESS"
SUBTERRANEAN CHAMBER
 20 July 1926

In the ancient Egyptian and Pyra. Messiah is referred to as "The Lord of the Year" and "The Lord of Death and Resurrections of "The Book of the Dead".



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of the

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Is Being Distributed!

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in the new *Unabridged Edition*
—done on Bible paper and bound
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they amount to *new* Sermons on
the Mount, coming apparently from
our Elder Brother’s matchless intel-
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personal and ethical subject trou-
bling spiritually hungry people of
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Soulcrafters have made over \$50,-
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wish a \$5 copy sent you, merely
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blesville, Indiana, Headquarters.
Address—

SOULCRAFT CHAPELS

“the bottom falls out “of business and
industry, the immediate alternative for
quick and healthy remedy is already es-
tablished in the public mind.

Get Americans to read the book!—
that’s the overriding stipulation, whether
all of them concur in the provisions rec-
ommended or not.

Then let the depression of deflation
come.

The necessary alterations will transpire
automatically.

As for Soulcrafters, most of them rea-
lize by this time that out of the compli-
cations of this final national convulsion,
the Golden Times are born.

The denouement is a “natural” . . .

Davidson’s Errors



LT IS not entirely improb-
able that the British-Is-
rael brethren, under the
mathematical aegis of Dr.
David Davidson, Worth
Smith, and others, have
placed incorrect interpretations on Great
Pyramid prophetic dates from the first.
That the Pyramid is a divine prophecy
worked out in stone, only the unlearned
deny. But Dr. Brown Landone has
worked out rather stupefying conclusions
in respect to dates, and VALOR means to
devote no little space in future issues to
his far more accurate chronologies. Un-
happily, it is VALOR’s understanding that
Dr. Landone graduated from his body at
a recent date in Florida, but his brilliant
little work on the *Prophecies of Melchi-
Zedek* commands delineation.

Soulcrafters are interested in the mat-
ter because of the fullest possible signifi-
cances of humanity entering into the
King’s Chamber, with its attendant di-
vine *denouement*.

This issue of VALOR reprints the Dav-
idson diagram of the Pyramid, that
readers may have it for reference in forth-
coming expositions of both Pyramid
treatments.

We may yet find that humanity actual-
ly entered the King’s Chamber, not on
September 16, 1936, but September 2,
1945—which is one of the main reasons
that United Nations assembly is not
marked in stone in the Pyramid passages
themselves. Dr. Landone, prior to his de-
mise, was positive that the date of March
6, 1947 was the great King’s Chamber
entry date, but subsequent events depre-
cate this assumption.

How then, is the proper way to figure
out the Pyramid markings? The answer
must lie somewhere in the remarkable
agenda of events that have afflicted the
world since August 4, 1914.

At any rate, preserve this issue of VAL-
OR for the Pyramid cross-section that is
portrayed, that future references may
have meaning as they are specified.

The symbolic “whirlwind” described
again and again in the *Golden Scripts* is
about to break upon America. But out
of it, and after it, comes permanent calm
. . . and a Great Peace!

Soulcrafters are not perturbed.

Their deliverance draweth nigh. And
they know it for what it is.

People Need Help

(Continued from Page 4)

God” in a petty mortal measure to the
individual in the dilemma of personal,
moral, or financial weakness. And the
sensation of great inward satisfaction
that results in the breast of him who has
thus generously complied, is only called
“satisfaction” for want of a better name,
or for want of a correct identification as
to what it is in essence.

AFTER ALL, why should it give us
any particular elation to do a good
deed or feel an inner glow at having
helped some unfortunate fellow mortal
out of some particularly bad predica-
ment? Why should it give us any feeling
at all? Some mysterious force must be at
work that is different from all other
forces ordinarily operating in human af-
fairs.

The cynic says that all good deeds are
done as the result of self-pity. People
who have suffered themselves are quick-
est to detect suffering in others and
ameliorate it if they can. Thereby they
are living their own rescue vicariously.
The gratification that is felt is merely an
inverse form of relief at having escaped
an ugly dilemma, also vicariously.

That’s what the cynic says, and fancies
that he has solved the enigma and ut-
tered something profound.

The more plausible explanation is, that
those who have suffered greatly have
thereby opened themselves to a great in-
flow of the God-Force, or are sensitive to
it. Their spirits have been rendered mal-
leable to receive it and transmit it.

So when one comes along who particularly needs their ministrations, they substitute for the Deity whose beneficences they express, and pour out on the weak or hapless one the mortal degree of power that God pours out celestially, when people in fixes make known their appeals. In stepping into God's place for the moment, they step likewise into His sensations—or it amounts to that.

Cynics declare that men and women do kindly acts in order to experience a "benevolent feeling" but they stop right there in their analysis and neglect to define what a "benevolent" feeling is, where it comes from in the first instance, and why it exerts the pleasurable sensation that it does on the one experiencing it.

A "benevolent feeling" is naught but the "God-feeling" brought down into the mortal circumstance and partaken of by the spirit-soul in flesh whenever it does an altruistic act toward those deficient in energy-force to carry their projects to successful termination.

God is mercy and aid in their original cosmic concentration, and when we have said that, we have said the decalog. Rudyard Kipling once wrote a most famous story under the title: "The Man Who Played God." But the man in Kipling's story merely sought to exercise political and military power over a village of Indian natives.

Any person can "play God" in truth, any hour of the day or night, merely by attempting to exercise the Almighty's exhaustless mercy and aid—which is the only form of force that is essentially divine.

Helping the Other Fellow should have nothing of sticky sentimentality about it, therefore.

Literally as well as figuratively, it is stepping up transiently into the role of God!

Small wonder that humans marvel at it!

Birth of Christ

(Continued from Page 6)

Jewish kind, considered as on a par with the Creator of the Universe.

Who then, he well might ask, was this remarkable Personage lifted thus to such unprecedented heights?

He would seek his information of the authors of the Epistles.

HE WOULD learn that the writer of the letter was an invalid sail-maker who traveled about Asia Minor with a physician-companion named Luke, the two of them promoting the spiritual doctrines of a young Teacher-Healer and founding a sect theologically to preserve them. This young Teacher-Healer had pursued a brief three-year career in Gaulilee of Judea before the rabbis arranged with the Roman authorities to have him executed for his theological heresies that were damaging their prestige with the masses.

But all of it had happened some twenty to fifty years bygone and few outside of Gaulilee had seemingly ever heard of Him. Even the Gospel of St. Mark—the original eye-witness account of the Teacher-Healer's ministry—would not be penned for another fifteen years yet, and another seventy or eighty years must elapse before some popular writer brought out a complete biography which was to be called the Gospel according to St. Matthew, in which the manuscript of Mark was to be blended with the 3,000-year tradition of miraculous events attendant upon the birth of the Persian Zoroaster—facts recorded for centuries in Zend-Avestar—and the whole circulated to people in distant lands to acquaint them with the remarkable character of the Gaulilean Healer.

In course of time a great church, world-wide in its doctrinal jurisdiction, was to come into existence. And most amazing of all, eighteen centuries after all of it, to be exact, December 8, 1854, the heads of this Church—practically declaring themselves infallible in their offices and findings—were to pronounce that the Persian legend was unalterable fact, that it was the young Teacher-Healer instead who was born of a virgin girl under the circumstances as set forth in this popular biography by Matthew, and that the theory of the Immaculate Conception and Virgin Birth which gives the modern world its Christmas observance was the great fundamental of all faith in Christ's divinity.

So much for research and authenticated findings!

THE STORY of the Star over Bethlehem and its aftermath, in other words, is more than a story, more than a legend or a tender tradition. It symbolizes

(Continued on Page 15)

"MARCHING SPIRES"

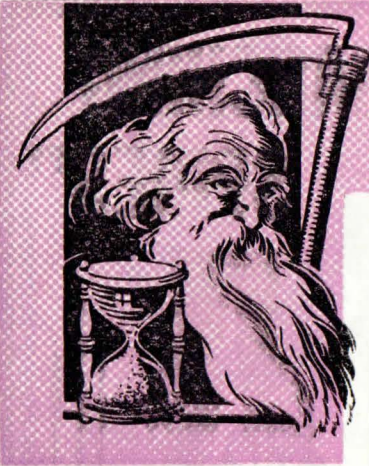


The Stories of the Thirteen Civilizers

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.

There are 340 copies of this book now available, \$4 done in leatherette: . . .

Soulcraft Press, Inc.



.. COGITATIONS

CHRISTMAS at Soulcraft! . . . We at Headquarters get the feeling that it's a birthday party we're holding for a particularly beloved Member of the Staff. Particularly do we feel so *this* year, with the *Golden Script* distribution successfully completed excepting for an odd-thousand copies of the *Speakings* expressly reserved for those who make application to own personal copies. The electronic reel on *Christmas* has gone forth to all chaplains for playing as near to Christmas Day as possible. Headquarters is merry with Christmas bulbs, Christmas music, the multitudinous wrapping—or unwrapping—of Christmas gifts for, or from afar. Melford Pearson and George Berta completed their 8,000-mile trek among western Soulcrafters safely and without incident, pulling back into Headquarters during the night of December 20th-21st. And for that we're solemnly grateful. Emma, Buzzie, Fritz and Butch sense there's something unusual afoot, wandering from room to room uneasily, and asking with their tails, "Do we eat more often this week because it's Christmas?" Perhaps they sensed the contents of the generous package of *Pard* that arrived from a thoughtful donor in Cleveland—12 cans of it. However, being sugar-lovers, each pooch, they pay quick attention when each new delivery from the post office brings anything in the nature of bonbons. And the Christmas mail is heavy, heavy . . .

-oo-

IT'S at such climactic season that those inducting the Soulcraft principles into the thinking of our times, come to realize how wide and rich is the harvest being gathered. Particularly do those at Soul-

craft come to grasp the extent of the friendship, goodwill, and deep affection that Soulcraft is creating between the staff and numbers of communicants now beginning to reach the thousands. If there's one standard phrase running through the multitudinous letters it's the statement, "You'll never know what you have done in remaking my life and thinking, and giving me something worthwhile to live for." It's a very nice sensation to realize that something one may have said, done, or written has remade a life and given the owner of that life "something worthwhile to live for." Melford and George brought back a report on 8,000 miles of traveling among western Soulcrafters in which the fruit on three years of resurgent Liberation-Soulcraft Work is commencing to show. Going out through Nebraska, in order to visit heads of Cooperatives who are getting under way with the handling of the *Something Better* best-seller, they turned down through Denver, over Loveland Pass, and across to Salt Lake City. After a get-together with Salt Lake City Soulcrafters, they headed for Los Angeles. The calls in Los Angeles were specific, where they had business of personal nature to transact for me, principally with our leaders; it wasn't a trip to rally all Soulcrafters. Thence they started up the Coast via the Inland Route, made certain contacts in the Bay District, then were blown by California hurricane up into Oregon—which, by the way, is beginning

to show signs of beating all the other West Coast States for Soulcraft and Christian Economics activity. Tacoma, Seattle and Spokane finally came in for attention, then they headed back to Indiana via Idaho and Wyoming. They had gone through two western blizzards and California's classical windstorm of the middle of December, but hadn't once skidded off the pavement or scraped a fender. Soulcrafters who mayn't have seen them enroute shouldn't feel slighted; Mel was on a fast survey trip to get me particular information I wanted for the many projects Soulcraft confronts in 1953 . . .

-oo-

DOGS, I say, figure large in these Christmas activities, having doors closed on them and squealing, being trodden upon by persons with heavy arms of bundles—and again squealing—going for shiny spots on the rugs, be-thinking them the aforesaid bonbons and discovering they've lapped up strips of Scotch tissue, which no four-footed beastie has been able to figure out since there was Christmas and a dog. The proper number of fuses have been blown, striving to attach Christmas lights in the most extraordinary of places, the long-distance calls have been coming in from Michigan, Wisconsin, Toronto and Nebraska, two radios have broken down under the weight of the Yuletide broadcasts of what to buy or what not to buy to give the Other Fellow or his spouse That Christmas Feeling, all the printing goods salesman have been making donations of Scotch, Four-Star Hennessy and Rum—for snake-bite next July—which nobody uses at Headquarters but which nevertheless is supposed to be Christmas Cheer . . . and amid it all there's one's own presents to acquire for pence from the local tradesmen even though a whole VALOR gets printed upside down by reason of the editor's absence even for an hour. All of it is Christmas, and confusion, and squeals as the crinkle of tissue sounds off the latest arrival of parcels. The printing staff worked the previous Saturday in order to have an uninterrupted holiday from Wednesday night to Monday



morning, and the whole thing comes but once a year and holy smoke but I've clean forgotten to get a new pair of inner soles for the maintenance man and a squawking doll for the milkman's daughter or we'll probably be left curdled milk every morning from December 26th till the Fourth of July . . .

-00-

NEVER have so many Yuletide cards been received at Headquarters. And they've been *Christmas* cards, or *Christ* cards, not pictures of gnomes, Swiss yodlers, or the Old Woman Who Lived in a Shoe. In the midst of the holiday glamor, a quick, sharp note of sadness was introduced by news of the passing of Soulcrafters Fred Telander of Logan, Utah. He'd graduated from his body suddenly, dramatically, and unexplainably on the night of December 16th. Christmas only nine days away. Fred had been the visitor at Headquarters in the summer of 1951 who framed the beautifully curved doors in the Chief's Studio, subsequently admired by so many. Being past sixty, however, he was doubtless ready to go, and we got off condolences promptly to wife Anna. With a bit of a pang that Fred can't come back in his body this next summer to see the Studio in finished form—although he's probably visited it already in Light form—Christmas went along. And like a deep undertone to all of it was the universal acclaim being given to *Something Better*. From every corner of the land, approbation and orders are coming in. "This is the book we've been waiting for!" is the consistent comment—and those too impatient to write, use the long distance telephone. The outstanding Soulcrafters in Toronto finished the final page and reached for the telephone—or so he reported over the wire a few minutes later. "How can we get this book introduced into Canada as well as the States?" was the burden of his quandary. And he talked for twenty minutes about it, he paying the call. Orders for 100 copies in the one shipment are now common. Requests for 15-minute electronic talks about it that can be used on local radio time, and stereotypes for newspaper advertisements, are the new developments from the field. But while preoccupied with *Something Better*—which apparently was predicted as the book of 1953 as long ago as 1929—the acclaim is equally as loud for the new

pocket-sized edition of *My Seven Minutes in Eternity*. That's reviving interest in the whole start-to-finish program. Los Angeles queries for 500 copies in one shipment . . .

-00-

IT'S 1953 as a Nine-Year numerologically that's partly responsible for all this interest. A number Nine Year means a wholesale Teaching Year, especially in matters of spirit. In certain years certain results can be obtained that cannot be secured in others. Last year, an Eight Year, was a year in which any sort of project entailing money could be successfully engineered. Eight is generally recognized as the number of worldly success—at least I've always interpreted Eight as the financial success number and invariably it's worked out in practical Numerology. But now we face the great Teaching Year of 1953 that adds to a Nine. We can "sell" Soulcraft and the Christian Commonwealth to the nation this coming twelve months because the Numerology is right. And so we're getting set for it. . . . Christmas of 1952, however, holds a specially warm place in our hearts for the gracious generousities of the Soulcraft people from coast to coast. Lights are burning in all Soulcraft windows this week. We hold a splendid Party to the Most Beloved Member of the Soulcraft Family generally . . . And may His blessing rest richly upon all of you . . . You deserve it! . . .

—THE RECORDER

A Great New Year

(Continued from Page 2)

age should have been 72 inches in length, whereas actually it's some 98 inches. The rationalization of that indicates, naturally, that the Second Low Passage didn't mean war as the First Passage had meant war. But if not, then what did it mean? Davidson and his followers have talked consistently about the intervening Hall being the "Truce in Chaos", and a truce can only mean an arranged peace between wars.

Davidson is something like 26 inches off in his Second Low Passage designations—which means that they are no designations at all. And all of it makes hash of equally portentous predictions that August 20, 1953 signifies the end of the

(Send Soulcraft Books for Yule)



"STAR GUESTS"

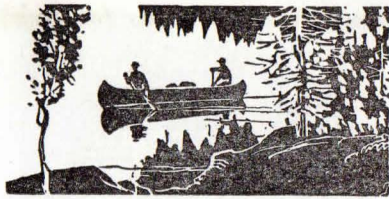
A Book that will give you something to think about so long as you are alive! . . .

MORE and more the evidence mounts, indicating that human life may not have originated on this planet but come here in spirit form from another heavenly system. Such is the disclosure of the Ageless Wisdom. And the manner of humanity's coming, and the reasons for it, explain a hundred enigmas in sacred Scripture.

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back in
a big way!



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works. August 20, 1953 means nothing of the sort.

Davidson has gone galloping along with his tape measure, still clinging to his inch-to-a-month measurements of Low Passage One, crossed the King's Chamber and brought up against the wall. So, after that, *nothing*.

Brown Landone is much cannier and considerably more accurate . . .

FIGURING the inner Pyramid measurements by the cubic method strikes squarely on the day most of the consequential happenings of the Roosevelt Administration and its repercussions on world affairs—and as time runs along into 1953, VALOR proposes to bring to its readers Dr. Brown Landone's general findings. But lest we go all-out for Brown Landone, it might also be added that when it comes to the beginnings of World War II and its close, along with the highly significant determination of the date of the founding of United Nations, Landone goes equally as haywire as Dr. Davidson.

The Prophecies of Melchi-Zedek were copyrighted in 1940. Dr. Landone reaches into the box of prophecy and pulls out the magic date of March 6, 1947 as the pivotal day when the millennium dawns and the whole earth is changed. And up here in 1953, with 1947 in six-year retrospect, not a thing occurred on March 6, 1947 to rate *World Almanac*.

But here is the mystery of Dr. Landone figuring with uncanny accuracy the main events of F. D. Roosevelt's administration, all determined by cubic measurements of the Pyramid passages—as will be set forth in coming VALORS—and the most significant events of the years as they actually occurred, becoming wholly overlooked. For instance, June 26, 1945. That was the date of the formal establishment of U-N at San Francisco. Not a line in the Landone-Pyramid measurements about that.

How to account for it?

One doesn't.

IT DOES boil down to this, however, . . . that there is nothing in particular to worry about, in the date of August 20, 1953. Dr. Davidson's elastic tape measure cannot be put in the same category with the solemn and sacred assurances of the *Golden Scripts*.

The *Golden Scripts* do not attempt to

pin any happening down to any specific date. They do remind us that in a year whose digits total 9, there will be action-leadership of the highest quality and most astounding accomplishments. And by all the signs and omens, 1953 is that year.

VALOR's editor has been clairaudiently advised over a 24-year period that 1953 would bring in fundamental alterations having to do with the induction of the Christ Age.

The *Golden Scripts* continually reiterate that the major part of the woes of the Great Transition Period are already behind us, and what follow now are the minor readjustments. Something like 13,000,000 people were killed in the two world wars. The termination of the Korean conflict will provoke China into movements westward, and in the wake of these the Golden Times begin to manifest. But as for losing sleep over August 20th, 1953, it is a worry that has no basis in forthcoming occurrences.

We are greeting 1953 because it is one of the Great Years in humanity's progress when the foundations of the Christ Government begin to be laid. America is due to "turn to the Right" more and more positively this year, with the Machiavellians trying to "pull the rug" out from under her economic institutions in reprisal for their defeat of November 4th.

There is nothing but good ahead for the American people, if they could only be persuaded to believe it!

However, the "good" is coming in at the hands of enlightened Christ Men who make themselves of stronger and stronger influence.

The *Golden Scripts* have never been incorrect in any prediction they may have made. But we have people in America so immersed in woe and misfortune that their whole philosophy epitomizes into: "if something ain't wrong, 'taint right."

It is time to take heart and lift up the countenance.

Certainly 1953 is the Soulcrafters' year.

There are thousands of us who can take misfortune with stoical ingenuity. How many of us can take good fortune under the Christ Regime, and live under it gracefully and graciously?

Because that's the brevet we're all called to execute.

It marks the thoroughbred, to acknowledge when the sequence has turned from negative to positive and the Golden Times are actual in that we recognize them.



Why I Believe THE DEAD ARE ALIVE!

NO MATTER what your views may be on the After-Life, hold them in abeyance until you have read this challenging volume narrating most of the supernatural experiences undergone by the Recorder of the SOULCRAFT SCRIPTS, practically all of them attested by witnesses, then deny or refute continuity of existence if you can . . .

Here are three hundred pages of "true ghost stories" that carry a stupendous significance. If they had happened to you, would you have reacted to them any differently than the Author, taking him into his role of the present?

\$3.00 the Copy

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Birth of Christ

(Continued from Page 11)

lizes something dearer to humankind's mental imagery than even the cold-brained desire to acquaint itself with Truth.

Humankind *wants* to believe in the Christmas Legend, though not one man in seventy can describe his feelings accurately and why he rebels that any of it might be fallacy.

The facts seem to have it that the story of Bethlehem is the Saga of Mortality!

Numerology

(Continued from Page 7)

the 7. In such a case we can add the 4 and the 7 and get 11 in all good conscience, the "Genius" number. He would be infallibly successful in actualizing Spirituality—or Spiritual Explorations—in the practical application, which would be perfectly represented by his role as Lord Protector of the Commonwealth.

A "genius" had come into life to attain to outstanding worldly success, and so his chart would disclose in every particular.

No matter whom you select, in the whole roster of history, the indications are similarly infallible—if you but know how to interpret the digits . . .

(To Be Continued)

TWO colored men were standing on a corner discussing family trees.

"Yazzar," said Ambrose, "Ah can trace mah relations back to a family tree."

"Trace 'em or chase 'em?" asked Mose.

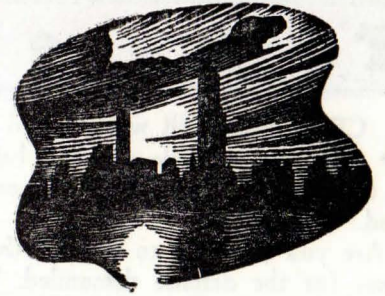
"Ah says trace 'em, colored man. Yo' knows what trace means?"

"Uh-huh. Follow after whar deys gwan."

"Well, Ah's talkin' 'bout goin' up family trees."

"Man, deys juss two kinds ob t'ings live in trees—birds and monkeys. An' yo' shore ain't got no feathers."

A HOLLYWOOD extra player had crashed the gate of a party where the late John Barrymore was a guest. Having played a small bit in one of Barrymore's pictures, he slapped the great actor jovially on the back.



"Twilight Clear"

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SOULCRAFT POEMS

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SOULCRAFT CHAPELS
NOBLESVILLE, IND.

"Hello, Jack, old boy! How are you?" he cried.

Barrymore curdled and answered, "Do not be formal. Call me kid."

The Virginia creeper may not always be a plant; sometimes it's a railroad.

THE TEACHER said, "Now this afternoon we will consider poetic expression. 'Dream you are a lark, flitting through the welkin'."

"Naw," said Jimmy, "I'd rather be an elephant and squirt water through my nose."

Tell a man there are 270,678,934,341 stars in the universe and he will believe you, but tell him a wall has just been freshly painted and he won't believe you till he's smeared some of the paint off his fingers.

T h e P A Y O F F

A CITY SLICKER was charged with shooting valuable pigeons belonging to a farmer. The farmer was on the stand.

"Are you prepared to swear," the attorney for the defense demanded, "that my client actually shot your pigeons? Did you see him in the act of doing it?"

"No, not in the very act."

"Then why should you suspect my client?"

"Wal, first I caught him trespassin' on my land with a gun. Second, I heard a gun go off and saw five pigeons fall. Third, I grabbed your client and found three of my pigeons in his pocket."

"Still, what does that prove?"

"It proves birds don't fly into the pockets of hunting jackets and commit suicide."

A LOUDLY dressed woman rushed into a butcher shop, pushing ahead of all previous customers waiting in a line.

"Give me a pound of cat meat quickly," she ordered the butcher. Then to the woman she had dislodged, she said, "I hope you don't mind my getting waited on before you."

"Not if you're that hungry," the other woman answered.

A MAN was bitterly bewailing the extravagance of his spouse when a friend inquired, "By the way, Jake, where did you meet your wife?"

"I didn't meet her," the first groused. "I just opened my wallet and there she was."

THE NEW-BORN Prince of Thailand will be called Prince Vajirlongkorn for short. His bona fide full name is, His Royal Highness Vajiralongkorn Boromchakraya-discorn-Santatiwong Thevethamrong Suboribarn Abhigunooprakarnmahitladulej Boromkattiyarajkumar.

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