

# Valor

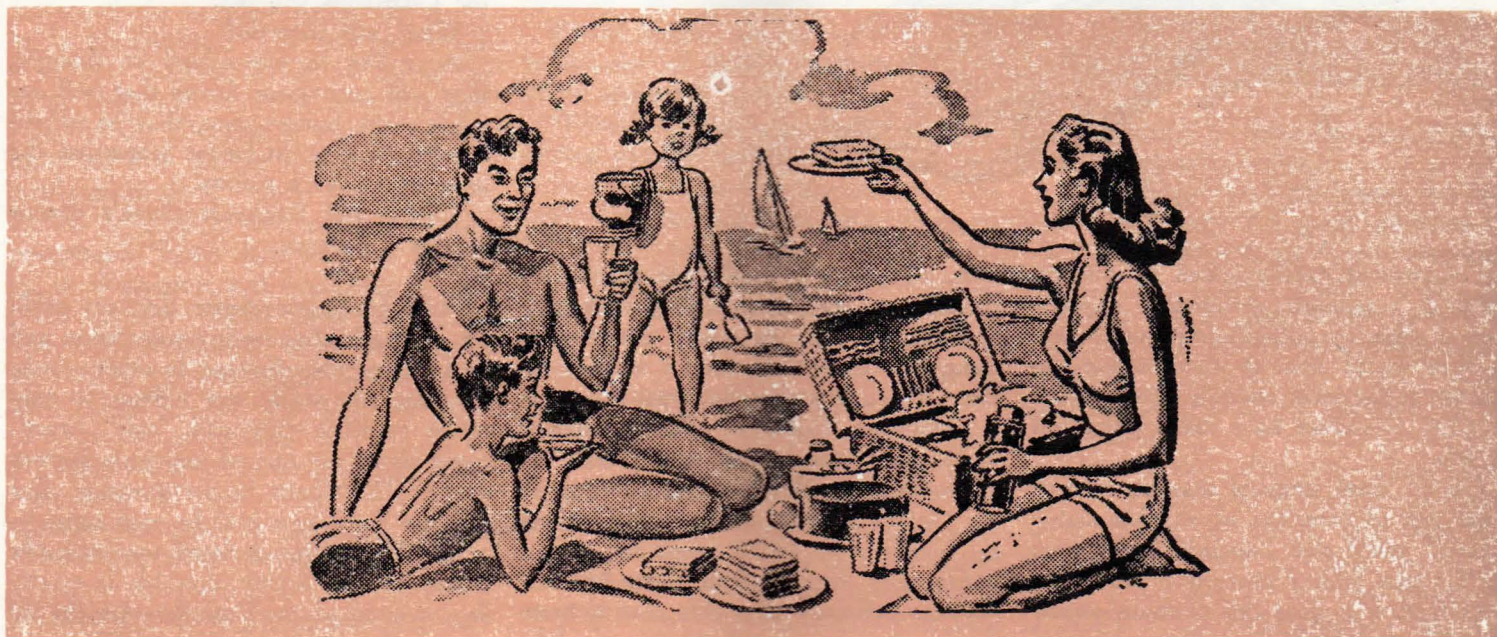
The Golden Times Weekly . .

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

Volume V

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Number 8



## ARE WE TAKING VACATIONS ON VERGE OF CATAclysm?

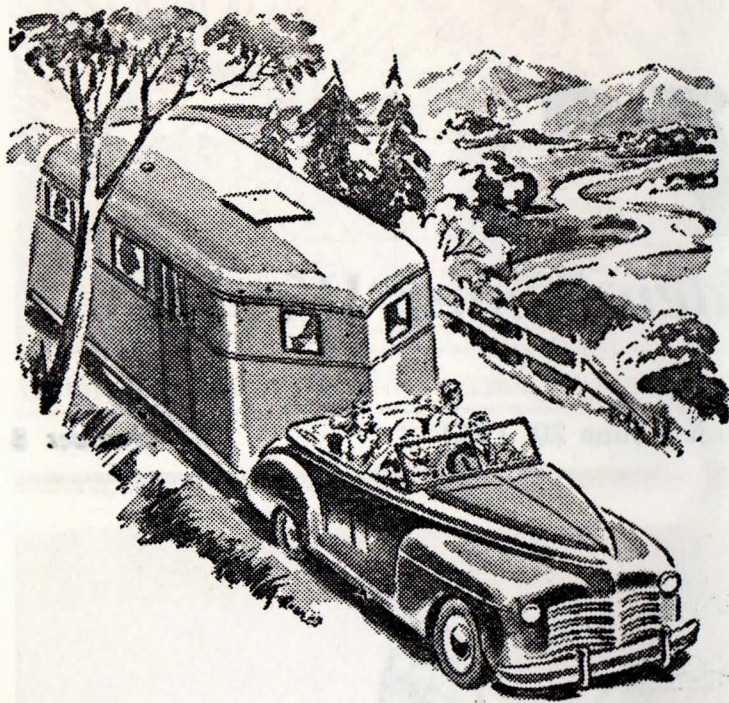
**T**HE QUESTION challenges us: Where has this great literature originated, prophesying catastrophe or predicting cataclysm of an epochal order for these middle years of this Twentieth Century?

Deny its existence we cannot. To ignore it causes a subconscious uneasiness. Bible and Great Pyramid prognostication convey the idea that humanity is living in the Last Days. But last days in what aspect? Do they mean geologically, economically or religiously?

Are we taking our vacations *this* year on the brink of catastrophe and cataclysm or are these prophets foolishly alarmed?

**T**O GIVE terrifying credence to these doleful forecasts, two things have matured simultaneously that humanity has never confronted before. The first is atomic fission. The second is the controversial appearance in our stratosphere of what seem to be space ships from other universes. Whether the second are resulting from the first, or have anything to do with it, remains to be determined.

But we do know that atomic fission has brought us the terrifying weapons of the various atom bombs, and in our Far West titanic test blasts are being detonated. Accompanying these tests is an obvious alteration in the nation's weather. The climate of our hemisphere is warm-



**“The Christ has declared unmistakably that He is wholly in command of the situation, that He is omnipotent to control these scientific mischiefs of man”**

ing alarmingly, accompanied by meteorological conditions producing unprecedented thunder-and-lightning storms that in turn would seem to manufacture tornadoes in the most unlikely places. Some of these tornadoes have taken great toll of life.

Do all these unusual matters concern some sort of terminus of the reasonably tranquil world that humanity has known up the past twenty centuries? Still more than that, why does this ominous undertone of catastrophe beat like a mystical tom-tom behind tons of the esoteric literature of our period? Can someone have “thought it up” and left enough impression in subconscious minds to disseminate it wherever there are psychical recordings? Or does mass humanity know of things to happen by prenatal memory, in that it entered into life to acquire the lessons of fortitude involved in the ordeal of them?

It behooves us to consider why it is that the whole human race appears to be waiting for something.

What is that Something?  
Can anybody identify it?

**T**HE DAVIDSON predictions based on Great Pyramid calculations undoubtedly started the current wave of concernment about Things Imminent. Davidson estimated that August 20, 1953 meant “the end of the times of the Gentiles” according to biblical attestments. August 20th is but 60 days distant. How-

ever, all over the land have sprung up promiscuous prophets, basing their pronouncements on psychical communications, who use pseudo-science to back up their contentions that universal holocaust is imminent. Some of the predictions would make the human flesh creep.

The Master, through His utterings in the *Golden Scripts*, declares that universal holocaust is NOT imminent.

He goes further than that. He announces definitely that this year is practically the introduction year of “the Golden Times.” Readjustments of various kinds—yes. But by no means any extinction or annihilation of the peoples of earth.

Nonetheless, there are many borderland-science bodies who advance some odd and on-the-whole unique suggestions that can by no means be ignored in considering the significances of this period. One of them is, that the atomic test detonations are unleashing forces that are disturbing to the whole solar system and causing no little concern to inhabitants of neighboring planets. Those planets have dispatched space ships—so the theory has it—into this stratosphere, to examine into the extent of man’s atomic explorations and counteract as they can the effects of them, on octaves of which average humankind has little knowledge. These, say the borderline science devotees, account for the miraculous flying saucers.

The voyagers in the flying saucers, so

the hypothesis runs, are being inducted into this aura of the planet Earth in the capacity and role of Guardians. If mankind sports too hazardously with these mighty forces of Nature—whose potencies he by no means appreciates as yet—the Guardians will act.

What will they do?

According to one school of thought, they will turn loose forces that will annihilate the human race, that its experimentations may no longer jeopardize the solar system as a system.

VALOR and Soulcraft doesn’t concur in this hypothesis.

**T**HE borderline-science devotees pride themselves on being nonsectarian and to a degree nonreligious; in other words, they are not ready nor willing to subscribe to what they call “cult” fanaticisms about the role of any such Personage as The Christ in the situation. But they are “missing a bet” by such attitude.

The Christ has declared unmistakably in the *Golden Scripts* that He is wholly in command of the situation—see the insert of the *Golden Scripts* reprinting on another page—that He is omnipotent to control these scientific mischiefs of man if He perceives them going beyond the danger-point to the race and its destiny. How could He do it? . . . the skeptical or facetious are brought up short by an article that appeared in the *Los Angeles Times* for April 11th, for which VALOR is indebted to the Borderline Science Research Associates of San Diego. This item states that—

“Two hundred pumps on the Coolidge areas, Arizona, were damaged recently when the motors which drove them suddenly changed the direction of rotation. Engineers say the motors “reversed polarity”, but are mystified as to the reasons.”

Dr. Charles A. Porter, in a letter to Meade Layne, director of Borderline Science Research Associates, writes—

“Here we have 200 motors incident to the running of pumps to furnish food for our people. If this peculiar and un-

explained phenomenon can stop 200 motors, why not 2,000 or a million? Suppose all our motors simply ceased to turn. And if a motor can go into reverse, why not the dynamos? I know from personal experience that physical forces may be integrated, reversed, or become inoperative from extraneous causes."

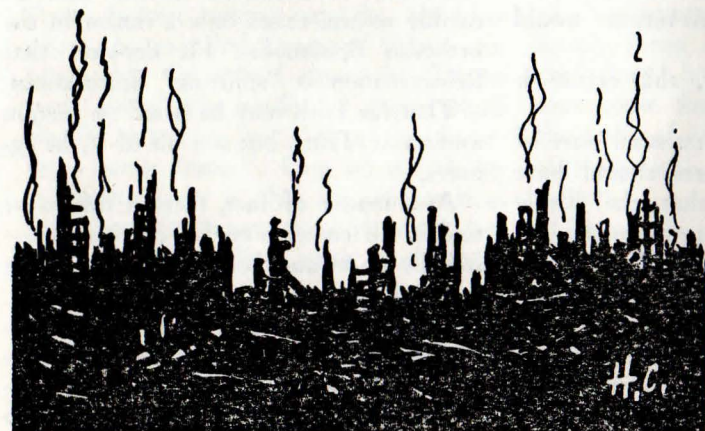
Then comes one E. S. Schultz, an associate of BSRA, with this significant information—

"A sudden reversal of direction of motion can only mean a reversal of magnetic polarities in the motors, and/or the characteristics of an electric current feeding the motors. It is regrettable that certain key information is lacking. Were the motors of the reversible kind? was A. C. or D. C. involved? The volt power line—115,000 volts—indicates, of course, the A. C. but the power could have been rectified locally. Accidental reversal of polarity on a D. C. line after a repair job might cause D. C. motor reversal of direction of motion. But local electricians presumably 'know their stuff' on a matter so elementary, and would not confess being stymied unless these possibilities had been considered. This would leave an enigma of first water, and we may have, after all, to fall back on some metaphysical conjecture."

Metaphysical conjecture, indeed!

Suppose all the electric motors of Christendom suddenly went into reverse! Who knows what electricity is, anyway? Who can attest infallibly as to its source? Suppose The Great Christ wished to confound and checkmate the insane tendencies of the race to persist in atomic activity until it wrought its own annihilation.

If He caused electric current to manifest in ways contrary to what it does at present, *scientific research and atomic progress would be set back a hundred years!*

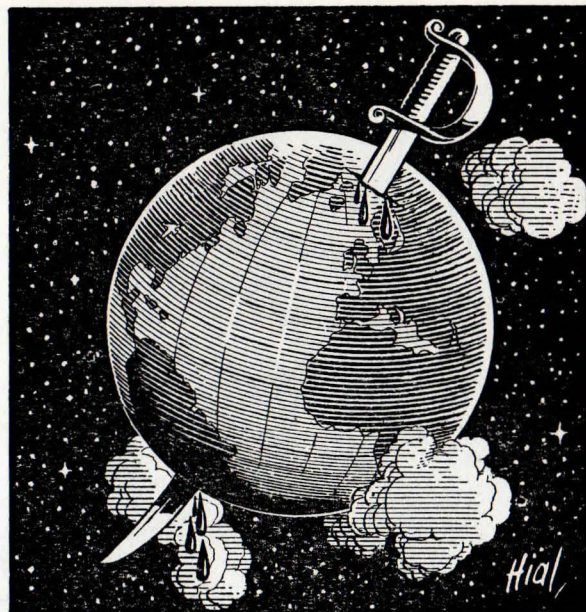


LET US not discount the Guardianship of The Great Christ Himself in this fraught situation among the nations, as of this summer of 1953. He still seems to be in charge of this planet. The pseudo-scientific call this "cultism", but that is merely a childish expedient ignoring the parapsychical.

Round Robin, the official publication of BSRA, goes on to say—

"There has been a great deal of Disc (flying saucer) activity in Arizona and it is certain that the operation of the craft (stratospheric) involves magnetic principles. And these Visitors (the Guardians) seem to have made it known that they will intervene in their own way if the A & H bomb-mania gets out of hand. *One way of intervening would be to make electrical apparatus inoperative!* In the last year, more or less, there have been a number of instances in which the normal laws of electricity appear to have been suspended. Power lines have gone completely dead for no reason that could be determined. Other even more baffling conditions have arisen. Recently a new power station blew up violently, attributed to sabotage. The power was being used for processing bomb elements and the plant, presumably, would have been heavily guarded. But it was reported that 'many pieces of iron' were dumped into the works. How this could occur under heavy guard, or whether it did occur at all, is something that only the metaphysical illiterates, poking in the ruins, should know. But it certainly would be no problem to the Etheric Visitors . . . If the Coolidge, Arizona, event was Guardian inspired, the objective may have been an experiment test, not merely to damage irradiation installations."

Well, perhaps the "metaphysical illiter-



ates," poking in the ruins, know more than the pseudo-scientists.

The Metaphysical Illiterates, in psychical tune with the great intellects of the loftier dimensions, grasp the fact that if the Unseen People wished to stalemate the suicidal tendencies of the earth-folk in respect to nuclear-fission activities, they wouldn't require aerial craft flashing about in the skies to accomplish it.

They could utilize the transcendent Powers of Thought to reverse the movement of electric current, and every nuclear fission plant on earth would go static in a matter of minutes. Moreover, The Master, in communicating with certain agents of His, here on earth, has assured the Goodly Company that *He will not permit science to proceed beyond a certain point in its dangerous experimentations.*

The metaphysicians, on the whole, have an edge on the pseudo-scientists, in that they KNOW what is ahead, whereas the pseudo-scientists are merely groping . . .

IT MAY well be possible that denizens of other planets, noting the radioactive effects of the atom bomb detonations, have appeared in our stratosphere to counteract cataclysms. We should extend the hand of fellowship to these interplanetary friends of ours. But those who have watched over the destinies of humankind for the past two million years without requiring spectacular aerial vehicles to convey them about, are by no means impatient suddenly to continue their vigilance. (Turn to Page 10)

# IS REINCARNATION SPIRITUALISM



**C**RITICISM is constant that devotees of the Spiritualistic faith are uniformly cool toward Soulcraft. Individual mediums are gratified when the Soulcraft publications give them profitable publicity in instances where their "work" is genuine, but the rank and file of the Spiritualistic hierarchy "play dumb" on the epochal clairaudient mediumship of the Recorder of the *Golden Scripts*. Here is admittedly the greatest piece of clairaudient transcripts that has reached print since the *Book of Mormon* or *Oahspe*, and literature on Soulcraft now exceeds in volume the literature of orthodox Spiritualism. But few Spiritualistic publications will mention either. As for any admitted community of interests, the Spiritualists "stand mute".

Inquire of any outstanding dignitary of the Spiritualistic faith why such a condition of affairs exists, and you get one of two answers—or perchance both—

"No real Spiritualist espouses the theory of Reincarnation;

"The *Holy Bible* fails to confirm it, plus the fact that discarnate persons see little evidence of it in the Summerland."

Occasionally you meet an exceptionally frank Spiritualist who reports something much nearer the truth: "Soulcraft competes with Spiritualism in that the fundamentals of the two are overly similar."

Suppose we look at these answers and consider them on their merits . . .

**T**HE CASE for the orthodox Spiritualists' antagonism to the reincarnational structure has been presented by Charles J. Seymour in a recent issue of *Psychic Observer*. Quoting from an official leaflet issued by the Greater World Association, *Why We Do Not Accept Reincarnation*, Mr. Seymour advances this—

"Reincarnation is opposed to spirit communion . . . Spiritualists believe that, by the grace of God, if the right conditions can be provided, the void between this world and the spirit spheres can be bridged, and that disembodied souls do return to this earth-plane and communicate with us. But according to reincarnation, many of these souls may have started upon another life on earth, and therefore would be shut off from returning to the conditions of their loved ones in flesh . . . No real Spiritualist can accept the theory of reincarnation because then the knowledge of spirit-return would prove false."

In still another place, this excuse is given out—

"We regard it as an essential part of our teaching that mothers should have the definite assurance that the fleshly body of the child they have brought into physical life, and on whom their love is showered, does not house one who has perpetrated evil deeds during a former existence on earth."

By these two unscientific sentimentalities is cosmic truth denied or ignored by a great body of American laymen who

*"No real Spiritualist can accept the theory of Reincarnation because then the knowledge of spirit return would prove false"*

otherwise have the likeliest concept of post-mortem experiences that exists in any denominational faith in the West.

**T**HERE is, however, a third cause for refusing to espouse the reincarnational hypothesis that the Spiritualists often give as vehement publicity as possible—

This is the testimony of survived persons who establish communication between the planes. On a recent occasion at Chesterfield, Indiana, an elderly lady "came through" and during her materialized condition stated with asperity, 'I've been Over Here eighty-six years and nowhere, at any time, have I seen the slightest evidence that souls having reached this plane ever go back onto the earth-plane.' Eighty-six years! Ho-hum!

That ties it for the average Spiritualist.

The fact that the student-investigator, wishing only to arrive at truth, is forced eventually to subscribe to the fact of earthly return, raises only a rancor in the orthodox Spiritualist. He deplores that Reincarnation is "splitting" Spiritualism.

That his faith may be based on certain aspects of Truth but not all of it, he ignores.

As a matter of fact, there is this to be said in all compassion for Spiritualism—it is by no means distinguished by strong and adequate intellectual investigation. Extending hospitality toward occultly gifted "mediums" and "getting messages"—usually for a commercial consideration—which may or may not be bona fide or stand the test of evidence, is almost the

# DUE TO SPLIT ASUNDER? . . .

beginning and end of the whole thesis. As well make a religious faith out of one's radio or television set.

**T**HIS IS another way of stating that Spiritualists do not examine very profoundly into the factual conditions of survival. Earthly people die and withdraw from organic bodies. They forthwith enter into a "Summerland," where economic—not to mention meteorological—conditions are ideal. From this Summerland they make sundry incursions back into this three-dimensional world where, usually in mediums' cabinets, they find ectoplasm available for them in realizing physical covering and thereby conversing with loved ones. But rarely do they go into much scientific detail about the Summerland environments. Their converse seems to be more or less confined to exclamations, "Oh, isn't this wonderful!" or to report, "I'm making progress," when asked after their spiritual development. What the progress is, how they know they are making it, what their own sensations are in effecting the mediumistic vehicle, are rarely if ever discussed.

It reaches a point where the erudite esotericist identifies the spiritual plane on which they are functioning by the inhibitions they exhibit, intentionally or otherwise.

Thereupon the profound scholar in these matters arrives at the situation where the so-called Departed Spirit confesses that the mortal esotericist "knows more about" the conditions under which the discarnate is living than the discarnate knows himself. One of the things he doesn't know is, that the average time span between incarnations is rarely less than 200 years. That point is of major importance.

The truth of the matter appears to be that Spiritualists are actually afraid to follow into the cosmic profundities of Soulcraft, dreading to encounter evi-

dences of spiritual destinies that leave them theologically helpless.

This is no pursuit of Truth.

**A**CCOST the orthodox Spiritualist who "fights" the "theory" of reincarnation and ask him this: "How does it happen, if Reincarnation be only a theory, that any mortal person, put cataleptically to sleep in his flesh, and his spirit thus liberated from his current physical sensations, will go back in his eternal memory and recall exactly the lives he or she has led before the current mortality, describe the countries and periods in which such careers were run, and in nine cases out of ten be able for several minutes, or perchance hours thereafter to use fluently the forgotten speech of that country or period?" and he will merely shrug and respond, "I not only don't know how it happens . . . I don't even know that it *does* happen." And in the cases of exceptionally honest persons they may add, "Anyhow, let's change the subject."

The result or effect is, that Spiritualism "stands" for nothing that in any way threatens to offend the mortal sensibilities. American Spiritualism, that is. Spiritualism abroad, particularly in France, fully endorses the proven actuality of Reincarnation.



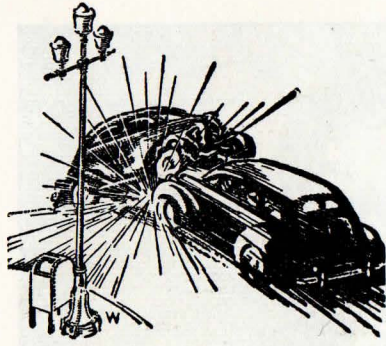
Which way will you have it?

Are you ready to say that Cosmic Truth accommodates itself to the country of one's residence?

**B**Y NO means is it true that *all* souls on the higher planes declare they have seen no evidences of Reincarnation. Spirit-Souls descending from the loftier and more advanced planes consider it taken for granted in their intercourse. Consider Yada Shi'ite, the communicant through Mark Probert of San Diego, one of the foremost deep-trance mediums of the country. This Chinese master, who declares he has not reincarnated for several thousand years, makes a foregone acceptance of the process in his highly erudite conversations. Lofty spiritual entities coming through Bertie Lily Candler of Miami, attest to it repeatedly. One cannot rationalize the differences in mortal character and intelligence by any other explanation. And always there are those who have not yet made the Passing, to whom lifted memory of their own earlier lives has come.

The Spiritualist who perversely denies the testimony of these, is either challenging the veracities of contemporaries quite as creditable as himself or bombastically or ignorantly displaying his own lack of

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# Are You Easily Crushed by Unexpected Misfortune?

## *Another Paper Helping You to Understand the Enigmas of Mortality from the Standpoint of Practical Mysticism . .*

**F**AR BACK at the start of social organization it was discerned that possessions had value in the exact ratio that a human being had put mental or physical energy behind the effort to originate or acquire them. What a man had put neither mental nor physical energy into creating or acquiring, he placed small value upon. Up through the cycles of civilizations, the principle of the thing has held. Commonly we say today, "What we get for nothing, we rarely value."

The accumulation of that which we have received from studied expenditure of energy, we generally term Wealth.

Wealth, in the main, is stored-up energy. It exists to be depleted. Of itself, it is static, inorganic, valueless.

The minute we start to deplete or disintegrate Wealth, it manifests its value. Disintegration of Wealth we might also call the Expenditure of Energy.

Now there is another word which we ordinarily use to designate unexpended Wealth, and that is Fortune. "The man has piled up a fortune," we remark,, meaning that a certain individual possesses his applied energy in a tangible or negotiable form.

But we use the word Fortune wrongly in such instance.

There is rarely such a thing as an accumulated fortune, since Fortune does not mean what we popularly assume.

Fortune actually means: That which has value and yet has come into our possession by luck or blind chance. The word Fortune comes from the Old Latin, *fortuna*, meaning fate or accident.

We might say correctly that man has "lost a fortune," but we would imply that what came into possession by blind happening, has suddenly gone from his possession through causes beyond his control.

Putting the word "mis—" as a prefix on "fortune," gives us naturally the term Misfortune. But looking at the root meaning of words, we get in Misfortune some more surprising synonyms. Misfortune means "an evil accident, a misadventure, the result of a plan or proposal's miscarrying."

**N**OW it is of interest that human life holds millions of people who cannot endure the experience "evil accident," or "misadventure," just as we have other millions who cannot endure judgments passed upon the results of their efforts, of a deprecatory nature. "Thin-skinned people," we call them. If wealth comes into their possession by either application of energy or lucky accident, and they subsequently lose it, or if some caustic critic comes along and tells them that the effort they are putting forth deserves to be classed with olfactory atrocities, they will cringe and curl like a worm on a hot sidewalk and thereafter disclose no more incentive toward their employments than a one-armed bill-poster, recommended to visit a sawmill that he may have both sides of his person equalized with neatness and dispatch.

It is not correct to say that thin-skinned people are lacking in self-confidence, or initiative, or the will-to-power. Thousands of them have all of these, and apply them yearly, monthly, weekly, hourly. It seems to be the sudden reversal of opinion regarding themselves, their value, their capabilities, or their merit, that they cannot stand without internal crack-up.

They have appraised their goods-power or their talent at a certain worth, and are gratified by the figures. Then the "evil accident" or the caustic commentator comes along and disillusions them completely. What they accepted as being theirs in goods-power or talent, is depicted to them as of quite other merit. The disillusion floors them, their poise is destroyed, they are—as we put it—crushed!

Yet right alongside them may be an individual with exactly the same experience, years, and ability, who confronts the same evil accident or rancorous criticism, suffers approximately the same loss, and is depleted to the same extent in energy-resources. Instead of being crushed, however, he emits a brassy laugh, gives a short and pithy exclamation having reference to the natural food of squirrels, and presently is pushing ahead under full steam again, to new acquisitions or new displays of talent, with the disruption an annoying incident.

Why doesn't the first person react like the second?

The person who seems to be easily crushed by misfortune or criticism, is experiencing what might be called the Turning-Point Sequence in his Cosmic career. Over a series of lives he has carefully run to type, until he has imbibed spiritually all that the type had to give him. Now he is about to specialize, to leave mediocrity behind him, to "make a name for himself," as we popularly put it. He has profited by the ordeals in his lives to date. He has reached the revelations of conscious unfoldments. He feels himself capable of accomplishing great deeds, and is not afraid to tackle them. But exactly what he is capable of doing actually—so that society takes not of him and places a greater value on his life and talents than it has hitherto done—he cannot say with accuracy. He is in the budding period, coming out of type-me-

(Continued on Page 14)

# Soulcraft Rostrum . .

Filled by the REV. OLLIE W. JADWIN



**M**R. PELLE has written on the back page of my coming to Soulcraft Headquarters. It occurred to me that it would be well, in beginning this page in VALOR, to give something of the part I visualize playing in the spread of this philosophy.

I had been attracted to the study of Soulcraft by a friend, and an ardent worker in the movement of long standing. She was instrumental in placing a copy of the *Golden Scripts* in my hands, and in presenting me with a number of issues of VALOR. Now, I had never been unduly attracted to the study of mysticism, or esoterics. However, I soon found a trend of thinking in VALOR that appealed to me as being rational and practical in facing life's enigmas. I read the *Golden Scripts*, not only with awe, but with a sense of exhilaration and a satisfaction of soul not before realized.

AS A minister and pastor for some thirty years, I have, naturally, faced many of the varied problems that human beings face, and have been called upon to counsel with people in many sit-

uations and predicaments. There are many experiences with which people are sorely perplexed that are brought to a pastor. All of them present problems that, in one way or another, the average person confronts sometime in life. They are not easy to deal with, for all of them have to do with life and its meaning, at least in some measure.

To be truly helpful, a pastor, teacher, or other leader, has to constantly and continuously avail himself of, not only any printed word of helpful material, but he has, himself, to be increasingly able to visualize and evaluate life and its experiences in the light of these helps, and in the light of his and others' experiences.

As a minister, and pastor, I have given much thought to and study of the *Holy Bible*, to theological treatises, and to various related subjects. I have the greatest reverence for the great and fundamental truths of the *Bible*. However, for many years I have realized that all the answers for life were not to be found in its pages, but that it is one, and only one, of the mediums through which the Almighty was progressively unfolding the great and basic plan for man's progression up through the ages. There are other mediums used by man in his upward climb, both in the religious faiths and in philosophical views and movements. And these include the mystical and esoteric phases.

THIS, to me, is where Soulcraft comes in. One cannot studiously pursue reading Soulcraft literature without finding a better understanding of life and its meaning. Truly, it goes behind the scenes, as it were, and presents an altogether rational and practicable philosophy of all Cosmos, of which each of us is part. Even the basic and greater truths of the *Bible* have been greatly clarified as I compare these teachings with it.

In a nutshell, Soulcraft has given me a greater perspective on life, and brought a satisfaction of mind and soul, that has

helped toward the "Abundant Life" that our Christ and Elder Brother desires we attain. Indeed the Christ Himself, has become more rational, more personal, more transcendent.

This kind of religion I am tremendously interested in. A faith that means this to me, should mean much to others. And it has been most gratifying to know of the hundreds and thousands that have found the same in Soulcraft, and to see this movement growing, day by day.

THE "chief" has called me here to be of assistance, not only in executive details at Headquarters but to go out over the country from time to time and meet the good people of Soulcraft, and try to be of help in spreading its tenets. It truly will be a privilege to meet and work with each of you, and I trust, in some measure, I may be of assistance in various ways, at bringing this mighty philosophy to the forefront in recognition by the public of its tremendous significance.

There are those who decry the days in which we are living. To me, they are Great Days. This is not to say I have overlooked the tense and fraught situations and issues confronting humankind. But it is my firm belief that the greater the issues the greater the challenge. A new day is ahead—even now upon us. The Elder Brother promises us in the *Golden Scripts* that the "Golden Times" are ahead, even as He promised while upon earth.

He has never let us down.

He never *will* let us down.

It is for we who are His lesser brethren to square our shoulders, lift up our chins, and go forth in the fields of harvest "that are ripe with golden grain."



# Valor

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## Show-down

**T**HE INTERNATIONAL sentimentalists are due to suffer a rude awakening if Red China gains admission to United Nations. To add Red China to the list of voting countries comprising U. N. means that the Marxist representatives outnumber the delegates from the free nations. With a Soviet majority in the U. N.'s councils, the mask of guile cannot help but be stripped from the jurisdictional control of this nefarious body and the United States come face to face with the incubus its money and endorsement has hatched.

We can confidently expect the Soviet delegates to overplay their hand and begin dictating to the Free Nations through U. N. Thereby will the Senate of the United States be brought face to face with the true nature of this overlording parliament.

A predominantly Soviet secretariat, supported on funds furnished by American taxpayers, is going to prove the anomaly it is, and bring the United States Senate to reconsider American membership in any such supreme global legislature.

Maybe it wouldn't be a bad thing if Red China were admitted.

The Marxists could then be depended upon to "tell the world off" in matters of global policy, all in Russian and Red Chinese favor. And the moment they began dictating to the free United States, the show-down would come.

Without America's bankroll, U. N. will fold up.

Red membership might then achieve

what months of verbose debate does not. Nothing like realism to convince the sentimentalists how utterly silly have been their dreams of a One-World super-government so long as the world contains the satanic elements that it does.

If Red Chinese membership in U. N. means its death-knell, in that America pulls out pronto, why be opposed to it?

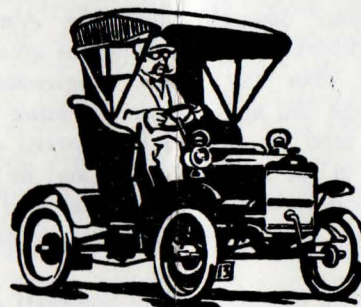
## Confirmation



**M**OST of the big economic bureaus whose chiefs "know the score" are coming around to the disillusion that someone has grievously bunked the American people on the "strength of Russia." There are continuing demonstrations on the international front that clearly show the Communists not only want a peaceful atmosphere in which to pursue their global strategies *but are desperately in need of peace.*

Reports have been coming from Berlin of a sudden leap in the exodus from East Germany. Within one week in the past May, alone, some five thousand people fled from the Russian zone. Now comes the trouble in Czechoslovakia, where the Red regime has repudiated the currency.

This move in Czechoslovakia corresponds to what would happen in the United States if the new Eisenhower Ad-



ministration announced some morning that all United States government bonds had been repudiated and would not be paid, while at the same time the American dollar had been officially priced at 2 cents.

Newspapers and magazines have been interpreting almost every Russian move as one of toughness, implying that the Russians were getting stronger. Before the news was announced that the Russians were changing over from a military to a civilian control in East Germany,

the Associated Press sent out the following dispatch regarding the events leading up to a quick political move on the part of the Soviets—

"The purpose of the new Soviet food and materials seizures is not clear. Allied experts surmise that the Soviet powers may be clearing decks for a quick political move. The possibilities include:

"1. Eventual withdrawal of the Red Army for whatever political surprise and advantage such could provide. This would explain the seizure on the take-while-the-taking-is-good theory;

"2. A deliberate campaign to break the spirit of the East Zone Germans to soften them for full control by the Communist police force. This would relieve the Russians of occupational duties and possibly release top men for strategic duty elsewhere;

"3. An all-out drive to lower the level of the East German standard to that of the Russian peasant. Unable to raise their own level, the Russians have never been solicitous about maintaining any high standard in Germany and its satellites;

"4. The Soviets are cranking up a genuine German unity drive, and are prepared to go through with it. But they want to give the West a ruined East zone hoping that this strain on the sturdy Western economy would produce a weak neutral Germany.

"The refugees, hailing from all parts of the East Zone, tell the same story. It is virtually impossible to buy fat, good meat, and most times fish. The daily diet has become one of potatoes and bread, and not much of these.

"After the early post war years of extreme want, the East slowly staggered to its knees and from about 1950 onward, improved. The Russians even imported grains, fats, and other foodstuffs and materials from time to time, until this spring. But the halting of imports, and seizure of available food supplies, appears to have coincided with the installation of the Malenkov Regime after Stalin's death."

Soon after this dispatch was released, the news came from Czechoslovakia of the Communist move that practically wiped out the savings of the populace through a revaluation of the currency, running as high as 1 for 50 to be exchanged. Whatever was left of the middle classes with savings was practically wiped out in one blow and demonstrated the weak situation that existed in Czecho-



slovakia and other areas behind the Iron Curtain.

All these moves are the sternest possible proof that the whole Marxist setup in Eastern Europe and Western Asia is tottering. To imagine that executives put to these measures would be in a position to wage a wholesale global war against the free nations, is absurdity amounting to imbecility.

Lindesay Parrot, Tokyo correspondent of the *New York Times*, sent his paper a dispatch on Memorial Day, describing the weakness of the Chinese Communist position and declaring they were badly in need of a truce. Mr. Parrot quoted well informed Japanese sources as saying—

“After 18 months of costly warfare in Korea, the Chinese Communists may be approaching exhaustion of available military potential.”

To anyone who understands the workings of the Oriental mind, the assailment of U. N. forces in Korea by tens of thousands of embattled Chinese on the eve of armistice—the equivalent of a suicidal campaign—is evidence of weakness, not strength. The Red Chinese are attempting to “save face” by accomplishing as much as possible before truce terms go into effect.

Obviously, if our own executive knew of any way to keep our own economy going outside of military preparedness, we would long since have had the truth told us about the destitution of the Soviets.

But the harsh facts of life are bringing the truth out anyway.

VALOR “told you so” months ago.

True readjustment starts in our United States when its people suddenly get the idea in their heads that America has no more foes to fight. Then they must face the bitter pill of their fallacious home front economy.

The wheel of destiny turns.

But nothing is fixed permanently until it is fixed right.

### Rose Petals



WHETHER or not there is any connection between the Nevada hydrogen bomb tests and the queer antics of the weather this spring, remains to be determined, but from the tornado-zone in Cleveland comes the following letter to Soulcraft Headquarters, with its own



## “If I but Gave the Word . . .”

### An Unpublished Golden Script



WE GATHER as a-greed. The day is well spent. The night seeth us with labors performed.

Now My dear ones, let Me make lengthy speech with you . . . “Know that I so loved the world that I gave it My life. My life was the price paid for man’s possession. Man was doomed to extinction long ages ago. His thoughts were of evil. He loved the darkness. His animal ancestry had blotted his divinity. The Plan had not been successful for him as a creation of order and method. He had despoiled his own house. The evil he did was abomination. Antics he made of the Father’s beneficence. He made riot in holy places. His whole creation was a misanthropy.

“Know that I did pity him for his dumbness and impatience. Know that I did give up residence on higher and farther planes to be close to physical earth and try to bring order from chaos. Know that I did so love suffering mankind that I did make a compact. I did offer the Father My Life in exchange for the lives of the world. My life was not desired of the Father but so touched was He by My sacrifice of higher and greater and vaster joys of eternities that He gave Me the earthplane on a condition.

“I was to come into the world a humble unknown. I was to live as one of those whose wickedness of ideal was abomination. I was to know pain and suffering and physical death. Yet was I to know resur-

rection for a purpose. *The world might thereby take to heart the example of My life and have before it an ideal of Permanent Divinity!*

“CAME I into the world, My beloved, to save it from physical and literal extinction. There would have been a heavenly holocaust. Stars would have fused. Mankind would have perished—mercifully but permanently—as created order. No world would have been as men now perceive it.

“Men were not to know that I had thus bought them for the price of an ideal. They were to think Me human. They were to be shown what human creation could accomplish. I gave them example till My thirtieth year. Then came the Father’s angels unto Me. We did sit upon a mountain and consider mankind. Came I down from that mountain with the determination strong to save mankind even at cost of physical death, hoping thereby to show his species that death of the body can be conquered by Faith.

“Apprise ye the sad result. Came I into a world, it received Me not. Opened I the eyes of the blind and they saw not. Gave I Water of Life to the perishing and sport they made of My generosity. The beast lingered within them: they stayed Unclean.

“Yet did I persevere for knew I that there was a spark of Great Divinity in the hearts of bestial men and I saved it. Knew I that sooner or later men might come to

(Continued on Page 15)



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note of moral heroism and Christian confidence: "Besides all of us looking forward with great anticipation to *Adam Awakes* and enjoying immensely the weekly reels, studying with as much interest as ever the *Soulscripts*, watching the articles in VALOR—tornadoes notwithstanding—we have this to report—

"Yes, that Big Wind struck in our section of the city the other day, the West Side, but we all came through *fine*, thank God!

Couldn't help but be reminded of the Soulscript describing Higher Protection from physical mishap when one has work to do for the Christ Cause . . . truly we had it demonstrated on this occasion—more than sufficient. One of our Soulcrafters was in a restaurant next door to a building that was hit, while on either side of our own home property, damage beyond imagination occurred, to houses as well as lives. Yet, tornado and all, *not even the petals were blown from the rosebushes in our yard!*"

As if this miraculous escape from collapsed houses on either side of this Soulcraft family's premises wasn't enough, this same lady-mother adds—

"Early last evening our son Jacky had a close shave. He was nearly injured by an automobile moving at good clip when he rode out into our street on his bike. The driver 'stopped on a dime.' . . . the boy was scared, badly shaken emotionally, but no damage to boy, vehicles or morale."

No damage!

Soulcrafters become so used to the aura of protection cast about them and theirs that they come to forget the real tragedy that descends on those without such protection.

One Soulcraft home left standing and undamaged in an area of tornado desolation! . . . Coincidence?

Could be, but don't bet on it.

### Cataclysm

(Continued from Page 3)

Boiling the significance of it all down, VALOR makes the considered statement that we are NOT on the verge of cataclysm and that human life can proceed as normally as it has ever proceeded, vacations or no.

The Intellect that was responsible for the authorship of the *Golden Scripts*—taking them entoto—has by no means

lost control of the affairs of this planet. The trouble with the pseudo-scientists is, that they are not proficient in knowledge of the "Guardians" who have the affairs of this solar satellite in charge who by no means require flying-saucer transportation to move them about, or keep track of what is going on. They consider such ideologies or contacts as 'cultism'. Moreover, they pay large obeisance to orthodoxy themselves in that they let their concepts of the Great Avatar follow conventional theological patterns.

*Maybe the real Christ isn't the stone effigy of the church niches at all.* Reversing the direction of current-flow on earth's electric motors might be a mere caprice with Him. But it would stop earth's present mad course cold!

He says, "The world little suspecteth how slender be the thread on which hangeth its perpetuation. If I but gave the Word, lo the heavens would shower fire, the continents would tremble, the seas would rise up, the night of inky blankness would fall upon the cinder of a Once-World that would fuse with other nomad planets and form a flashing nebula, far into empty heavens. *But I give not such word!* I keep within the hollow of my hand the existence of this planet. I tend and watch it. Daily I see the lives of nations. I watch pranking statesmen make mock of My work over many generations and I rebuke them not, knowing that if there be a spark of the Holy Spirit within them yet will it someday redeem them. I watch the humble rise to affluence and give goodly accounting of their talents. And so I am encouraged. So be it!" . . .

Flying Saucer men indeed!

**NOTHING** is going to happen to this planet in the immediate future but the Reappearance of this same Great Avatar in flesh. Behold, He "maketh all things new." You can put this down to religious fanaticism, if you are especially rational-minded. But if you investigate the stupendous truths that have been recorded in the volume known as the *Golden Scripts*, you have the answers to the whole current complication made lucid and splendid for you.

Mankind cowers at the dread possibility that the Pyramid Year of 1953 threatens insupportable and insufferable catastrophe.

He misses entirely the cosmic significance of The Christ.

# COGITATIONS



**I**HAVE always been intrigued by the sixteenth chapter of Leviticus, especially the verses twenty to twenty-six. Leviticus, of course, is a book in the Bible. It is the particular book in the Bible that describes in great detail just how the Israelites were to worship God, how they were to eat, drink, wash, propagate, buy, sell, borrow, advertise, drive a motor-car, or support the original movement for a national home in Palestine. And verses twenty to twenty-six of Chapter Sixteen, have considerable to say about the purging of them from sin.

Israelites required purging from their sins in those days, we gather, quite as vigorously as at present. Having stayed in Egypt longer than they seem to have stayed in any other place since, they had managed to indulge in a lot more sinning than as if they had been fleeing from Berlin to breakfast.

To sin artistically and adequately, you have to take time to concentrate on it—sailors to the contrary notwithstanding. Perish the thought that you can sin on the wing.

Anyhow, Moses had thought up a dramatic little ritual for making it appear to Israelites that—on the lam or no—they had been absolved from sinning. Where he got the idea is neither here nor there. Moses is one man in history who had the unassailable alibi for most of his ideas. By accrediting them to God, he side-stepped all argument. Moses knew what a trillion Gentiles have become convinced of since: there is only one side to an argument with an Israelite and that

is his own. Because this is so, we had a New Deal. However, that is something else, and we were discussing Moses.

Take it or leave it, he thought up a goat.

**SUPPOSE** that we crib from the Book of Leviticus and get the scheme in detail—

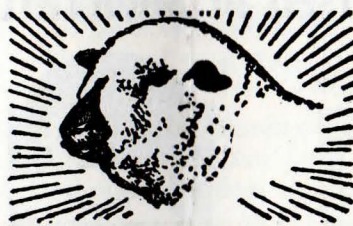
“And when he hath made an end of reconciling the holy place, and the tabernacle of the congregation, and the altar, he shall bring the live goat;

“And Aaron shall lay both his hands on the head of the live goat, and confess over him all the iniquities of the children of Israel, and all their transgressions in all their sins, putting them upon the head of the goat, and shall send him away by the hand of a fit man into the wilderness . . .

“And the goat shall bear upon him all their iniquities unto a land not inhabited; and he shall let go the goat into the wilderness.

“And he that shall let go the goat for the scapegoat shall wash his clothes, and bathe his flesh in water, and afterward (not till then?) come into the camp.”

A cousin who had just gone on an excursion with a goat, *might* need this last adjuration!



**H**ERE was ingenuity, and probably quite a bit of hokum. The Israelites, however, seem to have taken the business seriously.

A lesser man than Moses would have gone further afield for something in the line of flesh, fish, or fowl upon which to load the sins of the Israelites. Nine out of ten of them would have journeyed to India and brought back an elephant. But Moses was practical. Moreover, he lacked the time to go to India.

Pressing his brother Aaron into service, probably to keep the job in the family, he caused Aaron to lay his hands on the head of the creature, transfer all their transgressions to it by so doing, then call on some forty-fifth cousin to lead the goat out into the handy woods and lose it. With it went the sins of the children of Israel. The moment that goat and cousin got screened by the bushes, the children of Israel could draw a long breath and go back to fresh sinning.

If they wanted to indulge in a whole lot of sinning, all they needed to do was provide plenty of goats. The more goats, the more sinning. In fact, the sinning could continue till the goats were exhausted. And who among us ever saw a goat exhausted? . . .

As Egypt and the Near East furnishes goats by the million, we can begin to understand why Moses and Jehovah spent forty years getting those Israelites out of the wilderness.

**T**HE RITE of the scapegoat has intrigued me, I say, partly from the angle of the Israelites, and partly from the angle of the goat. As a matter of ethics it is worse than absurd, yet I admit that it is excellent theology and sagacious psychology. All up the ages, plain and fancy assortments of mortals have known a yen to heap the consequences of weaknesses or stupidities on others, or pass the buck to whosoever would accept it or the penalties accruing from blundering, dallying, or deliberate transgression.

Man seems to know subconsciously that he is in his essence perfect, that his behavior in all things should be above reproach, that he ought to be living so adroitly that even a decalogue would be childishly superfluous. But turned out to grass on the planet Earth, it is after the nature of the dope to play a little hooky. Found out in such hooky, he cries in chagrin: “It wasn’t me at all; it was two other fellows!”

He thinks he can fool God with such tosh.

Having the sins forgiven, the trans-

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gressions purged, the atonement arranged for, is merely having the hooky sequence rendered null and void—or anyhow, squared.

The trouble with the Israelites was, they tended toward hooky most of the time.

Moses, I repeat, not only knew his metaphysics but was on the whole practical. Goats were plentiful and cheap. Putting the sins of the Israelites on a nanny or two, and turning them loose, was serviceable psychiatry and clever economy . .

STILL, there is much in the ritual that starts my whimsy sparking. Frankly, I yearn to know more about the ruse and what Moses was accomplishing. First, how did Moses know when the Israelites had sinned enough so that it was necessary to drag out another goat and heap it with their iniquities?

Second, whose goat was it and how was it selected? Third, would any old goat do—lame, halt, or blind—and by what rigamarole did Aaron contrive to get the sins of the Israelites out of the populace and into the goat? And did somebody have to hold a stethoscope on the goat's heart, or count its pulse, as the sins were going in, and call the turn at just the right moment so that too much sin going into the beast would not overcome it and compel the forty-fifth cousin to convey its carcass on a blanket? Fourth, did the goat look any different, or behave any stranger, after the sins of the Israelites had been siphoned out of them, and didn't the forty-fifth cousin really tie the critter behind a gooseberry bush and then sneak out and fetch it back in darkness after the Israelites, duly purged, were asleep?

You can't tell me that the forebears of our best Israelites shooed goats away at random, and kept the waste up for approximately forty years. If such were the case, and judging the forebears by the progeny, there ought to have been enough sin-groggy goats running wild in that part of Egypt to butt the whole Israelite mob across the Red Sea and save Pharoah and his charioteers their epochal wetting. There was a catch in it somewhere. The ritual has odor.

OF COURSE, the gentle cynic might remind us that as the ritual pertained to goats, it could scarcely be expected to have anything else. But let us

not be ribald. I am thinking of the goat's reactions to the business as a rite . . .

You see, I know goats by reason of having played the role of one for such a dreary length of years myself. To begin with, the goat is not a fool. He may have idiosyncrasies and inhibitions, perplexities and temptations, but between the goat and let us say the jackass, in a mammoth gulf fixed.

Nine out of ten goats know exactly what they are doing—or at least propose to do—nine-tenths of the time. Rarely is the critter caught at a loss. If you injure his vanity, you had better scale the fence. The goat is purposeful, resourceful, and on the whole has been around. If you stoop over with your head away from a goat, you don't have to poise a cube of sugar on the small of your back to train it in what to do.

The goat will do it, and by the time you've got your head out of the cucumber frames, it will be off hunting its own sugar and that will be that.

The goat has horns, whiskers, and glands between the twin toes of its forefeet that cause windows to be lifted when it investigates rooms. For ten thousand or so years it has been regarded as an emblem of evil, in contradistinction to the sheep, the symbol of everything docile in Democrats. And yet the female goat gives milk that makes cheese that retails for a dollar and eighty cents a pound, and the whey of the stuff is good for arthritis. How cheese would taste from a goat whose carcass has been crammed with sin, is something to figure out for yourself.

I imagine the twang might blow off your hat.

**A**NYHOW, the Levites once took a goat, and siphoned it full of human high jinks, and according to all the sacred authorities, took it out in the brush and lost it. When its leash was slipped, the probability was that it gave two snorts, kicked up its heels at the forty-fifth cousin, waited for him to turn around or raced for the heights and balanced itself on a couple of pebbles. The notion that there could have been the slightest punishment for the beast in being ostracized from twelve tribes of Levites, I refuse to accredit. The whole trouble with the human application of the scape-goat idea is, that no one is so thoughtful as to lead the human scape-goat out into waste places and give him

his freedom. Not much! The human scapegoat gets siphoned full of other people's sins, all right, but he has to stay right where he may bloat up until he looks like a dirigible—with or without the horns—but no one slips his least or is even kind enough to boot him into vista. He plays his role in one piece practically throughout his life. Congressional committees probe him. The nation's Winchells smear him. Southern jails yawn for him. Attorneys get rich on him.

But the Book of Leviticus mentions none of that. The Book of Leviticus doesn't even acknowledge that the goat had prerogatives in the matter at all.

As a matter of fact, there is the off-chance that the goat, even the scapegoat of the incorrigible Israelites, might have regarded the whole involvement as exceedingly funny.

If Aaron laid his hands on the head of the goat, we can understand why that end of the animal grew horns.

But not until we accredit the goat with a sense of humor, do we get a real inkling as to why the beast bleats. The goat may be doing nothing more nor less than laughing in his way at the whole childish balderdash.

Let us leave it on this note for the present hectic sequence.

The noise that a goat makes, is precisely the kind of noise that any self-respecting creature would make, retrospectively on a flock of Israelites and going the other way to freedom. Where and how have we gotten the notion that the goat as a scapegoat got the short end of it?

### Spiritualism

(Continued from Page 5)

cosmic knowledge. To predicate the tenets of a beautiful religious faith on the caprices of doting mothers in respect to the original projection of the souls of their children, is not alone pathetic for its provincialism but makes the procreational offices of this sordid world the soul-factory for the Hereafter, qualifying the populace of Eternity and the Summerland itself on the fecundities of human parents. The intellect that can abide by this would seem to demonstrate its naivete and malnutrition.

The Spiritualist who laments that Reincarnation is splitting his religious faith, is taking a position similar to the church man of yesterday who bemoaned that



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geology and astronomy were splitting the ideologies of Christian doctrine. Only Truth can win out in any such contest. And if the true basis of mortality be Reincarnation, and the Spiritualists will have none of it, they are splitting on the issue of Truth and declaring for error, merely to salve the feelings of sentimentalists. Further they are making it appear that subscribing to it is merely bad for business.

As for the hackneyed contention that the process is fallacious because it says nothing about Reincarnation in the *Bible*, again the objection reveals the illiteracies of the contender in respect to Holy lore. How do they account for the celebrated conversation between Jesus and the Twelve coming down from the Mount of Transfiguration? Jesus told them that John the Baptist was the reincarnation of Elias—or Elijah. Was John the Baptist the first and only cosmic instance in all planetary history of one who "came back" after having lived previously? And how about Jesus' celebrated conversation with Nicodemus?

The *Bible* is so filled with claims and attestments of Reincarnation that the objectors cannot see the forests for its trees.

The truth of the matter seems to be that the Spiritualists are limiting and circumscribing their own faith and its prospects by arbitrary preferences—and serving notice on truth that it can go where the woodbine eternal twineth if it promises to hurt the size of the patronage. Certainly they are insisting that Truth conform to their ideological idiosyncrasies. All of which is too bad.

It leaves the dispassionate intellectualist with the feeling that the average Spiritualist has hold of something that he is temperamentally incapable of encompassing in the significance of its magnitude.

How wonderful it would be if we could all alter religious faith according to our prejudices—or vanities!

Study Soulcraft deeply on the other hand, and you find it irrefutable.

Which is obviously the reason that orthodox Spiritualists look at it askance.

**A** YOUNG man spent two weeks in a theological seminary and then gave it up. Upon coming back home he was asked if he liked theology.

"No," he answered, "I'm sorry I ever learned it."

## Are You Crushed by Misfortune

(Continued from Page 6)

diocrity, but poorly equipped with standards by which to measure his capabilities. The only way that he can acquire such standards is to experiment with himself. "How much *am* I capable of doing?" he asks himself. "I estimate that it such-and-such." So he sets his stakes.

It is a stupendously important sequence for him. He is doing something that he never has essayed in his lives to date: started to specialize in isolated personality so that he stands recognized throughout all Cosmos by his ability to perform distinctive deeds. He is, in other words, ready to leave the great sheepfold of humanity, where hitherto has resembled every other sheep, and create a sort of world-sheepfold of his own, into which other sheep may gather to enjoy his bounty or protection.

It is a departure in his consciousness from dependency to responsibility—the first fumbling gesture toward perfecting his ultimately performing Goodhood.



So he starts to specialize, to acquire, and to create. He views the first product of his embryonic Personality with a pride as great as that of a young mother in her first baby. He is joyous and a bit terrified that he can be an entity himself, without supporting endeavors of others to sustain him, or without masses of fellow mediocrities about him as a bulwark against misfortune.

Whereupon, just as he begins to get his first momentum of self-confidence, something happens out of a clear sky. Misfortune hits him like a lightning-bolt. Or some cocksure individual shows up in his scheme of things, views his infant endeavors, and with a curl of the lip gives expression to that crude but very significant and typically American idiom: *Lousy!*

At once the tyro at self-expression is whammed down into the octave of mediocrity again—at least in his own estimation—with all his embryonic efforts gone for naught, his emotions chaotic because his standards are unstable. Indeed, that fraught and withering word that makes reference to predatory insects, gives him a frightening sensation of insecurity. For the time being, he is in a dither as to where he sits in the whole cosmic picture and his mercurial reactions play havoc with his spiritual nerves.

**T**HE WORLD is unnecessarily harsh with mercurial people—whom a little praise will send up into the seventh heaven of delight, and a little censure will plunge in a funk that almost makes them entertain ideas of self-destruction. The world never stops to ascertain how people come by their temperaments, or where they have acquired them. The man with the steady, self-confident, self-reliant nature is commended. The man with the volatile, barometrical, supersensitive nature is condemned.

But the man with the steady, self-confident, and self-reliant nature at some time back in his cosmic career had to endure all the growing-pains of breaking with sheep-flock mediocrity and venture out into arctic atmosphere of bad luck and blistering criticism. He had to recognize finally that both good and bad fortune are mere swings of the same pendulum of experience, that today's loss is tomorrow's gain, that what comes by good luck and leaves through bad luck, will come again by good luck, and that both good and bad fortunes travel in cycles. He had to learn anent criticism that half the people who practice it don't know what they are talking about, anyhow, and ten to one are judging others purposely to cover up some worse weakness in themselves. He says to himself: "I'm letting my spiritual nerves be frayed by sheer bugaboos. After all, I'm the best judge of myself, and the world—if it doesn't like me—can go to the devil!"

From that discovery, he has become noted for his independence and self-reliance. His temperament stabilizes. People follow his lead.

It is all a matter of acquiring stand-

ards as repercussion from Ordeal. When the standards are both determined and proven, the feelings are no longer crushed by adversity. It is not so much a matter of growing a thick hide as getting an accurate perspective.

## "If I Gave the Word"

(Continued from Page 9)

see that the order of creation could be brought back to the Father whom I served as Son. Industrious I waxed in My ministrations. Gave I freely of time and effort and persevering compassion. Though they did stone Me and revile Me and make mock of Me, yet did I triumph over Death and come back as witness of the Lost Idealism.

"THE WORLD was slow to acknowledge Me, but acknowledge Me it did. In that acknowledgment were the hands of My devoted disciples who, with Me, returned to earth again and again, times without number, seeking to turn men's hearts and faces in the upward Way. Did they work and preach and expound and reveal. Yea, did they die, even as I died, that men might know the love I brought them from Far, Far planes.

"Honored I them for their service. The world maketh progress toward the Father through them but still it be retarded by sons of darkness. They be workers of iniquity in that they love iniquity. The Beast hath left its mark within them. Generation unto generation it showeth its fangs. They who have been of good report have suffered cruelly because of those who loved the darkness. They who grew to love Me and keep the commandments of loving order were reviled and slain by the workers of iniquity.

"Sorely, sorely, hath My patience been tried, Sorely have I doubted if My work and sacrifice were of merit, and worthy indeed of the time and the pain. Sorely have I been tempted to let the holocaust appear and go to My Father in the apex of Spirit-Creation and there abide. Yet ever have I been touched by the sight of the cowering, those

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who would walk uprightly had they nothing to fear. Ever have I seen the humble lift up their hands for Enlightenment. These have made Me rejoice. These have caused Me to be of faith that down far generations the world might be cleansed of the Mark of the Beast.

"So it hath ever been. So it will be. So be the errand and the mercy thereof. Man hath shown light toward redemption. He hath shown less and less of the Beast in his heart. Progress hath he made which augureth well.

"Still have we seen the Beast stalking, however. Conflict on conflict cometh in circumstance. Yet have I given account of the work on this planet. And the Word hath been spoken: 'Well accomplished, My Beloved; continue Thou in grace!'

"The world little suspecteth how slender be the thread on which hangeth its perpetuation. *If I but gave the word, lo the heavens would shower fire, the continents would tremble, the seas would rise up, the night of inky blackness would fall upon the cinder of a once-world*

*that would fuse with other nomad planets and form a flashing nebulae far into empty heavens!*

"BUT I give not such word. I keep within the hollow of My hand the existence of this planet. I tend and watch it. Daily I see the lives of nations. I watch pranking statesmen make mock of My work over many generations and I rebuke them not, knowing that if there be a spark of the Holy Spirit within them yet will it someday redeem them. I watch the humble rise to affluence and give accounting of their talents and I am encouraged. So be it! . . .

"Know, My beloved, we be of one substance. We be of one flesh to save the humble seekers after truth from the Mark of the Beast. We come to save the humble and the worthy and take them up to the Father. Our work goeth on in progressive stages.

*(The foregoing Script is incomplete. It is being struck off in brochure format for free distribution. Send for a copy of the entire message.)*

## A f t e r t h o u g h t



THINK that I've found the man for whom I've been twenty years searching. I mean as an alter-ego in Soulcraft. His name is Ollie Walter Jadwin, and the Ollie, by the way, isn't a contraction of Oliver. He's 52 years old and a native of Missouri. Unless I miss my guess, he's another Sumner Vinton. Time will tell.

You older Soulcrafters—who were interested in the doctrine when it was known as Liberation—will recall Sumner, the ex-Baptist missionary, born in Burma, who rolled up 476 assemblies and study groups across the nation in 1931, singlehanded, with a weekly student attendance of something like 20,000. Then right in the midst of it, he sprang up suddenly in the Washington office one evening when the light fuses failed, jabbing his leg into a sharp corner of a desk. Diabetic condition developed and he decided to go up on a cloud, dangle his legs over, and watch me try to save the country with a printing press, an automobile, Roy Zachary and a dozen expensive lawyers. Vainly have I hunted for Sumner Vinton's duplicate. He had the spiritual angle down to a practical basis, and withal was a master salesman.

Sumner built up those four hundred and seventy-six Liberation-Soulcraft units with three stenographers and an ungodly energy. Came the revolution—Roosevelt's. Came my tangling with the protagonists of that revolution—Roosevelt's. Came seven and a half years of hospitality at the hands of Uncle Sam. Came freedom. Came the project to raise \$50,000 in donations and use the money to publish an edition of the *Golden Scripts* that should be presented gratis to the nation's clergy. Came a roar of protest from one shocked Seattle Soulcraft who declaimed, "No preacher can possibly be worth fifty thousand dollars!" But I disagreed with him, and went ahead, and put it over. And out in northern California—which is the West Coast of the United States and some two thousand miles from the plant where those *Golden Scripts* were published and shipped—the pastor of a big Church of Christ Disciples got one of the books.

He was a Rev. Ollie Walter Jadwin.

THAT'S one way to break the news delicately, is it not? For better or worse I have annexed a minister. I have annexed a minister whom that Seattle Soulcraft contended couldn't possibly be worth fifty thousand dollars. But you'd never suspect he was a minister and would require to be told. He's a blue-eyed six-footer with about as much sanctimony distinguishing him as distinguishes myself. He's not the type who'd be asking you where you expected to spend eternity within the first eight minutes of knowing him, and I'm positive that if he went into a pool room, even in a Prince Albert coat, the masculine conversation wouldn't drop to a whisper, nor the balls stop clicking. Incidentally, he likes his pipe the same as

I like my pipe—all the more squeamish brands of metaphysics to the contrary notwithstanding. Like myself, he came up in life the hard way. Born on a Missouri farm, calling himself a hill-billy and obviously proud of it, he went to the Salem high school in that State and Cotner University in Lincoln, Nebraska. Then he served thirty years in pulpits of the Disciples of Christ denomination—in Nebraska, Illinois, Texas, Kansas, Colorado and California. Ollie in fact, has been around. And after he'd motored all the way to Indiana to discuss the origin of the *Golden Scripts*, I propositioned him to become my Executive Assistant. He's got everything needful to spell me in this Herculean labor of making Liberation-Soulcraft something more than an imprint in a book. This includes a personable wife with a sensible manner and a companion pair of eyes. She has come with him—to stick it through.

IT'S going to mean, I hope, with my legal vindication arriving shortly, that he can help with responsibilities of Headquarters while I get out again among the Faithful with Dr. Jerry, and resume national promotion in person. He mayn't be as conversant with some of the finer points of esoterics as I am, but he's a masculine man who sincerely loves The Christ, and he's shown his good faith by resigning his church, moving his effects to Noblesville, rolling up his sleeves and starting to learn the works.

A professional speaker who's been thirty years treating with human nature, raised two daughters, and had the virile stamina to give up a large and lucrative pastorate that he may devote the rest of his life unreservedly to Soulcraft, his personality is growing on me the longer I come to know him.

He's got everything—apparently—that Soulcraft requires.

YOU'LL be hearing from Ollie Jadwin through his letters to you, you'll meet him when you come here, you'll find him coming to you and speaking at your chapels and assemblies. Gradually I'm hoping he works into convivial management of the whole field personnel, giving me long-anticipated time to get the remainder of the Doctrine—hitherto buried in books of transcripts—in permanent book form where it belongs. In an early electronic reel, I'm going to introduce him to you over the wire or tape broadcasts. Don't raise up any imageries of a lachrimose Sky Pilot with a mealy clutch for your degenerate spirit. He's an energetic male American, at the height of his powers, and able to meet all comers on their own ground. He'll be having a page to himself in VALOR from here on out, and I'll print his picture as soon as Mac gets it drawn. And the *Golden Scripts* publishing got him for me.

Ollie, I suspect, will prove its outstanding dividend. A real dividend!