

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

VOLUME I

NOBLESVILLE, INDIANA, JULY 4, 1951

NUMBER 10

July 4th, Birthday of Free America, Sees Valor a Weekly . .



SOULCRAFT, starting this date of July 4th, Independence Day, acquires a weekly publication. It will be a 16-page journal, published every Wednesday. The terms of its subscription will be \$5 a year, \$3 for six months. This first issue under the new policy will be sent to the full Soulcraft mailing list. The issue of July 11th will be sent to those who have manifested the desire to have it come to them regularly.

Soulcraft from its inception has needed this weekly publication. Students of Soulcraft, not to mention Chaplains, require regular weekly intelligence out of Headquarters, not only apprising them of the national gains which Soulcraft is making, but enlightening them in all phases of spirituality, psychics, esoteric history and prophecy—particularly prophecy.

America is living through great times, and with ten thousand copies of *The Golden Scripts* being circulated as Christmas gifts to the outstanding spiritual leaders of the nation, this steady weekly visitor will keep its reader list advised of every late development in this electrifying religious project.

Read VALOR. Hand it about to your friends. Make it the chief publicity organ for Soulcraft as a timely enlightenment to those frantic with concernment about the future of America.

It is fitting that VALOR and the nation have the same birthday. Get the VALOR habit and keep your files complete! *Let's go!*



STRANGE EXPERIENCES . .

Was She Dead?

By a New England Mortician



BACK at the turn of the century I was working as an apprentice mortician in a city in northern Massachusetts. In those days we were called plain "undertakers" and the new man learned the business by rolling up his sleeves and aiding his boss under practical working conditions. I had arrived at the state of competency where in my employer's absence I was supposed to handle any emergency funeralistic job that turned up.

One morning I received something of a shock to be summoned to a home where a young woman had died whom I not only knew but had escorted home from a high school dance some three or four nights previously. I had known of her illness from a cold she had contracted on leaving that dance in an overheated condition and going home through cold night air. Pneumonia had developed and her sudden death had followed.

But the moment I saw the remains, I felt more upset than I cared to admit to her relatives or my own self. The attending doctor had signed the death certificate and there was no doubt her pulse had stopped. But was she actually dead? I had my doubts. And yet I was supposed to transport the body down to our funeral home and embalm it.

Well, I removed the body and got it down to our "parlors". Here was a girl I had known closely and even danced with, and I was supposed to proceed to her embalming, because my boss had left me in charge of the business while he attended an embalmers' convention in Boston.

The strange part about her was, that her rigor mortis did not seem natural to me, and her color was certainly not that of the usual dead person. I called the physician and asked him to come down to the parlors to make sure the embalm-

ing operations wouldn't be the real cause of her death and not the pneumonia at all.

We had quite an argument when he did so, and to settle the matter he called in two brother physicians, who confirmed his decision that the girl was dead. That settled it, and I was supposed to go ahead with preparing the remains for the funeral.

But I couldn't do it. Myrtle's face had not lost its natural life-color, there was no "waxy" appearance to her, and while bodily heat had departed, she had not stiffened in the manner of the customary corpse.

I consulted instead with her mother, who was a widow with another child, a son in Australia. Regardless of the State regulations in such matters, we decided to prepare Myrtle for burial to all outward appearances but not to mar her body by the customary embalming process. We even did more. We made arrangements that she should not be at once interred when the church services were over. I had access to a mausoleum vault in the city's largest cemetery and we planned to lay away the girl in this vault but without the casket cover fastened down.

Frankly, I believe Myrtle was in a state of suspended animation of some sort, although all her physical processes seemed to have stopped. If she suddenly returned to life, we didn't want her to find herself buried alive.

WELL, the services were held over a Myrtle still unembalmed. Friends attending the funeral remarked on how lifelike she looked, "laid out". Then we took the body to the vault and I made all the arrangements for her return to life and chances for her escape from both coffin and vault if the miraculous happened. Thereafter, every night for a week I personally visited the vault and checked on Myrtle, opening the casket by merely raising its loose lid where it was standing on wooden horses in the mausoleum. And night after night, I

found Myrtle looking exactly the same—no bodily decomposition.

To make a long story short, we kept her so, checking on her constantly until her brother had time to come all the way home from Australia and view her. He agreed with us that his sister was undoubtedly in some state of suspended animation but how to arouse her? The family was not wealthy and could not afford to either buy the mausoleum or build one like it. The casket containing the girl couldn't be left standing on horses in that vault over a period of months or years.

I was becoming so obsessed by this time with the case that I took it upon myself to arrange matters with another mausoleum owner who was let in on the mystery, and put Myrtle away in a crypt where there was room enough for the casket cover to be raised in the compartment, and I fitted a screen over the front of the compartment instead of a sealed slab, which Myrtle could easily have knocked out if she aroused. The brother paid the bill for this, and for weeks that ran into months we made periodic visits to the cemetery to check on the sister's condition. Always it was the same. Her color stayed life-like and there was little or no decomposition. We did notice, however, that the body was gradually shrinking in size, evidently as its water content began to evaporate.

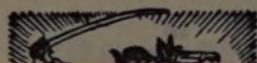
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G. B., Massachusetts.



Stop Being Afraid! Not Due Liquidated!

You Will Want Your
File of VALORS
Complete! . .

SOULCRAFT,
Noblesville,
Indiana.

From



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In the aftermath of the final war, a great ruler to be named Henry is indicated as uniting Europe, and the peace which follows lasts for 1,000 years.

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SOULCRAFT,
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Stop Being Afraid! America Is Not Due to Be Liquidated!

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Date 1951

SOULCRAFT CHAPELS,
Noblesville, Indiana.

Enclosed please find \$..... for which send me
VALOR every Wednesday for

Very truly yours,

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State

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Stop Being Afraid! America Is Not Due to Be Liquidated!



STOP being afraid! *America isn't slated for liquidation!* How do we know? Soulcraft people, through their higher esoteric teaching, have access to sources of information that make disclosures about the future the most commonplace of their spiritual enlightenments. Soulcraft people have had revealed to them not only how man as a divine species originally came to earth, and what he is doing here, but what his earthly agenda of experience comprises. They know what the significance happens to be, of the times through which the world is passing. They know the probable sequence of events which the Man in the Street doesn't know.

They know that a war between Russia and the rest of the world is coming, but they know of its extent and something of its aftermath. They know that the millions of China, having no other occupation than the military, are going to fare forth and strive to improve their lot by joining Russia in conquest. But they know that both countries are going to be conquered, slashed to ribbons, and all but annihilated.

America is not going to know Communism—not as Communism is practiced abroad.

The United States in particular, after an unprecedented military test, is slated on the Books of Cosmos to become Mentor to the earth.

The books of these disclosures, sacredly clairvoyantly in nature, reveal the United States as dominating the world, with a population expanded over the next two generations to 300 millions of people, and a territorial area that extends from Mexico to the Arctic Circle.

Her free government, out of the toils and ordeals of the final phase of the one Great War that began in 1914, is to emerge renovated and regenerated.

And when it is triumphantly fought and won, *the last major war for a thousand years will have become a thing of history!*

SOULCRAFT doesn't acquire such disclosures "out of the air" or as the result of conjecture or wishful thinking.

Nostradamus, the inimitable 16th Century mystic and seer, saw the outcome of this period four hundred years back in time. If we had no other source for the events of the immediate future than the Nostradamus Quatrains, we should have a guide to the nature of what's to happen that's proved itself as well nigh infallible over the four centuries since they were penned.

Nostradamus—in case you've never heard of the gentleman—was a native of France, born in 1503, and court physician to the reigning monarch. He lived to be 63 years old. Losing his wife and children in an epidemic of plague, he went wandering for half a dozen years in the countries of the East. Coming back to Lyons, he rented an obscure attic in a side street and went into seclusion, where by mystical psychic processes known only to adepts in the Higher Wisdom, he had revelation after revelation made him as to the future. Catherine De Medici became his patroness. The book which he published in 1555, original copies of which are still in existence, contained over 1,000 predictions, running as far ahead as the year 3,000 A. D.

The celebrated Quatrains of Nostradamus, many of them expressed in cryptic form to save him from political and religious persecution, foretold the events of Europe for the two hundred years following his death with uncanny accuracy, even specifying in cases how many of its monarchs—some of them still unborn when Nostradamus wrote—would perish. He foretold the happening of the French

Revolution, forecast the arrival of the 500 men from Marseilles who would raze the Tuilleries prison, even gave the surname of the man who would apprehend King Louis XVI and turn him back to Paris and the guillotine when he was seeking to flee the revolutionaries into Bavaria.

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audient utterings that have distinguished the Liberation-Soulcraft Scripts from their beginnings in 1928.

The point is, those who *know* what is due to happen, and that the United States is slated to come out triumphant and dominant in the struggle, carry no fear about in heads or hearts as to maturing events leading up to the contest as of the present.

Russia is obviously behind the current struggle to nationalize the oil industry of Iran and eject the British, and the situation grows uglier by the hour.

It's all in Nostradamus and Soulcraft.

Why not begin examination of this teaching and proceed about your affairs equipped with definite knowledge?

Anyway, the sooner we get it over with, the quicker comes the Reign of Universal Peace.

This doesn't mean, as some superficially-minded persons might at once conclude, that we folk here in the United States "have nothing to worry about." We have plenty to worry about. The war over Russia isn't going to be won by sending out defeatist thoughts to combat the Bolshevik enemy. And the saboteur menace is going to be a grave one.

But it should, and does, afford the overly worried individual some measure of confidence to have prophecy indicate to him that looked at from the long throw of the years, the United States is going to survive all her conspiracies and assailments and endure for many generations.

Remember, no more vicious saying was ever uttered than, "What you don't know won't hurt you." It's what you don't know that *does* hurt you.

Become educated the Soulcraft way and reasonable peace of mind follows you. And at any rate, you don't concede the fight to the enemy in advance merely because he's been responsible for some clever and benumbing propaganda.

Chins up and eyes forward.

Lift the eyes a little.

There's lots to see Upstairs!

OUT OF THE MAIL

"The *Golden Scripts* is the greatest book ever printed, bar none!"

Rev. J. R. K., Cal.

"Enclosed please find check for \$1,000 on the *Golden Script* publication fund . . ."

F. L., Georgia

10,000 Golden Scripts to Be Presented to 10,000 Clergymen . .

NOBLESVILLE, IND.—A bombshell is due to drop in American religious circles on or about January 1st.

Ten thousand copies of an epochal agenda of sacred psychical transcripts are to be published, in \$5 Bible format, bound in limp leather covers, and dispatched to an equal number of Protestant pastors, clergymen, bishops, Professors of Theology, and outstanding laymen, as a wholesale Yuletide gift.

This collection of sacred transcripts, known as the "Golden Scripts" appears to cut back through all the ritualism and hair-splitting of dogmatic theology, and expound the real Christian religion in its original and pure form again.

It is time that America's spiritual leaders had opportunity for knowing about this majestic compilation of sacred utterings and addressings, and a fund of \$50,000 is being raised to defer the expense of producing and circulating them.

Giving away 10,000 books costing \$5 each, is something new under the sun—in this day of cynicism and skepticism—but the donors are sincere in their campaign to combat Communism in our religious denominations with TRUTH!



HERE IS one of the most pretentious publicity campaigns of sacred material ever undertaken. These Scripts, compiled under the most devout auspices, over a 20-year period, present aspects and phases of Christianity to which there is no answer. The only conclusion that can be drawn from them is that certain individuals have been selected to relay the assurances and adjurations from Higher Dimensions of Consciousness to bedeviled humankind in the present tormented generation. No preposterous claims otherwise are made for them. The Age of Miracles may not yet have closed, however. If you have not done so, you would have to read the *Golden Scripts* and decide for yourself.

Here are life fundamentals, cosmic

fundamentals, religious fundamentals, prophetic utterances of gravest tenor, the most compassionate adjurations for the successful living of life, wrapped up in the most beauteous of pronouncements for following the true Christian faith devoid of sectarianism or isms that man has had uttered since the Sermon on the Mount. To put 844 pages of such material in the hands of America's spiritual leaders can mean the beginnings of a New Reformation in the religion of the present. A Spiritual Reformation means an Economic and Political Reformation. To revise and bring up to date our religious ideas, aligning them with Evolution, Science, and Psychology—and particularly Psychical Research—means giving the nation a new birth of soul and national idealism.

The *Golden Scripts* are sacred Extra-

Sensory Recordings of the gravest and most significant nature. They deserve to be brought to the attention of the nation and let those who are ready for the prodigious truths they expound accept them and live by them. Copies of the original edition, published in 1941, have brought as high as \$40 each, at private sale. No one who owns a copy will part with it.

Now this stupendous book is to have 10,000 copies placed in the hands of America's spiritual leaders. From Boston to San Diego, and from Seattle to Miami, America's men of God will have a sacred text offered them that will electrify and revitalize them.

It is the people already familiar with *The Golden Scripts* who are going to pay for this colossal gift to the pastors of America. The book has already gone into production and first copies will begin appearing around December 1st.

THE GOLDEN SCRIPTS were first published in Bible format ten years ago. During that decade they have astounded and confounded all to whom they have come. Any mortal would be required to possess a greater intellect and command of words than Shakespeare to originate or fabricate them. The language and text convinces any open-minded scholar or critic that something of a supernatural nature has occurred to give humankind such communications in this generation. Breathing the most beauteous piety and altruism, they point the way out of this present dilemma of the Republic and the nations—besides disclosing the real tenets on which early Christianity was based.

These sublime Scripts are a classical addition to the literature of our age. They were not received, nor are they being circulated, under the auspices of any creed, denomination or cult. They are offered on their merits as a stupendous challenge to modern atheism.

The Declaration that Started the Project:



WANT TO FIND FIFTY PERSONS . .

who will make a contribution of \$1,000 each to underwrite the gift presentation of one copy of the GOLDEN SCRIPTS to each of the ten thousand Protestant pastors and clergymen throughout one hundred leading cities of the United States this coming Christmas.

I want to make this gift presentation as a constructive inspiration in the invaluable work these pastors and clergymen are doing at shaping the spiritual lives and thinkings of approximately 500,000 to 1,000,000 bewildered Christian people.

Ten thousand Protestant pastors and clergymen becoming acquainted with the text of the GOLDEN SCRIPTS can electrify the nation as they must inevitably relay their reactions to the Eternal Verities therein to their communicants, giving them a revitalized concept of Christ, the Elder Brother.

The work will be strictly a labor of love, and require two hundred and three full-time working days at the Headquarters plant after the roster of donors has been completed.

Nothing more is intended than to place this limp-leather volume as a Yuletide gift in the hands of these American spiritual leaders, for the effect it must have on a revitalized Christian faith.

The time is ripe for it.

I find that ample paper can be procured if I order it in a special half-car for the purpose. With ROAD INTO SUNRISE completed, the whole plant is now available for this great work.

In no other way can SOULCRAFT be brought to the attention of so many for so little, because the pastors of America, once apprised of the GOLDEN SCRIPTS, can scarcely refrain from discussing them. This must bring these superb SCRIPTS to the attention of communicants. Likewise it must have an influence on their own sermons. An entirely new concept of the Elder Brother may be flashed across the land—hastening a spiritual regeneration, the same as the incomparable MacArthur's homecoming gives indication of heralding a political regeneration.

Will you help me complete the list of the Fifty Persons who will make this national gesture possible?

Let's give Christian America a new spiritual inspiration to carry it through the difficulties ahead of it!

—THE RECORDER

THE FOURTH in a series of articles
on the World's religions and sectarian
faiths . . .

What You Should Know about the History of the Baptists . .



HERE are more Baptists in the United States—Northern and Southern computed—then those of communicants of any other Protestant denomination. *World Almanac* for 1950 lists them at 15,484,718. The Methodists come next with 10,494,029. The Roman Catholics number 26,718,343. So the Baptists and Methodists just about balance the number of Roman Catholics, with the preponderance in favor of Protestantism of all other denominations.

You don't hear much about the Baptist church in the newspaper headlines. It doesn't engage in publicity stunts. Its heads aren't notorious in cases for being fellow travelers with the Communists—because the Baptist Church has no "heads." Each congregation, since the days of Roger Williams, the founder of Baptistism in the New World, is sufficient unto itself. And yet the difference between the Baptists and their fellow Protestants is chiefly one of a few small points of dogma.

Outside of each congregation being an independent unit, much like the Congregationalists, the Baptists fundamentally "believe" in baptism by immersion for adults or persons old enough to renounce worldly ways of their own volition and let baptism stand as an initiation ceremony for consecration to the higher life.

In other words, from back in the Sixteenth Century, the Baptists have held to the distinctive view, common and peculiar to all of them, that baptism should be administered to believers only. The mode of administration of the ordinance has not always been the same, and some Baptists—such as the Mennonites—still practice baptism by pouring or sprinkling.



But among modern Baptists, taken by and large, the ceremony is one of complete immersion. As described in the fourth broadcast on the Coming of the Elder Brother, in the Soulcraft Electronic Discourses, the baptismal rite was the symbol of going down into the grave with Christ and rising purified in a personal resurrection, water being the symbol of the earth that supplied the entombment.

However, the very early history of the Baptist faith is interesting and Soulcrafters should know the history of this particular church . .

THE ORIGIN of the Baptist denomination was in Germany, and it was as Teutonic as Lutheranism.

Communicants were at first designated as Anabaptists. "Ana" means "again", or "those who are baptized again." The name was given them by their enemies in other sects because on the occasion of Luther's revolt from Romanism they denied the validity of infant baptism and therefore rebaptized those whom they quite logically regarded as not having received any Christian initiation at all.

On the 27th of December, 1521 three "prophets" appeared in Wittenberg from Zwickau, Thomas Munzer, Nikolas Storch, and Mark Thomas Stubner. Luther's reform wasn't thorough enough for them. They professed to rest all Protestantism on Scripture, yet accepted from the Babylon of Rome a baptism neither scriptural nor primitive, nor fulfilling the chief conditions of admission into a visible brotherhood of saints, to wit, repentance, faith, spiritual illumination, and free surrender of self to Christ.

Melanchthon, powerless against the enthusiasts with whom his co-reformer Carlstadt sympathized, appealed to Luther, still concealed in the Wartburg. He'd written to the Waldenses that it is better not to be baptized at all than to baptize little children; now he was cautious wouldn't condemn the new prophecy off hand, but advised Melanchthon to treat them gently and to prove their spirits, lest they be of God.

There was confusion in Wittenberg where schools and university sided with the prophets and were closed. Hence the charge that Anabaptists were enemies of learning, which is sufficiently rebutted by the fact that the first German translation of the Hebrew prophets was made and printed by two of them, Hetszer and Denk, in 1527.

The first leaders of the movement in Zurich—Grebel, Manz, Blaurock and Hubmaier—were men learned in Greek, Latin and Hebrew. On the 6th of March Luther returned, interviewed the prophets, scorned their "spirits", forbade them the city, and had their adherents ejected from Zwickau and Erfurt.

Denied access to the churches, the latter preached and celebrated the sacrament in private houses. Driven from the cities, they swarmed over the countryside.

Compelled to leave Zwickau, Munzer visited Bohemia, resided two years at Allsteadt in Thuringia, and in 1524 spent some time in Switzerland. During this period he proclaimed his revolutionary doctrines in religion and politics with growing vehemence and increasing success.

THE CRISIS came in the so-called Peasant's War in South Germany in 1525. In its origin a revolt against feudal oppression, it became under the leadership of Munzer, a war against all constituted authorities and an attempt to establish by force his ideal Christian commonwealth, with absolute equality and community of goods.

The total defeat of the insurgents at Frankenhausen in May of 1525, followed as it was by the execution of Munzer and several lesser leaders, proved only a temporary check, however, to the Anabaptist Movement. Here and there throughout Germany, Switzerland and the Netherlands there were zealous propagandists whose teachings many were prepared to follow as soon as another leader arose.

A second and more determined attempt to establish a theocracy was made at Munster, in Westphalia, between 1532 and 1535. Here the sect had gained considerable influence through the adhesion of one Rothmann, the Lutheran pastor, and several citizens of prominence. The town was taken and the authorities deposed, the idea being that from Munster they should proceed to the conquest of the world.

The town being besieged by Francis of Waldeck, its expelled bishop—Methiesen, who was first in command—made a sally with only thirty followers, under the fanatical idea that he was a second Gideon, and was cut off with his entire band. Bockholdt, better known in history as John of Leiden, was now supreme. Giving himself out as the successor to David, he claimed royal honors and absolute power in the new "Zion". He justified the most arbitrary and most extravagant of measures by the authority of visions from heaven. With this pretended sanction he legalized polygamy and himself took four wives, one of whom he beheaded with his own hand in the market place in a fit of frenzy.

As a natural consequence of such license, Munster was for twelve months a scene of unbridled profligacy. After an obstinate resistance, the town was taken by the besiegers on the 24th of June, 1535, and in January of 1536 Bockholdt and some of his more prominent followers, after being cruelly tortured, were executed in the market-place.

THE OUTBREAK at Munster was the climax of the Anabaptist movement. It never again had the opportunity of assuming political importance, the civil powers naturally adopting the most stringent measures to suppress an agitation whose avowed object was to suppress them.

German followers of the executed men fled all over Europe and to England from the Netherlands. The word "Ana" was dropped from the official name for them and they became simply "Baptists".

It was from those of the sect who founded independent congregations in England that the devotees and communicants came to America, their most outstanding divine being Roger Williams, the exile from the Puritan colony of Boston and Salem, who founded Providence, R. I. Anne Hutchinson, also of the Massachusetts Colony, helped spread the faith in New England.

Munzer, the progenitor of the denomination, had originally derived his ideas and inspirations from clairaudient communications, as almost every Christian sect has done if the truth could be known. Not being adept in psychical research, however, he supposed all form of clairaudient converse was the direct Voice of God and by no means some discarnate divine who might have gotten his ear without revealing his true identity. Munzer called such tutelage "the Inner Word". Divine revelation, he said, was not received from the church nor from preaching, least of all from "the dead

letter of the Bible." It was received solely and directly from the Spirit of God.

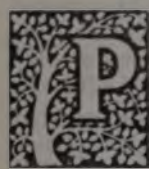
And all the sad doings and losses of life at Munster arose from the ceremonial controversy as to whether people who weren't old enough to know what was happening to them, could profit from baptism.

As if it truly mattered.

NEXT WEEK: The history of the Baptist faith in America and the persecution and renunciations of the baptismal belief by Roger Williams.

Pelley Defends His Career at Invitation of Merchants

SENTIMENT in Pelley's home town seems to be changing respecting his late imprisonment for being a Red Baiter. On Monday, June 18th, an invitation was extended to him to speak before the Junior Chamber of Commerce. The news agencies at once seized upon the address and broadcast it all over America. The local newspaper, the Noblesville Evening Ledger, reported the talk as follows—



PROPHESYING the fall of Russia and 1,000 years of peace as expounded in the writings of a 16th century physician and astrologist, William Dudley Pelley last night addressed the Noblesville Junior Chamber of Commerce, spicing his talk with biographical sketches and occasional jabs at the forces that put him behind bars in North Carolina and Indiana.

Restricted in what he could say by the terms of his parole from the Federal Penitentiary at Terre Haute, Pelley, neatly goateed and recovered from his long imprisonment, delved into the metaphysical on his own when he was not citing the prophetic writings of Nostradamus.

A lithe group of Jaycees stirred restlessly as Pelley pounding repeatedly on the table, discussed his research into field of psycho-research, the fourth dimension and the molecular structure of the human body, but listened intently when he predicted events to come.



A willing talker who obviously felt the restrictions placed upon him warmed quickly to his subject as he briefed the Jaycees on his hectic career which found him as a newspaper publisher, magazine writer, Hollywood script writer and American "spy" in Siberia.

Pelley warned his audience when he quoted William Allen White, "When the world has been upset a lot of queer things float to the top." I seem to have been one of the queer things White was speaking about," Pelley said.

(Continued on Page 10)

VALOR

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Valiant Doctrine



THE NEW VALOR WEEKLY is committed to a policy. It proposes to work for a Cult of Courage in this nation. Courage is the thing, apparently, that this nation needs most, considering its current epidemic of heebie-jeebies.

Matters look bad enough for the country and the world, but proclaiming doom to the point of the grotesque serves nobody's ends but those of the adversary's. There can be a point reached where the certainty of doom goes into reverse. It enters the realms of untruth and fantasy.

VALOR doesn't see the country going to hell in a hack—or any other kind of vehicle from a B-36 to a 1916 Ford—or the Soviet sycophants getting away with their lycanthrophies, or the war that's in prospect spelling any wheezy "end of civilization", or our institutions collapsing like a punctured accordion. The Korean war isn't going to mean the bloody exhaustion of all American manpower. The fact that we've only just begun to scorch the small-fry Commies doesn't mean we're not going to cook the Big Boys before the Situation climaxes.

If the international propagandist can only get the tax-dizzy American to believe that "matters have gone too far to ever turn back," the cold war can be won without using any more expensive ammunition than chewed-up pellets made from Congressional Records.

It's not only a matter of commonsense but a matter of fact that there are forces and influences in the nation of so reactionary a character that it's time to take note of them.

If the Red torpedo boys were well enough organized, or ever had been well

enough organized, to pull a revolution Trotsky style, they'd long since have pulled it.

If our much criticized State Department ever had been secretly and officially sold out to Stalin, it would have seen that the whole atomic bomb set-up had been transmitted to the Kremlin without need for the isolated and dangerous antics of the Fuchs and Greenglasses and Dark Glasses and Cocktail Glasses.

If our Department of Justice were actually as crooked as some of our Screaming Sarafs make out, John Rogge wouldn't have had to take a job overseas as counsel to Tito, Gerhardt Eisler would not have scrambled New York Harbor in the dark of the moon, and the Coplin girl would have had something of more value in her reticule than a lot of screwball mush letters to a rubber-eyed Volga borsch-hound. Furthermore, nobody as big as Alger Hiss would have gotten a second fry in the Manhattan law courts, and a man named Pelley wouldn't be walking the streets as a free and law-abiding citizen, making speeches by invitation before Chambers of Commerce and being hailed as a prophet who prophesied too correctly ten years ahead of season. But that's only the beginning of it.

If the tax situation in our country were utterly hopeless and a squanderbust policy didn't hold repercussions, why should 26 State legislatures have ratified a measure to abolish the 16th Amendment to the Constitution, giving the Federal government the right to collect income taxes? Do you know that only six more states similarly ratify and Uncle Sam is out on a limb in this matter of grabbing everything over 25 percent that the private citizen or business corporation makes? Then where's the money coming from to Sovietize America?

THE FACT is, this American Scene is turning up bulldozer scoops of evidence that it's entirely possible and probable that Americans haven't yet lost the capacity for getting their backs up and rallying under leaders who can start a renovation.

But to throw up the flipper with a wail of despair and admit the "reds" have "got everything" and "the situation's hopeless," is to play exactly the game the radical fringe wants played.

A pestilence on the whole of it!

Yes, we're going through "the times that try men's souls", but the important thing is, we're going through them—and

coming out successfully on the Other Side.

There are still Douglas MacArthurs in the crazy picture of the caterwauling.

If you think the morale of the American army has become a pretzel with delirium tremens, live awhile in Indianapolis, the national home of The American Legion.

IT'S TIME to start a Cult of Courage in this nation and declare that what man has messed up, man can un-mess, that nothing is ever quite so black as it's painted, and that maybe there's just as much panic and uncertainty and backbiting and all-around frenzy in the camps of the mischief-workers as there ever was in the camps of the professional crusaders.

Sacred prophecy and clairvoyant prediction—not to overlook the seer Nostradamus—all concur in the attestation that the United States is coming out of this stramash sitting on top of the world, the Kremlin is due to become a second Tuileries and be razed to the ground, and a thousand year reign of international peace makes its advent.

Not that we don't have plenty to worry about before it happens.

But VALOR intends to show from week to week that dauntless courage and initiative, along with keeping the head screwed on tight, will see us through the business—and the men in charge of it aren't wishful thinkers. They were first on the ground in exposing the Red menace, and are still first on the ground proclaiming a tide that is turning in New-Day favor.

The moment's not far distant when Rational America can turn the eye of consuming scorn on the whole ragtag and bobtailed mob of the erstwhile revolution-makers, deny their invincibility, snicker at their insinuations that their plannings were infallible, hoot at the claim that they were always able to turn on the Revolution—like a spigot of hot water any time they fancied—and see Sense, Stamina, and Sobriety emerge in the American Scene, which the crusaders have sought to achieve from the beginning.

Do the crusaders have the intellect, not to mention the disposition, to see victory when it looms for them?

At any rate, VALOR declares there's no place in the developing picture for the jittery chowderhead who argues that things have gone too far toward perdi-

tion to turn them back "at this late day" and that seeing we're all headed for hell in the aforesaid hack, we should make the trip with the radio screaming as loud as possible and a picture of Roosevelt banging from rear axles, affixed to the vehicle with one of Acheson's neckties.

The place is being reached where the Reds have begun to Get the Business.

Okay, let it roll.

VALOR will keep you posted in every phase of it.

It's been a long time delayed.

Project Begun

THE GOLDEN SCRIPT presentation project, to pastors and prominent church laymen, has been acclaimed among Soulcrafters from coast to coast.

So immediate and substantial was the response that the necessary 13 tons of Bible paper were ordered on June 15th and are now being made in Hamilton, Ohio. But from paper procurable at the local paper house, the first "signature" of the new *Golden Scripts* started on June 22nd.

The new books will appear in a different format than the *Golden Scripts* published in 1941. The page size will be 5 1/4 x 7 1/4 inches and the type will be larger, blacker, and easier to read. In fact, the same style and size of type will be used that the weekly *Soulcraft Scripts* are set in. As the Cloister type-style runs line for line as to characters with the Oldstyle type face used in the 1941 *Golden Scripts*, there will be precisely the same number of pages—844—in the entire work, and the Concordance compiled by Lillie May Jenson of Seattle, containing almost 50,000 cross-references, will apply to both editions.

It is planned, if the proper leatherette can be secured, to give these new volumes the conventional Bible bindings: round corners with widely overlapping edges. The suggestion has been made that these new *Golden Scripts* be bound in a golden color as to material, but no limp serviceable fabrics can be procured in that color. It simply isn't manufactured.

It has been estimated, from the trial run on the presses already made, that a minimum of 80 days will be required to complete the presswork, the remainder of the manufacturing time given over to folding, assembling and binding.

The fears so widely expressed that

copies of so expensive a book might be cast into waste baskets or left unread on library shelves, if sent gratis through the mails to clergymen at random, are truly groundless. In every instance of each pastor receiving a copy, it is being arranged to have it presented in person by a local Soulcraft representative, who will acquaint him with something of its contents and secure his promise that if he has no use for the volume after reading it, or even examining it, he put in a phone call to the local Soulcraft Reading Room that it be called for and picked up. This to the end that it may be sent instead to one of his most influential parishioners.

It is to be doubted that under such circumstances it will be shoved to gather dust on ministerial shelves.

Blessed Event

BORN: May 20th, Mark William Pelley, to the Chief's only son, William Ernest and Mrs. Pelley. Weight, seven and three-quarter pounds. Disposition, aggressive. Lungs, adequate. Thus the Recorder of the *Soulcraft Scripts* now has four grandchildren, Pamela and Winkie—Adelaide's and Mel's progeny—and Johanna ("Joody"), William Jr.'s first child, now aged three.

The Pelley family groweth!

Mark William is the sixth generation in the line of male Pelleys to bear the name William. The original William was the Recorder's great-grandfather, Charles William, born in Newfoundland back near the close of the 18th Century. The Recorder's grandfather was named Frederick William and his father William George. He was named William Dudley, and his son William Ernest. Small Mark will do his best to sustain the tradition for letting the world know that new William Pelleys add up to something more than mere names in the phone book.

Bill is supervising geologist for a big national oil company. At the current moment he reports being implicated in drilling four wells at once. During World War II he served briefly in the Air Corps.

His father is drilling for another kind of oil. Contrary to his critics, it doesn't come from bananas.

Anyhow, small Mark is with us from now on. *Splendid!*

Howya, Big Boy?



THE FOG

A BEST-SELLING NOVEL

By William Dudley Pelley

THE FOG tells the story of the difficulties of an ordinary American boy, groping his way through the mists of adolescence to find his place in the world and overcome the handicap of a stupid, inhibited parentage.

FIRST published in 1921, it quickly became a best-seller for that year, going into seventeen printings and two foreign editions during 1922, including the Scandinavian. Later it became a movie starring Mildred Harris and Cullen Landis.

THERE was a reason for this overwhelming success. Critics called it the most scathing indictment of parental stupidity ever penned. "How not to bring up children" described its theme in a phrase. Thousands read into the experiences of Nathan Forge their own quandaries and harassments. And it offered a picture of small-town American life that can never come again.

THERE are 300 closely printed pages in *The Fog*, and the author bought the original plates and struck off a reprint edition in 1940. Of this edition 127 copies on white paper in grey cloth covers now remain. There are no esoterics in the theme of this book. It is purely and unabashedly a novel, but its uplift in its climax is tremendous.

Your Pelley bookshelf is incomplete without "The Fog" and you should include it in your next order. **\$2.50**

SOULCRAFT PRESS, INC.

Pelley Speech

It was while he was working for the Crowell Publishing Co. that he first saw the effects of Communism. He spent about 10 months in Siberia in 1917 taking pictures for the United States Government and "I saw Communism taking over with my own eyes," he said.

After returning these pictures to U. S. officials the American Counsel General in Japan told him, "you'll never know how much you have done for your country." Pelley told the Jaycees that this part of his career was never permitted to be offered as evidence in his sedition trial in Indianapolis in 1942.

After the war and after working on 21 motion pictures for Lon Chaney, Pelley met Col. Robert Sharpe, head of the secret service, in Washington and remained his friend until his death.

It was at this time of his life that he first became acquainted with the writings of Nostradamus which were to direct his thinking and his actions in his "fight to tell the American people what was going on in their government."

Pelley then read at length from the Frenchman's works, giving example after example of past events that had corresponded with the writings done years and centuries before.

Although Pelley stated these prophecies were not his own he indicated he had complete faith in their outcome. "We've got nothing to worry about. America is destined to rule the world. We will have a 1,000 year reign of real peace. The Armageddon will be fought in and around the Persian oil fields and the Adriatic Sea. This thing is coming. There will be the worst massacre in and around the Kremlin the world has ever seen." So Pelley said.

He also startled the Jaycees when he said Nostradamus had predicted Hitler's fall "when he reaches the doors of Moscow." He then asked, "Is Hitler dead?" And told his listeners that words written in the 1500's said this man (Hitler) would be found again seven years after his fall which would be in 1952. "We will have to wait and see," Pelley said.

The ex-Silver Shirt leader then predicted tremendous developments in the field of electronics as he attempted to picture the world at peace following the third World War and the second coming of Christ.

Still not wanting to stop his talk, Pelley told the group that his time in prison had not been idle. "It was one of the most interesting and profitable experiences I ever had. I wasn't ashamed. I hadn't done anything criminal. It hasn't left a single mark on me."

"I've heard people say, 'We're just rid

of D. C. Stephenson and now we've got Pelley.' Noblesville is a wonderful little town. We hope to so condition our endeavor that in years to come it will be said that North Carolina's loss is Noblesville's gain."

Pelley is the publisher of the Soulcraft Press on West Pleasant Street.

Popular Psychics

The Famous Case of Emilie Sargee



IN VIEW of the fact that VALOR purposes, this summer and fall, to present a lengthy agenda of famous psychical phenomena that would seem to authenticate many of the tenets of Soulcraft, we find at the top of the list the outstanding case of Mademoiselle Sargee, the data on which is 105 years old. Mademoiselle Sargee's case, upon being investigated, was found to be so valid and unique that it has come down to us in detail after a century has elapsed.

The girl came to notice in Livonia, 58 kilometers from Riga, in 1845. There in the small town of Volmar was located a school for young daughters of the nobility, called the Neuwelcke academy. The pupils, almost all from aristocratic Livonian families, numbered 42. Among the instructors was a young Frenchwoman, Mademoiselle Emilie Sargee, born in Dijon.

Emilie was a Northern blonde, with very beautiful complexion, clear blue eyes, slender build and a little above middle height. Her disposition was sweet, gay, and lovable. She was intelligent and possessed an excellent education. Her health was reported to be good. The superintendents were satisfied with her as a teacher. At the time that the phenomena respecting her was first reported, she was approximately 32.

A FEW weeks after she had come to the school to instruct in the French language, strange rumors about her began to spread among the girls. When one of them declared she had seen Miss

Sargee in such and such a place in the building, another contradicted it, claiming she too had seen Miss Sargee quite somewhere else.

At first such reports were laid to mistakes, but instead of ceasing the pupils began to talk about them. Complications were not long in coming.

One day, when Emilie was giving a lesson to thirteen young girls, and when in order to make them understand better what she was showing them she wrote upon the blackboard the passage to be explained, the students saw suddenly—to their no little terror—two *Demoiselle Sargee, one beside the other.*

They were exactly alike and both going through the same movements!

But the real person had a piece of chalk in her right hand and was writing, while her duplicate, or phantasm, had no chalk and seemed content to imitate the movements of the real person's hand. The two postures, however, were noted to be identical.

This caused a great sensation in the classroom and throughout the establishment, because all the young girls, without an exception, had seen the second form and agreed perfectly in their description of the phenomenon.

But a still more remarkable thing happened the day following—

ALL THE pupils, forty-two in number, were gathered in the same room, busily embroidering. It was a large room on the ground floor, with four large windows. The pupils were all seated before a central table and could behold anything taking place outside in the garden.

As they were working, they saw Emilie Sargee picking flowers, not far from the windows. At the end of the central table was another teacher, maintaining discipline, seated in a morocco-covered armchair. Presently this teacher arose and went away, leaving the armchair empty. But this endured only a matter of minutes.

Suddenly the stupefied young girls saw the form of Emilie Sargee seated in the chair. Glancing out into the garden, in the natural gesture of wondering how she could have transferred herself inside so abruptly, *they saw the duplicate Emilie Sargee still picking flowers!*

Her movements, however, had slowed down and seemed languid—like those of one overcome with sleep or exhausted by fatigue.

Again they looked toward the armchair, where the phantasm was seated, motionless and silent. More or less used to such strange manifestations of their French teacher by this time, two of the most courageous of the girls approached the chair, and, touching the apparition, *thought they encountered a resistance comparable to that which a light tissue of muslin or crepe might offer.* One of them even dared to pass in front of the chair, in fact to step through part of the form.

It lasted only a short time, then gradually vanished. However, as this fading away took place, the Emilie Sargee in the garden started to pick flowers again with her usual animation.

All forty-two pupils described the phenomena the same way.

IT MAY be imagined that such a state of things could not exist for long without consequences in a young girls' school. The parents heard about the strange division of the self of the French teacher and began to withdraw their daughters. By the end of eighteen months only ten or twelve pupils remained. Parents of the girls were hearing the reports.

The faculty of the school was finally obliged to dismiss the hapless French girl, despite her professional value and perfect record of conduct otherwise. Mademoiselle de Guldenstube, one of the older pupils remaining, overheard Emilie exclaim in a sort of despair—

"This is the nineteenth time I've been obliged to give up a good teaching position in the past fifteen years because of this self-division *which I can't help!*"

The Question of Ages!

WHAT IS IT?

The Divine Drama . .



WHAT is the Plan and Program that mortal souls are following on this planet?

Is Life a hit-or-miss venture in and out of consciousness, with the grave ending everything, or does it have reason and purpose and a rational objective? Seldom in one book has so much that is terrific and vital been discussed as in the latest Soulcraft volume—

"STAR GUESTS"

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE SOULCRAFT SCRIPTS

Here is a book that explains the Biblical mysteries that have always puzzled you—what the Ageless Wisdom has to reveal of the true origin of human life upon another planet, the great period of Sodomy that symbolized the real "sin of Adam" that brought the Avatar Christ to earth, and the real Plan of Salvation that has been working, up across Piscean times, to bring the race back to its lost godhood. Life—even in present troubled days—takes on sensible meaning when you have read the twenty colossal chapters . .

The First Edition Is Going Fast

Like other volumes in the Soulcraft series, it will soon have gone out of print. If you want to obtain a book that will give you new peace of mind because it explains the significance of our present troubled era, send for this book and read its 318 beautiful and enlightening pages. Sold in grey cloth edition, and deluxe with wine-red leatherette covers. The author will autograph remaining copies as requested . .

Cloth, \$3.00 Deluxe, \$4.00

Soulcraft Press, Inc. Noblesville, Indiana

The Story of a Quest for Proofs of Survival

"WHY I BELIEVE THE DEAD ARE ALIVE!"



DO YOU BELIEVE IN GHOSTS? Have you ever had any experience with manifestations of disembodied intelligence? If you are skeptical of survival of the human personality, what evidence would you require to be submitted to you, convincing you that human souls are more alive after shedding their bodies than they were while occupying them? *Are you open to conviction?*

EVER since boyhood, the man who later was to project the great doctrine of SOULCRAFT had encountered supernatural experiences in his life that could not be accounted for by rational explanations. With maturity these increased. The strangest of coincidences happened in his affairs. With the opening of World War I, he got his first irrefutable evidence of survival of a soul after death of body, when his deceased brother-in-law "communicated" with him after losing his life in the American armed forces. Since that episode, supernatural evidence of Survival has been constant and overwhelming—culminating in 1940 with the full-grown and substantial materialization of his oldest daughter Harriet, attesting to her identity by her knowledge of his life and intimate family affairs.

302 Pages of Manifest Evidence

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Get on the Valor List for a Year of Fascinating Reading!

THIS issue of VALOR is the second as a Weekly. It is appearing every Wednesday morning, filled with latest news of SOULCRAFT expansion, sacred psychical research, strange experiences of an esoteric or supernatural order, and general articles and editorials that aid in interpreting the current world dilemma from the standpoint of clairvoyant prophecy. Get on the weekly mailing list and don't miss any numbers. The subscription price is \$5 per year of 52 numbers; \$3 for six months; \$1 for eight issues. All the revenue from the publication goes toward general SOULCRAFT promotion. Fill out the subscription blank below and get it in return mail. You'll be buying the biggest five-dollars' worth of esoteric reading-matter available anywhere in the nation.

Date 1951

SOULCRAFT CHAPELS,
Noblesville, Indiana.

Enclosed please find \$..... for which send me

VALOR every Wednesday for

Very truly yours,

NAME _____

Street _____

City _____

Zone _____

State _____

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The Story of a Quest for Proofs of Survival

"WHY I BELIEVE THE DEAD ARE ALIVE!"



DO YOU BELIEVE IN GHOSTS? Have you ever had any experience with manifestations of disembodied intelligence? If you are skeptical of survival of the human personality, what evidence would you require to be submitted to you, convincing you that human souls are more alive after shedding their bodies than they were while occupying them? *Are you open to conviction?*

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More about Dawg



ONE HESITATES to write it in cold type, but Emma has by no means conformed to all the regulations of propriety that Headquarters lately hoped and expected of her. Emma, in other words, has lent herself to supra-matrimonial alliances and machinations and must again pay the penalty, presumably in August. The yellar hound is due to have her third litter in eighteen months, and your Recorder can't seem to do anything about it. Isn't there enough trouble in the world that a German Shepherd canine has to go forth and solicit more of it. Probably six more of it.

Lock her up? You don't know Emma. Her whimperings break the *cardiac pumpus*. She looks up at the Boss Man with eyes of seal-brown reproach and wants to know why she should be thus disciplined merely because, in her own circles, she's a neat number. The Boss Man can't inform her. He can only charge it up to Nature—more prolific than wonderful. It's all so unnecessary.

Here's Headquarters with the Boss Man's dawg population successfully reduced from thirteen to five, and now another Blessed Event smacks him in the face. Goliath went the day after his publicity in VALOR. Tux was sent for by a Soulcraft in Colorado. He writes under date of yesterday—

"Well, the cats about town have gotten their backs down to normal again (except at times when the pup Tux wants to have a little fun chasing them up a Rocky Mountain or two), as well as their tails which aren't quite so fluffy as at first. Tux is enjoying himself as much as any dog can, as he has so much freedom and room that he doesn't know what to do with either. He gets plenty of bones fresh out of the refrigerator and cornbread baked with meat scraps to season it. We were friends from the

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start and everything is going along okay. Prince, my other dog, who is older by a few years, was surprised, then disgusted, later chagrined as I petted the new pup. But now he plays with Tux. When I first crossed the foot-log over the Creek with Tux, he put up a lot of howling until he managed to make it over alone. Now it's duck soup for him to cross. Anyhow, Tux seems to like his new home . . ."

ANOTHER testimonial as to the Soulcraft quality of Dawg, comes in from Pocatello, Idaho. Writes the dear lady who took the third of Emma's second family—

"Must tell you about the wonderful dog you sent us. Everybody calls him Dudley, and he seems to be proud of it. And is he smart! He learns easily and fights for his rights, when cats come near his dish. He has grown and is sleek and pretty and a good watchdog."

So she called him Dudley, eh? The Boss Man wouldn't wish it on a pooch. However, he's glad somebody can put it to use. Why is it that all people seem to have at least one name they dislike?

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The Coming of the Elder Brother . .

A Series of Broadcasts

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**The Reels Are Loaned for What You Decide
They Are Worth to You, No More**

Write Soulcraft Headquarters for Particulars

vance, turning head back from side to side to know that all is bringing up well in the rear.

Fritz? Oh, that old mug is still stretched around somewhere waiting for the Lord to call him home. The Lord almost called him home a couple nights back when Ed backed his Ford from the garage and Fritz didn't hear him coming, the Ford having rubber tires on it.

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However, the dog colony does seem to furnish good stories that the nation's Soulcrafters like. At least they say so in their letters.

P. S. No telegrams will be despatched anywhere when the Blessed Event occurs. If it comes in the night, the Boss Man won't even get out of bed. Phooie to Emma! One begins to conclude she's making a racket out of it.

Or sumpin . . .

Sunrise Comes In

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Road into Sunrise must be read as a complete story of itself and not as any fictional biography of Sophie. It's the story of Norval's quest for the fourth discovery man makes in this world, after discovering the universe, God, and himself. Sophie is merely incidental to it, or rather, the medium through which Norval Grane determines it.

Melissa, all told, is the real heroine of the story. However, as one early reader remarked, "It's a narrative written for women that only men will understand."

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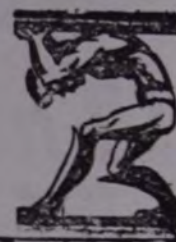
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In the North where cities are the basis of quota allocations, Spokane contributed \$1,000, Milwaukee came next, and in the West, Long Beach, California, followed suit.

Pledges for the raising of the required quota in their cities have been received from Soulcraft groups in Seattle, Everett, and Centralia, Washington; Salt Lake City, Utah; and Cleveland, Ohio.

Something like 4,000 broadsides, giving complete information on the project and its purpose will have been mailed from Noblesville Headquarters by the time this first issue of the Weekly VALOR reaches subscribers.

If you haven't heard The Recorder's special electronic reel on this project, you should arrange to do so.

The letters have been generous from writers who have declared, "I can't swing \$1,000 at this time as an outright gift to the project, but you can put me down for \$500" . . . or \$250, or \$100.

One Soulcraft leader in northern California sent a \$300 check folded in the mailing box in which he returned his weekly electronic reel to Headquarters. He announced that it represented his savings, which he was contributing because he had faith that the project was divinely inspired and being divinely sponsored, therefore he couldn't lose by it.

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"Thresholds to Tomorrow"



WE HAVE reprinted in condensation most of the futuristic material that has been presented throughout the past winter on the electronic broadcasts under the title of . .

"MAGIC CASEMENTS"

Opening on Vistas of Tomorrow's Achievements

WE HAVE in the bindery, ready for early delivery, one thousand new volumes containing most of the prophetic material that Soulcrafters have been hearing this past winter and spring in the electronic discourses. The printed discourses are not complete as Soulcrafters heard them on the broadcasts, but the America we are going to have tomorrow after this Communist headache is laid, is described.

THIS MOST recent printing from Soulcraft Press runs to 385 pages, done on India-tinted paper in the usual burgundy covers distinguishing all deluxe volumes in the Soulcraft library. If you didn't hear the MAGIC CASEMENT series of broadcasts, here is your opportunity to get the meat of them. This thousand copies won't last long, so get your order on record at once. PRICE PER COPY: \$5

SOULCRAFT PRESS, Inc. : : Noblesville, Indiana

THE PAYOFF

A MAN went into a restaurant and ordered "a sizzling platter of sole." On his way to the cashier's desk he happened to glance at his check. It read, "1 sizzling soul, 30 cents."

A MASSACHUSETTS teacher asked a class in American History, "What did the Puritans come to this country for?"

The small girl answered correctly, "To worship in their own way and see to it that other people did the same."

THE TRAIN came to a sudden jarring halt, causing the passengers to be shaken from their seats.

"What's happened, conductor?" asked a nervous old lady.

"Nothing much, ma'am. We ran over a cow."

"Was it on the track?"

"No," called back the disgusted conductor, "we chased it into the barn."

A MAN in Chicago was grumbling about the heat. Said another, who had just returned from a trip through the South—

"Hot? You don't know the meaning of heat. One day last week I saw a dog chasing a cat down in Mississippi, and both of 'em were walking."

A GUIDE, showing an old lady through the zoo, took her to a cage occupied by a kangaroo.

"Here, Madam," he said, "we have a native of Australia."

The old lady looked startled.

"To think," she exclaimed, "my youngest sister married one of them!"

"WHAT church do you belong to?" a certain man was asked.

"None," he grunted.

"Well, what church do you go to when you do go?"

"If you must know, the church I stay away from most of the time when I don't go, is the Baptist."

A STEAMBOAT stopped at the mouth of a tributary stream on the Mississippi and an inquisitive passenger queried the captain about the cause of the delay.

"Can't see up the river," was the laconic reply.

"But I can see the stars overhead," the passenger argued sharply.

"Yeah," came back the captain, "but unless two boilers bust, we ain't goin' in that direction."

A MINISTER of the gospel was conducting divine services at an asylum for the insane. His discourse interrupted by one of the inmates crying wildly, "How long do we have to listen to this tommyrot? How long?"

Surprised and confused, the parson turned to the keeper and asked, "Do you think I should stop talking?"

"No, no," said the guard. "Go right ahead. It won't happen again. This jezziboo only has one sane moment every seven years."