

Valor

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

VOLUME 1

NOBLESVILLE, INDIANA, JULY 11, 1951

NUMBER 11

Yes, a Preacher Is Worth Many Times \$50,000



A CHALLENGING repercussion has come—and is still coming—in respect to the proposal to put 10,000 copies of *The Golden Scripts* in the hands of the nation's clergymen, without cost, by Christmas. People from coast to coast are unburdening themselves as to how they feel about clergymen. Print *The Golden Scripts*, by all means. Circulate 10,000 copies of them gratis, certainly. But confine their giving away to men in the pulpit? Decidedly not! The last place on earth to expect dissemination of new ideas is from a pulpit. The comment runs all the way from dubious lack of enthusiasm to downright contempt.

Send the books to college heads, to the youth of our country, to newspaper editors, most of all to those in some sort of scientific pursuits. Send them to anyone who takes the trouble to put in a request for them.

But preachers?

Why not print and bind the whole 10,000 copies, then address them personally to the 10,000 mummies said to have been disinterred and distributed to the museums of the world out of the Egyptian ruins along the Nile?

One prominent man in Seattle, on hearing of the proposal, stood before an assembly and delivered himself with finality—
“No preacher is worth fifty thousand dollars!”

THE BLANKET disfavor in which clergymen seem to be held generally, is by no means to be dismissed as instinctive religious bias. Some of the commentators are known to be among the most spiritually aware people in the nation.

But why the animosity against preachers as preachers?



The answer would seem to lie in this fact: Clergymen—or “preachers” as the secular-minded refer to them—are regarded by laymen as required to hold closed minds on all other faiths than their own, or be removed from their positions.

Sects and denominations have become what they are, because men have seized on one aspect of Truth befitting the peculiar complexes of their members. Considering any other aspects of Truth, or trenchantly examining their own aspect of Truth, is heresy. Student clergymen are not only required to surrender themselves as unwitting intellectual prisoners of their particular “creeds” but in honor bound they are to defend and preserve those creeds against any encroachments of the competitive or critical.

All denominational “beliefs” have long since been crystalized—so the clergyman is exponent of a static mental condition. He represents an activity that is both archaic and hypothetical, and in an Expanding Universe he becomes an anachronism.

ONE DOESN'T go to a “preacher” to learn profitably of what men of supernal intelligence believe in today. He goes to learn of what men of circumscribed wisdom believed two thousand to four thousand years back in history. The doctrine of two to four thousand years ago doesn't fit developing conditions or spiritual hungers of the present, so preachers are merely tolerated as being pious but harmless individuals advocating something as ancient as the Egyptian *Book of the Dead*.

That's why the perspicacious layman declares that “no preacher is worth \$50,000” . . . or even the gift of a \$5 book.

By the very nature of their callings, the perspicacious layman thinks, they're an antiquated genus, unequipped to entertain the progressions of the present.

(over)

NOW LET'S look with eyes of compassionate understanding on these men, and discover just how far such estimates are merited.

The average theological student has been attracted to the ministry, any religious ministry, in that his temperament contains more than the ordinary amount of altruism, selflessness, and desire to be of assistance to his fellows. No one in his senses enters the ministry expecting to enrich himself financially, and comparatively few expect to become even celebrated.

Get the average aspirant to ministerial orders to confess the truth and he'll tell you he's been attracted to the clergyman's calling because he desires "to do some good in the world." Ten to one he's had some peculiar spiritual experience that has turned his thinking into such channel of a career. He spurns the rewards and awards that the commercial world holds in prospect for the successful. He wants to follow Christ literally.

All of which is deserving of the highest commendation.

But his manner of "following Christ literally" and "doing some good in the world" is to commit himself to polite preservation of, and crusading for, some particular aspect of religious doctrine distinguished by enough supporters to form a sect or denomination. These people all "believe" in the dogmatic principles of such doctrine, and they sponsor him in preparing himself to carry on such belief. This belief has to be crystalized in order to be identified. Perpetuating a static acceptance of what is assumed to be Divine Truth is the essence of his ministerial life-work.

The tragic thing is, that under our present concepts of civilization, religion that is a general grasp after celestial wisdom for its own sake, and devoid of the doctrinal status, isn't recognized as being religious.

You must have a label attached to you for professing something that has a sectarian or denominational history, or you have no true ministerial portfolio.

Thus the theological student takes obligations on himself to preserve a system of intellectual stalemate. Because a given set of persons, a long time ago in history, thought thus-and-so, or endured persecution for believing thus-and-so, it's the mark of theological legitimacy to continue the thus-and-so that they be-

lieved. To acquire some belief of one's own from personal experience or spiritual revelation is thought to be presumptuous. You can only believe the thus-and-so that has earned the sanction of age and history. The only true holiness is the holiness that happened to generations of patriarchs back at the dawn of civilization. Nothing has true holiness unless it has antiquity.

The "preachers" that the Seattle man stigmatized as "not being worth \$50,000" embody all this in their persons and professions.



PEOPLE today happen to believe that they are just as important, if not more important, than a horde of bearded patriarchs back in Babylonian times. They believe they live in a world whose scientific achievements are of equal religious and spiritual significance if rightly interpreted. The "preacher" is merely the exponent of the days of the spiritual gramophone and party-line telephone. He is placing most emphasis on what happens to people up some future life, on the ancient and provincial "Chosen People" complex, that God only loves and "saves" him and his.

But Soulcraft holds that with the stupendous wonders of the Aquarian Age coming in, Religion itself is due to undergo a regeneration and become a general grasp after celestial wisdom for its own sake. Furthermore, preachers must sooner or later follow suit or become devoid of a calling.

Only 39 percent of the American people are now church attendees in any form. 61 percent never see the inside of any church edifice from New Year's to Christmas. This isn't because people have lost interest in things of the Spirit, in this generation. It's because the denominational preacher, by the fact of his denominationalism, advertises his intellectual or sectarian limitations in advance, and if those limitations chiefly concern matters that are said to have occurred twenty centuries ago, and nothing new

has been added since, wherein and why should 61 percent show interest?

None of it is personal against the preacher as a man. But he does advertise unwittingly, "My ideas are in a straight-jacket that my denominational sponsorship imposes on me. They were placed in a straight-jacket by a group of divines who lived when humankind assumed the earth to be flat and the mundane globe the center of the universe, with heaven a paradisaical condition somewhere in the stratosphere. I must revert back to these Long Ago divines as my authority, and live and perform within the areas of their considerations. I'm sorry if we happen to be living in the times of television, radar, and nuclear energy—not to mention the early perfection of rocket ships to neighboring planets—but I must adhere to the fundamentals of life laid down in an age when men believed in demons, Chosen Peoples, and a literal heaven seven miles above us. Although reincarnation and multiple lives in flesh be proven by explorations into prenatal memory, still I can't subscribe to it, any more than I can subscribe to the fact that this globe is two billion years old geologically and Man has been upon its surface since Miocene times, 110 million years bygone. I must stick to my sacred argument that the Christ who died on Calvary some 19 centuries back, did it to appease a wrathful Creator who has held a grudge against Man ever since the days of a mythical Adam and Eve, alleged to have originated in an Eden that existed 4,400 years before Jesus. I've got to symbolize the plethora of things that Science and Intellect have long since exploded or my people will label me impious and unfrock me. So all I can do is inveigh against a wicked and idolatrous generation for being learned and modern—or go modern in all the wrong ways and shadow-box for Communism."

And at such self-confession, my Seattle man arises in assembly and retorts that "no preacher is worth \$50,000."

My Seattle man is declaring that such preachers are offering the spiritually hungry little or nothing that has modern spiritual value—excepting the somewhat hackneyed promise of a blissful future life, and even that is debatable if souls return to earth-life—and without meaning to be impious in the slightest, the preacher is anathema is a meaningless back number.

(Continued on Page 11)

Nostradamus Saw Russia Attacking through Turkey



WHETHER it comes this year or next, nevermind when it comes, there is every indication in both sacred and secular prophecy that the final phase of the Great Earth War that began in 1914 is to proceed to fruition over possession of the oil fields of the Near East. Britain derives the greater part of her military oil supplies from the Iran oil deposits which the "government" of the country has just nationalized. The United States is close second. Russia must have this oil to activate her own military machine. A schoolgirl should fathom the answer. Russia being closest to them, by direct land route, must make certain this Persian oil goes to her or she is whipped before she starts. Obviously the take-over is at present in progress.

Turkey, of course, is an ally of United States and Great Britain. It is unquestionably from Turkey that the two latter countries will launch operations against Russia when the hot shooting starts. Turkey, more than western Germany and the northern European countries, will feel the first shock of hostilities—and sacred and secular prophecy, if correctly interpreted, has it that Turkey will be overrun and subdued with great slaughter. Thereupon Russia can push openly over Greece and reach Yugo-Slavia and Italy. The Allies, United States and Great Britain, must carry the opposition to this attack by way of flanking operations over North Africa. It is even of possibility that Egypt and ancient Goshen may be occupied by our troops, thus creating a major battleground in northern Palestine, where the Russian and UN troops would come to grips.

But one of the bloodiest battles of all history is predicted for the Adriatic, when Russia and China combined make onslaught on "the soft under-belly of Europe," even endangering France.

The whole Apocalypse situation may be in open flame even before this issue of VALOR reaches its readers, so fast are its opening phases developing in the Near East in these opening weeks of the 1951 summer. Then again, the diplomats may succeed in stalling it until 1952.

NOSTRADAMUS, who has scarcely been wrong in a single prophecy contained in his celebrated quatrains of 1555, envisioned aircraft employed in this onslaught. He opens the saga in Stanza 21 of Book VI wherein he states—

*When those of the Arctic Pole shall be united together,
There shall be in the East great fear and trembling;
One shall be newly elected that shall bear the brunt
Of Rhodes and Constantinople being bathed in barbarian blood.*

Stanza 54 of Book V is even more specific—

*From the Black Sea and Great Tartary
A ruler shall come to see France;
He shall go through Iran and Armenia
And shall leave a bloody rod in Constantinople.*

Stanza 27 of Book V describes the carnage that shall ensue along the soft under-belly of Europe—

*By fire and sword, not far from the Black Sea,
They shall come via Persia to seize upon Trebisonde,
Pharos and Methelin shall quake, the sun shall be merry,
The sea of Adria shall be covered with oriental blood.*

The Sea of Adria is, of course, the Adriatic between Italy and Albania. Trebisonde, or Trebizond as it's spelled today, is a seaport on the Black Sea belonging to Turkey. Pharos is the peninsula opposite Alexandria, Egypt. Methelin is the ancient name for a seaport of Asia Minor.

Nostradamus is portentous, however, about the Chinese getting into France. What he saw clairvoyantly in this respect, he describes by saying—

*The Oriental shall come out of his seat,
He shall pass over the Apennines and see France,
He shall go by the air, the waters, and the snow
And shall strike everyone with his staff.*

How did Nostradamus know, 400 years back in the middle ages, that the day would come when armies would "go by air", especially the Chinese armies? It is universally known that the Chinese of themselves have no air force. Therefore it must be Russian aircraft that performs this oriental transportation. And the implication is therefore certain that Russia and China shall be allies in this mass attack on Europe.

That atom bombs are to be employed on a widespread scale was also seen by Nostradamus in 1555. In Stanza 92 of Book II he describes it—

*Fire the color of gold, from earth up to heaven, shall be seen
Stricken of the highborn, a marvelous event;
Great murder of mankind, great loss of infants,
Some dead looking. A proud one shall escape.*

THAT THE oriental hordes, and the Russians along with them, are to be driven back out of Europe, is indicated, along with the coming of a great ruler

who shall take the name of Henry and pacify and unite Europe for 1,000 years of peace. Apparently a vast earthquake happens soon in the orient that shall submerge a great area of China and put China out of the running as a continuing military power.

However, it is some relief to have it forecast in all the sacred and secular prophecies that the United States does not see any influx of Russians and that barring catastrophic sabotage, America emerges from the conflict the dominant nation of the earth.

This is the Last War, which humanity is now fighting, and has been fighting since 1914. A thousand years of international peace follow it. Communism is *not* slated to engulf the earth, and if the significances of the prophecies be read aright, the whole holocaust is over and a thing of memory by 1953.

The Iranian oil situation, which we're now watching via the nightly newspaper headlines, is the real danger-spot for prolonged and major war making, not Korea.

Russia has provoked Iran to oust the British from Iran and all the major governments of the world are aware of it. With the prospect of having to make good in a show of military force in Iran, she can't afford to have her armies and equipment at the far eastern end of the Trans-Siberian railroad, and her military staff tied up directing the Chinese. Hence the motive behind the Red Chinese truce offer that came over the last week in June.

If you want to know all about the events of the future, as predicted in entirety by seers like Nostradamus, acquire a copy of the Soulcraft Press volume, *Thresholds to Tomorrow*. It costs \$5 the copy but is worth it. It contains nearly 400 pages in exposition of the advancements that humankind is due to make in every field, over the next fifty to one hundred years.

You owe it to yourself to know the contents of this volume of what life is due to be like after Armageddon.

OUT OF THE MAIL

"Although I pledged \$500 to the *Golden Script* book fund in my former letter, I now find I can manage to send on the whole \$1,000 in payment of my pledge. Am glad to get it to you and shall look forward to the biggest success for the plan."

D. D., Long Beach, Cal.

How an Iranian Sees Cause for Country Nationalizing Oil



IN THE *Indianapolis Star* for June 28th, a native Persian, M. Mohyeddin, a student of the Iranian Finance School, gives the angle of the Persian "Man in the Street" toward the nationalization of the Iranian oil interests. VALOR reprints this statement of Mr. Mohyeddin's that its readers may be apprised of both sides of this controversy.

VALOR knows nothing about Mr. Mohyeddin. It publishes his statement on its merits. That he makes no reference to Russian pressure on Iran, is significant. But that VALOR readers may know how a native Iranian feels about events going on in his country, Mr. Mohyeddin's statement is published in full. If there's "anything to it", VALOR readers may decide it.

This journal takes the position that the Armageddon of Holy Writ starts in Iran in the near future, and that the *causis belli* is Persian oil, which Russia must command to make her mechanized military successful. Well, how do the Persians—or Iranians—themselves feel about it?

Says Mr. Mohyeddin—

"**A**S THERE are some published articles and news about the nationalization of the Iranian oil interests, I request that the following be printed for the information of the just and liberal American people:

A. For more than 50 years the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company (AIOC) has been exploiting the oil resources of Iran. According to existing documents the financial accounts of the AIOC do not correspond with the true facts. In other words they show smaller exports of oil than actually was the case. This cheated the Iranian government of a great part of its legitimate revenue.

B. The AIOC, during its regime, influenced the various organizations of the country through all means and was the cause of riots and strikes throughout the

country because of maltreatment and injustice toward the employes.

C. The AIOC paid laborers 35 to 40 rials per day (80 to 80 United States cents) which is not sufficient to live on since the cost of living is nearly the same in Iran as in America. The AIOC recently built quarters for part of the laborers and decided to deduct 30 percent of their wages. That action led to a strike about two months ago.

D. The ex-AIOC always strove to limit the economic improvement of our country by any means available, just or unjust. As a matter of fact it hoped to keep the Iranians in continual poverty and in the position of a beggar looking for a handout.

Our nation's war effort caused her to suffer economically as an aftermath of World War II. There were famines here and there and wholesale unemployment. All our hope was based on foreign aid to restore our devastations. We were like other countries that had supported the war. But unlike other countries there was no aid given to Iran because of the political pressure against it exercised by ex-AIOC agents always working against the interests of Iran.

Because of the above the Iranian people could not find any other way to restore the crippled economy but through recourse to nationalization of the oil industry.

The Iranian government does not intend to tramp on the ex-AIOC's rights and, despite the recent news published, we do not want to confiscate the company's assets and according to a special article of the nationalization law, the Iranian government will justify the claims of the company and will indemnify its rightful demands and losses. The nationalization would not cause an oil shortage as claimed by the ex-AIOC. England and other western countries should not fear for non-delivery of oil: Iran is friendly toward the west. The government will not dismiss British experts but will

THE FIFTH in a series of articles offering what you should know about the World's religions and sectarian faiths . . .

English Persecution Launched Baptist Faith throughout America

IF THE ANABAPTISTS of England were not the progenitors of the modern Baptist Church, we must look to America for the beginnings of that movement. Although there were doubtless many of Baptists views scattered among the Independent ecclesiastical communities of Great Britain, it was not until the time of John Smyth—who died about 1612—that the modern Baptist Church in England stood out as a faith in its own right. Smyth was made preacher of the city of Lincoln in 1600 as an ordained clergyman, but became a Separatist in 1605 or 1606, and soon after, emigrated under stress of persecution with the Gainsborough Independents to Amsterdam.

With one Thomas Helwys he joined the "Ancient" church there, but coming under the Mennonite teaching in 1609, he separated from the Independents, baptized himself, Helwys, and others, probably according to the Anabaptists or Mennonite fashion of "pouring", then formed the first English Baptist Church in history. In 1611 this published "a declaration of faith of English people re-

need them in their former job if they want to remain.

As you see, the ex-AIOC has been deprived of its unscrupulous profits which now revert to the true owners of this natural source of wealth—the Iranian people.

Is this nationalization an illegitimate act? Does it require an international court to determine who is right in this case?

The great and just nation of America knows that nationalization is a sovereign

maintaining at Amsterdam in Holland." The article relating to baptism is as follows—

"That every church is to receive in all their members by baptism upon the confession of their faith and sins, wrought by the preaching of the gospel according to the primitive institution and practice. And therefore churches constituted after any other manner, or of any other persons, are not according to Christ's testament. That baptism, or washing with water is the outward manifestation of dying unto sin and walking in newness of life; and therefore in no wise appertaineth to infants."

They held that "no church ought to challenge any prerogative over any other" and that "the magistrate is not to meddle with religion, or matters of conscience, nor compel men to this or that form of religion."

This is the first known expression of absolute liberty of conscience in any confession of faith . . .

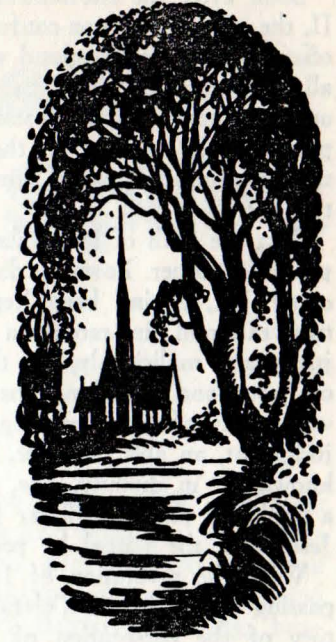
SMYTH died in Holland, but in 1612 Helwys returned to England with his church and formed the first Baptist Church worshipping on England soil. That church met in Newgate Street, Lon-

don, and was the origin of the general Baptist denomination. Helwys and his followers were Armenians—which we shall examine in a succeeding paper—repudiating with heat the Calvinistic doctrine of Predestination. Thus they differed from other Independents. "They also differed on the power of the magistrate in matters of belief and conscience. It was, in short, from their dingy little meeting-house that there flashed out, first in England, the absolute doctrine of Religious Liberty."

right of any nation and this is confirmed by United States Charter. Even the British have long ago begun to nationalize their own natural resources. Therefore, this is a private and legitimate right of any nation and the Iranian nation does not worry over the recent false propaganda and will not deviate from its present course.

M. MOHYEDDIN.

Iranian Student Finance School,
Fort Benjamin Harrison.



don, and was the origin of the general Baptist denomination.

Helwys and his followers were Armenians—which we shall examine in a succeeding paper—repudiating with heat the Calvinistic doctrine of Predestination. Thus they differed from other Independents. "They also differed on the power of the magistrate in matters of belief and conscience. It was, in short, from their dingy little meeting-house that there flashed out, first in England, the absolute doctrine of Religious Liberty."

THE NEXT great event in the history of the Baptists—though it should be mentioned that the last execution for heresy in England by burning was that of a Baptist, Edward Wightman, at Lichfield in 1612—is the rise of the first Calvinistic or "Particular" Baptist Church. This was the Jacob Church in Southwick, which numbered among its members John Lathrop, Praise God Barbon, Henry Jessey, Hanserd Knollys and William Kiffin. From this, six other churches sprang, dismissing from its membership a group of its communicants who organized in 1633 the first Particular Baptist Church.

Thus there came about in England two sets of Baptists. The Particular Baptists were Calvinists, which meant they believed in Predestination. But on the question of baptism itself, both groups utterly rejected the baptism of infants, and by no means were all of them pledged to the ceremony of immersion and by no means did all of them practice it. (over)

Soon after the Restoration of Charles II, the meetings of non-conformists to the official Church of England were continually disturbed and preachers were fined or imprisoned. As an instance of these persecutions, we find in the records of the Broadmead Baptist Church of Bristol this entry—

"On the 29th of November, 1685, our pastor, Brother Fownes, died in Gloucester jail, having been kept there for two years and nine months a prisoner, unjustly and maliciously, for the testimony of Jesus and preaching the gospel. He was a man of great learning, of a sound judgment, an able preacher, having great knowledge in divinity, law, and psychic, a bold and patient sufferer for the Lord Jesus and the gospel he preached."

With the revolution of 1688 and the passing of the Act of Toleration, the history of the persecution of the Baptists as well as other dissenters, ends. However, by that time religious controversy had been transplanted to the new world for a matter of almost fifty years—and as usually happens, those who suffered the most from persecution were soon engaged in it themselves. The Puritans had long since emigrated and settled the Massachusetts Colony—as the small girl put it, "To worship in their own way and see to it that other people did the same." And prominent among those who had embraced the Baptist faith before quitting England had been Roger Williams. He is remembered chiefly for the Rhode Island plantation colony which he started, and the founding of the city of Providence.

WILLIAMS is easily the leading figure in the first century of American religious life. He had the breadth of vision, the deep appreciation of human rights, and the gifts common to the statesman-prophet that recall the great of early biblical times. The first Baptist Church in America was founded in the Providence settlement on Narragansett Bay under his leadership after he had been sentenced to banishment by the Massachusetts Court in 1635. The trouble seems to have arisen over that finicky and squeamish point as to whether or not infants should be baptized. The Puritans held that they should. To Williams the insistence appeared not only valueless but a perversion of Christian ordinance.

About March of 1639 he, with eleven others, decided to restore believers' bap-

STRANGE EXPERIENCES . .

What Played the Radio?



IN relating the following story I like to think of the promise, "God works in mysterious ways His wonders to perform."

Back in 1938 two young men and myself formed a small company for the purpose of a new type of program on the air, that is, a program different from those of the time. We continually heard people remark how nice it would be to hear something beside croon-

ers and jazz players, especially on Saturday nights. The entire range of stations from 6 P. M. to midnight were blating out noisy hysterical discords.

We thought it a good idea not to try to compete with the forces that dominate the air waves but "tune in" on the LIGHT wave length and bring forth a different vibration. We had a good script writer and researcher; we delved into the history and lives of religious leaders and the inspiration that caused them to stir the people of their days including such

(Continued on Page 12)

tism to form a church of baptized believers. Ezekiel Hollman who had been with Williams at Plymouth and shared his separatist views, first baptized Williams, then Williams baptized the rest of the company.

But Williams did not long continue to find satisfaction in the step he had taken. Believing that the ordinances and apostolic church organization had been lost in the general apostasy of the times, he became convinced that it was presumptuous for any man or company of men to undertake their restoration without a divine commission. He felt compelled to withdraw from the church he had been the means of establishing and to assume the position of a "seeker". He continued on friendly terms with the Baptists of Providence and in his writings he expressed the conviction that their practice came nearer than that of any other communities to the first practice of Christ.

The Baptist faith in America, however, had gotten its start, soon to be accelerated by the Massachusetts Colony's treatment of Mrs. Anne Hutchinson.

One John Clarke, a physician, had arrived in Boston from England, a man of no little religious zeal and theological acumen, where instead of the religious freedom he was seeking, he found the dominant party in the so-called Antinomian controversy banishing Mrs. Hutchinson along with one John Wheel-

wright and William Coddington. Clarke cast in his lot with Dame Hutchinson and they founded a colony on the island of Aquidnek, in Rhode Island. At about the same time, Baptists withdrew to Newport and opened a church of their own—and the faith was off to a flying start in the New World. Persecution had done it. The faith spread down through Connecticut to New Amsterdam and Pennsylvania. No ecclesiastical politics were played in it. The Baptists sought to adhere as closely as possible to the literal words and practices of Christ, and so they have ever remained—the least affected of all American denominations by *isms* and innovations.

Today they are fifteen million strong throughout the United States, since the official union of the Northern and Southern Baptists.

Furthermore, they have remained signally aloof from persecuting or criticizing other faiths in their own turn.

But the whole faith sprang from the delicate point of conscience as to whom the baptismal ceremony was for, those who were old enough to know what they were doing or those who were merely nominal Christians by having been born to Christian parents.

NEXT WEEK: What You Should Know about the Greek Catholic Church and its historical differences from the Roman Catholic.

Golden Scripts Program Gathering Size and Speed



STRANGE forces, never encountered in the world of commercialism, are unquestionably behind the sudden meteoric success of the project to print and circulate ten thousand copies of the supernal *Golden Scripts* this coming autumn to the nation's clergymen, professors of Religion, editors and publicists.

Nothing which has ever been proposed or promoted out of Liberation-Soulcraft headquarters has ever met with more approbation or gained quicker or more sizable support. To have the Elder Brother's words themselves go out to the country at this particular time is something the average follower of this work over the past ten to twenty years sees the value of, instantly.

The proof of the approval is the tangible list of donors that is swelling weekly and daily. The last day of June saw remittances in full arrive from Safford, Alabama; Cleveland, Ohio; and Chehalis, Washington—three in one day. One from Nebraska had come in the day previously, with quarter payment and promise of balance during the summer. Monday, July 2, donations in full came in from Allentown, Penna.; and a second from Chehalis, Washington, with promise of a third.

These sizable contributions are arriving from people who freely confess they have been spiritually ennobled by past printings of the *Golden Scripts* and want others to be helped as they have been helped.

AT the Headquarters plant where the physical manufacturing of these volumes is being done, a second shift was started on the linotype Monday, July 2, after additional amounts of linotype met-

al had been ordered to take care of the 280 "galleys" of typesetting involved in composition of the text. This time, as each page is set and proofread, a stereotyped matrix is made of it before it is used. This means that in event more thousands of copies of *Golden Scripts* are wanted in future, the formidable job of composition and proofreading will not require to be done over. The "mat" is merely clamped in a "casting-box", hot metal poured into it, and the finished page, ready for locking on the presses after being sawn to size, manufactured in a matter of minutes. Three "mats" of each page are being taken, so that in event of injury or wearing out, the type-matter may be duplicated to produce any number of books at any moment. There will never again be another shortage of *Golden Scripts*.

It is usually the typesetting and proofreading on a volume the size and import of these books that constitutes the expensive item. Paper stock and presswork doesn't present the same problem.

THIS big run of *Golden Scripts* is being printed four pages at once on automatic Kluges in order to gain time and save money in folding. Headquarters operates a mechanical folder that sends the 48,000 sheets of each signature through the automatic folds faster than the eye can travel. Something like 5,000 to 8,000 folds an hour are made, the manual work coming mostly in assembling for the bindery. If Headquarters had to use girls or women to fold these pages by hand, the cost would be well-nigh pro-

hibitive. There are twenty-six and a half signatures or sections to this particular volume, and about 80 working days will be required before bindery delivery. Binding, however, is the next formidable item to composition.

WORD has been received from our bindery that covering these 12,000 copies with real leather, as originally planned, is an impossibility, because book leather in any such amounts at present is unprocurable at any price. Black leatherette must be substituted. The covers will be semi-limp, however, and the stamping done in gold. More time, curiously enough, will be required to bind these priceless volumes than will have been consumed in producing them.

BUT the approbation about the whole project continues to pour in. One eastern Soulcrafter wrote—

"I always look for a sign or a "click" before I do anything very important. I have the Elder Brother's picture right above my electronic recorder on which I play the weekly discourses, a picture which you sent me years ago. But I was not sure if that was the one you spoke about in the reel-broadcast. So when you sent me the big broadside of the *Golden Script* project with the Elder Brother's picture on it, that was the "click" or sign that I needed. I am glad to help—glad that at last the Christ Kingdom moves forward—glad that others will read and hear about it. So, until next time I write, I remain yours in the Elder Brother's service . . . etc . . ."

His \$1,000 remittance was immediately forthcoming.

Years ago the Recorder of these
(Concluded on Page 10)

VALOR

A Journal of Applied Spirituality, published every Wednesday in the national interests of American Soulcraft, by—

SOULCRAFT CHAPELS

Box 192 NOBLESVILLE, INDIANA

SUBSCRIPTION: Per Year \$5.00
Six Months \$3.00

VOL. I JULY 11, 1951 No. 12

Armistice?

ONE of the worst complexes that we can acquire is the acquiescence within our minds that the Russians are superior people, and anything Russia undertakes is bound to be invincible. It was only five or six years ago that Hitler had Stalin almost whipped, and fanatical Russians were trying to impede German tanks with their bare hands. The United States came to Russia's aid and the battle tide was turned in her favor. But none of it means that Russians as Russians have altered in their temperaments.

The Russians, mechanistically, are ciphers. They're essentially agriculturists. The editor of VALOR beheld the Russians in the field during the war years of 1917-1918. Give the average Russian the most exquisite item of military machinery that the mind and genius of man can devise, and under hourly war conditions the run-of-the-mill Russian soldier will have it in junk in less than twenty-four hours. More tragic than that, the Russians are not an industrialized nation. Belt-lines and mass production are foreign to their temperaments. Any tyro in military affairs knows that today's wars aren't won in the front-line trenches but in the factories and industries that keep supplies coming up to front lines. Russians as a coordinated force are like a handful of sand; open the hand and each grain sifts down, independent and of its own volition.

The situation in Korea the past few months has been a test of American reaction to their insinuations of force.

The Russians were doubtful, apparently, of how, or to what extent, Americans

would fight. They used the Koreans and Chinese as guinea-pigs to decide it. They have found that the United States means business in her foreign relations, no matter how screwball her motives or principles. Offers of a cease-fire truce obviously originated in Russia. Thus Russia plays a game of duplicity. She affects to be a dispassionate member of United Nations while in the subtler fields of actualities she uses the Iron Curtain nations to test out her adversaries.

Had Hitler played the same game with and by the same technique, he might by this time have been supreme in his conquests . . .

MAKE NO mistake about it, when the third phase of the World War breaks into shooting hostilities—the real hostilities—the *issue will be Iranian oil!* Russia must have dictatorship on Iranian oil.

VALOR takes the position that the Korean armistice is the announcement by Russia that she has learned from practical observation just about what Americans will do and how much "punch" they pack, and being impressed by it she needs the concentration of her forces and military leadership in and around the oil fields of Persia.

It takes brains and belt-line work in the rank and file to fight a war on two fronts.

Russia has neither.

The United-Nations-American forces having won the war in Korea, an armistice is asked for, that Russia may be able to withdraw her generalship and armament from the supervision of the Chinese and transfer it to Iran where Armageddon festers.

The Iranians may have just cause for nationalizing their oil resources, as the statement in this issue of VALOR by Mr. Mohyeddin expounds.

But Russia takes advantage of British arrogance and stupidity.

Take note that the Iran Communists are the provocateurs of strained relations.

Russia, however, has no mind to ignore or abandon the hordes of Chinese Communists. Presently you will see them, or at least hear of them, being transported through Russia, to mass against the Iranian oil situation.

Armageddon gestates in Iran.

Korea is a write-off . . .

No Word



THE SUPREME Court of Indiana adjourned for the summer on Friday, June 29th, without having handed down any decision in the matter of the Recorder's Petition for dismissal of the North Carolina appeal for a new trial. Excepting for the possibility of an extraordinary summer sitting, the Court will remain in recess until September 1st. Meantime, in North Carolina, representative friends of Mr. Pelley's are taking the matter of washing out the whole nefarious demand for his return by direct approach to the authorities at Raleigh.

Recently an elderly lady of Asheville, made the Raleigh trip to interview the Governor of the State and request a complete pardon for Mr. Pelley. The Governor not being in Raleigh, she interviewed the State's Attorney General. She reports that he received her courteously and seemed nonplussed at the side of the case which she presented to him. "That isn't the way we here in Raleigh have had the matter reported to us," he is reported to have commented. His reaction was such as to convey the impression that the Buncombe County Crowd had represented itself as being all sweetness and light and Pelley all pitch and skunk-oil.

However, friends of Pelley's outside North Carolina who happen to be acquainted with Governor Scott—and there are many among politicians and businessmen—have also evolved the same idea, of making a different and more truthful presentation of Pelley's case to the Governor and request a pardon. Thus, whether favorable or unfavorable decision should come down from Indiana's High Court in September, Pelley would be able to travel about the country again without jeopardy from North Carolina's demands for him, and subject only to the restrictions of the Federal parole board.

The broadening of the parole restrictions, however, undoubtedly rests at present on what the Indiana High Court proposes to pronounce in the matter of granting or denying North Carolina's appeal.

It was significant that Mr. Hand, assistant Attorney General of Indiana, filed no answering briefs to the Pelley petition for dismissal of the whole matter. We shall see what happens in September.

Concerning Mail



WOULD YOU remember that it would greatly facilitate matters at Headquarters not to address letters to individuals unless they're meant personally for individuals? If they contain Soulcraft business, would you address them to *Soulcraft*, or Soulcraft Press, Inc., P. O. Box 192, Noblesville, Indiana, but if you desire some one person particularly to know about their contents, merely write in the lower left-hand corner of the envelope, "Attention of Mrs. Pearson" or Melford, or Miss Jefferys, as the case may be. Business letters addressed to individuals who may be absent for a summer holiday—or any other person at the home office—should only be opened by them. And this sometimes delays Headquarters from getting the contents for days.

Another "please, won't you?" concerns making remittances inside the boxes of returned wire reels or tapes. "Please, won't you" put all remittances in regular first-class envelopes, and not in the boxes with the reels being sent back.

And here's another important thing: Whenever owners of recorders send wire reels or tapes with answering messages recorded on them, please insert a slip or plainly mark on box that such return message is inside. On one occasion, with no indication that a reel had been reproduced from the original and the original kept, while the homemade duplicate was returned in the regularly-marked box, the Reel Department assumed from testing the first few inches that all was well, and sent it along to a far distant chapel. People assembled in the latter to hear the Sunday evening discourse, and were treated instead to a whole group suddenly talking while the "mike" was open and making the reprint.

With nearly 70 reels being required every Sunday night throughout the nation at present, not all using the same Discourse, the keeping track of correct numbers is no small chore. Headquarters cannot replay an entire reel to check it all the way through, for an hour's time would be consumed to test each one. If you've had a break in the middle of your wire, don't be hesitant about saying so to the home office. Such things occur, and are expected, and allowances made for

them, even if you retie the wire and rewind correctly. The next chapel getting that reel in order will be shortsuited on the part it's been necessary for you to eliminate.

The whole process of being able to

use electronics to get these messages out is too phenomenal to discount merely because these small and annoying incidents occur. Let's appreciate but cooperate in surmounting the "bugs" as we can.

Many thanks for your patience.

Popular Psychics

The Famous Case of Marshal Serrano



SEEING at a distance, especially in what seem to be dreams or somnambulance, is proved by such a considerable number of observations that to adept psychical researchers it is becoming *incontestable*. Few can find in it much argument in favor of hypotheses called materialistic. On the contrary, there is every argument for a psychic state when the observer is endowed with special faculties. What are those special faculties? That is the thing we are striving to determine.

One of the most outstanding cases of Seeing at a Distance that interested the psychical researchers of Europe back at the turn of the century was the case of Marshal Serrano, of Spain, that was reported to the French Society of Psychical Research and engaged the attention of the renowned Flammarion. Flammarion investigated it on his own and found that, according to reliable and even aristocratic witnesses, it checked up in every particular.

His wife, the Countess, supplied the details to the French Society in the following narrative—

"FOR TWELVE long months a grave malady, which eventually proved fatal, undermined the health of my husband, the Marshal. Feeling that the end was near, his nephew, General Lopez Dominguez, went to the Prime Minister, Senor Canovas, to obtain permission to bury Serrano in a church like the other marshals.

"The King, then at the Prado, refused the request of General Lopez Dominguez. But he added that he would prolong his stay in the royal demesne so that his presence in Madrid should not hinder the

rendering of military honors due to the rank of the dead Marshal and to his place in the army.

"The sufferings of the Marshal increased every day. He could no longer lie down but remained always in an easy-chair.

"One morning near dawn the Marshal, who was entirely paralyzed and could not move without the help of assistants, *suddenly arose alone*, strong and upright, and in a more resounding voice than I had ever heard him use in all his life, cried in the silence of the house—

"Let an orderly mount his horse and ride at once to the Prado. *The King is dead!*"

"Then he fell back exhausted into his chair.

"We all thought he must be proceeding in delirium, imagining the whole of it, and we gave him a cooling draught. This caused him to doze off for a time. But not for long. Some moments passed in which he seemed to be sleeping. Then he moved suddenly, sat up again, and in a weakened and almost sepulchral voice declared —

"My uniform! My sword! The King is dead!"

"It was his last flicker of life. After receiving, with the last sacrament, the Pope's benediction, he expired. Alphonse II had died without those consolations.

"This sudden vision of the King's death by a man dying in his own turn, is true. The next morning all Madrid learned with consternation of the death of the King, who had been almost alone in the Prado, but who had passed away just a few minutes before my husband had sat up and proclaimed it.

"The royal corpse was taken to Madrid. Owing to this circumstance, Serrano could not receive the promised hon-

“Thresholds of 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

ors. It was well known that when the King was in his palace at Madrid, all honors were solely for him, even after his death, so long as his body was there.

“Was it the King himself—or his incarnate spirit—who had appeared to my husband, or had my husband in his pathological condition been able to draw on the use of faculties that enabled him to see the King at a distance? How had he learned the news? This is matter for reflection.”

The Countess de Serrano, Duchess de la Torre, made affidavit of the foregoing, all of which was substantiated by servants who attended the Marshal in his fatal seizure. Coming from aristocrats of such calibre, the report got ready credence, which from a smithy or fishmonger might have been rationalized as illusion and coincidence.

The answer seems to be that in such abnormal mental condition there is a peculiar “enlargement of consciousness” that is able to out-sense the reactions experienced by ordinary folk in three-dimensional conditions. The King being the object of Marshal Serrano's close

concern during his life and military career, this enlarged consciousness in the abnormal physical state was able to perceive and to know without distance being a factor.

We are having expounded for us by direct happening the fact that the “consciousness” we think exercises in daily mental operations may not be the thing we consider it at all. The vibrations of Thought go everywhere in an instant of time and can be picked up with equal facility as the receiving apparatus is quickened.

At any rate, the Marshal Serrano's strange foreknowledge of the death of Alphonse II did much back at the turn of the century to make psychical exploration creditable.

These extraordinary happenings were occurring to persons of the highest repute and could be neither disputed nor ignored. Flammarion made a lengthy collection of them.

For fifty years Psychological Research has been challenging the most astute scientists—and the subject is not as yet more than scratched . .

Golden Scripts

(Continued from Page 7)

Scripts received the following message, which he headed—

“ONLY CHRIST-MEN WANTED”

“It is barely possible that after all the transcendent instruction you have had from us, you have learned enough to decide for yourselves what is best to be done. We do not doubt it, but we have suggestions to make that are not of our choosing; we wish you would pause and recall them occasionally. They are ultra-important to the work to be accomplished.

“No one must be a member of your organization who is not a great and sincere lover of the Christ! That is your first and essential qualification for his admittance. Nothing must stand in the way of it.

“No matter how brainy a man is, he must have love for The Christ in his heart. And by Love we mean, a sincere regard that motivates service.

“Is he God's Man in the highest sense

of the word? If he is, take him, for power will be given him to overcome his faults and rise to every occasion. If he is not God's man, drop him! *He is susceptible to the enemy!*"

It is glaringly noticeable that practically all the persons who are helping finance this project without argument or quibble, *are Christ People!* The Elder Brother has become as real to them as any individual in their daily affairs.

Your Recorder contends it is because this is a project of circulating His words to the American people at this fraught juncture, that it is encountering such immediate and effective support.

The Elder Brother's words!

Do we actually realize what a miracle the whole thing is? Do we recognize the privilege it is to assist in it?

Ministers

(Continued from Page 2)

It's all very tragic, because actually it's theology itself that's being called to accounting . . .

THE QUESTION is, where and when is the first "break" coming in the abandonment of all archaic doctrine, and the identifying of Religion as the free and open search for positive cosmic enlightenment?

That a break is coming, is predicted!

Soulcraft and *The Golden Scripts* at least are coming to the 61 percent of the churchless millions of America and declaring, "Here's something as modern as it's spiritual and as spiritual as it's modern. Here's the latest in Sacred Extra-Sensory Research—the phenomenon that back in ancient times the ignorant prophets termed the literal Voice of God—being offered you in a free and uncircumscribed doctrine of cosmic fundamentals as the 'dead' are discovering them and reporting back to us. Don't hoot or cluck that there can be no such thing as the dead ever having been heard from, for thereby you exhibit your modern psychical ignorance—scientific ignorance. Simply examine what's being disclosed and then follow your archaic dogmas if sobeit you feel inclined, but blame no one but yourself if this expanding Age of Progress propounds something higher."

Every pastor in America owes it to his people and himself to know what is con-

"EARTH COMES"

A Soulcraft Book that Explains How Matter Integrates in Ether to Form New Universes . . .

THE STUPENDOUS story of how Matter coagulated out in the interstellar sworls of Ether, forming worlds as we know them. A book that is more than a work on Astronomy! It purports to be a great series of transcripts dictated by souls who have passed beyond human form, who describe how God projected the substances of the Universe and made the worlds for mortal habitation. ¶ This is the third great book in the Soulcraft Library—your collection should have it!

Only 10 Copies of this Book in
Red Leather Available at \$10 each



Soulcraft Press, Inc. Noblesville, Indiana



*"From a New England farm
to Broadway, with all of his
country bride's relatives" . . .*

"DRAG"

ONE of the most amusing novels ever penned. Mr. Pelley condensed in a 359-page story all the humorous experiences he had seen happen over two decades in the country newspaper business. A bestseller in 1924, later made into Warner Brothers' first all-talkie movie starring Richard Bartholemiss. Soulcraft Press has reprinted the story at \$3.

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

FINALLY, in 1942, the author put the whole uncanny story between one pair of covers. Starting from his own skeptical beginnings in psychical matters he traced his progress in making himself familiar with all phases of the supernatural, not overlooking the cultivation of his own clairaudient powers that resulted in his recordings of the transcendent Scripts of SOULCRAFT. He called this frank and startling book: *Why I Believe the Dead Are Alive!* It is a book that belongs in the hands of every student of SOULCRAFT, that he may be thoroughly conversant with the mystical happenings that brought the SOULCRAFT doctrine into present-day human thought. Ignore its findings you cannot. It shares honors with Flammarion's *Haunted Houses* for its incontestable evidence and wealth of detail.

WE HAVE 164 copies of this book in deluxe leatherette binding for sale at \$4 the copy, and 644 copies of the clothbound edition on white paper stock at \$2.50 the copy. Address—SOULCRAFT PRESS, INC., Box 192, Noblesville, Indiana

tained in *The Golden Scripts* and why they're termed "Golden". Maybe many of them will suddenly realize that in them is nothing impious *but much that goes onward where orthodoxy leaves off.*

Maybe hundreds of these altruistic men will suddenly disclose the character to demonstrate they *are* worth \$50,000—maybe a good many times \$50,000.

But sooner or later these holy men must face it.

It's to be a case of professional survival with them: Give the public something to feed its spiritual hunger or have no flock.

The Golden Scripts contain the answer for 10,000 of them.

Let's take a chance on spending the \$50,000 on them and see what percentage are loyal to Truth first and archaic hearsay second.

Strange Experiences

(Continued from Page 6)

men as Wesley, Calvin, Knox, and such hymns as *Rock of Ages, Nearer my God to Thee* and many others. We were on the air for weeks and our fan mail was increasing immensely.

One night our little broadcasting company told the story of the inspiration behind *Nearer my God to Thee*. It was a lovely story and our mixed choir of eight voices sang out with deep sincerity. On repeated occasions as soon as we were through with our broadcast, the phone would ring and people would call us to thank us and bless us. On this particular night the phone rang at the studio and a voice asked for some one connected with the program just finished. One of the partners answered and the voice said, "If you are sincere in what you are doing come to Pine Grove Avenue," giving her name and number. "I need help at once".

Although it was 11 P. M. we two hurried north to see what we could do, for the voice was desperate and it was a challenge. We arrived at the address. A doorman at the entrance of a rather swanky apartment building informed us that such a person resided there. A switchboard operator announced us. We were told to go up to the lady's apartment.

In a large city like Chicago many strange things happen, especially on a Saturday night, so naturally we were not a little concerned over what we were about to see and learn. We lifted the door knocker and the door opened a little and then wider and the voice said, "Oh, come in! I am so glad a lady is with you". We found a distracted young mother. Almost immediately she took us into the bedroom where two children were asleep in twin beds. Then her story came out.

SHE had been having marital trouble, being worried over the fact her husband was trying to impress the children with communistic philosophy and that there was no God. She became so desperate and not having any money (her husband had charge accounts for everything) she had sold her wrist watch and bought a gun the day before with the intention of ending her life and those of her two children. She had spent the whole evening concentrating on getting everything in order, bathing the children and preparing for what she thought was their last night. She had placed the gun under a cushion of the davenport. On a small end table was her radio. Everything was ready when, out of the silence across the radio came *Nearer my God to Thee*. She hadn't turned the radio on!

She stopped and listened.

She thought of her early childhood, of the little town where she was born, the church where she had gone, her singing in the choir, singing this same hymn. These memories all crowded in, and she knew she couldn't go ahead with her plan. She didn't know what she could do about her situation but she did know it wasn't ending that way. It was at this point she called us up and asked us to come to her. We stayed the night through and when we left she was calm again. I kept in touch with her for some time. She left her husband and went back to the little town, to work, her mother helping her out with the children.

I have often wondered about that radio. *She claimed she had not gone near it all afternoon and evening*, yet when she needed help it was turned on at that very moment of our broadcasting.

Did the vibration of LIGHT on which we were broadcasting penetrate that room and release the switch or was there a definite help from her Mentors that used the wonderful hymn *Nearer my God to*

Soulcraft Scripts

WE NOW have 100 Copies of the Second Volume of the Soulcraft Scripts bound in deluxe bindings to go on your Pelley Bookshelf. These contain the Scripts from numbers 14 to 26.

WE likewise have for immediate delivery 50 Copies of Volume One, containing the Scripts from numbers 1 to 13. All are done in the burgundy-red leatherette bindings, and the Recorder will personally autograph these volumes as requested.



The Price per Volume:
\$5.00

Soulcraft Press, Inc. Noblesville, Indiana

Thee to arrest her wild desire to destroy not only her life but those of her two children? We shall never know.

E. B., Chicago, Ill.

The Haunted Mill

IN A TOWN in northern York State, my father and I, who were in partnership in a small manufacturing business, bought in 1908 a large wooden structure that had been erected by a local Jewish rag-dealer for the sorting of the various kinds of rags which went into manufacture of the paper in the local papermills. We did not learn until after the deal was consummated why we had been able to acquire it so cheaply. It seemed that the rag-dealer's wife had committed suicide some months before our purchase, by hanging herself to one of the rafters in the second story.

The building was a two-story wooden structure facing east on the edge of town, set back from the street a couple of hundred feet. It had a hundred-foot ell that

extended toward the south, one story in height. Along the entire eastern front ran a shipping platform. Above the double sliding doors of the main structure was a second pair of double doors with an overhead beam thrusting out on which was a pulley for the hoisting of goods or supplies into the second story loft. The office was a sizable room located in the downstairs corner of the main building where the long southern ell joined the building. The entire structure was of wood and very resonant in consequence. One could sit in the office when power had been shut off on machinery and hear sounds in any part of main structure or ell. I had almost forgotten about the legend of the rag-dealer's wife.

My first realization that there might be something to the report—that her discarnate spirit was earthbound in the place—came of a fall evening when just before six o'clock I directed one of the boys working for us to go up to the second story and bring down some empty packing cases stored there for the shipping of our product. He obeyed without any apparent dread of going up into the



The Coming of the Elder Brother . .

A Series of Broadcasts

Starting Sunday night, April 21st, the Recorder of the *Soulcraft Scripts* began a series of Electronic Broadcasts on the *Life of the Christ*. The first one was a eulogy of the Elder Brother, sitting on the hilltop across from Jerusalem and crying, "Jerusalem, Jerusalem, how oft would I have gathered you as a hen gathers her chicks beneath her wings, but ye would not!" It was an introductory discourse on Christ as Soulcrafters have come to conceive of Him . . . These broadcasts on the Elder Brother will continue, one every other Sabbath night, throughout the imminent spring and summer of 1951. They will present a Christ that the world knows not at present, *the Christ of the Golden Scripts!*

Get an Electronic Recorder

and hear these matchless expositions of the Great Lawgiver, that will run for fifteen recordings. They are extraneous to the regular *Soulcraft Scripts*. No other character in history is having so many lectures delivered about Him, so many treatises of His life and doctrine offered the world in its present hectic turmoil. Nineteen centuries after His death, He stands forth as the most resplendent character in either ancient or modern history. There must be a reason for this! And yet, can it be possible that all is not known that exists to be known about the true speakings of Jesus?

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

Write Soulcraft Headquarters for Particulars

place in late autumn twilight. But an instant later, with a scream and a clatter, he came tumbling down the stairs.

"I come face to face with old Mrs. Marin!" he cackled, when we reached him. "She's right up among the piles of empty boxes with that rope draggin' from 'round her neck."

I hastened abovestairs but encountered no such spook, and charged it to the boy's imagination.

However, not for long.

Too many stories were reaching me from various residents of the vicinity of passing the mill property around midnight, noting the upstairs shipping-door open, and a woman's figure standing in the aperture, clearly discernable by the old-fashioned electric arc lamp that burned on the distant corner. As I always closed and barred that particular door myself personally, and always found it barred in the morning when I opened the place for business, I rationalized these reports as suggesting that some person of the vicinity got into the mill at night for reasons of their own, or perhaps to enjoy the mischief of increasing the reports about our haunted property.

But here is something that happened that put an end to all rationalizing. I experienced it with my own senses, and not through excitable hearsay.

ONE SATURDAY night when I had paid off the help and they had departed—a Saturday night in the ensuing summer—I remained at my desk in the business office figuring the week's production. The manufacturing rooms had all been closed and barred for the night, but the front door of the main office stood open on the yard, which was cinder-covered.

The office in which I sat at a rolltop desk, was located in the center of the main building, being a room partitioned off and sheathed on the inner walls but with no sheathing overhead. This last is important in what followed.

The whole mill was quiet, the yard was quiet, the neighborhood was quiet. The sun was about to set. Far up the street to the south I heard a child shout to a playmate.

Suddenly I heard a footstep—a whole series of footsteps. They were inside the mill, coming up the long machine-room to the south. Someone had come into the mill, I thought. Who could it be? Fath-

er was away on a trip. I had paid off all the employes and seen them depart out the yard. I called out, "Who's out there?"

No one answered. The footsteps approached the firedoor that led into the shippingroom out behind office in which I sat. The next instant they were in the shippingroom.

How had they gotten through the closed metallic firedoor?

I had closed and locked the firedoor a halfhour before, and it hadn't been rolled back. I would have heard its heavy rumble if it had been rolled back. I sat petrified.

The footsteps then started up the same stairs that the boy had fallen down some months before. I heard them gain the top, then silence. I recalled I hadn't heard the door at the foot of the stairs being unlatched. I waited.

The next phenomena that came down to me from above was a distinct dragging sound. Someone was pulling a heavy something down the aisle of boxes overhead. The whole of it was doubly terrifying in that it was coming in the quiet sunset hour.

I rallied my courage. I meant to go upstairs and confront whoever or whatever "it" was. But before I started up, this unexplainable thing occurred. Whatever was being dragged, was suddenly pulled across the floor *directly over my head!* I knew there was no auditory illusion in it because dust sifted down where the overhead rafters were exposed, with only an inch of board for flooring above them.

I got out through the shipping-room and up the stairs. The door at the foot of them had been closed and locked and I'd had to turn the key to open it. When I reached the top, I had no desire to go further nor investigate the phenomena more closely.

The place or area where the "something" had been "dragged" directly over my head while I sat before my desk, *was piled solid with packing cases!*

You explain it, I can't. I'd seen dust sift down from an overhead area piled solid with boxes, not a half-inch of space between any of them.

In another letter I'll tell you more of some of the phenomena that happened in that mill before we sold it and moved our business east.

W. P., Indiana.



"Road into Sunrise"

*is now available
in both volumes . .*

THE BIGGEST story that the author of the Soulcraft Scripts has ever written, a novel in two volumes telling of a young American archaeologists's search for the Fourth Discovery of civilized mankind, has now been completed, the second volume has come from the bindery and been mailed to purchasers.

This author's first novel, "The Fog" sold 146,000 copies in 1921. "Drag" sold 40,000 to 50,000 copies. If "Road into Sunrise" had been published by any one of the standard book publishers, both of these records would have been surpassed by this big story. What printings "Road into Sunrise" has, depends upon Soulcraft promotion.

Cloth, \$6.00 Deluxe, \$8.00

You can now read the complete narrative, either between one pair of covers in the white paper edition at \$5 the copy, or the deluxe edition on India paper in two volumes in the burgundy leatherette at \$7.50, and orders for the complete story will be filled same day as received.

Here is romance, esoterics, spiritual realization, and soul-satisfying literary entertainment, as Norval Grane has the actuality of life after death proved to him. The book is not for sale in regular bookstores. You get it by mail, direct from the publishers . .

Don't fail to send for the two volumes of "Road into Sunrise" and make it a "must" in your summer reading. If you can read Chapters 22 and 29 without a happy choke coming in the throat, then this story is not for you. If this author never did another book, then he would have reached the pinnacle of his writing career in "Sunrise" . .

SOULCRAFT, Noblesville, Indiana

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 . . .

Clothbound, \$3. Deluxe, \$4.

Soulcraft Press, Inc. Noblesville, Indiana

THE PAYOFF

THE ATTENDANT asked the elderly feminine visitor, “You want to consult Woosung Pootung, the Great Chinese Mystic?”

“That’s right,” said the visitor. “Tell him his mother is here from the Bronx.”

THE FRONT-DOOR caller said, “Madam, I’m the piano tuner.”

“But,” exclaimed the lady who had answered, “I didn’t send for any piano tuner!”

“I know it, lady. The neighbors did.”

A LADY had just purchased a postage stamp at a substation.

“Must I stick it on myself?” she asked.

“Positively not, Madam,” returned the postal clerk. “It’d accomplish much more if you stuck it on the envelope.”

“**W**HAT’S the matter with your wife? She looks all broken up.”

“She got a terrible shock.”

“How so?”

“She was assisting at a rummage sale at the church. She took off her new twenty-dollar hat. Somebody promptly sold it—for thirty cents.”

A YOUNG man fell into a state of coma but recovered before his friends had buried him. One of them asked him how it felt to be dead.

“Dead?” he exclaimed. “I knew I wasn’t dead because my feet were cold and I was hungry.”

“How did that make you sure you weren’t dead?”

“Well, I knew if I were in heaven I wouldn’t feel hungry, and who ever landed in hell with cold feet?”

TWO MEN of God came to an inn late on a frosty night. They were given the only available room that had a double bed. Very sensibly the older man said his prayers as swiftly as possible and climbed beneath the covers. The younger man prolonged his devotions, finally crawling in beside his compatriot with teeth chattering.

“You d-d-don’t p-p-pray very long, do you, Bishop?” he remarked.

“Nope,” the Bishop responded. “I keep prayed up.”

Subscribe to VALOR! Have it come regularly!