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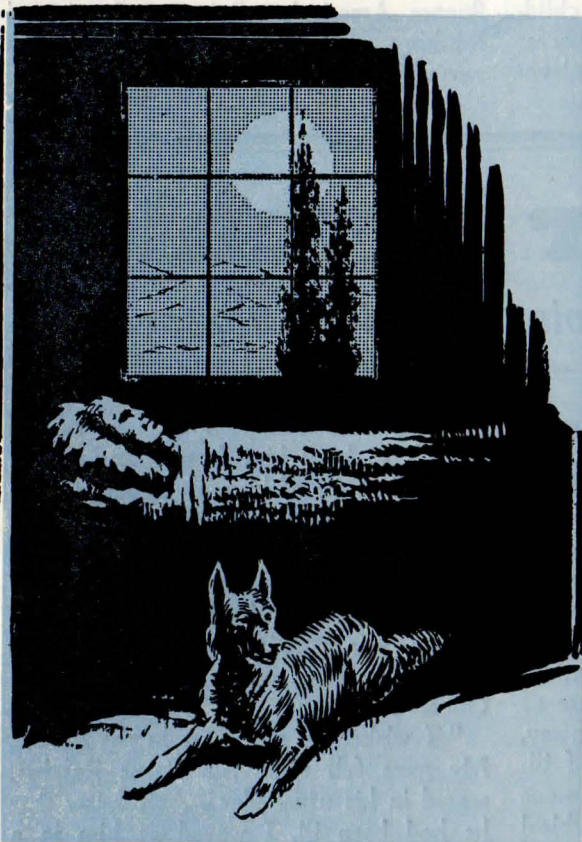
How to Live Life with Courage, Wisdom, and Enduring Peace of Mind through Soulcraft

Volume I

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Number 13

"SEVEN MINUTES" WAS START OF GREAT CYCLE



WHEN the founder of the Soulcraft Movement lay down to sleep on the night of May 29, 1928, in Altadena, California, he could scarcely foresee that what was due to happen before morning meant the opening of a new cycle in American

spiritual thought. The *Seven Minutes in Eternity* experience in discarnation, later narrated in *The American Magazine* for March, 1929, was to lead directly into the transcribing of the great agenda of psychical disclosure that culminated in the compilation of the *Golden Scripts*.

Make no mistake about it, the *Golden Scripts* are slated to raise the spiritual thinking of entire America. Already this elevating has begun, and is gathering momentum. A change in the spiritual thinking of a country means a change in the destiny of a country.

On May 29, 1928, in an obscure bungalow on an Altadena hilltop, a new cycle opened, though only a handful of people suspected it at the time.

As the *Golden Scripts* themselves phrase it in the sacred form: "There are ninety-and-nine who have no voice worth audience; behold there is one who cometh with Truth. Wait for the one, though the ninety-and-nine assail you with mockeries."

Clearer and clearer it is apparent that the great agenda of revelation in the

Golden Scripts, which is becoming known as SOULCRAFT, holds a colossal renovation and regeneration for the moral and religious philosophy of the United States.

IN the first place, SOULCRAFT uses Extra-Sensory Perception and the scientific construction of the atom to prove that death is a fallacy, that conscious Spirit exists eternally independent of organic matter.

It goes back on the Memory Time Track and demonstrates that human beings live more than one earthly life, that the Eternal Memory in man's personality jumps the incident of physical birth and proceeds back into earlier existences—opening a wholly new vista—accounting for hates and prejudices, instincts and intuitions, also most of the traits which purblind-psychology now terms "hereditary."

"It goes back in Memory-History and attests that Jesus the Christ *did* live and teach, but that He wasn't struck dumb by physical ascension 1900 years ago; He can still communicate, and does communicate, with personages in this current earth-world charged with the responsibility of instructing man in new truths as man shows himself able to comprehend new truths.

It makes clear and rational most of the hitherto enigmatic passages of Holy Writ, so that the Bible contains few con-

traditions when viewed in the light of the Higher Explanations.

Lastly, it discloses the significance of current times, and ordeals through which the nations of the world are being called to pass, so that Enlightened Students lose all panic at what is threatened, and they watch the denouement of complications between the nations with wisdom and understanding.

Graduates of Soulcraft, in other words, have a heightened and expanded quality of consciousness, and an intelligence concerning life and its phenomena, that the Man in the Street doesn't dream about.

They are super-educated people.

They have peace of mind, based on exact knowledge of what Life is all about, and what the program may be, working out in earth event.

The biggest thing that Soulcraft discloses is, that every man, woman, and child endowed with life is precisely as Divine a creature as Christ Himself was divine—and contains possibilities within himself of such intellectual and moral development that he can, if he chooses, regenerate and recreate this material and social world and put permanent end to all bedlams of the present.

THERE has been compiled, over the past twenty years, a stupefying series of celestial communications containing the answers to all man's current problems, and reliable prophecies of all the things due to happen to humankind as the Aquarian Age comes in. These have been published in Bible form, amounting to 844 pages, and are called the *Golden Scripts*.

Augmenting and elucidating them is a voluminous literature, done in a whole shelf of deluxe books, taking up and expounding practically every mortal problem that man confronts in earth-life.

There is published, in addition, a weekly brochure-lesson of 24 pages, the SOULCRAFT SCRIPTS, taking up and expounding a vital topic a week that concerns higher esoteric quandaries.

There is no church connected with the study of SOULCRAFT, no commercial nor political affiliations. It is not a religion, a denomination, nor a cult. *It is the moral opponent of anything Communistic!*

SOULCRAFT is for everyone—Protestant or Catholic, Gentile or Israelite, Republican or Democrat, white or colored—who is ready to absorb its lofty and awesome

disclosures. You aren't asked to join anything, or make any personal commitments of any nature, or sign up for any classes. You can read one Script or 156 Scripts, as you're interested. You simply acquire and read the colossal literature coming out on all of these vast subjects and become more intelligent than you would be without it.

And all of it began with a magazine writer going to sleep in a bungalow on a California hilltop in 1928 and arousing to discover he had become endowed with certain super-mental gifts, enabling him to form contact with Personages and Intelligences guiding society from Behind the Scenes of Life onto a higher and finer and freer octave of existence for all races and peoples.

IF YOU'RE at all discontented with orthodox limitations on your knowledge of the Eternal Verities, you owe it to yourself to investigate SOULCRAFT and discover what it does for you. If you're one of those who shrink from new disclosures of life and Cosmos, who cling childishly to traditional illusions, who prefer to live through these times with no gleam

of light as to why they should happen and where they're to terminate, you'll only be wasting your time with SOULCRAFT. But if you want to learn why and wherein the certainty of life after physical death exists and what your experiences will probably be at meeting it, and what stupendous possibilities and alterations in man's culture await this proving of the assertion that every man, woman, and child has at some time lived on this earth before, SOULCRAFT will fascinate you as recreate mortality for you.

One thing is positive, you can't lose by examining it.

You may discover it's the answer to all things you've ever wanted to know but couldn't find answers or solutions for.

And it costs you nothing but acquiring honestly made and exquisitely printed books that will last you a lifetime and become legacies of lasting values to hand down to your children.

The *Golden Scripts* are 844 pages of continuous Sermons on the Mount!

If you don't think they're due to influence America's religious and spiritual thinking, wait and see what happens between now and 1953 . . .

Popular Psychics

Ghosts of the Living Seen in Parliament



THE ENGLISH newspapers, the *London Empire* for May 4, 1905, and the *Daily News* for May 14, 1905, startled the British public by reporting an uncanny thing happening in the House of Parliament, when the phantasm of an English lawmaker, Sir Carne Raschse, appeared during a session of the House of Commons while his body was miles away, confined to his home with a case of illness. The occurrence was another famous episode that gained repute for psychical research because of its applying to a titled person. The case was reported in the French Society for Psychical Research's annual, as follows—

"Some time before Easter vacation of Parliament, Major Sir Carne Raschse had an attack of influenza, complicated by

neurosis. His condition became serious enough to keep him from going to the House, in spite of his wish to support the Government at the evening session preceding the vacation—a session which might have serious results.

"It was then that his friend, Sir Gilbert Parker, was astonished and saddened to see him near his usual seat. Here is Sir Gilbert's account—

"I wished to take part in the debate. My gaze fell upon Sir Carne Raschse, seated in his usual place. As I knew that he had been ill, I waved at him in a friendly way and went close enough to say, "I hope you are better." But he gave no sign of recognition, which greatly astonished me.

"His face was very pale. He was seated, his head resting, motionless, on
(Continued on Page 13)

Strange Flag and Uniforms for American Boys in New War Have Significance . .



WE CONTINUE to become involved deeper with, and deeper in, the Super Government called United Nations.

The latest proposal, made unabashedly through the nation's newspapers on July 24, had it that General Dwight D. Eisenhower is working for an "Allied" army under a single flag, uniform and command, to "defend Western Europe" against Russian encroachments and possible attack.

Senator Brewster, Republican, of Maine, one of nine Foreign Relations Committee members, who visited seven countries in the last two weeks, told newsmen that Eisenhower is "going all out" for the non-national army proposal. Brewster said he was informed that while Britain opposes the Eisenhower plan, France and Western Germany are about agreed on its general principles.

American boys then, are not going to be drafted to wear the United States uniform and fight under the Stars and Stripes. They are going to wear the uniform of the Super-State—obviously the United Nations forces—and fight under the spider-web flag of that international tribunal . . . where our enemies have the veto voice. At present these forces are under an American commander, but there is no guarantee that tomorrow they won't be under a Britisher, a Hollander, or a Western German.

WELL, the American people have long-since asked for precisely this type of international overlordship. That's the way they want it, and that, apparently, is the way they're going to get it. Patriotic publicists who warned a decade in the past exactly what was afoot, were either sneeringly referred to as Patrioteers or locked away in prison for sedition—and the public remained indifferent. The capture of control of the world by personages creating and dominating United Nations, goes on apace, for it stands to reason that whoever does control United Nations does control the world.

General Dwight D. Eisenhower then, may have an American military background and draw retired Army pay as a leader in the United States armed forces, but actually he is working for United Nations—in which we have one vote.

Give these international arbiters of United Nations time enough to grow strong enough, meaning audacious, and the United States will get told off, when some proposal comes up which she does not consider to be in her interests. Little Luxembourg is just as powerful in United Nations as our mighty Republic.

It's set up that way.

Our enemy, Russia, outnumbers us three to one.

WORK ourselves into a lather about it? Not at all. The *Golden Scripts* have made plentifully plain to the spiritually discerning that the American citizen—or any citizen of any nation—can not eat his cake and have it too. If he's traded his birthright of liberty for a mess of political pottage in the shape of the largess from his own tax moneys, let his sons be manful enough to get into the nondescript uniform of United Nations and give their lives for Dear Old Spider-Web.



Let the Senators and Congressmen who are promoting this European Situation in preparation for the coming struggle with Stalin, reach the day when their edicts are tossed back in their faces and United Nations tells them to do as they're told, and ratify what they're instructed to ratify, and cease operating under the delusion that they're lawmakers for anything but a fragmentary segment of United Nations.

The "educators" who've come among us, and been assiduously at work among us, for the past twenty years, have besmattered everything having to do with Nationalism. Nationalism was, and is, provincial and old-fashioned. It belonged to horse-and-buggy days—very buggy, thank you. We owe our allegiance henceforth to the Parliament of Trygve Lie . . . who is noted in many quarters as having been Man Friday for Joseph Stalin in running Leon Trotsky out of Norway. The "New Day" for the present is one of sinking the glorious history of the Republic of the United States in the ramifications and international intrigues of world politics whose law is designed to succeed all law. Away with Nationalism. It smacks of Fascism. Fascism, according to Communists, is forcible opposition to World Sovietism.

The offices of Russia as the pressure bloc in world politics, thus become so obvious that any school-girl should discern its significance.

The role which Russia is playing is needful at the moment to perfect this bloc of arbitrary internationalism and see that nationalism in all countries is abolished for good.

BUT FIGHTING this thing in frontal attack is no longer expedient because it's no longer effective. Those who know their *Golden Scripts* are the very wise people who discern in what the dilemma will terminate.

There's the item of human nature to be taken into account.

Human nature, with Christian Nationalism bred into its very blood and bone, but spiritually weary and confused for a period, may so deport itself against fighting and dying for Dear Old Spider-Web, that martial law has to be proclaimed.

However, that denouement either, may not emerge as anticipated.

But one thing is certain: The American People, taking them by and large, must pass through an experience where they truly see in practical affairs just what it means to have Filipinos and Turks and Egyptians and Luxemburgers legislating for them.

Civilization is not going to perish.

The world is by no means going to the damnation bow-wows.

A stiffish period of disillusion and practical experience is merely being inducted. For a highly constructive end.

However, brain-weary and soul-tired average Americans aren't dull-witted Russian kulaks and the thing has to get worse before it gets better. That it will get better is also on the cards, but the materialistic-minded and cynical internationalists aren't aware of that.

The *Golden Scripts*, Nostradamus, and hundreds of reliable private psychics, not to ignore Biblical prophecy, describe in coolest detail how the drama is to end. But until a sufficient number of persons become enlightened by concrete experience, the drama must be played.

Don't blame mankind for that, and don't look for anything behind the whole of it, really behind it, but God Almighty and the Greater Hierarchy teaching Man in the only effective way he'll truly learn—by experience.

The same Divine Providence can raise up leaders to halt it, or turn it or capitalize on it and make it of constructive profit, at any moment that rank-and-file humanity is ready to have it happen.

Reincarnation Giving Dianetic Headache . .



WHAT'S to be done with a crowd of people who go back on the Dianetic Time Track to have their ingrains vulcanized, and refuse to stop (klunk!) at physical birth? Even right here in Indiana, there's plenty trouble. Month by month, week by week, day by day, they go back in the business of "remembering" or calling into conscious recollection the events in personal experience that have passed. But physical birth isn't a barrier, it seems. They keep right on remembering. They're remembering back into previous existences when they were other persons—and tain't fittin' . .

One patient in Indianapolis is alleged to have remembered his death by decapitation on the guillotine in the French Revolution. He swears they never made people kneel down to get it in the neck. They laid customers on their backs, so to enjoy the spectacle of the blade coming down to fix them up.

It's most embarrassing. The remembering, not the decapitation.

Under date of July 9th, Headquarters received the following letter from a Soulcraft-Dianetic enthusiast in the far Midwest—

Dear Chief,

I received today Hubbard's latest volume on Dianetics. I am going to begin quoting from the middle of a paragraph too long to include here.

After some discussion of what he has been discovering and putting together from his researches he says: "I refer to the continuing and growing volume of reports from auditors on the subject of past deaths and past lives."

Then he footnotes: "The subject of past deaths and lives is so full of tension that as early as last July the Board of

Those not slated to suffer from it, *won't* suffer from it, and if there be any who do suffer from it, they've got the suffering coming to them.

It's as elemental as that . . but only adept Soulcrafters appreciate it.

Trustees of the Foundation sought to pass a resolution banning the entire subject. And I have been many times requested to omit any reference to these in the present work or in public for fear that a general impression would get out that Dianetics had something to do with Spiritualism. Further, the view has been expressed many times that in view of the fact that prenatsals are so 'controversial', the introduction of past lives and past deaths into Dianetics, even as an experimental investigation, would permit old schools of therapy to persist in their delusion that all is delusion." But he continues: "*This would hardly be a scientific way of handling a science. A true scientist boldly and fearlessly reports that which he finds.*"

Skipping a bit we find him stating: "If this data of past lives and past deaths . . continues to stand up and becomes susceptible to exacting proof, it certainly threatens to alter radically our culture. At the present time all we can do is to gather evidence. The Foundation would be glad to have any and all such evidence which Auditors may discover and care to submit." E. C. H. O.

A CLERGYMAN had occasion to preach to the inmates of an insane hospital. He thought a sermon with plenty of fervor would be well received. So he outdid himself.

Down in the front row was one inmate who never took his eyes off the pastor for a minute. He bent eagerly forward as though nont to miss a word. Such interest was most flattering. After the service, the minister noticed the inmate went at once and spoke to the superintendent. Wondering what he had said, the minister sought out the superintendent.

"What was it that man said to you?" he asked. "Something nice about my sermon? He was impressed with it?"

"Well, if you must know," the official declared, "he said to me, 'Just think, he's out and I'm in.'"

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

What You Should Know about Roman and Greek Creeds and Catholicism . .

THE QUESTION of Creeds, which is the question of differences between all varieties of worshipers throughout Christendom, is a big one, and cannot be settled or even expounded in a paragraph or a page. People say they "believe" thus and so, and in that it is what they believe, so they promote it to the front rank of Truth. It becomes Truth to them in that they believe it, not the reverse. Having once made a declaration of their "beliefs" and interchanged them with Truth, their defense mechanisms begin to work when anything arises challenging the correction of their tenets. It isn't their beliefs that are being challenged, it's Truth itself, and they become fighting mad. Actually, of course, they're defending their own spiritual vanities. On this simple psychological fundamental has the stability of the Christian faith rested up the generations.

ORIGINALLY the Christian creed started out simple. It was confession of implicit faith in "He who was manifested in flesh, justified in the Spirit, seen of angels, preached among the nations, believed on in the world, received up in glory." A great divine Leader came, and did certain things, and went. If you credited His divinity, you escaped the agonies of hell-fire. All the rest was splitting hairs.

But this hair-splitting, the professional divines made a great dust about. They considered it elevated them over their contemporaries in the intellectual way to quibble whether this ought to be believed in, or that ought to be believed in. Should a man or woman be considered a true Christian to have an all-over bath

in running water or water from a pot poured over his or her head? Should Saturday or Sunday be kept as the holy day? How many angels could dance on the point of a pin? If a man met with mishap and died before a priest could reach him and administer the last rites, what was his status in eternity, or did he have any status?

You said you "believed" this or that, and in that you believed it you were "saved" for eternity, no matter whether you beat your good wife, starved your children or scuttled your neighbors in a horse trade. If certain segments of communicants within your congregation suddenly veered away and said they didn't believe in this or that, they got themselves a dominie and established a new church. And the sects and denominations multiplied according as groups of persons had aggregate notions.

What had Truth to do with all of it?

Not "believing" in the Truth didn't make it any less the truth. Or the fact that you believed a certain thing along with fifty neighbors, didn't make what you believed accurate in nature or essence.

You only thought so.

It's what groups of people have elected to believe, according to their own spiritual whimsicalities or mental temperaments, that has made the Christian Church as varied as Joseph's coat of many colors.

BUT THREE Creeds early came out of the agenda of what men calling themselves Christian "believed"—the Apostles' Creed that was the ancient baptismal creed held in common by both East and West; the Nicene Creed that was the baptismal creed of the Eastern



church enlarged in order to combine theological interpretation with the facts of the historic faith; and the Athanasian Creed that was an instruction designed to confute heresies that were current in the Fifth Century.

The Apostles' Creed, which practically all Protestantism embraces today, contained all the fundamentals that had been publicized by the early saints—

"I BELIEVE in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth, and in Jesus Christ, His only Son, our Lord, who was born of the Holy Spirit and the Virgin Mary, crucified under Pontius Pilate, and buried; the third day He rose from the dead, and ascended into heaven, where He sitteth at the right hand of God the Father, from whence He shall come to judge living and dead. . . . I believe in the Holy Catholic Church, the remission of sins, the communion of Saints, the resurrection of the dead, and life everlasting. . . . Amen and Amen.

There it was. Scarcely one precept of Jesus inculcated by the Sermon on the Mount. The ecclesiastical history of a Personage who came and did and went, without one word said about striving to keep or practice His commandments, or without the slightest inspiration advanced to make better men and women by living this earth life after the pattern of His precepts. Jesus whole life and ministry was a complete blank as to its purpose and essence, insofar as the major creed of the Church went that sought to adulate Him.

Sterility of idealism!

(Continued on page 10)



Foiled Prison Break

IN 1876 I was foreman of the Ohio Brush and Wire Works, located in the Ohio State Penitentiary. I generally had about 150 convicts in the shop. Among the men was one, John Adams, a three-year man. I had him running a planer, mending belts and other odd jobs.

A large belt ran from the main shaft to a counter-shaft which ran the machinery in my shop. Now this belt would run off the pulley quite often, and I invariably called Adams to put it on again.

One night I dreamed I was in the shop, the men were all in their places. Adams running the planer, when suddenly the belt ran off the pulley. I went to Adams and told him to put it on. He looked up and said, "Oh, no, I won't put that belt on any more. I'm going out."

Then I noticed that he was dressed in citizen's clothes. The suit being of a plaid design. I said, "Oh, all right, if you are going out I will get someone else to do it."

The next morning when the men were all in their places I approached Adams and said, "Adams, I had a funny dream about you last night," and thereupon told him what I dreamt, and was dumbfounded to see him start and turn pale.

"Who told you about that?" said he. "Why I dreamt it," I answered. "Oh, yes, you dreamt it. I know who told you—it was Popineaux."

I began to think maybe there was something to my dream after all; so I went to Popineaux and said, "Popineaux, how is it about those clothes Adams had?" He wanted to know who told me.

"Never mind who told me, I know it, and I want to know what you have to do with it?" I answered. "Well," said he,

STRANGE EXPERIENCES . .

"I know who told you. Charley Brown did." Brown was the engineer and I went to him.

"Brown," said I, "Adams and Popineaux have owned up about those clothes, now where are they?"

He was too frightened to say much, but he produced the clothes which he had hidden in a flour sack under the ashes at the base of the stack, and you may imagine my surprise when upon examining them to find them identical with the suit I had seen on Adams in my dream.

I called the three men to the office and found that the clothes had been furnished by a guard.

"Now," I said, "to save you all severe punishment I will burn these clothes and say nothing." Of course they all promised secrecy, the clothes were promptly burned and each thought that the other had given it away.

The plan was for Adams to change his prison garb for the citizen's clothes on visitor's day and walk out unmolested, but it was nipped in the bud by a dream.

After that I gave Adams a good show at the engine and he became an expert engineer. He served his time, married and became a good, honest citizen, and the last I knew of him he was running the biggest and best engine in the city. He often said that he owed everything to me, but it was a long time before I could persuade him that it was all a dream.

D. B. S.

That Haunted Mill

IN MY last letter I told you about the Haunted Mill in northern New York State where the ghost of the rag-man's wife not only scared one of our shipping boys into fits but dragged some heavy object across the upper floor in summer sunset, directly across an area in which shipping boxes were piled. I never did figure that one out. If the dust

hadn't sifted down between the rafters of the flooring, directly overhead, I might have argued that my ears had deceived me as to the area from which the dragging sound had come. Of course, I found no one on the upper floor when I investigated.

That particular incident, however, was by no means the end of the phenomena in that mill. Nothing more of uncanny consequence happened until a night in mid-autumn. Then I did get a demonstration that made my hair stand on end.

I had some correspondence to clean up and had worked late in the evening to do it. I had no companion. The time climbed to ten o'clock, eleven, finally twelve. I worked the typewriter myself and began to see an end to my work.

Suddenly I paused at my typing, for I heard the sound of footsteps again, as I had in the summer sunset back in August. Moreover, they were coming from the same direction that they had before—up the long machine-room at the south. Quite as before, they seemed to pass through the heavy metal fire-door without opening it, and down the ramp into the shipping-room directly behind the office. I reached and snapped off the electric bulb above my machine.

Should I tiptoe out into the shipping-room and see what sort of apparition was capable of walking through metal fire-doors? It took all the nerve I possessed to sit quietly and see what happened.

Well, it wasn't long in coming.

I can say it all in this statement—

Hell began to break loose in our shipping-room!

We had heavy bundles of paper products stored there, wrapped in kraft paper and tied with sisal cord. Some of them weighed two hundred pounds apiece. Someone was picking them up and hurling them right and left, and they were thumping and crashing everywhere. And I mean thumping and crashing.

If any human being were picking up those heavy bundles and throwing them

about, he would have to be a Hercules. The ordinary man has all he can do merely to *lift* a two-hundred-pound weight. But to *throw* it!

Frankly, when one of them came smashing against the intervening door, I bolted. I bolted without coat or hat and I'm afraid I left the office door open. I wasn't particularly concerned with closing office doors.

I ran the distance to the business section, meeting no one on account of the lateness of the hour, and into the police station. I went there because the Chief of Police was a personal friend, and as he lived in the next house to ours in the residential section, I had reported the uncanny occurrences in the mill and he had instructed me, the next time they happened, to summon him at once. Well, he happened to be on duty and he accompanied me back.

I wish you could have seen our shipping-room. It was a mess. Chief Ross couldn't believe it anymore than I could. Big cartons of paper products were askew and jumbled, dumped crazy-fashion as they had fallen after being hurled. Some of them had landed with such force as to break them open. Of course there was no one on the premises that we could discover, although we gave them an inspection from attic to basement. Another amazing thing had been, pointing to supernatural agency, all of the havoc had been worked in the dark. The light over my typewriter in the office had been the only illumination in the entire building at the time.

Well, that was the last appearance of Mrs. Marin's "ghost", if it had been her ghost. From that night of havoc, until we sold the property and moved our business east, nothing else occurred of any consequence.

But next day it had required the services of four husky men to restore order. And it had taken two men to a carton of goods to pile them back in place.

Another strange feature of the episode was, that many of the bundles had been "thrown" from spaces too small to enable human agencies to lift and swing them. Some of the cartons had been in piles reaching within a foot of the ceiling, and when the first of them had been hurled, there wouldn't have been any footing for the hurler to do the muscle-work. There had been only three-foot aisles between the goods.



Was the rag-man's wife "sore" because the property had passed out of her husband's control? And how could a woman, possessed of supernatural strength or not, have exerted such muscular energy?

You explain it. I can't.

All that I know is, it happened.

W. P., Indiana.

Warning of Fire

ONE Sunday evening my aunt was invited out to tea. The maid was out and no one was home but my cousin Carrie. After Aunt May had dressed she sat down at her desk to write a note. "You won't be afraid, Carrie?" she asked. "No, indeed," said the girl.

A dear friend of my aunt had been dead about six weeks, and strangely enough several times when Aunt May sat down to write, her hand would shake and write messages from her friend. It was weird to say the least, for Aunt May never believed in ghosts.

To resume, aunt had no sooner began her letter than her hand wrote, "Do not go out for God's sake, Carrie will be in great danger." Aunt was startled and greatly disturbed. What could she do? She could not let them know at this late hour.

However, her uncanny fear kept her at home. All went well until Carrie went in the kitchen to make the tea. Suddenly aunt was terrified by Carrie's agonized screams. Rushing into the kitchen she found the girl ablaze, writhing on the floor.

With her heavy skirt aunt soon put out the fire. Carrie was burned quite severely as it was. What would have happened if aunt had not heeded the message?

M. B. C.

Mysterious Illumination

Suffolk, Va. (UP)—A mysterious, glowing light that has been seen along a rural lane near here has touched off many reports. Similar ghostly apparitions are said to appear regularly in Tidewater, Virginia.

The lights range from a weird lantern that can be seen swinging in trees surrounding a country graveyard near Bacon's Castle on the James River, to a "ghost ship" that moves up a salt creek.

The strange light seen along Jackson Road south of Suffolk attracted such crowds that police investigated. The light was seen by state police, court officials, reporters and others but no explanation for it was found.

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That Convenient Devil

THE STORY comes to VALOR that a certain Ohio lady chaplain issued invitations to twenty to thirty people at random to come to her home of a Sunday evening and hear a Magic Case-ment recording played on the electronic reproducer. The guests assembled. The recording began. The hymn and the prayer passed off smoothly and the *Golden Script* reading was well received. Then came the discourse. But at some point within the discourse, the Recorder made reference to himself and his interesting experiences at Terre Haute between 1942 and 1950.

A pompous and sanctimonious man electrified. He leaped to his feet.

"What's this you're playing?" he bel- lowed, . . . "a discourse by that fellow Pelley who was convicted for Sedition in 1942? This is of the devil! *Let me out of here!*"

Trampling several ladies' feet, he reached the door. He jammed his hat on his head, and slammed the door behind him. Undoubtedly upon the sidewalk he breathed in thanksgiving that he'd escaped contamination with Old Nick and gotten from the place without losing tail- feathers in the gate of hell.

The balance of the guests, being ladies and gentlemen not so susceptible to the Devil and all his works, composed them- selves as they could and listened to the end.

But the incident challenges.

THIS WORLD is filled with people whose knowledge of day to day af- fairs is based on nothing more reliable than the morning's newspaper headlines. And not even the morning's newspaper headlines are perused very carefully. In the evening, these people turn on the ra- dio. Whatever commentator they happen to get becomes their voice from Sinai.

In respect to the erstwhile Pelley Case, they never read far enough to learn that Pelley was indicted and convicted chiefly for being anti-communist at a time when Joseph Stalin was an ally, not a headache. The Judge in sentencing him made the blistering adjuration in court: "I'm not going to have you and your publishing house loose, stirring up trouble between America and her allies in time of War."

Today, Pelley is not only vindicated in everything he ever wrote but today's newspaper headlines are the headlines of Pelley's publications back in 1942.

If Pelley's adjurations had been fol- lowed in 1942, Russia wouldn't be today where she is.

As for Pelley's North Carolina case, the gentleman who trampled the ladies' feet in Ohio was equally as ignorant that one of the leading communist publishers of the country, by his own braggadoccio in the nation's newspapers, furnished the money and the legal talent for prosecut- ing Pelley on a technical charge of having failed to file on one of his corporations with the Raleigh authorities, and publish- ing his annual corporation statement without having so complied with the Blue Sky Law. Pelley hadn't been aware that such was necessary so long as his activities in North Carolina were confined to hav- ing a North Carolina printer manufac- ture his publications. No stock in any Pelley comany was ever sold in North Carolina. The State authorities were not the prosecutors. No one was "swindled"

of a penny. But the communists were using such tactics to shut up Pelley's pub- lishings against their infiltrations into the Washington bureaucracy, to America's hurt.

However, it's the sheer fact of the con- victions, whether justified or not, that makes the Recorder of the Soulcraft doc- trine a "devil" . . .

Newspaper headline readers . . . ho- hum!

The Ohio man's exclamation as he fought to get through the door bears a startling similarity to another "devil" ac- cusation, now celebrated in history. It was made in the Nazareth synagogue. Jesus had been reading the prophecies about the coming of the Messiah as fore- told in the Hebrew Scriptures. When He closed the book, He remarked—

"This day is the prophecy fulfilled in your ears."

That tore it.

They knew this lad who said it. They'd seen Him grow up among them, and help His father make furniture or build houses. They went into a dither at such blasphemy.

"Joseph's son hath a devil!" they screeched.

The worshipers rioted. They grabbed hold of "Joseph's son" and hustled Him out and up to the high eastern cliff over- looking the village. The proper way to treat with such a miscreant was to hurl Him over. That would be treating with this "devil" properly.

Jesus is reported to have "passed through the midst of them" and gone his way.

IT'S QUEER about human nature.

Human nature will credit a prophet if he's been born over in the next county, or province, or overseas. But anyone who's familiar, being a prophet or a Mes- siah? What blasphemy!

Half-read, excitable, sanctimonious people are ever ready to see a devil in anything that's new to them, or that they haven't had told them by someone with a larger bank account than themselves, or that they don't want to believe in because what he offers provokes them to *think*.

Well, let them slam the doors and breathe in relief when they gain to the sidewalks. The world still holds its Pharisees and its Scribes.

It also holds its people who pay proper attention to the Truth pounded, and




consider it on its merits.

Give the newspaper headline writers and the hoinking broadcasters time to see the nation swinging into Soulcraft and behind Soulcraft, and the modern Pharisees and Scribes will be quite as volatile about following where such ephemeral mentors lead.

Pelley can wait.

He's waited eight years.

Golden Script Printing

 THE NEW Clergyman's Edition of the *Golden Scripts* is already one-eighth done—10,000 copies. One hundred pages have to date been set in type, printed, and folded. And the paper for the edition only arrived at the plant July 9th. At this rate, the books will be ready by mid-fall.

Pledges for the underwriting of this big edition continue to arrive each week. The following cities to date have made their full quotas—

HUBER (Atlanta), GA.
LONG BEACH, CAL.
MILWAUKEE, WIS.
SPOKANE, WASH.
SAFFORD, ALA.
CLEVELAND, OHIO. (2)
CHEHALIS, WASH. (2)
ALLENTOWN, PA.

The following cities are represented by Pledges—

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH
STOCKTON, CAL.
SCOTT'SBLUFF, NEB.
LOS ANGELES, CAL.
MEDFORD, ORE.
EVERETT, WASH.
CINCINNATI, OHIO
SEATTLE, WASH.

Gifts and contributions of size continue to arrive by every mail, approximating over a third of the amount originally asked for. But the binding of these 10,000 books will be in the neighborhood of \$12,000 for that item alone. The Fund still goes on . . .


The total Fund, when completed, will designate where, and in whom, the deep vital interest in the message of Soulcraft reposes. Some of the donors who have given smaller amounts have sacrificed to help put the project across, and their ef-

forts to be represented have been heroic.

Most of the donors and pledgers have done what they have in the loving conviction that getting the words of the Elder Brother out to tormented America just at this time, takes precedence over any demand on their finances, and the sheaf of letters expressing eagerness to be a part of it contain priceless commitments and allegiance to His work.

Rewards must perforce be of a nature which the secular-minded could not appreciate.

The Gift-Book Habit

 OW often the question arises, "What shall I give James or Edith for their birthdays?" If James or Edith have reached the years when they're starting to wonder about the mystery and purpose of existence, why not present them with a deluxe copy of *Behold Life*? Why not make a practice of always presenting Soulcraft books as birthday or anniversary or going-away gifts? If the persons be sedate and elderly, and wonder occasionally what the Great Transition may be like that seems to be drawing nearer with each year, present them with a copy of *Why I Believe the Dead Are Alive*? Rest assured they'll find food for thought in it, as they read chapter after chapter of the narrative submitted, wherein the author has described the evidence of survival that has come beneath his direct observation.

If you find yourself wanting to give an anniversary gift, or a gift to someone leaving on an ocean voyage, see that they get a double copy of *Road into Sunrise*—which is entertainment and spiritual education in one.

Somewhere in the Soulcraft book-list is exactly the volume that would make an appropriate gift for any occasion. And remember, you're sowing seeds of Soulcraft enlightenment with every copy you so present.

Get the Soulcraft Gift Book habit.

Later on, you'll want to make presentations of copies of *Golden Scripts*, as they become available, but nothing helps Soulcraft at present like aiding in the reduction of its heavy stock of auxiliary reading to the *Golden Scripts*.

It's the spiritual gift that's remembered—and appreciated.

Rewinding Wire



AN UNUSUAL number of wire reels, badly rewound, presumably on Webster recorders, have been returned lately to Headquarters—or been replaced by chaplains at unreasonable expense to themselves. In four out of five cases it appears to be due to the wire spools being loose on the chuck-head, and this is remediable. The chuck-head is the mount on the left-hand spindle over which the metallic spools are slipped for playing. If there is any "play" whatsoever in it, the winding wire will bulge and go ragged. It mayn't be noticed so much while the reel is being played off, but on reversing, the smaller reels travel at such increased speed that the wire is "thrown" out of alignment.

Remedy this by lifting the empty spool off the chuck-head, taking care not to break the wire or linen thread fastened about it. Insert a thickness of ordinary book paper, say half an inch in width, vertically between chuck-head and spool, pushing the spool down firmly into place. This stops any "play"—although care should likewise be taken not to let the slip of book paper so inserted wedge or throw the spool out of perfect alignment.

Broken, snarled, or "bulgy" wire, is uniformly due to the rewinding unit being out of plumb. Tighten your spools with a bit of paper so inserted and see if your troubles do not end. If the spools are still loose with one thickness of paper, cut two and discover if the play is not taken up.

Vacations



THE ANNUAL vacation season is one in which Headquarters has to set the teeth financially and tighten the belt. The Soulcraft work, insofar as Headquarters is concerned, has to go along, to service those persons not affluent enough to take summer holidays. That the mail and weekly receipts drop to half, calls for more ingenuity and economy that the period when students are at mountain and seashore enjoying themselves may be successfully surmounted or survived.

Work? It's a privilege.

"The Coming of the ELDER BROTHER"

A Series of Electronic 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 general eulogy of the Man, sitting on a hilltop across from Jerusalem and crying, "Jerusalem, Jerusalem, how oft would I have gathered you as a hen gathereth her chicks beneath her wings, but ye would not!" It was an introductory discourse on the Christ as Soulcrafters have come to conceive of Him . . . These broadcasts will continue into the autumn. They portray 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 are running 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?

Write Soulcraft Headquarters for Particulars

Soulcraft Chapels : Noblesville, Indiana

Catholicism

(Continued from page 5)

Jesus was dead and gone, and it would be necessary to surmount death to ever contact Him again—excepting He was going to take over certain parts of the Almighty Father's function at Judgment Day.

And that has been that.

PROTESTANTS didn't change their beliefs very much, when they broke away from Rome. They merely repudiated a theological organization. The Roman Creed, called by Tertullian the Creed of the Token, which the African Church shares with Rome, declares—

"The rule of faith is one thing altogether . . . of believing in one God Almighty, maker of the world, and in His Son, Jesus Christ, born of Mary the Virgin, crucified under Pontius Pilate; the third day raised from the dead, received in the heavens, sitting now at the right hand of the Father, about to come and judge quick and dead through the resurrection also of the flesh."

Insofar as creed, or statements of belief, is concerned, the whole Methodist denomination, 12 million strong in the United States, might as well close down its churches and start attending all the Roman Catholic cathedrals within the public domain next Sunday morning. They both believe exactly the same things and say so.

But early in the history of all this "believing and confessing" and founding churches in consequence, the Christian Church of the West—that is, headed up by the ecclesiastical authorities at Rome—began to go its separate way from the Christian Church of the East. The Church of the West became the Catholic and the Church of the East became the Greek Orthodox. The cleavage and competition between the two became increasingly sharp with the years. But Rome had the greater number of communicants and cemented the stouter political organization.

Large numbers of Protestants will solemnly tell you that the Greek Orthodox Church came about because Constantine the Great, first imperial convert to Christianity, located the seat of civic empire at Constantinople—now Istanbul—in

consequence of which "the Church went with him," and Rome became the collection of religious debris left behind in the wake of such change.

This is a careless treating of history.

The Churches of the East always had had a certain integrity and stability because they were located in and around Palestine where the Master had conducted His early ministry. The Churches of the West based their veneration of Rome on the fact that St. Peter had been allegedly crucified upside down in that city as his martyrdom. But history shows that the real cleavage between the two was one based on difficulties of terrain travel between one end of the Mediterranean and the other. Rome was too far away in those early days for eastern ecclesiastics to go and come readily. Rome, however, flourished and grew great because as a Church she was next door to all Europe. And it was in Europe that civilization in the succeeding thousand years came to highest political and economic pitch. The Far Levant, now known as the Near East, saw no such progress. As the areas of country went, so each church went.

The Greek Orthodox Church, isolated from Rome—or Rome isolated from the churches of the Holy Land—leaned the more heavily on the Nicean Creed, which was much more elaborate and verbose than the Apostles' Creed. Here is the agenda of beliefs of the Greek Orthodox Church—

"WE BELIEVE . . . In one God, the Father Almighty, the maker of all things visible and invisible, and in one Lord, Jesus Christ, the Son of God, begotten of the Father, only begotten, that is of the substance of the Father, God of God, Light of Light, very God of very God, begotten not made of one substance of the Father by whom all things were made, both those in heaven and those on earth; who for us men and for our salvation came down and was incarnate, was made man, and suffered, and rose the third day, ascended into heaven, is coming to judge quick and dead. We believe in the Holy Ghost, the Lord and Giver of Life, who proceedeth from the Father and the Son together is worshiped and glorified, who spake by the prophets. We acknowledge one baptism for remission of sins, we look for the resurrection of the dead and the life of the world to come."

That's all the difference there is be-

"Behold Life!"



A BOOK OF 384 PAGES EXPOUNDING THE PLAN OF LIFE FROM AMEBA TO ANGEL ACCORDING TO INTERPETATIONS GIVEN IN SOULCRAFT

YOU MAY have wondered if one book could be acquired that gave you the whole Plan of Life as propounded by the complete agenda of the Soulcraft Scripts. The volume you're looking for is the 384-page BEHOLD LIFE—written by the Recorder of the Soulcraft Psychical Scripts back in 1937 and now reprinted in a deluxe edition. This book tells you in popular, understandable terms all the spiritual-biological processes, making existence and human society in Cosmos what it is. No other interpretation so simple of narration and yet disclosing so much. If you want proven to you that the Soulcraft Plan of Life is sound and worth studying, add BEHOLD LIFE to your reading-shelf and raise your spiritual sights!

Price, Leatherette, \$4 Copy



"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.

"Why I Believe the Dead Are Alive!"



DO YOU believe in survival after death? Have you ever had experience with evidences of excarnate intelligence? If you are skeptical about survival, what evidence would you require to convince you that human people do continue to live consciously after vacating their bodies? Are you open to conviction that personal survival is a provable fact?

Supernatural Evidence that Astounds

Ever since boyhood, the man who was to project and found the great doctrine of Soulcraft had encountered supernatural experiences in his affairs. With maturity these increased. He got his first direct evidence of survival in his epochal "Seven Minutes in Eternity" adventure, published in the American Magazine, when he met face to face, and talked with, people whom he had seen buried in caskets. Since that episode, evidence of survival piled up in his affairs, terminating with the full materialization of his daughter Harriet, a woman of thirty-seven, who had died physically at the age of two.

302 Pages of Fascinating Proofs

Finally, in 1942, the author put the whole uncanny history of his explorations into phenomena, between one pair of covers. He called this startling and entrancing volume, "Why I Believe the Dead Are Alive." It is a book that belongs in the hands of every student of Soulcraft, that he may find his own peace of mind at preserving his personality after death as well as become conversant with the whole agenda of mystical happenings that have put Soulcraft in the forefront of current thought.

¶ You can buy this book in the cloth edition, printed on white paper, at \$3 the copy, or in the India paper, deluxe edition, in Burgundy Leatherette covers, for \$4—each postage prepaid.

Soulcraft; Noblesville, Indiana

tween the Roman Catholic Faith and the Greek Orthodox Faith.

But the internal structures of the two, for administering offices and sanctifying laymen to serve as clerics, are quite something else. It was the Holy See and the Papal dignitary that made Rome.

We shall see how it was done.

NEXT WEEK: A capsule survey of the papacy and the patronage of the Greek Orthodox Church by the Russian Czars.

Don't Miss Talk on Regeneration



ST. LOUIS lady of German extraction wrote the following letter to VALOR last week, pardonably embittered by the fate of her relatives in Central Europe.

Mr. Pelley selected it as topic for his Eighth Discourse in the Solving Life series of electronic broadcasts released on the 21st, which he gave the title of "Regeneration."

Are we mistakenly laboring under the impression there has ever been a "Free World" at any time up the whole course of civilized history?

My dear Mr. Pelley:

Received your magazine VALOR last week and this morning, but am not able to subscribe for it. The main reason for that is, that I cannot afford to do it at present. I have too many responsibilities to the people in Germany. I am sending all I can afford to them. I feel this is my duty as they were ruined by us and directly by our government.

I cannot see how anyone can predict that North America will come out victorious, of all nations America, who upset and ruined the whole world, and how we here have the nerve to speak of a free world. Where is there a free world? The Germans are slaves. That also refers to the west of Germany as well, and who is to be blamed that Russia is where it is? And as long as America with the British and French are occupying Germany, Russia will not go either, although Russia's suggestion is, and has been for the last two years, that they are ready to leave Germany if the others will leave. In fact, they *have* been withdrawing some of their soldiers and I know it. Even the *Chicago Tribune*, which I get every day, has ac-

“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

knowledge that fact Of course, all is blamed on Russia now, just as during the war all was blamed on Germany . .

Free world! Such humbug! Go to Germany and other countries and see how free they are. No country is free so long as it is dominated by foreigners.

I am sorry I cannot subscribe to VALOR but perhaps will sometime later. Wishing you a lot of luck and success in all your undertakings, I beg to remain,

Mrs. H. B.

You will not want to miss the Recorder's answer to this communication and his interpretation of the United States being "victorious" in her international complications of the present.

The Solving Life series is now going into practical problems in constructive statecraft. Next in the Solving Life series will be the reply to another letter on the Korean-China situation.

Know Soulcraft's attitude toward these world dilemmas. They will give you peace of mind and a new inspiration to carry on until the full Aquarian times come in.

Popular Psychics

(Continued from Page 2)

one hand. The expression of his face was impassive and hard. For a moment I wondered what I had better do. *When I again turned toward him, he had disappeared.*

"I regretted this, and went at once to seek him, hoping to find him in the vestibule. But Raschse was not there and no one had seen him."

"In the *Daily News* of May 17th, Sir Arthur Hayter added his testimony to that of Sir Gilbert Parker. He declared that he too, had seen Sir Carne Raschse, and that, moreover, he had drawn the attention of Sir Henry Bannerman to his presence.

"This member of Parliament was not a little surprised to receive, soon afterward, his two friends' felicitations, congratulating him on not being dead. He frightened his whole family with the story of his apparition. As for him, he

really did not doubt that he had gone in spirit to the House, for he had been extremely occupied with the thought of attending the session for a debate which interested him particularly.

"This phantasm was, in truth, real. Two, three witnesses saw it."

NO SOONER had the story of Sir Carne Raschse's levitation of spirit-self reached the public prints than a similar occurrence was recalled and reported, which had occurred in the same House of Commons on July 3, 1899.

For some days a report had spread that a suite of the House of Commons, giving upon the Speaker's courtyard, was haunted. Nothing was said as to whether the spectre had ever ventured into the lobbies of the House.

Several members of Parliament grew uneasy. The truth was at last discovered. The phantom was not a ghost *but the double of a person still living.*

This person was none other than the wife of one of the principal office-holders

Scripts in Bindings

DID YOU KNOW YOU CAN
OBTAIN . . .

the SOULCRAFT SCRIPTS in bound volumes, No's 1 to 39, for \$5 per volume? They are done in deluxe leatherette, Burgundy in color, as each 13 weekly issues are completed. You can obtain all back numbers in this beautiful and enduring form. Remember, \$5 per volume, each volume containing 13 numbers. *Address—*



SOULCRAFT CHAPELS

Noblesville, Indiana

of Westminster Palace, Mr. Archibald Milman, secretary of the House of Commons.

Mrs. Milman herself told her story in these words—

"The strangest thing about it, is, that it is true. It has lasted for years. I am afflicted with another self, that people meet in places where I am not. The other day a friend took leave of me in the workroom in which I give myself up to the hobby of binding books. Scarcely had he stepped out of the door when he found me again on the landing of the stairway. Dumfounded, he stepped aside to let 'me' pass. Inside the bindery I had not stirred.

"Every moment I have adventures of this kind. One of my governesses has just left me because she was very nervous and the frequency of these apparitions made her positively ill. She could never tell which appearance of me she confronted was the true *me*. This very day a young woman living with us, saw me in the courtyard, without my having left the house. Not knowing my 'peculiarity' she was frightened into leaving.

"I have never, however, seen my own double. *But I have heard it.*

"One evening, just as I had come into my room, I heard a crackling sound and went out upon the landing to investigate. All the doors which I just closed, were open. I went back precipitately and rang both for the nurse and the house steward. There is only one stairway; the nurse sleeps in the attic and the house steward in the basement. They were forced to meet the intruder. As a matter of fact, the nurse had seen nothing, but the house steward was most surprised to find me in my room, since he had just seen me, he averred, opening the door of the hall on the ground floor.

"It had been the opening of this door, which gave forth the crackling or rather creaking sound, *which I myself had heard on the next upper floor.*

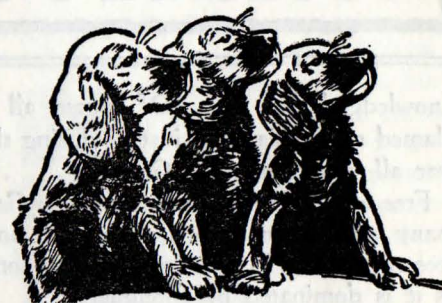
"I am not at all surprised that my double might have been seen in the suite giving upon the Speaker's courtyard at the House of Commons, although what I may have been doing there I cannot imagine. The phantasms are always iden-

tical with my appearance at any given moment, particularly in the matter of costuming. I am always seen at a distance in the exact gown or frock I may be wearing in reality at any given moment."

THESE, as we say, are both "cases for the book." They both concern apparitions drawn, for reasons of their own, to the premises of Parliament. The pseudo-clever persons who are always seeking to explain "ghosts" or psychical phenomena by declaring organic bodies must somehow be responsible, are confounded and stopped by such spirit-appearances at a distance. Sir Carne Raschse had been seriously ill at his home with influenza. It was established that Mrs. Milman's "appearances" in the Speaker's suite had occurred while she was miles away, working in her bindery.

The evidence is the evidence, and when it comes down from titled or celebrated persons, not seeking notoriety for this sort of occurrence, the pseudo-clever are stopped cold . . .

Dawg Situation



Well, Well, Emma!

WHAT HAPPENED! The Soulcraft Dawg Colony increases in population by three. Tuesday night, the 17th, it was. The canine stork paused over the Soulcraft plant and when Came the Dawn, Emma was frantically tongue-washing two seal-brown progeny and one black. Not quite up to Emma's usual proficiency, but after all, fifteen children in fifteen months is a child a month, and nothing to be sneezed at. Mother and children doing splendidly, thank you. And how about an extra snack of Pard, just to keep up a nursing mother's strength?

Butch? Butch the Beagle was nearly a casualty on the 18th, coming into the garage at twilight badly blug-spattered and with one ear hanging. Just where Butch had had the ear he wasn't saying. It might have been under an automobile tire with a car attached, it might have been in the teeth of a pooch thrice his size—a weakness with Butch—and, heavens and earth, it might have been Emma . . . if he got into the back bindery and sought to investigate what the stork had brought. If it was a fight, it must have been a classic, but no one witnessed it, more's the pity. Butch got buttered up, ear and all, with Noxema and kind words, went into the shop and curled up as inconspicuously as possible under an imposing stone. For twenty-four hours he was a badly ailing pooch—or perhaps it was chagrin. However, Butch is a great believer in Psychosomatics, or the influence of Mind over Body, and for forty-eight hours he psychosomatted plenty. When the ear healed, the bane of his dawg-life was getting it scratched. He wanted it scratched because it itched. By the 20th all that remained was memories and scars. Butch now has almost as many as Old Fritz.

And quite as proud of them.

Saturday night Emma went strolling over in the pasture to get a breather after a day spent at her personal dairy business, and brought home, (heavens to Betsy!) a live baby rabbit about the size of her pups. Carefully and tenderly she brought it in her teeth without injuring it and deposited it in the packing case with her new triplets. A dash off into the dark again—leaving the Headquarters girls squealing over a motherless bunny-rabbit that hadn't yet gotten its eyes open—and Emma was back with a second live bunny, twin to the first. But neither of them would nurse Emma. The faucets were too prodigious. A little neighborhood girl got the pair as a gift—on the announcement that her family medical kit held a medicine-dropper.

Emma looked disgusted.

The triplets? They're all spoken for, thank you. In fact, four were spoken for, but only three showed up.

Poor Spike and Gaiters! They were born long, long ago—in fact as long ago as August of 1950. Whatcha gonna do when you grow so darned old and big that nobody thinks you're cute?

The Boss Man sympathizes with them. He's in the same boat himself.



“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 archaeologist'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 \$6 the copy, or the deluxe edition on India paper in two volumes in the burgundy leatherette at \$8.00, 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

A New Policy in Sales of Soulcraft Literature!



SOULCRAFT PRESS, INC. is adopting a new policy on its books starting August 1st. It will locate with each Group-Chaplain a 4-foot Shelf of Soulcraft Books for retail sale to first attendees at Soulcraft assemblies. It will supply on a consignment basis three copies of all volumes on which a stock is carried at Noblesville, and continue to keep three copies of all numbers coming to Chaplains as fast as such numbers may be purchased and remittances made to Headquarters.

GET A SALES SHELF

An attractive display rack presenting all books with titles clearly visible will be furnished, on the top of which is a smaller display compartment holding ten copies of VALOR—which ought to be readily procurable at all Soulcraft Chapel meetings week by week. Special prices and discounts will be made Chaplains thus keeping an available stock of Soulcraft Books on hand for new students or visitors.

A representative from Noblesville Headquarters will visit each Chapel in the field this summer and autumn to make the personal acquaintance of Chaplains and set up such book display. He will explain all financial arrangements for reimbursing Headquarters for such sales stock—each accredited Chaplain being extended a credit for \$150 worth of Soulcraft Books and Scripts.

Install a Soulcraft Book-Rack and have all the Soulcraft literature available for interested people at close of weekly recordings! VALOR will be shipped weekly in bundles, servicing such racks regularly!

For advance particulars address

SOULCRAFT PRESS, INC., Sales Dept., Noblesville, Indiana

THE PAYOFF

F'ATHER said, "Your new little brother has just arrived, Horace."
"Where did he come from, father?"
"A far-away country."
"Another darned alien!"

AUNT Sarah," said a pretty maiden in a picture gallery, "this is the famous *Angelus* by Millet."

"Well, I never! That man has had the nerve to copy the calendar that's hung in my kitchen for the past twenty years!"

LOTTIE, aged four, was spending her first two weeks in the country with her aunt. She had developed a great fondness for milk. One day, having drunk as much as her aunt thought good for her, she was informed she couldn't have more.

"Pshaw!" exclaimed the indignant child. "I don't see why you want to be so stingy with your old milk? Two whole cowsful in the barn!"

A BOSTON spinster was shocked at the language used by workmen repairing telephone wires near her home, so she wrote to the company. The manager immediately asked the foreman on the job to make a report. The foreman composed and sent back the following—

"Me and Spike Williams is on this job. I am up the pole and I accidently let some hot lead fall on Spike, and it goes down his neck. He looks up and says to me, 'Really, Harry, you must try to be more careful.' That's what I have to report of this here dame's complaint."

IN the congregation of a church during Sunday morning service was a young bride, whose husband was an usher. Becoming terribly worried about having left the Sunday-dinner roast in the oven, she wrote a note to her husband, asking another usher to take it to him.

The latter, thinking it was a note for the pastor, hurried down the aisle and laid it on the pulpit. The pastor reached and got it as he was about to begin his morning sermon.

The perturbed clergyman read the astonishing message:

"Please go home and turn off the gas."