

Valor

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

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THOUSAND-YEAR PEACE FOLLOWS REDS' DEFEAT

THE KINKY threads of events by which Russia and the rest of the world come to open grips is of small importance. Truce may come

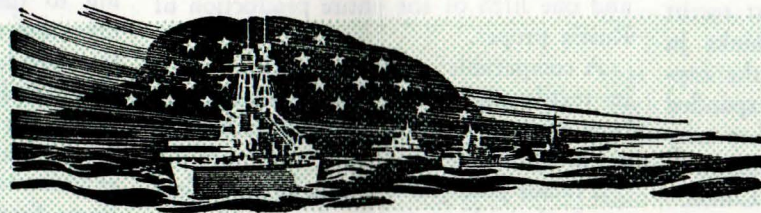
in the Korean situation or it may not. The truth to be faced is, that Russia is preparing to fight the rest of the world—and the climactic tussle in the Armageddon which truly began in 1914 comes between Gog and Magog, as the Scriptures attest.

Nostradamus predicts that most of the decisive fighting will occur in and about the countries of the Eastern Mediterranean. The reason why this should be an accurate forecast is not hard to recognize. Military machinery moves on oil. Russia's oil supply in these middle months of 1951 comes from Rumania but she must make sure of her secondary source of supply in Iran and Iraq, as well as cut the flow of oil from these latter countries to Britain and America.

It is by no means coincidence that the Communists are reported in the news dispatches as "demonstrating" against Britain and America as Iran nationalizes her vast oil industry. The provocative "incident" will come, then the final phase of the Big Show is on in earnest.

PRESIDENT TRUMAN spoke with wisdom and foresight in Detroit on July 28th when he warned the people of the United States to "get ready" . . . It's no use to let the countenance drop, and despair fill the spirit, at the "prospect" of a Third World War. There's been only one World War, and it began in 1914. It has been in progress—with two truces in "armed chaos"—ever since. We've never finished it.

Peace isn't due to become *real* on this bedlamic planet till the forces of destruction, megalomania, and ruthless acquisition



of peoples and territory have been halted and slashed to ribbons, and the secret leadership behind all aspects of international mischief brought to their

Nurembergs. Peace then is slated to be the order until the year 3,000. When the Law of Retribution has been fulfilled, and responsibility discharged for all the past martial demonstrations, and chest poundings, and launching of mass battalions into carnage, Peace will come to this planet.

It will not be the peace of exhaustion, although exhaustion won't be lacking in the whole of it.

It will be, at last, a Peace of Common Sense. It will be a peace that all mankind wants because it *is* peace.

THOSE RESPONSIBLE for the Liberation-Soulcraft Movement—remembering that dates are rarely supplied in true cosmic findings—had hoped ten years past that 1941 would mark the closing phases of the 1914 War.

That wasn't the program.

The theater of struggle had to expand to take in Soviet Russia, that her leaders might be included in the Program of Great Accountings.

Those responsible for Liberation-Soulcraft assumed that world settlement could have been arrived at, by permitting Hitler to give the Russian Bolsheviks the *coup de grace* in 1942. But the celestial Hierarchy saw it differently. Germany had to be brought to account, as a separate nation, for her militaristic programs since the days of Bismarck. It wasn't any miscalculation of event, so much as having no data on which to calculate event. Moreover, there was the item of vast elements in America that had profited from military projects being brought

to book as well. Likewise in the Orient, the agitative and provocative elements of China had to meet up with an international culmination of affairs that taught them the error of their ways.

As war has always been a universal instrument of world settlement of controversy, so the nations of the earth had to be involved in the final and enduring adjustment.

Some sort of world parliament where the Prince of Peace could make His stupefying Appearance had to be temporarily set up.

The nations of the world likewise required a breathing spell to recoup their energies for the final phases of Armageddon . . .

Thus came the Second Truce in Chaos. Its ending draws to hand.

RUSSIA is getting set to battle the world.

John Harriman, European news correspondent, reports in his current dispatches that Moscow leans heavily now on her captive nations. The most recent figures to come through the chinks in the Iron Curtain indicate that the captive state economies are being expanded rapidly and effectively so that they may spell what is assumed to be success in it all, for the power of the Soviet Union.

This strengthening, says Harriman, is being brought about both through increasing industrial production and tying the various "captive" countries into a closely integrated economic bloc, by building up their foreign trade.

At present Russia is drawing heavily on her captive nations for textiles, coal, tured goods. Oil comes from Rumania—and will presently come from Iran and Iraq—steel and coal come from Poland, East Germany and Czecho-Slovakia supply machine tools and machinery. Indeed, Russia even draws on Eastern Europe for food, having taken 16,000,000 tons of grain and 41,400,000 tons of potatoes in the last five years.

From Russia, in return, flow large amounts of raw materials, cotton grown in the southern provinces of Asia and Turkestan and wool brought in from India and Australia. Also minor metals, copper and aluminum.

Oddly enough Russia herself is apparently short of iron ore. At least most of the ore needed for the expanding steel oil, steel, machinery and other manufac-

industries of Poland and Czecho-Slovakia seems to be coming from Sweden.

The machine-tool and machine industries of East Germany have been taking steel at the rate of about 350,000 tons a year from the Ruhr., i. e., in legal shipments, with perhaps another 100,000 tons in illegal shipments. In addition, East Germany probably is producing 875,000 tons of steel itself, and importing perhaps another 500,000 tons from the east, largely from Poland and Czecho-Slovakia.

THIS machine and machine-tool industry of East Germany produced about half of all German production prior to World War II.

At the same time, Moscow pushes ahead rapidly with steel expansion in Eastern Europe.

Poland this year is expected to produce 2,500,000 tons, Czecho-Slovakia 2,750,000 tons, Hungary 900,000 tons and Rumania 530,000 tons.

The total of this satellite production is 6,680,000 tons, or between one quarter and one fifth of the entire production of Russia proper.

A comparable expansion is being forced in textiles, of which Russia always has been short, with Poland and Czecho-Slovakia again the leading contributors.

Tractor production is also being picked up, both in East Germany and Czecho-Slovakia.

In other words, the whole of Eastern Europe is being incorporated into the Soviet economy bloc by means which, if they are ruthless, are reported to be visibly effective.

DISCLAIMING against all this sort of thing happening, was regarded—and treated—as "sedition" in 1942. No matter! The Retributive Laws of Providence can't be outwitted, ignored, nor frustrated.

The stupendous Accounting for the miasma of the sodden practices of Materialism has got to come.

Will America be raked?

Sporadically, yes!

Retributive justice must be meted out

to millions of foreign-born pro-Russian-ites in our Eastern seaport cities. Why should they escape it? They've been working to undermine the type of government they found here in the United States. Let them taste of the fruits of their racial and anti-nationalistic perversities.

But according to all Biblical and secular prophecy, the main core of the fighting area will be Asia Minor—with the premature State of an abortive Israeli squarely in the center of it.

Turkey will be rolled over and wiped out. Egypt and Greece will get their share of it. It will undoubtedly extend as far west as Italy and portions of southern France.

What happens in Northern Europe while this is in progress, is not only problematical but inconsequential. Whether America has an armed force of 200,000 or 400,000 on Stalin's right flank won't alter any celestial plan by the smallest iota.

It's the ultimate settlement and "bringing to justice" the fomenters of world upset the whole globe over, that waits on the agenda of all human event.

But as Russia-China lose gradually and are driven back whence they came, to be defeated almost to the point of universal annihilation, *then comes the real lasting Peace Settlement.*

And Soulcrafters know what Great Personage figures in that!

LET NONE of us deplore something that in the Law of Compensation must go to fruition. There is no other way under heaven to bring the promoters of all this destruction and turmoil to the bar of celestial justice. Man-made palliatives fade before Destiny. And in the travail and convulsion of this Final Climactic Period the real social and economic and civic changes accrue that are right and proper and equitable to accrue.

That's the general panorama of what's occurring internationally.

Watch the general momentum of it shape into actuality. Watch the core and essence of the Celestial Blueprint become real and tangible.

Every Soulcrafter who's truly comprehended and absorbed the Cosmic Enlightenment poured forth in the *Golden Scripts*, knows that if he hasn't come into mortality on a vibration that involves him fatally, he can't be involved in it or injured tragically, though he bestrad-





What to Do When One Has a Communist in One's Family?

The
Plight
of One
Father . .



A DISTRAUGHT father came to Soulcraft Headquarters this past week seeking counsel.

"I feel stricken," he cried brokenly, "to discover that my fine twenty-six-year old son, on whom I've built all my hopes and who's had the benefits of all that free America has held to give him, has been secretly converted to Communism. Red agitators in his labor union got him. They have anticipated all the arguments I might bring up against it. He just smiles a superior smile that shows me his mind

is sealed tight against counter-argument, and tells me that nothing can be done 'at this late day' to halt the Communistic Movement, and what he's doing means ultimate 'protection' for himself, his wife and his three children. Talk to him about the new laws that have gone into operation, making it a crime to join the Communist Party, and he answers that 'it's only a crowd of capitalists resorting to the statutes to protect their ill-gotten gains.' How can I bring the boy to see the tragic culmination of the convictions he's acquired? Isn't a pose with him. He is persuaded his destiny lies with the

Communists. And all they'll do is use him and ruin him!"

The Recorder inquired, "How long have you been studying Soulcraft?"

"Since the very first Script," that father replied.

"Then why come to me?"

"What do you mean? Where else should I apply? I'm asking your advice to combat a situation."

"No, you're not. You're telling me that nothing you've read in a year of Soulcraft has meant a thing to you."

"I don't understand. There's been nothing in any of the *Soulcraft Scripts* that gives definite instruction about dealing with Communism when it enters one's family circle."

"No? What do you imagine the *Soulcraft Scripts* have been about?"

The man became irked. "They have not given any particular instruction about what to do when one's son turns Communist!"

"Was it necessary, my dear man? Must Soulcraft come down to the status of a doctor's prescription, this for a cough and that for a headache? Haven't you had it explained to you what goes on Behind the Scenes of Life, making people 'go in' for this and that, after they enter physical mortality?"

"You mean my son was a Communist in his principles before he ever got himself born?"

"I mean nothing of the sort. Haven't you had it expounded to you plainly enough that nobody does anything of a major nature in mortal life that hasn't its significance in some deficiency of character that has to be remedied or strengthened?"

"You mean, my son must go through the experience of being a Communist—a legal enemy of his country—in order to

dle a shell traveling straight into Bolshevikia's stricken heart.

Conversely, every Soulcrafter knows that if he is riding a vibration that takes him into it, actively, he selected that vibration himself, and should go through his adventurings in consequence because somewhere in them are experiences that hold profit to his character.

We can look with entire equanimity on the whole of it.

But wavering in comprehensive understanding of it, carries its penalty of frenzy and terror. If we *know*, each one of us, what the agenda of earthly developments is to comprise, nothing upsets us, no matter how threatening.

It's the thousand-year reign of universal Peace on which we should fix our vision and our heart-hopes. No one can flee from what was decreed before the first stone was laid for the construction of the Great Pyramid! It's the ignorant and unlearned in the fundamentals of Soulcraft on whom the cataclysm will fall heaviest in effects.

Americans generally will awaken to this fact.

That too, is on the Cards of Prophecy. Let Kismet play them—and bring forth the Leaders whose destiny it is to create a New Heaven and a New Earth.

They're available, informed, and . . . waiting! . . .

have proven to him the error of his ways?"

"That's getting closer to it. But not as you should view it. Your son came into life to confront and learn from Experience—period! And let's not call it Communism. Let's call it Russian Sovietism. But greater than all else, let's focus our constructive thought on what your boy is *really* doing. He's embracing a set of civic and economic suggestions, partly from coercion of circumstances and partly because he's doing what millions have yet to do, thinking intensively about civic and economic matters in his own right, although, against current American background, the conclusions he's reached are only half examined, and illegal. In other words, he's taken—or is taking—a stand, although it's a wrong stand. The fact that he's got it in his character to do it, should be chalked up to his credit. Now let him learn whether his stand is a correct one, and what price it extracts from him. Is he man enough to do that?"

"Is he man enough to do what—remain a Communist?"

"No! Put his so-called principles to the test of experience."

"He'll be obliged to do it, anyhow, won't he, if he goes ahead with his obsession?"

"Possibly, but that's avoiding my question."

"I don't think I understand your question."

"You mean you don't understand the tenets of Soulcraft, no matter how many Scriptures you tell me you've read."

"I'm here to be told what to do to save my boy from Communism!"

"I doubt if he can be *saved* from it."

"What!"

"Have you ever met a dyed-in-the-wool Communist you could argue out of his convictions?"

"But Jimmie isn't a dyed-in-the-wool Communist. He's been persuaded by radicals that if he doesn't get aboard the Communist band-wagon he's due for liquidation later, so he's playing safe. They've sold him on the idea that Communism's invincible and inevitable—"

"—which he should doubt," I interrupted, "or they wouldn't be of a mind to emphasize it so vehemently."

"Granted," this father said. "Nevertheless, he's been sold on the idea, and you're counselling me to leave him alone and let the thing work out."

"I'm counselling you," the Recorder

corrected, "to apply the Soulcraft tenets to your son's behavior, and let Experience teach him whether his convictions have been right or wrong."

"But that's tossing him to the Soviet wolves and not trying to protect him or dissuade him, in the light of what I, his father, know from my superior experience. I want to do toward my own son what you, prior to 1942, tried to do to the entire nation. The cases are similar."



"No, they're not similar. At any rate, you can't compare a nation with 130 million individuals making up a nation. Because a goodly part of those 130 million will see the sense of not going Communist, recognizing analytically that it isn't what it seems. But when an individual refuses to grasp it, his whole personality is adamant against correction. Have you expounded to Jimmie your understandings of Communism and why it's not what it seems?"

"Till my throat's hoarse from talking."

"Then that's what I was doing prior to 1942. And I did turn tens of thousands of individuals from it, and they're the saving note in the situation today. But one individual absolutely convinced Communism is the Thing, is like haranguing a whole nation that's already gone Communist. From that point onward it must live the thing through and understand what existence in a fully regimented State can be like."

"Then," the father summed up disconsolately, "there's nothing I can do about my boy?"

"Oh, yes, there is! Stop combating his convictions by frontal assault. Make it clear to Jimmie that he's got a one hundred percent right to his opinions. Tell him that having the character he's got, he'll be required to pay the price for Communism in his own case, whether he suffers from prosecution for being member of an element that seeks the overthrow of our form of government by violence, or from suffering the exactions of

his own dictatorial leaders as a sort of political kulak already—which he'll not be permitted to escape, no matter what plot the American drama works out. Stand by your Soulcraft principles that the boy needs exactly the experience his stand is going to bring to him, or make him suffer, that he probably came into life to get it, and as he's on that vibration, he's got to go through the rigors of enduring all the penalties. Clarify to him as you can that the whole business is like playing marbles for keeps—if the anti-Communists win out in this world, as they're predicted to win out—he's got to stand up to all the reprisals that are coming to him. Disabuse your mind that his karma is in any way your karma, and view the whole sequence that he must go through the ordeal as a post-graduate course in Life Education. Love him and help him as you can, and don't regard it that he ceases to be your son because his intellectual conclusions differ from yours, or he elects to take his stand with the forces of anti-Christ. But regard the whole thing as an experience the boy has invited to put something into his character, even if it's no more than a more careful examination of the things he lets himself get mixed in. Keep the element of Doubt forever before him—and in his mind as you can—that he knows all there is to know about the sources and purposes of Communism. But don't preach at him and don't try any parental browbeating—because he'll fight it as domination while calling it being true to his political convictions. Take the attitude that when he digs deep enough to know what Communism is, actually, and who is behind it, and what they have planned for the human race, he'll reverse his convictions pronto. That's all I can counsel you. After all, it's the boy's eternal *soul* that counts, and this experience in mortality during this Armageddon period may develop something in it, and for it, that it could acquire at no other period. Don't stand in the way of it—or rather, don't stand in the way of his learning the life-lesson he's come into life to get."

"In other words, keep serene in my own mind that when Jimmie discovers what he's letting himself become involved in, he'll snap out of it himself?"

"Why not?"

"I see," said the father. He looked out the window. "I wonder if I've got what it takes to accomplish it?"



Interesting Facts that You Should Know about the Papacy . .

MILLIONS of Protestants don't understand the purpose and history of the hierarchy that conducts the affairs of the Roman Church, what it holds to be its rights and prerogatives, and what functions the Greater Hierarchy is employing to exercise in this Armageddon period of transition and innovation. This is neither defense nor proselyting of the Roman Church. It is putting the facts before impartial listeners on which they can base convictions intelligently.

At the head of the Roman Church, as the most illiterate layman knows, is the so-called Vicar of Christ, the Pope. The Papacy is the name most commonly applied to the office and position of the Bishop of Rome, in respect to both the ecclesiastical and temporal authority claimed by him as the successor to St. Peter.

Supposing we see first how this office and position came to be of moment, and why and how it has endured with ever widening influence to the present . .

THE CHRISTIAN community at Rome, as we've seen in previous articles in this series, founded apparently in the time of the Emperor Claudius—from 41 to 54 A. D.—at once assumed great importance, as was clearly attested by St. Paul, held there as a prisoner, and according to tradition likewise the Disciple Peter who was alleged to have died there in 64 A. D., being put to death by Nero for allegedly inciting the burning of Rome. Other places were honored from time to time by these early founders of Christianity but it was at Rome that most

blood was shed in the martyrdom of early leaders. The facts rendered the Roman Church in the highest degree sacred.

Then there was another factor that transferred to Rome the location of church authority. That was the disastrous war between the Jews of the Holy Land and the Romans, that was cleaning Judea and Palestine of all religious fanatics, Jew and Christian alike. Moreover, the Church of Jerusalem, narrowed by Jewish-Christian particularism, was showing itself as wholly unqualified to remain the world metropolis of Christianity, which was gradually gaining ground in the Graeco-Roman world.

The true center of the world was the capital of the Empire, therefore the idea that the Roman Church was also the head of the other churches gained credence by the association of ideas, and Clemens Romanus, Ignatius of Antioch, and Hermas encouraged the assumption. In, or rather by, the second century all Christendom was flocking to Rome and whatever was done or taught in Rome became immediately reflected throughout all the remaining churches. The great reception given to Polycarp on his visit to Rome in 155 A. D. and the attitude of St. Irenaeus, show the traditions of both Rome and Asia Minor harmonizing, with no real conflict between them until 190 A. D., over the celebration of Easter. Rome came out victor in the controversies over Easter and laid the foundation thereby for dominating all church councils regardless of location.

VICTOR, Bishop of Rome, was the first to bethink to exclude the other churches of the Christian Empire from the rites of true communion if they failed to accept his dictates in the Easter matter as conclusive. That was the real beginning of the power of the Papacy. By the third century, the remaining Christian

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

churches of the world were willingly conceding to the Bishop of Rome supremacy in doctrinal matters.

That was approximately the period—the third century—when the schism came that separated the Eastern or Greek Orthodox Church from Rome, because the great ecclesiastical capitals of Carthage, Alexandria, Antioch, and Constantinople, as secondary centers of Christian organization, drew more and more to themselves and kept in their hands a full share in ecclesiastical affairs. The Eastern Church soon had the eastern emperors *de facto* as its head, receding more and more from the influence of Rome. Another influence bringing the demarcation clearer, was the abolition of Greek as the language of the Roman Church and the gradual substitution of Latin.

In just what year the first Bishop of Rome caused himself to be labeled Pope, from the Latin word *papa* or family head, isn't authoritatively clear to us, but we do know that when Rome and the African churches came to issue toward the end of the third century, Zosimus, Boniface and Celestine, as successive heads of the Roman Church all bore the designation of Pope openly and commonly.

During the fourth century, it should be noted, the authoritative power of the Roman Bishop declined and his Church played an insignificant part in the West. From the times of Popes Damasus and Siricius, various affairs were referred to Rome from Africa, Spain, and Gaul. These popes were asked to render de-

cisions and in answer to those demands, drew up their first "decretals" . . . However, side by side with the Roman See was that of Milan which also was the capital for a time of Western Empire. For a time it seemed that Milan would become to Rome what Constantinople was to Alexandria.

However, any real danger that menaced the prestige of Rome disappeared when the Emperor Honorius removed the imperial residence to Ravenna, and still more so when the Western emperors were replaced in the north of Italy by barbarian sovereigns, who were Arians.

IN SPAIN, Gaul, Brittany, and the provinces of the Danube, similar political changes took place. When orthodox Christianity had gained the upper hand beyond the Alps and Pyrenees, the episcopates of those countries grouped, as they had done in the East, about the sovereigns. All of them, even down to the metropolitan sees of Milan and Aquileia, practiced a certain degree of autonomy, and in the sixth century this developed into what has been called in history the Schism of the Three Chapters.

With the exception of this schism, these episcopates were by no means in opposition to the Holy See. They always kept up relations of some kind, especially by means of pilgrimages, and it was admitted that in any disputes which might arise with the Eastern Church, the Pope had the right to speak as representative of the whole Western Church. He was, moreover, the only bishop of a great see—for Carthage had practically ceased to count—who was at that time the subject of a Roman Emperor.

GRADUALLY it was becoming accepted in the church that, by some means or other, St. Peter—of whom it was alleged that Christ had said, "On this rock will I build my church"—had transferred his divine authority thus received, to the Bishop of Rome. Peter had never been appointed Bishop of Rome, for there had been no one in 64 A. D. to appoint him. It was a purely presumptive office. Moreover, Christ had never indicated that Peter had any authority to appoint successors. As a matter of fact, no Pope of the Roman Church ever does have anything to say about his successor. The College of Cardinals does that.

The term Holy See is the modernized version of the old Latin word *sedes* or seat. The Old French was *sie*, the seat of the power or authority of a bishop, or a diocesan centers functioning as Princes of the Church at Rome. When in the growth of the Papacy, the Popes fell into the custom of appointing a council to advise them, these advisors became known as Cardinals, and the total number of them—usually ninety—taken together in session, called the College of Cardinals. It is this College of Cardinals that elects each new Pope, when the previous Pope has died.

Thus each new Pope ascends the Seat of St. Peter through the suffrage of the Cardinals.

From inheriting this Church-Head Office, traditionally vested in Peter, the next step in the evolution of the Papacy was to claim the Pope also held the regency of the Church for Christ—in other words, was His vicar on earth.

The original notion of Christ's function in the world was to perform as supreme worldly ruler. When He ascended

and left earth physically, some one had to substitute for Him. Thus the Popes took the office unto themselves, never giving up the concept of the supreme theocratic State. Assuming all the world to be Christian—which it wasn't—with Christ or His vicar as messianic ruler, the Church of God was to reign supreme in all political matters, and the Pope as vicar speak with the transcendent authority of Christ.

This concept and ideal, the Roman Church has never abandoned—and looks forward still to realizing literally. The ascension to world political influence of the atheistic communists, who believe in no religion and scoff at the idea of any theocratic State, makes Rome and Moscow inexorable opponents.

We shall see how the Popes used this power of the Christ Vicarage in such periods as dictatorial political power accrued to them . . .

NEXT WEEK: How Papal usurpation of worldly power terminated in the Doctrine of papal infallibility.

Popular Psychics

The Doctor Who Projected from Moving Train



THE GREAT astronomer, Flammarion, who divided the latter half of his life between researches in astronomy and psychical research, noted particularly in his annals the case of a celebrated French physician who made a materialized projection to a distance while his body was asleep aboard a hurtling train.

Flammarion asserts that the case was brought to his attention by two highly respectable and reliable women, a Madame Anne Lux, and her friend, Madame Flora Kruby, the latter being one of the participants in the extra-ordinary exploit. Madame Lux wrote to the great astronomer as follows—

My dear Astronomer:

In accordance with the wish of Professor Hess, I am taking the liberty of telling you of an occurrence worthy of your

investigations, the absolute truth of which I guarantee on my word of honor, and on that of my friend who was on the observation end of the experience and who attaches her attestation to this letter.

This friend's name, as you perceive, is Flora Kruby. We have no secrets from each other. She is married, and my truest friend.

We see something of a gentleman whom we both know, who is a physician. For a certain period, however, Madame Kruby was prevented from taking part in reunions that had been common between the trio of us. Furthermore, I had not seen Flora for several weeks, and she—as was afterward determined—had not seen the doctor.

One day, when I found myself with the doctor but without Madame Kruby being present, I had a discussion with him. He is a good-hearted person but

(Continued on Page 14)



Death Projection

BEING much interested in your Ghost Dream Department, I would like to relate the following incident, which can be vouched for and which has occasioned much comment in our families.

My grandfather, Judge Harmon Reynolds, was at the time concerned living in a small Kansas town, and his only living brother was a Baptist preacher and ridiculed the idea of spirit manifestation on this mundane sphere. This was the only point on which he and the above mentioned brother, Elisha, disagreed, Uncle Elisha being a firm believer in the occult.

In the Winter of 1889 Uncle Elisha was in San Francisco for his health. He and grandpa did not keep up a very regular correspondence, and in December he wrote us asking where grandpa was and how his health was, saying that his brother, Nazro (long since dead), had appeared to him and tried to tell him of the approaching death of either himself or of grandpa, he did not find out which. Fearing to frighten him, nothing was said to grandpa of this letter.

On the 28th day of this month grandpa was stricken with some brain trouble, sinking into unconsciousness almost immediately, and for three days lay in that condition, utterly unconscious of his surroundings.

At a late hour of the third day he tried to open his eyes and to talk. He seemed to be trying to tell something, the only words understood being, "I bow," the rest of then sentence being unintelligible to those with him. While still trying to tell them, he died.

In a short time after this, Uncle Elisha, who had not been told of grandpa's death, wrote us asking when grandpa died, and told the following experience:

STRANGE EXPERIENCES . .

"For three days," he said, "I had been impressed with the presence of some spirit who seemed trying to manifest to me. In the evening of the third day as I was walking along the street I saw Harmon crossing the street toward me. He came up, touched my elbow and, removing his hat and making me a deep obeisance, said: "Elisha, I bow the knee to you; you were right and I was wrong. Wait until the first snow falls, then you and I and Nazro will be united.' Not until then did I realize that it was his spirit and not his material self." concluded my uncle.

Uncle Elisha recovered his health and came back to his home, enjoying fair health all Summer and Fall. One day in November, a light snow covering the ground at the time, he was walking along the street leading a large thoroughbred mastiff. Suddenly the mastiff spied another dog across the street and ran, dragging uncle with him. He had reached the middle of the street when uncle was run down by a heavy truck, the horses' hoofs striking his head and rendering him unconscious, in which condition he soon passed away.

The warning given him by Uncle Nazro, which he didn't quite understand, was evidently meant for both him and grandpa. Mrs. W. R. L.

Ghost Drew Designs

I NEVER believed in dreams, therefore I never took much notice of them. I had a brother connected in business with me, more or less. He was taken sick and died over twenty years ago. Many times I have had dreams that he was with me, and when I would think about a dream would say, "Well it is because I have missed him so much and thought so much about him."

There were days I would think he was with me, for years. Less than one year ago one evening I was writing a letter. I stopped to think a little, and my hand

was taken up and placed over on another piece of paper, my brother's name written in his own handwriting, nothing like my own handwriting.

That was the beginning. Since then he has written page after page, telling me all about the future life. Death, he says, is like going to sleep on a dark stormy night and waking on a fine spring morning where birds are singing, flowers are in bloom, everything beautiful and a real world.

In writing, after a little, he dropped his hand, and wrote such an improved hand I said, "How is it you have improved so very much?" He said, "We see things so much more clearly here and we improve all the while." Then he made a piece of work in the way of a design that was surprising, and since has done more than one hundred in colors, no two alike.

I have the work to show to anyone. I could say much, but must not take your time. I think he tried to improve me through a dream, but couldn't. These are facts. B. O. H.

Found Murdered Body

THE following may not appear true to some people, but my uncle, who was a traveling salesman, relates this remarkable story.

One night, while stopping at a hotel in an Iowa town, he dreamed that the floor of the room in which he occupied seemed to rise. From it the form of a man appeared and said that he had been murdered and requested my uncle to notify the hotel proprietor to have his body buried. It also directed where to notify his wife.

When my uncle awoke the next morning he felt strange after the dream, but not being superstitious, thought nothing particular of it, but he dreamed it for three nights afterward. The following morning after the third night he told the

(Continued on Page 14)

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 AUGUST 1, 1951 No. 14

All-Out Activity



HERE has never been a time in the twenty-three-year history of Liberation-Soulcraft when the Headquarters plant has been busier, when receipts per week have been heavier, when interest has been so electric in what is going on in Soulcraft as a Movement, than the fifty days since the broadside announcing the publishing the GOLDEN SCRIPTS went into the mails.

There has never been a time when there were so many Soulcraft books being read and circulated as in these summer months of 1951. And the same thing goes for the readers of Soulcraft Scriptures.

There has never been a time when the Recorder's voice was directly reaching so many esoteric students every Sunday night, via the electronic broadcasts.

Since July 1st there have been periods at Headquarters when one didn't require to be particularly psychic to feel a strange stirring galvanism, an impetus, and a stimulus amounting at times almost to a wave, in the widening program of Soulcraft.

It's not confined to Headquarters, however; people in the field are sensing it. What is it?

The astrological-minded explain it that the whole Movement must have come suddenly under new stellar influences.

Others declare it must be reaction from the moribund state of mind of students during the months of last autumn and winter. Certain chaplains began playing the electronic recordings more or less indifferently, under the assumption that

sooner or later they would fold up anyway. They did not fold up.

The whole Program seems to have gotten "its second wind" and started to go places.

It's something.

Dat Ol' Debbil



THE CONTROVERSY of the final effectiveness of putting ten thousand free GOLDEN SCRIPTS in the hands of clergymen continues unabated. From Oregon comes a letter, however, that expresses a sentiment which Soulcrafters may confront in no small measure as Soulcraft forges into spiritual affluence—

Dear People at Noblesville:

Wish we could help out on the fund for the Preacher's Edition of the GOLDEN SCRIPTS. We would like to see it work out as you expect, and our opinion is that it will, but *after* the books get in the hands *other* than ministers. There is still the "Priestgraft"; there are others "too afraid to stick their necks out" and still others too sold on "hell fire and brimstone". If we could, we would contribute . . . We have an acquaintance who is a church fanatic. In ideas of hell and the devil, and healings, and prophesying and such, all are of the past, not possible today; no one but the Elder Brother would be able to materialize, etc. So we gave him your broadside and asked him to show it to his minister to get his reaction. It turned out our church friend showed it to five local pastors. Two said they felt that Mr. Pelley was the Anti-Christ; two said "it was the work of the Devil" and the fifth one said he didn't have any doubt but what Mr. Pelley's program would go over, but it would be among the 61 percent who don't attend churches; the churches would not accept nor take any part in it. I hope the reaction in other sections is better than that, but I think the churches—or rather, ministers—here are fairly representative. We have Assembly of God, Seventh Day Adventist, Lutheran, Christian, and Methodist. It was the pastor of the Christian Church who said he thought it would go over.

Sincerely, C. O. N.

TWO SAID Mr. Pelley was Anti-Christ; two said it was of the Devil; one said it would probably go over but

implied that church people would be immune from it. This small poll would indicate that one out of five was receptive, but that four out of five would take refuge behind the same defenses that the Scribes and Pharisees of old erected against Jesus: "Joseph's son hath a devil!" or, "He casteth out devils through Bezebut, prince of the devils." Human nature hasn't changed one iota in the past two thousand years—nor should we expect it to change. It hasn't changed because, for those who do develop and progress into higher and maturer reaches of spirit, there are always others climbing the ladder of cosmic age and experience to take their places.

There will be many cases, of course, of Mr. Pelley being accused of playing the part of Anti-Christ, because he would endeavor to bring a new and renovating truth to orthodoxy. It is always easier to call your opponent vile names than answer his logic.

The way to handle such assailments is to open the New Testament to the fourth chapter of First John and obtain a biblical definition of Anti-Christ. In the first to the third verse it is described in these words—

"Beloved, believe not every spirit, but try the spirits whether they are of God: because many false prophets are gone out into the world.

"Hereby know ye the Spirit of God: Every spirit that confesseth that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh is of God:

"And every spirit that confesseth not that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh is not of God: and this is that spirit of anti-Christ, whereof ye have heard that it should come; and even now already is it in the world."

WHAT SORT of logic is it, sacred or secular, which purports to argue that a man giving his life to the crusade that Jesus Christ *has* come in the flesh, is of the spirit of anti-Christ—which is defined as denying Him?

Here is a great program to bring Jesus Christ to the masses of this nation, but according to our informant, two clergymen take the position that because it may not be following conventional channels—that is, the formula of their own sterile theology—it is opposed to Christ.

It might be called childish, if it wasn't so tragic.

And the same thing might be said for

the blind dismissal of the matter into the devil's lap.

It is these two blind strategies that must be circumvented.

Christ Himself answered the same types of critics back in Jerusalem, to the effect that no house divided against itself could stand. No devil can proselyte Christianity without working against his own interests.

Soulcraft laughs the Devil out of court and proceeds to counsel men and women how to emulate the Christ life to the fullest.

If that's of the Devil, then black is white, fools are wisemen, and beware the little man in the peaked cap on your windowsill who isn't there.

Oh well, Soulcraft has the material to confound the anti-Christ fanatics and devil adulators.

But we can be prepared to use it.

The Blind Don't See

CONNALLY of Texas has come out with a blast against the Administration for its foreign aid plans, charging that officials are trying to "cover the earth" with money squeezed from American taxpayers. The United States can't subsist itself, can't preserve its own economy and its own freedoms, if we've got to take care of the whole world, he stormed at William C. Foster, chief of the Economic Co-Operation Administration. Well, well. So he's seeing the light.

But the time of the Great Reaction must arrive sooner or later..

Significant to have it come at a time when military chiefs are warning Congress that the danger of all-out war is increasing and the army plans to call up 430,000 men within the next twelve months, with the military budget sky-scraping \$60,679,000.

It's all a case, of course, of the blind leading the blind.

That anyone *knows* what's due to develop, and *how*, stacks up as fantastic to those delighting to think of themselves as "practical".

Let them plunge ahead, with their "practicalities," Soulcrafters. They don't know where they're going, nor when they are due to arrive. Maybe the Day of their Awakening will come and they'll find the "fantastic" folk weren't quite so fantastic as they imagined.

Pennsylvania Takes Lead in Script Fund



SURPRISES are developing in the Golden Script Publishing Fund. The State of Pennsylvania snatched the lead away from Ohio and Washington in the number of donors, pledgees, and contributors helping to underwrite the raising of \$50,000 to distribute 10,000 copies of the *Golden Scripts* to the nation's clergymen gratis—that State having made four times its quota. Ohio had led honors with Washington in having made three times its quota up to the last publishing date of VALOR.

The standing of the States with this issue of VALOR presents the following order as to quotas or number of pledgees—

- PENNSYLVANIA (4)
- WASHINGTON (3)
- OHIO (3)
- CALIFORNIA (2)
- UTAH (2)
- OREGON (2)
- GEORGIA (1)
- ALABAMA (1)
- WISCONSIN (1)
- NEBRASKA (1)

These States have, in other words, "gone over the top", with 38 other States yet to be listed. Practically all of the remaining 38 States, however, contain Soulcrafters who have made, or are making, donations to the Fund in smaller amounts—and some of these spell real cash sacrifice and altruism on the parts of donors—but the Big Ten represent States from which \$1,000 donations, or pledges of \$1,000 donations with sizable down-payments, have actually been received.

In the items of numbers of Chapel groups and sales of books and literature, Washington States stays neck and neck with Ohio—with California a close second and Pennsylvania coming third. Thus is the universal national appeal of Soulcraft indicated. Soulcraft isn't sectional.

At the Noblesville plant, page 128 has been reached in the printing of the clergymen's Edition, with 716 pages still to go.

This means that the "signatures" of the book have been type-set, printed, and folded, and stored in the bindery stockroom against assembly, up to Page 128. Something like 48 pages a week is the current rate of completion.

Thresholds of Tomorrow, the Magic Casement electronic broadcasts reduced to book form, is promised from the outside bindery on Wednesday and will be mailed out to purchasers before another issue of VALOR is published.

All purchasers of *Road into Sunrise* should now have received both volumes in that big story.

Mr. Renfrow has succeeded in establishing sales depots for Soulcraft literature and books thus far in Cincinnati, Delaware, Columbus, Cleveland, Fremont, and Toledo, Ohio; and is this week opening up Michigan.

Soulcraft is going places.

And all the *real* activity started when it was decided that ten thousand copies of the Elder Brother's Speakings in the *Golden Scripts* should be manufactured and sent broadcast over America.

There's significance to that.

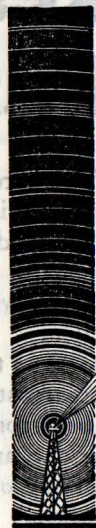
Road a Hit



LETTERS of congratulation and approbation are pouring in from all over the nation as Soulcrafters complete their reading of the concluding volume of

Road into Sunrise. Readers who were dubious about the story at the close of the first volume, wondering how far the author was going in eroticism to prove his points of esoterics, are going all-out in acclaim as they grasp the story's climax.

Two letters typical of dozens of reaching Headquarters are reprinted herewith. If the book could have been distributed through the channels which the author closed to himself in 1934, it would by this time already be in the best seller class. However, it may yet reach that status through the Soulcraft bookshelves and literature depots. (over)



You Should Hear Pelley's LIFE OF THE CHRIST

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

Here's how readers feel about the story in completion, one attestation from Ohio, the other from Utah—

Dear Mr. Pelley:

I have been deeply moved by ROAD INTO SUNRISE. It certainly should take its place in the realm of the metaphysical studies of the world. The study of reincarnation is made a workable theory, after reading these two volumes. I thrilled from page to page as I read the working out of the destinies of these people. God in His mercy through the Lords of Karma deals justice where it is due. One understands why people must face and surmount experiences in this life, and to many it seems an injustice, but in reality justice is being done.

You are to be highly complimented over your treatment of ROAD INTO SUNRISE, a herald of the Aquarian Age. I have a clear understanding of my own life and grasp better some of my experiences which have troubled me in the past. One can solve all the enigmas of one's feelings when introduced to strangers—at least strangers in this incarnation. A deeper sense of closeness beyond the mere pleasantries that are enjoyed in meeting people.

In my opinion, this is an outstanding set of books for our age. You are to be highly congratulated on your services to humanity. If Service is divine, then many souls are expressing that Divinity or kindredship with their Creator.

I have never had the pleasure of meeting you . . . but keep up the good work of Service to Your Fellowman. I salute you as a fellow traveler on the Road of Life, having met as friends many times down through the ages.

Before I close, I must tell you of my reaction to Melissa and her airplane trip. I believe I actually lived that trip, as when the plane settled down tears rolled from my eyes with a sigh of relief for her safety. I should have known that her destiny couldn't end just then. Such spirit direction and help has occurred many times, as I know from past experiences.

I remain, a Soulcraft Student,
E. V. M. S., Ohio.

Dear Mr. Pelley:

Your second volume of ROAD INTO SUNRISE came last week and I have finished reading it. Page after page was so gripping and absorbing that when I had the time—which I took—I could not let

up until I reached the end. In it you seem to have embodied your esoteric teachings over the last twenty years, from the days of Galahad College down. I enjoyed it immensely and thought I must write you and let you know how I felt.

I have also received a few days ago your 45th discourse, why others are necessary to mingle and contact with, to get the full benefits which this mortal life offers us. You certainly have had years full of them, good, bad, and indifferent, in this present mortal existence, and to keep your poise amidst it all as you have done, is a marvel to those who are of the masses of humanity and are ignorant of the powers that you enjoy. I appreciate greatly how you have entered into my life as you have, and the many hidden truths you have brought into it and made it worthwhile and something to live for.

I am grateful to have had the benefit of your writings on Soul Building over the past years, and as I am over ninety I hope to meet you somewhere in another sphere than this. I feel I must have met you in past lives, or I would not have been drawn towards you as I have, these twenty years past.

I feel you will be vindicated soon and come into your own position as a leader among the best of USA citizens. My best wishes go with you.

J. H. C.

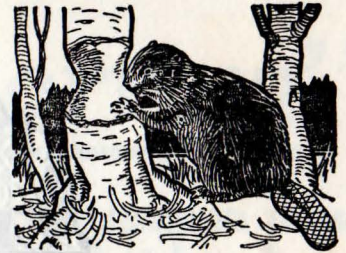
The Northwest

Dear Mr. Pelley:

"Ever since our big May gathering up here I have wanted to comply with your request and express appreciation for the special message of that day.

"I don't know whether all our expressions were recorded and returned to you so that you could hear what we were saying in reaction, but I declared that I was very happy that you had been "given" the idea of presenting the *Golden Scripts* as Christmas gifts to ministers. Also I mentioned that the vibrations to earth were changing. Through the Christ Power you mentioned, surely there will be clarification of these present trends and influences. The worthy will be prepared and encompassed. The *Golden Scripts* being psychometric, the ministers will be happy to read passages confirmatory of, and corroborating thoughts they had previously believed their own, or open to explanation for some of their perplexities. (over)

"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 Bartholomew. 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 ex-carnate 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

“There were several young men in World War II who in crises “heard things” that caused them to consecrate their lives to His ministry, who should probably be among the Chosen, I said.

“I like the idea of reading-rooms and books for hotel rooms. What better use for peoples’ money, which will lose in value anyhow? When the money comes, you’ll surely know it’s for the right thing.

“We should all practice as taught through Soulcraft. Development of the New Education through the ministers surely is opening up vistas of possibilities. It gives us something more clearly to visualize. I had a glimpse of it at first when I wrote you that people were “getting ready” because funeral sermons were changing . . . Ministers will first be inspired through their favorite passages in the *Golden Scripts*. They will grow from within and in return relay, in familiar language to their flocks, meting out according to capacities to receive. There surely are a lot of fine gentlemen in the ministry; by no means are they all wolves ni sheeps’ clothing.

“Even if I haven’t been able to go about selling literature, I hope the vibration of Soulcraft philosophy I’ve been able to transmit has become a more vital thing within this area, exerting influence in all contacts and conditions in the many responsibilities reposed in us in the community. Lately there seems to be a much renewed interest in this place. People who never showed interest before now want to see the inside of our Chapel premises and many strangers on various errands do likewise. It gives me a chance to ask them questions and explain misinformation about yourself and that for which you stand. Also to play the recordings for their benefit.”

My best regards to all.

Mrs. R. J., Washington.

Dear Friends:

Received the first number of VALOR WEEKLY yesterday. I shall enjoy reading the many informative articles.

The project of presenting the ministers and other religious students with volumes containing the GOLDEN SCRIPTS is a wonderful gesture. It will, no doubt, be a shock to orthodox thinkers. However, as they read prayerfully their understanding will be opened and they will be amazed at the beauty and simplicity of the doctrine. I am not in a position to assist financially, however, but you have my

“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

prayers and blessings in this mighty service for God and the nation.

Congratulations to Mr. Pelley on the arrival of his fourth grandchild. No doubt all of them will make their mark in the world.

Knowing that God is continually blessing Soulcraft Chapels and your magnificent ministry,

Miss I. R. M., Iowa

Dear Mr. Pelley:

Since everyone appears to be getting in on the controversy relative to the gifts of GOLDEN SCRIPTS to the Protestant ministers, I wonder if I may offer my two bits worth in the form of a suggestion? Perhaps, this is presumptuous since I have no money to contribute. My instinctive reaction is on the side of the critics, but I understand your point of view. Moreover, you may be acting under instructions which are to you adequate.

My suggestion is, that to each prospective recipient a descriptive brochure be sent, announcing the gift to be forwarded upon return of enclosed coupon or post-

card. It seems to me that would demonstrate their interest and receptivity and prevent the wasting of precious material in the trash-can.

May one ask why Catholics must be excluded? Many of them are as true to Truth as Protestants are.

Mrs. F. G. W., Michigan

No Jokes, Please

Teheran, Iran, April 27.—(AP)—Dr. Carleton S. Coon, of Devon, Pa., curator of the Mediterranean and Far Eastern section of the University of Pennsylvania's museum, today said that an archeological discovery made early this month in Iran may upset generally accepted theories of evolution.

First word of the archeological find came out of northern Iran more than a week ago but its significance then had not been appraised. A University of Pennsylvania professor and a young Harvard graduate student dug up the shattered bones of a trio of pinheaded

cavemen amid gravel deposits going back to the ancient ice age, perhaps 75,000 years ago.

The two anthropologists say the bones they found may have belonged to the oldest human beings ever found. And they may prove that modern man goes considerably farther back in evolution than has been believed.

Geological evidence found at the scene indicates the men lived at about the same time or even before such sub-human species as the bulging-browed Neanderthal man.

If this theory is proved it may upset widespread teaching that modern man descended in more or less direct line from the so-called apemen through sub-human species such as the Neanderthal and Cro Magnon types.

It doesn't take a scientist to find pin-headed men in Asia Minor—or pin-headed men anywhere. Why pick out the Near East? Ho-hum . . .

So the new war starts there, does it?

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

Experiences

(Continued from Page 7)

proprietors what he had dreamed. It was too vivid for him to ignore.

They laughed at him but he finally persuaded them to investigate, and in an unfinished part of the basement, directly under the room my uncle had, the man's body was found. They then notified the party mentioned by the specter. It was his wife, who lived at Milburn.

She had never known what became of him, but she immediately identified the body. This is a true story and my uncle until the time of his death, took pride in telling the remarkable dream.

R. G. J. A.

What Warned Him?

I HAVE a dream story to tell which happened to a friend of mine many years ago in the state of Kansas.

We were talking one day about the

supernatural and mysterious, when the question came up as to the possibility of animals affecting one's mind, when in trouble, etc. He said that one night he retired as usual, and was awakened some time toward morning by a very real dream.

He saw a favorite horse down in the stable caught in such a manner that it could not get up, although trying desperately. He awoke his wife and told her of his dream, but she ridiculed the idea of its being true, so he went to sleep and dreamed the same thing over again.

He woke up his wife again, but she persuaded him to take no notice of it. On dreaming for the third time the same thing in every identical detail he determined to go down and see whether it was so.

Upon reaching the barn the man found the horse exactly as he had seen it in his dream, and at once aided it so that it could rise to its feet.

One might perhaps say that my friend had heard some noise subconsciously that suggested the horse was cast, only the

barns were too far from the house for any sounds to travel the distance. I have often wondered if the animal itself sent out mental distress signals of some sort that might have reached its owner?

The incident itself might not appear to have been of great consequence, but the fact that my friend could pick up such distress signals, I contend is important. Does man actually have finer senses than is commonly suspected? If so, why does he not use them more frequently than he does?

S. M.

Popular Psychics

(Continued from Page 6)

flies easily into a violent temper. I was so angry over one of these spells in which he indulged, that I made the resolution to break with him and never to see him again.

That same night he was to take a long train trip, to fill the place of a professor for several weeks.

The other day, Madame Kruby—who had known nothing of his departure—arrived breathless at my home and told me, trembling all over, her face agitated, and with every air of consternation, something that had happened to her during the night. Her account of it to me was substantially this—

"I had a vision last night—if I may call it a vision. Frankly, I do not know exactly how to name it. I have never believed in such things and was inclined to laugh when people brought me similar stories. But hear how I was concerned myself . . .

"I had not yet gone to sleep, and all my doors were securely locked. Nevertheless, the door to my bedroom opened softly and I heard someone enter. I thought, of course, it must be my husband. For several days he had been suffering from severe toothache and I supposed he had come in to seek some phial of remedy.

"I asked, 'Is that you? Is your tooth very painful?'

"He returned me no reply. Instead, I distinctly saw a man's figure, not my husband, approach my bed, lean over, and heard it speak to me. It said, 'It is I, Dr. Bee. I have come to ask a favor of you.'

"I cried, sitting up, 'Good heavens, are you dead?'

"No," he returned, "I am quite alive. I am leaving on a trip to be gone several weeks and as we're all mortal, one never can tell. I can find no rest without addressing a prayer to you. I know you're a good friend of Madame Lux's and that you have great influence with her. Go to her and beg her to pardon me for what happened between her and me. I didn't wish to offend her for I love her without her suspecting it. But be discreet. I am saying this for you alone. You are loyal to both of us and others are not."

"Uttering such words, I saw him turn and withdraw through the door. My husband heard the noise of this door opening and closing, sat up in bed and asked me for explanation. I did not have the courage to tell him what had happened. I was trembling and deeply agitated, and yet when I think of the Doctor's figure by my beside, I start trembling anew.

"I saw Dr. Bee distinctly. He spoke to me normally and yet with animation. Believe it or not, I actually felt his breath, for he spoke in a low voice, with his face near my ear."

So much for Madame Kruby's account of the visitation. Doctor Bee was absent a considerable time. One day, when I had resumed association with him, I asked him as adroitly as possible where he had spent the night of his departure, after we had had our quarrel. This is what he answered me—

"In spite of my great irritation at what had happened, I embarked on the night train for my destination, and fatigued as I was, soon fell asleep. I recall I was thinking expressly of you, that I dreamed vividly of you. The one passion in my mind that night was to rectify the trouble that had arisen between us."

I asked him about Madame Kruby, if he had dreamed of visiting her, but he could recall no such dream.

This doctor friend had evidently sent some sort of projection of himself *that could open and close doors* through the night from a moving train, visited Flora, made his request of her, and found its way back to his body, which must have been several miles from where his phantasm departed it.

Dear Master, in telling you of this occurrence, I am asking my friend to add her signature to mine, as a more complete guarantee for you.

Anne Lux
Flora Kruby

They Like It!



"Road into Sunrise" in both volumes . . .

CONGRATULATIONS are pouring in from all parts of the nation! *Road into Sunrise* is a literary and esoteric hit! Readers who weren't certain about the first volume—wondering if the author had been unnecessarily erotic in some phases of his romancing—have gone all out for the second volume, which has now reached all mail purchasers. The book, taken collectively, is a masterpiece of delineation of Reincarnation and Mysticism, not to mention being a tale of smart, modern people entrancingly told.

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THE PAYOFF

THE YOUNG husband cried, "Here comes the parade, and Helen's going to miss it. Where is she, anyhow?"

"Upstairs, waving her hair.

"Suffering Moses, can't we afford a flag?"

A SPEAKER, talking for more than two hours, remarked to his audience, "I'm sorry I'm speaking so long. You see, I haven't any watch on me to-night."

A voice from the rear was heard. "Maybe, but there's a calendar hanging behind you, Mister."

AN ELDERLY man put a dime on the Salvation Army drum and then asked the girl in charge, "What do you do with this money?"

The girl replied, "We give it to the Lord."

"How old are you, young lady?"

"Nineteen," she answered.

"I'm eighty-seven," the dime-donor returned. He reached and recovered his coin. "You don't need to bother. I'm more likely to see God before you do!"

A STRANGER called at the village post office for a registered letter.

"You'll have to be identified," said the postmaster.

The stranger reflected. Finally he opened his wallet and presented a small photograph of himself.

"Yep, it's you all right," agreed the rustic.

He surrendered the letter.

A TOURIST was beholding the wonders of California as pointed out by a native.

"What beautiful grapefruit!" he remarked as they drove through a grove of citrus trees.

"Oh, those lemons have merely had a bad season," remarked the Californian.

"I see the cantelopes are doing nicely."

"Humph, those are only alvacadoes, my friend."

They came to the Sacramento River. "What an impressive stream!"

"Stream nothing," said the native.

"Someone's radiator's leaking!"