

Valor

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

Volume I

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LET SOULCRAFT OFFER YOU PEACE OF MIND



SOULCRAFT is *not* a form of religion, nor offering of any new theology. It is *not* an esoteric or metaphysical cult. SOULCRAFT is a spiritual philosophy to live and die by. Yet more than all else, it is a system of ethics that means Peace of Mind! What is ethics?

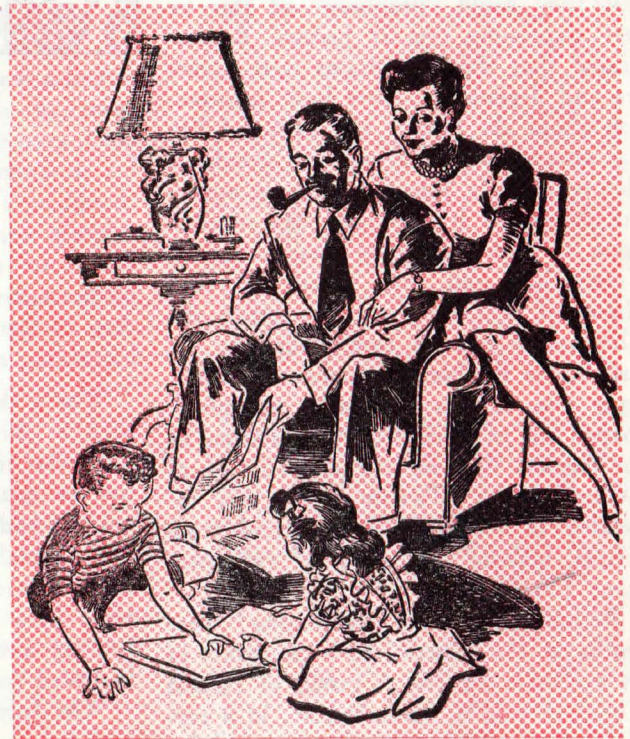
The English language gets the word "ethics" from the Latin term *ethica*, having the same connotation as *Morals*. Not *Morals* in the sex sense, but *morals* in the original meaning of *Manners*. *Morals* actually is "the science or doctrine of conduct, especially in the sense of duty." That, in turn, comes from the old Latin word *mores*, that signifies "fixed customs or folkways—that is, conventions—which have been so long accepted by society as to carry the force of law." It is the part of wisdom to know these origins and definitions of words, in order to understand meanings, exactly.

Ethics is a standard of recommended conduct, so to speak, having the idealistic connotation, that so conforms to the acceptances of society as to have the force of law.

WHEN we define SOULCRAFT as a System of Ethics, therefore, we're claiming it to be a set of principles, derived from cosmic fundamentals, on which civic, economic, and domestic life can be soundly as well as ideally constructed—that considers all things from the angle of the spiritual progression and improvement of the individual.

Practically it's a conciliation of religion, civics, and economics in such a way that the individual can live his life idealistically and inspirationally, devoid of all superstitious doubt about Survival of human personality after death, and obtain maximum benefit from relationships with others because the significances of all such relationships are accounted for, and clear to him.

This means, putting it in another way, that a balance of importance is struck in the SOULCRAFT Philosophy between God, State, and Family—that equal values in the ethical sense are at-



tached to each, and that these constitute the Great Agenda of Life through which the soul accomplishes its mortal progress. These are the three major departmental institutions engaging the human spirit in its adventure through mortality. Know the underlying increments to be taken from each, and life ceases to be a hit-or-miss affair and drops in order and purpose and tranquillity.

Peace of Mind, in consequence, is the one great acquisition to be realized in SOULCRAFT!

When you know how the human scene came about, what pur-

pose is being served by its existence, and how you fit into it in order to derive maximum profit to yourself, you suddenly come into poise and self-confidence you've never before enjoyed—all making for Ethics of highest order.

Who thought up Soulcraft, who is "behind" it, and what's in it for them? Nobody "thought up" Soulcraft.

In the investigation of certain forms of Psychical Research, it was discovered that unbelievable contact was being made with Higher Intelligences of the most sacred and earnest nature. These obviously Greater Wits were intent on informing mankind, not only of their own survival, but that a well-nigh incredible Program existed—celestially provided—that was being followed out in earth-life. Proof that this was so, lay in the reliability of clairvoyant utterance. It was because these Graduated Souls knew of the Plan's provisions, what it contained up a long period of time for mankind, that they could "prophesy" of this or that happening. As it became demonstrated that these provisions were accurate and dependable, more basic information about the history and cause of life was advanced, until a vast and wondrous picture of Life Purposes became apparent. Much of it also has been touched upon in such studies as Rosicrucianism, Theosophy, and the more advanced phases of Spiritism—not to mention the Christian Mysticism propounded by Jesus' life in the New Testament. What it truly was, it was gradually recognized, shaped up as a modern presentation of the Ageless Wisdom of the mystics of all civilized times. Twenty years was expended in recording these grand transcripts, making the canvas of enlightenment complete.

Republishing and circulating these truths in *this* generation, is Soulcraft in its executive aspects. A group of earnest Christian people, non-sectarian, in a representative American town in central Indiana, maintaining a sizable publishing house, are getting out the entire agenda of wisdom to the American public at this juncture in what might be called *the celestial answer to Communism*.

Nobody is making money out of it. It isn't a money-making project. Any profits realized from the publishing of its books and periodicals are immediately plowed back into the operations of the "Chapels" that more and more persons throughout

the nation may be contacted with the priceless truths so woefully needed for their spiritual help in this volatile period.

Taken all in all, it is a System of Ethics, adulating and idealizing God,

State, and Family—and the inherent divinity and imperishability of the individual and personalized soul—that Soulcraft is proselyting.

It is inherently American.

Popular Psychics

The Entombed Soldier Who Went to London



ONE of the most enigmatic cases of astral projection that came to the attention of the great psychical researcher, Flammarion, during World War I, concerned a man who believed himself at the point of death—who believed himself dead, even—appeared at a distance, made his situation known, and transmitted his thoughts. This personal observation, absolutely authentic, was made by a close friend of the one who performed the phenomenon. His letter, dated from London, in September of 1920, describes the happening as follows—

"For a certain number of years I had been at the head of a group of young men who regarded me almost as a relative or guardian, on account of the interest I had taken in them or their families. Several of them, however, made the supreme sacrifice during the war and I have been intermediary for several in bearing messages of consolation to their bereaved parents.

"On July 12, 1918, I happened to be with a woman friend, a Miss Julia Smith, in her drawingroom and we were talking of different things when she suddenly turned to me and said, 'It seems to me that one of your young men wishes to communicate with you. He is a tall, dark fellow in khaki. His shoulder is turned toward me, so that I can see the letters 'R. E.' on it, very distinctly.'

"I remarked that I knew only one young man corresponding to that description belonging to the corps of Royal

Engineers, named W. M., and that I certainly did not believe him dead.

"Miss Smith answered, smiling, 'He says that's exactly who he is, but he hoped you'd call him by nickname by which he's known to those close to him.'

"I answered at once, 'Why, Father, such being the nickname, it's news to me to learn that you're dead!'

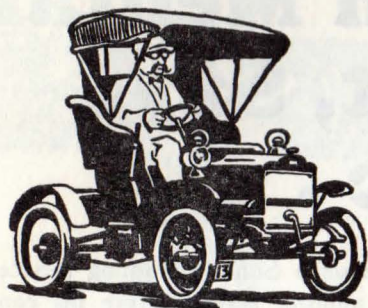
"'I don't know whether I'm dead or not,' was his astounding statement. Whereupon he went on to relate that he had been buried alive in his underground shelter by a cave-in caused by a German shell, and that he was still buried.

MY INTERLOCUTOR, seer, sensitive, medium, call Miss Smith what you like, told of the suffering she herself was undergoing, similar to that being felt by the soldier. She asked him for what reasons he was so manifesting to her.

"'Because,' was his second strange reply, 'in the instant of fainting away when the cave-in occurred, I had the overwhelming presentment that Jock, my brother, would soon join me. He's leading a dissipated life in Egypt and you're the only person,' he added, addressing himself to me, 'whose advice, given without delay, might save him from his dangerous life.'

"I promised to consider his request favorably, although I imagined there would be great difficulty in tracing Jock, for I did not even know the address of the family of these brothers.

"'Haven't you also a request to make
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Why Russia Is Not the Frightful Colossus that America Assumes



PEOPLE who get their notions of Russia's military might by watching movies of parades of Russian forces through Red Square in Moscow, are uniformly the people who contract the heebie-jeebies at thought of what Russia is going to do to the world in the third and final phase of the One War that began in 1914. Persons who've visited Russia itself, and who know the Russians, aren't so perturbed—especially military men who know their business.

The first rule of military strategy, of course, is never to underestimate your enemy. But a second rule for the public might be, never overestimate the enemy's strength by judging it from his propaganda.

A popular tradition has grown up around Russia, that, because of her stupendous land areas, she should be classed as unconquerable. Persons giving it credence are thinking in terms of Napoleonic armies, or the days of the Army of the Potomac, when soldiers marched fifteen to twenty miles per day on foot. Napoleon beat his disastrous retreat from Moscow because he couldn't keep his supply lines intact over such tremendous distances from his reliable bases. These ox-cart days have gone.

Today, to modern aircraft, all parts of Russia—or rather, any part of Russia—is accessible and vulnerable as any part of our continental United States. And it's no particular military secret that today Russia is already ringed about with airfields of our own or our Allies, with such completion that she could be strafed with the thoroughness with which Central Germany was strafed in Hitler days in a matter of days or hours.

Take note that no such reverse conditions exist in respect to the United

States. Canada is our ally and Mexico isn't hostile to us.

The Russians must fly a tremendous distance—against all sorts of radar signal-work—over one or both oceans, or across the top of the world, to reach the United States for counter-blows, with no landing fields available in the Western Hemisphere where they can fill up with gas to make return trips.

Russian raids on the United States are bound to be suicide expeditions. They might cause a mighty boom-boom if they did reach some of our congested American cities, but the loss of ships and flyers will be catastrophic.

THE GROSSEST misconceptions exist about Russia itself.

Pin a map of the world on the wall, stand off and look at Soviet territory, and the heart might do a quake over Russia's Mongolian "might". Americans view all that land mass as being comparable with their own North American terrain.

Foosh!

Take a ruler, lay it against that map laterally from Vladivostok to Petrograd, and draw two pencil lines, one along its top edge and the other along its bottom. Take a brush and bottle of red ink and fill in the space between the two lines. That's the "land mass" of Russia that's worth thirteen kopecks. What's north of it? . . . snow and ice of the Arctic Circle. What's south of it? A stretch of waste country about as fertile as Arizona desert. In fact, almost the entire way across Siberia, the country south of the Trans-Siberian railroad is desert.

Gobi Desert.

That corridor across Siberia—and the writer of this article has traveled it summer and winter—for two months of summer, compares with United States terrain between Indianapolis and Denver—

if the United States terrain were rolling grassland *without roads!*

Along this corridor is a broad-gauge double-track railroad—it was single-track in 1918—approximating our southwestern Sante Fe. Let a squadron of American bombers saturate that transportation route with a peppering of block-busters, and *Russia has lost Siberia*, because there'd be no way to connect with it. Imagine the State of California being connected with the rest of the United States by the Sante Fe Railroad only, and an enemy air force bombing it at Gallup or Phoenix. If entire California depended on the Sante Fe Railroad it would be required to subsist on oranges, pecans, and tarpon caught by the more affluent movie actors off Catalina. Bus or truck lines taking its place? Imagine buses or trucks bumping across the sort of country as displays in the approaches to Grand Canyon.

THE REAL Russia is so-called European Russia, between Poland and the Urals. That's where the main body of the Russian population is concentrated. Actually, the livable area isn't any bigger than the continental United States. This talk of impregnable factories being constructed underground in the Urals, only means that the district can be isolated. Granted those miraculous factories exist, excepting on paper and in pro-Russian news broadcasts. Unless there's a widely diversified transportation system out from such industrial centers, they're so much real estate merely awaiting quarantine. Germany was able to stave off her ring of allied enemies because that country was a minute network of fine military pikes and railroads. *Russia in transportation generally, is today where the United States was in the days of the first Fords!*

The Russian, in addition to this handicap, is no mechanic; he's a farmer. He

is the sort of farmer who leaves all of his expensive machinery, supplied him by a paternalistic government, out in rain and snow—and any other kind of weather—to rust or deteriorate, because a small thingumbob has gone sour on the what-chermaycallit, and there's no Chinaman around to fix it with a bottle of glue and a paper-clip.

We dumped 11 billion dollars' worth of perfectly good war materiel into Russia in 1943-45 and Hitler almost whipped her despite it. We won the war on the western front, and then presented Russia with the privilege of walking in from the East as 'conqueror' and stripping East Germany like an oriental locust-swarm. Thus did Russia get her conqueror complex. To cap the whole Soviet picture of snafu and general incompetence, the only oil on which Russia can depend, to move such war goods as her 1891 transportation system permits, comes from Rumania. Knock out the Russian oil fields, or prevent Russia from using them, and the Russians go to war in hand-pushed wheelbarrows—unless they seize the oil resources of Iran and Iraq. That means the whole Near East exploding as a little private powder-keg in her path to the Mediterranean.

Lick the rest of the world with Teutonic efficiency?

Russia knows that the instant she loses Siberia, through the destruction of the Trans-Siberian, the Chinese flood north and northwestward. Tell them to go home and the laundrymen give a large ha-ha-ha-poo! and send for their wife's relatives to the fourth generation.

It will be a short war and a tragic one.

Russia has nothing in the way of industrial organization with which to fight it. Industrial organization means more than a multiplicity of factories. It means a temperamental ability on the part of the individual mechanic to do teamwork—plus an inherent initiative to *get things done!* However—

You can't kill many allied soldiers with 12-minute newsreels showing Joe with a dead-pan grin looking down from the balcony behind two other guys flanking him to stop assassin's bullets.

Note that the German didn't flood the world with newsreels showing tank strength. The foe that's truly dangerous keeps that sort of thing hidden. No, the 1,000-year reign of peace isn't so unendurably distant as some might suppose.

Pastors Are In Mental Strait Jacket, Says Fluent Critic . .



CONTROVERSY over the project to give the clergymen of the nation the free gift of 10,000 copies of the *Golden Scripts* goes on unabated. From Pennsylvania this week comes the following pertinent communication in which the argument against doing it is expressed with unusual vehemence and literary skill—

Dear Mr. Pelley:

Whatever you project into action is of moment to me, and hence it is with interest I have watched unfoldment of your project to publish 10,000 copies of the *Golden Scripts* for distribution to pastors.

My employer's opinion of the clergy is shared by myself, both of us inclining to the opinion held by your correspondent who declared you might as well direct the copies of the 10,000 *Golden Scripts* personally to as many mummies.

As long ago as the 1920's I observed clergymen had in fact become business managers with a vested interest in their "business" of maintaining themselves in their positions, many becoming "fat cats" whose sole objective was not spreading Christian Truth but to go on to churches paying higher salaries. A sales manager has a purpose in an organization that is obvious and there is usually no pretense that he holds his position for any divine reason. The minister in most instances—with a minority of exceptions—has become as coldly calculating as the business or sales managers, with a keen eye, so to speak, on the figures on the balance sheet. Truth cannot thrive in such an atmosphere of materiality.

Ask this question: How many ministers today, if given a glimpse of God-inspired Truth would take up the Cross and follow Him? Another question: How many would sacrifice for Christian principles subjecting themselves to the Smear Terror, persecution and imprisonment? The answer is obvious.

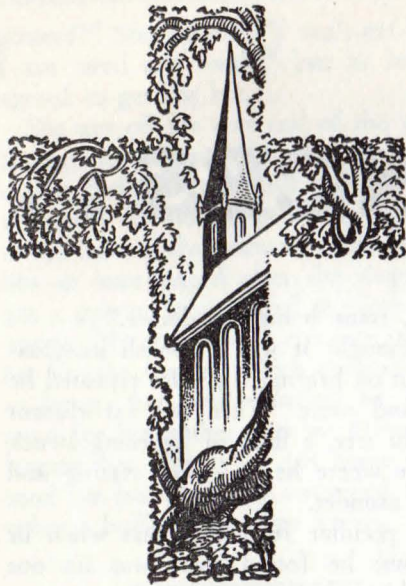
COME some Sunday morning service, the minister stands before his congregation, enthused, let us imagine, by his study of the *Golden Scripts* from which he reads a chapter on, let us say one making reference to reincarnation . . and then the aftermath. The righteous elders approach with fire in their eyes—if dead men can have fire in their eyes!—and said minister is accused of heresy, and come about Wednesday the elders meet in their righteous wrath and decide to ask Mr. Minister to resign. That is no imaginary occurrence; that is a factual account of what would happen. Is Mr. Minister going to surrender his vested interest to spread the Light of the living Christ knowing his fate from the beginning? The answer is a blunt negative.

Here in this Nation in our time has happened what always happens toward the end of an Age as outlined so clearly in Section XII, Chapter 56, of the *Aquarian Gospel*, which tells of *The Council of the Seven Sages of the World*:

15. "And Vidyapati said, Our priests have all gone mad; they saw a demon in the wilds and at him cast their lamps and they are broken up, and not a gleam of light has any priest for men.
16. "The night is dark; the heart of India calls for light.
17. "The priesthood cannot be reformed; it is already dead; its greatest needs are graves and funeral chants.
18. "The new age calls for liberty; the kind that makes each man a priest, enables him to go alone, and lay his offerings on the shrine of God."

The foregoing is found on Page 88 of *The Aquarian Gospel*.

THERE are many open-minded young people today, doubtless a considerable percentage reincarnated from the glories that were those of Atlantis at the peak of her spiritual, scientific, political
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Interesting Facts that You Should Know about the Papacy . .

state is coupled with peculiar doctrinal creed, outside of which all else is deemed heresy, freedom to worship God after one's conscience is thereby forfeited and it is but a step from priest craft to priest graft, and the putting of all religion in a political strait-jacket.

The non-Catholic fails to grasp that his claim of freedom to worship God after his conscience, is likewise an assumption, and the antipode of the Catholic's assumption. So the two assumptions battle one another, as they have continued to battle one another since the days of the Reformation. However, not being able to take the Pope to task for his assumption, the non-Catholic translates his animosity into private vigilance over Father Moriarity or Cardinal Pappinelli, because at official word from these, all the Knights of Columbus may sally forth and usurp authority.

The wise or erudite Protestant acknowledges in the whole Roman Church system the inertia of a peculiar theological tradition. This tradition has been building and strengthening throughout something like seventy generations. That the Roman Church contains just as big a quota of sincere, altruistic, self-sacrificing, and devout souls, striving to do Christ's will on earth, as any non-Catholic creed or denomination, is known to the unbiased student of Comparative Religions. The main point to be appreciated is, that they are striving to do Christ's will on earth.

The issue resolves down to what is Christ's will on earth.

The Catholic believes it is one thing. The Protestant believes it is something else.

Both have the right to their opinions.

It isn't so much the need for understanding each other in the spirit of sentimental tolerance that's needed in these inter-creed relations, for there are plenty

of Catholics and Protestants who completely understand each other. It's the need for non-Catholics understanding the basic concept on which Rome is founded, doing it intelligently, and recognizing the integrity and sincerity of the Romanist's position, while shutting the eyes to no deprecatory factors that attend on the establishment and operation of *any* theocratic state. The greater fact looms, that Catholic and Protestant alike pledge their allegiances to the same celestial Potentate, and they have the common cause against the anti-Christ Forces in this world, the infidel, and the iconoclastic atheist.

The issue, however, is an ancient one.

The non-Catholic contends Church and State should be separate. The Catholic contends the very essence of Christ's coming to earth was to make them one. Both will continue having their adherents but not forever.

The Elder Brother's imminent Coming will settle it . .

IT ISN'T the purpose of this series of articles to write any history of the Roman Church. How the various Popes deputed themselves politically as civic opportunity offered, to strengthen the controls of the Church over secular institutions, isn't within our study either. We're interested in learning the *origins* of the various religious creeds that have affected civilization or are influencing it today, and obtaining a working knowledge of their beliefs. But we're specially interested in the cleavage of the Greek Orthodox or Eastern Church from Rome, and the true recognitions of the powers of the Popes . .

It was St. Gregory, who was elected Pope in 590, that through no premeditated intention, was the first to break the circle of autonomous or dissident Churches, which was restricting the influences of

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THERE are several acceptances about the Church of Rome that the wise—meaning erudite—Protestant doesn't get excited about. He recognizes the historical traditions from which they come, and doesn't rush out and try to reorganize a local Klan of Ku Kluxers, or subscribe for the *Menace*, or think that all Catholic priests or sisters are whited sepulchres who ought to be watched like anarchists with time-bombs. One of them is, that Christ came to this world to establish a theocracy—or government of which God and His Son were the political heads—and that in departing this world by ascension, the Son left Peter and successors to act in His stead. Thereby have Peter's successors, the heads of the Roman Church or the Popes, proceeded on the assumption that politically speaking they were substitutes for a temporarily departed Christ and spoke with that authority, celestially derived.

Around that fundamental acceptance, have the Roman Church and its Popes functioned, taking the position that as there was only one authentic Son of God, so there can only be one authentic church and heads of that church functioning in His stead. The non-Catholic resents the acceptance as an audacity, says there is nothing in Christ's preserved words to warrant such a proposal excepting Jesus alleged promise to Peter—which by no means specified any papal successions—and declares that so long as the theocratic



Saved from Indians

MANY years ago in the early 40's when Illinois was very sparsely settled and when the Blackhawk and other Indian tribes committed many a midnight depredation among the settlers, often surprising and murdering them in their sleep, a curious circumstance occurred one night in northern Illinois, where the woods were thick and forts were few and far between.

The settlers being hard workers, usually retired early, and this family, comprising the father, mother and the year-old baby, were fast asleep by 9 o'clock.

Three times during her sleep the young mother was awakened by the same terrible dream that she saw a band of Indians silently creeping upon their little settlement, and that her baby lay dead at her feet. This preyed so on her mind that she was unable to sleep, and calling her husband she demanded that he wake as many of their neighbors as possible and flee to the next settlement, ten miles farther north.

The husband was inclined to laugh away her fears, but finally yielded to her pleading, and the little party, about thirty strong, hurried away in the night, the mother carrying her little one wrapped up in a heavy shawl.

When they had gone possibly six or seven miles they lost their way in the woods and decided to climb up in the trees for safety and wait until daylight to resume their journey.

In a short time they heard the dry leaves crunching under the measured tread of many feet, a whispered "hush!" all along the line and the whole Indian band came to a halt under the very trees where the refugees had found shelter.

As good fortune willed, they were not

STRANGE EXPERIENCES . .

detected and the band silently stole away toward the settlement the settlers had left. Being afraid of other wandering marauders, they remained in the trees all night.

Early next morning when the young mother opened the shawl, she found she had smothered the little one to death.

Her dream had come true with terrible reality.

The above actually happened and is one of the many that occurred in DeKalb County before the railroads went through.

H. W. M.

Premonition of Wreck

ON a Sunday in the latter part of July, 1899, I was at Atlantic City, N. J., with my nephew, a youth of nineteen. Having come down to the shore on an excursion from Philadelphia, the railroad allowed only one day and we had to return either on the 5 or 6:30 p. m. train.

Having spent the day in bathing and promenading, I became very tired and thought I would take a nap. During my short sleep I was awakened by dreaming that I saw the 6:30 train plunge into a washout near Winslow's Junction. I saw heaps of bodies piled on top of each other. I explained it to my nephew, telling him that I was going back on a later train, and begged him to do likewise. He kept joking me about it, and said he would go alone. Two hours later the entire country was shocked by the awful news of the wreck I had seen where forty persons lost their lives, including my nephew.

M. E. S.

Saved from Lightning

A PECULIAR incident happened to my grandfather while out herding the cattle one day to keep them separate from his neighbor's farm. He sat down beside a tree to rest when he heard a voice that he thought was his wife's call,

"James, come home for dinner."

He thought it was a foolish imagination, but on hearing the voice repeated he arose and went. When not far distant from the tree, a flash of lightning struck the tree where he had been resting and rent it asunder.

The peculiar feature is that when he got home he found there was no one called him whatever.

W. M. B.

Warned of Robbery

ONE night last Summer while spending my vacation at my uncle's farm, I dreamt that as we were coming home from town, having sold some of the farm's produce, we were being robbed. The next day after my dream we went to town again with our produce, and as we were coming home along a narrow road we entered some woods. As we were driving through the woods, we heard a noise, something like the clatter of chains, and a little farther on we came to a cross-road where an old woman was sitting.

When we approached she began to talk to us, and begged us to let her ride along with us. She said she was very tired and weak, for she had been working all day, and it was getting dark and she wanted to get home. We at first refused, but later consented to take her along a short distance. She took her basket and got on the rear of the wagon. We asked her to get on the seat with us, but she said she preferred to ride on the back of the wagon.

While we were driving along my uncle lit his pipe, and, while lighting his pipe, took a side glimpse of the old woman. He noticed that she had a beard, for the shawl that covered her face had slipped a little so that the beard could be seen. He at once bent his head forward whereby his hat fell to the ground. We halted, and my uncle said to the woman, "Will you please get my hat, it has fallen to the

ground?" She replied: "I can't get down. I am tired and weak," but at last she agreed to get the hat.

She got off the rear end of the wagon, leaving her basket still in the wagon. No sooner had she gotten off than my uncle whipped the horses and they galloped away, leaving the woman on the ground. She at once leaped after the wagon and got a grip on it and tried to climb in the wagon. My uncle got in the rear and beat her on the fingers, which compelled her to let go her hold. Having let go she cried for her basket, but we drove away, leaving her. When we got home we opened the basket and it contained two revolvers, bullets and three knives.

W. H. P.

Foresaw Family Death

THE DREAM I am about to relate is entirely true and one which I can never forget.

About five years ago I lost my first child and since that time I have lost three more. During the illness of each one I always dreamt one time this dream:

I am crossing a wide river on a very thin, single plank, that bends as I walk. I carry a heavy sack of meal on my shoulder, and each time during the illness of my children I get my feet wet and spill the meal. When this happens I know I will bury my child, as I did in these three cases.

I have had several severe sick cases with my children, and each time dreamed this dream. If I cross the river safely without getting wet feet or spilling the meal, my child always recovers, otherwise I can know that death will be the result.

This seems strange, but when illness comes to my home, that is, severe cases, I wait anxiously for this dream, knowing well that it will prepare me for what is to come.

L. C.

Ghost of Suicide

MOST of my life up to ten years ago had been spent in the city of London, but we put in at least three months of every year in a house we owned in an ancient seaside town in Scotland. In the Summer of '96 my father purchased another house in the same town, named Meadow Park. It was about 100 years old, very quaint, and surrounded by beautiful grounds, while one side commanded

a fine view of the North Sea. This latter advantage was our principal reason for changing.

On the first night of our arrival to summer there, everything seemed perfect; we were all delighted with the place, and nothing indicated a ghostly atmosphere.

Being tired after the journey from London, I went to my room about 10 o'clock, and having enjoyed a view of the moonlit sea, never thinking of anything supernatural amid such pleasant surroundings. About 1 o'clock a. m., however, I awoke with an awful sensation and saw in the moonlight a man standing close to the window. He was very tall and stood holding a handkerchief across his throat, from which blood was oozing; his eyes seemed starting from their sockets.

Naturally, I screamed aloud, and the man, turning a dreadful look upon me, vanished from the window. When my mother and others entered the room I managed to explain what I had seen, but as there was absolutely no trace of any one and the widow was very far from the ground, without access to the roof, they were inclined to think I had dreamed it all, so I did not get very much sympathy.

But next morning while relating the experience, I learned from a servant that a retired colonel who had lived in the house about twenty years before cut his throat in the room I had occupied, and had rushed through the town holding a handkerchief across it until he fell dead. This I fully confirmed later in the day, and when shown a portrait of the colonel recognized it as the same as the apparition I had seen.

Now, I had never heard the story told, was not the least bit superstitious and nothing that had happened during the day or evening tended to put my mind in such a channel. Besides, subsequent developments proved that I had not been dreaming and that I had really seen the figure.

S. M.

Saw Future Husband

WHEN I was a young girl, I was told that if I would take a thimble of salt before going to bed, and, without taking a drink of water, would undress myself with my left hand and get into bed backwards, that night the man who was to be my future husband would ap-



pear to me in my dreams and bring me a drink of water.

I had no faith in this, but told it to my chum, who decided to try the experiment. The next day she came to me and told me that a man had appeared to her in her sleep, just as was said, and furthermore, she described to me his looks and his clothing. She remembered everything distinctly; but one thing in particular was a small scar over his left eye.

We thought no more of the matter until two weeks afterwards when we were at a circus together. A man passed in front of us and took a seat not far away. Cora grasped my arm suddenly, saying: "There is the man I saw in my dream." I remembered how she had described him and everything corresponded even to the scar on his eye.

It was only a short time afterwards that they were introduced and soon married. So I was with my friend the second time she saw her husband-to-be. The first time being in her dream.

A. E.

Haunted Room

I WILL herewith relate for the first time a little personal experience along the ghost line, which I have heretofore refrained from mentioning for fear of being laughed at. But, I assure you, it was no laughing matter to me at the time.

Back in 1891 I was employed as operator and agent for the P. A. & W. Railway and was sent to the town of New W—, Ohio, to relieve the agent there for a few days. He checked the office and turned over to me about \$500, which I kept in a common shot sack. Being tired and sleepy, I stopped at the first hotel I came to on my way uptown. It happened to be one of those old-time 1850 frame buildings. Owing to some public gathering in the town the hotel was full. The clerk first turned me

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Valor

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SOULCRAFT CHAPELS

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They Believe in God

WHEN a great popular weekly like *Collier's* devotes four of its big pages to an article on what the outstanding scientists of the nation are doing to discover God—as it has done in its issue of August 11th—it marks more than a trend of the times, either in publishing or in science itself. It marks a new form of spiritual consciousness coming to the outstanding laboratory men of the nation and the world.

No VALOR reader should miss what Howard Whitman has had to say about his interviews with ten or a dozen of the leading scientists of the country—not all of them engaged in atomic research, by the way—and their viewpoints about an intelligent Creator being behind Nature and the worlds.

No article which *Collier's* has published in recent years compares in fascination with what some of these scientific men are finding out about the composition of material and the nature of life. Materials known to be 643,000,000 years old; the sun which warms our earth being just one of 100,000,000,000 such suns in our galaxy alone, in a universe that contains 100,000,000,000 such galaxies; an "observable" universe reaching out 12,000,000,000,000,000 miles into space—are compared with the minute size of the hydrogen atom, which is described by considering an inch on a ruler, dividing it mentally into hundredths, dividing those hundredths, then dividing the hundred-hundredths into hundredths, then

dividing the whole by hundredths again, then dividing that by two. And that's comparatively large, as nuclear physics goes.

Dr. Paul Kerr, minerologist, of Columbia University, puts it that God must be because man has begun to grasp so much of His handiwork.

In Cleveland, Dr. Jason John Nassau tells what he's discovering through a 36-inch Schmidt telescope.

Dr. Jan Schilt, head of the Astronomy Department at Columbia, who specializes on star systems and the scheme and pattern of cosmos, commented upon being interviewed, that the greatest shock he could conceive of was to find that they all happened by chance.

Dr. Reginald Hewitt, conqueror of dread tropical diseases, Prof. George Lechler of Wayne University, antropologist, Dr. George Handelman of Cal Tech, John J. Floyd of Brookhaven, reactor research co-ordinator, Physicist Seymour Block, Dr. Benjamin Duggar of Lederle Laboratories—these are some of the other celebrities who are seeing Science as the pathway to the presence of a literal Almighty.

Get *Collier's* and read this article.

You must say as Rosalind Du Bow research assistant in Brookhaven Laboratory, said, that whether you want to believe in God or not, you can't accept the idea of Him as taught you in childhood..

Enigma

WRITES a Californian who has for years been filling a Sunday pulpit and preaching from the Liberation Scripts: "If those *Golden Scripts* are given out promiscuously, 98 percent will not be read and 80 percent burned. Have had plenty to convince me of that. Those of orthodoxy feel they are doing God a service when they burn literature that does not coincide with their beliefs. Any organization having a bishop over a diocese is a closed corporation. The bishop sends out each week the subject for the ministers of his diocese to preach upon, and to hold their jobs the clergymen must do that . . . The way I will try, and am using, is to talk to a minister about the book and then offer to loan it for two weeks. I have long since found that

if it's not read in that time it will never be read. Then at the end of two weeks I go back for the book. I'm sure, even with care, seventy-five percent of the loaned books will not be read. It's not the Holy Word of God to which tradition has schooled them. True, if the deal would go over as you've outlined it, it would be a Godsend to humanity. But to the average minister it's the vilest heresy, so no soap. In the first place, the *Golden Scripts* is too good for the average mind. Even among those studying Theosophy, New Thought, Occult teachings, Science of Mind, etc., 90 percent will only read a little and then it gets dusty on the shelf."

Br-r-r-r, what a wicked world! Or rather, what a stupid world!

Stupid, that is, in the other fellow's estimation. L. B. in the lengthy article in this week's VALOR says the same thing as our Californian. Best to hear how people feel about it.

The only trouble with both the Californian and L. B. is, that *it isn't working out in practice!*

Here's the picture that's beginning to emerge—

Send a free *Golden Script* to any busy minister, or any busy man of commercial affairs, and unless there's some particular reason for his exploring it, of course it gathers dust on his shelves.

But where valiant Soulcrafters are taking a copy of the *Golden Scripts* under their arms and going to make a call on their minister, reading him particular passages that excite his attention, so far there hasn't been one scream of "Heresy!"

They're interested to the point that they want a copy of the book at once!

In the same mail, it so happened, with the Californian's epistle proclaiming all ministers Cotton Mathers on principle, came a second letter from a lady chaplain who's going about the job *right*. She is making an enterprising business of inviting the pastors of her city to come to her home in the evenings, any evening but Sunday, and listening to the playing of one of the discourses on the electronic recorder. To hear a *Golden Script* read after the electronic rendition of a fine old hymn, has brought the ministers of her community back again and again, she wrote. One such visitor took three pages of notes. She says he told her later that the Soulcraft service on the recorder *was the finest thing he'd ever heard. He*

said expressly he was coming back to hear the next Elder-Brother recording.

The ironical fact is, that these ministers in the individual case where they're being approached tactfully and artfully, aren't proving to be brainstrapped people at all. The Soulcraft tenets are a challenge to them, yes. But they can't find any fault or flaw in the *Golden Script* readings.

Wouldn't it be amusing if all the "watch 'em burn 'em" folks saw the whole bottom drop out of their estimates of ministers?

Best not to jump to conclusions until we discover just how the pastors are due to react.

"Go on, have your fun, brother," writes another cynic. "You'll find out!"

Fun. He calls it fun.

He seems to forget that these are the times of The Great Speaking. Maybe influences from Higher Domains of Consciousness are going to have something to say about whether or not the superb Scripts are tossed in trash-cans.

That's something to think about.

Anachronism

ONE DEAR lady on the West Coast doesn't like the *Golden Scripts*. It is not because of the doctrine; she believes in the doctrine. It's the style of the *Golden Scripts* she doesn't like. She can't see for the life of her why the Elder Brother should talk in the stilted and formal speech of John Wycliffe's England, when the King James Version of the Bible was translated. It shocks her, she says, to have the language of the Psalms turn up such words as *inertia*, and *galvanism*, and *Atoms*, and *enigmas*. Why can't the Scripts be written in the modern style of *Road into Sunrise*? What was the idea, transcribing such an anachronism? Couldn't the Elder Brother have talked as we talk today?

The answer to it is, the Recorder had nothing to do with it. He took what was dictated, and lacked the temerity and audacity to alter one syllable, excepting where he became aware of errors in transcription making for bad grammar, or where repetitious lines or phrases could be foreshortened in the interests of sensible editing. But the mean and phraseology was carefully preserved intact.

The whole constitutes what is known and recognized in literature as "the sacred form". True, it stems out of the style of language of the 14th Century in England. But throughout the past five hundred years, by conscientiously adhering to the Wycliffe text, the style has acquired a distinction—as a style—that identifies supernal authorship. Using a pertinent analogy, no one could expect an attorney to draw up a legal document in the phraseology of a sports commentator describing a prize fight. When a document has been presented in "legal language", we know that a qualified attorney has authored it. Such "forms", conveying the nature of the authorship by the manner in which a given work is written, are features of cultural intelligence in themselves. Savages and illiterates use only one style of expression, chiefly because their vocabularies aren't extensive enough to do otherwise.

When the Elder Brother was on earth, the English language hadn't been evolved, anyhow. He spoke and taught in Aramaic—what we might call the polyglot "Yiddish" of His period, or Hebrew mixed with the tongues of the prevailing peoples. His use of the Sacred Form for the English of today identifies who is speaking.

If the Golden Scripts were presented in the phrase and idiom of the Reader's Digest, no one would have the means of knowing who was talking!

Using Wycliffe's 14th Century English is the hall-mark of the authorship.

Anyhow, He used that form of expression for reasons that seemed adequate to Him. This subconscious notion prevailing in some quarters that the Recorder must have had arbitrary jurisdiction over what came through, is largely an indication that readers have only "gotten" the erudition academically.

The fact that the form of the *Golden Scripts* startles such critics actually indicates how successfully the style has scored.

Run of the Mail

"We admire you for this generous gesture and wish you all the luck possible . . ."

Mrs. C. H., South Dakota

"My partner and I will have \$1,000 in your hands, as our donation to the *Golden Scripts* book fund, in two weeks time. Whatever you want is okay with us."

M. G., Cleveland, O.

Popular Psychics

(Continued from Page 2)

concerning the brother of you two, Duncan?" I asked.

"No," W. M. said. 'Duncan is not in danger and will come home safe and sound.'

"I promised once more to carry out his wish concerning Jock and having commended his soul to God, I said goodbye to him, never expecting to see him alive again.

"I IMMEDIATELY sought means of entering into communication with Jock. The most certain seemed to be to write to the daughter of the principal of our gymnasium, who knew most of our young men and the location of their families. Three days later her reply came in, but she said she had lost track of this family in particular and could not help me.

"However, the very next mail brought me another letter from the principal's daughter. Soon after posting her first to me, she had encountered—of all persons—a girl friend of hers on the street who was wearing an engagement ring. Asking to whom she was engaged, *the friend had replied it was to the identical Jock whom both of us were seeking.*

"This might, of course, have been coincidence and it might have been intervention on the part of friends in the Beyond. But through this chance encounter, Jack's address in Egypt became known to us and I wrote him at once, informing him of his brother's tragedy and beseeching him to tell me if W. M.'s anxieties had been well-founded.

"In result, who should walk into my home Christmas week but Jock himself and his younger brother, Duncan. By another coincidence, no less singular than the first, these two had just met on the London street where their mother was living, one having come from Cairo and the other from Palestine.

"Yes, Jock said, 'W. M. had been quite correct about the dissolute life he'd been living in Egypt, but Miss Smith had been all wrong about his death. 'Will is still alive,' he informed me. 'Mother received a letter from him only yesterday, dated from the front long after the mishap Miss Smith described to you. I simply can't explain how he could have sent such

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SOULCRAFT CHAPELS

Noblesville, Indiana

a message, or been able to show himself to Julia. I believe in communication with the *dead*, but how is it possible that a psychical manifestation by a living person could take place, such as that which you learned about?

"I'm not certain—and neither is Julia—that your brother Will was dead when he so projected something from himself that she observed. But he was *menaced* by death, certainly, and the fact that he implored my aid for you in such circumstances, should be sufficient proof."

"Well, W. M. eventually came home from the War and related to me his end of the experience. That memorable night, at the precise moment at which he had manifested to Julia in London, he had been in a collapsed trench, in which he was waiting, second to second, until the last shells fired in a barrage should reach him and end his inhuman interment.

"He remembered perfectly that he had, at that moment, thought of all his family, of those he loved, of his home, and especially of his two soldier brothers, rejoicing in a belief that they might be spared, though he himself supposed he

was already making his own Passing. The English artillery, however, had located the German battery and silenced it, and he and his comrades had been excavated.

"Here is the uncanny termination of the experience—

"Jock, whom he worried so about, took a new lease on life and came home from the war a regenerated man, and married. But Duncan, of whom there had been no anxiety, was killed within three weeks after the London visit, bearing important messages as liaison officer, through a zone raked by enemy fire."

If the soul of man be merely an organic appendage, or a state of organism endowed with self-awareness, what then are these projections that are sent out from it in countless cases, duplicating in every particular the appearance of the one in the distant place doing the projecting?

On the other hand, how much simpler and more logical to concede that man in spirit, and as he *thinks* of himself, so he appears to others?

On no other basis can we explain these levitations.

Experiences

(Continued from Page 7)

away, but called me back and said he could arrange for me if I could put up with such as it was, as all the best rooms were taken. He evidently took me for one of the transients.

I accepted his offer and about 10 p. m. asked the night clerk to be shown to my room. He asked my name, looked at the register and saw I was booked for Number 7. He looked and acted somewhat agitated, was about to say something, but apparently changed his mind, picked up a small oil lamp and conducted me to the third floor and down to the end of a long, narrow hall but dimly lighted.

At the extreme end of the hallway was Number 7. He pushed open the door, handed me the lamp and was gone. I found the room very small, space for a trunk at the foot of the bed and the width of the door at the side. The room had the appearance of long disuse. Cobwebs and roaches were much in evidence and the lock of the door was out of commission. Being tired, I pitched my moneybag and pistol under the pillow, placed the single chair against the door and was soon asleep.

After a time I was roused up by a peculiar smothering sensation and as though some one was near me. By the moonlight coming through the window I could see dimly about the room, but nothing was in sight. I again dropped into a doze and again awoke the same way, could hear peculiar noises, like some one in distress, and thought I caught the words "For God's sake, spare me." Then, as though a last supreme effort in the struggle, more groans and all was still. I consoled myself with the thought that it was some of the visitors who had been drinking

I again went to sleep and was awakened as though some one had "nudged" me. I rose up and distinctly saw a portion of a man gliding out the door. I rushed to the door, which was as I had left it, looked up and down the hall, where all was still, with a small oil lamp burning at the far end. I rubbed my eyes and actually pinched myself to see if I were not dreaming. However, I decided to remain awake until morning, but, as usual, I fell into a doze again and awoke with the sensation of somebody being under the bed, also the noise and groans.

I thought I could feel the person under the bed. I was afraid to put my feet down, too timid to set up a yell.

I got a match from my vest on the bedpost, lit the lamp in the window sill at the head of the bed, and, pistol in hand, I placed my feet against the wall, bracing myself, suddenly pushed the bed to the opposite side of the room as far as it would go, dropped down, pistol foremost, expecting to land on the intruder and get the first shot, but, to my surprise, found no one.

At noon I picked out a fellow who seemed to be an old boarder at the place and struck up a conversation with him. Although not a believer in ghosts, my curiosity and suspicions were aroused. So I gradually brought our talk to the room Number 7 and asked him what he knew about it. He looked rather funny and asked why. I told him I slept in it last night and had a very bad night of it. He seemed greatly surprised to learn they had put any one in the room, swore some at the management, remarked that the room was haunted by the ghost of a man who was murdered in the room back in the 1860's, that it was never used, and no one would sleep in the room for love or money.

For fear of being laughed at by the railroad boys, I begged him to say nothing about it, which he finally consented to, but left the place himself, and I quietly paid my bill and departed also. This is the first time I have ever mentioned this, but, as I see others, I decided to tell this experience, which is absolutely true as related. D. B. M.

Foretold Murder

YEARs ago I adopted a young girl of fourteen, who grew to a young lady under my care. She became engaged to a man whom I didn't like. As I loved my girl as if she were my own child I tried my best to keep her from marrying him, but in vain.

On her wedding night I dreamed I saw blood on his hand. I cried out, "He will murder her," and murder her he did. He shot her, killing her instantly, and is at present serving a life sentence in the penitentiary.

Do the people who commit such crimes have it in their karma to do it, and send out vibrations relating to it which others pick up? Or do mutual friends project news of what will happen to us? F. R.

"ROAD INTO SUNRISE"

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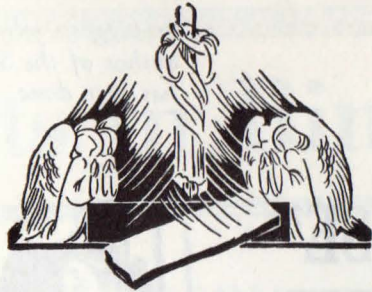
CONGRATULATIONS are pouring in from all parts of the nation! *Road into Sunrise* is a literary and esoteric hit! Readers who weren't certain about the first volume—wondering if the author had been unnecessarily erotic in some phases of his romancing—have gone all out for the second volume, which has 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.

If you want your metaphysical instruction in story book form, here it is! The character of the girl whose memory was lifted to reveal she had once been the famous Egyptian queen, Nefertiti, is only surpassed by the real heroine of the narrative, Melissa, who could paint, fly a combat plane, or be wife and mother with equal facility and courage. You will read a well-written book in *The Road*. Its people are real persons, doing heroic things. Many a reader has written that he read the final chapter with blurred vision. Letters of commendation—and repeat orders—are arriving by every mail. It's a Big Book—658 pages—written around a Big Theme. It may yet prove a season's best-seller on private publishing lists.

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SOULCRAFT, Noblesville, Indiana



“Why I Believe the Dead Are Alive!”

DO YOU believe in survival after death? Have you ever had experience with evidences of incarnate 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?

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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.

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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.

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Soulcraft; Noblesville, Indiana

Clergymen

(Continued from Page 4)

and economic triumphs, some of the priesthood of that day, many of our scientists of today who are bringing to our beloved land inventions leading back to the material greatness of Atlantean days, denominational creeds, which to begin and then to lead us beyond as outlined in your Magic Casements recordings. Likewise, there are the born crusaders, the cream of which in our time were persecuted in the Mass Sedition Trial, those who have been martyrs before in many other lives in other lands and climes of far-off times. Find a clergymen today who is a born crusader, who will dare to sacrifice everything for God the Father, Jesus the Christ, and his country. Did any of them raise their voices against the ghastly Red performances during the Mass Sedition Trial? How many said a good word before, during, or since the kangaroo court “trial” at Indianapolis back there in that other incarnation just nine years ago?

I believe the *Golden Scripts* should be published and widely distributed to those in whose hands they would be handled with wonderment and reverence. I prize my set of 36 Scripts in the original form and the first edition volume as sacred words of the Master in our time in our language. With a keen ear for the nuances and rhythms of beautiful English, I find in the *Golden Scripts* the greatest poetry ever written, bar none, for the simple reason that the majestic thoughts, couched in majestic language comes from the Master Poet Himself.

Those who associated themselves with you in your work and exposed themselves to persecution, as did such men as Roy Zachary, Floyd Hatfield, Orville Roundtree, George Fisher, Vick Hoye, and a noble roster of others never stopped to ask, what price crusading? It was a simple decision for such men to make for they were and are born crusaders, incarnated to do a job when the times ripened. The work done as inspired by you in the Liberation Movement goes marching on. lights the fuse to set off the big explosion when the Big Hour comes as come it will. The times ripen. When everybody is running in the same direction, you will find the ministers where? Why, I'll tell you, running like mad in the rear trying to catch up with the crowd. They are na-

tural-born followers and when they are sure the winds are blowing in the right direction, they will holler like hell for righteousness.

My observation has been that ministers are educated in the seminaries and theological schools to adhere strictly to the dogma and doctrines proclaimed in the with puts them into a spiritual and intellectual straight-jacket. Just like the Communists, they have their "party line" dictated by the dignitaries of their particular denominations. If they deviate from their "party line," like the Reds, they will feel the sting of the lash. To hold their jobs, they must confine themselves to the creed of the church.

In the teachings of the Aquarian Foundation beginning in the last half of the 1920's, Brother XII was authorized to state that they considered most of the older generation so crystallized that they would not accept the eternal verities being proclaimed by the Aquarian Age advance couriers. Therefore, our job was, and is, to concentrate upon the younger generation, especially those destined to come to leadership around 1975.

We feel here that most of those of the older generation—those past 40 to 45—have already accepted or rejected the teachings of the Aquarian Age coming through you and a considerable number of others (each one with a peculiar mission and whose work dovetails but not encroaches upon that of any other).

We think every effort should be directed toward reaching the young people who have incarnated from the glories of Lemuria and Atlantis, for they are the leaders of tomorrow. Just what methods may be used is not clear to me at this time, but I think in due process of time and event, the way will be opened.

We are not unsympathetic nor opposed to your project unless you construe an honest statement of views as opposition.

I hope you heard General MacArthur on the radio last Wednesday evening when he spoke from Boston. It was an oratorical masterpiece, and a clear call to return to the Christian bases upon which this Nation was founded. A copy of my letter to him of this date is enclosed.

I think something good is likely to come out of publishing 10,000 copies of the *Golden Scripts*, perhaps in a way most unexpected and unanticipated . . . So, Bud, don't mind me too much! Have your fun and dream your dreams.

Happy days and . . . Cheerio, L. B.

"Behold Life!"



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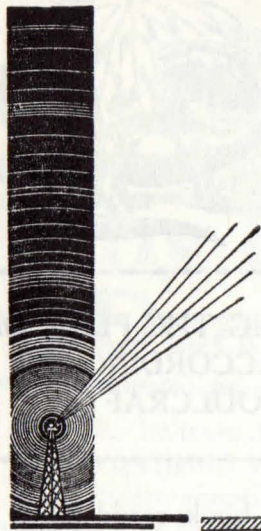
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You Should Hear Pelley's LIFE OF THE CHRIST

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

Papacy

(Continued from Page 5)

the Roman apostolic see, and lead Rome into a position of such commanding importance that she headed the social and political—not to mention the educational and spiritual world through the so-called Dark Ages. In other words, it was under Gregory in the main that the Eastern or Greek Orthodox Catholic Church went its separate way, that it has traveled clearly ever since. You students who like to dip into a bit of detailed history occasionally, here it is . . . in respect to this important happening. Then we'll go on next week in considering some other beginnings of denominations besides the Roman and Greek.

IN PENINSULAR Italy, which was clearly under Gregory's jurisdiction, the Lombards had spread havoc and ruin, so that nearly ninety bishoprics had been suppressed. The Pope could act directly only on the bishoprics of the coast districts or the islands. On the Byzantine side his hands were less tied. But here he had to reckon with the theory of the Five Patriarchs, which had been a force since Justinian.

According to Byzantian ideas, the true Church was governed—under the supreme authority, of course, of the emperor—by the five patriarchs of Rome, Constantinople, Alexandria, Antioch, and Jerusalem. Rome had for a long time opposed this division but since some sort of division was necessary, had put forward the idea of the three sees—or "seats"—of St. Peter, Rome, Alexandria, and Antioch, those of Constantinople and Jerusalem being put aside as resulting from usurpations. But the last named were the most important, in fact the only ones which counted at all, since the Monophysite secession had reduced the number of the orthodox in Syria and Egypt practically to nothing. This dissidence Islam was to complete, and by actually suppressing the patriarchate of Jerusalem to reduce Byzantine Christendom to the two patriarchates of Rome and Constantinople.

There was no comparison between the two from the point of view of the East. The new Rome, where the emperor reigned, prevailed over the old, which was

When Rome, abandoned by the distant emperors, was placed under the protection of the Franks in 754, relations between here and the Greek Church became gradually more rare, the chief occasions being the question of images in the 8th Century, the quarrel between Photius and Ignatius in the 9th, the affairs of the four marriages of the Emperor Leo VI and of the patriarch Theophylact in the 10th. On these different occasions the Pope, ignored in ordinary times was made use of by the Byzantine government to ratify measures which it had found necessary to adopt in opposition to the opinions of the Greek episcopate. But the schism was growing. Rome was under the jurisdiction of the Franks, with the all-powerful Charlemagne coming up. The Greek Orthodox or Eastern Church, continued under the jurisdiction of the eastern emperors, presently to be officially espoused by the long line of Russian Czars.

Because history, or the center of social and commercial culture, was moving westward, with the Atlantic presently to become the maritime highroad to the western worlds, Rome's fortunes rose with history. The Greek Orthodox Church went entirely formal and ritualistic, sinking lower in universal world importance. Again it is of notice that the popular belief that the succession of popes from St. Peter made the Greek Church the true church after the removal of the emperors to the East, isn't corroborated by history. The western Christians were showing themselves the more energetic in every department of life, and Rome represented their spiritual attributes. France, Britain, Italy, Spain, and to a degree Germany, were in the heyday of exploration and commercial expansion, whereas the countries of the East—Greece, Palestine, Syria and Russia—were dropping into a spiritual and economic stalemate.

So as the power of the Western Church grew, the individual powers of its titular heads, the Popes, grew.

But the assumption of representing a literal Christ on earth has never diminished—nor should we expect it to diminish.

No church can be expected to discard its fundamentalisms.

NEXT WEEK—What you should know about the Quakers or Society of Friends, from its beginnings in England in 1648 to the present.

*“Detailed Discussions
of the World
that Is Coming . . .”*



“Thresholds of Tomorrow”

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SOULCRAFT CHAPELS

THE PAYOFF

THE clergyman said solemnly, "Good evening, my young friend. "Do you attend a place of worship on Sabbath evening?"

"I sure do, Reverend," the young man replied. "I'm on my way to see her now."

WHILE the train was waiting on a sidetrack down in Georgia, one of the passengers walked over to a cabin near the track, in front of which sat a cracker's dog, howling. The passenger asked the native why the dog was so perturbed.

"Lazy," said the native.

"But why does laziness make a dog howl?"

"Wal," said the Georgian, "thet blamed fool is sittin' on a sand burr, an' he's too tarnation lazy to git off. So he jus' sits thar and howls because it hurts."

A PRIM old lady was given the first glass of beer she had ever sampled. She sipped it for a moment with puzzled air.

"What's the matter?" asked the friend.

"How odd!" she murmured. "It tastes exactly like the medicine my husband has been taking for the past twenty years."

THE ELDERLY man said to the young mother, "A fine youngster. I hope you'll bring him up to be an upright and conscientious man."

"I'm afraid it's going to be a bit difficult," she demurred.

"Nonsense, my dear. As the twig is bent, so is the tree inclined."

"I know. But as this twig is bent on being a girl, Nature'll simply have to take its course."

LITTLE Tommy had spent his first day at school.

"What happened?" he was asked on his return home.

"Nothin'," he said disgustedly. "A woman wanted to know how to spell cat, and I told her."

"MA, if the baby was to eat three tadpoles would they give him a great deep voice, like a bullfrog?"

"Goodness gracious, no! They'd kill him."

"Well, they didn't!"