

# Valor

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

Volume I

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Number 16

## “RESURGENCE OF FAITH MUST COME,”--Pulliam



“Let the people know the facts and the country is saved”—Lincoln

EUGENE C. PULLIAM is editor-publisher of the *Indianapolis Star*—the greatest newspaper in Indiana. The byline over the editorial page of the *Star* is the celebrated statement of Abraham Lincoln’s:

“Let the people know the facts and the country is saved.” It is not a cynical byline. Mr. Pulliam believes it.

On Sunday, August 12th, Mr. Pulliam’s lead editorial under this byline touched off a new note in hinterland journalism, the sort of editorial that the editor of VALOR spent seven years in prison for writing in 1942. This is 1951, however, and hinterland sentiment for Americanism is changing. Joe Stalin is no longer the Sacred Bovine at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D. C.

Readers of the Soulcraft literature from coast to coast, should clip this fine editorial and paste it in their scrapbooks—if they keep scrapbooks. To have a great newspaper like The *Indianapolis Star* come out unabashedly for “a moral renaissance” throughout America and “a resurgence of faith in our divine mission to fulfill as best we can the will of God” discloses that a big man runs this equally big Indiana newspaper and that reactionism to the international skulduggeries of the past eighteen years may well start among the grass-roots of the middle-west hinterland. Says Mr. Pulliam—

### *Freedom’s Battleground Is Here*

“THE central struggle of our time,” said Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower in a speech last year in Texas, “is that of freedom against regimentation.” That struggle is being carried on all over the world in myriad forms. It is a struggle of Christian-

and cynical materialism, it is a struggle of ideas, an economic struggle and, when it erupts into war it is a physical struggle. But it is all part of one ceaseless search for liberty of body, mind and soul, the great quest that has inspired mankind since the dawn of recorded history.

Here in America we are engaged in every phase of this struggle. Tyranny and war threaten us from without. Regimentation, corruption, and immorality are eating away at our integrity as a nation and our freedoms as individuals from within. We Americans have, however, our most magnificent opportunity in history to fulfill the dream of those who inspired, created and perfected the American Republic, a dream so aptly expressed by Abraham Lincoln, "that all men everywhere could be free." But if we are to achieve that dream some time in the distant future, we must first make sure that we ourselves never lose our own freedom in the process.

JESUS said, "What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" And what will it profit America to gain mastery over the whole world and lose our freedom at home? We have a lesson before us in the history of Rome, once free, once proud, once mighty. But when Romans gave up their freedom at home and permitted corruption, dictatorship and immorality to prevail with their own consent, Rome fell apart and perished as the hordes of barbarians ate away at its dying body and corrupt soul.

"One thing we must fear," said Gen. Eisenhower, "decay of our freedoms through our own neglect. Despotism, whatever its guise, develops when men, losing faith in themselves, surrender bit by bit their own responsibilities to a central authority."

When we lose faith in God we lose faith in ourselves. And when we lose faith in ourselves we become the easy prey to the political bribe, the bounteous promise and offer of something for nothing.

THE MOST compelling struggle for liberty is being fought right here in America. Only by continuous and vigorous resistance to the misuse of governmental power, to the usurpation of the rights of the states and of the people by a central authority can we remain free. Each victory, small or large, that we win against the ever-tightening hold of Federal power is a victory for freedom and in the end for peace.

In our country we have seen the cynical misuse of public office for private profit by politicians, by military men and by bureaucrats. We have seen blatant corruption of public officials by criminals and by greedy businessmen. We have watched our highest officials condone and encourage acts of immorality and lack of integrity by silence or by outright approval. The lowering of public morality is expressed in political favoritism, in bribery and even in the corruption of our sports.

AMERICA needs a moral renaissance, a rebirth of ideals, a return to integrity as a way of life. We need a renewed insistence on individual freedom and a resurgence of faith in our divine mission to fulfill as best we can the Will of God. In religion, in politics, in economics and diplomacy in every field of endeavor we must fight an everlasting battle for righteousness, for freedom, for justice and for peace. We cannot win every victory. But by each one we do win we move forward toward our goal.

The battleground of freedom in the world is right here in

America. If Americans succeed in enlarging their own liberties, in vitalizing their religious faith, it will be easy to assert the kind of world leadership that can bring freedom and then peace to all the world.

ALL of which sums up to the fact that reaction to the Wild Years of Government since 1933 is bound to set in, as SOULCRAFT has predicted consistently since last September it would set in. When great editors like William of the *Star* talk seriously about God and Faith, in their editorial columns, it indicates that something is stirring under the grass roots of the American middle-west.

There will be more of it. The predictions made in the *Golden Scripts* that "millions toil against us but millions more toil for us" are not sophomoric vaporings. When the editor of VALOR has said in the electronic recordings that America is not going to the dogs, that nothing has happened in these United States that cannot be remedied, and that the true greatness of America is *still ahead*, his statements were based on the staunchest psychical perspicacities.

AN OLD adage has it, "It's always darkest just before dawn." Soulcraft—an exploration into man's spiritual heritage in its practical applications—takes the position that these are the Dark Days before the greatest Dawn that mankind has ever witnessed.

Eighteen years bygone the editor of VALOR knew of today's mischiefs being instigated, and to what purpose, and who was responsible. He stepped out in the forefront of those who would advise America of the very matters comprising the essence of this great *Star* editorial. He not only wrote, published, and preached from the public platform of the mischiefs afoot, but organized his more awakened fellows against them as he could. For it he was lampooned, villified, called patrioteer and racketeer, finally jailed for writing a pamphlet at the outbreak of war, "Put Only Americans On Guard this Night—We Fight for This Republic Only." Those were the days when those in high office wanted Russia fought for, not the American Republic.

Now the tide turns, the darkness lightens. The nation begins to think in terms of Americanism again.

It isn't false optimism to declare that this Great Conscience of America—and its outstanding editors—must awaken and manifest still louder, by the nation's very animus toward malevolence.

Lincoln was right, "Let the people know the facts and the country is saved." But that includes facts of spirit as well as facts of day-to-day journalism.

SOULCRAFT is endeavoring to supply the facts of spirit. And the Dawn cometh in presently.

# RUSSIA: A Horse-and-Buggy Country Winning Victories by Propaganda . .



IT'S TIME for the Spiritually Elect of these United States to view the "Russia Colossus" with their ideas altered radically. Make no mistake about it, Russia is a menace and sooner or later will compel major war. When that war comes, America must go "all out" to win it swiftly and victoriously. She will win it swiftly and victoriously. But Russia is not Germany of the Kaiser, nor Germany under Hitler. Russia is a third-rate nation of political convicts, still in the horse-and-buggy days of industrial potentials, holding her own among the nations by instruments of propaganda, subterfuge, and sabotage.

Strong nations aren't required to resort to this type of hocus-pocus.

The Simon-Legrees in command of the gigantic Prison Gang that comprises the Russian people and their enforced satellites, are the world's pastmasters in the art of oriental intrigue and bluff. Every move of the lying and mischief-breeding oligarchy that has the Russians in thrall, proclaims their spiritual and industrial weakness.

If by propaganda and subversive agents, however, they can achieve their international ends by cowering their free-world enemies with inoculations of the heebie-jeebies, so that the latter lie down spinelessly before the paper might of their "invincible" adversaries, they shall have won their objectives without firing a shot.

Remember, there's such a thing as making your adversary big and strong by treating him as though he were big

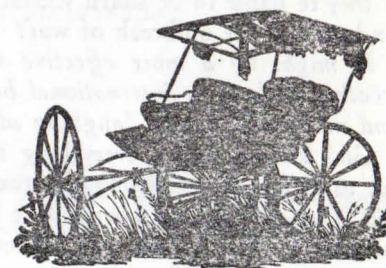
and strong. Treat these Russian "leaders" as the jackals and hyenas they are, yelping so loudly o' nights that they put the whole earth in terror, and the effect on ourselves is to come into full stature of the invincibility we have already won as a people, but which we're refusing to recognize because "it just can't be possible" . . .

By depleting ourselves of moral stamina to estimate the Russian slave-drivers and their convicts correctly, we're feeding the renegades precisely the strength they would otherwise lack.

Let's get a new slant on the accurate picture of what we confront, in the interests of Truth . . . not to mention commonsense . . .

WE TAKE a map of the world—executed in pretty colors—pin it to the wall, stand off and look at the stupendous land spaces "controlled" by the Soviets, and right away we weaken ourselves by our first attack of heebie-jeebies. That three-quarters of it is well-nigh uninhabitable, being either buried under ice or given over to the world's largest desert, the Gobi, is the first thing there's no one at our shoulder to remind us.

Consider that two-thirds of the inhabitable part is linked together by one railroad, containing but four rails running for thousands of versts, which the cutting by raids of the American Air Force would isolate and chop up, and the "vast land mass" of the pro-Stalinites gradually whittles down to sanity. Actually there isn't any more cultivated farm land in all the Russias, square mile for square mile, than there is in the continental



United States—and only one-sixteenth the railroad trackage. That's the second thing there's no one at our shoulder to remind us.

An army is only as strong as it's effective, and it's only as effective as it has perfect coordination in supply lines and industrial-mechanical potentials to produce munitions of war and keep them coming up to front lines. This talk of 175 divisions of Russian troops ready to swoop on Europe in one grand military push-over, implies that these prisoner Slavs in a single generation have so altered temperamentally that they're the equivalent of the highly industrialized Germans. The Germans—and in a measure the Japanese—held out as long as they did hold out because the lowest rank and file of each were past-masters for detail, minute sticklers for getting there firstest with the mostest.

The Russian, man for man, is a past-master in getting there latestest with the leastest—two world wars demonstrated that beyond all sputterfuss.

The Russians were raised in a culture that had 175 national or religious holidays. And kept most of them. You can't breed that sort of thing out of a country, even at a whip's lash, in one or two generations. The writer of this article has often watched a Russian station-master come down in the morning to open his station on the Trans-Siberian. He took twelve to twenty good American minutes to get from one end of his platform to the door which he unlocked—because he considered it politic to come down the platform shaking hands with every patron waiting for a train. Being a sociable critter on principle, he likewise had to discuss the weather, the crops, and the government en route as well.

As for the factories and the atom bombs which the propaganda is careful to put out that Russia possesses—just

why be skairt witless of them when and if they're liable to be snafu within thirty-six hours of the outbreak of war?

*It might be a more effective way of treating with these international brigands and mobsters, to start laughing at them!*

God knows there's everything in Russia to laugh at, excepting the executioner's rifle when the laugher is one against fifty-seven with no sense of humor.

A NATION that has scarcely one clean and efficient—not to mention sanitary—toilet from Petrograd to Vladivostock, can't be so clean and efficient in more serious respects, although it may be doubted if there's anything *not* serious about a properly working toilet.

But in games of bluff, intrigue, propaganda, guile, chicane, circumvention, pettifoggery and just plain bunkum and thimble-rigging, the Russians or at least the Gang that's climbed to supreme ascendancy over the Russians are the experts and adepts of Cosmos.

We should never, as spiritual adepts—"wise as serpents and harmless as doves"—lose sight of the fact that Russia is the deuces wild in the international poker-game of the forces of anti-Christ, created and shoved into the game by those gambling for the mightier stakes of the United States of America. Presently, according to prophecy, those forces are due to misplay their hands. That means the deuces wild go into the stack of dead cards and there's no more duress to bring to bear on Americans. Then what?

Apparently we've got to endure a definite amount of bluff, bluster and backdoor sabotage before the anti-Christ's hand is called and the nefarious Game of the Ages wound up.

But being *afraid* of the Russians, or the Legrees in command of them so long as the blacksnake whip holds out, isn't only sophomoric; it discloses our provincialism.

Naturally in the face of imminent war, no government can hesitate to stir up its defense elements to the highest foment of military hysteria. That too should be expected.

But we've already whipped the two outstanding nations of the world, tested as to military preparedness: Germany and Japan. Thinking that Horse-and-Buggy Russia, with her transportation systems equal to America's in 1871, is capable of doing what Germany and Japan could not do, is to deal in asinities.

Two things we'd better start doing, forthwith—

First, not underestimate the fanatical saboteur behind our own lines, particularly our own industrial and transportation lines, and get him before he snafus us—thus protecting a Russia who is so weak it must resort to threat and bluster to gain its ends; and—

Second, start thinking about what kind of a country and a world may be just

around the corner, when there are no more Germanys and Japans to warrant us maintaining excessive armaments.

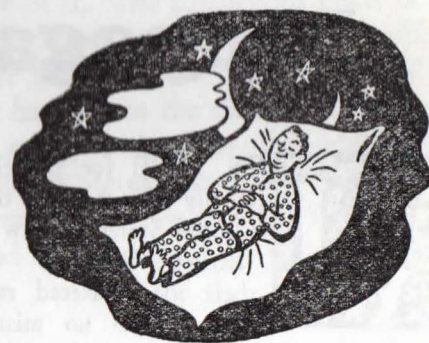
When Russia is knocked over—or *knocked out*—there are no more major powers left to threaten us.

That's due to mean a new world society.

*Are we mentally and spiritually oriented to live in it?*

## Popular Psychics

### The Phantom Nuns Who Stopped a Train



AN EPISODE which attracted wide attention among continental psychical societies back at the turn of the century, had to do with the mysterious materialization of three nuns in white on a railroad bridge, in the track of a speeding train, causing the engineer to halt it and thus making report of the phenomenon of record in the railroad reports. *Mattino* of Naples picked up the story, published on April 22, 1906, and interested investigators of the French Society who ran down the facts and found them authentic.

The account in the newspaper *Mattino* ran as follows—

“ON TUESDAY of this week, at the central station of Reggio, a young seminarist boarded the Reggio-Battipaglia-Naples express, which leaves here at 5:55 and took his seat in a compartment in which was the comptroller-in-chief of the road, Signore Dominic Fishetti.

“When the train had started, Signore Fishetti had asked the young priest what his destination might be. The latter answered that he had to go to Catona, to be present at the Festival of St. Francis. The comptroller then gave the young clergyman to understand that he had

made a major mistake, for the train on which he was riding did not stop at Catona, and in order to get off at that place he should have taken a later train that left Reggio at 6:17.

“The grief and disappointment of the young man caused him to begin to work himself up, to ask help, to pray to the Holy Virgin with tears in his eyes. When his traveling companion called a member of the train crew to confirm what he had already said, he threatened to throw himself out of the car window if the train was not stopped for him.

“But even the comptroller of the road had no way of communicating with the engineer in the cab, as there are no emergency cords to be pulled on Italian trains.

“When they approached the bridge, which is reached just before the Catona station is arrived at, they suddenly heard the repeated blowing of the locomotive's whistle. The train began to slacken speed. Then the emergency brakes went on and it stopped.

“What had happened?

THE SEMINARIST, full of joy, almost triumphant, threw himself from the carriage doorway, which he managed to get opened, crying out that St. Francis himself must have worked a miracle in his favor. But the controller  
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# Quakers . .

*THE NINTH* in a series of articles on the World's religious faiths and sectarian denominations . . .

## What You Should Know about George Fox

**M**OST PEOPLE, when they think of Quakers, think of William Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania. Yet Penn never proselyted for Quakerism. He merely lived by its principles. The principles of Quakerism—or the Society of Friends, as they are officially known—are so distinctive for want of the slightest ostentation that they mark out its devotees. Quakers literally *live* their religion, or they cease to count as Quakers.

The story of Quakerism, or the Society of Friends, is the story of its founder, George Fox.

Fox was born at Leicestershire, England, in July of 1624—four years after the Pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock. He lived to be 67. He must have been the reincarnation of a great soul, for even in childhood he displayed many of the qualities that were to make him an outstanding religious leader.

His father was Christopher Fox, a weaver, nicknamed by worldly neighbors "Righteous Christer." His mother, Mary, has come down to us in history as "an upright woman and accomplished much above her degree." George from his youth "appeared of another frame from the rest of his brothers, being naturally religious, inward, still, solid, and observing beyond his years."

William Penn, who knew him well, says that one of the chief interests of his world life was sheep, and in trading in sheep he was particularly known for his honesty and forthrightness. The man himself, with just a trace of smugness, says—

"When I came to just eleven years of age I knew pureness and righteousness, for while a child I was taught how to walk to be kept pure." Some of his relations wished that he be educated for the

ministry, but his father apprenticed him to a shoemaker who also dealt in sheep and cattle. In this service he remained until he was 19.

**I**N 1643, when 19, he came to one of those crises in a youngster's life that were to influence all his later years. He went to a fair where his employer was exhibiting some sheep, and all the drovers wanted him to "drink healths" at the public house. In fact they became so besotted and raised such a rumpus before the fair was ended, that the boy became shocked and couldn't sleep at night.

In this period of spiritual upset, he began to hear the clairaudient voice. At least he began to distinguish words and speech addressed to him from some discarnate source. Naturally, as customarily happens in such cases, and particularly in the time of religious fervor in which he was maturing, he readily accepted that the phenomenon was the voice of God, speaking to him personally. He wasn't psychopathic, and he wasn't undergoing delusions of grandeur. Today the phenomenon is understood. But George was certain that Deity was talking to him personally.

Deity is alleged to have said to him, "Thou seest how young people go together in vanity and old people into the earth; thou must forsake all, both young and old and keep out of all, and be a stranger unto all."

He described it thus, "Then, 'at the command of God,' on the 9th day of the 7th month, 1643, I left my relations and broke off all familiarity and fellowship with young or old."

The four years that followed were a time of great perplexity and distress. He would go from town to town, traveling



up and down "as a stranger in the earth, which way the Lord inclined my heart, taking a chamber to myself in the town where I came, and tarrying sometimes a month in a place."

**O**NE DAY, approaching, Coventry, "the Lord opened to him" that none were true believers but such as were born of God and had passed from death into life. This was soon followed by other "openings", and it would have been interesting to know just who was address-

ing him psychically. But the Voice made it emphatically clear to him that being educated at Cambridge or Oxford had nothing to do with sanctity and that "God who made the world did not dwell in temples made with hands."

Again and again, when in his troubled moral state he was certain he had visions of Christ. More than that, Christ spoke to him on many occasions. The result of such epiphanies was, that he was soon moved to go into many of the meeting-houses he encountered, while divine services were going on, and cry out against the worldliness of the proceedings and the worshippers. He did this in Nottingham, the year he was 25, in a manner so offensive to the shocked congregation, that they summoned the sheriff and had him carted off to jail. In jail he stayed for a considerable period, only winning his freedom by converting the sheriff to the religious principles he was slowly forming within his own mind and soul.

But his career thereafter took the aspect of an, almost eager martyrdom for this sort of thing. He got in jail in Carlyle in 1653, London in 1654, Launceston in 1660, and Worcester in 1673. But during these terms behind bars, he began to put on paper his ideals for a creed in which there should be no worldly ostentation whatever, no clergyman to rule intellectually over his "flock", and where the "services" were to consist of men and women meeting together in quiet and meditation, and arising and addressing the brethren if, as and when they also found inspiration from the clairaudient voice. Congregations were merely to be *friends*, and the sect he was establishing merely a *society*. Worship of God was to come solely and spontaneously from the heart. Meetings were to have no formality whatsoever. And the same simplicity which they observed in divine worship, the members of the Society were to carry out in their daily lives. Simplicity, frugality decorum and modesty to a fault—these principles even applying to items of dress—were to distinguish communicants who were "Friends."

The worldly facetious called them quakers, because they "quaked before the direct voice of God" as people in meditation had psychical visitations without knowing precisely what they were.

**I**N 1669, when he was 45, he succumbed to the blandishments of the Widow Fell, and married her. The widow's

whole family had early become converted to this religion of excessive simplicity. In 1671, he and his wife made a trip to Jamaica proselyting for the Society of Friends and preaching. From Jamaica he crossed into the American colonies. But the visit was brief. When he got back to England he landed in jail again at Worcester, being incarcerated for a year and four months. On getting out he went to Holland. William Penn had met him by this time and turned from the wild life he had led as a young English nobleman to become one of Fox's outstanding converts. Penn sought him out and brought him back to London, where Fox continued to speak and write up to the year of his death at 67.

It was only gradually that the Quaker community clothed itself with an organization. The beginning of this appears to be credited to a William Dewsbury, who sought to get the Friends into some sort of unified body that could aid others of their number who suffered religious persecution. Also a doctrine had to be drawn up and approved to which all Quakers subscribed. It embraced the innovations of never subscribing to any creed, refusing to take oaths opposing all war or forms of official bellicosity, disuse of a professional ministry and equality of women in religious matters with men. All worshipers were to rely absolutely on the Inner Light or "the Christ Within." The owning of church property, however, made a board of elders necessary for each congregation, the head elder performing such rites as are customarily performed by clergymen in other denominations.

The sect never gained any large numbers of converts. As late as 1910 there were only about 20,000 Quakers in Great Britain, and the latest figures compiled for the whole United States were 158, 151 most of these being located in eastern Pennsylvania.

#### OUT OF THE MAIL

"I have been traveling with my salesman husband for the past six weeks and on returning home, found your letter seeking fifty contributors to support the Grand Program. May I have the sweet privilege of being one of them? . . . We are by no means affluent in worldly goods, but I had a small account before being married, and with all my heart I wish to have the privilege of helping to make possible the spreading of the word of our Elder Brother . . ." (Check for \$1,000 forwarded). D. E. T., Wash.

## Popular Psychics

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of the road, hastening forward to learn the cause of such an emergency stop, met an enigmatic explanation.

"The engineer, one Signore Trieepi, reported to the comptroller that on rounding the curve just before the bridge was reached, he had looked ahead and beheld in the center of the track, near the bridge's center, *a nun clad in full white*, with two women companions. Despite the locomotive's frantic whistle-blowing these three had not stepped aside nor paid attention. Engineer Trieepi, however, had enough distance before running them down, to bring his train to a halt.

"Climbing down from his cab, with his fireman, to approach the women and demand an explanation for their apparent suicidal conduct, the three women, who had been completely tangible to the sight from a distance, *gradually began to disintegrate*, and left the bridge empty, save for the running figure of the young priest hastening to cross to Catona station.

"Signore Fishetti, astounded, told Trieepi what his young compartment companion had said. The engineer made official report of having seen the three women on the bridge, in the center of the track, motionless, immovable.

"Such was the highly veracious account furnished by the officials of the road, with several passengers for witnesses. When the train stopped and they leaned from the door-windows to determine the cause, they had seen the mysterious nuns and beheld them vanish. The train's extraordinary stop before the Catona Bridge was reached, was entered, according to regulations, on the daily record."

**W**ITH OUR modern knowledge of thought-forms, we may ask whether the three nuns were some sort of mental projection on the part of the young priest—although unwittingly—or had incarnate persons, possibly relatives, found ways of materializing for the moment on the bridge knowing the engineer would stop the train if he saw them in time? Had any teleplasmic medium been available, the latter might be the more rational explanation.

Next week the great astronomer, Flammarion will tell of a similar manifestation in his own affairs . . .

# Life after Russian Collapse to Be Disclosed . .

**T**HE NINTH day of the ninth month of this year 1951 marks the autumn season's opening for the seventy Soulcraft assemblies and study groups that found so much intellectual and spiritual profit in the *Magic Casements* series of electronic broadcasts this past winter and spring. Two hundred such assemblies or study groups is the goal set for this coming season *and they will be established!*

Announcement of what is coming for the Soulcraft Chapels this fall and winter will be purposely withheld until the week of September 1st. But this much can be said at present—

Soulcraft students are going to be oriented to consider a practical world where, with Russia vanquished and opened to the intercourse of free nations, the military element as the court of last resort between peoples is to be a minus factor.

The resources of the United States in both industrial wealth and individual initiative, have been the major means for the smashing of Germany and Japan—the world's greatest military nations. England, under her coterie of Fabian socialists, has long since ceased to be a dominant world power. Her navy as "Britannia ruling the wave", has passed from existence. France and Italy are now fourth-rate continental powers.

The moment Russia is vanquished in a short, sharp, terrible, climactic conflict, the United States emerges of her own merit, the outstanding nation of the earth.

Whoever runs America, run the world.

Where are we going from the instant that Russia and China sue for peace?

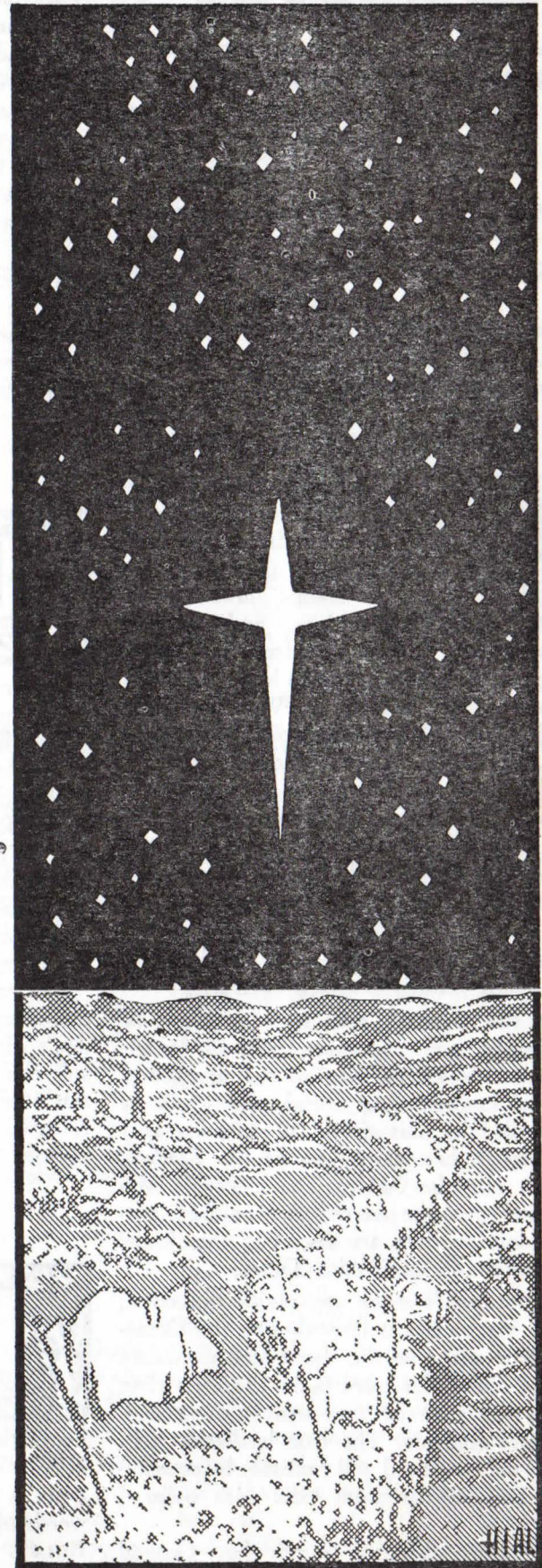
**W**E ARE so close to a completely altered world—in its international elements and culture—that only a few advanced thinkers are grasping it. With

## New Soulcraft Programs Start Sept. 9th

the destruction of militaristic Germany and Japan the biggest part of the formidable and ugly Armageddon Job was done. Russia remains, swaggering through the world like the incorrigible bad man of the Old West, daring anyone to come out and fight him, and generally supported by the earth's surreptitious elements for her nuisance value. When this nuisance value no longer has effectiveness, a new day of ethics dawns on this planet. And the real statesmanship of the earth has to be expended in the direction of China. However, it will be another generation before Cathay becomes organized and equipped to do any real threatening of the world. Her adventures in the eastern Mediterranean in the coming war, will drive her back upon European and Siberian Russia.

But it will be the United States that emerges as Mr. Big in the coming set-up.

**S**OULCRAFTERS are to be taken through a great program of exposition of the sort of world their children  
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# Valor

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## Golden Times Ahead

**T**HOSE who persist in seeing the future in terms of woe and dread, are demonstrating their ignorance of cosmic laws, divine plannings, and spiritual leadership as imminent from personages given the higher brevet to lead this nation out of its wilderness. We are going through a show-down tussle with the Dark Forces of anti-Christ in Russian officialdom, yes. But it's all preparatory to something rather wondrous.

Soulcraft knows that Golden Times are just ahead, and is basing its program on psychical knowledge of them.

Men like General Douglas MacArthur aren't suddenly appearing in these bedeviled United States by accident.

The General, take note, will not be pushed into premature political leadership. He knows that his military genius and knowledge of world affairs will be needed by this nation as America goes through her last Valley of the Shadow, out into the Golden Times. People who want to make an ordinary political candidate out him are disclosing they know nothing of the Golden Times.

It doesn't make any major difference, as VALOR has it figured, who the Democratic and who the Republican candidate for Chief Executive is, in 1952, startling as that statement may seem to some Soulcraft students. The true leadership jobs in the era ahead will probably be consummated only in team work with political leaders.

Always bear in mind that General

MacArthur is a bigger man outside of the presidential running, than he would be in it. The moment he's in it, he's labeled—and a party to the factional squabbling that is bound to distinguish any head of a ticket.

The General is exhibiting the super brains and spirituality for which he's noted, staying clear until issues are more forcibly determined. Let him visit around from city to city through the year that's ahead, and give the populace the "feel" of him.

The Elder Brother will summon him into the job that's in his karma to fill when the times are ripe. He didn't come home from Korea at this particular time by accident . . .

## Lone Flyer

**L**ET'S not overlook another name in the ranks of America of the Coming Golden Times, to be associated with works perhaps greater than anything it's been distinguished for to date.

The name is Colonel Charles Augustus Lindbergh!

They're men of the MacArthur-Lindbergh stripe that are slated to give us our Republic of Tomorrow. Reactionism can't have it any other way. And the MacArthur-Lindbergh type of leadership is typical of a thousand lesser Rightist personages whose names may flame lamently before this saga is run.

Lindbergh hasn't been much in the public eye these past dozen years, but don't discount him on that account. He still has a major role to play in American affairs—and he'll play it as brilliantly as he ever played any of his youthful exploits in aviation.

## Irony

**B**ITAIN ships hundreds of millions of dollars' worth of machine-tools to Russia—striving to bring a rag-tag redly bolshevized country of second-raters up to the military efficiency of Germany in World War I while our military program is now allocating millions of dollars worth of United States machine-tools to Britain. The old axiom has it, "Two

things equal to the same thing are equal to each other." In practice this means that we're arming Russia with millions of dollars of machine-tools.

The extremist would scream, "Well, stop the atrocious process! Put men in power who don't do that sort of thing."

Of course, when the men who do that sort of thing are in power and can't be gotten out short of disrupting government itself, better to let the retribution come back in the form of conditions created by the maladministration. Of the two issues, preserving government is the more essential. Retribution will ultimately overtake those who thus double-cross America.

That's the Law of Spirit in operation.

The 7th verse of the 48th chapter of the *Golden Scripts* gives us the cue to it when they ask, "Is it not meet that such things shouldst be if behold the children of tomorrow have a memory in their hearts of that which was unrighteous, of that which defiled them, of that which did them errors, of that which caused confusions?"

But what a housecleaning when it comes! . . .

## Armageddon Incubus

**D**ON'T TAKE your eyes from the Iranian oil situation—not for a moment. The British Socialists running England—better termed the Western Marxists—must soon decide whether to risk war or share oil with Stalin. If the British compromise on the issue, then the European nations check out on the Eisenhower project, because none of them care to have war with Russia at present, and care still less for it with the oil they need to run it taken over by Russia . . . which is due to happen anyhow. That leaves the countries of the Atlantic Pact gone neutral in the whole Eisenhower business, despite the millions we're shipping abroad to arm them. Eisenhower, if his mission rates a fizzle, will be too low in prestige to become Republican candidate in 1952, and if it rates a success will be too busy running it to return home to fill the role of American president, granted he could win the election.

Soulcraft takes the view that with the collapse of Eisenhower's mission, the UN as an ostensible world parliament takes



another solar plexus punch, Korea being the first. As a matter of fact, the present UN is by no means the bona fide World Parliament that is to follow the American-Russian embroilment, so what happens to it isn't of particular consequence.

Iranian Oil still remains the Armageddon Incubus.

The true nature of the movement to seize the oil industry in Iran has shown itself. British and Liberal sources pretend it was nationalism on Iran's part. But the Iranian oil workers and Tehran mobs have long since been howling, "Long live Stalin! Punish MacArthur!"

Russian oil men have "offered" to manage the Iranian oil industry provided British managers are completely driven out. Commentators in Washington and London are declaring that the real test of Attlee, Acheson and Marshal comes as Russia—that it, Stalin—moves into mid-east oil. If they appease him, or withdraw, as they did in Korea, the world will then have shown it that they've never had any intention of fighting Russia—or have been bluffed out for good. They must back down or fight over Mid-East oil or give up their entire pretense of curbing Communism and policing the world.

**T**HE Mid-East oil fields aren't a commercial cache to be looted in the interests of Russian gain. They're the military lifeblood of the coming European set-up. If Britain gives them up, Stalin gets them—certainly the Iranians don't get them. And if Stalin gets them, they dictate the behavior of all the European nations that Eisenhower wants to get in the Curb-Communism Pact. Stalin will attempt to get them, without war if possible, because at no time can his third-rate industrial set-up afford war. But get them he must because the Rumanian fields aren't big enough to supply the military machine he assumes that he's building.

Either way, the American Administration loses face—and allies. But America can still fight Russia without Iranian oil, and she's the only nation who can—and thrash her.

Iran's and Iraq's oil spell the sinews of military survival for the European and Asiatic countries. Which is why they'll be *causus belli*.

It's one of those inexorable situations that means catastrophe no matter in whose interest the decision is made.

## 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*

## Rightists All



THE SEEMINGLY despairing cry goes up from befuddled individuals at times, "Who do we possess in this American scene in the way of public men who can be relied upon? The Democrats have all the outstanding talent. Republicans have what they can get—which isn't much." As if this were a contest between Democrats and Republicans as to which could claim the most distinguished roster of celebrities!

But this isn't a contest in our United States as between Democrats or Republicans. It's bigger than politics. It's bigger than jingoist nationalism.

What the rank and file of Americans wants to know at present, is, who are the men in time of Great Crisis in our Federal Union who can be relied upon to put the welfare of America ahead of commercial interests?

Well, here's the list of a few, taken at random from the Washington set-up:

Wherry of Kansas, Cain of Washington, Capehart and Jenner of Indiana, Hugh Butler, Bricker of Ohio, McCarthy, Mundt, Bridges of New Hampshire, Ed Johnson, Kem, John Butler of Maryland, Brewster of Maine, Ecton, Ferguson, Martin of Pennsylvania, Millikin, Malone, Nixon, Schoeppel, Wiley, Watkins, Williams of Delaware, Bennett, Dworshak, Welker, Cordon of Oregon—and Pat McCarren, nominal Democrat.

These twenty-eight are by no means any Blue Ribbon list of political purists, but they're Americans who stand in the forefront of political rectitude and the destiny of America would be safe in their hands. At least it's out of these twenty-eight that the leadership of the nation in the next decade—the political leadership, that is—is coming.

Watch these names. See if some of them don't belong to Washington men who forge to the front in strange and unexpected ways in the years—or even weeks—just ahead of us.

*Particularly watch young Jenner of Indiana!*

And don't be biased against greatness

# "ROAD INTO SUNRISE"

**A Big  
Two  
Volume  
Novel . .**

*The biggest job of writing the  
author of the Soulcraft Scripts  
has ever done . . .*



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 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.

You can buy the story in one thick volume, on white paper, bound in attractive blue cloth, for \$6—or in two deluxe volumes, on ivory paper, bound in Burgundy red leatherette, for \$4 the volume or \$8 for the complete story. You will be doing yourself a disservice by not reading this tremendous narrative. Remember—

**Cloth, \$6.00    Deluxe, \$8.00**

**SOULCRAFT, Noblesville, Indiana**

merely because it happens to be represented by someone you know, or someone whose name has been associated with this or that in the past and you haven't particularly fancied this or that. It's the occasion and the episode that make any man celebrated—and many of those in this list of the Twenty-Eight haven't come yet to their occasion and episode.

VALOR's contention is, backed by the pronouncements of the *Golden Scripts*, that never in the Republic's history has a more splendid assortment of political talent—and statesmanship capacity—been exhibited in federal affairs.

The American people don't have one-two-three the items to worry about, that the propaganda of the morning newspaper, witting or unwitting, would have them believe.

Remember the small boy who asked his father, "Pop, what's a demagogue?"

The old man answered from a large political wisdom, "He's a man, sonny, who can rock the boat himself and persuade everybody there's a terrible storm at sea."

Troubles? Storms? The United States hasn't seen one-two-three the troubles and storms suffered by a majority of all nations overseas—and doubtless never will, because it's not on the cards of Kismet.

Let's look to the talent available to us as the times mature and crisis calls Big Men to the front.

They're alive and waiting to be called.

By the way, it might be a smart thing to copy off this list of men given, and thus know the list of near-celebrities on whom Soulcrafters can rely . . .

## **New Discourses**

*(Continued from Page 7)*

and grandchildren are to live in, with these matters in international comity adjusted. The idea is to create a caste of the spiritually enlightened throughout the American body politic, with the capability, stamina, and intellectual grasp to meet this new responsibility of Dominant America as it comes.

The *Elder Brother* series of talks is to terminate by October 1st and thereafter there will be no more intermingling or alternating of programs. But the new *Roads Courageous* programs are to be paramount in spiritual education—and personal preparation for the world that

is to dawn the day that the Mongol Russians sue for peace.

Make no mistake, that dawn is coming.

Soulcrafters have about a year to perfect themselves in the knowledge they need to present themselves as prepared and oriented for these New Times are so imminent. September of 1952 will doubtless find us in the conflict with the Russian Gangsters. September of 1953 should see the job finished and behind us.

It is a time to be fearless. It is a time to be valorous. It is a time to be sagacious with a sagacity born of high spiritual tenets and intelligence. The leadership is close, close, that is to capitalize on the grass-roots reactionism of America and take our Republic out of the wilderness of squanderbust and intrigue that has be-deviled her for twenty years.

But withal it is a time to be knowingly aware of what is expected of the Real Christ People as the new times come in.

*Sun-break of a New World for heckled and harassed humankind is nearer than men dream!*

### Dumb Quiz



THE ARMY Administrative Center in St. Louis, which processes family allowances, has collected some prize letters from G. I. dependents. The Colonel in charge admits he's been collecting them for several years, but anyway here are some excerpts.

"Please send my elopment," wrote one G.I. wife, "as I have a 4-months old baby and he is my sole support and I need all I can get every day to buy food and keep him in close."

Another scolded: "I have already wrote the President, and if I don't hear from you, I will write to Uncle Sam about you both."

"You have changed my little boy to a girl, does this make any difference?" inquired an anxious mother.

Here are some excerpts from the Army's St. Louis files:

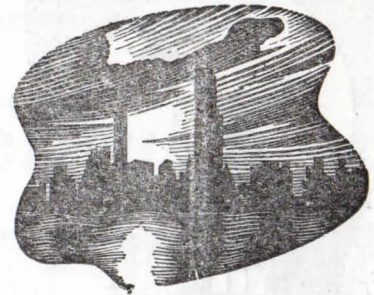
"This is my eighth child, what are you going to do about it?"

"Sir, I am forwarding my marriage certificate and my to (sic) children. One is a mistake as you can see."

"Please send me a letter and tell me if my husband made application for a wife and baby."

(over)

*"Detailed Discussions  
of the World  
that Is Coming . . ."*



## *"Thresholds of Tomorrow"*

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

### **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.

**A Beautiful Volume: \$5**

*Soulcraft Press, Inc., Noblesville, Ind.*



## Saw His Own Body

**T**HE PATTERN body is not a thing of imagination, as the uninformed assume. It is founded on various types of reliable observations. This impalpable, invisible body, which exists during life and subsists after physical death, has been known to all ancient religions, notably that of the Egyptians. It is the *ka* represented in the subterranean chambers of Egypt, the "spiritual body" of St. Paul, the "astral body" of the Theosophists, the "Peri" of the Spiritualists. Soulcrafters know it as the Light Body or Pattern Body. And apparently it possesses forces all its own.

There have been a number of painstaking observations made concerning this strange and imperishable adjunct of the soul. Here is one among others, made by a Frenchman—

"It is not a scientist who writes this, but a financier . . . I had heart's disease—which is now cured—but which played me some nasty tricks. On one occasion, among others, I remained for a certain time plunged in a lethargy. I heard all my family talking around me, but I was not I. My *self* was beside me, standing, a white and fluid body. I saw the grief of those who were striving to revive me and I had this thought: 'Of what use is this miserable cast-off skin that they

"I am writing you to tell you that my baby was born two years ago and is two years old. When do I get relief?"

"I gave birth to a boy weighing 10 pounds. I hope this is satisfactory."

"I can't get my pay. I got six children, can you tell me why this is?"

# STRANGE EXPERIENCES . .

seek to bring to life again?' Nevertheless, perceiving their sadness, a great longing came over me to return to them—a thing which happened.

"However, it seems to me that if I had wished it, I could have remained in the Beyond. I saw the door to it half-opened, but cannot say what lay beyond. J. R.

## Transferred Voices

**I** HEAR there is some dispute over the episode of yours and Dr. Gordon's voice, Mr. Pelley, sounding in your upper office while the two of you were several blocks away having luncheon at a Washington, D. C. restaurant in 1931. I was in your building that specific noon-time that it occurred and wish to give you my version of it.

"You and Dr. Gordon of New York City had been conversing in your third-floor office at 1019 15th Street, N. W., up till about 12:30, when you went out together for lunch. You two preceded me out the door onto 15th Street. You went your ways and I went mine—which was a nearby teashop.

"Coming back to my work at 1:10 p. m., I met Dr. Edgerton descending the steps of your building in a vexed frame of mind. I asked him what had troubled him. He declared to me, 'I don't mind waiting to see Mr. Pelley when I don't have an appointment with him, but I do strenuously object to being lied to.'

"I asked him who had lied to him.

"The girl at the reception desk,' Dr. Edgerton replied. 'I said I had a special reason for seeing Mr. Pelley, but she told me it was impossible, as he'd gone to lunch with a visitor from New York. I took her word for it, and said I'd await his return. She put on her hat and went out to her own lunch, leaving me sitting on a bench in the reception-room. But she hadn't been gone very long before I

distinctly heard Mr. Pelley's voice coming down from the floor above, where the doors onto the stairway were open. Someone was evidently with him, because I heard the deeper voice of an older man conversing with him.'

"I said to Dr. Edgerton, 'Let's go back. If they've returned from luncheon, I'll take you up. There must be some mistake. Maybe the receptionist hadn't known they'd come back—for they did go out when I left for my own luncheon.'

"Well, Dr. Edgerton was persuaded to accompany me back inside. We climbed to the second floor and listened. Sure enough, your voice—and Dr. Gordon's whom I knew—were distinctly audible in your office off the third floor landing. You were discussing, as I recall it, some excavations in Central America which Dr. Gordon had recently visited. I mounted the second flight, with Dr. Edgerton behind me.

"Entering your office, however, we found it quite empty! The voices of you and your visitor seemed to cease the moment we crossed the threshold, although we could distinguish them plainly in the hallway outside.

"Dr. Edgerton was puzzled, upset, and inclined to be apologetic. We made several sorties in and out of your office, each time crossing of your threshold causing the conversation to become indistinct. Another odd feature of the phenomenon was, that on entering my own office back of yours, through the length of the short connecting passageway, your two voices resumed.

"Well, Dr. Edgerton really had another appointment and was forced to leave, having misspent all the time he dared. My understanding is, that he rounded the corner into K Street and encountered you, having parted from Dr. Gordon, who had returned to his hotel. On his reporting the occurrence to you, you assured him our receptionist had told the truth, that you and Dr. Gordon had

gone out ahead of me, and been the last hour or more seated across a table at a restaurant in 14th Street. Whatever you two had said across this table had sounded audibly in your vacant office, about a block and a half away. Furthermore, to my best recollection, there was no radio in your office and certainly no phone connection with the 14th Street restaurant.

"Why should your two voices, as you were speaking them a block and a half away, have sounded with entire naturalness and distinctness in the room you had lately quitted to go to lunch? I can't answer that. I only know that I heard them, not once but again and again."

(Mrs.) O. R.

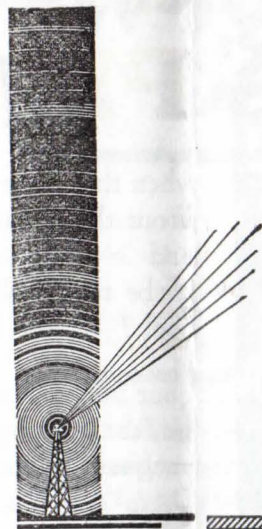
## Japanese Phenomenon



AM a Japanese-American, what you call (Nisei) . . . I have an amazing experience to tell, which concerns my brother who was in Japanese force fighting in Manchukuo. From my family in Goshawa comes word that another Japanese boy who was close acquaintance to my family goes to certain river when Chinese fighting was very severe, to take off his uniform and get bath. The time is about sunset and he has two friends with him who also like to take bath.

Well, three Japanese boys take off all clothes and enjoy cool water of river as sun sinks. No enemy is close enough to make trouble, but one of these Japanese boy's friends suddenly gives shout of warning and points to north bank of stream, where soldier has come out of woods with rifle. Strange to say, it is not Chinese enemy but another Japanese soldier who makes shout of greeting to them. They make answer in own language, and strange Japanese soldier steps into water and starts to do what you call wade across to them where they are naked.

When stranger gets close, three who are taking bath see that it is strange that this soldier is up to hips in water but not making water appear any ripples and they are much frightened. Then Japanese boy who is friend of my family sees stranger is my brother from Goshawa. They ask him what he is doing in this part of China, which is distant from where he has been fighting. My brother does not know how to answer for he does not seem to be aware he is far from his



# You Should Hear Pelley's LIFE OF THE CHRIST

## *A Series of Electronic Broadcasts*

**S**TARTING 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!*

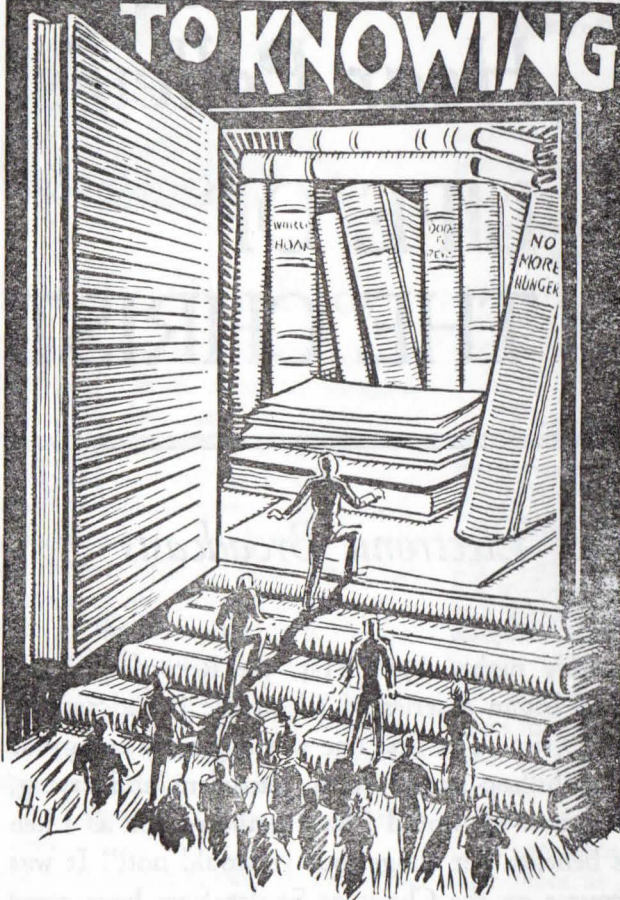
## GET AN ELECTRONIC RECORDER

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

## OPEN DOOR TO KNOWING



## Many People Declare

when they hear of SOULCRAFT: "If I want to learn all about this great doctrine, what literature should I read and in what order should I read it? Should I subscribe to the Weekly Scripts or order some particular book? If the latter, which book?"

Four books, read in the order named, will give the new student a grasp of esoteric matters he's never before imagined to exist. First, read *WHY I BELIEVE THE DEAD ARE ALIVE*. Then read *BEHOLD LIFE*. After that, read *STAR GUESTS*. With these three illuminating volumes digested, the student is ready to understand and appreciate Volume One of the bound SOULCRAFT SCRIPTS—in fact the four volumes of them published to date—and then the profoundest and most startling volume of all, the *GOLDEN SCRIPTS*.

There are other SOULCRAFT books, and they're all open doors to *knowing!* But order and read the four books suggested—and begin to get a new kind of education. Make up your order from this issue of VALOR.

## SOULCRAFT CHAPELS

## Golden Scripts Now Quarter Completed

regiment. He is most impolite to friend from Goshawa because he turns around and wades back across river as in confused state.

Soon I get letter from my family in Goshawa when boy who took bath is wounded and sent home to stay. Japanese government inform them that this is day my brother has been killed in action about hundred and five miles northwest of river where he waded into water without disturbing same.

Please excuse language as I am now businessman in Los Angeles. M. T.



ALMOST a quarter of the printing on the Clergymen's Edition of the *Golden Scripts* will have been completed by the time this issue of VALOR reaches readers. Something like 228 pages, of a book that will total 844 pages, have been type-set, put through the presses, folded, and stacked in the plant bindery against final assembly. Something like 40 to 50 pages a week are thus being finished . . .

The *Golden Scripts* are going through the plant at a printing speed faster than

any other volume ever published by Liberation-Soulcraft. In addition, the Weekly VALOR has been established, and is running to schedule, all without interruption to the regular weekly printing of the students' *Soulcraft Scripts*—of which No. 50 was mailed the past Friday.

The number of productive workers at Headquarters now approximates the staff that was turning off *Roll-Call*, *Little Visits*, and *The Galilean* and *Mustard Seed* in 1942. With the underwriting of the *Golden Scripts*, the business volume of the plant is practically back to what it was when the Roosevelt-Biddle crack-down struck. The reader-list of VALOR by no means equals the reader-list of *Roll-Call* and *Galilean* but it is mounting weekly and daily. No publication which this enterprise has ever sponsored, seems to have found more universal acclaim than VALOR. It seems to have been one

of those "lucky accidents" as to printing format and make-up, which strikes a responsive reader chord.

So pushed is Headquarters for floor-space to handle the activities that are compounding at Noblesville that Adelaide, Melford, Pamela and Wee Winkie have taken a home of their own in Noblesville residential section, leaving former living quarters to be devoted to office space. But with the vacating of the latter—which will mainly be devoted to increased duplicating of the electronic reels for Chapels this autumn and winter—the problem of handling the book-sales end of Soulcraft is by no means solved.

Work was therefore started August 1st on an addition to the main Soulcraft Building that will add 900 more square feet to the ground-level floor space at the southwestern corner of the rear. A plain building of cement blocks is being constructed which may handle overflow work from the bindery. It is planned to have it ready by September.

Adelaide returned from her summer holiday in Vermont on the 13th but because of the increase of workers at the plant will be eased of many of her former responsibilities. She is busy renovating her new house, the first she has possessed since her marriage.

The development of the week, besides Adelaide's return, was the arrival of the Soulcraft truck from Brooklyn, N. Y., bringing back the newly bound copies of *Thresholds of Tomorrow*, the Recorder's most recent book, of 385 pages in the usual deluxe leatherette covers. The volume is a printing of the salient features of the winter's Magic Casement broadcasts. Herma has been busy all-week getting shipments of this latest number of the Soulcraft books out to purchasers. Also in the truck-load of books from the Brooklyn bindery came a quota of bound *Soulcraft Scripts*, Volume III, Numbered from 26 to 39.

The whole Soulcraft Staff, however, is readying for the big new volume of business that is bound to accrue when the *Roads Courageous* programs begin for the fall on September 9th.

Activity?

Plenty of it. Soulcraft is pushing out and expanding into every section of the nation.

Even Emma, Butch, and Fritz go around bewildered . . .

## "Why I Believe the Dead Are Alive!"



**D**O 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.

### You Should Read this Volume First as Prelude to Understanding Soulcraft

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

**THE PAYOFF**

“LET’S go to the zoo, mamma, because I want to see the monkeys.”  
 “Why Tommy, what an idea! Imagine wanting to go to the zoo to see the monkeys when your Aunt Elizabeth is here!”

THE ANGRY wife scolded, “For goodness sake, you putting up such a fuss when all I want is for you to go to church with me. The neighbors ’ll soon be talking about us as they did about poor Mr. and Mrs. Brown. The only time they went out together was when the gas stove exploded!”

THE CRYSTAL-gazer said mysteriously, “Ah, I see a buried treasure—”

“Yes,” said the client, hitching angrily in her chair, “nevermind that. It’s probably my husband’s first wife. I know all about her.”

A COLORED BOY went through a cemetery reading the inscriptions on the headstones. He came upon one containing the inscription, *Not Dead but Sleeping.*

The negro chuckled.  
 “Dat man ain’t foolin’ nobuddy but hisself,” he remarked sagely.

HE WAS a sentimental youth who had been a long time suffering from intensive romance.

“What’s the matter?” his father demanded.

“I’ve been turned down,” the broken lad confessed. “I asked Mary to marry me and she . . . refused.”

“Don’t worry about it,” the old man advised. “I’m old enough to be able to tell you that a woman’s No often means Yes.”

“Perhaps it does, but this woman didn’t say No. She said Rats!”

A SMALL boy had watched a telephone repair man climb a pole, connect his testset and try the connection with a test board. There seemed to be some trouble at making a connection. The youngster listened a moment and then headed excitedly into the house.

“Mommie, come and listen, quick! There’s a man out here on a telephone pole talking to heaven!”

“What makes you think he’s talking to heaven?”

“Cos I heard him holler, ‘Hello! Hello! Good Lord, what’s the matter up there. Can’t anybody hear?’”

A YOUNGSTER went into the parlor to look at a visitor who was calling on his father.

“Well, my little man,” the visitor asked, what are you looking at me so for?”

“Daddy said you’re a self-made man.”

“Quite right. I am a self-made man.”

“But what’d you want to make yourself like that for, for pity’s sake?”

A SPEAKER at a ministers’ meeting in Boston told the story of a negro clergyman who so pestered his bishop with appeals for help that it became necessary to tell him he must not send any more.

The negro pastor’s next communication read as follows—

“This is not an appeal. This is a report. I have no pants.”

“MAMMA, do people who lie go to heaven?”

“No, Willie, of course not.”

“Golly, it must be lonesome up there with just God and George Washington!”

“Behold Life!”



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