

Valor

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

Volume I

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Number 19

“ROADS COURAGEOUS TO GOLDEN TIMES!”



CIRCULAR to end all circulars—as one of the Headquarters staff described it—went out to most known Soulcrafters all over the nation this past week, headed

by the great announcement: *The Battle of Maturing Civilization Must Be Won on the Up-Grade Roads of Applied Spiritual Enlightenment!*

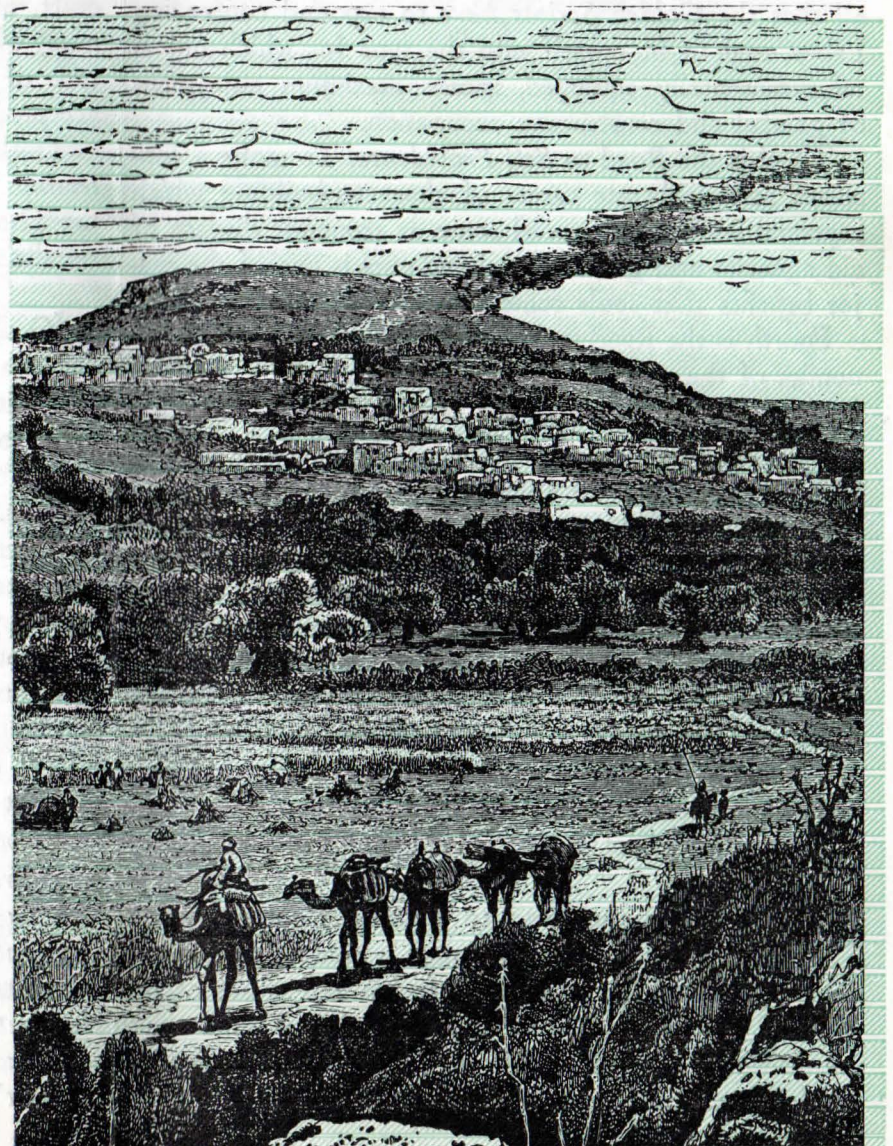
Four huge pages of data have told the entire story of *The Golden Scripts* and Soulcraft.

From the grass-roots of the great American mid-west goes forth the tocsin for a resurgence of fundamental and spiritual ideals of this Republic that have been disdained or surrendered to the exigencies of civic or emergency malevolence.

It isn't on the Books of the Almighty for this nation to go to the damnation bow-wows—but only the clairvoyantly gifted are currently aware of it.

Golden times are ahead for America when the Korean-Russian War has been won!

So the disclosures in the *Golden Scripts* make life readily divisible into Twelve Spheres of Activity which can most conveniently be thought of as “Roads”—the Twelve Roads Courageous in that it is going to take



valor supernal to travel—to arrive in those Golden Times that cover a thousand years of international peace and unbelievable scientific achievement.

TO INSPIRE spiritually bewildered or frightened men and women of the present and bring them the majestic disclosures in the sacred *Scripts*, the new fall program of Soulcraft goes into effect with the broadside mailing of this epochal announcement.

The whole story of the Golden-Script-Soulcraft Program is in it.

The Twelve Roads Courageous of Soulcraft apply the highest spiritual tenets to the problems of everyday living.

First is the Road to *Martial Happiness*. The man and woman who have discovered mutual solace and felicity in each other's companionship have grounded their lives on a foundation so substantial that few storms of life can seriously unsettle them. Soulcraft points to that happy attainment.

Second is the Road to *Interesting Labor*. To investigate all that the *Golden Scripts* have to expound concerning Labor, and to fit oneself into the type for which one is temperamentally equipped, means maximum enjoyment of gainful and constructive occupation.

Third is the Road to *Self-Providence*. To make a conscious and deliberate career of character-building which expresses itself in the social scene as economic disdain of aid agencies and government hand-outs is one of the major benefits that souls come into physical life to obtain.

Fourth is the Road to *Economic Surety*. What the economics of the next hundred years are due to be, interests everyone. Soulcraft shows the economic innovations that are coming in, to take care of the 300 millions in population that will represent America's citizenry.

Fifth is the Road to *Artistic Success*. Millions of people are born annually whose main life interest is going to be development of their artistic temperaments. Traveling to highest artistic achievement is a definite Road Courageous, with Soulcraft showing how it can be accomplished.

Sixth is the Road to fullest *Civic Rights*. When the threat of Communism is forever laid, the people of America are going to place a value on their civic rights higher than ever before in their nation's history. Soulcraft tutors with startling effect in the "civic divinity of Man."

SEVENTH is the Road to *Political Competence*. A wholly new caste of public men is coming to the fore in the wake of the current confusion and waste of the national resources. Appreciation of what Karma truly means in issues of public life is to bring a new realization of the responsibilities of high office.

Eighth is the Road to Undeclared *Nationalism*. The American heritage has undergone a purposeful debauchment from foreign sources. In the wake of the final world war, Nationalism comes back with a flourish of prideful trumpets in the hearts of Americans. Soulcraft enlightens in how and why this is due to happen.

Ninth is the Road to *World Parliament*. The present United Nations is but a league of sovereign States and as such it holds within itself the needs of its eventful disintegration or evolution into a true parliament. Clairvoyants say that a true World Parliament is coming. Soulcraft counsels what it consists of, different from leagues of nations in the past.

Tenth is the Road to *World Tranquillity*. Soulcraft is premised four-square on the modern teachings of the Elder Brother, and peace and world tranquillity are to be His definite accomplishments in this generation. Soulcraft points the way by which these are to be achieved.

Eleventh, is the Road to *Cosmic Enlightenment*. The fullest agenda of esoteric education is contained in Soulcraft, and the Road of Cosmic Enlightenment divulges many of the great arcane mysteries that will lead to a new type of civilization tomorrow, as they become generally accepted by the Man on the Street.

Twelfth and last is the Road to fullest *Spiritual Maturity*. This, the true terminal of all mortality, commands the Thought Processes that effect miracles of healing, materializing, telepathy and all forms of positive Psychics.

NO MATTER whether the bedeviled American be practical minded, economic minded, political minded or spiritual minded, Soulcraft thus has a message particularly for him. *For Family, State and God* might be the slogan for this revelation that is everywhere gaining adherents.

Twenty-four electronic addresses—two on each of the subjects enumerated—are to distinguish the forthcoming winter program.

Thousands of the mammoth broadsides detailing the ends and aims of Soulcraft are slated to be struck off and circulated throughout the 48 States in the months ahead.

All of it sums up to something constructive, of the highest spiritual and inspirational tenor.

If you want to become apprised of the alterations and improvements that are coming in American life, join or start a local chapel of Soulcraft. The forecasts of developments both here and abroad are based not only on the GOLDEN SCRIPT prophecies but on clairvoyant gifts coming out of Soulcraft.

*Roads Courageous to the Golden Times ahead!
LET'S GO!*



"Giddy Minds and Tragic Results"

A Pennsylvania Pastor Winning National Acclaim for a Sermon

ON THE 6th of May, the Rev. Roy E. Manne delivered a sermon in the South Avenue Methodist Church of Wilkensburg, Penna. He named it *Giddy Minds and Tragic Results*. VALOR is informed that 50,000 copies of it have gone out across the nation in booklet form, with another 50,000 edition coming up. He says in preface to the sermon, that his wife tried to stop him from delivering it, "because it would make a lot of people mad." It would, and it did!

Obviously the Reverend Manne is a living contradiction to those critics who claim that sky-pilots are in mental strait jackets, who preach as they are instructed to preach or fold up and get jobs as taxi-men.

And what is *Giddy Minds and Tragic Results*?

It is a scouring protest against the conduct of America's public business.

Here are some of the cold economic facts that he lays on the line—

"**E**ACH wage-earner works 59 days out of 235 working days a year just to support this government. At the present time our government is spending approximately \$1,000,000 every 12 minutes, which in a year's time is about 5 billion more than the value of all the gold that has been mined in the whole world in the past 457 years. The interest we are now paying on our national debt alone is more than it cost to run the entire government sixteen years ago . . .

" . . . when the war broke out in Korea, we were shocked to learn that the billions of dollars spent for national defense since the last war had bought practically nothing in fighting equipment.

Why? Because 70 cents out of every dollar was spent for housekeeping and operating costs. Only 18 cents out of each dollar went for arms . . .

" . . . for example, some time ago the Army asked for 829,000 tropical uniforms, costing \$125 apiece. This was more uniforms than we had soldiers in our whole army.

" . . . some 28,000 people work in the world's largest office building, which is the Pentagon in Washington, whose business is national defense. Fifty percent of the outgoing 'phone calls in the Pentagon are personal, with some conversations lasting half an hour. During working hours, retail stores and shops in the Pentagon Concourse are filled with employees doing their shopping on government time.

"**T**HE FEDERAL Government owns 613,567 more typewriters than it has people on the payroll who use typewriters on a part or full-time basis. That is to say, it has 3.6 typewriters for every employee who uses one.

" . . . there are 393,000 North American Indians under the jurisdiction of the Bureau of Indian Affairs, which is one employee for every 32 Indians.

" . . . In Alaska the army tore down a camp which had cost \$16,000,000, shipped the lumber back to Seattle, there the Department of the Interior took over the lumber and shipped it back to a place ten miles from its starting-point.

" . . . last year the amount of mail sent out by the government printing office at tax-payers' expense cost \$75,000,000. This included pamphlets on such fascinating subjects as *Methods of Catching and Killing Vagrant Cats*, *How to Tell the Sex of a Watermelon*, and *The Hab-*

its and Economic Status of the Band-Tailed Pigeon.

" . . . a few days ago a friend in Washington sent me this bit of interesting news: "Yesterday I was in a little shop downtown to have a zipper put in a dress. The manager told me he had a girl who works for him on Saturdays who also works for the Government at a salary of \$4300 a year. And what do you think she does for the Government? She works four hours a day serving coffee."

"**T**HEY CALL the war in Korea a United Nations war. If it's a United Nations war, where is Great Britain? Where is Canada? Where is France? Where is Italy? Where is Nehru's India? We have 250,000 men in Korea. Great Britain has 13,000 and India is represented by one ambulance unit . . . To date our casualties number 65,000.

" . . . while our boys are fighting and dying it is heartbreaking to know that out of the billions of dollars we are giving Socialist England, *she is using millions of those dollars to produce and supply Red China with the raw material to carry on the war*. If it were not for the supplies coming to Red China through the British Crown Colony of Hong Kong, Red China would be unable to carry on the war. That is not my opinion. That is the testimony of Douglas MacArthur. That has been going on ever since the Korean War began.

" . . . at the present time an effort has been made in the United Nations to have an arms embargo against the Reds declared. And who do you suppose have blocked it? England and France . . . God save us!" (over)

MUSTARD SEEDS

The old songs are best because nobody sings them any more.

A telephone-pole never hits an automobile excepting in self-defense.

What this country needs is fewer people telling us what this country needs.

A movie actress has just remarried her first husband—it might have been his turn again.

Blessed are they who are ignorant, for they are happy in thinking that they know everything.

Remember what George Bernard Shaw once said, "In Heaven an angel is nobody in particular."

In most countries polygamy is a crime; in America it is merely marriage on the installment plan.

One thing the discovery of the North Pole settled, there's nobody actually sitting on top of the world.

American—A person who yells for the government to balance the budget and borrows five dollars till payday.

The wife who drives from the back seat isn't any worse than the husband who cooks from the dining-room table.

Marriage is a lottery in which some fellow is always mislaying his ticket and some other fellow is picking it up!

There is one thing more exasperating than a wife who can cook and won't, and that's the wife who can't cook and will.

Orthodoxy is believing that Religion is insurance in this world against fire in the next, for which honesty is the best policy.

Every hero becomes a bore at last, said Ralph Waldo Emerson, and they do say that Emerson turned out to be one of the worst.

One thing must have been a lot of gratification to Daniel in the lions' den: he certainly wasn't going to be called upon for an after-dinner speech.

If cosmic knowledge is essential for getting your soul into heaven, there certainly will be a lot of people walking around the place half-soled.

Executive ability is the art of convincing your wife that you hired your pretty stenographer on account of her rare typing ability and experience.

At a banker's dinner the other evening a banker read a bad poem which he had written, and nothing was done about it. But just let a poet write a bad check!

A bank is an institution with a front like a Greek temple where you can borrow money if you can present evidence to show you're not a Greek and don't need it anyhow.

It has been asked why Americans do not own more hippopotamuses—it is due to the fact that no department store has yet bethought to offer them to the public for a dollar down and a dollar a week.

THE REAL kick in the Rev. Manne's sermon—which has since become a pamphlet of prodigious circulation, is the indictment of the Administration which it contains, which VALOR is not allowed to publish. Obviously the Reverend is very much a Republican. He passes the pleasantries in another place, "Little man," said an elderly lady to a little boy smoking, "don't you know you will never be President if you smoke?" To which the lad replied, "That's all right, lady, I'm a Republican anyway."

Here is a man of the pulpit who dares to stand up and speak without fear or favor—in fact, it savors strangely of another brochure published sometime since entitled *We Fight for This Republic Only* . . . whose writer spent eight years in Federal Penitentiary for championing the claims and honor of the United States ahead of Soviet Russia.

These are the days when such things happen.

Well, and so what? When the American people have had enough of it they can call a halt on it. They *want* their Government to spend 12 million a minute, and every Federal employee to have three typewriters, and literature costing \$75,000,000 to go out about the Sex Life of the Watermelon, and \$125 uniforms to be knocked down to the surplus army goods' contractors, regularly, and \$16,000,000 of lumber to enjoy sea rides back and forth to Alaska, and coffee waitresses to draw \$4,300 salaries. They *want* to spend two months out of every year working for the Government for free. They *want* their President to have \$90,000 in personal allowances, tax free, which he doesn't have to account for. They *want* to send 250,000 troops to Korea—and 65,000 of them become casualties—so that English industry supporting itself on manufacturing war goods for the Chinese Reds, may prosper.

When a people *don't* want such things to happen, they *don't* happen.

The Rev. Roy Manne will discover, when he gets his copy of the *Golden Scripts*, that God simply says to us, "What wouldst thou have, O man? . . . take it and pay the price."

The trouble is at present that only a fraction of old-fashioned people don't want such things to happen, don't want us to pay the price.

The Magnificent Palace of the King of Atlantis . .



THE PRIESTS of Sais, in recounting to Solon, ancestor of Plato, the one-time existence of a great continent outside the Pillars of Hercules, or straits of Gibraltar, supplied him with the following geographical description of the country, which Plato recorded for us in turn. Plato put the description in the form of conversation between one Critias and Socrates, in an Athenian garden, but that was merely a case of the literary vehicle he employed to preserve the data.

"I have before remarked," said the chief priest of Sais to Solon, "in speaking of the allotments of the gods, that they distributed the whole earth into portions differing in extent, and made themselves temples and sacrifices. And Poseidon, receiving for his lot the island of Atlantis, begat children by a mortal woman, and settled them in a part of the island which I will proceed to describe—

"On the side toward the sea (that is, to the West) and in the center of the whole island, there was a plain which was to have been the fairest of all plains, and very fertile. Near the plain again, and also in the center of the island at a distance of about fifty stadia, there was a mountain, not very high on any side.

"In this mountain there dwelt one of the earth-born primeval men of that country, whose name was Evenor, and he had a wife named Leucippe, and they had an only daughter who was named Cleito. The maiden was growing up to womanhood when her father and mother died. Poseidon fell in love with her and had intercourse with her, and breaking the ground, enclosed the hill in which she dwelt, all around, making alternate zones of sea and land, smaller and larger, encircling one another. There were two of land and three of water, which he turned as with a lathe out of the center of the island, equidistant every way, so that no

man could get to the island, for ships and voyages were not yet heard of.

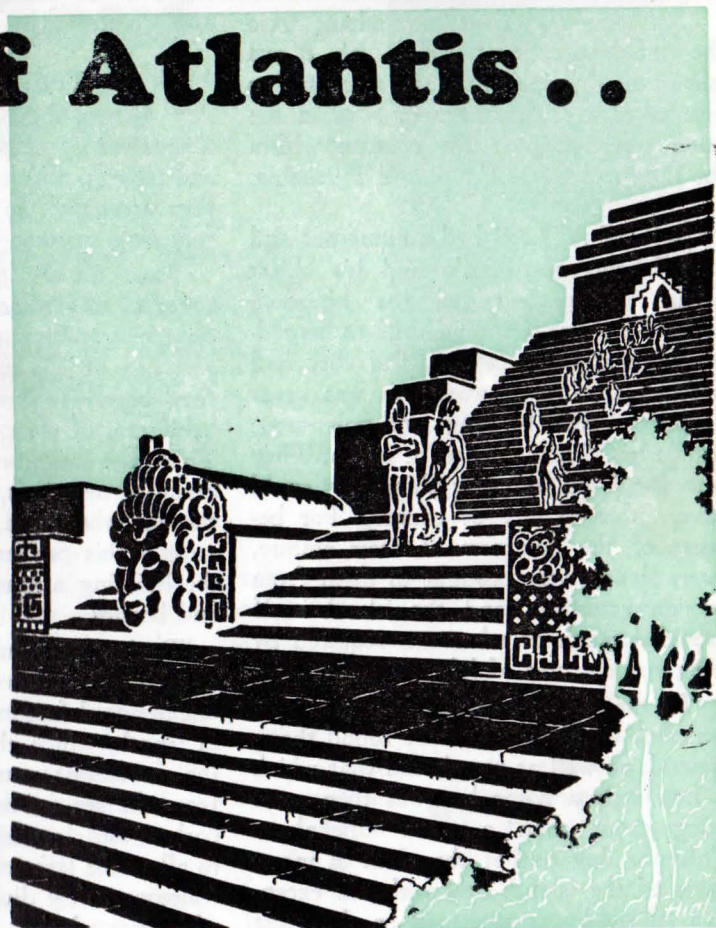
"HE HIMSELF, as he was a god, found no difficulty in making special arrangements for the center island, bringing two streams of water under the earth, which he caused to ascend as springs, one warm water and the other of cold, and making every variety of food to spring up abundantly in the earth.

"He also begat and brought up five pairs of male children, dividing the island of Atlantis into ten portions. He gave the first-born of the eldest pair his mother's dwellings and the surrounding allotment which was the largest and best, and made him king over the rest. The others he made princes and gave them rule over

many men and a large territory. And he named them all.

"The eldest, who was king, he named Atlas, and from him the whole island and the ocean received the name of Atlantic. To his twin brother who was born after him, and obtained as his lot the extremity of the island toward the Pillars of Hercules, as far as the country that is still called Gades in that part of the world, he gave the name which in the Hellenic language is Eumelus, but in the language of the country which is named after him, Gadeirus.

"Of the second pair of twins, he called one Ampheres and the other Evaemon. To the third pair of twins he gave the name Mueseus to the elder and Autochthon to the one who had followed him.



Of the fourth pair of twins he called the elder Elasippus and the younger Mestor. And of the fifth he gave the elder the name of Azacs and to the younger Diaprepes.

"All these and their descendents were the inhabitants and rulers of divers islands in the open sea, and also, as has been already said, they held sway in the other direction over the country within the Pillars as far as Egypt and Tyrrhenia.

"**N**OW ATLAS had a numerous and honorable family and his eldest branch always retained the kingdom which his eldest son handed on to his eldest for many generations, and they had such an amount of wealth as was never before possessed by kings and potentates, and is not likely ever to be again. They were furnished with everything they could have, either in city or country. For because of the greatness of their empire, many things were brought to them from foreign countries, and the island itself provided much of what was required by them for the uses of life.

"In the first place, they dug out of the earth whatever was to be found there, minerals as well as metal, and that which is now only a name but was then some thing more than a name—*orichalum*. This was dug out of the earth in many parts of the island, and with the exception of gold was esteemed as the most precious of metals by the men of those days.

"There was an abundance of wood for carpenters' work and sufficient maintenance of tame and wild animals. Moreover, there were a great number of elephants in the island, and there was provision for animals of every kind, both for those which live in lakes and marshes and rivers, and also for those that live on mountains and on plains and therefore for the animal which is largest and most voracious of them.

"Also, whatever fragrant things there are in the earth, whether roots, or herbage, or woods, or distilling drops of flowers or fruits, grew and thrived in that land. And again the cultivated fruit of the earth, both the dry edible fruit and other species of food which we call by the general name of legumes, and the fruits having a hard rind, affording drinks and meats and ointments, and a good store of chestnuts and the like which may be used to play with, and are

fruits which spoil with keeping—and the pleasant kinds of dessert which console us after dinner when we are tired and full of eating—all these that sacred island lying beneath the sun brought forth fair and wondrous in infinite abundance.

"**A**LL THESE things they received from the earth and they employed themselves at constructing their temples, and palaces, and harbors, and docks. And they arranged the whole country in the following manner—

"First of all, they bridged over the zones of sea which surrounded the ancient metropolis and made a passage into and out of the royal palace. And then they began to build the palace in the habitation of the god and their ancestors. This they continued to ornament in successive generations, every king surpassing the one who came before him to the utmost of his powers until they had made the building a marvel to behold for size and beauty.

"Beginning from the sea, they dug a canal three hundred feet in width and one hundred feet in depth and fifty stadia in length, which they carried through to the outermost zone, making a passage from the sea up to this, which became a harbor, and leaving an opening sufficient to allow the largest vessels to find ingress. Moreover, they divided the zones of land which parted the zones of sea, constructing bridges of such a width as would allow passage for a single trireme to pass out of one into the other, and roofed them over. And there was a way underneath for the ships, for the banks of the zones were raised considerably above the water.

"Now the largest of the zones into which a passage was cut from the sea was three stadia in length (A stadium is 607 English feet—Ed.) and the zone of land which came next of equal breadth, but the next two, as well as the zone of water as of land, were two stadia, and the one which surrounded the central island with the palace was only one stadium in width.

"The island in which the palace was situated had a diameter of five stadia (slightly over one-half an English mile). This, and the zones and the bridge which was the sixth part of a stadium in width, they surrounded by a stone wall, on either side placing towers, and gates on the bridges where the sea passed in.

The stone which was used for the work

they quarried from underneath the center island and from underneath the zones, on the outer as well as the inner side. One kind of stone was white, another black, and a third red, and as they quarried, they at the same time hollowed out docks double within, having roofs formed out of the native rock.

"Some of their buildings were simple, but in others they put together different stones, which they intermingled for the sake of ornament to be a natural source of delight.

"The entire circuit of the wall which went around the outermost one they covered with a coating of brass, and the circuit of the next wall they coated with tin, and the third which encompassed the citadel, flashed with the red light of *orichalum*.

"The palaces in the interior of the citadel were constructed in this wise . . ."

NEXT WEEK: This detailed description of the construction of the central palace and metropolis of ancient Atlantis will be continued in the Valor of September 12.

Fossils of Life 55 Million Years Found in West

New York, Nov. 15—A group of scientists offered proof today that there was animal, insect and bird life in the United States 55 million years ago.

The scientists, members of an expedition of the American Museum of Natural History, exhibited a briefcase full of fossils which they dug up in Green River basin of Wyoming.

The lot included a piece of an unusual mammal. It was a bit of jaw bone that belonged to a shrew known to have lived 55 million years ago. But this particular shrew was a mighty small one. It was estimated to have an over-all body length of less than 2 inches.

It lived at a time in the West, the scientists said, when such huge mammals as the *unitatherium*, a mammoth hoofed animal, roamed the countryside.

The scientists, Dr. George Gaylord Simpson and Dr. Paul O. McGrew, said the collection marks the first time so varied a representation of existing life in middle *Meocene* times has been found together.

Today's Church Answering Questions No One Is Asking . .



ODAY'S church is "answering the questions nobody is asking" and, as a result, failing to combat effectively the evils of Communism, a British church leader told a meeting of the National Methodist Youth Convocation on the Purdue (Indiana) University Campus this past week.

Dr. Donald O. Soper, pastor of a Methodist church in London and a noted social reformer, told 4,950 youthful delegates, "The claim of Communism is, that it prefers immediate answers to immediate needs." He added, "They are the wrong answers but can only be countered by equally concise answers from the Christian viewpoint."

Dr. Soper illustrated with the case of India ricksha boys who wear themselves old and die at 40 years of age. While Christians were "generalizing on the goods of Christianity" the Communists came in and told the ricksha boys they were going to do away with their inhuman vehicles completely.

"For every one Christian ricksha boy, the Communists won over thirty to their cause," he said.

"Therefore," Dr. Soper continued, "the church must be relevant to the society it seeks to serve. And the church must use the power of action, that is its potential."

"Communists may win out over Christians because they are largely united and Christians are largely divided," he remarked. He urged that church people lose their petty differences in "the all-absorbing cause of Christianity" with unity the natural result. "Above all, the Christian church must be a channel of God's grace; otherwise it will only be giving good advice, when what everybody needs is good news."

British Methodist Would Have It Compete with Communism in Aiding World's Have-Not's . .

NOT A BAD line, "Today's church is answering the questions nobody is asking." Only it happens to be merely a line in an address, and not much beside. One would greatly desire to quiz the good dominie as to just what questions the church is really answering, whether asked or not.

Is it answering the question about the true nature of Man and his inherent divinity, or is it volunteering the answer to the conundrum of Man's soul in terms of the parental function, procreating "new" human beings "in sin and iniquity", and earth being a place for the manufacture of the population of heaven—if there is one?

Is it answering the question of the Program of Mortality, what it is, and what it's objective—if it knows?

Is it answering the question—or questions—that challenge it in any psυχical research clinic respecting the status of those who have departed physical life, or session of Dianetics that sends the human mind back on the Time Track into its previous existences?

Is it answering the question of why it adheres strictly to the Paulistic doctrine of 1500 to 1900 years ago, particularly respecting the Message brought to earth by the Man of Galilee, yet doesn't proceed to form psυχical contact with His personality in the present, as laymen are doing at several points about America in this volatile present?

One would decide there were a thousand questions the church might be an-

swering, pertaining to the most vital phases of the spiritual life of Man, *if it knew the answers*, and not be obliged to think up Do-Gooder Ideas to best the Communists in their panaceas for saving the leg-labor of the ricksha boys of India—when, if they didn't pull rickshas, they would undoubtedly starve, and under Communism would be doing far more devitalizing work under the sting of the lash.

It is because the church has defected in the fulfilling of its own particular—and distinctive—spiritual function, that Communism has gotten its grip on the emotions of the ignorant or unfortunate. And until it proceeds to step up and fill that function, if it ever does, it is not going to "combat" Communism effectively.

Because the church and Communism are not in a competitive contest of any sort. They operate in totally different media.

THE CHURCH—any church—meaning any denomination—is essentially a group of quite human persons who gather together under a leader to worship God according to their peculiar notions of the way they assume that God should be worshipped.

The Christian church was organized originally to attempt to set up a theocracy on this earth, the idea being that Jesus was coming back at an early date in flesh

(Continued on Page 12)



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What Price Quality?



OME queer reports get back to Headquarters about reactions of persons in the hinterland to the Soulcraft literature. A Soulcrafter from a western State visited Noblesville over Labor Day and recited the various kinds of comment he had heard from the brethren visited en route. "The chief fault that persons I talked with, had to find," he relayed, "was the expense of the literature. It costs too much. One man expressed it, 'Look at Jehovah's Witnesses. You can buy enough Jehovah Witness literature in tracts to save your soul for twenty-five cents. Buy a Soulcraft book and it costs you four to five dollars. Think of the money the Boss Man must be coining, when he charges five dollars for a book.'"

The Boss Man's reply to it is, that he's not engaged in the business of saving souls—particularly not twenty-five cent souls. He's circulating five-dollar information for five-dollar intellects.

The premise upon which the Liberation-Soulcraft literature has been produced from the first, has been that, considering the Golden Script source of the Liberation-Soulcraft information, the most deluxe printing that type and presses can effect, could never be too good for it.

Soulcraft is not competing with Jehovah's Witnesses, nor any religious cult. It is not endeavoring to learn how cheaply it can flood this country with tawdry handbills, but how excellent the crafts-

manship that goes into any volume expected to last twenty-five to fifty years.

This nation contains a variety of publicists who imagine that smearing ink on type and impressing it on any kind of paper, is sufficient. The logical as well as psychological conclusion to be drawn from this sort of slap-dash, country-newspaper printing is, that its contents are on a par with the paper and workmanship.

The Soulcraft policy has ever been that the Elder Brother's words merit the most beautiful and painstaking dress that machinery and modern art can effect. They are not to be read like a 25-cent tract and then tossed in the trash-can. They are meant to endure throughout the years and be handled and read by scores of people, and, let's trust, the oncoming generation. A slipshod, ragtag job means a slipshod, ragtag message.

There are hundreds of persons in this country and this work who have shown their appreciation of the Soulcraft printing by compiling bookshelves of the deluxe editions of the books as they come out. It is to make these private libraries uniform in appearance that most of the Soulcraft books retain the same size page and bindings.

As for the money the Recorder is "coining", merely because a beautiful and endurable book adds up to \$4 or \$5 to manufacture, it might be well to bring to the attention of superficial critics of this type that he relinquished a \$30,000 annual writing revenue in 1930—as attested by Uncle Sam's tax records—to engage in this work of spiritual resurgence, and whole months go past in which he doesn't draw even \$30 in cash for himself from the publishing project.

Soulcraft books, all overhead expense and contingencies considered, are published practically at cost. If you pay \$5, \$6, or \$8 for a Soulcraft volume, that's what value you're getting for your remittance.

Jehovah Witnesses, indeed.

Vacant Chair



AUL G. Clancy, editor of the *American Astrology*, makes a telling point on the back cover of his current magazine. He calls attention to the fact that historians of the future will recount a strange spectacle—a phenomenon pecu-

liar to this Age as well as the character of the present-day wheezy and lame-duck world parliament calling itself United Nations—in respect to its total ignoring of man's spiritual nature. We quote—

"In the Council Chamber of Nations, representatives of all the nations are gathered for the specific purposes of discussing ways and means for attaining and maintaining Peace on Earth—but there is a seat vacant. The Prince of Peace is not present.

"It will then be necessary to explain to the wide-eyed children of the future that this was the Dark Age of the Anti-Christ foretold by the prophets. The Prince of Darkness represented by the most powerful nation on earth had served notice that if the Representatives of God were officially admitted—He, "Lucifer", would "walk out".

"So the leading Christian nations, not really believing that their God was strong enough to prevail against the threatening forces of evil, agreed" . . .

American Tragedy



THEODORE Dreiser died in December, 1945. His widow still lives alone in North King's Road in Hollywood. Recently they've remade his *American Tragedy* in the Hollywood film studios, which is reputed to be a much finer piece of work than the first version—which caused the celebrated Indiana author to bring suit against the producing studios for the travesty he thought they made of his great novel.

In commenting on her husband and this more spiritual second version, Mrs. Dreiser is quoted in the public prints as saying—

"He (Dreiser) was 74 at the time he died, but he was the youngest man I knew. He had a zest for life. People who said he had no sense of humor didn't know him. His laughter would ring out. He thought life was important from any point of view—bellhop or President."

Then, commenting on the spiritual job the renewed version of the *Tragedy* is, Mrs. Dreiser gave expression to a sentiment to which Hollywood might well pay attention—

"For as I see it, a spiritual famine exists in this country. And what medium is there that reaches more people than the

motion picture? A real true-to-life drama or tragedy helps a thinking person to live. He comes out of the theater saying to himself, 'Well now, my life is not as bad as it might be. I'm glad to be alive to try to make a little better life for myself.'

That Hollywood is coming alive, belatedly, to the market for spiritual pictures is evidenced by such a film as *For Heaven's Sake* of recent release, wherein Clifton Webb acts the part of clairaudient mentor to a stage director and his actress wife.

Quite a step from the days of the silent films when Your Recorder, making 21 pictures in Hollywood, had a story produced that had originally been a modernization of the Feeding of the Five Thousand, by the little lad with five loaves and two fishes.

When the producers got through with it, it was all about the Russian Crown jewels in the 1923 Japanese earthquake. Believe it or not.

They Approve

I am getting a much clearer understanding of the Plan of Life through the reading of the *Ivory Scripts*.

M. F. L., NC

Just finished reading *Road Into Sunrise*. It's the best I ever read. Any spiritual skeptic can sure have a good fight with himself, if he or she should read this book.

J. A., Pa.

The Scripts and Valor get better and better all the time. I couldn't get along without them. Mrs. B. and I never try to figure out something we don't quite understand that Mr. Pelley doesn't pop up with the answer in the next Script. It's wonderful."

Mrs. K., Calif.

The second volume of *Road Into Sunrise* came last week. While since Feb. of 1926 I have known without the slightest possibility of a doubt that there IS NO DEATH, this book *Road Into Sunrise* opens new vistas and we can vision the *Sunrise* coming in. It is hard to put the book down, even after several readings. I am sure that all Soulcrafters' thoughts go out to Mr. Pelley in gratitude for this as well as for all the great things that are being given to us through his marvelous pen."

E. A. P., Calif.

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—

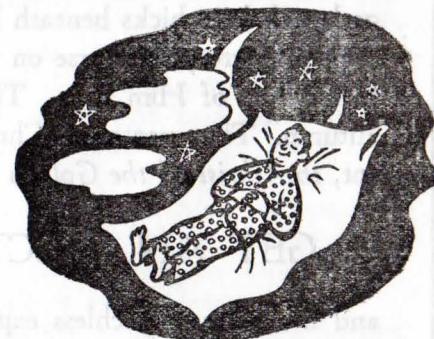


SOULCRAFT CHAPELS

Noblesville, Indiana

Popular Psychics

The Phantom that
Dragged a Broken Leg



LT DOES appear to be a fact that when persons of titles or distinction attest to psychical phenomena happening to them or about them, even men of science are more willing to credit the validity of them than when they occur to the butler or serving-maid. Perhaps this is due mainly to the fact that persons of title or distinction have more at stake in risking their reputations on the truth or falsity of their statements and therefore the phenomena are considered the more dependable.

The Duchess of Abrentes, who was born in 1789 and died in 1838, wrote her memoirs under the Restoration. Junot, Duke of Abrantes, who was born in 1771 and died by suicide in 1813, appeared to his wife, after an attempt at suicide, *but before his death*, and therefore occasioned an attestation of reliable phenomenon in the Duchess' memoirs that went far to aid in the scientific exploration of death and soul-projection by the continental psychical societies.

This is the narrative the Duchess left behind—



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

"**I**T WAS the night of July 22-23. I was sleeping uneasily, as in a feverish slumber, when I was gripped by a sensation such as I had never known. Moreover, it was painful.

"The sensation brought me fully awake. Thereupon I saw distinctly near my bed, Junot dressed in the same grey coat that he had worn the day of his departure for Illyria, looking at me with a gentle but remorseful expression.

"At sight of him I uttered a piercing shriek. This awakened Blanche, my head chambermaid and Madame Thomieres, who leaped from her bed in the adjoining apartment and came in to me, to learn what was the matter.

"Alas, I still saw this fearsome apparition, for Junot's face was ghastly pale and profoundly sad. It seemed, already, as though we had been separated here on earth. But what terrified me most was to see this phantasm trying to walk around my bed in a sort of strange hopping on one leg, appearing to drag the other as though it were broken.

"At length, so intense was the revelation that I realized the leg *was* broken—and yet no news of such a mishap had reached me or could reach me, since I was later to discover that *this physical injury was actually taking place at a distance in the exact moment that I was perceiving his half-tangible phantasm in my chamber.*

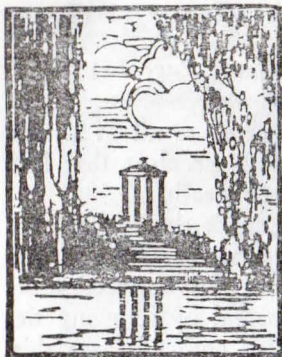
"**I** CRIED in my ever-growing terror,

"Light up this room! Give me lots of light, and above all, lots of air!" . . . and my gaze followed the apparition, which still was visible, traversing the space about my bed in that horribly crippled condition, now withdrawing to a darkened corner of the apartment, now beckoning me to arise and come to it.

"Such a sight convinced me that my own turn must have come to die. My friends told me subsequently that wild and despairing cries of protest escaped me, hollow and prolonged. I could keep track of the behavior of my husband and was looking directly at him when his figure seemed to go shapeless, like a cloud. I lost his lines of identity, and gradually saw the cloud which he had been, rise and drift from the apartment.

"On July 30, eight days later, Madame Thomieres' husband, Albert, returned to

(Continued on Page 12)



There Is a Hereafter

Experiences We Can't Explain . .



I WAS born in Philadelphia, the seventh of nine children, of German parentage. My father had studied in the Latin Quarter in Paris, specializing in architecture and Italian marble sculpturing, coming to New York in 1863 and marrying a Pennsylvania girl in 1865.

From the time I was able to walk to church with father, at about the age of three, we constantly met a woman who would tell me that I was "an old soul". I hadn't understood what she meant and father always promised to explain when I was older. However, that didn't remove a sense of inferiority I felt from it. When I found myself alone, two or three little girls would seem to come and play with me. My mother thought that in my talking to them I was talking to myself. If I tried to tell her about my playmates, I got disciplined for telling lies.

Well, by the time I was fourteen, four of my brothers and two of my sisters had passed on, leaving me the oldest, with the two remaining sisters. My father was heartbroken over this loss of so many children, and soon followed, himself. My mother worried for fear I might go also. However, I did get through high school, and took my first job at three dollars a week, to get experience in merchandising, pricing, and advertising. I procured a position in Pittsburgh, stayed there eleven months, and got an offer to go to Boston, Mass. as buyer—in October of 1898.

I was successful and stayed there until 1914.

ON JULY 20, 1914 I had just returned from a long buying trip and had asked my firm to give me the afternoon off. I had married, and my husband and I were preparing for an auto trip to Cape Cod.

I was standing before my dresser fixing my hair when a wonderful peace seemed to flood over me.

I looked up and there stood my father!

An inexpressible sense of happiness came over me to see him materialized so, and I tried to voice it, but he paid no attention to that. He acted as though his time were limited.

He said, "Resign from your position on July 28th of this year and on the 15th of August you will get another position which will not only pay you more money but be more agreeable work. *Ask your mother, by the way, what she did with the money that was in the bolster on my bed.*" Then speaking faster, as though he couldn't hold the materialization, he concluded, "This is the last time you will see me on this planet, as I am going further on."

He left me then, as though a screen of very fine texture had come between us.

MY FATHER'S speech had been what I might describe as mental, not physical. When I told my husband that I had suddenly decided to resign the next morning, he kept looking at me as though I might have taken leave of my senses. During dinner on the Cape he reminded me, "You can't pick up a job at \$150 a week, with commissions, very easily."

While he had a store of his own, he did not think my resignation showed good judgment, as I had a responsible position, was respected, and had seen the business grow from \$50,000 a year to \$8,000,000.

However, I did resign, and being a church singer I was hired through a Bureau for many concerts. It wasn't that following August, but the August of a year away, that father's prediction came true.

Accidentally, it seemed, I met on a train the merchandise manager of a big Boston firm, who told me at once, "The

boss has been looking for you the past year but hasn't been able to locate you." I knew this was on account of my having gone under my married name since my resignation.

The outcome of that meeting, all the same, was securing a new position on the exact date of August 15th that father had specified, and the salary was \$8,000 a year and commissions. Only it was August of 1915 instead of August 1914 as I had assumed.

IN DUE course of time, I visited mother and asked her father's question about the money. Father had left a sum of money in the bolster of his bed, and mother had found it. However, to keep it from a relative who would have persuaded her to invest it, she had said nothing about it. To me, she gave the impression that she had turned it over to the relative, and it had been lost when the investment failed.

Five years later I got a telegram stating that mother was dying and wished to see me. I hurried down to Pennsylvania only to discover that her condition had taken a turn for the better.

"I did get the money," she confessed to me, implying it hadn't gone into the investment, and she ordered my sister to pull out the bed and show me how father had sewn it into a pocket in the ticking. She had never been able to pull out all the stitches until I had seen them as proof.

Mother lived five years longer, but my knowledge of the money and how I had come by it, altered my sister's views of spiritual work completely.

Mrs. M. L. D., Mass.

NEXT WEEK

The article on Emanuel Swedenborg, promised for this week, has been held over for the issue of Sept. 12th—Ed.

“Behold Life!”



A Book of 384 Pages Expounding the Plan of Life from
Ameba to Angel According to Interpretations
Given In Soulcraft

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

Price, Leatherette, \$4 Copy

Popular Psychics

(Continued from Page 10)

Secheron, and imparted to all of us the details of the terrible accident that had preceded the Duke's death.

“Even today I cannot thrust from my mind the thought that there was in this episode evidence of a close connection between two souls bound by so many ties that they constituted one. I believe this, believe it *firmly*. However, the mysteries of Providence are too deep for our eyes to penetrate.”

THE THING which actually had happened in the Duke's case that night of July 22-23 was this: The grief caused him by the defeat of the French Army in Spain, where he had received his title of Duke, after his capture of the city of Abrantes—a grief augmented by the rather cold reception accorded him upon his return by Napoleon—had completely unnerved him. In the hope of recovery he had gone, in July of 1813, to Montbard, his father's home. There, in an excess of fever, he had thrown himself out of a high window, shattered one of his legs, and been carried back into the house in a dying condition. The Duchess had been, at the time, on the shores of Lake Geneva, having gone there to await her husband's return from the wars.

Here had been a case, however, of women at the house on Lake Geneva knowing about the Duchess's view of her husband and his condition several days before word arrived of what had happened at distant Montbard.

Church Answers

(Continued from Page 7)

and assume the office of world dictator, a sort of sacred Hitler, with the rank and file of converts His earthly storm-troopers. The pagans and the Jews were to be “put down” quite as ruthlessly as the Nazi anti-Semites attempted to put them down a dozen years ago in Germany. When Jesus didn't come back as expected—or within the time expected—the Bishop of Rome decided he would be stand-in for this sacred Personage in the dictatorial office, and the storm-troopers acted anyhow.

Anyone who has read the origin and
(Continued on Page 15)



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

“DRAG”

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



.. COGITATIONS

FROM all over the nation come visitors, to wander through the Soulcraft publishing plant and broadcasting studio; be properly sniffed and approved by Emma, Butch, and Fitz; meet all the folks; watch the automatic presses turning off the high piles of new *Golden Scripts*, get souvenir slugs of their names set on the linotype; go out back and watch the walls of the new bindery and broadcasting studio go up, finally drift back into my personal writing-room "to visit" . . . They're wonderful folk, these Soulcraft people who make the pilgrimage to Noblesville. They're mostly veterans in the work who come the long distance to Indiana on summer-vacation motor trips. But many of them, I realize, do start back home feeling vaguely frustrated. Somehow the opportunity didn't mature for them to tell me all the psychical or doctrinal quandaries they'd brought with them. I haven't "sat down and visited"—preferably a half-day at the shortest. One dear western lady, after two days spent at the plant, inquired of Erminie, "But when do all you people have the time to sit down and just *talk*?" The answer is, we don't have the time, to sit down and just talk. The day has twenty-four hours. For eight of them the machinery is turning, manned by high-priced mechanics who draw union wages, or the equivalent of union wages, which run from \$65 to \$100 a week. The plant costs \$20 per hour to run. If "copy" isn't on the line for the linotype operators, the presses don't turn. Every slug coming from the linotype has to be watched for mistakes; the moment a press goes "down", I've got to know the reason for

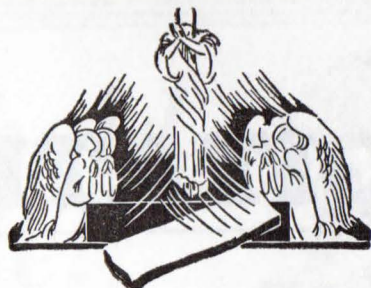
the silence. Frugal people are out of pocket otherwise.

I GET up o' mornings at 6:30. Three dawgs come prancing through the garage to greet me joyously. All the dawgs at Soulcraft are happy dawgs. Their tails are well lubricated. I want no brute animals skulking under jallopies when I show up. My appearance means they eat, and whenever did a pooch neglect to wag his back bumper at prospect of eating? They eat while I make coffee and carry it into the studio for cupple hours writing before the rest of the Headquarters folk wake up. At eight I hear the power whine onto the presses, and soon the thumps start for the day. In comes first proofs that must be checked. Soon the first employe is at the studio door. "Chief, can you step out here into the shop for a minute?" Nobody has blacked anybody else's eye, caught a shirt-tail in a gear, or fallen down a coal-hole and pulled a lot of expensive coal in after him. But "layout" for this or that must be okayed, is the ink-tint right on this color-job? . . . or which ads for which books do I want run in this week's paper? Jeff is having her troubles in the bindery with paperstock that's been messed in transportation. The Boss Carpenter out-back wants me to show him the location of the new door, and if I don't steer him right he'll probably build it through the roof and call it a skylight. It's 10:30 before I've even begun to think about breakfast, and I've either got the week's Soulcraft Script to write or the Sunday-night broadcast to assemble. By this time I get a fowl egg vanquished, the mail's in, and it's got to be opened or the office girls can't get under way for their own day, either. The noon whistles are blowing while I'm hunting a book on Atlantis, both of which seem irrevocably lost . . .

AFTERNOON goes similarly. The whole day goes similarly. Talk? They have to use a claw-hammer to pry

me loose to eat my dinner, and after dinner I've got to pound a typewriter or make electronic reels till ten or eleven o'clock. Get more help, to do some of these hectic things? uh-huh, . . . and what do I pay their wages with?—unsold copies of *Valor*, emptied printing-ink cans, and Emma's puppy-dawgs? I've been off this plant property just two times in seven weeks—and that was to ride to Indianapolis to get my hair-cut. They took a look at my locks around town and passed narsty remarks, something to the effect that after preaching the Elder Brother so long, I must fancy I want to make myself look like Him in the matter of maculine ringlets . . . I wish I did have time to talk . . . I have less than ten years—less than 520 months—to get down upon paper all I want to leave behind me. I have to do my talking above the whirring and singing of printing machinery . . .

AND YET I do try to make half-hour jabs at "talking" . . . It means, of course, that something is piling up somewhere that will have to be doubled up on, when the company goes. But three more autos-full are coming up the street by that time, and after I finally get abed, Gaiters out in the back dawg-pen wants to talk to me, and does talk to me—some nights—in a way that makes sundry neighbors remind their sleepy wives to buy a shotgun over-town next day, and not to shoot rumors with, either . . . God bless all the fine folks that drive long distances and bear with my temperament . . . I'd feel hurt if they didn't come, but after they do come, I put 'em to work in the bindery, assembling *Golden Scripts*. Don't let this inhibit you from coming, but if I run around you on the left and then run around you on the right and then jump over you and then upset you by running between your feet, don't hold it against me. Visit me "on the fly" and remember there are a couple thousand other Soulcrafters who can't



“Why I Believe the Dead Are Alive!”

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

Supernatural Evidence that Astounds

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

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

come, who'll write me spirited letters if the Good Stuff doesn't arrive on the nail.

FUNNY thing happened the other day. Old-time Soulcrafters drove in from Salt Lake City, to spend the night. Fred got excited about the new broadcasting quarters going up—place where I can run the electronic recordings without having barking dawgs and crashing automobiles on the mikes—and stayed a week. Rolled up his sleeves and sawed and hammered. And while he was at it, a station-wagon drove in the east driveway and who got out but a couple Soulcrafters from over a block or so from him in Salt Lake, and neither had known the others had headed for Noblesville. Seven different motor parties from Salt Lake within the year. Brigham won't be liking me, the way I steal his populace.

ADELAIDE had a birthday party . . . no fair telling how young she is . . . and I did get a dinner breather for that. Someone took her up a new laundry hamper and lugged it in, and she thought it was meant for a place to park Winkie on occasion with the cover locked down. Opened it up while the plethora of candles was burning on the cake, and it was crammed with gifts from the Headquarters crew. I gave her a latest-model electric flat, with head and tail lights, floating power, and patent bumpers. She reminded me she already had a flat that I'd given her in Oklahoma City in 1934 and brought it forth to prove it. It was still doing business smoothing Pam's frocks and an odd sock or two of Melford's, so it must have been a good one. This being the nuclear age, however, she rated one that moved under jet-power, and dried and folded the frocks or put them on Pam by means of a doohickey attached to the left wrist . . . Pam says she doesn't fancy the picture-book wee hoose. There's no machinery in it, no dawgs having puppies in sundry corners, no slathers of neighborhood small fry to boss, no visitors to stare at, and no Gramp to stand her on her head. Winkie doesn't hold such views. In fact I gather he rather approves of the picture-book hoose. *No elderly ladies to kiss him.* However, he'll get over that by the time he gets my age. There's something particularly nice about an old lady's kiss—it stands for so much. Winkie will find that out, too. See you next week. I'll be busy till then.

—THE RECORDER

Church Answers

(Continued from Page 10)

progress of the Inquisition knows what the church did, if, as, and when it got opportunity.

It went political, with the torture-rack and the flaming stake taking the place of Joe Stalin's firing-squad. So does any spiritual institution when it stops answering questions about Spirit satisfactorily and starts answering questions about how to prolong the lives of ricksha boys . . .

ALL CREDIT to Martin Luther and Protestantism when they sought to purge the church of the deep-freeze financial scandals of the Sale of Indulgences in the Middle Ages—although within less than a hundred years the same Protestants were tying elderly women to the stake in Salem and building very hot bonfires about their psychical skirts.

The point is, that instead of answering any questions, the church has stopped thinking entirely on sacred and esoteric matters, and has no answers for anybody on anything. To give it an excuse for existence it suggests merely a competitive contest with the Russian atheists for the allegiance of the persons in foreign countries who live down across the tracks. And the church can't engage in that kind of competition successfully because it has nothing to offer in surcease of human labor that the Communists can't dress up more attractively—if the would-be convert be ignorant and gullible enough.

What the Churches of Christ need throughout the world is the sublime motif Message of the *Golden Scripts*.

They need Christ regenerating them and putting them back on their original spiritual premise. They need to hold to that spiritual premise no matter if the ricksha boys of India run their legs off. Not to mention the ricksha boys of the United States of America.

Soulcraft says, Let the communicants of the church do the correcting of society in competition with Communism, and let the Church proceed to inspire and encourage their souls with the correct depiction of the Hereafter as it is. Let the Church keep out of super-Inquisitions of the Communists.

We shall see what we shall see, when the *Golden Scripts* with the coming of 1952 are available to them.

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



You owe it to
yourself to read--

"Thresholds of Tomorrow"

A Clairvoyant Picture of Changes
Coming at Home and Abroad

WE HAVE ready for shipment same day ordered, 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.

A Digest of . . .

MAGIC CASEMENTS

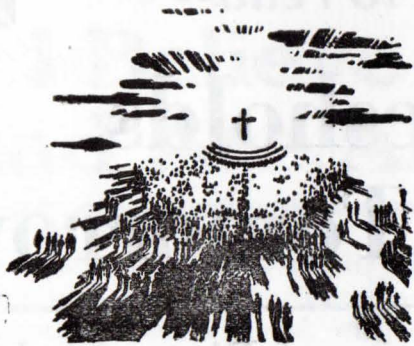
Opening on Vistas of
Tomorrow's Achievements

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.

T h e P A Y O F F



“Road into Sunrise”

The contents of this great Soulcraft novel should be known to all America!

THERE are people who have difficulty absorbing the philosophic matter of an esoteric lecture-lesson but who might grasp the great fundamental principles of life if it were presented to them in story form.

Road into Sunrise was written for those who can follow readily and easily the dramatization of life's fundamentals when they see them operating in the careers of story people with whom they can sympathize, real people doing real things, yet conforming to the Master Plan that is directing this generation's society.

A Novel Written for Women that Only Men Will Understand

This novel has been pronounced a truly big book by all those Soulcrafters who have read it. But only a fraction of them have done so.

Make a business of reading *Road into Sunrise* this autumn as a matter of your own mystical education and inspiration. You will get a big *lift* from it.

In One Volume, Cloth—\$6

Two Volumes, Deluxe, \$8

Soulcraft Press, Inc. Noblesville, Indiana

THE SCHOOL principal was a stickler for self-control. He constantly impressed on the pupils the merit in counting to one hundred before saying anything important.

Moving from the coal stove to the blackboard he started to write when he heard a rapid hissing of whispers behind him.

“What's the meaning of this noise?”

The boldest boy in the class answered, “-ninety-eight, ninety-nine, *one hundred!* . . . Your pants is on fire, sir!”

HAVE you any children?” the landlord demanded of the man who wanted to rent his new house.

“Yes,” returned the other solemnly.

“Six! But all in the cemetery.”

“Better there than here,” said the landlord smugly. And he proceeded to execute the lease.

In due time the six children returned from the cemetery where they had been sent to play, but it was too late to annul the contract.

THREE-year-old Nancy was a radio fan. Nancy listened with rapt attention to everything—music, speeches, cooking receipts, station announcements. One night she knelt down to say her “Now I lay me.” At the end she paused a moment and then finished—

“Ladies and gentlemen of Heaven, tomorrow night at this same hour there will be another prayer.”

A MAN on trial for his life was being examined by a group of alienists. Suddenly one doctor shot at him, “Quick now! How many feet has a centipede?”

“Lord,” the pestered one groaned, “is that all you nut-crackers have got to worry about?”

THEY were entertaining at dinner. Suddenly a child's shrill voice came down from the floor above, “Mother!”

“Yes, Archie?” the mother called back sweetly.

“There's only clean towels in the bathroom. Shall I start one?”