

Valor

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

Volume I

Noblesville, Indiana, September 12, 1951

Number 20

WHO LAYS THE BRIDGE TO THE GOLDEN TIMES?



WE SHOULD all have a clearer insight than we do, into the logic of the statement that the mightier any nation grows, the more difficult it becomes to rule it, while the easier it becomes to control it.

To rule a nation and to control a nation are by no means one and the same. In the fact we fail to make distinction between the two, lie many of our major confusions of the present.

Look at it thus—

A RELATIVELY small nation, such as the United States between the Civil and World War I—small as compared to the present—is a nation whose affairs can be readily grasped or encompassed by the norm of mentality of its rank-and-file citizens.

Increase the size and economic performings of such a nation and it climbs beyond the capacity of the average member of society to comprehend its area and complications.

Man ruling his own affairs in such conditions of expansion, grows proportionately ineffective as those affairs increase beyond his intellectual capacity to grasp them cleverly and effectively as a whole.

In the exact ratio that the norm of public intelligence is provenly inadequate to grasp and prescribe for the political direction of a country cleverly and effectively as a whole, the private opportunist or minority strategist who *does* have the brain-power to do the necessary supervising, finds it easier and simpler to set this or that influence into motion that best directs that nation in the way he wants it to go—of course for his selfish profit or power.

The country becomes a great muscle-bound giant, whose brain hasn't grown in proportion to his body.

Stupid, good-natured, possessed of terrific powers either for construction or destruction, always conceited

and querulous about his sovereignty over himself, he no longer behaves in response to his citizenry instructing him what to do; but if he's climbing a given road and comes to an abatis that some surreptitious and crafty individual or bloc of individuals has erected, he finds himself required to go around it, leap it, or destroy it—if he can.

Erecting obstructions in the pathway of a nation or the processes of a government so that the Public Giant—that is the people as a whole—has to go around it, leap it, or destroy it, never stopping to give thought that it's been deliberately placed there to *make* the Giant do this or that, is the procedure known as "controlling" a nation.

Therefore there is logic in the proposition that the mightier any nation becomes, the more difficult it grows to rule it and the easier it becomes to control it.

The bigger a nation becomes, the more difficult it is for the brain-power of the lay-citizen to keep track of its multiplicity of activities—until a point is reached where all of it presents a repellent confusion to him. When that happens, he forswears all interest in civic affairs because his interest can't follow what he doesn't comprehend. This means the moment the lay citizen forswears interest in incomprehensible civic affairs, characters with the acumen to turn the Giant this way or that, take over by clever indirection.

What's to be done about it?

Giving greater intellectual capacity to the mass of lay citizens overnight is an impossibility.

It would seem that given a nation vast enough, absolute anarchy would be required to prevail in it, in that its complexities and size surpassed all mortal intelligence to direct.

The answer is—

The greater a nation becomes, the less supervision it should have, since a given group of human intellects trying to rule by personal knowledge of everything transpiring must sooner or later take recourse to dictatorship.

This is the basic formula which bred Thomas Jefferson's axiom—

"That country is governed best that is governed least."

CONSULTING the wisdom of Great Personages residing in higher reaches of Time and Space, we find this adjuration given us: The world runs itself if



let reasonably alone; governments merely interfere with its natural operation in the interests of increment of cliques or groups.

Not so long ago it was dynastic princes and aristocrats, so called, who carried on this interference as a business. Today it is economic groups, or racial or labor minorities, seeking special privileges from the great body politic.

Today most of the trouble afflicting the world is being fomented by an economic group that gives the name Communism to their theories of specific control.

The Communists would supervise everything, and have overlord censorship of every social and commercial gesture made by any citizen in any line of activity.

This is an unnatural condition because it contradicts the necessary freedom of the human spirit to gain expansion of consciousness by trial-and-error, exploration and examination.

Americans made their greatest progress when supervising cliques hadn't gained to dictatorial censorships. There were abuses in the private instance, yes. But initiative was the product, accruing in the character of the private individual.

Under Communism it is only the supervising and exploring commissars who profit by the increments of any sort of initiative.

The citizenry is made of robots.

WHO LAYS the Bridge to the Golden Times that lie in wait just around the corner of the years—or even months? The answer isn't found in any political encyclopedias, or books like *Das Kapital*.

The bridge to the Golden Times is going to be laid by a great coterie of superlative characters due to come to the fore in the world in the imminent future and suddenly clean all governments and civil systems of ten thousand petty statutes and dictatorial laws and directives that clamp unnatural restrictions in man's free exercise of his personal prerogatives.

They will build the Bridge to the Golden Times by stopping bureaucracy at its source—bureaucracy whose very essence is supervising men in a thousand and one minor and inconsequential activities in order to create jobs for its membership.

They will confront a complex system of civic supervision and make it simple—and keep it simple.

In that day, man will find himself, the nation will find itself. The citizens of the nation will understand a government whose simplicity of operation they can follow, and in that they understand it they will resume their personal interest in its integrity.

They will institute the very opposite of carpetbag dictatorship.

THIS WORLD has been suffering for the last two generations from an intensification of activities of persons who are certain they have the answers for everything if they are only allotted power.

People who have the answers for everything, but who can only translate those answers in terms of power-allotments, are potential dictators at heart who will rob man of his liberty in precisely the ratio that opportunity is afforded them.

Developing spiritual man doesn't want his national household run so efficiently that he can't relax in his own domicile, and where supervision extends to the count of how many sand-grains he brings into the place if the day be rainy and, figuratively speaking, he tracks in mud.

Developing mankind wants his civic domicile simple, comfortable, and secure.

There are those who can give it to him, but they are not self-seekers in their own rights, and the motives behind their renovatings aren't concerned with getting their own cut of the civic revenues.

Minute control over every federal and personal activity is Communism.

The Bridge Builders may truly disclose themselves to be the reactionists to all of it.

"I'm Scared!" ..

Fact or Hoax in Collier's Weekly?

COLLIER'S for September 15th contains a five-page article that will set many people back on their heels. It's titled, *I'm Scared*. Its author is an elderly gentleman of Manhattan by the name of Finney. Author Finney has acquired an odd hobby. It's going about and checking up on reports of things that just couldn't happen, and yet do happen.

For instance, he began to have an interest in the Unexplainable when he sat one night last year reading a detective yarn in his apartment in lower Fifth Avenue with his radio playing softly in an adjoining room. Suddenly the voice of Major Bowes came from the broadcaster, directing one of his Amateur Nights. Major Bowes, of course, has been dead physically for almost a decade. Checking with the broadcasting company for the heck of it, he discovered to his disquiet that they had rebroadcast no such feature the previous evening—and they weren't foolin'.

Finney told it in his club and a man in Connecticut came back with a queer yarn of finding the front of his house containing a vertical stripe of fresh grey paint about eight inches in width, running down from the eaves, twenty-five feet above to the veranda flooring. He'd thought some practical joker or mischievous youths might have done it and spent a whole day cleaning it off with turpentine. Ten months later, when he and his wife decided to paint their house grey, the paint wouldn't "take" on that exact surface he'd cleaned off with the turpentine and he had a white streak instead, running down his house.

Unable to account for it, but checking and finding it so, Finney next ran down the story of a girl in Greenwich Village who'd had a handsome white dog try to gain entrance to her little apartment on

her arrival in the hallway. He seemed to know her and leaped upon her eagerly. He stayed in the place all night, whining to get into her flat, and not able to understand why she didn't let him do so. Next night when she came home he wasn't there. A few months later she had a white puppy given her that she raised to be the exact image of the mysterious dog who'd tried to gain entrance. Taking this dog out one night on a leash for him to read his dog newspapers, he went to sniff a hydrant and practically disappeared before her eyes. Obviously, crazy as it sounded, her dog had gone home to her apartment two years before it had been born . . .



A CHAP in the Bronx bought a camera with an attachment to delay the snapping of the shutter until he could get around in front of it, join the group he wished to photograph and be included in the picture. Setting it up one summer afternoon in Bronx Park, he photographed six pictures of himself, his twelve-year-old boy, and his pretty wife. Films developed. Five of the pictures were a true reproduction of the family; the sixth was a similar grouping of the family with the boy six years older and in long trousers, the foliage gone from the trees—evidently taken in autumn—and a different suit of clothes on the photographer or camera's owner. But to

MUSTARD SEEDS

Where do bad little girls go? 'Most anywhere.

Tips are the wages we pay other people's hired help.

Uncle fell downstairs. He was coming down anyway.

Some people grow with responsibility; others merely swell.

What this country needs is more whittlers and fewer chislers.

Up to sixteen a lad is a Boy Scout. After that he's a girl scout.

Nothing improves a man's driving like a police car directly behind him.

Most men who run down women are running down one woman in particular.

Even the wolf at the door doesn't prevent the stork from roosting on the chimney.

It's not the sweet moan of the saxophone player we want to hear. It's his death rattle.

We like a man who comes right out and says what he thinks—when he agrees with us.

She treats her husband like a god—places a burnt offering in front of him at every meal.

Many of us are living in the metallic age—gold in our teeth, silver in our hair, and lead in our pants.

Grand Opera is the place where the tenor gets stabbed in the back and instead of falling dead, he sings.

When you point your fingers accusingly at somebody else, remember you have three fingers pointed at yourself.

A group of scientists report the discovery of an entirely new and incomprehensible shape. Probably the one the world's in.

Cats and dogs, says a Kansas Judge, may now be kept in apartment houses. Why not get radical and include children, too?

A woman who speaks twelve languages has married a man who speaks seventeen. That should be about the right handicap.

You can catch more flies with molasses than vinegar, but what does one do with a whole lot of flies after one has caught them?

Once my ambition was to wear long pants. I fulfilled my ambition. If anyone wears pants longer than I do, I want to meet 'em.

If your child annoys you, quiet him by brushing his hair. If this doesn't work, use the other side of the brush and the other end of the child.

Mrs. Bottomsup you'd better hurry into the bathroom. We can't make out whether your husband is trying to sing in his bath or scalding to death.

It was Oscar Wilde who said that women treat us just as humanity usually treats Divine Providence; they worship us and are forever imploring us to do something for them.

complicate matters, the woman photographed wasn't his wife but a total stranger. It couldn't have been a previous over-print or double exposure because the faces of father and son in the time-extension picture were distinctly recognizable. It was, in other words, a picture taken six years later, apparently with someone who had become his second wife . . .

A revolver is found in Central Park, tested for fingerprints, and locked away in a safe at police headquarters. Next night a man is found a few minutes after his killing. The slug that killed him is removed at the morgue and found to have been fired from the gun that is in the police safe.

THE PAYOFF of Finney's cases was a certain Rudolph Fentz, Jr., who started for a walk around the block one night in 1876 from his home in lower Fifth Avenue, to smoke a cigar, his wife objecting to cigar smoke in the house. He walked out of life. He was dressed in old fashioned cutaway coat, checked trousers, a top-hat and mutton-chop whiskers. He was supposed to have had about \$70 on his person. He was 29 years old, and had one child, a boy.

Of a night in June of last year, shortly after 11 o'clock, a man 29 or 30 years old, dressed in an old-fashioned cutaway coat, checked trousers, a top hat and mutton-chop whiskers, is alleged to have appeared suddenly in Times Square, jay-walking down the middle of the street as though dazed by the traffic, the lights, the tall buildings. He is reported by *Collier's* as having been struck by a taxi and instantly killed. Taken to the New York morgue, he was found to have nothing in his pockets but letters dated in 1876, some livery bills from a stable in Lexington Avenue that went out of business in 1885, cards supplying his name and address, and \$70 in banknotes and coins. The currency was either gold certificates or large-size notes issued by State or national banks that went out of circulation with the passing of the Federal Reserve Act. No coin in his pocket bore any date after 1876.

Tireless police work established the fact that such a man had been reported to the Bureau of Missing Persons of a week back in 1876, and the widow of the
(Continued on Page 9)

Atlantis As a Country . . . Its Physical Landscape

THE DESCRIPTION of the grandeur of the palace of the King of sunken Atlantis, has come down to us from one of the Socratic treatises by Plato. Critias, talking to Socrates in a discourse that became a world classic, tells Socrates—

"The palaces in the interior of the citadel were constructed in this wise: In the center was a holy temple dedicated to Cleito and Poseidon, which remained inaccessible and was surrounded by an enclosure of gold. This was the spot in which they originally begat the race of the ten princes and thither they annually brought the fruits of the earth in their seasons from all the ten portions, and performed sacrifices to each of them. Here too was Poseidon's own temple, of a stadium in length and half a stadium in width, and of a proportionate height, having a sort of barbaric splendor.

"All the outside of the temple, with the exception of the pinnacles, they covered with silver, and the pinnacles with gold. In the interior of the temple the roof was ivory, adorned everywhere with gold and silver and orichalcum. All the other parts of the walls and pillars and floor they lined with orichalcum.

"In the temple they placed statues of gold. There was the god himself, standing in a chariot—the charioteer of six winged horses—and of such a size that he touched the roof of the building with his head. Around him there were an hundred Nereids riding on dolphins, for such was thought to be the number of them in that day. There were also in the interior of the temple, other images which had been dedicated by private individuals. And around the temple on the outside were placed statues of gold of all the ten kings and of their wives, and there were many other great offerings, both of kings and of private individuals, coming

from both the city itself and foreign cities over which they held sway.

"There was an altar too, which in size and workmanship corresponded to the rest of the work, and there were palaces in like manner which answered to the greatness of the kingdom and the glory of the temple.

"**I**N THE next place, they used fountains both of cold and hot springs. These were very abundant, and both kinds wonderfully adapted to us by reason of the sweetness and excellence of their waters. They constructed buildings about them and planted suitable trees; also cisterns, some open to the heavens, others which they roofed over, to be used in winter as warm baths. There were the king's baths and the baths of private

persons, which were kept apart, also separate baths for women, and others again for horses and cattle, and to them they gave as much adornment as was suitable for them. The water which ran off they carried, some to the grove of Poseidon where were growing all manner of trees of wonderful height and beauty owing to the excellence of the soil. The remainder was conveyed by aqueducts which passed over the bridges to the outer circles. There were many temples built and dedicated to many gods, also gardens and places of exercise, some for men and some set apart for horses, in both of the two islands formed by the zones.

"In the center of the larger of the two, there was a race course of a stadium in width, and in length allowed to extend all around the island, for horses to race



in. Also there were guard-houses at intervals for the bodyguard, the more trusted of whom their duties appointed to them in the lesser zone, which was nearer the Acropolis, while the most trusted of all had houses given them within the citadel and about the palaces of the kings. The docks were full of triremes and naval stores, and all things were quite ready for use.

ENOUGH of the plan of the royal palace.

"Crossing the outer harbors, which were three in number, you would come to a wall which began at the sea and went all around. This was everywhere distant fifty stadia from the largest zone and harbor, and enclosed the whole, meeting at the mouth of the channel towards the sea.

"The entire area was intensively crowded with habitations, and the canal and largest of the harbors were full of vessels and merchants coming from all parts, who, from their numbers, kept up a multitudinous sound of human voices and din of all sorts, day and night.

IHAVE repeated the descriptions of the city and parts about the ancient palace nearly as the high priest gave them, and now I must endeavor to describe the nature and arrangement of the rest of the country.

"The whole land was described as being very lofty and precipitous on the side toward the sea, but the country immediately about and surrounding the city was a level plain, itself surrounded by mountains which descended towards the sea. It was smooth and even but of an oblong shape, extending in one direction three thousand stadia (about 345 English miles—Ed.) and going up the country from the sea through the center of the island two thousand stadia. The whole region of the island lay to the south and was sheltered from the north.

"The surrounding mountains the high priests of Sais celebrated for their number and size and beauty, in which they exceeded all that are now to be seen anywhere, having in them many wealthy inhabited villages and rivers and lakes and meadows, supplying food enough for every animal, wild or tame, and wood of various sorts, abundant for every kind of work.

"I will now describe the plain, which had been cultivated many ages and gen-

erations of kings. It was rectangular, and for the most part straight and oblong, and what it wanted of the straight line followed of the circular ditch. The depth and width and length of this ditch were incredible and gave the impression that such a work, in addition to so many other works, could hardly have been wrought by the hand of man. But I must say what I have heard.

"It was excavated to the depth of an hundred feet and its breadth was a stadium everywhere (607 English feet—Ed.). It was carried around the whole of the plain and was ten thousand stadia in length (over a thousand of our modern miles—Ed.). It received the streams which came down from the mountains, and winding around the plain, and touching the city at various points, was from there let off into the sea.

"From above likewise, straight canals of a hundred feet in width were cut in the plain and again let off into the ditch toward the sea. These canals were at intervals of a hundred stadia and by them was brought down the wood from the mountains to the cities. They conveyed the fruits of the earth in ships, cutting traverse passages from one canal into another and to the cities. Twice in the year they gathered the fruits of the earth—in winter having the benefit of the rains and in summer introducing the water of the canals.

"As to the population, each of the lots in the plain had an appointed chief of men who were fit for military service, and the size of the lot was to be a square of ten stadia each way, and the total number of the lots was sixty thousand.

"Of the inhabitants of the mountains and the rest of the country there was also a vast number having leaders, to whom they were assigned according to their dwellings and villages. The leader was required to furnish for the war the sixth portion of a war chariot, so as to make up a total of ten thousand chariots, also two horses and riders upon them, and a light chariot without a seat, accompanied by a fighting man on foot carrying a small shield and having a charioteer mounted to guide the horses. Also he was bound to furnish two heavy-armed men, two archers, two slingers, three stone-shooters and three javelin-men who were skirmishers—and four sailors to make up a complement of twelve ships.

"Such was the order of war in the

royal city. That of the other nine governments was different in each one of them and would be wearisome to narrate . . ."

EVEN an amateur draughtsman, from the description supplied hereinbefore, should be able to make a comprehensive layout of the general geographical features of Atlantis.

And mayhap to some, the depiction of these geographical features may awaken vague recollections of familiarity. That Atlantis did at one time exist, and saw a civilization lasting longer than any now on earth, is attested time and again by various references in the Mentor Scripts of Soulcraft. Moreover, again and again, when the veil has been temporarily lifted off the memories of today's persons, recollection floods back of life under a civilization greatly antedating that of Egypt and Semuria.

NEXT WEEK—The government of the lost continent of Atlantis.

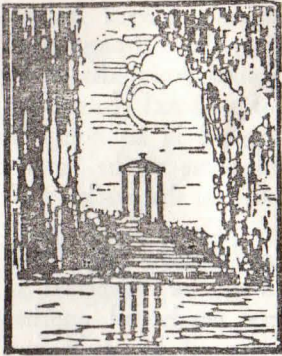
(To Be Continued)

From So. Dakota

WE ARE following with much interest the controversy over the pastors in VALOR. Can see points on both sides, and I am beginning to suspect Mr. Pelley has good psychological reasons for championing the Men of the Gospel. More power to you! When they do finally wake up, they are going to be so grateful for that championship that they will turn about face and do all they can to help your cause.

The letters from readers are always of interest. I was shocked to hear that there could be a single person who would feel called upon to criticize our beautiful *Golden Scripts*. Shame on that lady from California! Doesn't she realize that if Christ were to use the common language of the streets He would be putting Himself on a level with us? His beautiful messages would be cheapened and robbed of the celestial essence that sets Him apart. I agree with the gentleman L. B., that the *Golden Scripts* represent the greatest poetry ever written, bar none. The words are majestic and full of power, and at the same time, full of gentle loving compassion that transcends anything that could ever be "thought up" by any ordinary human being. (Even our beloved Mr. Pelley himself.)

Mrs. C. B., South Dakota



The Ghost that Dropped Shoes

Experiences We Can't Explain . .



THE CASES of psychical phenomena you are running at present in VALOR are in line with many experiences of similar nature that happened in my family. Your readers might be interested in two outstanding among these.

I am an ex-Marine, 26 years of age, and since coming home from the South Pacific—where I walked literally face to face with death hourly as a flame-thrower on Tawara—I can readily credit the continuity of the human spirit, otherwise the terrific loss of life in some of the battle of the late war would be utterly without meaning.

However, long before I entered the Service, my father and his brothers and sisters had all had what they considered factual proof of human survival from the demonstration that my father's grandfather gave one night shortly after his death, in line with a promise he had made to do so, before he "passed" . .

GREAT-GRANDFATHER had been open to proofs of continuity all his his life, because he had married a girl in his younger years—my great grandmother—whom I now realize must have been naturally mediumistic. His marriage was the beginning of his interest in all forms of psychical phenomena.

Frequently, according to my father's report, great-grandfather would declare that when he came to make the passing he would give evidence of his continuity if it were spiritually possible for him to do so.

Well, around 1915 he finally succumbed to old age and died from natural causes. Our family is a large one, living in a small town here in central Indiana, and relatives came in for the funeral from all parts of the middle-west.

Great-grandfather's services were held

in the local church, and the remains were taken out to the family lot in the cemetery and interred. The relatives then came back to what was my grandfather's home, where my father was then an unmarried youth. They gathered in the front room that evening, according to my father's account of the episode, in the hush that maintains in every home after the burial of a family member and chatted in low voices among themselves about my great-grandfather's life and passing.

Suddenly a lull came in the conversation. The room happened to be a sizable one, and the structure of the house was such that the stairs to the second floor went up from it. They were not, as I recall hearing my dad and uncles tell it, carpeted sufficiently to deaden any foot-falls.

What was the consternation among them in an interval of silence to hear distinct footsteps *right there in the room with them*, though no person was moving.

The footsteps went across to the stairs, climbed them, turned at the top and went around the banisters to great-grandfather's door. Entering his accustomed room, the sound of them stopped.

A moment later the dull thump of great-granddad's heavy boots came on the floor of his room directly above their heads—first dropped one, then the other!

Great-grandfather had been the only male member of the family to drop his his boots in such fashion, but he had been doing it every night of his life and nothing could happen that would identify his personality more definitely.

My father declares that more than a dozen family members all heard the phenomena of great-granddad climbing the stairs, going down the hallway, entering the room and dropping the boots.

Of course when they investigated the overhead room, it was in perfect order

and no boots on the floor were discernible.

SHORTLY after this had occurred, came another manifestation of the survival of grand-grandmother—his mediumistic wife, who had followed him in death within a few months.

My youngest uncle, who is now a minister in Mo. but who was then a child of three, was heard one day to give a shrill cry of terror from this same room that had the inner stairflight. My grandmother ran from the kitchen to see what had happened to him and met him flying toward her.

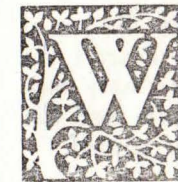
"Grandma! Grandma!" he babbled. "She comed down the stairs!"

The terror-stricken boy would not be dissuaded that he had seen my great-grandmother descending the front-room flight in tangibly materialized condition, although his parents could discover no trace of her.

The conduct of my great-grandparents on these two occasions has always made my present family amenable to reports of psychical phenomena.

B. B., Indiana

Phantom Bite



WHEN our son was about a year and a half old, we were looking for a place to live, and finally rented a small house on the edge of town. We knew nothing about the former occupants of the house. One day a friend had lunched with us and we were busy in the kitchen later, washing dishes while my small son played by himself in the room adjoining.

All at once we both heard him shriek as though in fright and pain. We immediately rushed in to see what was the mat-

(Continued on Page 15)

Valor

A Journal of Applied Spirituality, published every Wednesday in the national interests of American Soulcraft, by—

SOULCRAFT CHAPELS

Box 192

NOBLESVILLE, INDIANA

SUBSCRIPTION: Per Year \$5.00
Six Months \$3.00

VOL. I SEPTEMBER 12, 1951 No. 20

Fiction or Hoax?



OR reasons best known to themselves, the editors of *Collier's* list the article "I'm Scared", commented upon on a previous page of this issue, under the Contents heading of Fiction. Of course this can have been an editorial error in making up the contents page. Otherwise, considering the tone of the article and the nature of its information, it could be pronounced a hoax on *Collier's* readers, perpetrated with malice aforethought by the publishers.

Fiction, in all literary classifications, is a feigning or imagining of a series of happenings described to serve as intellectual entertainment. It is a narrative of facts that have been knowingly fabricated by an author.

Collier's purports to reminisce on New York police cases, giving names and dates. It is written in article format. But here's the real joke—

If some bright young man *did* get away in his work attic and concoct the whole compilation of extraordinary incidents, bethinking to make them read like fact, he's gulling no one but himself.

SUCH seemingly preposterous "time vacuums" are actually occurring in people's lives, whether the editors of *Collier's* have printed a bona fide account or whether they haven't. Of course, Author Finney's rationalization for them on the theory that Time may be cracking up, is fiddle-faddle. But that "space vaults" as they are called, do exist and manifest in

Time and account for many a seeming enigma in circumstances, is known to all psychic researchers. Some sort of "space vault" is manifesting every time there is an apport in a seance room. Dictionaries uniformly do not list a definition of *apport*, but it is a term for the conveyance of one solid body through another solid body without damage or change of shape to either.

The physicist names it as almost his First Law of Matter that two solids cannot occupy the same space at the same time. But that law belonged to the days before men had proved that there is no such thing as "solid" matter, by discovering the enormous distances within the atom.

People erudite in bona fide psychical research have seen too many instances of objects being transported through what appeared to be substantial walls, to hold doubts any longer about the fallacy of the First Law of Physics.

In a celebrated case in Boston, at the time of the *Scientific American* challenge to the Spiritists—which ended in total defeat for the *Scientific American* although it was considered to be against public policy to let the facts become known—Medium Margery, with the aid of her deceased brother Walter, brought a heavy vase of flowers, stems immersed in water, up three flights of stairs from a lower hallway and into the seance room through a closed door and set it on the table in the midst of the investigators. All unbeknown to the others present, an intimate friend of the editor of *VALOR* had secretly and previously marked one of the stems in the cluster of flowers before asking that the feat be performed, if possible. One leaf growing on one of the flower-stalks she had clipped in peculiar identifying design, then thrust it down in the water out of sight.

After the vase had arrived upstairs and the investigators had turned their attention to other matters, Mary declared that she had examined the damp flower stems removed from the water. Sure enough, *there was her peculiarly marked leaf!*

It was the same bouquet that earlier in the evening had been standing on a table down on the street floor.

IT DOESN'T pay to be smart-alecky in fabricating such "mysteries" for the gullible, because maybe nothing is being described that doesn't have either its duplicate or prototype in real life.

Those who have read *Why I Believe the Dead Are Alive*, the 302-page book by the editor of *VALOR*, know that there are certain cases of personal observation or participation entered in its contents, quite on a par with some of the "space-vault" cases published in this week's *Collier's*.

And enough additional cases have come to his attention, or happened to him, since, to very nearly fill another book of similar tenor—if he could find time to write it.

At any rate, *VALOR* will make its own inquiries, along its own underground, in respect to the cases cited in the *Collier* article, and report its findings to Soulcraft readers.

Frankly, *VALOR* doesn't believe that the ladies and gentlemen conducting *Collier's* would intentionally perpetrate such a hoax on its readers as to present the *I'm Scared* article if it were fantastic literary fabrication.

However, we shall see.

And next week will mark the innovation of a new weekly feature-page in *VALOR*, under the *I'm Scared* aegis, presenting from time to time its own agenda of enigmas founded upon factual happenings that can be checked upon if their veracity be challenged.

No publications on earth are more fascinating—or more reliable—than some of the annuals of the great psychical research societies.

Hoover Mellows



WHEN Ex-Presidents rise up and talk about the necessity for a better following of the precepts of the Elder Brother in our national life, the forces of Christ and Anti-Christ truly are squaring off for the Great Struggle with powerful names on the side of the Christ.

Herbert Hoover, as he gets closer to the moment of the Graduation seems to be a different man than he was in the White House. He is obviously mellower and constructively philosophical. He is the last of the great American Presidents heading the Republic before the times of the Great Onslaught on America's Spiritual Integrity.

The Indianapolis Star, an outstanding American newspaper of the same school that Hoover represented in the Executive

Mansion, wrote a gem of an editorial concerning his latest pronouncement about spiritual forces. Well might it be circulated over the entire United States. It is VALOR's privilege to do that. Wrote the Editor of *The Star*—

“OUR civilization,” said former President Herbert Hoover, Thursday night, “moves forward on promises that are kept.” When men can believe in each other, when a man's word is as good as his bond, people can work together for their own and for the world's freedom, progress and development.

But when men say one thing and mean another, when deceit becomes the instrument of power, when public statements of public men become propaganda instead of truth, the people lose trust in their leaders. They lose trust in their government. They lose trust in each other and in the values they have been taught to hold sacred.

“No public man can be just a little crooked,” said Hoover. “There is no such thing as a no-man's-land between honesty and dishonesty. Our strength is not in politics, prices or production or price controls. Our strength lies in spiritual concepts. It lies in public sensitiveness to evil.”

The shameful exposures of corruption in government, the discovery of immoral and unethical conduct by men in positions of high public trust has stirred Congress to seek some sort of “code of honor” for public officials. They will seek in vain. For only when the people themselves believe in honor, justice, truth and decency and insist that those they put into positions of trust believe in them too, will we have incorruptible public officials, truth in political debate and honor in all our public life.

The remedy for the sickness that has fallen upon our land does not lie with Congress, it lies with the people. And there are signs of a revival of moral indignation among us that are encouraging. The people need no “code of honor” for their public officials. All they need is to judge those who aspire to high office by the Sermon On the Mount, the Ten Commandments and the teachings of Christ.

When they do, truth, honor, decency and morality will return in American public life. When they do, they will no longer be amused or tolerant or indiffer-

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

ent to the depredations, the corruptions or even the minor transgressions of those to whom they have entrusted power. When they do, America will be American again.

Collier's

(Continued from Page 4)

Fentz boy—that had been two years old at the time of his father's disappearance, and become man-grown and married and died after a career as a New York bank teller—located in Florida. Every item about the dress and appearance of the man killed in Times Square, tallied with the description in the 1876 file in the Bureau of Missing Persons, and the son's widow confirmed what her erstwhile husband had told her about his father's queer vanishment.

Finney in his epochal article wants to know if young Mr. Fentz walked from his house that night back in 1876 and into a Time Vacuum that caused him to step from the other side of it into a night in June, 1950?

Every VALOR reader should procure a copy of *Collier's* for September 15th and read full details of the cases enumerated.

TAKEN in the accumulate, the case list is awesome. Breaking each case down, any expert whodunit writer could find rational explanation for the events described. Elderly Mr. Finney, however, says he is collecting too many hundreds of such cases to have them all coincidences or play-actings for this or that reason on the parts of their principals.

“I am utterly convinced,” he writes in summary, after commenting on today's public hysteria for escape from the tensions and quandaries of the present century, “that this terrible mass pressure of millions of minds is already, slightly but definitely, affecting *Time itself*. In the moments when this happens—when the almost universal longing to escape is greatest—my incidents occur. Man is distributing the clock of time and I am afraid it will break. When it does, I leave to your imagination the last few hours of madness that will be left to us;



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

all the countless moments that now make up our lives suddenly ripped apart and chaotically tangled in time."

As a theory, the average reader might say that it sounded like an explanation, provided he had the faintest notion what Mr. Finney was talking about. But that man hasn't yet fathomed correctly just what Time itself is, can be taken as a rational and reasonably accurate statement.

Mortal commonsense has it that a result cannot come before a cause, but that may be only a trick of consciousness. When a dog can start to sniff a hydrant and enter a Time Vacuum that reverses itself precipitating the animal back two years before its own birth, there would seem to be other processes at work than man's mere concept of Time.

The first three or four chapters of Pelley's *Earth Comes*, published in 1939 and now out of print, treated of precisely the causations behind many of the phenomena that Mr. Finney now finds so enigmatic in practical event.

No, the clock of time isn't due to break its mainspring and go chuck-a-lucking, taking all of us with it. But that cause and effect may be one unit in substance—or substantial happenings—is something to try to comprehend. It's a matter of our own altered perceptions.

At any rate, hundreds of adept Soulcraft students will read the Finney article with far more sympathetic understanding than the people who curl up to peruse the Finney offering in the seats of the scornful.

These Things That Happen that Could Not Happen have been going on for a long, long time. There's nothing distinctively modern about them.

That the great national magazines give extensive space to their describings, however, is significant. Let's hope that *Collier's* in particular publishes more . . .

A POMPOUS individual arrived at the Pearly Gates.

"Where you from?" St. Peter asked.

"California."

"Well, you can come in. But I know you won't like it."

ASKED THE sympathetic friend, "Won't your wife hit the ceiling when you get home tonight?"

"She probably will," the husband answered. "She's a poor shot."



What You Should Know about . .

The SWEDENBORGIANS

*The Twelfth in a series
of articles on the faiths
and religions of man...*



WHO WAS Swedenborg and what is Swedenborgism? Ask the average American and you'll discover in nine cases out of ten he thinks the Swedenborg Church is the national church of Sweden. But the Swedish people in the main are Lutherans. Swedenborgism, so-called, isn't even a creed, and isn't listed in the census of religious bodies of the United States.

And yet the man who propounded what is mistakenly termed Swedenborgism was certainly a Swede, although his real name was Swedberg. He was supposed to call himself Swedenborg after being honored as a member of the nobility, the "en" being incorporated in the middle of his last name and standing for approximately the same thing that "von" does in German.

Emanuel Swedenborg was a mystic. A practical mining engineer, he developed his psychical and trance powers to a superlative degree. Putting these powers into practice, he succeeded in being able to vacate his body and visit other dimensions. He wrote many books upon his alleged experiences in these higher planes of life and thought.

But he founded no church, and never intended to found a church. What he did try to do was introduce a knowledge of wider cosmic fundamentals into other faiths and denominations.

It was a lot like Soulcraft . . .

PEOPLE who know the details and stages of Swedenborg's life, concede that he was as great a scientist as he ever was a theosophic philosopher, employing

the word theosophic without a capital T. He was born in Stockholm on the 29th of January, 1688, making him an Aquarian. Certainly he later disclosed himself to be an Aquarian in his religious explorations and conclusions.

His father had been a Dr. Jesper Swedberg, professor of theology at Upsala, and Bishop of Skara. He was a pious and learned man who didn't escape a charge of heterodoxy because he placed more emphasis on the cardinal virtues of faith, love, and communion with God than on the prevalent dogmas of the Lutheran Church. However, there's no special evidence that the elder Swedberg's views played any great part in the spiritual explorations of the son.

Graduating from Upsala University in 1710, Emanuel took a European tour, visiting England, Holland, France and Germany, especially studying philosophy and writing Latin verses. Five years later he came back to Upsala and devoted himself to natural science and engineering works. For two years he published a scientific periodical called *Daedalus Hyperborus*, a record of mechanical inventions and mathematical discoveries. In 1716 he was introduced to his monarch, Charles XII, who appointed him assessor-extraordinary on the Swedish Board of Mines, and with that position he was more or less identified for almost the remainder of his life. After the death of Charles, Queen Ulrica elevated him and his family to the rank of nobility. In the Swedish House of Nobles his contributions to political discussion had great influence and he dealt with such subjects as the currency, the decimal system, the balance of trade, and the liquor laws, with marked ability. He strongly opposed a bill increasing the power of the Crown and the years of his middle life were devoted to the duties of his office, which involved the visitation of

the Swedish, Saxon, Bohemian and Austrian mines.

To have such an engineering expert and scholar suddenly start "going in" for researches into the fundamental nature of the universe, and ending up so psychic in his own attributes that he knew about the Great Fire that destroyed Stockholm when he was at his northern home, miles away with no telephone system yet invented, made one of the great romances of modern metaphysics.

Swedenborg started vacating his body deliberately, without death resulting. He visited many of the Higher Planes and began to write books on his experiences and observations . . .

SWEDENBORG'S theosophic system is most briefly and comprehensively presented in his book, *Divine Love and Wisdom*. The point of view from which God must be regarded is that of His being the Divine Man. His *esse* is infinite love. His manifestation, form, or body, is infinite wisdom.

From God emanates a divine sphere, which appears in the spiritual world as a sun, and from this sun proceeds the sun of the material world.

Divine Love is the self-sustaining life of the universe.

The spiritual sun is the source of love and intelligence, or life, and the natural sun the source of nature or the receptacles of life. The first is alive, the second dead.

The two worlds of nature and spirit are perfectly distinct but they are intimately related by analogous substances, laws, and forces. Each has its atmospheres, waters, and earths, but in the one

“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 Psychological Scripts back in 1937 and now reprinted in a deluxe edition. This book tells you in popular, understandable terms all the spiritual-biological processes, making existence and human society in Cosmos what it is. No other interpretation so simple of narration and yet disclosing so much. If you want proven to you that the Soulcraft Plan of Life is sound and worth studying, add BEHOLD LIFE to your reading-shelf and raise your spiritual sights!

Price, Leatherette, \$4 Copy



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

“DRAG”

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

they are natural and in the other spiritual.

In God there are three infinite and uncreated “degrees” of being, and in man and all things corresponding three degrees, finite and created. They are Love, Wisdom, Use—or End, Cause, and Effect. The final ends of all things are in the Divine Mind, and causes of all things in the spiritual world; their effects in the natural world. By a love of each degree, man comes into conjunction with them and the works of Nature, Spirit, and God.

IT WAS a high degree of abstract metaphysics that Swedenborg propounded and they took a high degree of intellect to encompass them. But Emanuel repudiated the Vicarious Atonement as a non-essential in his system of sacred philosophy, and an absurdity ethically.

Late in life he wrote to a friend that he was “introduced by the Lord first into the natural sciences, and thus prepared, from 1710 to 1745, when heaven was opened to him. This latter great event is described by him in a letter to Thomas Hartley, rector of Winwick as “the opening of his spiritual sight,” “the manifestation of the Lord to him in person,” “his introduction into the spiritual world.”

Before his “illumination” he had been introduced by dreams and enjoyed extraordinary visions, also “heard mysterious conversations”. Today, up here in a more erudite psychological age, we recognize these phenomena as the usual clairaudient intercourse with discarnates.

According to his own account, the Lord filled him with His spirit to teach the doctrines of the New Church by the word from Himself; He commissioned him to do this work, opened the sight of his spirit, and so let him into the spiritual world, permitting him to see the “heavens and the hells” and to converse with angels and spirits. The “hells” were by no means Dante’s hells, however, but conditions of confusions and ignorance, not unlike some of the Master teachings in Soulcraft.

THERE is no doubt that Swedenborg was a great soul, but his personality and works seemed to lack the warm human sympathy and compassionate understanding of befuddled human nature, that would make him or them popular with the world’s rank and file. And he had no Saul of Tarsus to become his St.

(Continued on Page 15)



IRISE to propound an inquiry, "Why does a dog bark?" I don't mean the nature of the incident that excites him, such as a prowler in the night, but the psychological motives at work in the dog-mind itself. The conventional will say with scoffing that anyone of intellect should know that dog-barks are dog-speech. But what I mean is, granted, . . . yet what are they saying? And how do they say it? . . . I'm beginning to think there's something in common between dogs and Chinamen, in that they convey their meanings by tonal inflection. Emma is here in the studio with me, head on paws, asleep before the stove. Gaiters is out in the dog-pen. Gaiters has been enjoying herself with sundry barkings all evening, over this and that. The other evening I heard the queerest assortment of barks from her and investigated to find that a neighbor's kitten, eight inches long, had gotten across the street and lawns and was washing her face in the center of the pathway along the front of the pens. That can happen. But Emma pays no attention to Gaiter's general dog conversation especially about cats until Gaiters gives a bark on a certain note. Emma comes awake with an electric growl. Gaiters continues to bark—no different to me than all the other barks—but Emma grows a fuller-brush along the scruff of her back and is on her feet, dashing at the big window opening on west lawn . . . What is Gaiters saying and how does Emma understand it, to get so excited? . . .

WELL, Emma, I daresay, can ask the same of me. I can walk all over the plant, at any hour of the day or night, with or without tail lamps, dim-

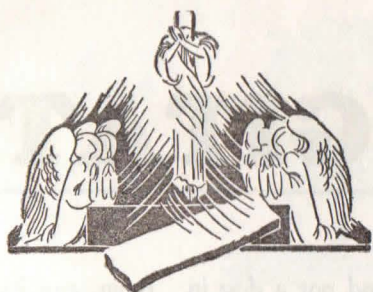
.. COGITATIONS

mers or parking lights, and not a dog in the place will so much as grunt. You say they "know" me. But how do they know me? I don't know my own breed under similar circumstances. If Mel should start walking all over the plant at 2 a. m. without tail lights, dimmers, or parking lamps, I'd get up in such a hurry I'd scramble a bedspring—not scared, you understand, merely thinking I've captured a private haunt for myself that I can hold a psychical seance with, on my own premises. But this dog business. They know Adelaide and Mel too, and Pam and Winkie and Erminie and Jeff and Herma, on the other side the door, any door, before these open it, so personal scent can't be the reason. Unless a dog can scent through a door. Or can he? They know every employee of the plant—without conversation. But just let the milkman drive up, or the bakerman, or the ice man, or the wastepaper man, and you'd think any one of 'em was Harry Bridges and they were the committee on Un-American Activities. Sometimes I wonder if these brutes around the place mayn't own senses that we high-priced humans haven't even dreamed of. Could not there be senses that humans simply don't possess? Not possessing them, we know nothing about them. Aren't we all a bit conceited, anyhow, that we're superior to these creatures just because we go 'round with hands that can hold or wield a bed slat? Monkeys have hands that can hold or wield a bed slat. Maybe these pooches have talents and attributes as superior to ours as our hands are efficient over their paws . . .

I REMEMBER Laska, the big police mutt who was with me the night of the Seven Minutes' experience . . . Every time I had a discarnate visitation, she raised Cain. Backed and growled and barked and worried all over the place, sometimes pressing herself in a corner as far as she could go, and further if possible . . . sometimes getting around the hallway corner, peeking one eye into the

room, and barking furiously. Apparently she could see these folk. Anyhow, some of them told me she could. Jack Lawler, a Texas railroad fireman got out of his body one noontime during a nap, and walked into the Altadena bungalow, and Laska saw him the instant he came through the archway from the dining-room. Later in New York, telling me about his end of the phantasm, he described exactly how Laska had behaved at sight of him, and he was telling me the truth because I'd been there and recalled it. She tried her best to push her way into Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, a couple of bookcases, and a French door that was shut, to vacate while he took stock of my domicile. So dogs can see Invisibles, can they? I'd judge so from Laska.

SHE WAS half German police dog and half Alaskan huskie. Incidentally, she was granddaughter of Peary's lead dog when he discovered the Pole. Something like that. There were three of them sent out to California from the litter in Labrador. I paid \$300 for her, and when I drove through Hollywood with her in the rumble-seat, the Iowan delegation went back home and said they'd seen Rin-Tin-Tin. But, funny thing, she and I never got pals. Maybe she sensed the lack of Eskimo in me. If there's one drop of blood in my racial strain I haven't got, it's Eskimo. She was faithful enough and we shared the same bedroom at night for a year. But she had her own ideas about this psychic stuff. Maybe that was it. On the other hand, you take Butch, alias Shorty-Pants. He looks like a pretzel coming at you radiator first. Both his Scotch terrier ears droop—or have been chewed—and his tail is so long, never having been cut off behind his ears as an infant, that he can wave the end of it in his own face. He came into the place one day to ask Emma if she could use a good baby-sitter. I just looked at him and laughed. He danced up and down in front of me, and



“Why I Believe the Dead Are Alive!”

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

I opened a can of Pard—to see what would happen. It did. He decided right then and there to become a soulcrafter with a small “s” . . . and baby, after that first ten minutes how he did sit. And soulcraft it around the clock. I found he had more brains, more affection, and more pluck, than any ten dogs I’ve owned since high school. It’s been just the opposite of the Laska relationship. We clicked.

BUT I started to cogitate about dog language. I bellow and roar and butter them and blister them. But I never fool ’em. They always know when I’m kidding and when I’m in earnest, and give back according to mood. Gaiters, as I say, puts a certain English in her bark and Emma’s all for dashing through the window and taking the glass with her. Butch, as I previously remarked as well, goes into battle with a series of joyous yips, when he ought to go with bagpipes. Emma only barks as a rule when she thinks her last litter is about to be lifted by a dark man with a bundle. Fritz never opens his grizzled old head unless someone coming into the garage has run over him with their Cadillac. On the other hand, that chap Spike, that the boss-carpenter took, barked all the time. At everything. Till all of us went nuts. He started barking at 4:30 a. m. and kept it up till twenty barks past midnight. He’d go ’round and ’round his pen, barking. If I hadn’t been present at the Blessed Event, I’d think he was born barking. What’s a dog saying, when he carries on like that?

OH, WELL, what am I saying when I write all the time—from 4:30 a. m. till twenty pages past midnight? I know what I’m wondering. I’m wondering what sort of lives all this four-legged stock would be living if we’d never found their planet at all. But we found it, and moved in on ’em and had the effrontery to think they were inferior creatures. I wonder what *they think*? . . . I think I’m going to bed.

—THE RECORDER

DEAR Teacher,” wrote in the indignant mother, “I got to tell you it is against my wishes for you to whack Tommy. He is a delicate child. He is not used to it. We never hit him at home except in self-defense.”

Swedenborg

(Continued from Page 12)

Paul. He was no evangelist and seemed to think that men should enthuse over his works from the intellectual standpoint only—something that never happens.

He died in London, friendless and more or less alone, in March of 1772, never coming out of one of his long psychical trances.

Phantom Bite

(Continued from Page 7)

ter, and found him sitting on the floor with his back to the wall, as if pushed there. He was crying lustily, and upon examining him, I was astonished to see unmistakable teeth marks on the side of his throat! To make sure, I bit my own arm to compare the marks. The redness and imprints remained for some time.

We looked into closets and everywhere to see if another child or some person could have been hiding, but found nothing. There was no possible way for anyone to get in or out of the room anyway, except past us through the kitchen door. I was glad I had my friend as a witness, or I am afraid I would have suspected myself of "seeing things", and even my husband would have found it hard to believe such a fantastic story.

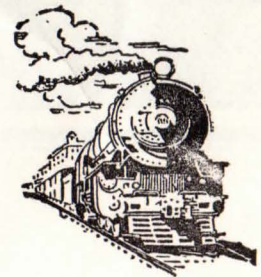
We have not solved the riddle to this day, but figure it must have been a disgruntled spirit—perhaps a former occupant of the house who disliked children and resented our presence there. We had noticed some peculiar phenomena before that time too, which lead us to confirm this theory. The chain on a light fixture had clinked against the glass shade several sharp metallic taps on our bedroom window at night when the shades were drawn, and the glass protected on the outside with wire screens. Mrs. C. H.

IT WAS Anthony's first ride in a railroad train and the succession of wonders reduced to a state of hysterical astonishment. The train rounded a slight bend and with a shriek of the whistle, plunged into a tunnel. Suddenly the train rushed into broad daylight again and a small voice was lifted in wonder.

"Mommy!" exclaimed the small boy. "It's tomorrow!"

*"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

A WOMAN desperately seeking a good servant, interviewed a husky girl in an employment office, who was a recent importation from Scandinavia. The dialogue was as follows—

“Can you do fancy cooking?”

“Naw.”

“Can you do plain cooking?”

“Naw.”

“Can you sew?”

“Naw.”

“Can you do general housework?”

“Naw.”

“Can you make beds?”

“Naw.”

“Can you wash dishes?”

“Naw.”

“Well, for pity's sake, what can you do?”

“I milk reindeer.”

THE CONDUCTOR was perplexed. “Who on earth would want to steal a Pullman ladder?” he exclaimed.

The porter said he didn't know, but it was certain the ladder was gone from the sleeper-aisle.

Then the curtains of an upper berth parted. A little old lady poked her head through.

“Oh, Porter!” she called. “You may use mine if you like. I won't need it till morning.”

LITTLE Elaine surprised her mother by her postscript to her bedtime prayer:

“And, dear Lord, please send the beautiful snow to keep the sweet little flowers warm through the winter. Amen!”

Climbing into bed she confided to her mother:

“That's the time I fooled Him. I want the snow so I can try out my new sled.”

THE MOTHER said with gratification, “I'm so glad you children are so quiet while daddy's taking a nap.”

Tommy said, “Oh, there'll be noise enough in a little while.”

“What do you mean, Tommy?”

“We're waiting for pop's cigarette to burn down to his fingers.”