

# Valor

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

Volume I

Noblesville, Indiana, Saturday October 13, 1951,

Number 24

## Soulcraft Will Go Overseas and Become World-Wide

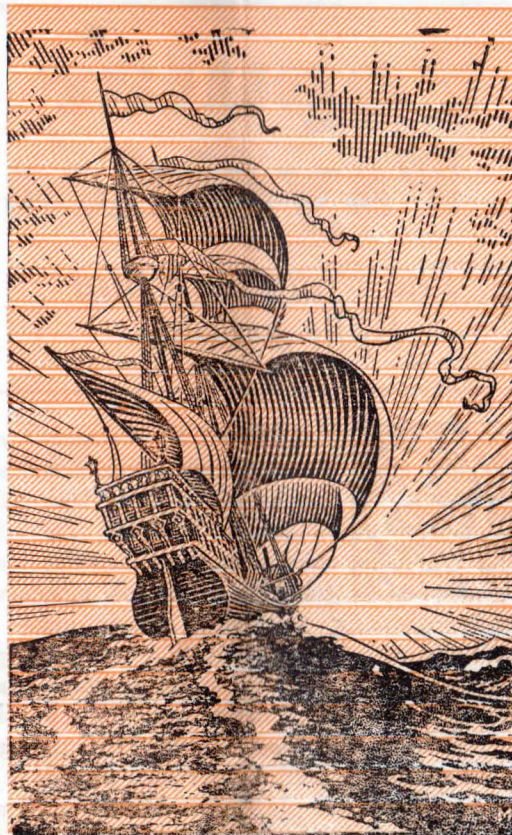
**W**HAT is this Soulcraft, so-called, that we are promoting? It is not a religion. It is not a cult. It is not an *ism*. We know that when a person gets it, it recreates him—and we have scores of cases to attest to it. If it isn't a religion, if it isn't a cult, if it isn't an *ism*, what is it? The answer, in all simplicity, is as revolutionary as the Christian faith itself . . .

*Soulcraft is a new way of looking at life!*

It is a new way of looking at life spiritually. It is a new way of looking at life economically. It is even a new way of looking at life politically.

But what do we mean by "looking at life"?

**W**ELL, the old way of looking at life had it that Man was a mere organism—the same as the animals of earth are organisms. He was born of a given pair of parents, he was projected into a world of freakish mishaps which occurred hit or miss, he found his mate by a process called "natural selection." After frustration and misadventure, religion told him that if he "believed" in a certain Divine Man who lived nineteen



centuries before, and followed this Divine Man's moral precepts, he was "saved" . . . that is, he was permitted entrance to a paradisiacal state of idleness, in which his only activity was adoring God. He was told he didn't have to work in this paradisiacal state. He spent all eternity without requiring food for his body, nor clothes for his nakedness. Everybody he confronted in this paradisiacal state was angelic by nature, and existence was one eternal Utopia. That is, if his "sins" had all been forgiven.

If his "sins" had not been forgiven, he was consigned to a fiery sub-region of the universe presided over by the devil and all his archdemons where there was weeping, wailing, and gnashing of teeth unto eternal time.

It was one or the other for every conscious soul. Every individual was allotted his choice. *It was all a point of view!*

**H**UMAN HISTORY goes back something like 240 generations by recorded documents. These 240 generations have all held to this heaven-hell point of view. Human nature has lived after its animal appetites and animal passions in those 240 generations, and made a



bedlam of earth and cultural institutions.

Suddenly in the middle of the twentieth century—twenty centuries after the death of the Divine Man, belief in Whom was to assure the paradisiacal state—a *totally new point of view is offered to humankind.*

This new point of view contends that man is not an organism—he merely inhabits or uses an organism for a specified time and for a specified purpose;

Man is not born of any given pair of parents; he is an independent soul of vast prior experience in both earth and celestial life, who got a new body for earthly purposes *from* a given man and woman;

He is not projected into a world of freakish mishaps, but into a world where all things happen as the result of causes, and where no soul goes through any experience for which it hasn't bargained, in order to increase its spiritual awareness;

The mate which he "finds" is brought into his orbit by a process of vibration, and is a creature that represents the subtracted attributes of the one Master Soul of which both have been parts; she belongs to him because she is part of him and he is the corollary of her;

Whether at the end of life he "believes" in the Divine Man of nineteen centuries ago, is beside the point; the main issue is, has he lived his life so that his resultant character qualifies him to go onward into higher celestial regions or must he come back into an earth-state and gain more spiritual increment from material experience?

The whole prospect offers man a wholly new concept of *What He Is, Why He is Here and What He Confronts in the Ages Ahead.*

It is something entirely new under the sun.

Furthermore, it isn't confined to the people of the United States of America; it is applicable to the human species of all the earth.

**S**OULCRAFT is an Altered Viewpoint!

Soulcraft is a study of great life-fundamentals, predicated on the most recent advances of psychical research, outlining a Plan and a Program for the earthly tenure that gives them purpose and sense.

It envisions life from a wholly altered standpoint.

People steeped in the old orthodox, conventional, "scientific" ways of look-

ing at existence, can't get it at first. It requires a bit of time, reflection, and investigation of the Soulcraft details, to grasp what's being presented to take the place of the old purblind notions of life.

But make no mistake, it's universal as life is universal.

*Soulcraft must burst the bounds of the continental United States and go a-broad!*

**T**HIS altered aspect or way of looking at life has begun in the United States. England, Scotland, Scandinavia, Germany, France and Spain are ripe and lush fields for a philosophical view of life that may have been instigated in the grass roots area of Indiana, but which have just as much significance to the Englishman, the Scotchman, the Swede, the German, the Frenchman, or the Spaniard, as they may have to the American.

*A new way of looking at life!*

If the American finds the Scotchman, the Englishman, the Scandinavian, the

German, the Frenchman, and the Spaniard, suddenly looking at Soulcraft and grasping it, he—the American—will suddenly arouse to the fact that his country has brought forth something.

**S**OULCRAFT now goes to England, Germany and South Africa. But a great new program of introducing it to those countries as a New Angle on Existence is the next big development in this sacred philosophy, when the clergy of America shall have been afforded the chance to recognize and absorb its sacred and vital content.

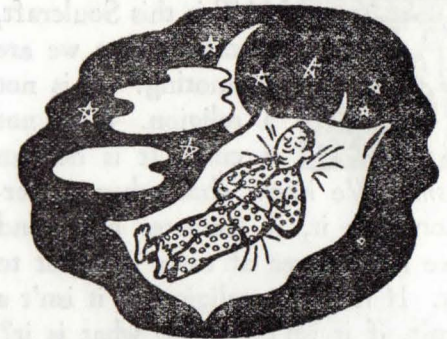
Soulcraft is world-wide in significance because the human race in its origins and purposes is world-wide.

If you suddenly hear of Soulcraft in England, Scotland, Scandinavia, Germany. France and Spain, don't be astonished. Soulcraft is going to push overseas.

*Even in Russia it may find a happy audience!*

## Popular Psychics

### The Phantasm that Split a Table



**S**OULCRAFT'S constantly emphasized contention that all of us know with reasonable accuracy the exact moment which we're going to relinquish mortality—granting we don't change our destinies with higher permission—receives another confirmation from an outstanding case in the Flammarion memoirs submitted by a Madame Gayraud. Her husband's father's death wasn't only attended by remarkable phenomena but the old gentleman seemed to know in advance to the moment when it was "time for him to go" . . .

Madame Gayraud related the following spectacular affair to Flammarion which included a split table, a window opening, and a terrified cat—

"Eight years ago, at the beginning of

my married life, we were living in this same apartment at 5 rue Nobel, Paris. One night, apparently between three and four in the morning, I was awakened abruptly by the noise of the dining room window opening with violence.

"What a windy night," I thought. I got up and went to close the window, supposing I had neglected to turn the handle, although this was far from probable.

"I was calmly returning to bed when suddenly my attention was attracted, in the darkness in which I then found myself, by a luminous spot on the wall in a corner of the room. I was obliged to pass this spot, in order to get back into my own bedroom. It looked like a disk, distorted in places, and shedding a very soft light which is difficult to describe.

*(Continued on Page 14)*



# Russia Doesn't Have the Atom Bomb Says Conant . .



**O**NE JAMES Bryant Conant is President of Harvard University. Likewise he's a member—as a chemical scientist—of the Federal Atomic Commission. A couple of weeks ago he stood up before the convention of the American Chemical Society, with all the information assumedly at his disposal, and publicly stated that *he did not believe that Russia had the atomic bomb* or had ever detonated one anywhere on earth—at least that Russians had manufactured themselves.

Where do all these reports of Russia having the bomb, originate? Obviously in Washington, D. C. The armament program lags, or some big executive wants another heavy grant of tax money from the public kitty, and the press wires reverberate with news of Russia rattling her side of the world with a Tartar edition of Hiroshima. No scientific men nor scientific instruments attest that any atomic bomb has gone off. No other parts of the world produce evidences of radio-activity. The bombs appear to go off in congressmen's hats—to put a shot in the arm of John Q. Public, incidentally scare him to death, that he'll okay the appropriating of more billions so that the power-bloc can keep the nation's screwball economy on as level a keel as possible.

**C**ONANT said some other things, besides deprecating the possibility that Joe the International Hokum Expert has stock-piled enough atom bombs to blow us to Mars. He said he didn't expect any war with Russia, but rather, the human race was actually in for a long period of peace. Second, that he didn't look for any atomic war during the lifetime of the present generation. He seems to be

running against prophecy on that one, for by no means have we heard the last of the Iranian oil headache. But that Russia has enough atom bombs piled ahead to raze and demolish 300 American cities, as the headlines stated on a recent morning, seems to have been another of those boom-booms that keep up the public morale while money is being pumped to the voters through the armament makers and their employes instead of through the shovel-leaners of erstwhile WPA.

The point is, that a man of such lofty prestige as Conant, despite his well-known "humanitarian" attitude toward what's behind the Iron Curtain, is nominating himself for an exceedingly caloric place to park his fundament by making such remarks before a body as important and august as the American Chemical Society engineers, if he should happen to be talking for his own propaganda purposes.

Take note that few newspapers gave his opinion publicity.

That's doubly significant.

**I**T's a matter of dollar mathematics at this moment that every able-bodied man in America is working 120 working days free, to provide the country with the highest priced—meaning costliest—army, navy, and air force in the world. On top of such sacrifices, the current power-bloc wants millions more to organize the people inside this ring of armament to build all manner of air raid shelters under the head of Civilian Defense. The aim seems to be to get everybody to return to the habits of primitive man, by wearing helmets on the street and running underground at the first explosion.

Well, Anthony Eden, big-time minister in Britain's war government, returned home the other day after an extensive trip across the United States and Canada. He gave out the following opinions to the British press—

There is little or no fear of war in England or on the continent of Europe, even in those countries bordering on Russia;

The position of Russia as a world military threat is steadily declining, while the position of all non-Communist countries is improving;

The assumption on the part of Americans that Russia is a threat to the free countries of the world is sheer provincialism, because Russia has no background of resources and initiative to fight a war that would quickly engulf her on all fronts.

**T**HE REASON why Russia is now in for trouble lies in her crop failures due to bad weather this year. Throughout the Balkans, the Ukraine, and the Danube country there has been a drought of major proportions, while all the wet weather has been in western Europe. Russia is up against it for food-stuffs and instead of being strong where we are weak, the exact opposite is true. For the first time since the Second World War, Russian diplomats took a major beating in San Francisco at the signing of the Japanese peace treaty, and instead of every nation standing in mortal fear of the Russians, the wild talk of the soviet emissaries about what they would do to civilization if they failed to have their way, had diplomats of other countries laughing at them openly.

A weather-vane on the Russian break-



## MUSTARD SEEDS

Oh, Doctor, will the scar show? Not if you are careful, lady.

The accident happened because his wife fell asleep in the backseat.

In New York there's a man run over every ten minutes. What a man!

They called her the Village Belle. Everybody wanted to wring her neck.

His uncle had locomotor-ataxia so badly he used to whistle at crossings.

He went blind from drinking coffee. He forgot and left the spoon in the cup.

Many a bad explosion is caused by the fermentation of a batch of mash notes.

She gave him a ring to match his eyes. It was ruby. His eyes were usually bloodshot.

It's awful to have seven-year itch and be nine months behind in one's scratching.

What part of a car causes the most accidents? The nut that holds the steering-wheel.

Her boss gave her a lovely fur coat, not to keep her warm so much as to keep her quiet.

Everything she says goes in one ear and out the other. Evidently nothing to block traffic.

The man on the park bench snapping his fingers was merely a deaf mute having hiccoughs.

Get behind your lover, unfaithful woman, the Scotchman cried. I'm going to shoot you both.

He bragged that the country was so healthy he never paid a doctor's bill. So the doctor told us.

He broke his leg by throwing his cigarette-butt in a man-hole and stepping on it from force of habit.

He bragged his family was of the finest but most of them died from throat trouble. Hanged, perhaps.

His sister's all over the place; when they removed the stitches after her operation, she went to pieces.

He dropped off the eaves of the building and was killed. Shows what happens to people who eavesdrop.

He said he got that way from having someone throw a horseshoe at him for good luck. There was a horse nailed to it.

He was introduced to her as Mr. Ware. Oh yes, she knew him, she said. She had a lot of furniture stored in one of his houses.

up comes in the activities of Major Gregory Klimow, Chief Engineer for the Soviet Control Commission at Karlhorst, in the Soviet zone of Germany. He left his post and went over to West Berlin boldly to promote unrest behind the Iron Curtain. He reported that Russian leaders are becoming so fearful of the morale of the Red troops the criminals were removed from jail and shot in the presence of soldiers to intimidate them and demonstrate what would happen to any of those who dare try to escape. Klimow works openly with the western powers to smash the Soviets, and no one does anything to him.

Soldiers returning from middle Europe declare that the Allied control seizes openly whatever Russian trucks or other vehicles are found outside the Russian district—and nothing happens.

The same underground grapevine that reports on Russian collapse, declares that the Attlee Labor Government gives every indication of falling the last of this month and the Conservatives taking over again, under Churchill. Britain has had its fill of Socialism, so-called. But here's the thing to watch—

If Churchill returns to power, the Iranian government isn't going to get away with the British oil ouster in its country. Churchill will probably move British troops into Iran, and Russia in desperation may decide she must do something about them. The papers of Thursday, this week, announced that even Attlee was moving troops into Egypt, to quell the agitation around the Suez Canal.

The irresponsible and implacable Chinese, however, may force Stalin's hand, if he's no longer able to control mutiny and lesser unrest in the Red army. If the Red Chinese get the Americans off their flank in Korea, they may turn westward and northward for military business to keep their soldiery employed.

But Soulcrafters should not be fooled any longer about the "terrible menace" of Russia. The Golden Scripts have told us the whole evil wall collapses sooner or later and the "troops of righteousness" pour in.

Conant's testimony about Russia not having the atom bomb at all, is something to consider. He hasn't an excessive armament program to maintain to keep people employed when another glut of civilian goods has arrived with no buyers in prospect.



# Changes in Land Formations that Point to Destruction of Atlantis . .



**W**HAT the whole great continent of Atlantis could have dropped into the vast basin of the Atlantic Ocean overnight is attested not only by the nature of the Atlantic sea-bottom itself but to vast terrain cataclysms that have occurred in other parts of the earth within recorded times. All the continents which now exist were, it is well understood by geologists, once under water, and the rocks of which they were composed, deposited beneath water. More than this, most of the rocks so deposited were the detritus or washings of other continents that formerly stood where oceans now roll. Mountains and even plains have been ground down over the ages by the action of volcanoes and earthquakes. Frost, ice, rain and wind have also carried their loads of sediment into the ocean beds. But what particularly impresses us is the fact that when a given amount of sediment becomes too heavy for the rocks beneath, the pressure creates heat. Heat in turn, has a tendency to ignite any combustibles—mainly natural gas deposits—and cause deep-seated volcanoes or earthquakes that keep the ground-surface rising and falling.

The whole earth's surface is a record of these alternate risings and fallings. The anthracite coal measures of Pennsylvania occurred when the land had risen sufficiently above the sea to sustain vegetation. Many of the strata of rock, some of them hundreds of feet in thickness, show how the rising and falling has taken place. In one place in the coal mines of Pennsylvania there is a record of twenty-three changes in the level of the eastern North American continent during the formation of some 2,000 feet of coal and rock. Moreover, these

changes took place over vast areas, embracing thousands of square miles.

**S**EAS and continents, in other words, have many times changed places.

And by no means have such alterations been confined to ancient times. There can be no question but that the whole Australian Archipelago is simply the mountain-tops of a drowned continent which once spread from western South America to India, Easter Island and the islands of Oceania being the visible remains today of a land that has been named Lemuria.

However, an examination of the geological formation of our Atlantic States proves beyond a doubt, from the manner in which the sedimentary rocks, the sand, gravel, and mud—aggregating a thickness of 45,000 feet—are deposited, that they came from the north and east. In



the article on *Coal* in the New American Encyclopedia, the geological author-expert writes, "They represent the detritus of pre-existing lands, the washings of rains, rivers, and coastal currents, and areas supplying the waste could scarcely have been of less extent than the new strata formed, it is reasonably inferred that land masses of continental magnitude must have occupied the region now covered by the North and Middle Atlantic *even before America began to be*, and onward at least through the palaeozoic ages of American history. The proof of this fact is, that the great strata of rocks are thicker the nearer we approach their source in the east. The maximum thickness of the palaeozoic rocks of the Appalachian formation is 25,000 to 35,000 feet in Pennsylvania, and Virginia, while their minimum thickness in Illinois and Missouri is from 3,000 to 4,000 feet.





**"THEY had come through the stars in a vast migration and couldn't identify the planet on which they had landed"**

The secret origin of the human family according to the Ageless Wisdom . . .

Get the True Version of the Edenic Garden and the Missing Link in a Great Book—

## **"STAR GUESTS"**

PEOPLE who want to get the entire Soulcraft Doctrine should read the books in the following order: *Why I Believe the Dead Are Alive*, *Behold Life*, and *Star Guests*.

There are several other Soulcraft volumes treating of special subjects, such as *Thinking Alive*, *Earth Comes* and *Thresholds of Tomorrow*, but the first three named give the whole plan of life in progressive revelation.

If you're interested in Christian Mysticism these books will prove a rare treat to you. Along with the *Golden Scripts*, which have just been reprinted in an 844-page edition, the Soulcraft books offer the greatest wealth of esoteric information found in America today.

Here is everything contained in the Ageless Wisdom of the mystics plus the latest findings of modern psychical research. The whole cosmic scheme of Creation is expounded in these pages, including the infamous Sodom Era and "Fall of the Angels" resulting in the real sin of Adam—strangely tied up with the Missing Link of the Darwinian Evolutionists.

Anyone reading and absorbing these books possesses a unique education. Particularly does he understand the spiritual history of the human race. Out-of-print copies of the Soulcraft books have sold for as high as \$40 the volume. And their printing has always been commensurate with their contents.

The Deluxe Edition is now exhausted on this fundamental Soulcraft work, but 200 copies are still available in Cloth for \$3 each, prepaid. The whole Soulcraft background is contained in this esoteric treatment of human origins . . .

**SOULCRAFT PRESS, Inc.**  
Noblesville, Indiana

The rougher and grosser textured rocks predominate in the east, while the further west we go the finer the deposits become, indicating that the finer materials were carried further west by the water."

THE HISTORY of the growth of the European continent gives an instructive illustration of the relations of geology to geography. The earliest European land appears to have existed in the north and northwest, comprising Scandinavia, Finland, and the northwest British area, and to have extended through boreal and arctic latitudes to North America. Of the height and bulk of this primeval land, some idea may be formed by considering the enormous bulk of the material derived from its disintegration. In the Silurian formations of the British Isles alone there is a mass of rock, worn from the land further east, which would form a mountain chain extending from the Mediterranean to North Cape—a distance of 1,800 miles—with a mean breadth of over 33 miles and an average height of 16,000 feet.

AS THE GREAT continent which stood where the Atlantic Ocean now is, wore away or collapsed in its foundations, the continents of America and Europe were formed and from remote times a continuous rising and sinking of surface lands has been going on.

Within the past 5,000 years—just yesterday geologically—or since the age of "polished stone", the shores of Sweden, Norway and Denmark have risen from 200 to 600 feet.

Professor Winchell says in his monumental work, *The Preadamites*—

"We are still in the midst of great changes but are scarcely conscious of it. We have seen worlds in flames and have felt a comet strike the earth. We have seen the whole coast of South America lifted up bodily ten or fifteen feet and let down again *within an hour*. We have seen the Andes sink 220 feet in seventy years . . . Vast transpositions have taken place in the coastline of China. Its ancient capital, located in all probability in an inaccessible position near the center of the empire, has now become almost entirely surrounded by water . . . There was a time when the rocky barriers of the Tracian Bosphorus gave way and the Black Sea subsided.

(Continued on Page 10)



# What You Should Know about Spiritualism . .



ACCORDING to the popular acceptance, anyone who holds the conviction that the dead survive and can establish any sort of communication with persons in living bodies, is a Spiritualist. No matter what form such communication may take—and there are a score of forms—to credit the survival of personality in such aspects that it can convey conscious intelligence to persons on this plane of mortality, automatically classes the believer with that sect. People truly erudite in all forms of psychical phenomena and sacred psychical research know that this is fallacious. Spiritualists as a sect—and that is what they are—believe in, or subscribe to, given tenets of belief concerned with the state of the soul succeeding physical death. Discarnate phenomena has only a relative importance. Thousands of reliable and erudite people belonging to all the religious faiths have witnessed and become convinced of the veracity of supernatural manifestations, but by no means does that make them Spiritualists.

IN THE philosophic world, Spiritualism is the term used to define or describe the belief that the spiritual world manifests itself by producing in the physical world effects inexplicable by the laws of nature. The belief in such manifestations has probably existed as long as the belief in the existence of the soul apart from the human body. In 1848, however, a peculiar form of it, believed to be based on abundant experimental evidence, arose here in America and hence spread rapidly throughout the civilized world.

The "movement"—for Spiritualism spelled with a capital "S" is mainly that and not much besides—began in a single family. In the aforesaid 1848, a certain

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Fox and their two girls, Margaret and Leah, at Hyndsville, N. Y., formerly called Hydesville, were nocturnally disturbed by repeated and inexplicable rappings throughout the Fox house. At length it was accidentally discovered by one of the daughters that the unseen "rapper" was so intelligent as to be able to reply to various pertinent questions and so communicative as to declare that he was the spirit of a murdered peddler.

When this discovery was noised abroad, a belief that intercourse could be obtained with the spirit world became epidemic and numerous "spirit circles" were presently formed in various parts of the nation. The manifestations thus said to be received from the spirit were rappings, table tiltings, musical sounds, writings, and unseen raisings of heavy bodies.

The first professional medium who visited Europe was a Mrs. Hayden and she was followed in 1855 by Daniel D. Home, who visited nearly all the courts of Europe. He gave evidence of possessing extraordinary powers and was said to be able to float up to the ceiling at will, or out of one window high above the street and into another window of an adjoining room.

SUCH CLAIMS not only attracted the curious and converted the unthinking but also received the attention of judicial and scientific men. In America, Judge Edmonds and Professor Hare undertook to expose their fallacy but before their interest in it ended they had to admit the genuineness of much of the evidence, while in England such eminent converts as A. R. Wallace, Sir William Crookes, and Professor De Morgan were inclined to put their credence in the truth of the phenomena.

The London Dialectical Society appointed a committee to investigate the



supernatural, and its report, turned in for 1871, admits the genuineness of discarnate happenings but does not undertake to explain their origin.

Spiritualism as such, however, was not tardy about taking on quasi-religious aspects, as the condition of souls in a survived state was ostensibly conveyed back to relatives on this plane. Home groups expanded into modest congregations, usually clustered about some mediumistic "pastor" . . .

In 1884 the London Spiritualistic Alliance was founded and was incorporated in 1896. The chief work of the Society has been to maintain and expound the principles of Spiritualism.

In the United States a National Spiritualist Association was organized in Washington, D. C. in 1893. There were, in 1920, about 1,000 working societies throughout the country, 22 State associations, 32 camp meeting organizations, and perhaps 1,000 local associations in various cities and towns. There were 200 churches, 500 ordained ministers, and some 600,000 members. It has been estimated that there are about 1,500 public mediums throughout the United States.

THE IRONY of the Spiritualistic "belief" as being held by what approaches a religious sect, lies in the fact that the Spiritualists of various countries do not believe in the same thing. For instance, while Spiritualistic devotees uniformly subscribe to the fact that the con-

(Continued on Page 10)



# What Do You Want to Know about L

*Here are the Books of Soulcraft Scripts u*

## Volume One

1. Why Some People Are Materialistic While Others Are Spiritual
2. What the Wisdom Tells Us about the Start of Human Life and Purpose of the Deluge
3. How Those We Imagine "Dead" Continue to Protect Us
4. How the Elder Brother Learned of His Divine Worldly Mission
5. The Process of Enjoying Earth-Life in an Ever-Upward Cycle
6. Nature's Second Law: The Expansion of Consciousness by Opposition
7. Why All Souls Do Not Make Similar Progress up the Worlds
8. The Enigma of Sex, and Why Woman Was Identified as Issuing from the Side of Man
9. Why the Russian Enigma Is Allowed in a World Supervised by High Principled Mentors
10. The Meaning of the Counsel: "He Who Loses His Life for Others Shall Find It . . ."
11. Counsel from Higher Realms on the Experience Called Dying
12. Where the Higher Planes of Thought which We Re-enter at Death are Geographically Located
13. How Old Souls in Earth-Life Disclose Their Cosmic Age . . .

## Volume Two

14. Why Souls in the Higher Realms Are Reluctant to Give Evidence of Their Spiritual Survival
15. The Difference Between God the Father and the Mystery of Thought Incarnate
16. What Are Familiar Spirits and How Do We Identify Mentors of Integrity?
17. What the Mystics of All Ages Have Meant by the Power of Holy Spirit . . .
18. How the Use of Love Fed the Five Thousand with Five Loaves and Two Fishes
19. Do We Incur Karma by Neglecting to Aid the Spiritually Indolent?
20. When Christ Reappears, How Will He Assume His Rulership?
21. Incentive: What Is Happening When We Need Inspiration to Help Us Lead our Lives?
22. Who, or What, Is the Antichrist, and Has It Arrived on Earth Already?
23. What Is Sin, and How Does It Differ from Crime and Vice?
24. The Legend of Lucifer and How the Devil Got into Theological Thinking . . .
25. The Plan of Life, from the Antediluvian up to the Divine
26. Why the Great Program of Creation Has Had to be Expressed in Allegory

**SOULCRAFT CHAPELS - - Post O**



# nt ife? ..

## ith Titles to Date:

### Volume Three

27. The Enigma of Events and Whether God or Man Is Maker of Them
28. How the Higher People Define Art and Beauty on Any Plane of Reality
29. Why Some People Cannot Be Killed by Accident or Catastrophe
30. What Christ Meant When He Said: "Arise and Go, Thy Faith Hath Made Thee Whole"
31. Why The Soul's Return Into Earth-Life is Not More Clearly Understood
32. The Business of Going Out of the Body for Special Purposes and Missions
33. Intruders from the Invisible Who Cause More Mischief than They Give Help
34. When We Speak of "Cosmos", What Are We Talking About and What Does It Comprise?
35. The Difference Between Body, Spirit and Soul from the Cosmic Status
36. How Man's Soul-Spirit Acquires Distinction by Specializing in Effort
37. What We Know about Physical Incarnation and How Soul-Spirit Enters into Mortality
38. Four Odd Behaviors of Eternal Mind, Sometimes Called the Subconscious
39. How Psychological Gifts Are Spiritual Faculties Brought Through into Mortality



### Volume Four

40. What We Know about the Memory Veil That Drops Between Each Earthly Life
41. The Enigma of Selfishness, or What Bearing Karma May Have on Generosity
42. How Holy Spirit Obtains Effects by the Phenomena of Light
43. What Spirituality Is, and Why It Must Always manifest in Form
44. Why People Live Dream-Lives When Circumstances Fail to Fit their Karmic Programs
45. Why Others Are Necessary to Us in Gaining Full Benefits of What Life Has to Offer us
46. What the Soul Can Do about Body upon Death or Discarnation
47. How Embryonic Children Are "Fed with Light" that Their Bodies May Develop
48. How the Birth and Death Cycle Operates as an Activity of the Subconscious
49. The Nature of Polarity Between the Masculine and Feminine to Achieve Earthly Purposes
50. Why Man Doesn't Recall His Earlier Experiences in Mortal Bodies
51. How the Pattern Body Assumes Shape at the Behest of Soul-Spirit
52. How Each Person's Career in Life Is Determined by His Requirements of Spirit

Office Box 192

Noblesville, Indiana



## Spiritualism

(Continued from Page 7)

scious soul on being released from the body goes into a paradisiacal state known as the Summerland, not all Spiritualists are in accord as to whether it stays in the Summerland.

Some Spiritualists credit reincarnation. French Spiritualism under the leadership of Allan Kardec—or L. H. D. Rivail—contends that after a restful stay in the Summerland, the spirit returns to earth-life in serried incarnations, claiming that communications from discarnates to that end are of substantial record. American Spiritualists as a body uniformly repudiate such a tenet, holding pretty much as the orthodox Christian holds everywhere, that earth is the great factory for souls in mass production, from which they go evolving on and up into ever higher realms, world without end.

But the real strength of organized Spiritualism lies in the availability of mediums that it supplies. These pastor-mediums of Spiritualistic congregations make a professional business of acquiring communications for parishioners from allegedly departed relatives, and that is a feature of the sect that it is difficult to challenge.

Although Christ Himself was undoubtedly the greatest mediumistic personage that ever walked earth, the Spiritualists by no means center their religious attention on Him or His earthly mission. As for the opinion of discarnates in respect to probabilities of successive earth-lives, it is usually observable that where-

ever a pastor-medium has a strong conviction against, or personal distaste for, the probability of repeat earthly existence, the hovering "spirits" are emphatic in their contentions that they "see no evidence" of it in the planes which they are inhabiting. This, however, may be similarity of idea through association.

Also it may be due to the fact that many of the communicating souls in an earth-bound or astral state, would be ignorant of what further spiritual progressions comprised.

Spiritualism, in the main, has no recognized Bible and no theologic code. It has only beliefs in survival substantiated by various kinds of discarnate phenomena.

At least, outside the controversy over reincarnation, it has no dogma. It isn't predicated on the Mosaic Complex over Sin.

And that's something.

Detractors of Spiritualism like to rehash the story that the Fox girls were detected in older life making the "rappings" by being double-jointed and cracking their toe joints deliberately.

Persons who've truly gone into psychical phenomena, however, know that the whole subject is greater than any neurotic maiden's toe joints.

The surprising fact is, that no one starts investigating phenomena very deeply without meeting with evidence that is soon overwhelming on the subject of survival.

Soulcraft starts in, for instance, where Spiritualism leaves off. And Spiritualism does leave off. It too often "leaves off" with the message of advice from some

departed relative that satisfies or doesn't satisfy the communicant.

Nevertheless, it is the sweetest and most rational sect that engages the public attention in the United States at this moment.

## Atlantis

(Continued from Page 6)

It had covered a vast area in the North and east; now this area became drained and was known as the ancient Loctonia. It is now the prairie region of Russia and the granary of Europe."

**T**HERE is simple evidence that at one time the entire area of Great Britain was submerged to a depth of 1700 feet! Over the surface of the submerged land was strewn thick beds of sand, gravel, and clay, termed by geologists "the Northern Drift." The British Islands arose again from the sea bearing these water deposits on their bosoms. Or take Sicily. What is now that island once lay deep beneath the sea. It subsequently rose 3,000 feet above the level of the Mediterranean.

The desert of Sahara was once under water, its tremendous wastes of sand being originally ocean bottom with the water dried completely from the mud.

Geologically speaking, we're on safe ground in reasoning that the submergence of Atlantis, within the historical period, was simply the last of a number of vast changes, by which the continent which once occupied the greater part of the Atlantic sank under the level of its waters, while new lands came up to east and west of it. Whether or not it "broke off" from its juncture with what is now the continent of our North America and fell like a floor into the cellar of the earth is something else again. Certainly we have what is called the Atlantic Shelf off New York Bay, where the ocean is deeper than anywhere else in its whole area.

Having established that the rising and falling of continents is by no means impossible merely because they comprise enough land area to be called continents, we shall see in next week's treatment of the subject whether there have been catastrophic submarine alterations of similar nature elsewhere . . .

(To Be Continued)

## You Can Buy the Books

listed on the two preceding pages for \$5 per volume. Each volume contains approximately 312 pages of deluxe printing 8 x 10 inches in size, done on ivory paperstock and bound in burgundy leatherette. The Scripts themselves, if bought on yearly subscription, would cost \$3.25. To have them bound by your local bookbinder would cost you \$3 at the least. Begin your private library of these bound volumes. Send your order and remittance today to—

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



# Valor

A Journal of Applied Spirituality. published every Saturday 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 OCTOBER 13, 1951 No. 24

## The Spiritualists



WORLD Almanac for 1950 gives the total number of Spiritualists in the United States as 126,834. The encyclopedia census, taken the last time in 1920, puts the total number throughout the world as 600,000. Periodically letters arrive at Headquarters expressing the puzzlement that they're not all in Soulcraft.

Looked at in all dispassion, however, there's no more reason why all the Spiritualists in either the United States or the world should be "in" Soulcraft than that all the Baptists or Methodists or Unitarians—or even Roman Catholics—should be "in" Soulcraft.

The fact that Spiritualism and Soulcraft rely heavily on the fundamental fact of inter-plane communication is merely a feature they have in common. *What* may be communicated, is something entirely different.

Spiritualistic leaders look askance at Soulcraft because Soulcraft in turn looks askance at the policy of accepting counsel hit-or-miss from discarnate relatives in the daily mortal affairs on some sort of assumption that "the dead know everything" merely because they're graduated from physical limitation. There is no reliable evidence, Soulcraft contends, that the dead know everything or are made one whit more perspicacious by being on the thought-planes more than they ever were perspicacious—or rather, sagacious—in mortality.

Perspicacity and sagacity aren't matters of *where* one is, or what one's condi-

tion is, spiritually. The Recorder of the *Golden Scripts* has seemingly learned this from having numbers of discarnates appeal to him to expound their condition or situation so they understand it. Perspicacity and sagacity are matters of having received intelligence, either from logical doctrine or experience, that supplies one with a loftier concept of the Eternal Verities.

After all, it's the Eternal Verities that count. *Are* they the Eternal Verities?

SOULCRAFT is predicated squarely upon the Eternal Verities as set forth and expounded in the *Golden Scripts*. If the *Golden Scripts* be spurious as to origin, then there's nothing to the Soulcraft doctrine nor the whole Soulcraft enlightenment.

The entire text of the *Golden Scripts*, and the sacred phenomena which often accompanied their transcription, supplies more than reasonable evidence that they are so bona fide as to constitute a wholly new revelation of Spirit in this pre-Aquarian generation.

Relying on the *Golden Scripts* for decision in the matter, mediumship a la the Spiritualists—no matter how revolutionary or dramatic—is of no more wondrous consequence than the marvels of radar or television. All are manifestations of Holy Spirit in action. So what?

The big bone of contention, however, that Spiritualists in the main choose to pick with Soulcraft would seem to be the reincarnational aspects of life and consciousness—which controversy rages as well with all orthodox denominations. "If it were so, we would have been told long before this," is their plaint in general, regardless of the fact that innumerable souls in a graduated state *do* attest to the fact of eventual earthly return. This is so prevalent in France that the Reincarnational Hypothesis is practically a tenet of the Spiritualistic belief there. If you're a French Spiritualist you "believe" in it; if you're an American Spiritualist you do not. It boils down to that.

But what difference does it make to the actuality of the Eternal Verities how many persons "believe" in them, or for what specific reasons, or in what localities?

The "belief" of a large number of persons in this or that, has nothing to do with the cosmic actuality of a thing. If they believe contrary to cosmic actuality, they're put pursuing a fallacy.

NOW Soulcraft by no means insinuates that American Spiritualists are pursuing a fallacy, for they're not. They are among the sincerest and most devout of all American communicants in respect to spiritual fundamentals. But in all charity, it would seem that they're not in intelligent communication generally with residents of planes sufficiently elevated over the mortal to receive erudition that covers every phase of life, even in the Highest Regions. Proof of this last, expressed in all courtesy and kindness, would seem to lie in the fact that the Elder Brother doesn't hold the place of sacred prestige that He should, in the Spiritualistic churches.

Soulcraft, when all is said and done, is established on the spiritual fundamental that this being the age of the Messianic Return, certain disciples and associates of the Man of the Ages have become reincarnate in life to begin and establish a spiritual resurgence among the peoples of all nations, making for correct interpretation of the principles of mortality especially in the light of the Elder Brother's forthcoming divine function throughout all earth-life. Knowing from their own cases, and the fact of demonstrated lifted memories, whom they are and what they have volunteered to do, they concede the wonder of bona fide mediumship but don't consider it the final word in communication any more than the old crystal-set radios were the final word in aerial broadcasting. Certainly it's no more a thing to build interpretation of the Eternal Verities around, than is the Vicarious Atonement the Plan of Salvation, or the latest discovery in guided rockets.

Can't all of us forego controversy over subjects so elevated, and apply ourselves as we can to a concentrated gesture in obtaining and understanding *truth*?

### OUT OF THE MAIL

Dear Mr. Pelley:

"We are looking forward to the new series of ROADS COURAGEOUS broadcasts and we agree wholeheartedly in your arrangements. You'll never know how joyously happy my days are, now that you are back in the saddle again and that you have given me this wonderful opportunity to do my bit in enlightening the hungry ones. We are asked so many questions. They *are* like hungry children, trying to grasp everything at once."

Mrs. F. E. G., Calif.





## .. COGITATIONS

**F**OR NO good reason tonight I had the urge to look up the dictionary's definition of the word Humor. All that Noah Webster had to say about it was, "That quality that appeals to a sense of the ludicrous or absurdly incongruous." That was Humor. According to Noah. Apparently he was one of those fellows who'd demand of his wife—when she woke him up in the night with the news that she'd heard a mouse squeak—"Well, whatta you want me to do, get up and oil it?" and not see anything particularly funny about it. I'm told there are 224,000 words in the Unabridged. Naturally after a man has waded through the meanings of 224,000 words, he wouldn't see anything funny in anything, unless it were the wall-eyed gazaboo who knew how to use 'em all and frequently did. My own idea of what Humor is, savors pardonably of the esoteric. Humor is the business of the spirit thinking it's supreme in the earth-world, only to have flesh-and-blood body toss it for a loop. For instance, that anecdote a friend of mine told me about what happened in the Opera House in Cincinnati. Cincinnati's a great opera town—or it was when it had something to sing about. Every season, the Big Shots dolled up in their soups and fishes, and put on their plug hats and white silk mufflers—also coats and pants, goodness gracious, certainly—and sallied forth to hear the imported talent sing songs at fifty dollars the nightengale. In their own spirits they were quite the Quality. But my friend, along with other small boys of his time, decided there were ways to make pride take a fall. They

got outside the front of the opera house during the performance and strung a fish-line across the foyer where it joined the outer steps. They strung it at exactly a height with those royal toppers, and being a small, black fish-line, although tough, it couldn't be discerned in the half-light. So the pompous human spirits, judging themselves the mighty Quality, issued forth after the performance with their buxom Cincinnati spouses to take their carriages home to refrigerator snacks and overstuffed sleeping-rooms. The unseen fish-line peeled off those high and shiny toppers in phalanxes. What's a phalanx? It's a whole flock of gentlemen in mass formation going somewhere to slice somebody open and let daylight into him—or them. Couple hundred Cincinnati Big Shots came out in mass formation, had their hats peeled off by an unseen hand, and immediately wanted to go somewhere and slice somebody open and let daylight into him—or them. Imagine coming out of an Opera House with your 280-lb spouse and having a ghostly hand knock off your hat. I claim it was funny. They do tell to this day in Cincinnati of the night that a poltergeist got loose up and down the steps of the Opera House and dehatted every banker who issued from the place. That was a real spook-toot.

o—o  
**R**EMEMBER Charlie Chaplin's silent flicker, *Gold Rush*, and how, lacking rations, they boiled and ate their shoes? Charlie and a big fat guy? Well, the big fat guy was Mack Swain and I was his press agent in the twenties in Hollywood. So I know something about that shoe-eating spree. The shoes were made of licorice, and Mack really had to eat 'em. Worst part of it was, Charlie—what's become of that guy lately, by the way?—was a stickler for realism and had to try the shot over and over till he got it just right. That meant that every time he tried a shot over, Mack had to eat an-

other pair of shoes. He told me one night at a Hollywood confab that he ate five pairs of shoes and had never been able to look a licorice in the face since. But I recall the episode of Mack telling it because it led to a discussion of exactly *what* humor was, in movies in particular. Mack didn't see anything funny in eating licorice shoes till he couldn't make his jaw chew, but he did know from hard—or soft—experience, that two things in screenland were always good for a laugh. I mean—and he meant—audience laugh. One was a nice gooey custard pie slapped straight on the unsuspecting countenance in such a manner that it sagged immediately it was let alone; the other was a kick with the human foot in the locality where a gate would slam one if he failed to get through it quickly enough. Mack, without knowing it, was really talking esoterics, long before I knew what they were. It was a form—or both things I've suggested were forms—of having the rug pulled out from underneath spirit, by body. "There's nothing funny," opined Mack, "in a poor shivering devil of a tramp coming from a yard and being struck in the hat by a snowball, or locating an ice-patch under soft snow and going down with the arms performing windmills. But let a portly banker get struck in the hat and his feet start for south while his body goes north—or down—and it's funny." Thereat Mack began to tell a whole string of things that happened when he was starting off as a rookie cop in the old Essaney police force—or maybe it was Chester Conklin who told it, Chester being opposite the fireplace with his lawful wife on his knees. The funny thing about most of 'em was, that neither Mack nor Chester saw much that was funny in 'em. One time, he said—or they said—they were making up a flicker as they went along, and Mack and Chester were supposed to come smash up against each other with a board fence between them. They were



to play cops and robbers over that fence, bobbing up and down. Then Chester was to reach out and grab up a property mallet that a property carpenter had left lying handy for property business, and konk Swain on the noggin. Swain was supposed to pass out and the audience was supposed to pass downward along the theatre aisles, kicking their heels and suffering from paroxysms, whatever paroxysms are, of laughter. A property mallet in movies is a fake rubber thing that photographs like the real article. But a careless underling had come along and swiped the hard-rubber tool, leaving a regular wooden mallet in its place. Chester socked the 300-pound comedian on the place where he was supposed to keep his brains, and the flicker flickered to a stop right then and there. He nearly split Big Mack's skull. Anybody who'd been konked on the noggin with a real mallet by Chester Conklin—no pun intended—would be reckless subsequently about the numbers of pairs of shoes he ate. Anyhow, I listened to funny anecdotes that weren't funny, and unfunny anecdotes that were, and got paid for it for eight years . . .

o—o


THEY have a saying out in filmland that all the really funny things happen behind the camera and not in front of it . . . I wrote a script once for one of Lon Chaney's pictures that called for a bird dog to point at a pheasant. I can't recall why I wanted a bird dog to point at a pheasant, but the business of the film called for a bird dog to point at a pheasant, and so a bird dog had to point at a pheasant. We sent the property man after a bird-dog and he joined us with it on location—back in the foothills of New Jersey, by the way, for that's where we were making the opus. But instead of bringing along a pheasant for the pooch to do his stuff with, he brought along a twenty-dollar prize pigeon. He said it looked as big as a pheasant, and besides it cost more. But try to get a hunting dog to point at a twenty-dollar pigeon. The dog had probably sniffed at the base of too many public statues over in New York. Anyhow, he glimmered a lazy eye at the substitute, said Ha-Ha-Ha-Pooh, and went back to sleep behind a log with three thumps of his setter tail. The disgusted director gave up the shot until he could get a real pheasant that the pooch would point at. But the pigeon

# 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

had to be returned to the owner who valued it at twenty dollars. So Charley—that's the property-man—decided the way to anchor a twenty-dollar pigeon so it wouldn't take to wing was to grease it. His logic was, put plenty of grease on its feathers and they wouldn't waft the bird over the treetops. He tried butter out of the lunch-kits but soon ran out of it. So being resourceful, he had a better idea. He went to the property-wagon and drained the crank-case. He certainly had enough grease to coat one pigeon then, no matter what its value to some pigeon fancier. When he started to drain the crankcase, the twenty-dollar pigeon had been white. It could take a lovely part in an Easter service—if we wanted to wait half a year and do a religious picture. But when he got through draining the crankcase and applying its contents to that bird, God only knew what the bird's color was. It was the sorriest-looking non-flyer as a pigeon that I ever saw in all my experience in movies. However, just to make sure the heavy grease did its stuff, Charley likewise tied fifty feet

of string to its off-leg. Then he hitched it to a bush. The instant he hitched it to a bush, covered with four dollars' worth of crankcase oil, that setter pup began pointing all over the place. He not only pointed, he came at that sorry dove with head and tail up. Oil or no oil, string or no string, that bird knew but one place to go and that was up. Charley saw twenty dollars coming out of his salary—or rather, flying out of his salary—when the string somehow became caught on a pine-bough about fifty feet over our heads. "Okay," said Director Brown, "now you go up and get it." Charley saw he meant it and started climbing. He got out on a limb within two feet of the bird when the dove thought it was another setter trying to point him, flapped wildly with his oil-soaked flippers and the string came loose. He made it to a tree thirty-feet south. "Go get it," shouted up Director Brown. But Charley had to go down to the ground in order to go up a second time, if you get what I mean. He got down and went up, and the pigeon repeated the stunt on a third tree.





# Have Soulcraft Books Available!

*SOULCRAFT is adopting a new policy on its books and seeks the cooperation of all students eager to help get this intelligence out to the public. Books will be sent on consignment to responsible chaplains for display at chapel meetings and stocks will be kept up as fast as sales deplete such consignments. Some chapels are paying all reel expenses by sales of such literature after discourses are heard . . .*

An attractive display rack presenting all books with titles clearly visible will be furnished, on the top of which is a smaller display compartment holding ten copies of VALOR—which ought to be readily procurable at all Soulcraft Chapel meetings week by week. Special prices and discounts will be made Chaplains thus keeping an available stock of Soulcraft Books on hand for new students or visitors.

*Install a Soulcraft Book-Rack and have all the Soulcraft literature available for interested people at close of weekly recordings! VALOR will be shipped weekly in bundles, servicing such racks regularly!*

*For advance particulars address*

**SOULCRAFT PRESS, INC., Sales Dept., Noblesville, Indiana**

Charley was climbing trees as a business when it occurred to the director to call the whole travesty off and return to the studio till somebody could find a pheasant. Charley left the twenty-dollar bird up a tree, well goosed as to crankcase oil, and started wearily homeward. That is, he started a third of a mile homeward when something in the rear of his automobile reminded him that he was driving with a dry crankcase. But he kept

on going and it cost somebody sixty-two dollars to install a new rear-end on the property car. He kept on going when he reached the studio. And never saw anything funny in the whole afternoon's performance. I forget what did become of the setter that wouldn't point. Maybe he's still out there in those New Jersey woods waiting for that pigeon to die of old age and fall off the bough of the seventh tree. If he is, serves him right.

The heck with what's funny. It isn't at all funny that I've been up since 5:30 this morning and it's now 11:50. I'm going to bed.

—THE RECORDER

## Popular Psychics

*(Continued from Page 2)*

It was somewhat like moonlight and decidedly phosphorescent. No moon being outside, I went over mechanically and put my hand on the glow, seeking to explain to myself whence it came.

"At once I knew it was no reflection from any outside light. The way the luminosity closed about my hand told me that. At that moment I grew afraid. It was a stupid irrational fear, which made me scream and call my husband.

"He awakened, switched on the electric lamps, went into the dining room, and investigated. The luminous spot had faded out, or so it appeared. I went back to bed and fell asleep, reassured.

**N**EXT DAY, or rather about seven o'clock of the same morning, I was awakened by a very loud crackling sound which seemed to issue from the same room where the window had seemingly misbehaved three or four hours earlier. I could look out into the dining room from our bedroom and see the dining room table in a clear line of vision. Daylight now enabled me to discern that some fearful although invisible pressure was being exerted upon the top of this table. This time I was able to arouse my husband, and he saw and heard the phenomenon along with me. It was no figment of my sole imagination. The tabletop seemed to 'give' and the legs to dig into the rug as though a weight too great for it to bear was being placed upon it.

"I might say in connection with the table's queer condition that we owned a kitten at the time. This little creature, being in the dining room, at once caught our attention by its behavior. It had taken a decided defensive attitude, with back arched, hair standing on end, eyes fixed upon something which we could not see.

Suddenly as we half-watched the kitten and half-watched the table, *the tabletop split completely, along its whole*





## “Why I Believe the Dead Are Alive!”

**D**O 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**

length. There was no sense to this, and I don't know what it demonstrated, but I'm reporting what happened. The table fell apart before our eyes, yet nothing visible had touched it.

**N**OW my husband's father, living in Marsailles, was ill at the time of contagious gripe. For the previous eight days we had been kept informed about his condition. Of course we were seized by a sad presentiment after all these strange occurrences, that they were somehow connected with his death. Perhaps they were connected with his death, but not in the sense that we had assumed.

“The strange feature of that demise was, that the sound of the blowing window in our apartment up in Paris, the luminous spot in the corner of the dining room, and the shattering of the dining room table—not to overlook the behavior of our kitten—all happened, so we learned later, at precisely the time, or a few minutes after it, that the old gentleman sank into a comatose condition, although his actual physical death did not occur until almost forty-eight hours later. So did the flesh still throb, apparently, while the essential part of his being was far away, obviously making manifestations up in our Paris apartment. What else have we been able to deduce?”

“But the matter does not end there.

“Throughout those forty-eight hours that his body seemed to continue alive, he spoke almost no word to anyone. Then Thursday morning, the day of his physical death, he regained consciousness as abruptly as he had abandoned it on the previous Tuesday night. He asked his wife the time.

“‘Nine o'clock,’ she responded.

“‘So my time hasn't quite come yet,’ was his strange remark.

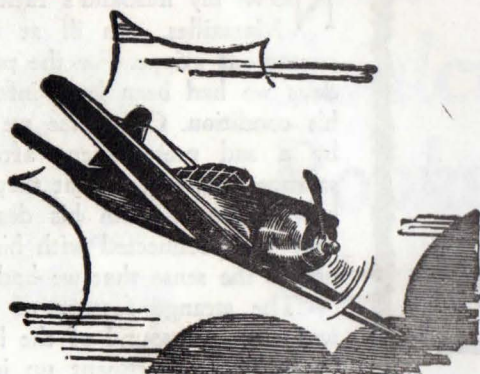
“However, these turned out to be his final words nonetheless. At exactly one o'clock that afternoon, he died. He seemed to be conscious of the fact that he couldn't depart his body till one o'clock.

“He made no reference, it is true, to having visited our apartment during his unconsciousness, but with his spirit departed we had no further manifestations at 5 rue Nobel. I shall leave to the great *savant* that you are, the task of inquiring into these facts. As for me, in my ignorance I can only state them.

MADAME P. GAYRAUD



## T H E P A Y O F F



"God, look at her handle that thing!"  
Page 576

## "Road into Sunrise"

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

**T**HERE 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**N ELDERLY woman was escorting two little girls around the zoo. While they stood looking at the stork, she told them the legend of the ungainly bird—how it was instrumental in bringing them to their parents.

The small girls looked at each other with smug glances. Finally one whispered:

"Don't you think we ought to tell the dear old thing the truth?"

**S**AID PEGGY, who'd found a large toadstool in the backyard pushing up through the sod, "do babies grow or can you buy 'em?"

"They grow, dear," the mother replied.

"Well," said the four-year-old, "I think there's one growing up now by the hencoop."

**T**HE Infant Prodigy opined, "I don't think Solomon was as rich as people say he was."

"No?" asked his Sunday School teacher. "Why not?"

"The Bible says he slept with his fathers. If he'd been worth so much he'd have owned a bed of his own."

**S**AID the Judge to the defendant, "The jury having acquitted you of the charge of bigamy, you are free to leave the court and go home."

"Thank you, your honor. But I want to be on the safe side. Which home?"

**A** PICKPOCKET visited a friend in jail. "I hired a lawyer for you this morning, Slim. But I had to hand him my watch as retainer."

"Did he keep it?"

"He thinks he did."

**T**HE JUDGE said, "These two men were fighting with chairs. Did you try to establish peace?"

"No, Your Honor. There warn't no third chair handy."

**I**NQUIRED the caller, "Do you go to school, my little man?"

"Naw," replied the little man, "I'm sent."