

Valor

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

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PAUL REVERE RODE HIS NIGHT RIDE JUST ONCE



TIME WAS, when the perturbed American patriot, sensing that his home or liberties were in hazard, "flew to arms"—as the saying has it. The smooth-bore musket on pegs above the fireplace was as much a part of the furnishings of the American home as the spinning-wheel or churn. No permit was required to own that musket. Strangely enough, by the way, history doesn't record any widespread tendencies on the parts of individual Americans to grab said muskets promiscuously and use them to liquidate *personal* enemies.

Today, without being cynical, looking squarely at the world scene as well as the current American scene, the perturbed patriot who senses his home or liberties in hazard, doesn't fly to arms.

He flies to pen and ink.

IT'S AFTER the specifications of indignant human nature to relieve the pressure of emotions by resorting to something physical.

The colonial patriot relieved the pressure of emotions—as he did the night that Paul Revere came galloping in from Charlestown with news that the British were coming to Concord—by grabbing for the fireplace musket and assembling with his fellows on Lexington Green to meet the King's troops with black powder and slugs.

A less primitive culture of today permits of no musket over the fireplace, so to get the same emotional relief from intolerable encroachments on liberties, men buy access to linotype slugs instead of musket slugs and shoot them into the air in a continual series of Lexington Greens

of maverick journalism. It is called alerting the American people to the dangers of the present hour.

Alerters are now all over the place.

Every mail brings in more and more reams of newsprint daubed over with bad printing "telling the truth" about what's wrong with the State Department, with the Congress, with the national economy, with the Communists, with racial and labor minorities that are putting more and more grease on the chute by which the Republic skids to perdition.

These literary Paul Reveres are riding every night—in a public service that was timely and of merit back in 1933 when the real encroachments on our national liberties began, but which is now about as congruous as Paul setting out for Lexington about the time General Washington is bringing his guns up to fight the Battle of Yorktown and give Cornwallis the shellacking he's invited.

It isn't only getting tiresome, it's becoming a little bit tragic.

AS A MATTER of cold common-sense, it isn't Paul Revere eternally horseback riding that the Republic needs now. It's the brainy, constructive, and statesmanlike offices of the Benjamin Franklins, Thomas Jeffersons, and Alexander Hamiltons. Where are they, and when will they start functioning?

The American people are perfectly aware that the national and international situations have an insufferable odor. Largely they know as well who's responsible. But where is the indignant patriot who can lay the solution for the unfragrant condition on the line? It takes intellect to do that. Indignant emotions are now eighteen years behind the times—just as Paul Revere are now ten cents the dozen.

Paul, the silversmith, riding through the Middlesex County night, hollering his head off for the farmers to turn out and do something about the approaching British, is a spectacular figure and typifies Indignation in action. Alexander Hamilton working out his recommendations for the American Constitution in the *Federalist*, isn't dramatic in the slightest and no pent-up feelings are relieved to emulate him. Therefore the heck with him. Therefore let's get out another issue of the handbill newspaper calling somebody a lot more smoking names.

All of which is saying that it isn't the

times that are out of joint, it's the patriots themselves who are out of joint. They've got their feet where their heads ought to be, and are doing a pretzel act with their anatomies all the way between.

Publishing a smudged handbill made up in some sort of newspaper form screeching diatribes against indeterminate foes gives some measure of personal gratification by relieving the feelings. But that's all it does.

It isn't Action the American Scene needs now, it's Remedy. It's a *Program* the nation can follow that brings stable economics out of the bedlam of Paul Revere mounting their horses and riding off in all directions.

The grimly amusing thing is, that the patriots look as dumbly on the leader trying to do the Alexander Hamilton work at this juncture as they looked eighteen years ago at the leader trying to do the bona fide Paul Revere stunt.

The rattleheads proclaim the tocsin, "Arouse the people and everything solves itself."

Arouse the people to what? The people as a people are already aroused. And, by the way, no situation ever solves itself, aroused patriots or no . . .

WE'RE GETTING into the cool-headed statesmanship period in this national stramash and the personage fit to be real leader, sees it and acts accordingly.

Calling Harry Truman names, howling for Dean Acheson's blood, shouting one's self hoarse over Senator McCarthy or Gerald Smith, firing linotype slugs from muskets made of newsprint gotten in any corner printshop, or even spending hours glued to the radio amplifier so as not to miss a word of what MacArthur says in Miami, is all living eighteen years behind the times.

The sequence is now here when sedate businessmen should line up behind personages who know the real score, and give them the backing to perfect and actualize the constitutional measures that start bringing something besides odor to the political circus, with no particular place in the scene for the beat of midnight horse-hoofs.

VALOR says anew, it isn't Middlesex night any more. It's high noon at Yorktown.

It's what's due to come when the Revolution's won, that's important.

HOW DOES a man distinguish himself as a leader?

He does it by always being adequate to the current Situation. Never mind how glorious the midnight hoofbeats of the silversmith's borrowed horse sound, when one is being brought from political slumber, the nation isn't going to be saved—from the British, the Russians, the Chinese, or the Hottentots—by indulging the emotions in a riot of equestrianism.

The thing Americans with their heads screwed on tightly must grasp here on the threshold of economic Armageddon, is the sensible fact that the Republic discovers itself in a sort of civic strait jacket. Razor-keen intellects have been thirty years preparing the West for this coup, by which the United States is dethroned as a world power purely by financial, economic, and political browbeating. They consider they've got every loophole plugged, every contingency provided for against failure. The growth of a federal bureaucracy hooked up to a titanic military expenditure, will accomplish what bombs and army corps cannot. They know that the "dumb public" that lives by its emotions, won't follow any leader who isn't spectacular—who does leap aboard a hoss and ride in all directions. So when the Situation develops in the course of things that dispassionate acumen and not much else is needed, there's little to be feared in the way of opposition to their marplotting.

This may be another aspect of Paul Revere-ing in a higher octave, but don't let's forget that Franklin, Jefferson, and Hamilton also did their saddle-work in our opening years of history.

WHAT the American people truly require at this juncture is a welcome rash of unconventional journals making recommendations on a more timely and constructive tocsin than the archaic caterwaul, "Throw the rascals out!" Throw them out *how?* And *where?* Let's be mature in this thing. Unless you are insane enough to advocate overturn of organized government—which means introduction of anarchy—you only "throw the rascals out" by performing at the ballot-box. And if you've got no substitutes of ability to install in their place, you're no better off than as if you'd let the rascals riot.

Well, there *are* "substitutes of ability" (Continued on Page 11)

If Christ Came Tomorrow, How Would He Control CHINA? . . .

FOR something like 73 generations since the Crucifixion, Christians have been accepting St. John's particulars anent the Second Coming. The heavens, at the warning note of Gabriel's trumpet, were to be "rolled back as a scroll". The Savior was assumed to display Himself to the eyes of earth's inhabitants in heavenly glory, and even descend St. John's celestial staircase to earth, while the dead were called forth from their graves to be judged.

Unfortunately, there are points about such a concept that need clarification in the light of our current-day knowledge of astronomy and cosmology.

That St. John on Patmos couldn't have witnessed a tacit happening clairvoyantly is evinced by the fact that the earth is round, something of which the sacred author was ignorant. He thought, as all men of his day thought, that they lived on a flat earth, ringed by seas that tapered into Nothing, and that the Savior was due to descend from a literal heaven a few miles above their heads. Likewise it's evident he had no concept of the numbers of people who would live and die between the Ascension and the Second Advent. He held no recognition of the size of the world and what it's spherical spinning through space would do to

the mechanics of the whole epochal spectacle.

IF CHRIST appeared at the top of St. John's celestial staircase—and no facetiousness implied—and it took Him a half-hour to descend, the "foot" of the celestial esculator would be 500 miles from where it was when the sacred phenomenon started. Futhermore, those who saw it begin would have spun from sight and an entirely new set of earth inhabitants seen it finish, whereas those on the opposite side of the globe wouldn't see it at all, unless the said "staircase" whirled with the earth. In that case the top of it might seriously discommode the floor of the orthodox Paradise . . .

If the divine staircase remained stationary at both ends, the inhabitants on the earth's surface would travel past it at a speed of 16 miles or more *per minute*. We commonly think of one mile per a minute to be fairly fast traveling and we don't see much of the landscape, mov-

ing at such a speed. Accelerate it by sixteen and no one would see very much of the Second Coming, either.

HOWEVER, ideas just as fantastic exist in the minds of the average orthodox Christian about the arrival of the Master to "take possession of His kingdom and reign for a thousand years."

Three-quarters of the people of the earth aren't Christians, and millions upon millions in China and India have never heard of Him. If they should decide to go on living their lives as they pleased, how could Christ stop them? Is it to be expected that He would kill off, or order to be killed off, these hordes of oriental ignoramuses whose attitude toward him would be more or less our own attitudes toward Gutama the Buddha? Would they mysteriously die, and by what determination would they be segregated to suffer such death? There are over a billion non-Christians in the orient alone.





Landfall

Someday my Ship shall come sailing in—
 Will appear off a blue-gold sea,
 With silken sails and a creaming prow
 And a cargo of wealth for me;
 Doubloons and spices, pieces of eight,
 In her chests, that might ransom kings,
 A hold of slaves—and one Captive Fair
 That one's galleon rarely brings . . .

Up to my dock she shall float at last
 In a light like a golden wine,
 The banners proud on her jeweled spars
 And a Captain to vouch she's mine.
 There at the dock she shall tie secure
 And the World and his Wife shall see
 From across the foam has my Ship come home
 And the gods have been good to me.

But when all her freight has been brought ashore
 And her cables and sails are furled,
 When her stalwart hull is a sounding shell
 And her timbers are warped and curled,
 Pray what of the days that are Still To Be,
 When I watch for a Sail no more?
 Pray what of the nights when I pray no prayer
 For a voyage to be safely o'er?

What then shall I do when the ocean's bar
 Shall have lost all its Hope and Thrill,
 When my ship's come home like the huntsman bold,
 The huntsman home from the Hill?

Who would inter such a mass of corpses if the life went out of them by some mysterious selection of celestial origin? What of the disease that would result if they were left to decompose without burial?

That the whole biblical account in Revelations is sacred allegory and nothing else, becomes increasingly apparent as we consider these laws of natural mechanics.

And yet Christ is predicted reliably by capable clairvoyants as returning to earth to take up His earthly scepter as Kings of kings and Lord of lords. Repeating on the messianic story what happened in Palestine 1951 years bygone—that is, coming back in the form of an infant that grows to manhood and ascends into a place or position of power politically or militarily—would render Him a super dictator or totalitarian, and call for Him to use force or destruction against His "enemies" or opponents if He expected to hold His office.

Those who explain it that He would hurl divine thunderbolts right and left to awe the recalcitrant into subservience, do not thereby vindicate Him from employing force and denying man the power of free-will choice.

Besides, if He entered the fleshly organism of an infant and grew to manhood again, there would ever remain the controversy as to whether He were bona fide or spurious—and who would be able to judge, and by what standards?

IN A COLOSSAL 844-page book of sacred psychical findings called the *Golden Scripts*, we find rational solution to the quandary presented.

The forecast has it that He, will make His return appearance probably for the first time before some great international assemblage like United Nations, performing the same supernatural feat that experienced psychical researchers behold in seance room materializations. In a blaze of glorious radiance, caused by the high vibratory rate of His celestial pattern-body, He will acquire atomic covering and become to all intents and purposes, tangible. He will do it, so the prophecies describe it, at a time when East and West arrive at that impasse where the West is threatened to be overrun by the orient's armed millions. He makes His first appearance before an assembly of statesmen and commands them

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The Significance of Atlantis Was Her Aquarian Age Culture

IT IS regrettable that in a journal of limited type-space, the thousand-and-one minor proofs or evidences of proofs, cannot be presented tending to establish the existence of the fabled continent of Atlantis. But perchance the most overwhelming attestation to the truth of that existence is the item of language.

It has been stated by reliable and competent linguists that the Basques of Spain—who, by the way, have kept their racial stock pure from the Spaniards—and certain tribes of North American Indians, notably the Crees, *can understand one another perfectly.*

Consider the significance of it, if correct.

The realist might contend that canoes or boats of Basques, not unlike the Northmen under Eric the Red, could have set sail from the shores of Europe, reached North America, remained there, and given their language to certain segregations of Indians, or become Indians themselves.

Is not the more reasonable explanation the probability that at the time of the great Atlantean convulsion, there were colonies or settlements of true Atlanteans in both the mountains of Spain and the plains of North America, the submarine convulsion destroying the homeland and leaving them without a place of nativity to which to return?

ACCORDING to the totality of legend concerning this lost people, they possessed an established order of priests and their religious worship was pure and simple. They lived under a kingly government. They had their courts, their judges, their records, their monuments covered with inscriptions—with prototypes from Egypt to Panama—their mines, their foundaries, their workshops, their looms, their grist mills, their boats and sailing vessels, their highways, aqueducts, wharves, docks, and canals.

It is of note that the Locks of Titicaca, raised high in the Andes of South America, show grooves and scraped markings as from vessels of a size that pales the proportions of our greatest ships, not excepting the Queen Mary, largest liner now afloat. To what country of known antiquity could such vessels be credited?

The Atlanteans had processions, banners, and triumphant arches for their kings and heroes. They built pyramids, temples, round towers and obelisks—the ruins dotted now from the Nile to Mexico. They practiced religious ablutions. They knew the use of magnets and of gunpowder.

In short, they were in enjoyment of a civilization as high if not higher than our own, lacking only the printing-press

and those contrivances in which steam, electricity and magnetism are used.

We are told that Deva-Nahasha visited his colonies in furthest India. And empire which reached from the Andes to Hindustan, if not to China, must have been magnificent indeed. In its markets must have met the maize of the Mississippi Valley, the copper of Lake Superior, the gold and silver of Peru and Mexico, the spices of India, the tin of Wales and Cornwall, the bronze of Iberia, the amber of the Baltic, and the wheat and barley of Greece, Italy, and Switzerland.

IT IS not surprising that when this mighty nation sank beneath the waves—assuming that it did—in the midst of terrible convulsions, with all its millions of peoples, the event left an everlasting



impression upon the imagination of mankind. Let's suppose that Great Britain should meet with a similar fate tomorrow. What a wild consternation would fall upon her colonies and upon the whole human family! William the Conqueror, Richard Coeur de Lion, Alfred the Great, Cromwell and Victoria might survive only as the gods and goddesses of later races, but the memory of a cataclysm in which the center of an empire instantaneously went down to death would never be forgotten; it would survive in fragments, more or less complete, in every land where Britain had colonies—from Canada to India. It would outlive the memory of a thousand lesser convulsions of nature. It would survive dynasties, nations, creeds, and languages. It would never be forgotten while man lived on the globe.

Science has but commenced the work of reconstructing the past and rehabilitating these "ancient" peoples. They are of interest to us in this present era because they were the founders of nearly all our arts and sciences, and they were the parents of our fundamental beliefs. When we proceed back, back, back along the "Time Track" in the subconscious minds of average people and find persons "remembering" lives lived prior to Egypt, in which the highest of esoteric principles and the reincarnation-cycle were embraced by the common citizen, and in which civilization came to highest flower in the last previous Aquarian Age, we realize how superficially we're dealing with the essence of Christianity to epitomize it by and in the Vicarious Atonement and overlook the attainments possible when it's applied as a world wide culture.

STRICTLY speaking, of course, the Atlanteans were not a "lost" people—they merely lived in a "lost" civilization. As individuals they quickly were born back into mortality long before Babylon, Rome or London were dreamed of. But genealogically speaking they were our ancestors. Their blood flows in the veins of all Aryan races. The words we use every day were heard, in their primitive form, in their cities, courts, and temples. Every line of race and thought, of blood and belief, leads back to them.

It is not impossible that the nations of this modern world may yet employ their navies in bringing to the light of

day some of the tacits proofs of this submerged civilization. Portions of Atlantis can lie but a few hundred fathoms beneath the sea in places. A single engraved tablet dredged up from Patlo's island would be worth more to science, would the more strike the imagination of mankind, than all the gold of Peru, all the monuments of Egypt, all the terra cotta fragments gathered from the libraries of Childea. Coins found inexplicably deep in the soil of the Azores are today called "Phoenician" by illiterate excavators. Prove that they were rather true Atlantean, and a great and renovating work is achieved on the Book of Genesis, which has the progenitor of the human race created by the Almighty just a few thousand years before Christ.

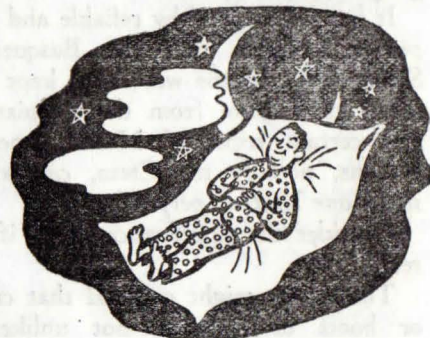
What geological and genealogical illiteracy!

The biblical account is pure legend . . . Be that as it may, the great Atlantean Saga is being more and more credited in the culture of the truly erudite. If every 25,860 years the nature of civilized life on the globe comes to golden flower, then to credit and know something of what Atlantean life was like, gives us a forecast of the essence of the Golden Times upon which humanity is entering as soon as the great Communist Scourge is purged from our globe.

Let's hold our minds in respect to it and treat sympathetically any recurring evidences of the truth of the Atlantean Hypothesis as they're brought to our attention . . .

Popular Psychics

The Mattress that Groaned and Lurched



STRANGE indeed have been the phenomena attendant on death, reported in the many hundreds of authenticated cases filling the memoirs of a great psychical researcher like Flammarion, but the case of the mattress that heaved and groaned *before* a girl died nearby was one of the strangest he recorded. Not only one but three women underwent the experience of lying upon the bed and having it behave in a manner that terrified them.

The narrative was furnished by a Spanish physician, who stated that never in his life had he credited the phenomena of spiritism. It reads as follows—

"We were living in a town in the north of Spain, on the coast of the Bay of Biscay. My elder sister was taken desperately ill. In a nearby room which was the diningroom, my mother and two of my sisters were nursing the invalid. As the hour grew late, my mother suggested that one of my sisters go and lie down on her bed, which was adjacent to the

sickroom. The sister complied.

"Some moments afterward she came back into the diningroom looking pale, declaring that perhaps it would be best for my third sister to go in and get some rest, for this second sister did not wish to sleep. This was acted upon, but strange to relate, in a little while this third sister returned to the diningroom and asked my mother to go in and get the rest.

"This conduct was unusual, and my mother reproached them for being timid, thinking they were both upset because of my ailing sister's dangerous condition. Each sister who had gone into the bedroom, I learned later, had kept silent for fear of being scolded for being afraid of something much worse than my sick sister's imminent passing.

SO MY mother in her own turn went in to rest, leaving the door half-opened as my two sisters had done within the half-hour, for the bedroom was illumined only by the light from the din-

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LEGALLY, What Is a Christian?

THERE'S an interesting article in the Indianapolis morning paper. It was run on Page 40 under the title: *Estate Suit Attacks Legal Term, "Christian"*. It's date-lined from Waterloo, Iowa, and leads off with the inquiry, "What is a Christian?" . . . This is the news item, posing a question that probably has as many answers as there are denominations in the country to rise to it—

"Disposal of the \$70,000 estate of the late Dr. W. B. Small, Waterloo physician, hinges on whether the question, 'What is a Christian?' can be answered in a legally acceptable way.

"In a strange lawsuit in progress here, ten nephews and nieces of the late Dr. and Mrs. Small are seeking to break the will on the grounds that it is not possible to define Christians for legal purposes.

"There is no common agreement as to what constitutes the fundamental principles of Christianity,' their petition contends.

"Dr. Small, who died in 1939, left a will in which he directed that after his wife's passing the income from his estate should 'be given to persons who believe in the fundamental principles of the Christian religion, and in the Bible, and who are endeavoring to promulgate the same.'

"IT SEEMS Dr. Small named four trustees and gave them full power to distribute income from the estate 'to such persons and for such purposes as they feel is directed by God the Father, Jesus Christ the Son, and the Holy Spirit.'

"When Mrs. Small died in 1949 the heirs brought suit to nullify the Doctor's will. They claim that neither the beneficiaries nor the purpose to which the income from the estate shall be used are 'capable of ascertainment.'

"Only two of the four trustees named by Dr. Small still are living and they are defending the validity of the will. They have not attempted to make any distribution of income from his estate. The surviving trustees are Attorney Carlton Sias, a Congregationalist, and Banker Robert W. Waite, a Methodist.

"When the trial opened last week three Methodists, including President Russell D. Cole of nearby Cornell College, testified that Christians can be defined as those who believe in the Apostles' Creed, the Holy Trinity, in God and the divinity of Christ, and in a confession of faith.

"I believe these are the basic concepts of Christianity and are common to all Christian denominations, whatever their other differences may be,' President Cole testified.

"The attorney for the relatives of Dr. Small said he will call expert witnesses

who will testify that they do not believe it is possible to give a legally acceptable definition of a Christian."

CONSIDERED strictly on points of logic, Soulcraft would say that the heirs are in the right. A Christian cannot be defined legally. What Dr. Cole testified to, was a definition according to an orthodox doctrinaire. A person is a Christian if he subscribes to five points of man-concocted dogma. And in man-concocted dogma, one person's opinion is as good as another's.

A man may still be a Christian, and follow the precepts of Christ, and defer a "belief" in any one of the five. Christ Himself, take note, laid down no hard and fast stipulations as to what constituted a follower.

In one place it is of record, "Pure and undefiled religion before God and man is this, to visit the widows and fatherless and keep himself unspotted from the world." But what is "keeping one's self unspotted from the world?" Lots of fine Christians are plentifully spotted by the world, that's why and how they came to follow Christ.

Christ is alleged to have come closest to a definition of His followers when He confirmed a lawyer's statement in Luke 10:17—"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind, and thy neighbor as thyself."

Lots of fine Christians try to do that also, and still don't subscribe to "the Apostles' Creed, the Holy Trinity, God and the Divinity of Christ, and a confession of faith."

Soulcraft would say that the definition of a Christian was one who took the Elder Brother as the pattern of his life, and sought to live it "so that if all men were like unto me, the world would have no problem."

WHAT Dr. Cole has given in his testimony is a definition of Ecclesiasticism. Christ's whole life and ministry was a rebellion at Ecclesiasticism and a rousing assailing of its formalisms. The Ecclesiastics of His day happened to be the Scribes and Pharisees, and He poured it on them good.

"Believe in the letter of the law," is the ecclesiastical method of attesting re-

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Stepping Up



DRIVE for 20,000 paid yearly readers to VALOR between now and January 1st, is taking precedence over everything but the finishing of the *Golden Scripts* at Soulcraft Headquarters. Revenues from this concerted effort will be drawn upon to finance the completion of the Soulcraft "Bible" including binding and actualizing the organization to make the "Bible's" distribution effective.

No past publication or book—with the sole exception of the *Golden Scripts* themselves—has ever found such widespread favor with the Liberation-Soulcraft audience as this little Weekly, begun so inauspiciously as a house-organ. Readers approve its "lay-out" and contents. The Soulcraft message is transmitted in simple, dramatic, and interest-compelling terms in its pages. "You are overlooking a major instrument in VALOR," counsel the People Upstairs, "for accomplishing the promotional work on the Elder Brother's words as the *Golden Scripts* purvey them."

Soulcraft Press is equipped with machinery, and can secure the paper-stock, to produce 30,000 copies of VALOR every week, at the most. As

the circulation rises higher, plates can be transported to Indianapolis, and 100,000 copies a week provided if such demand is created.

All of it is tied in directly to the great *Golden Script* publishing venture.

EVERY pastor throughout America who is due to receive a gratis volume of the "Bible" as Christmas nears, should receive at least a month's preparatory copies of VALOR before the book arrives. Soulcraft enthusiasts who haven't been financially able to list themselves among the \$1,000 donors to the publishing fund, can pick out from three to ten ministers whom they believe should become acquainted with the *Golden Speakings*, and pay for \$5 subscriptions for them—or even \$1 subscriptions for them—to prepare their minds for what the books contain. Issues of VALOR from now to Yuletide will be shaped purposely to prepare the minds of such pastors to examine and evaluate the books.

At any rate, the whole Soulcraft publishing program from here on out is to be made to swing in the orbit around VALOR. There are 3,988 cities and towns across the nation where at least 5 copies a week should go out from newsstands. This would assure Soulcraft becoming known in every community in America with a population in excess of 2,500.

If you get literature through the mails applying to this Plan, give it your careful attention. Soulcraft is expanding with every week and month that passes. But it can be made to expand wider and faster as the national and international times come to climax.

How many ministers can you pay the yearly or monthly subscriptions for, as part and parcel of the *Golden Script* distribution and success?

If no preacher is worth fifty thousand, is he worth five dollars?

Experiment



O preacher is worth \$50,000!—was the exclamation of outstanding northwest Soulcrafters when the gratis distribution of 12,000 *Golden Scripts* was first announced. Their position was, the clergymen would neglect or destroy the Elder Brother's words in these volumes and the whole program prove abortive. Some stuck to their guns and refused to make contributions that they were certain would be "wasted". Others not so critical responded quickly, generously, and enthusiastically, and the project went forward.

With the greater part of the labor "over the hump" and the printing proceeding toward the final half of the *Speakings*, a test has been determined upon before the greater portion of the distribution starts.

A given number of the *Speakings*—running to 448 pages—will be bound in the short form, exactly Eighteen in number, and sent out to an extensive list of the Protestant clergy to gauge what the ultimate reception is to be.

Eighteen *Speakings* represent one-half the contents of the Unabridged book or 156,800 words. If a pastor of any denomination gets a book of over 400 pages, containing 156,800 words—the Abridged or Clergy Edition—he will either want the total book or he'll repudiate and reject what he has already. If then, there's a total rejection, thousands of copies of the main edition in total form can at once be diverted into the hands of sympathetic and eager readers in other branches of public endeavor.

A large quota of finished pages for this Test Edition, have already started for the bindery and donors will be receiving samples of these for their examination over the next few weeks.

We shall therefore determine whether or not preachers are "worth" \$50,000 or any other sum.

At any rate, it can be discovered what percentage of ministers are receptive to these new *Speakings* of the Elder Brother's. Those who manifest that they wish to own the complete *Speakings* can immediately do so as the remaining 396 pages are finished . . .

Incidentally, the 448-page book makes a neat, attractive volume for any desk.

War in Egypt

DON'T be naive enough not to suspect there's not a direct hook-up between the volatile situation in the Iranian oil fields and the sudden combativeness of Egypt in essaying to oust the British from control of the Suez Canal. The Russians hokum artists, not daring to go on the spot with their armies in a gesture that might necessitate sending them outside the Iron Curtain and losing them to purveyors of Allied soup kitchens, are past-masters at diverting the spotlights from themselves while they get satellite peoples to create international bemusements.

From someone, somewhere, the Egyptians have suddenly received either the encouragement or impetus to "get tough" with the decadent British and make them take a walk. The superficial might deduce that the Iranians having been successful—apparently and temporarily—at nationalizing their oil resources, the same freedom-from-Britain bug has bitten the Egyptians.

Observers not born yesterday, however, aren't insensible to the machinations of soviet agents in that particular quarter of the world. A shrewd conjecture would be, that the Kremlin thinks it's smart to embroil the British with the Egyptians while it proceeds to ensconce itself with, or behind, the Iranians and creates a diversion in Egypt to cover up questionable maneuvers in Persia.

New Zealand and Australia have repudiated Fabian Socialism and "Labor Government" and evidently before long we shall hear that England as England has done the same. The Conservatives under Churchill may stiffen the British backbone against Russia and the thing come to climax, or test of strength, at the eastern end of the Mediterranean. As the United States delights to be the tail-light to the British chariot in international diplomacy, we may be expected to be drawn into it.

Well, why not? The Plan of the Ages as we've had it predicted in its *denouement* from Nostradamus to the *Golden Scripts*, has it that the final showdown on the whole Piscean diablerie comes in and around the Plains of Megiddo—from which the term Armageddon is derived.

The sooner Russia, and all Russia rep-

resents, is vanquished, the sooner the Golden Times come in.

Counsel on Health

THE COMMENT has not been lacking, up through the development of the Soulcraft Doctrine, that not enough attention seems to have been given to recommendations for recovering or preserving health of body. In other words, Liberation-Soulcraft well-wishers would have been gratified to see more of Mrs. Eddy's Christian Science principles propounded from the Higher Spheres.

Probably the reason that more of this type of counsel hasn't come from the sacred mentors has been the fact that health hasn't been a factor with those most vitally interested in promoting the Elder Brother's preachments.

Poor health, in nine cases out of ten, is usually discovered to be karmic—where the invalid is learning some sort of spiritual lesson from such handicap. Either that, or rebellion against the earthly circumstance and perchance the necessity for acquiring the lessons it holds, reacts psychosomatically upon the physical organism, causing maladjustments or non-performances that must be suffered.

This doesn't mean that everyone afflicted with a physical disorder is paying off karma, or resentful of having to play a role that holds profit for him. There may be as many causes for affliction in the personal instance as there are individualities and each case must be regarded separately.

What is consequential in the present instance, respecting the lack of health counsel, seems to lie in the fact that concentration of the mind on the Christ principles more or less automatically takes care of the health, because a vibration of mental serenity is precipitated throughout the body. Having nothing to feel subconsciously rebellious about, the body performs adequately and the matter begins and ends there.

The person who takes naturally and adeptly to the Elder Brother's pronouncements in Soulcraft enjoys moderately good health as a matter of course, because mind and body are in harmony.

Mrs. Eddy's work was obviously meant to be directed to those who required mental corrections dictating physical correc-

tions, and in this respect Soulcraft and Christian Science can be regarded as corollaries of one another, one applying to the strictly physical as the other applies to the strictly intellectual or spiritual.

It all sums up to the circumstance that Soulcrafters as a rule don't "ail" . . . or they look for something higher in its increments than mere correction of organic affliction.

Merely an explanation, this, for the preponderance of the Soulcraft instruction passing over the item of health.

Supernatural

A WEEKLY VALOR purposely shaped to appeal to the great rank and file of Americans, arousing initial interest in the higher workings of Cosmos, will lay heavily on the evidences of psychical phenomena in earthly affairs. The attestation of the existence of discarnate ilfe contacting organic life as average people live it, holds a dramatic interest that is a "natural" . . . and this Weekly cannot contain too much of it.

More and more articles are to feature its pages during this coming year, describing outstanding achievements in scientific psychical research. Strange Experiences undergone by VALOR readers themselves have proved the most intriguing part of the contents over the past three months, and more are solicited.

What peculiar or uncanny experience have you had happen in your affairs that would interest others? Give us the details, even though a Headquarters writer has to prepare them professionally for print. VALOR wants bona fide accounts of "out-of-this-world" occurrences.

Often they're door-openers for lay readers acquiring an interest in the spiritual aspects of such happenings.

Of particular interest is the progress that is being made in invention and perfection of mechanical devices for receiving thought-speech from higher areas of consciousness. Some of these have proved uncannily successful, demonstrating that intelligence does exist and operate independent of human origins. Follow VALOR's reports on them. They all tie into the predictions that mechanical communication with the After Life is only a matter of time . . .



*"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.

Popular Psychics

(Continued from Page 6)

ingroom. My ailing sister was lying in this main room in coma.

"My mother's stay in the room was not long, either. She came out at once with manner pale and affected. It was then that I asked them, 'What on earth is the matter with the three of you? You've all gone into the little room to remain a few moments only and then come out looking as though you'd seen a ghost.'

"It was then that each of the three gave the same story.

"Each in her turn had gone in and lain down, only to discover not only something eerie seeming to move within the mattress under her, but a noise very like a groaning also coming from it. A glance beneath the bed had convinced each woman there was no one under it, but in my mother's case the bed had convulsed and shaken as though it held some sort of imprisoned animal. Only their concernment at alarming what might be a dying girl in the diningroom, had prevented each from giving a frightened outcry.

"**T**HUS all three refused to sleep in a room where the mattress behaved so outlandishly. But there is more to the account of the phenomena.

"At the very moment that my mother was admitting to me what had occurred in the little side room, we heard a shattering noise from within the glass cupboard in the neighboring kitchen. It was as though an invisible cat might have gotten in among the dishes. Of course we went out immediately into the kitchen to see what was happening there as well.

"I assert to you that the doors of the cupboard began to bang before our gaze as though blown by a furious wind, or by Herculean arms. Otherwise, all else was quiet in the kitchen, and needless to say there was no housecat in the cupboard itself. Then as abruptly as it had begun, the mysterious behavior of the cupboard doors stopped.

"We went back into the diningroom to discover my sister dead.

"I am giving you these facts without comment. I later slept on the bed in the side room myself, but with my sister's spirit passed there was no miraculous behavior of the mattress."

Paul Revere

(Continued from Page 2)

available; there are Franklins, Jeffersons, and Hamiltons in this bedlamic scene, and eventually it's going to become their show. But it won't become their show till the common citizen graduates from his Paul-Revere obsessions.

And to give such men opportunity to do their stuff—the Franklins, Jeffersons, and Hamiltons—you've got to substitute spiritual values for emotional values in the entire body politic.

Will it be achieved in time?

Yes, it will! That's on the cards of prophecy and clairvoyance.

But meanwhile it's the sensible thing to remember that Paul Revere only rode to Middlesex County once.

That's what made him of such historical consequence.

Legal Christian

(Continued from Page 7)

ligion, whether it be of the Hebrews or of the Paulists. What the orthodox believer calls "the confession of faith" is merely another form of "the letter of the law" and He was constantly making reference to this kind of "belief"—"for thus do the Pharisees and the Scribes."

Unfortunately, the modern Christians can't do it anyway, because there is no letter of the law that is laid down the same in all places.

However, the question posed by the Small will is a challenging one.

What is a Christian?

What's your definition?

As for the Waterloo nephews and nieces, let 'em have uncle's money. They seem to have waited quite a spell for it and have undoubtedly planned a hundred ways of spending it.

OUT OF THE MAIL

"We have the letter announcing your desire to raise the necessary funds to donate the *Golden Scripts* to 10,000 Protestant pastors and clergymen. We think the idea is marvelous and shall pray for the fulfillment of this project . . . C. W. E., California

"Please accept the enclosed remittance, with an added increment of gratitude from us for values received to date that are beyond our telling . . ."

E. C. H. O., Scottsbluff, Neb.

"Behold Life!"



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

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

Price, Leatherette, Copy \$4

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listed in the advertising columns of this Weekly on 30-day credit—if you have ever ordered Soulcraft literature—or by dropping us a postcard, listing the items you want, and asking us to bill you accordingly. Don't let your inability to write immediate check or get postal money order deter you from obtaining titles while they are obtainable.

Address:

Soulcraft Press, Inc. Noblesville, Ind.



.. COGITATIONS

ON a recent evening a visiting youth looked at me queerly and exclaimed, "You mean to tell me that when you were a boy, automobiles hadn't even been invented . . . or radio or movies? How on earth did you get about, or what did you have for amusement?" I hastened to assure the lad that automobiles had indeed been "invented" but they hadn't come into common use. They were as rare as a horse and buggy today, even in Indiana. Movies had been "invented" but not the photoplay. The boy's incredulity at a state of society, or condition of mortality, that didn't have motorcars, broadcasting or the cinema, not to mention television, started me reflecting on other things we didn't have, back around the times of the War with Spain. Of course we didn't have an airplane—anywhere on earth. Even telephones hadn't come into what one might call general use. We "got about" as the boy phrased it, by "electric car"—we rarely called them trolleys. And they were not the ponderous double truck affairs still lingering in some of our cities; they had four wheels and "rocked", not from side to side but fore and aft. In the summer we had "open cars" and one of the joys of that simple life was to secure a front seat of a summer evening behind the motorman—who applied his brakes by winding up a brass crank laterally with his right hand—and take a "cooler" in a four-wheel trolley that bounced like a rocking-chair as it sped at a dizzying eighteen to twenty miles an hour over billowing track . . .

I REMEMBER the excitement that hit New England when Edison got the price of his gramophone down to where any family could own one. The "songs" came on five-inch wax cylinders and cost 75c each. The cylindrical box holding each was white flannel lined, and the announcer always told who was going to sing or play in an excited, erratic voice before the feature began to scrape the lining off the human ears. Father was keen for any such remarkable "invention" and had one of the first that squeaked the town's ears off. The gramophone dealer always made a strong sales point of the fact that by loosening a screw on the frontal carriage, removing the reproducer and substituting a recorder, one could sing or play his own songs and "entertain the family in the long winter evenings." This was down father's alley, as the saying has it, for he'd always nursed the obsession that as a bass singer he could out-entertain anything Edison had in his canned music factory, particularly on *Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep*. Mother had heard father himself so consistently and stentoriously on *Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep* whenever anyone gave him opportunity, that having it played back from wax was adding insult to injury. If there was anything mother didn't require, long winter evenings or any other time, it was hearing father's voice entertaining with *Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep*. The trouble with father, in providing *Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep* as domestic entertainment, was, he didn't take his own melodious advice, for the second line of the opus declared that being rocked in the cradle of the deep, he laid him down in peace to sleep—which he emphatically didn't. Apparently never had anyone else, if they knew anything about salt water and taking ocean trips when the weather was choppy. People did lie down to sleep or at least lay down, but it wasn't in peace. Then, secure, father rested upon the wave for thou oh lord hath power to save. Father rolled it,

in sub-cellar tempo, and the neighbors' windows began to go down with thumps. The little wax cylinders caught the thumps, certainly, just as barking dawgs, airplanes, automobile motors, printing machinery, and even rain on the roof have been known to get upon the Soulcraft reels. But what was a thump on a little wax cylinder, made by neighbors' windows, or mother dropping a pie in the kitchen, beside father asserting that he knew thou wilt not slight my call, thou who marks the sparrow's fall—falling in the ocean apparently—with most of the face that was on his head, (father's, not God's) thrust three-quarters into the end of a large black horn made by a local stove-smith for the purpose, and making basic burbs and tremolos as he went down, down, down, rocked in the very bottom of the cradle of the deep? It all made life interesting, seeing we didn't have autos, airplanes, cinemas or television. I remember one holiday afternoon father was in the front parlor rocking in the cradle of the deep when it occurred to him that too much of his voice was "escaping"—or so he remarked to mother, who agreed with him, only he meant from the horn whereas she meant from himself—and not getting on the record. The idea seemed to be that the cradle of the deep came out of father's face and instead of going into the recording gadget, perversely started flowing backward around his ears or the rear of his head. So in the heat of sunny July afternoon father got an umbrella and opened it, and held it close behind his neck so his voice wouldn't "escape" . . . I have a memory of an otherwise sane man sitting in an 1897 parlor with his head in a horn and an umbrella raised over him as though he were afraid the people upstairs might be about to let their bathtub overflow, bellowing into the thing, (the horn not the bathtub) determined with all his Johnny Bull to get a classical rendition of his voice on that doohickey or crack up both. God knows why he be-thought to go to all the trouble, inas-

much as he never expected to do anything with the record but play it to mother, sister and myself. We could hear him sing it in his uncanned voice whenever he took the notion. Which he certainly did. But he sat with his head in the horn, I say, the umbrella raised over him, and the Presiding Elder arrived up on the piazza, glanced through the veranda window with fingers on the turn-bell, but never turned it. Father was either playing games or going nuts. Perhaps both. He tiptoed off the veranda and down the street at accelerated tempo and never came again to call on a holiday. Obviously on a holiday father did the queerest things—singing *Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep* for one thing, of course, and the others consisting of sitting indoors under a raised umbrella, and making noises into a piece of prostituted stove-pipe. It was a good thing, he said, that father had decided to give up the ministry. He might have tried to raise an umbrella over the pulpit to preach a sermon. A boy remembers the queerest things. Or should I say an elderly man remembers the queerest things . . . This one likewise remembers the Presiding Elder going fast down the street, uncertain who to tell his disturbing suspicions.

BELIEVE it or not, I've seen a small crowd collect at the edge of the lawn belonging to a wealthy old recluse in the quiet of summer evening, to hear his repertoire of 36 records that he played through the screen of the open window for general neighborhood edification, most of them John Philip Sousa's band music. The old man put them on, one after the other, sitting inside with the oil lamp burning at his shoulder, and fanning himself magnanimously with a palmleaf fan while the gadget made the least disagreeable of all noises. Came the end of the record suddenly and old man Granger always jumped forward to grab something and shut it off. He was smugly gratified with himself that he owned so extraordinary an invention. Occasionally he varied the program by putting on a monologue of Uncle Josh Weathersbee in a Department Store, Uncle Josh Weathersbee in the Theatre, Uncle Josh Weathersbee in an Elevator. Uncle Josh Weathersbee was a rural character of the by-cracky type, who left his provincial hamlet and went places and made his comment on the follies of civilization for



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!

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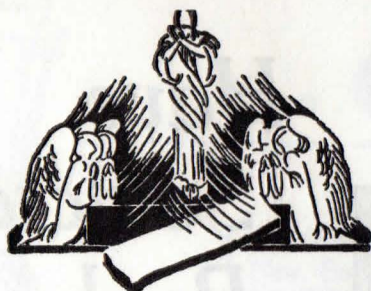
Thomas A. Edison. Of course, out on the lawn, most of his comments sounded like peanuts going through a coffee-grinder, but the neighbors stuck, in hope of more Sousa. When the 36th record was played, Old Man Granger flapped down the window-shade and blew out the lamp, and the neighbors could go home or invest a few dollars and buy a gramophone of their own. That was what it meant, to be a plutocrat . . . Oh yes.

we did manage to make out, back in the ancient days of the Spanish War . . . but what wouldn't I pay for one of those records playing father's voice tonight!

—THE RECORDER

“**D**AUGHTER,” said the stern father, “I don't like that young sprat you're going with.”

Retorted daughter, “Don't worry, dad. You're poison to him, too.”



“Why I Believe the Dead Are Alive!”

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

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

Christ and China

(Continued on Page 10)

to Peace. Thereafter, over a period of 49 days, He makes twelve similar appearances in twelve world capitols, accompanied by the same displays of majestic radiance.

As for treating with the embattled hordes of China, Russia, or other non-Christian countries, the inability of certain warmongers and strife makers to withstand the terrific vibrations He releases on the planet, thus causing them to be unable to function, settles the international impasse swiftly through the elimination of key military figures or great marplots—like Stalin. Humanity without such key personages and masterminds of mischief, has neither incentive nor intellect to carry on the carnage and the end of hostilities settles itself.

Let's look at it that neither God nor Christ need to use strong-arm methods—on the Chinese, Russians, or anyone else. Marplots simply can't endure on the same earth with the Great Christ-Vibration without becoming dazed, stupefied and helpless from the colossal electrification created by His literal presence. If a certain human being cannot exist or function normally in an area of high radioactivity and either flees or succumbs, is it literally correct to say that any force has been used against him—or has his own inadequacy of endurance, caused by his vibratory deficiencies, taken care of the situation automatically? It would be a case of that human being ceasing to have the personal qualification to endure. Divine Providence doesn't need to blast him or disintegrate him. He simply doesn't “have what it takes” . . .

A million men under arms in the Orient—or twenty million men—would be but a hapless mob of nondescripts if their general staff suddenly seemed to become *non compus mentis*—or showed signs of not being able to withstand vibrations of cosmic-ray activity.

Men who could withstand it, because they were accustomed to the Christ vibration, even operating upon it themselves, would then be in a position to knead the whole vast mass of benighted heathen into constriveness and useful purposes.

Their “believing” or “not believing” in Christianity would have not one whit to do with it. It would all be a matter of atomic resistance.

Paul Harvey, the radio commentator, forecast what probably is due to occur, in a Christmas broadcast last Yuletide Eve. It was heard by millions.

Harvey, however, ignored the fact that the vibration of Christ as an adept celes-tion personage would have "knocked out" every low-vibration or bestial marplot who happened to be in His vicinity.

All of which is saying in another way that there'll be little chance of error in identity if, as, and when the Man of the Ages does reappear on this earth, whether it's in United Nations or anywhere else.

There's no lack of "identifying" a live wire, if one inadvertently grasps it. And yellow man, black man, red man or white man suffers similar reaction if he be not innured to heavy electric current.

Chinamen hard to control by a personage of the vibratory magnitude of The Christ? As well talk of seventy-five oriental laundrymen being "hard to control" if all had laid hold of a 220-volt wire and "couldn't let go."

It's a more rational and likely eventuality than the details supplied from John's dream on Patmos.

Give it a little thought.

Mail

"Concerning my remark that if it wasn't possible to contact an affluent person who would contribute \$1,000, perhaps the money could be raised State by State. I believe it would be even better to raise it City by City, which might engender a spirit of competition and spur *Golden Script* readers to greater effort. I would suggest you carry on a campaign for a number of weeks . . . To start the ball rolling, I herewith pledge \$250 toward the Seattle contribution."

Mrs. L. M. J., Seattle, Wash.

"The letter and reel in regard to the proposed new edition of the *Golden Scripts* for distribution among Protestant ministers, has been read and heard. Most expressions of opinion in the matter have been favorable, even if a lot of the volumes would fall on poor soil and be choked out by weeds . . . John and I have talked the matter over as to financing, and it is possible that the two of us together could combine our resources and underake a unit . . ."

P. H., Everett, Wash.

"Enclosed please find money . . . My husband and I read the Scripts and think we find more real enlightenment in them than anything we have so far ever found."

Mrs. B. T., Columbus, O.



"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.

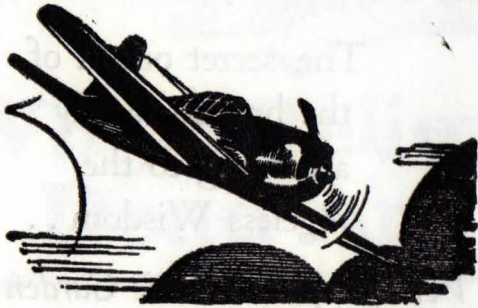
Here is everything contained in the Ageless Wisdom of the mystics plus the latest findings of modern psychical research. The whole cosmic scheme of Creation is expounded in these pages, including the infamous Sodomite Era and "Fall of the Angels" resulting in the real sin of Adam—strangely tied up with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

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!

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 FIRM of lawyers rang up a stockbroker and the following conversation ensued:

"Good morning, I want to speak to Mr. Dennam."

"Who's talking please?"

"This is Hallett, Craigfew, Studge, Mondy, Gowle and Sparrow."

"Well, well. Good morning, good morning, good morning, good morning, good morning, good morning, good morning."

THE LATE Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes and an associate were strolling down Constitution Avenue one afternoon. The nonagenarian and his companion passed an intriguing young damsel with high makeup and neat ankles. Wistfully the old Judge turned for a lingering glance after her.

"Ah, to be seventy again!" he sighed.

A MIDDLE-aged spinster was struggling with a hot cup of coffee in a Texas eating-place before the train started and went on. A cowboy seated a couple of seats away, took in her situation. Anxious to display Texas gallantry he shoved nearer.

"Here, ma'am, you take my cup. She's already saucered and blowed."

THE COLORED attorney reported to his client, "Mistah Jones, Ah has rescovered Ah can get yo' dat divorce yo' is after."

"So? On what grounds?"

"Yo' marriage wazzent legal, sah. Her father, he had no license to carry a shotgun."

"DADDY'S awfully glad you're a poet, Harold."

"That's wonderful. He likes poetry?"

"No, not exactly. But the last steady of mine he had to chuck out was an amateur boxer."

THE OLD-timer cried, "Crop failures? You don't know the meanin' of 'em. In '98 the corn crop was almost nothin'. We cooked some for dinner and my grandpap ate fourteen acres at one sitting."