

Valor

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

Volume I

Noblesville, Indiana, Saturday, October 27, 1951

Number 26

WHEN THE RED SWINDLE FIZZLES, THEN WHAT?

HAVE we reached such a pass in the world's economy that without the bugaboo of an enemy who will slay us all in our beds before morning—any morning—we can't conduct our national affairs?

First we had the Kaiser's militarism to give us the jitters, and crushing it precipitated the First World War.

Following the defeat of Kaiserism we watched from afar the rise of Hitler, and he too required crushing before he destroyed men's free institutions.

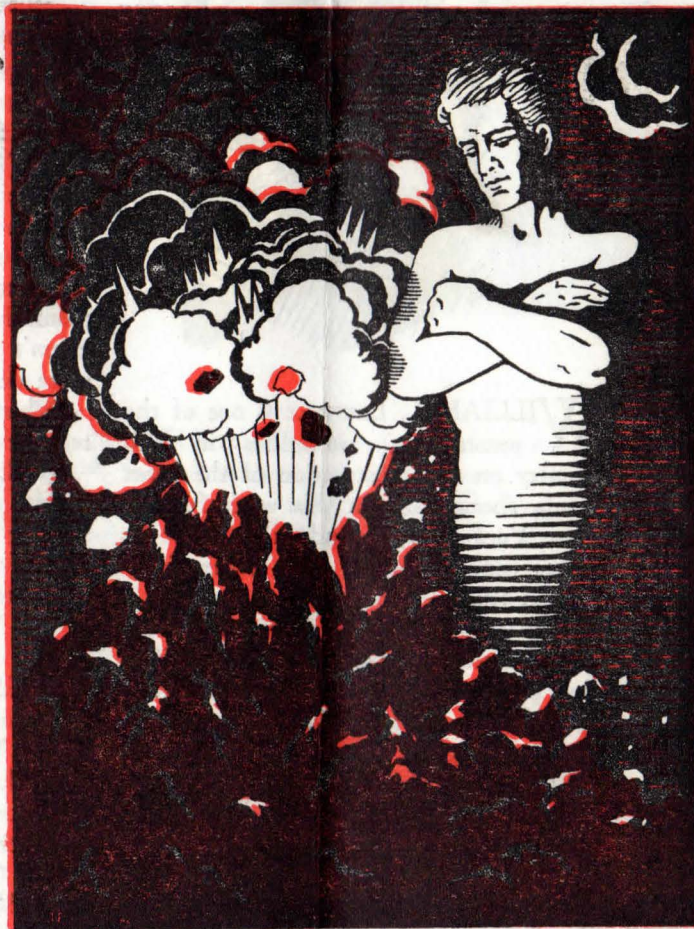
That brought about World War Two.

With Hitler erased, we have Stalin and his seedy and besotted "empire" to arm hysterically against, and that bids fair to precipitate World War Three.

Very good, we fight World War Three and rub out Ho-kum Joe . . . then whom do we arm hysterically against?

The tragic question poses itself, as to whether we've worked ourselves into such a dither of nerves and brains that unless we have some foreign assailment always "looming" on the horizon, we can't conduct our national economy?

Some simple work on a common adding machine discloses



the startling fact that the entire money which the United States spent as a government, for all purposes, from 1789 to 1915 was \$24,125,291,000.

This isn't one-half what we will spend in this one fiscal year of 1951-1952 to arm ourselves against wheezy, shaky, disintegrating Russia.

Wilson disregarded George Washington's traditional counsel and entangled us in European affairs to bail England from a mess in which she'd bitten off too much.

The first "entanglement" cost us—for 1918-1919—something like \$31,211,582,426.

IN other words, letting ourselves get involved with the Kaiser, "to make the world safe for democracy" cost us 6 billion more than the entire cost of running the federal government since it was established.

Today we spend the entire cost of our participation in

World War One every six months—and we're not actually fighting, we're merely "preparing" . . .

In 1941 we got into more foreign entanglements—bailing England out of a second German mess and licking the Mikado and all his relations—and from 1942 to 1945, inclusive, that

cost us \$163,577,958,581. Believe it or not, this is \$163 per *minute* for every minute of every twenty-four hours, that has elapsed since the death of Christ.

Once it cost only a few dollars to kill an enemy.

In World War Two, the cost of killing enemies—German and Japanese—rose to \$81,000 per dead man.

Of course, from this 163 billion, 69 billion *was given away* to foreign peoples who were supposed to be our allies, and from the 69 billion of free money thus presented, the British got 38 billion, and the Russians 11 billion.

So the cost of conducting our own government during the War Years was actually \$94,577,958,581.

Of course it's argued that this money wasn't all blown to smithereens or erased from existence—tremendous sums of it were returned to John Q. Public in war wages.

But it had to come from somewhere, and it came from the *future*.

A bonded debt of a quarter of a trillion dollars means that we mortgage our earnings for generations to meet military or economic demands of the present.

But where does it leave us psychologically?

It leaves us with the tragic notion that we can go on indefinitely pouring money from the future back here into the present.

That notion promises to blow up in a beautiful display of volcanic fireworks when there aren't any more foreign enemies to arm against.

WHAT any high school student of economics should be able to grasp by this time, is the ugly circumstance that war preparedness programs have become, or are becoming, gigantic WPA palliatives in the name of armament and patriotism.

We're not only gearing industry, we are gearing our minds, to a perpetual war economy.

When the thick-skulled leader of a horse-and-buggy Russia finds his power-bench collapsing under him and Russia being either non-existent or open to the world—in other words, no more Iron Curtain—how shall we keep up our Preparedness Programs, on what excuse?

That's the Day of Reckoning that's coming, and it's in the nature of things. China?

China as a nation is in no better shape to fight the Free Universe than Russia's in shape to fight the Free Universe. It takes a highly organized industrial machine behind the lines to fight the Free Universe, and unless one of the free countries surreptitiously furnishes China with munitions and the latest things in armament, she's merely an aggregation of laundrymen with nothing to carry them forward but birthrate, and nothing to eat but fricaseed birds' nests.

But if both oriental nations have the atom bomb, does it make any difference whether they eat birds' nests or porter-house steaks?

Well, here's something about the atom bomb that John Q. Public doesn't know.



WILLIAM L. Laurence is one of the outstanding authorities in this country on the construction of the atom bomb, specializing on this work for the *New York Times*. And here's what he writes concerning the atom bomb situation in Russia—

"American engineers who participated in the construction of the gaseous diffusion plant at Oak Ridge agree *that Russia industrially incapable* of constructing such a plant even if she wanted to. At least eight of this country's highly developed major industries had to be called upon to help design, build, and operate the Oak Ridge plant. These included the automobile industry, machine tool, electric turbine, chemical dye, rotary pump, watch, radio and telephone industries. *In Russia those industries are still in a primitive stage of development.* It was estimated by engineers that in the key industries essential for such an a-

tomic plant, Russia is an average of 22 years behind the same industries in the United States. Furthermore, a plant the size of K-25 requires a 500,000 kilowatt power station to operate it. There is only one power plant of that size in all of Russia, the Dneiper hydro-electric plant, which is badly needed for other industrial purposes."

When the Soucraft sources advance the information that the American people do not need to fear major attack from the Russians at this time, but that the international complication which smashes Russia develops out of the Eastern Mediterranean Basin, and is largely confined to it, they undoubtedly include intimate knowledge of such fundamentals.

The average American who thinks the atom bomb is put together like a Ford car, and a whip or rifle can bring quantity production along the assembly line, hasn't the remotest conception of what goes into the making of one atom bomb—or its size.

To get fission of any destruction, the bomb itself has to be made at least four feet in diameter and eight to twelve feet high. Talk about putting A-bombs in suitcases to be left in city doorways and blow whole metropolises to Kingdom Come, is imbecilic.

But to make it in the first place, power plants have to be developed *that Russia doesn't possess* and will require two or more decades to build.

Where did she get the bombs she's already detonated?

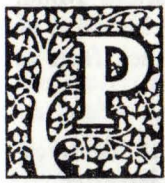
Well, *has* she detonated any real bombs, that anybody knows about for fact, or has she set off a cache of several tons of TNT and reported it as an atom bomb to scare the pants off the nations of the West?

RUSSIA as Russia is an insufferable hoax, and sooner or later the peoples of the West are due to find it out. But that doesn't mean discounting the destruction value of the pro-Russian saboteur or water-poisoner. We may yet thank God for J. Edgar Hoover and the FBI.

What truly is a headache at the present time is the likely use of the Red situation in Russia, China, and the Near East as a pistol put at the head of John Q. Public to extract such high-taxes from

(Continued on Page 15)

Science May Prove Soon that We've Each Lived Before . . .



PEOPLE back in Biblical times knew nothing of existence of Subconscious Mind.

They didn't know, for instance, that lodged in the substrata of the human spirit was direct recollection, not only of the childhood and perchance the babyhood of any life in flesh, but of careers each person had lived in prior bodies.

Put the human mind upon the work of remembering back, day by day, week by week, month by month, year by year, everything that its human possessor has ever said and done—and the memory of everything lies in it—and the Time Track, as it's coming to be called, leads back into strange regions.

When it gets back to earliest infancy, it remembers through the portals of birth into days when it was a prior person in an earlier body!

Apparently it didn't originate in "heaven" at all.

"Heaven" is merely the term provided to describe the condition of discarnate spirit, or spirit graduated from organic body, when the soul has existed in a state of Mental Awareness of itself and not much besides.

Most vividly it recalls countries, places, persons and languages that it lived among, and been familiar with, before getting born into the present earth-life.

Such people, so remembering, even proving they're remembering accurately by the way their memories check with others, are labeled *Prenatals*.

Cases have been witnessed, where at least twenty prior lives, careers, and personalities involved the same soul-spirit—and are remembered in detail.



NATURALLY, this sort of thing being unknown and unsuspected, back in Bible times, man couldn't challenge what was told him—or promised him—about a future state of existence.

He didn't know that remembering wasn't done with his current physical Brain but with his Mind, and that Mind is an eternal adjunct or capability of Spirit. Even the orthodox person has to concede that this must be so, or he wouldn't be able to recall a single instance of his earth-life when he got to the condition he conceives as Heaven.

Nobody takes his physical brain to Heaven when he dies. It's interred along with the rest of his remains and presently decomposes.

Nevertheless, the average Christian has firm faith in the survival of his subconscious personality, or his presence in either Heaven or Hell wouldn't mean a

thing to him. Without his spirit "remembering", he wouldn't even be able to recognize his closest human relatives of earth when they "came over" in their own turn.

WHAT the science of the newest thing in Psychology is going to reveal to us—even prove to us beyond trace of doubt—is this fact of sense sensation coming through the nerves into the brain, then passing along and residing permanently in Spirit-Mind.

However, that's beside the present point.

Spiritual memory of previous lives—which have supplied us with our instincts, our intuitions, and our feelings of familiarity for certain places and persons accounted for by no other explanation—puts this Big Challenge squarely before us—



Heliotropes

From the Golden Scripts

CHAPTER 105



WHAT went ye forth to seek, a bed of heliotropes in which ye might delight your senses?

Is it not fairer to say that ye didst choose thistles for your resting places, that there might come no ease until the work ye do be finished?

Harken to my voice, ye who sally forth carrying waters of instruction to the lips of thirsty men!

What went ye forth to seek, fine robes of linen to cover your nakedness, that ye might be proud of your raiment, or the coarsest of garments, that others might stand without embarrassment in the presence of those who have come to them serving?

What went ye forth to seek, the avenues of goodly hopes, or the roads of circumscription that make you to know no resting place that hath luxury in it while there are trudgers in hot sunshine?

I speak unto you with my voice, cometh a day when ye hear with your ears; cometh a night when ye say, Our Lord is with us! Let us greet Him with hospitality, for hath he not come on a goodly mission?

Thus say I this hour: Abide ye in me and be my husbandmen and handmaidens that we may be servants of the one Father whose spirit dwelleth with us always.

For if a man hath not love, he is as one who casteth himself from an exceeding high mountain and knoweth not the disaster of that plunge.

When men shall say, Those walk among us whose garments are as snow, let it be told among them: Thus were ye always, in that your love was great for one another, yet greater for the world! . . .

These "Prenatals" must have vacated their flesh many times previously, believing they were going either to heaven or hell. What they did instead, was to pass into Thought Dimensions, as we term them, or onto Planes of Thought. If they've never attained to either Heaven or Hell after any of their previous demises, by what consistency do they expect to attain to either Heaven or Hell after their coming demises or departures from *this* life?

But the still greater challenge is—

Should we credit the conjectures of men of two thousand years ago about the nature of the Hereafter as being accurate merely because they had no knowledge of the resources of Subconscious Mind, or should we look at the developments of today in this field and face such facts as are becoming irrefutable?

It is *spirit* that remembers.

Deny it, and you deny self identification even in the orthodox Hereafter.

But if you concede that spirit remembers, then you must concede that perhaps spirit can remember back into careers before the present life.

There's no basis in either fact or logic for the contention that souls all started remembering only at the time of birth into this life.

Prenatals are beginning to attest to the contrary and it's bound to raise hob with orthodox convictions.

ONE of the most amazing documents that has come into the hands of the publishers of this journal in recent years, is a communication transmitted through Extra-Sensory Perception *from a former student of Soulcraft* who headed a group in Toronto, Canada. He was a natural psychic when in his body, and the Editor had many times been with him when he'd transcribed messages in his own right. Two or three years ago he "died", and now transmits back a record of his sensations and experiences not only as to the dying process but in sending communications down onto this organic plane himself . . . in other words, we can put it that he's become a mentor in his own turn, and this is part of what he reported—

"You know, reaching this Land after the transition from earth is an experience one doesn't too quickly forget. And not because of what you earth-folk call 'ag-
(Continued on Page 14)

What the Ageless Wisdom Says about Marriages Made in Heaven



WE HAVE heard it said that in "heaven" there is neither marriage nor giving in marriage. We have been bothered and not a little perplexed as to what the sex relationships of men and women may be after graduating from the mortal body and beginning residence on higher levels of Transcendent Intellect. We have been told that people who "die" out of physical vehicles do not lose their sex identities, yet we cannot see how men and women can continue on into the higher lives with sex identities and not be bothered by much the same sex complications that maintain on earth. The whole question of marriage on earth, and how it effects us in future lives, presents no little problem to those who do not want to injure themselves cosmically and yet who find themselves yoked to well-nigh impossible partners in the flesh.

It would seem that the broadest possible understanding of what marriage is to begin with, should help vast numbers of people now badly inhibited in their domestic relationships. If we can obtain information from those already on Life's Higher Levels, as to how those who have graduated from mortality look upon the sex relationship, we should have a fairly accurate chart to steer by, over waters of trouble epitomized by modern matrimony.

To this end, the query has been propounded to those on higher levels of existence, and the communications received are presented in this brief course on Marital Relationships. The first communication apparently gives a symposium of opinion on the earthly sex relationship as viewed by those who have graduated from the circumscriptions of falsely puritanical mortality. Referring to our concepts of the marriage state, the first paper starts off with a most positive statement. It says—

"WE WHO have graduated into the Higher Spheres of a Matur-

er Living ourselves, tell you solemnly that you are tragically in error in considering matrimony, its purposes, duties, rights, and obligations. You have committed this error because you have gotten an entirely wrong concept of what constitutes sex morality in your earth-lives. Therefore you cannot adjust yourselves to ideas of true morality as they are seen and practiced when the connubial faculties are no longer of moment.

"We are indeed glad to talk with you on this great subject, for it is the cause of more unhappiness on earth—and all too often extending into realms higher than earth—than almost any other earthly situation that confronts you.

"In the first place it should be laid down in no uncertain terms as the premise for our discourse, that men and wom-

en were, and are, created for each other.

"There is marrying and giving in marriage on the earth for one main reason only: men and women come together biologically to rear earth children in a social state that makes each family an economic problem: Who shall support the offspring of these unions? If offspring results, and a father or mother refuses to accept responsibility for their acts in creating children, then the state steps in and says: 'You shall do it because it is your duty toward society not to saddle and weigh other persons with your earthly obligations. We have children of our own to support and rear to maturity: you have no right to neglect to support yours and lay the burden of their sustenance and upbringing upon us.'

"The marriage state has been insti-



tuted on earth because man himself refuses to work for his fellowman's support: in the sense of caring for his offspring in an economic way.

"Two people married have offspring under a form of legality that is truly a fixing of the economic responsibility. But when you get into a state where there is no such responsibility, when children are not brought into life by the biological method, and there is really no economic problem in the matter of anyone's support, you get a condition where men and women are something else entirely from what they were on earth.

"On earth men and women are recognized by the state as factors in a "procreational experiment" in each family assembly. They are not looked upon as opposing qualities, factors, or attributes in the same soul, each struggling for experiences along a different route and by a different pattern. There is no admission by the state that men and women have any faculties apart from their physical powers for producing children. Hence you have your plethora of confusions in regard to the true functions of men and women in any given union.

"In other words, it is sometimes necessary for many men and women to have an intimate knowledge of persons who are not truly parts of themselves in the cosmic way, that they may better appreciate what the true union with the rightful half can be when they attain to it.

"You on your side bemoan the increasing divorce rate and think that the family is disintegrating. You think that society is perishing because you are seeing men and women give true expressions of this cardinal cosmic principle: that there are as many experiences to be gained negatively that positive experiences may result, as there are myriads of individuals of both sexes to go through them.

"We on this side do not view such questions with quite your alarm because viewed from the cosmic standpoint, our ideas of morals are not exactly yours.

"For instance, it shocks many on arriving here to realize that we really have no ideas of morals as attributes applying to the relationships of the sexes. Our ideas of morals are concerned with quite different virtues. Or lack of them.

"We see in the associating of men and women connubially or otherwise, *the great cosmic principle working out of men and women combining their bodies and lives to obtain self-expression each*

to the other. We do not view the aftermaths of these unions as half the calamities as do those who have been brought up in what we are pleased to call the Economic Idea.

"We know that this may seem like an exposition of no morals whatever, to a host of you. But we cannot help what is a truth on these higher planes of understanding. It exists and functions and we have to accept it. We did not instigate the process. We did not make the laws. We are called upon only to interpret what actually exists and clean the minds

and souls and hearts of men and women as we can of wrong interpretations of their functions to each other.

"Looked at in this light, we are not ashamed of anything we may tell you. For we see shame as something of quite another nature. *It is far more shameful, for instance, to bespeak yourself evilly of another, of whose handicaps and errors you can have no knowledge, than in all the so-called lewdity that might be brought forth in a night in a city like New York.*

(To Be Continued)



Strange Experiences

The Dead Man that Lay on the Wrong Floor

IF ALL the death-scenes perceived with exactness by telepathic vision, the following is certainly one of the most extraordinary. It was Henry Sidgwick who made it known, in the annals of the French Society of Psychical Research. The narrator wished his name not to be published for fear of distressing the relatives of the deceased. However, an investigation made by the English Society for Psychical Research confirmed this story, taken as a whole, with the exception of some variations in detail.

"The evening of the 7th I spent with a friend, chatting about various matters. He was at ease and good-humored. I went home in all normal spirits and retired to bed.

"I must tell you how my bedroom was arranged, that you may understand what happened. It had only one window, in the wall near the head of my bed. The window blinds were not completely lowered.

"That night, or rather the morning of the 8th, I awoke in an anguish. Dawn had come and light was entering through

the slats of the window blind. To relieve the feeling of terrible depression which I felt, I sat up in bed.

"*There on my floor, clad only in his nightclothes, I saw my friend of the previous evening, his knees lifted, his hands thrown back, the palms upward. He was ghastly pale, and his jaw was fallen as though dead. My cry of shock at beholding the sight, awakened my wife, who grasped my arm and demanded to be told what was the matter.*

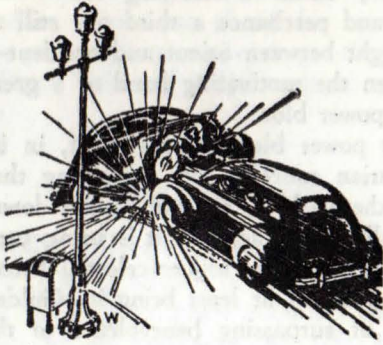
"Zen! I cried. 'There on the floor!'

"My wife looked. When she declared she saw no one on the floor, it came to me that it must be some sort of vision I was having, although I seemed wide awake. Almost immediately when I told myself this, the body on our floor vanished.

"Yet every detail of my friend and his posture had been distinct. The phantom's feet had been toward my window, his face had been turned almost directly toward me and toward the light.

"I DRESSED as quickly as possible and hurried the mile to my friend's house.

(Continued on Page 15)



“Why Did This Have to Happen to Me?” . .

THE EVENING paper reports a most tragic motor accident. A young man transporting his fiancée into the city tried to skirt a bus, found an oncoming truck directly in his pathway and crashed it head-on. The girl was killed instantly. The car was reduced to scrap-iron. The youth, badly injured himself, was taken to the hospital where he must spend weeks while both his legs mend.

In all conventional considerations, the young man has wrecked his life and happiness. To accuse him of careless driving gets nowhere. Thousands of drivers pass buses every day of the year, and sometimes have narrow squeaks with other vehicles oncoming, but by no means are they judged reckless.

Students of the Ageless Wisdom might well inquire, “What can be happening in a mishap of this type? Could any such tragedy have been “planned” before the births of either of the principles, assuming the reincarnational process to be correct? If so, what spiritual gains or enhancements can ever be expected from a mishap so destructive?”

The inquiry is a profitable one.

“Why has this happened to *me*?” is the poignant wail of stricken souls in a thousand instances a month.

Naturally it's impossible to lay down a concrete explanation that fits every case, but the one thing that *can* be said to the young man of last night's motor smash-up: “Your life is *not* wrecked. You're just as much of a man as you ever were—perhaps more so—if you regard what's occurred in the light of the higher esoteric wisdom, which this journal is published to expound.

“The thing you want to look at, as dispassionately as you can, is the prob-

able circumstance that what happened was *not* an ‘accident’ . . . On the other hand, under the Higher Moral Law, no lasting stigma is attached to you from what appears to have been a moment's poor judgment.

“**T**HOSE who have probed the higher laws and processes of Cosmos and begun to discover why the things happen on earth, would immediately give thought to you in that motor tragedy, not as two ‘young folks on the thresholds of your lives’ but as souls who have lived in physical flesh scores of times before. Probably you've never had any such suggestion made you along this line hitherto, but making Extra-Sensory or Psychological Contact with persons who have lived on earth and survived in intelligent form so that they can return counsel on such situations, develops the thought-arresting argument on their parts that there is very little “accident” in respect to the time at which people in flesh depart their bodies for the change known as Death.

“People ‘go into life’ or take up occupancy of their organic selves for more or less definite periods of time. The exceptions in the main have to do with cases where permission is sought and received to either shorten or extend the prearranged sequences of physical life, so that others in mortality may not be discommoded in their own life purposes by having contacts denied them or pushed beyond expected limits. This permission is secured when the soul-spirit is often out of the physical body during sleep—for that happens constantly . . .

“In the cases of ninety-five percent of the human race, the exact time that given souls will remain in occupancy of the physical vehicle is known—just as all of us carry about in our deepest spiritual

The Case of the Youth Who Killed His Sweetheart

subconscious the exact knowledge of ‘how long we've come for,’ and when we'll be making our exit.

“**T**HAT the ‘mishap’—so regarded by spiritually ignorant people—came when it did, and that neither the fiancée nor any of her life-guardians in the Invisible Dimensions made any effort to prevent her from riding with you on this particular night, indicates in all kindly good sense that the girl had completed the span of mortal existence for which she came to earth. Why she should have elected in the beginning to remain so comparatively short a period of years, is something private to herself and her own soul's history. But if she hadn't been expected to terminate her sojourn in flesh in the distressing way she did, something would unquestionably have happened to prevent her embarking on that city trip with you, or your machine would have been seized with some mechanical trouble that would have stalled it before the bus-and-truck complication matured. The fact that neither happened, indicates that she was vacating life almost deliberately—certainly by some sort of permission if not prearrangement—and she, and not you, were the one around whom motivation for the collision centered . . .

(Continued on Page 10)

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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 27, 1951 No. 26

Perspicacity



IS THIS the first issue of VALOR that has come into your hands? Please try to understand then, exactly what it is.

VALOR is a journal different than any other journal in America. It isn't promoting any cult or *ism*, but it is printing information derived from profound esoteric studies into the fundamentals of life as they're being captured by Extra-Sensory Perception from what we term "Higher Areas of Consciousness" . . .

Men up all the ages have had more or less private knowledge of these truths—which form the basis for the ancient "Mysteries", for Theosophy, Rosicrucianism, and to a degree the many forms and aspects of Spiritism and true Christianity—but VALOR, as mouthpiece for the investigation and examination of these in the course of study given the name of Soulcraft, is seeking constructively now to make them public at a time when the import of them in the practical way is vigorously needed.

Where VALOR and Soulcraft depart the conventional tenets of metaphysics in general, is in identifying the colossal character of Jesus the Christ as being the highest personal exponent of them anywhere in Cosmos.

Actually there's a sound and logical explanation for everything that happens in mortal life, motivated as the psychical researchers are discovering, in loftier areas of Conscious Thought.

That Conscious Thought transcends

the organic brain, and survives the change called Death, is something we're discovering with startling surety. Proof of it lies in the consistent and intelligent expositions we get for all the happenings of earth, when we comply with the conditions that make conveyance of information possible between the worlds.

VALOR, in other words, publishes material that pertains to life and thought superior to the accustomed mortal, and proof that this is so will become apparent to you if you consistently follow the contents of its pages.

It's developing that there's a stupendous wealth of information available from personages who've survived the change called Death, and are living and functioning in what society ignorantly names the Fourth Dimension.

The Fourth Dimensional world, apparently, is the "heaven" of orthodox belief. Now it's coming to be located and described.

The one great tenet of that Fourth Dimensional world is the hitherto guarded, and badly misunderstood, truth that human souls come back into organic bodies every 200 to 500 years, to have another fling at earth-life as civilization advances and offers them new experiences savoring of the nature of civilization's changes and improvements. The Easterner thinks of this great fundamental as Reincarnation, but he hasn't grasped the motives for it accurately.

Investigate the more intelligent descriptions of it as a process of life and you'll begin to get not only a new understanding of everyday earth-experiences but the mystical import of the original Christian religion.

Follow VALOR for a few issues and and keep an open mind on what you read in it.

All of a sudden you may have your whole philosophy toward life and eternity remade, and true religion may take on a meaning for you that you've never hitherto realized.

Armageddon



HAT the prophets of old were merely sacred psychics, who looked forward into these times and beheld the final crack-up of the economic order that has been based on the international

movement of Gold, is now being evinced on every hand. Underlying two world wars—and perchance a third one still to be fought between orient and occident—has been the motivating hand of a great world power bloc.

This power bloc deludes itself, in its totalitarian conceits, into imagining that it has the world by the tail "and a downhill pull", when actually it is being used in its own turn by higher celestial forces to actualize, or at least bring in, Golden Times of surpassing benevolence to the whole human race under the aegis of the Christ.

Russia, it appears—Communist pest-house to the world—is far nearer economic collapse than anyone in the West suspects. Its chief value right now is being made to play the role of military threat to the rest of the mundane universe, or tool in the hands of the world power bloc to disturb the political stability and commodity price levels in all other nations—and now China has been underwritten, or is being underwritten, to the same ends.

The return of The Christ to the earth-scene appears to be closer than the agnostic holds any suspicion of. Certainly, if it's becoming proved in ordinary psychic seance rooms or Spiritist assemblies that any butcher's wife survives the change called Death, the colossal Personage whom we know as Our Elder Brother, must have likewise survived, but speaking in scientific jargon we can put it that "He hasn't yet come out of the Fourth Dimension" to finish the "world salvation" He began in Palestine 1900 years bygone in flesh.

All that's passing now, as the power bloc heads close in for the "kill", has a deeply religious and spiritual significance . . . and we can't learn too much about it.

What's beginning to happen in Iran and Egypt of late, are the most fateful of steps in the closing phases of the Great Armageddon Drama, and we well may watch them with bated breath.

If you want the complete significance contained in one literary package, it's in a somewhat stupendous book that was twenty or more years in transcription, titled the *Golden Scripts*.

The question is, how much of such Greater Knowledge can you take? If you're not ready for it, you won't "get" it—and so no matter.

But if you *are* ready for it, events of

the imminent future can be made to take on the most significant meaning to you.

Golden Times are ahead for us, but we've got a fight to make, to get through the Dark Valley of Adjustment to reach them . . .

Atmosphere

ONCE when we went to school they told us the atmosphere extended only a maximum of 600 miles above the earth's surface. And they told us the farther out we went, the colder it got. Well, change the textbooks. Scientists of the Rand Corporation, a non-profit organization of scientists, announce that the atmosphere extends 15,000 miles out, and 400 miles out there's a temperature of 4,000 degrees Fahrenheit. Outer space, they say, is filled with hydrogen gas at 18,000 degrees Fahrenheit. Heat! This heat, of course, is so terrific that it may yet prove to put the seal on successful interplanetary transportation unless man can discover means of insulation against a degree of temperature so high that all known metals of earth would fuse in it.

A discovery of such significance not only means we may have to rewrite our textbooks—if that was all concerned in it!—but opens the door to the realization that other traditional acceptances about the nature of the universe and life may be equally fallacious.

For instance, psychologists have always maintained that "thinking" was a performance of the physical brain of cells and molecules. A man only knew, they contended, what might have "gone into his brain" since his physical birth, consciously or subconsciously. They couldn't explain why the brain didn't continue to think so long as it was in existence, the cells and tissues of it still being in existence although the man was as dead as a doornail.

Now the experiments in Extra-Sensory Perception and Dianetics are pointing strongly to the possibility that actual "thinking" is something that transpires within the recesses of the eternal human spirit. What we term Mind may truly be the cerebrum of spirit and not the organic self at all.

This fact, established, would explain why there is consciousness and self-

awareness in the condition known as Survival.

Mind remembers!

The average Christian doesn't realize that he subscribes to the fact that thinking is done with the spirit-mind and not the organic brain, else there could be no such thing as self-identification or memory of earth-life in the orthodox Here-after; people in "Heaven" would not know otherwise whom they were or what their earth-experiences had been, to say nothing of being able to recognize relatives who made the Passing subsequent to their own.

Man in his current scientific progress is finding out that he's as wrong about many of his earlier acceptances of life fundamentals as he once was wrong about the flatness of the earth, or that the Garden of Eden existed some 4,400 years before Christ.

Where do we go from here?

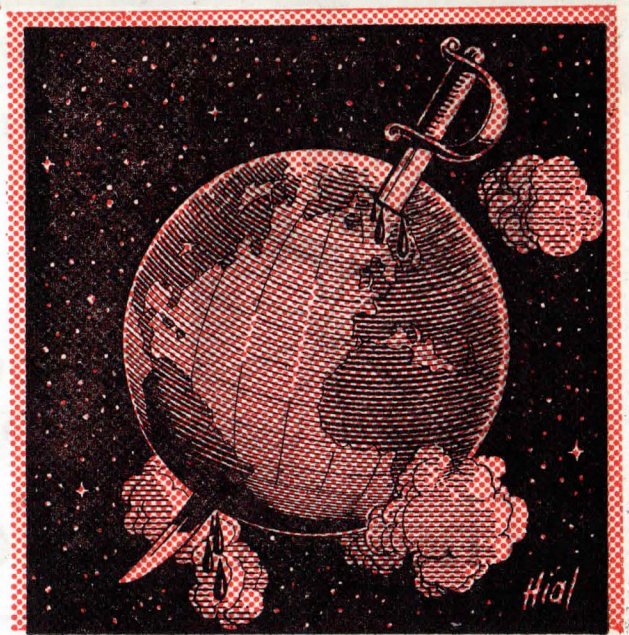
We go into the wonder, alas, if all textbooks mayn't be scientific fiction after all. The real truth about the universe may take us back to the tenets of the Christ so swiftly it leaves us dizzy.

Earth and Sword

WHY doesn't it occur to some reasonably intelligent American statesman to start public inquiry as to where the millions of suddenly embattled China are obtaining their military stores to precipitate a martial onslaught against the Occident? Attributing them to Russia is childish. It was only five or six years ago that the hordes of hysterical and weaponless Russians were going up against Hitler's tanks with their bare arms and fists. To say that these Tartar agrarians have reorganized their country and brought it up to a par with modern industrial nations in six years is to treat of miracles.

Russia hasn't the hydro-electric power in her whole domain—Siberia included—to operate one modern atomic bomb plant and leave industrial power for anything else.

Who's supplying China?



As a matter of fact, the Free World can contemplate with something of relish that maybe Hokum Joe has bitten off more than he can chew in communizing Cathay. Millions of embattled Chinese soldiers, living off their bird's nest stew—and no oversupply of that—may regard the lush plains of Siberia and Tartary with eyes that ask "Why not?" And the first thing we know—or the first thing Hokum Joe knows—he's got Chinese neighbors in the streets of Moscow, refusing to go home.

Remember the fable of Frankenstein?

But . . . *who's supplying China?* We accept altogether too gullibly that it's Russia. Douglas MacArthur said in his Senate testimony that he believed it was Britain. Why not look even deeper than Britain?

Strange ten-legged creatures might scuttle from the daylight if we overturned certain international stones to find out.

Get Into It

THE CAMPAIGN is on full-tilt to lift the national circulation of this weekly up into the thousands by Christmas.

The first major step in circulating the gratis copies of the *Golden Scripts* is to get VALOR into the hands of 12,000 clergymen, so that they have some idea in advance of what the book's



*"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.

all about. They command such notice.

There are 3,988 cities and towns in these United States where at least five copies of VALOR ought to go, per city and town. That would tilt the circulation to 20,000 out of hand. Plant five copies of VALOR in every city and town of a population in excess of 2,500 in 48 States, and Soulcrafters have a nucleus for building prestige that blankets the Republic.

There are at least five clergymen of all denominations in at least 2,000 of these cities and towns who should get free copies of the *Golden Scripts* by Christmas. But the cooperation of present Soulcrafters is necessary to locate and service them.

The Jehovah-Witness Movement requires a definite amount of time each week spent in public proselyting. Adept Soulcrafters know there is no comparison between what the Jehovah Witness has to offer the public and what the Soulcrafters has to offer the public—in the *Golden Scripts*.

Nobody in Soulcraft wants to copy the Jehovah Witness moral coercion method but the idea of operation points a moral.

VALOR is the key to the introduction of both *Golden Scripts* and Soulcraft. Why not get the knock-down-and-drag-out battle for a representative circulation all over America?

Why It Happened

(Continued from Page 7)

“NOW THERE might have been a score of reasons why she thus terminated her physical career—

“First, having swung into the orbit of your affairs, and become your fiancée, she's undoubtedly had association with you in earlier lives you've both lived on this earth. But for reasons best known to yourselves, it may have been decided that she could do more for you by first coming into life and forming the contact with you in flesh in order the better to assist you in spirit form henceforth, or it may have been that the situation as it was developing was by no means producing the spiritual increment her overall cosmic progress required, and she elected not to waste years of adult life at this particular time in the office of wife that wouldn't supply her with the exper-

ience she needed most. Or perchance she was much further developed spiritually than yourself, and so she transferred back onto the Thought Planes of existence until the rigors of your education in the school of mortal life permitted you to catch up. If she's truly the Other Half of Yourself, you would want to go onward at exact parallel and equality of development and accomplishment with her. So her seeming demise in an untimely fashion may have been nothing but an adjustment.

"But one thing you shouldn't overlook or ignore . . . she hasn't moved a thousand miles above your head, or gone off to another planet, or become 'lost' to you eternally. If you two were the component parts of the one Master Soul, she'll stick closer to you than ever in her spirit condition, and probably serve as your guide, mentor, and protector.

"Of course there's always the possibility that both of you, by meeting and wedding, were doing something that wasn't properly forecast in your two life-blueprints and this drastic separation occurred as a matter of cosmic regulation. But that is offset by the circumstance that if her time hadn't come to go, and you were merely pursuing an incorrect course that necessitated readjustment, nothing so drastic as her physical erasure would have been called for. A hundred and one altercations could have been introduced into your relationship to make her break the engagement and 'go off you for life' as the saying has it. Everyone alive in flesh has either mentors or guardians who assist from the Invisible Dimensions—usually previously demised relatives such as parents or grandparents—and any serious misalliance could have been forestalled by a score of expedients.

"No, the serious and drastic nature of the accident-that-wasn't-an-accident betokens that some serious and basic reason existed for the girl graduating out of the fleshly ensoulment as she did, and you were merely the means by which it was brought about.

"Incidentally, of course, there are challenges to your own character in the decision you arrive at, whether or not you're going to 'let it get you down' . . . It's barely possible this was one of the great significances in the episode, to test how much spiritual stamina and fortitude you've acquired up through your earlier lives to rise superior to such an apparent

*"The best book my father
has done to date"--Adelaide*

*"Behold
Life!"*



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

tragedy, and live successfully in spite of it. If that's what has operated, then the girl has deliberately penalized herself to give you that spiritual improvement.

"Look into the Ageless Wisdom, disclosing the reasons why such occurrences arise in earth-life, and always you discover something specific and constructive operating. Without Pollyanna sentimentality, if you come through this ordeal with your chin up—but not too high up—you may have acquired soul-strength that saves you a whole life-time of existence in another body—and as a different personality—merely to get it in easy doses.

"Anyhow, take it easy, boy, and don't blame yourself too harshly for something

you may discern was the girl's business strictly."

NEXT WEEK—A woman's husband leaves her with three small children to support, having run off with the customary blonde. Why does such a thing happen to her and what is working out in such a situation? . . . See Valor for November 3rd.

Mail

All our members have delegated me to extend deepest gratitude for the wonderful knowledge you are sending on to us. What a difference it has made in our lives in so short a time!

I. N., Calif.



.. COGITATIONS

HOW DID we get about before automobiles were "invented"? We got about by "electric car", as I said last week, or we got about on bicycles. "Wheels", we call 'em. If a man spoke about his wheel, we knew he meant his bicycle . . . The first bicycle I ever owned was given to me by my father at the brash age of seven. My age, not father's. Father pumped and grunted about town on a "wheel" with wooden spokes. Two regular baby-carriage affairs, that's what they looked like, one following the other as much as possible. Wire wheels for bicycles were an innovation when they came, and just went to prove that man as an inventive genius couldn't be held down. Tires were heavy and lumberous affairs, two to three times the present garden-hose diameters. My *Signal* bicycle, boys' size, didn't have wooden spokes but it did have big tires. Let 'em get half deflated and you felt as though you were towing a truck piled with the furnitures of at least three human families—with their dog houses. I learned to ride by father walking behind me, up and down a cinder walk, with his right hand holding the saddle-post while I learned to "steer". He gave up about forty minutes of his time each noon for a week, walking at swift pace behind me, up and down the length of our street. One noon-hour I chanced to say something and he didn't answer. I glanced back over my shoulder and he was half a block away, strolling amusedly after me without holding to any saddle-post. I'd brought the saddle-post with me and was sitting on it. But not so one instant after I discovered father was half a block to rearward. I went off on my face . . .

WHEN father gave up the ministry, just before the Spanish War, he spent a year or so working for the local weekly paper—in whose back office I set my first "stick" of type without anyone to instruct me, having practically remembered it from my last previous life—then he opened a notion and furniture store. Being a natural-born trader he found it was profitable to open a second-hand department. If a man's wife ran off with a pair of walrus moustaches, or the man beat her to it and ran off with a blonde, father made the survivor an offer for all the household effects, so much for the lay-out, take it or leave it. Usually they took it. Father backed his wagon up to the front door and started carrying things out—everything from wheezy organs to baby's teething rings. Getting the stuff down to his "store" after four or five trips, he sorted it out, threw away the junk, painted up what was salable, and charged what he could get for it. Father would buy and sell anything that had value. In the realm of domestic realism he once made a trip to Fitchburg and acquired over three hundred chamber mugs from a defunct pottery, covers 'n everything. When he fetched 'em back and put 'em on display, the Pelley Emporium was a thing to write home about . . . Three hundred of 'em . . . covers 'n everything . . .

o—o

WHAT I started to sav was, in scooping up whatever domestic truck he could get at ready-money the scoop, he gradually acquired a considerable number of "wheels". It was really surprising how many male householders ran off with blondes in that little Massachusetts town and left their bicycles behind. If they'd put their inamoratas between the handlebars, they might have saved both bicycles and train fares but they did not. Thirty miles an hour on a bicycle was exceeding the speed limit and could get you in the pokey. Society called it "scorching" . . . Probably one reason the married men preferred to run off without

their blondes between their handlebars was because they wanted to travel thirty miles an hour without fear of arrest. Anyhow, here were slathers of bikes in the back room, all representing blonde incidents—or so I gathered from adult conversation—and when my legs grew too long for the *Signal*, I had my pick. I usually picked the bike whose tires weren't flat. But one day more human inventiveness showed up in the shape of a "chainless" . . . A chainless was a bicycle that wasn't worked by sprockets. It had pedals, of course, but with gears and a drive-shaft. I made the discovery that although it was an adult bike, it was much easier to pedal than the chain kind. I also made the discovery that if one started down a grade with it, it was more difficult to stop. I mean, it was harder to back-pedal. Not having attained to man's estate, my legs weren't so long as they later became and I had to synchronize my feet with the pedals as they came within reach, revolution by revolution. Father suspected, I think, that this particular bike was too wild a critter for a small boy to ride and gave orders not to touch it. But one afternoon when he was absent, mother had an errand she wanted performed in a hurry and I believed I had an excuse to "borrow" the chainless. I could ride so much faster on mother's speedy errand if I borrowed the chainless. Anyhow, I did borrow the chainless and went afar on her errand, although commonly, without a forbidden chainless to borrow, I wasn't overly distinguished for my celerity. I borrowed the chainless as far as the top of Graham Street hill, riding as an eleven-year-old would, on the tar sidewalk. The town selectmen didn't like eleven-year-olds to do that because it made long grooves in the tar. Well, selectmen or no selectmen, I started down the grade. And the tar deterred me not at all. Frantically I tried to connect with the accelerating pedals—coaster-brakes weren't to be evolved by inventive man for another ten or fifteen years—and go down that grade at a speed more ap-

propriate to a chainless that had been borrowed without permission. The pedals came around with ruthless regularity and cared not a whoosh whether my feet connected. In fact, most of the time they swatted my feet elsewhere. I was presently riding atop an adult "chainless" that was going where it pleased to go—and on the sidewalk at that—not daring to stop steering because I might stop living. If Graham Street had gone on forever, like Tennyson's river—anyhow, some poet's river—I might have kept on steering and nothing been missing but a boy and a bicycle. But Graham Street at the bottom of the hill had to stop being a grade and become a cross-street and after that—on the opposite side—it had to become Dan Smith's Meat Market, Grocery and Delicatessen. The Smith emporium had been built carelessly, like that. Actually Graham Street could be said to end in Dan Smith's office at the back, with his safe and rolltop desk, because Dan Smith's back windows looked out on a coalyard, and if a coalyard won't make a street lose identity, what on earth will? . . .

o—o

BUT MEANTIME, I tell you, I was coming down Graham Street on tar sidewalk on a chainless that was kicking my feet out of the way with every whirr and giving every indication of making me lose my own identity, not to mention Graham Street's. I remember I missed hitting a woman with a baby-carriage, because she came around and read the riot act to my folks later, wanting to know if they expected her to push her infant up a phone-pole, something like that. Then came the intersection of Parker Street, and whoops for Dan Smith's Market, Grocery & Delicatessen. It was, as I said, directly in line, backed up by a coalyard. Long before I left the Graham Street curbing, I realized my father had been long on perspicacity, ordering me not to touch this contraption. Fortunately no horse-and-buggy, beer truck, steam roller nor circus calliope was bent on going east or west across the foot of Graham Street at precisely that instant. But Dan Smith's place couldn't get out of the way because it had been built so. I left the curbing, touched Parker Street in the middle with a bounce, struck the southern curbing of Parker Street and decided to take father's counsel and not touch that bicycle any more. Talk about the handsome

man on the flying trapeze! . . . I flew through the air with the greatest of ease, and went as neatly through the twin screendoors in the front of that grocery as though I'd been aimed. And about six feet behind the doors, on luscious display, were as many opened crates of Grade-A eggs, tilted backward against a counter. Dan, in the back of the meat department—a portly man in myopic glasses—glanced up to listen to what was coming

into his store by aiming, and his descending meat cleaver nearly took off his thumb. The Pelley young 'one, future Soulcrafter or not, had hit where he was aimed—in six crates of eggs, while the chainless had gone in another direction and struck a horse. They do say that one egg is a day's work for a hen, in which event I messed up about six weeks of hen-labor and was properly yolked from collar to stockings. Dan came around

Scripts in Bindings

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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.

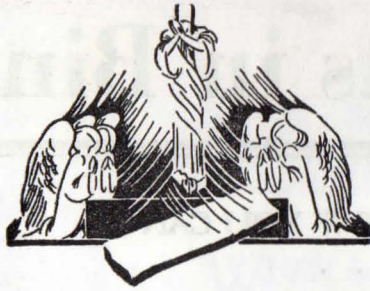


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means that you will have acquired a finished compendium of all phases and aspects of the Ageless Wisdom, expounding practically every enigma and quandary in human affairs. There will be 12 volumes of these Scripts, holding 156 discourses in all, covering eventually all the esoteric matter formerly issued in the *Liberation Pink Scripts* incorporated into the Soulcraft series with additional and timely comment. Four volumes have been finished and the fifth will be completed in another five numbers. Make a studious effort to own and absorb these books. Put in a standing order for them as published. Address—

SOULCRAFT CHAPELS

Noblesville, Indiana



“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

the corner of his chopping block, cleaver still in hand, and I couldn't get up and depart because everything was slippery. Next thing I knew, he was holding me with one hand and cranking the wall telephone with the other, the number he was desiring being my father's store where there was a great variety of bicycles but no longer one chainless that was prohibited . . . I never did learn what became of Dan's meat knife . . .

FATHER had returned from wherever he'd been when mother wanted her errand done swiftly, and my recollection has it he answered the phone, because Dan was still holding me up to make certain I didn't drip on anything costly, when father came through the door. Dan didn't know how much to charge father for the eggs I'd spoiled because there was no way to count 'em. You toss a small boy from a bicycle-saddle into six crates of eggs and see if you can count how many have met with too much mishap to be sold over the counter, carried home in a hat, fried, boiled, scrambled or deviled. Father felt me over for broken bones, found my guardian mentors had all been on the job that early, told Dan he could put the damage on the Pelley grocery bill Saturday night, and “marched” me back up Parker Street to Central and hence to his store—the backroom of his store . . . No one had to use a police dog to follow my trail—unless the dog was hungry for egg . . . Bicycles? . . . ho-hum! . . . Yes, we called 'em “wheels” and thirty miles an hour was scorching. But I was scorched with thirty miles having nothing to do with it. When I'd gone through Dan Smith's double screens I was hitting sixty-five . . .

Survival

(Continued from Page 4)

ony' in any sense, for that is over and gone before the actual process of dying—as you call it—takes place. That process is bliss, let me tell you, like the dying away of the strains of far-off music, or if you would rather, the somnambulant feeling of healing after a sickness has gone . . .

“Somehow I feel that I never did lose consciousness in the full sense of the word. I slept, certainly, but even that sleep was akin to the sleep you know;

for flicking in and out of it at all times were shades and tints of lights, not enough to make me wish to concentrate upon them, but enough—as it were—to make me know that I was myself but resting, quietly, peacefully, expectantly.

"And then I remember—I do not know how—a stirring about me like the fluttering of wings of light-birds, airy yet with density of a sort.

"The first sound I heard—and I remember it well—was a hushing sound as though someone had laid a finger on his lips and, shaking his head, was cautioning silence. Then next, the most beautiful voice I have ever heard said 'John!' quietly, anxiously. I still could not move, but I felt a smile hovering over my face and the Voice went on, 'He is waking. He hears me. Gently now, all of you! Quietly, easily, no stirring . . . he must come to himself slowly, without haste.'

"I still could not stir, but I felt a sigh escape me, one of pure bliss, ease and restfulness. Does this seem strange, my children? Some day you will know, and when you do, will wonder why you ever thought the World worth holding on to. For, from the first moment of 'waking' here, you begin to feel new sensations that are so foreign to experiences of earth that it is joy inexpressible.

"For to begin with, that heaviness is gone. Yes, the weight of trillions of atoms, grinding, groaning, and weighing down your spirit, is gone and you are light—lighter than air. Oh the joy of it, my dears ones, oh the joy!

"And yet you know, somehow, it is but the beginning of a life that holds promise of fulfillment. And for awhile you are content to lie back—at least so it was with me—and think of nothing save this: 'It's done, it's over! . . . it was nothing, nothing at all, and I had been afraid!' And I knew not how it could be, but still it was nothing, for I have made the Transition before, many times! And you toy with the thought, and still you lie there. And then the Gentle Voice speaks again, 'John! John, old friend!' And you think 'I know this voice, surely I know this voice!'

"And at last—at long, long last—you open your eyes, and close them again quickly, for you are not yet used to the brightness of the place. And the Kind Voice says, 'Take your time, John, there is all eternity, you know.' And your mind—which you have certainly brought

along with you—says, 'Aye, all eternity. All eternity to learn of God's love. All eternity to go onward . . . into further wisdom . . . all eternity to fill in the gaps, the wonderings, the whys, that you ever asked on earth.

"And you move—aye, you have a body to move, my friends, but a different body, like to the one you knew on earth but new somehow, cleansed and restored. But not all this at once, for, as you learn later, what seems to have happened in a few moments was really longer than you thought. This I can't just explain, only I can tell you. Someday you too will know and understand . . ."

Experiences

(Continued from Page 6)

"Had something terrible happened to him, I wondered, that such a projection of his condition had been visible?

"The clerk in his offices which adjoined his residence told me that his char-womann was indeed uneasy, not having been able to get any response from her employer when she had earlier knocked at his door. This door was found to be locked on the inner side and we had to hunt a ladder and raise it to one of the windows of my friend's sleeping room to gain entrance.

"The clerk went up first and peered inside. At once he almost lost his footing in shock and fell. Stretched inside, he reported, was his employer in his night-clothes with his arms thrown out and his jaw dropped.

"We procured a great hammer such as is used in breaking coal, and forced the hallway door then. I went into the room with the clerk.

(Continued Next Week)

Government

(Continued from Page 2)

him that he can't provide for himself and dependents.

Search the *Golden Scripts* and you find the statement made over and over that "the enemy collapseth and endeth in vauntings." Troubles are mounting faster in Russia than they are in any other country on earth, and Stalin may be worrying more than we suspect over the bolshevizing of China, because if the

The Golden Scripts

are not for sale! They have been financed and published as a labor of love—that the majestic *Speakings* credited to mankind's Elder Brother may be made available to the spiritual leaders of America in this bedeviled generation.

¶ If you have helped in any amount to underwrite this publishing, you have as many copies of the book as you can place with people whom they will help, coming to you—up to twenty-five.

¶ If you wish a copy of the *Golden Scripts* for yourself, you have only to request it.

¶ However, no one is supposed to sell their copy so obtained, and no practice is being made of selling the Elder Brother's words under any circumstances.

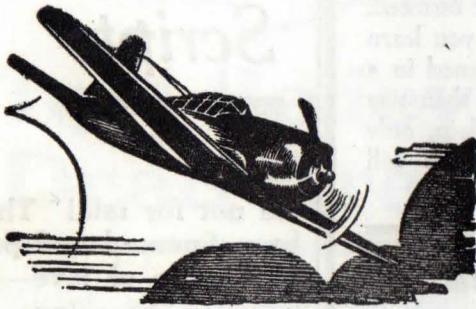
¶ Get your name on the list as soon as possible, if you desire a gratis copy.

Korean embroilment ceases, mobs of idle birds' nest eaters may decide Siberia is theirs for the taking—and forwith take it.

It's our economy at home that we need to give attention.

Substituting a rifle for a shovel doesn't alter the character of the erstwhile WPA . . .

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

TWO modern youngsters were discussing the subject of piggy banks.

"I think they're childish," the first declared.

"So do I," Annie agreed. "It encourages children to become misers."

"And that's the worst of it," Mary added. "It encourages parents to become robbers."

A SOCIAL worker in New York advised a colored woman to leave her husband—at least for a while.

"Mah husband done set a time fo' killin' me," the woman had told her. "He sleep wiv a razzor under his pillow and Ah sleeps wiv a hammer under mine. He doan sleep very good and Ah doan sleep at all."

A KANSAS farmer bragged, "We got rid of all our bad roads."

"What?" cried the startled tourist.

"Fact."

"Wasn't that expensive?"

"Nope, signs didn't cost so much."

"What signs?"

"Signs we used to mark all our bad roads 'Detours'."

SAID a Teutonic resident of Hoboken, "Dos Irishers sick make me, about what fighters they are, always talking. Vhy, at Minna's wedding der odder night, dot drunken Mike Hoolihan in butted, und me und mine brudder, und mine couzzen Fitz, and mine frient Louie—vhy, ve preddy near out of der house kicked him."

SAID the ranger to the careless tourist, "Lookit, Mister, that's the Grand Canyon."

"Sure," said the tourist, "I know it."

"You just tossed down a banana-peel."

"Sure, what of it?"

"You want to see somebody slip and fall three miles?"

THE CALLER inquired, "Is the doctor in?"

"No, sir," replied the physician's five-year-old son. "He went out on an eternity case."