

# Valor

The Golden Times Weekly . .

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

Volume II

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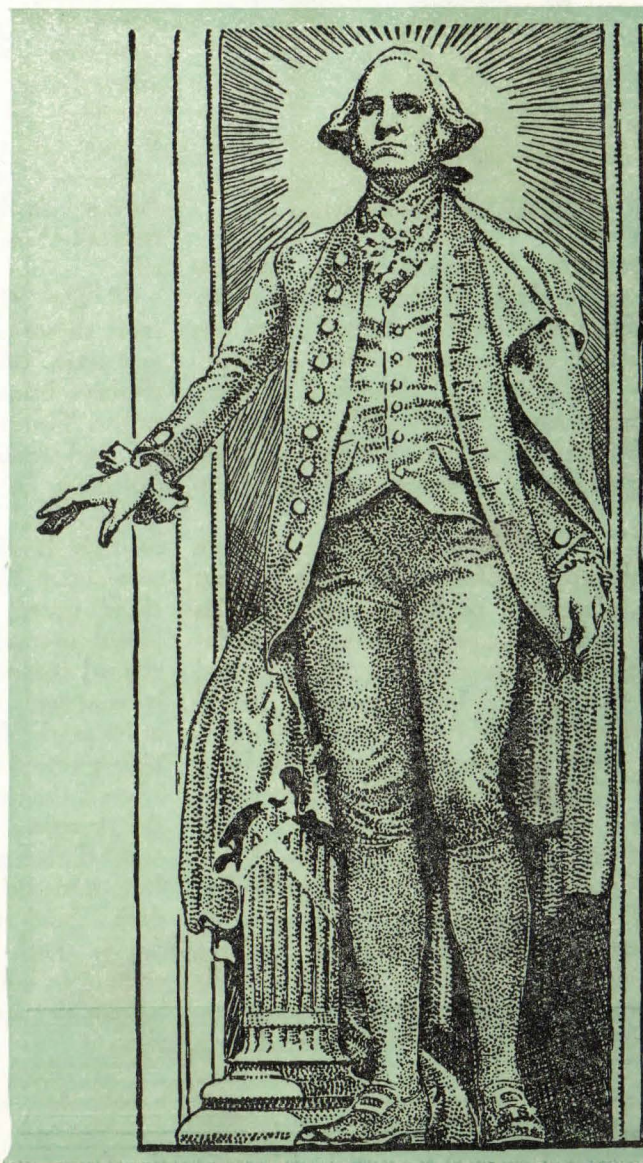
## WASHINGTON SAW THIS COMING . .

*Washington's Vision at Valley Forge, 1777;  
as related by Wesley Bradshaw. First published  
in 1859 and since widely circulated.*

**T**HE LAST time I ever saw Anthony Sherman was on the 4th of July, 1859, in Independence Square, Philadelphia. He was then ninety-nine years old and becoming very feeble. But though so old, his dimming eyes rekindled as he gazed upon Independence Hall, which he had come to look upon once more before he was gathered home.

"Let us go into the Hall," he said, "I want to tell you an incident of Washington's life—one which no one living knows of, except myself. And if you live, you will before long see it verified. Mark the prediction; you will see it come true.

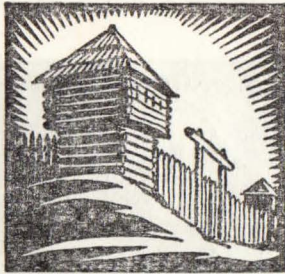
"From the opening of the Revolution we experienced all phases of fortune—now good and now ill; one time victorious and another conquered. The darkest period we had, I think, was when Washington after several reverses, retreated to Valley Forge, where he resolved to pass the winter of '77. Ah! I have often seen the tears



coursing down our dear commander's care-worn cheeks as he would be conversing with a confidential officer about the condition of his poor soldiers. You have doubtless heard the story about Washington's going to the thicket to pray. Well, it was not only true, but he used often to

pray in secret for aid and comfort from God, the interposition of whose Divine Providence brought us safely through those dark days of tribulation.

“ONE day—I remember it well—the chilly winds whistled through the leafless trees, though the sky was cloudless and the sun shone brightly. Washington remained alone in his quarters nearly all afternoon. When he came out I noticed that his face was a shade paler than usual, and there seemed to be something on his mind of more than ordinary



importance. Returning to his quarters just after dusk, he dispatched an orderly for the officer I mentioned, who was presently in attendance. After a preliminary conversation of about half an hour, Washington, gazing upon his companion with that strange look of dignity which he alone could command, said to the latter:

“I do not know whether it is owing to the anxiety of my mind, or what, but this afternoon, as I was sitting at this very table engaged in preparing a dispatch, something in the apartment seemed to disturb me. Looking up I beheld standing opposite me a singularly beautiful female. So astonished was I—for I had given orders not to be disturbed—that it was some moments before I found language to inquire the cause of her presence. A second, a third, a fourth time did I repeat my question, but received no answer from my visitor except a slight raising of the eyes. By this time I felt strange sensations spreading through me. I would have risen, but the riveted gaze of the Being before me rendered volition impossible. I essayed once more to address her, but my tongue had become powerless; I even thought it had become suddenly paralyzed. A new influence, patient, irresistible, took possession of me. All I could do was to gaze steadily, vacantly at my unknown visitant. Gradually the surrounding atmosphere seemed as though becoming filled with sensations,

and grew luminous. Everything about me seemed to rarefy, the mysterious visitor herself becoming more airy and yet more distinct to my sight than before. I now began to feel as one dying, or rather to experience the sensations which I have sometimes imagined accompany dissolution. I did not think; I did not reason; I did not move; all were alike impossible. I was only conscious of gazing fixedly at my companion.

“PRESENTLY I heard a voice saying, “Son of the Republic, look and learn,” while at the same time my visitor extended her arm eastwardly. I now beheld a heavy white vapor at some distance arising fold upon fold. This gradually dissipated, and I looked upon a strange scene. Before me lay spread out in one vast plain all the countries of the world, Europe, Asia, Africa, America. I saw rolling and tossing between Europe and America the billows of the Atlantic; and between Asia and America lay the Pacific.

““Son of the Republic,” said the same mysterious voice as before, “Look and learn.” At that moment I beheld a shadowy being like an angel standing, or rather, floating in mid-air between Europe and America. Dipping water out of the ocean in the hollow of each hand, he sprinkled some upon America with his right hand while with his left he cast some upon Europe. Immediately a dark cloud raised from these countries and joined in mid-ocean. For a while it remained stationary and then moved slowly westward, until it enveloped America in its murky folds. Sharp flashes of lightning gleamed through it at intervals, and I heard the smothered groans and cries of the American people. A second time the angel dipped water from the ocean as before, and sprinkled it on the land. The dark cloud was then drawn back to the ocean, in whose heaving billows it sank from view.

“A third time I heard the mysterious voice saying, “Son of the Republic, the end of the century cometh; look and learn.” At this the dark, shadowy angel turned his face southward, and from Africa I saw an ill-



omened spectre approach our land. It floated slowly and heavily over every town and city of the latter. As I continued looking I saw a bright angel, on whose brow rested a crown of light on which was traced the word UNION, bearing the American flag, which he placed between the divided nation and said, “Remember, ye are brethren.” Instantly the inhabitants, casting aside their weapons, became friends once more, and united around the national standard.

“And again I heard the mysterious voice say, “Son of the Republic, look and



learn.” At this the dark, shadowy angel placed a trumpet to his mouth and blew three distinct blasts; and taking water from the ocean, he sprinkled it upon Europe, Asia and Africa. Then my eyes beheld a fearful scene. From each of these countries arose thick, black clouds that were soon joined into one. And throughout this mass there gleamed a dark red light by which I saw hordes of armed men, who moved with the cloud, marching by land and sailing by sea to America—which country was enveloped in the volume of the cloud. And I dimly saw these vast armies devastate the whole country, burning the villages, towns and cities that I had beheld springing up. As my ears listened to the thundering of the cannon, clashing of swords and shouts and cries of millions in mortal combat, I again heard the mysterious voice saying, “Son of the Republic, look and learn.” When the voice ceased, the dark, shadowy angel placed his trumpet once more to his mouth and blew a long and fearful blast.

“INSTANTLY a light as of a thousand suns shone down from above me, and pierced and broke into fragments the dark cloud which enveloped America. At the same time the angel upon whose head still shone the word UNION, and who bore our national flag in one hand and a sword in the other, descended  
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## What Did Washington "See" at Valley Forge? . . .



WE CAN ignore the phantasmagorical aspects of Washington's alleged "vision" during the encampment of the Revolutionary soldiers at Valley Forge.

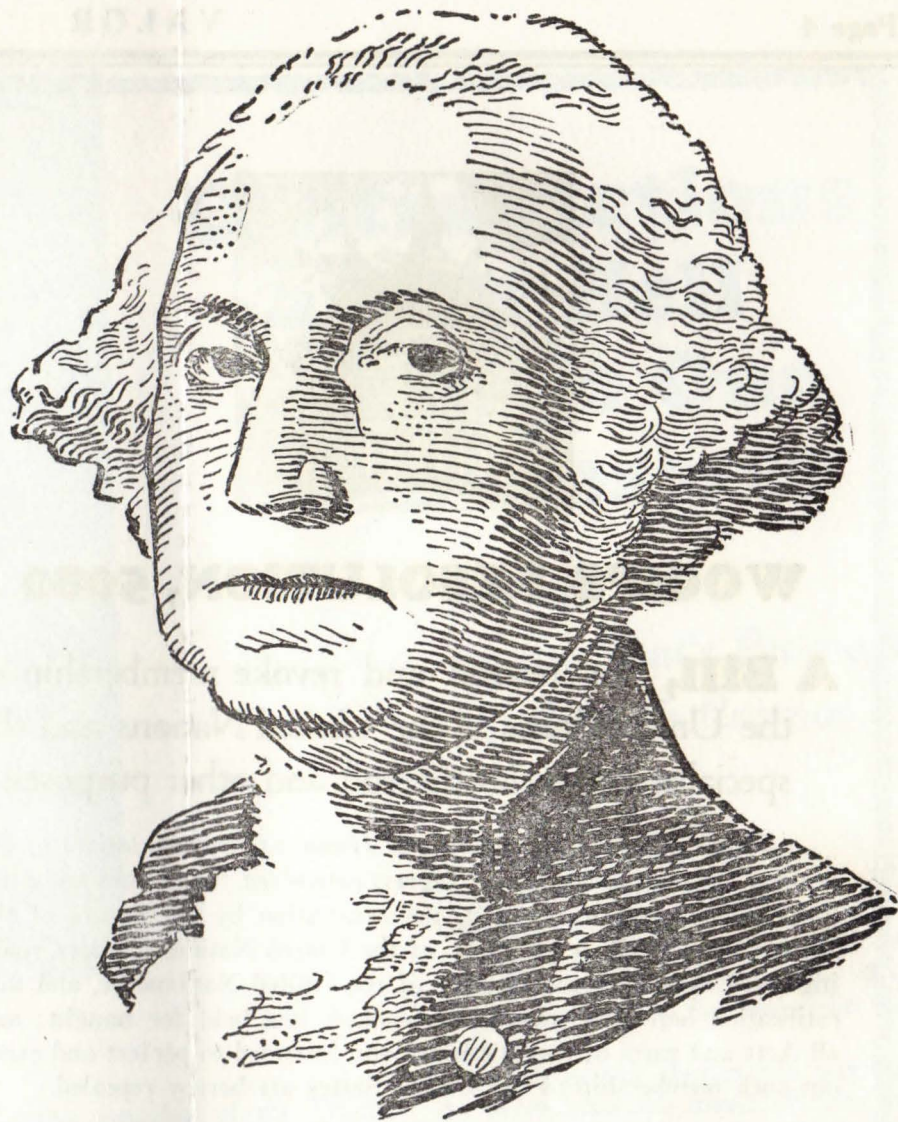
Somehow a prophecy exists today that was assumed to have its origin with him. But the more important and significant thing is, that today—in the middle of the Twentieth Century—we can begin discerning what sense its import makes.

VALOR concurs that the Father of His Country might have napped during the course of a grey afternoon, and dreamed the whole thing. It was either that, or he had the materialization of the light-body of a Superior Being occur in his Headquarters. The thing that engages us seriously in the times of the present, however, is the fact that a Prophecy is in existence, alleging to have been connected with America's First President, that depicted Three Menaces—over all of which, nonetheless, the Republic was due to be victorious.

The First was obviously the Revolutionary War that won us our independence—at least temporarily—from Britain.

The Second was the Civil War, "arising out of Africa" where the white peoples of the New World had secured their supplies of Negro slaves;

The Third was the embroilment of the moment—originally begun in 1914—when the nations of the world, organized through and by that Snakes Nest of world radicals under the Spider-Web Flag of United Nations, should repay America's generosity by seeking to bring



our Republic under its foreign yoke by force. In the midst of this master embroilment, "a light as of a thousand suns" shines from "Above" and pierces and breaks into fragments the dark cloud that envelops America.

Would this be the Coming of the Great Law-Giver?

Stranger things could happen . . .

YOU MAY not be aware of it as yet, but there is a strong probability that before the end of this year is reached, our United States may withdraw from this nefarious United Nations. Then its true character and purpose may become disclosed.

It has been from the beginning the political method evolved by members of the world's Power Bloc to seize control of the United States and attempt to dominate its legislative and cultural life in the interests of overseas economic dictators.

There is the entirely logical possibility that, when, as, and if, such independence of the Communist United Nations should be declared, armed might could be called up and employed against this Republic. It will be the armed might, of course, that America has first made possible for use against Russia and her satellites. But it will one day dawn upon the United States that United Nations is a creation of the world's bolshevik elements, playing a double game, or rather, playing both ends against the middle in this contest for world control.

That the United-Nations bolsheviks, made powerful by the materiel for war-making they have first fanagled out of America, may presently essay the insufferable maneuver of attempting an attack against a United States that has seen the pitfall and withdrawn from that body, would fulfill the Prophecy of George Washington at Valley Forge.

The United Nations would have had



## WOOD'S RESOLUTION, 5080

**A Bill,** To rescind and revoke membership of the United States in the United Nations and the specialized agencies thereof; and other purposes:

*Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled,* That from and after the effective date of this Act, the ratification by the Senate of the United States on July 28, 1945, of the United Nations Charter, making the United States a member of the United Nations, be, and said ratification hereby is, rescinded, revoked, and held for naught; and all Acts and parts of Acts designed and intended to perfect and carry out such membership of the United States are hereby repealed.

SEC. 2. That from and after the effective date of this Act all Acts and parts of Acts designed and intended to make the United States a member of the specialized agencies of the United Nations, or any of them, are hereby repealed; and all executive agreements, international undertakings, and understandings, however characterized and named, designed and intended to make the United States a member of the specialized agencies of the United Nations are hereby rescinded, revoked, and held for naught.

SEC. 3. That from and after the effective date of this Act any and all appropriations for defraying the cost of the membership of the United States in the United Nations or in the specialized agencies thereof are hereby rescinded and revoked; and any unexpended balances of any such appropriations shall be covered into the general fund of the Treasury of the United States.

SEC. 4. That the International Organizations Immunities Act of December 29, 1945 (59 Stat. 669; title 22, secs. 288 to 288f U. S. C.), be and it is repealed; and any and all Executive orders extending and granting immunities, benefits, and privileges under said Act of December 29, 1945, are hereby rescinded, revoked, and held for naught.

SEC. 5 This Act may be cited as the "International Organizations Rescission Act".

to come into existence before the Valley Forge Prophecy could become interpretable . . .

REP. John T. Wood of Idaho, has introduced H. R. 5080 in the Congress of the United States, for the latter's complete withdrawal from United Nations. In connection with the "Washington Prophecy" and its aftermath, VALOR prints in its columns following, this Resolution of Mr. Wood's . . .

All these events fit into the program of Soulcraft, for the fundamental reason that these developments contribute to "The Coming of the Great Law-Giver."

Let's look into the Resolution put into the Congress by Rep. Wood, and familiarize ourselves with it, because it's going to be one of those issues outstanding on the Soulcraft Program in the days ahead.

The United States must proceed through the mazes of her incredible destiny, and fulfill the conditions that bring "the End of the Age". The Wood Resolution is a history-making document. Debate upon it comes up in the Congress next month. Every Soulcraft has an interest in it, to see that it passes.

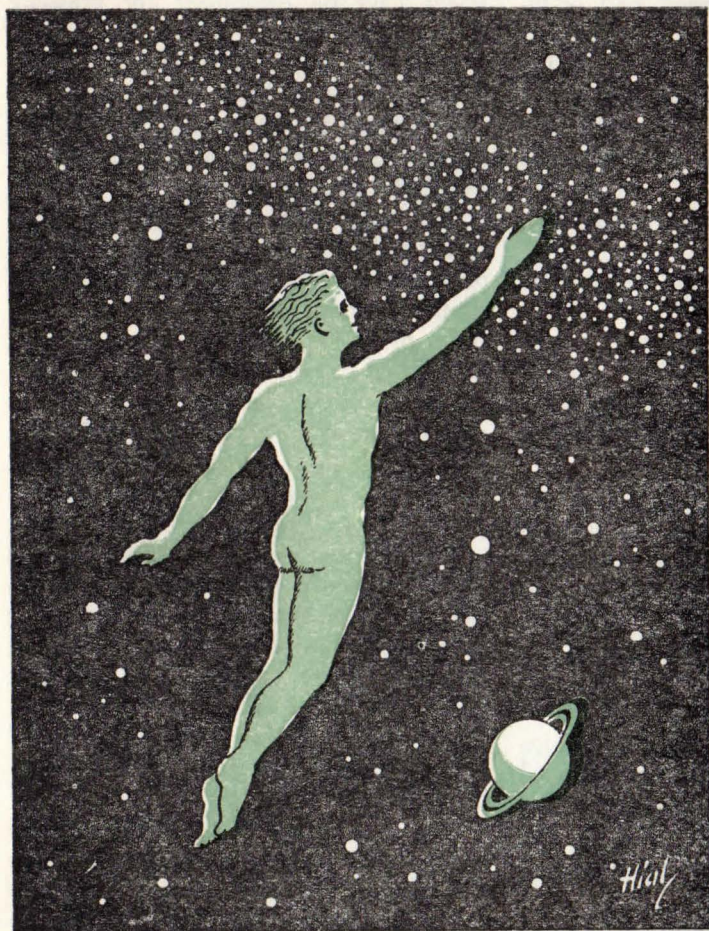
On August 8th, Rep. Wood arose in the House and began the Great Issue of world-changing events by stating the following—

"MR. SPEAKER: Mr. Truman's suggestion that the House should introduce legislation to get out of United Nations if we did not provide the full quota of funds asked for that purpose, has impelled me to introduce a Bill in the House at this time, which, if it receives favorable action by this body, will terminate affiliation with that organization.

"Perhaps the most plausible fallacy in the history of the United States is that which has stealthily crept into the governmental process of America since the beginning of the Spanish-American War, and through which has steadily grown and developed the thought that the great destiny of the United States is to actively interfere in the internal affairs of other countries, or with the relations of one country with another, in order to supposedly facilitate their desired safe arrival in their fair haven of freedom.

"True, the alleged motive was good. It was visioned as an active effort to

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# Contradictions about Hell that No One Can Answer

*A New Series  
on the Soul's Progress  
Up through Cosmos*

the billions of harps twanging, what pieces the fortunate souls play on their harps and who designates them, what fun it would be to twang on a harp in praises after about the thirty-seventh year of it, also are ignored in Fundamentalist explanation.

Another part of the Doctrine says that the unfortunate are tossed off into the Outer Darkness where there is wailing and gnashing of teeth. Another part says they are dropped into fiery regions where they sizzle like beefsteaks till the termination of Time. Just how there could be Outer Darkness and Plutonic Fires of Hell both in the same locality, is another trifling contradiction that is conveniently ignored. It must be that the Fires of Hell do not radiate incandescence as do fires of earth. Fiercely they burn and roast the recalcitrant yet never give off a single spurt of light.

**T**HEREFORE we have this proposition advanced as the basis for our Conventional Religion: The earth's population is set at two billions, evenly divided as between males and females; these billion males and billion females are all at work the century around manufacturing culprits for the Celestial Judge to pass upon as to their ultimate fate; and that fate is rigorously and arbitrarily defined, each prisoner becomes a ce-



**W**HAT merit can there be, in terrifying a person into being righteous? He cannot be converted into rectitude because righteousness is righteousness—he must merely be forced to give lip-service to righteousness to save his stupid skin. Of what value to Cosmos is his character, made "good" from such pressures? A rational God would only want souls coming into His presence who were there because of the merit in their self-volition.

For generations man has been threatened by the "fire of Hell" if he refused to abandon his "sinful" ways. But odd to relate, no one has ever visited Hell, to enumerate accurately its disadvantages. Dante did it in imagination only, in a truly great poem, and the *Inferno* has colored all religious literature since it appeared. But sensible beings in this current century need more than a poem to persuade them of Hell's literality.

Like the notion of Paradise—merely

the Christian rendition of the Elysium Fields of the Greeks—it appears to exist only in the religious realms of man's conjecturings.

Let's look at the contradictions we're asked to accept as Divine Truth, along the lines of conventional orthodoxy . . .

**E**XACTLY where the Elysian Field is, to which the fortunate prisoners are delivered by the celestial bailiffs, or where the regions of eternal pyrotechnics are located to which the hapless are consigned, is beyond all orthodox assumption. Astronomers have never located either, anywhere in Space.

One part of the Doctrine has it that the fortunate are merely taken out and equipped with comfortable white garments and harps whereupon they turn right around and come back to help God hold court. They take their seats on the benches in an ever-compounding audience and just twang away in praises of the whole legal system.

Just how God decides the cases with

lestial chorister or a perpetual sizzling beefsteak.

It's all that cut-and-dried!

The human soul starts in its earthly cradle and it ends in heaven or hell!

Of course this same Doctrine ignores all this in another part and says that after all nothing of the sort happens: All the deceased are "Asleep in Jesus" and will not awake to enact the Courtroom Scene till one great Day of Doom. Whereupon the Almighty is going to do His judging in one compounded sequence.

That, considering the numbers of humans who have expired since the Year One, piles up a bit of work that will be harder for the Almighty to get through with than as if He had done His judging at the rate of seventy thousand times forty-eight per day. But this bothers the prevailing theologian not at all. He merely dismisses the matter by declaring that "all things are possible with God" and lets it go at that.

That, contributing, not to mention hearing, harp music over uncountable thousands of years, might offer a worse hell to the principals than going down to the Furnace Room and beginning the agony on an honest and courageous basis at once, is another little point that gets no rationalization.

There is the Celestial System set up, and you can take it or leave it. But if you leave it, God help you in that Courtroom Sequence! And after the deacons have passed the collection-plate, the audience will please stand and sing "Pull for the Shore!"

From all of which the sanely-thinking mortal asks: "Can you prove that any of it happens?"

The dominie has the intestinal vigor to respond: "I don't have to prove it, but God help you if you don't believe it!"

"But it doesn't make sense from any angle!" protests the sanely-thinking mortal.

"It doesn't make sense," is the argument returned, "in that you're a Sinner!"

"Maybe," says the S. T. M., "yet all the same, it's preposterous. You've contradicted yourself in your own Doctrine in a dozen places. You've ignored all the laws of Nature and Nature's processes. Most preposterous of all, you're truly maintaining that any besotted man or woman in existence has the celestial capability to create a Human Soul. In fact, you're advancing the argument that a

billion pairs of parents, good, bad, or indifferent, are in a position to manufacture courtroom work for God till the crack o' doom, and there's no getting out of the tedium of it for God—thereby making a billion pairs of parents God's perpetual employers!"

"Employers!" the dominie will echo, aghast.

"Whoever furnishes labor for another is his employer, is he not?"

"I suppose you think you have a better explanation for it all?" the theological expert may superciliously suggest.

"I have, at least, an hypothesis I can prove!"

"What do you mean prove?"

"I can prove that parents do not create the spiritual souls occupying their children's bodies, by demonstrating that all sentient men and women occupying those bodies have had prior mortal existences."

"How can you demonstrate it?"

"By the testimony of the people concerned, themselves, when they are reduced to a mental condition where their present sense-equipments no longer register distracting stimuli in any way upon them!"



**N**OW the Hypothesis of Serried Existences, and progression through octave upon octave of more transcendent consciousness, makes no parents—besotted or otherwise—God's employers; it entails no courtroom application on the part of the Resplendent Originator of the Universe; it does not circumscribe the arenas of activity in which the soul shall spend eternity. It says simply and rationally that faint units of Thought-Energy evolved out of the great ocean of Universal Spirit, and life by life, aeon by aeon, encounter pleasure-pain experiences in various patterns of sentient bodies, until finally self-awareness is developed that goes on and on into fecundities of celestial performance so stupendous that souls in the current mortal

status have no equipment for grasping their potentialities.

Each pair of parents starts biological processes to work that offer temporary enhousement for such units of Thought-Energy. That temporary enhousement is called the Mortal Span.

The temporary enhousement supplied biologically by the parents is composed of more materials and attributes than commonly meet the eye. It really is a series of bodies, each of finer and finer integration of materials, each confined inside the other, the final outer shell or covering being the gross fatty overcoat that at physical demise is conveniently buried in a grave for decomposition and return to its elements.

The process known in mortal life as Dying is merely the business of extracting the more tenuous bodies from the gross outer encasement, and continuing to go on living in them until the next outer covering is exhausted.

Thereupon the sentient spirit "dies" out of that one also, and lives for a span in the next.

Finally it arrives in the status of Pure Spirit—spirit utterly without a mechanism of any sort but its own capability for self-awareness—when it is ready to go the physical-body round all over again.

How do we know that this is so?

Because those more tenuous bodies can be seen under favorable conditions—even photographed!

They frequently make themselves known to mortals not yet arrived at physical demise of their outer coverings.

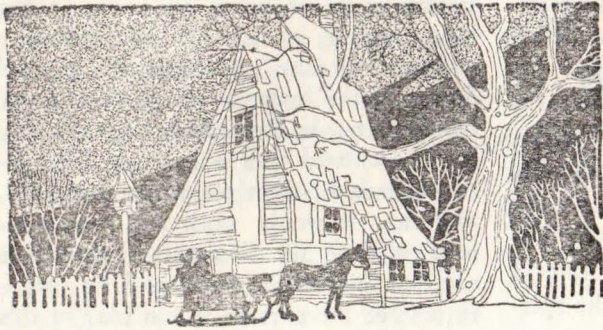
They discover methods for so exercising force in those more tenuous bodies that they open material doors, perform the phenomena of sounds upon material substances, cause people in their mortal encasements to feel "discarnate" touchings of the more tenuous fingertips.

They carry on tacit conversations in those more tenuous bodies with those who have yet to arrive at them.

We can get so-called discarnate souls to recount the utmost privacies of their lives when they had outer-shell bodies—facts not known to others still living—and upon checking, the survivors or investigators will discover the reports to be absolutely correct.

In one instance such a Discarnate has been successful in imprinting his "spirit" fingertips in materialized form in hot wax and the subsequent mold has checked

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# Strange Experiences . .

Communicated One Hour after Death

**T**HERE are two more authenticated cases, supporting the assertions made by The Recorder in his current Valor Lecture on *Survival*, taken from the memoirs of the great psychic scientist, Flammarion. The first concerns the report of a physician in Nancy, France, on the demise of a girl at a distance, conveyed to a mutual acquaintance almost at the instant of its happening. Flammarion's friend, a Dr. Liebault, recounted the episode as follows—

"One February day, about 8 o'clock in the morning, a Mademoiselle Beaucaire, whom I had under my care for treatment of a nervous cough, sat down to her table for breakfast. Suddenly she had an irresistible impulse to write, as a medium. She had done this for some time. At once she went to procure her large notebook in which she was in the habit of putting down feverishly, in pencil, almost illegible words.

"She now wrote down words of this sort, and at length, when her mental excitement had subsided, she and her relatives were able to read that a person named Marguerite *was announcing her own death.*

"They surmised at once that a young woman of this name, known to Mademoiselle, and a teacher in a school in distant Coblenz, must have just died there.

"Mademoiselle's family came to my home at once, showed me the message, and suggested we find out at once if any such demise had actually taken place. Mademoiselle wrote to an English girl-friend of hers, also performing the duties of teacher at the Coblenz school. She gave some indirect reason for wanting to know the state or condition of Marguerite's health.

"By the next mail, back came a reply in English, and Mademoiselle made me

a copy of the passages that were essential. The reply expressed astonishment at Mademoiselle's letter, which of course she had not expected. But she announced that their mutual friend Marguerite had died at 7 o'clock of the morning of the day that Mademoiselle had recorded the clairaudient communication—one hour before the message was transcribed in Nancy.

"In the English teacher's letter was a brief obituary cut from a Coblenz newspaper, confirming it. I need not tell you that I examined the postmarks on this letter that had come from Coblenz, with great care, but satisfied myself that Mademoiselle could not have been apprised of Marguerite's death in any way by such means. The letter had really come from Coblenz on the previous day, and Mademoiselle truly had received some sort of announcement of the demise just one hour after it took place.

DR. A. LIEBAULT

## Saw Sister in Coffin

**C**ONSTANTLY the impression is promoted, particularly here in America, that all supernatural communications gaining publicity in the general press, have somehow been predicated on Spiritualism, which did not become of public consequence until the Fox Sisters began their manifestations in Hydesville, N. Y. in 1848. To show the fallacy of such contentions, Flammarion published a letter from a Colonel Jones of London dating back to 1845. His father had observed an unexplainable happening occurring in Burma. This is the episode—

"In 1845 I was with my regiment in Maulmain, Burma. In those days there were no direct mails. Sailing vessels brought us our letters, and months often went by without any being received.

"The evening of March 24, 1845, I was dining with some other people at

the home of a friend. Seated on the veranda after dinner with the other guests I was talking of local matters when suddenly I saw before me, *distinctly*, a coffin, and stretched out in this coffin, with every appearance of being dead, one of my sisters, especially beloved, whom I had left at home.

"It goes without saying that I stopped speaking abruptly and everyone looked at me questioningly. They asked me what was the matter. Laughingly I told them what I had seen and my story was taken as a jest. In the course of the evening, in company with an officer much older than myself—the late Major General Briggs, retired, of the Madras Artillery, at that time Captain Briggs—I went back to where I lived. He returned to the subject of the coffin I had seen, and asked if I had received any news that my sister was ill. I replied in the negative, adding that I had received no letters from home for almost three months. He asked me to make a note of the apparition because he had heard of similar instances.

"I did this, making a note of it on my calendar opposite the date.

"On the seventh of the following May I received a letter telling me *that my sister had died in England on the exact day that I had seen her stretched in her coffin, on a veranda in distant Burma.*"

**F**LAMMARION remarks in commenting upon this Jones' case, "In all probability his sister when dying, thought of her brother with great concentration and her anguish traversed the distance that separated them. May we go still further, since the coffin was seen, and conclude that her body was already in it when her thoughts took shape. I do not propose the admission of this. Nevertheless, occurrences must be recounted just as they happen."

# Valor

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## Final Spurt

**T**HE STATE of Washington remains in the lead in the matter of completing the *Golden Scripts* publishing, for which \$8,800 balance was called the first of the year. The score for Washington State now stands at \$791 on the list of "Eighty-Eighters", with California a close second. California has made \$520 on the Eighty-Eighters list. Then comes Pennsylvania with \$420, Utah with \$398, and Georgia with \$300. Ohio, one of the best Soulcraft states in the Union for most purposes, has contributed \$272 and Michigan \$222.

The sum of \$8,800 was originally needed to complete the *Golden Script* publishing and binding project, and the first week the "Eighty-Eighters" responded with \$1,147, bringing the needed balance down to \$7,653. In the second fortnight of raising the necessary funds to finish the program, \$2,089 was remitted, making the required balance \$5,564.

Since the report of the campaign in the issue of VALOR for February 2nd, \$1,046 more has been remitted, bringing the balance as of Washington's Birthday, \$4,514.

This means that as of February 16th, almost half the sum requested has been supplied.

The earnestness and sincerity of

some Soulcrafters has been demonstrated in ways that move the heart. One lady in California remitted the \$100 she had been saving for months for the purchase of a much needed kitchen range; she declared that the Golden Speakings meant more to her than the facilities of her kitchen. The Elder Brother's words gotten out to America at this time "to feed the spirit", were her prime concern.

It begins to be understood how Christ Himself was moved when the widow spent her mite for ointment for His feet.

Soulcraft is conserving this money as conscientiously and continuing to distribute about 1,000 new copies of the *Scripts* per week.

Who are the 45 persons to be, who close the campaign on a note of ringing success?

These columns will report the progress made, within the fortnight.



## Rescission

**T**O START the record where it should be started—in the Washington's Birthday issue of 1952—VALOR publishes on Page 4 the memorable text of John T. Wood's House Resolution 5080, to rescind and revoke membership of our United States in United Nations. All over America the Christ Forces are being aroused to support and back up John T. Wood in this epochal endeavor.

VALOR is interested in this contest—to disentangle this Republic from this mischievous super-state—because events attendant on such withdrawal are fatefully mixed up with what Soulcrafters envision as the Elder Brother's Second Coming.

United Nations is *not* the true Parliament of Man supposed to inaugurate the

lasting reign of peace on earth; it has been, and is, an artful and premature endeavor to seize control of the United States in the interests of overseas power blocs, that true Parliament of Man may be emasculated and subverted. The entire agenda of what would be attempted, and how it would work out, was communicated to the Soulcraft Recorder as early as August 26, 1929, and his preparation for the part he would play in this great international drama, forecast. Moreover, throughout nearly 800 pages of the *Golden Scripts* the bugle-call plays softly but stirringly for the cohorts of Light to arouse to this situation and play their parts accordingly. From the beginning—back there in August of 1929—it was a strange dual role that The Recorder was advised he had been commissioned to play in this current earth-scene: not only arousing America and the world's Christian nations to the fundamentals of the Ageless Wisdom, but their practical recognition and establishment in the field of international statesmanship.

The real agenda of accomplishment is truly indicated in that two-volume work, *Nations-in-Law*, the profound significance of which has dawned as yet on neither the American people nor the Soulcraft audience.

VALOR is seeking to trace out and lay on the line—without hysterias and with minimum rancors—the nature of the events now in *denouement* in the world, that Soulcrafters in particular may penetrate the significance of them with an exceptional insight and intelligence.

Read carefully, therefore, not only House Resolution 5080, but Mr. Wood's remarks to the Congress, the day he introduced this monumental Bill, as reprinted in the article beginning on Page three.

By following through the augmented articles that will compound in length and significance in VALOR's columns as 1952 advances, Soulcraft students will have the whole picture of United Nations and its anti-christ purports made clear to them.

The whole moral and spiritual climax of this current dispensation centers about United Nations and what comes out of it. None of it is Soulcraft involving in politics. It is a matter of Soulcrafters being made fully aware of the workings of recognized agencies in this world to accomplish by subterfuge what they dare



not attempt openly, with the increasing and expanding Cohorts of Righteousness meeting squarely and fearlessly this challenge to longevity of the Christian faith and the practically applied principles of the Teacher of Teachers.

Let's not overlook this last for one minute.

Follow this massive and fraught campaign in VALOR week by week, and give John T. Wood all the moral support he requires in his valiant effort to re-establish the international policies of the Republic on a free and uncircumscribed basis.

In the light of forthcoming United Nations maneuvers, the third phase of the Washington Vision makes profoundest sense.

## United Nations

(Continued from Page 4)

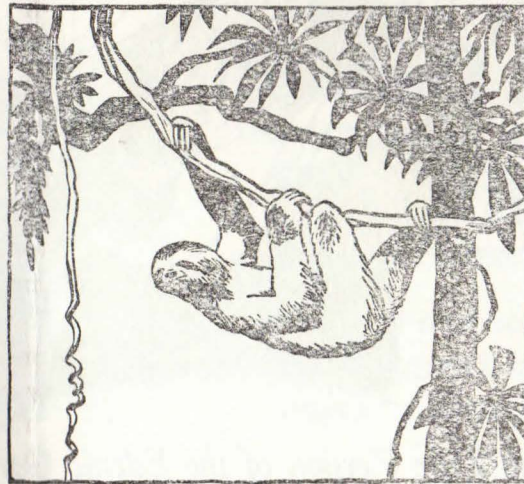
spread the gospel of the collective rights of the peoples everywhere to choose their own political destinies; to aid them in casting off the despotic shackles which had formerly bound them; and under the moral, or even military guidance of the United States, they might become the masters of their own fates.

"To this end, the Spanish-American War was fought, followed by the Philippine Insurrection. Later came World War I, to be speedily followed by World War II, both of which were supposed to have been fought to assist peoples and nations to achieve self-determination in their governments.

"We are presently engaged in what may be the actual beginning of world war III, and again it was based upon the same Messianic complex that in some divinely appointed plan the arduous and dangerous job has been given to us, to interfere freely in the internal workings of other governments, or to disrupt relationships between even peaceful peoples, in order that we may transplant some replica of our own country into foreign, and frequently inhospitable soil. Whether these peoples have the necessary background to govern themselves, or may even want to, seems to be beside the point. Willy-nilly we assume all that is necessary to have such a government of the people function is to preside at its birth.

"And yet, even after 164 years of trial

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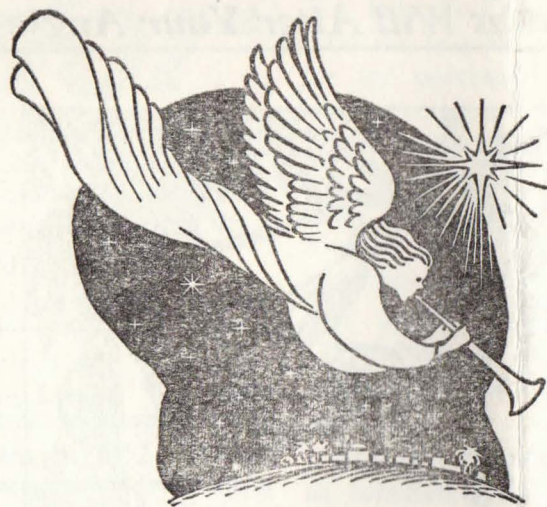
BEHOLD LIFE—the entire digest of the Soulcraft philosophy—is such a book. It took two years to write and is now in its second large printing. There are 331 pages of fact and mysticism so irrefutable that you'll understand why EVERYONE who goes in for Soulcraft is automatically helped spiritually.

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BEHOLD LIFE gives you the whole working pattern of life—from the lowest brute forms, up past man, into orders and octaves of what man will one day become. *You can call yourself an educated person after reading and absorbing this startling work!* You will find the exposition of the entire SOULCRAFT doctrine—told in language that a grammar-school pupil can understand—reconciling Theology and Evolution, and explaining a hundred enigmas in Holy Writ and Science, that have hitherto been annoying headaches to you. The world, with all its mystifying and freakish animal orders suddenly makes sense to you. *A book for children as well as adults!*

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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.

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and error, we have not yet demonstrated and guaranteed that we ourselves have done too well with running the affairs of this Republic. And when perhaps our star shall have set, and we may assume our place among bankrupt nations, as Lenin always stated we should, it may be said of us that the principal factor in our downfall has been our preoccupation with this Messianic complex through the United Nations; and our consequent failure to use common and ordinary prudence in the husbanding of our own resources. While we have been dealing gratuities with a free and lavish hand, we have neglected to mind our own business, and to guard well the springs of our own internal and financial affairs. We may have eaten our seed corn, as it were, and it may soon be said of us: 'That's all there is; there ain't any more.'

"It may be said that before our entry into World War I our financial commitments to foreign countries were not especially burdensome. But beginning with the twenty-eight billions we lost in that war in what amounted to gifts to our allied countries, with the huge amounts we gave away or otherwise spent in World War II, the story became quite different.

"It was not until we made the most tragic mistake of our entire national existence in entering the United Nations that we really began to pour out added billions at a rate of which even Croesus could never have dreamed. For instance, our spending on the United Nations and its corollary commitments during 1950 reached the astronomical total of nearly \$25,000,000,000.

"When you recognize the fact that the entire world has about forty billions of gold, and that the total annual income of the United States is only two hundred and thirty-five billions, one may begin to dimly visualize the enormity of our suicidal commitments flowing out of our membership in this body, and worse is still to come, for during fiscal 1952 the expenditures of last year give promise already of being upped to \$60,000,000,000.

"THE founding fathers emigrated here to find seclusion and separation from the warring of autocratic governments from whom they craved freedom. They found the continent free and untrammled within which they dared to hope to develop those freedoms of which

they had dreamed so long. The hope grew into fruition. Came the Declaration of Independence, to be shortly followed, after a victorious war had earned them the right, by the Constitution. They were free at last. They asked no greater guerdon than so to remain.

"The great Washington, their immortal leader and political father, in the plenitude of his wisdom, advised them, after two eventful terms as their founder President, to retain that aloofness to the beguilements of foreign countries and affairs their tragic experiences had conditioned them to accept. A war of occupation is a good teacher. We have not had one since 1812 and we have forgotten many things other nations have recently learned.

"Our membership in the United Nations is now militating against that safe haven of refuge the great Washington envisaged in this great ocean-engirdled continent empire. We have forgotten the safe and realistic precepts he besought his countrymen to follow, his eyes beclouded the while with tears. We have become entangled, not only in Europe but also in about every other quarter of the entire globe. We are engulfed in foreign deviousness, without the necessary skill in handling foreign affairs to properly protect us; nay, even more, without any foreign policy worthy of the name.

"Let us turn to that master orator, W. J. Bryan. What did he say concerning these modern problems? Let me quote: 'What is this Nation's purpose? The main purpose of the founders of our Government was to secure for themselves and for posterity the blessings of liberty, and that purpose has been faithfully followed up to this time. Our statesmen have opposed each other upon economic questions, but they have agreed in defending self-government as the controlling national idea. They have quarreled among themselves over tariff and finance, but they have been united in their opposition to an entangling alliance with any European power.'"

(Continued Next Week)

**H**ANK, the hired man, went up to the Big Town a few weeks ago, and while there followed a sprinkling wagon for five blocks, trying to tell the driver that his water was all leaking out.

*A Book that would be a Best-Seller this year if it could be marketed through the nation's bookstores*



## **"Road into Sunrise"**

*A Novel that teaches you Esoterics in 658 pages of tense story!*

**H**OW long since you read a good novel? Not any old novel, but a story that enlightened and *inspired* you? Suppose you could buy a novel almost as long as *Gone With the Wind*, that supplied you with the whole great pattern of life, expounded in the lives and fortunes of its story characters? Suppose you could have a full explanation thus given you of what sort of thing happens when a person's memory is "lifted" on lives they may have lived in previous dispensations? And suppose, before it finished, it delineated for you precisely what does happen when a person dies, as compiled from data in the international psychical research societies? Could you acquire a book of value more priceless? . . .

### **A Two-Volume Story of Smart People on a Quest for the Eternal Verities**

ROAD INTO SUNRISE is laid in New York of the present, among interesting people, against the background of its literary and publishing life. Its hero is an Indiana-born American who has made several expeditions to the Near East as an archaeologist. Its heroine is the young widow of a famous flyer in World War II. But the book's outstanding character is the modern incarnation of ancient Queen Nefetiti, wife of Ikhnaton, first monarch of the past to conceive of the universe as ruled by the One God. Here, between these, grows a drama breath-taking in its spiritual disclosures. This is conceded to be one of the truly great novels of the past year—658 pages that you'll find difficulty in putting aside, once you get into the mammoth swing of its plot. And its final chapter will overwhelm you—pay for a truly big book, and read it this winter if you read nothing else . . .

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Two Volumes, Deluxe, \$8

Soulcraft Press, Inc.

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## .. COGITATIONS

**E**VERY time I go from printing-house to personal studio, I pass Old Isobel in the garage. Old Isobel is my 1931 Buick that prior to 1942 carried me 40,000 to 50,000 miles in Silver Legion work. She was a gift from a dear elderly lady in central Pennsylvania—her husband had recently died and she wanted me to have his car. Now I'm keeping it in an honorary section of the Headquarters garage, merely for sentiment's sake. There's bound to be a bit of dust on her, and the rust on her fenders must be attended to, this spring. But she represents to me, all in all, the quarter-century of motoring up and down this country in which I never had a single accident. Funny thing, that. I'm not particularly bragging, and I'm knocking on wood. But I've never been in an auto mishap when I've been behind the wheel.

o—o

**M**Y FIRST so-called motor car was a Model-T flivver. It had a brass band around its radiator. I paid \$265 for it, back in 1916. As I've remarked sometime before in this column, it was reported as having its magneto wound wrong at the factory, and I drove it five to ten thousand miles with its magneto continuing to be wound wrong. After cranking it in gear and having it mess me up standing on a country road, I traded it for a Saxon Six touring car. No accidents whatever with the Saxon Six. And in due time I traded it for a new Hudson Super-Six. I drove the Hudson Supersix around Vermont till I went to Japan, before World War I, then I wheeled it across America and sold it in Pueblo, Colo. for more cash than I'd paid

for it in Bennington, Vt. When I came home from the Orient in 1919, I owned two Dodges in succession, then another Hudson Super-Six, then a Packard for a brief time, then a Jordan Roadmaster of the Hollywood playboy type. On returning to New York to reside, in 1928-'30, I acquired a Buick for two or three years, then along came Isobel as the gift. One thing I found out about automobiles that's strictly metaphysical: you love them—really love them, as you'd love a dog or a pal—and they'll work so faithfully for you that it's almost pathetic. I *loved* all my motorcars, and maybe that's the reason they never went off the road or spilled me in the ditch . . . I made my first transcontinental trip from Vermont to Pueblo, on my way to San Francisco to take ship for Japan, but during the heyday of the Silver Legion I crossed the nation so many times that I lost count by 1936. Twenty times would be no exaggeration. Many an occasion with one of the Legion boys—or Roy Zachary of sainted memory—I'd leave Asheville at three o'clock one afternoon, and at five the next I'd be in front of the State House in Oklahoma City. Five o'clock of the second afternoon would find me idling down the mountain to the west of Kingman, Arizona. And sun-up would discover me in Pasadena—56 hours running time. Naturally I had some interesting experiences on those trips . . .

o—o

**I** OFTEN wonder whatever became of a queer old man, who resembled Father Time, that I drew up alongside on desert roadway between Cisco and Provo, Utah, one afternoon in 1925. Dressed in a suit of faded dungarees and a shapeless black hat, he was sitting on a boulder and sobbing in a soiled bandana. "Whatsa matter, Pop?" I called to him. "*That!*" said he, pointing a crooked finger deeper in the gully-ditch. I looked down the gully-ditch and there lay half overturned the chassis of a would-be Ford, with a strawberry crate for a seat, presided over by an 8-year-old grandson. "She carried me off the road at eight o'clock this m-mornin'," Old Father Time blubbered, "and

not a single soul all day has stopped to offer m-me a lift." I got out and scrambled down to inspect whatever it was on four wheels he'd been driving. "Heck," says I, "there's nothing to this. Wait till I get my tow-rope." I got out my costly rawhide tow-rope, hitched it to his front axle and told him to get behind the wheel—if he could. My big Super-Six pulled him back on the desert highroad in jig-time. "C-Could you tow me into Provo?" he suggested, "seein' I spilled most o' my gas upsettin' in that gulch?" I said of course I'd tow him. So he got on the strawberry crate beneath the wheel, gathered up the 8-year-old boy and we set off. Maybe you've heard Charley Newcomb's masterpiece about the man in the Cadillac who'd done the same thing, only telling the fellow in the flivver to blow his horn if the Cad's driver got going too fast and he'd slow down. Only he stepped on it too hard and a motor cop picked them up. When the Cad owner saw the motor cop pursuing from his rear mirror, he decided to try to outrun the copper. The fellow in the attached flivver he forgot. But presently the copper gave up the chase, turned into the highway patrol office and surrendered his badge. "Whatsa idea?" demanded the sergeant. "I'm seein' things," reported the copper. "When I pick up a Cad doin' ninety an hour with a flivver behind it honking for it to get out of the way, it's time I went grocery-clerkin'." That was about my situation that summer afternoon, proceeding into Provo. Only with Father Time behind me, I didn't pick up any speed cop. But the view from my rear mirror was something for Norman Rockwell to make into a *Saturday Evening Post* cover. Feet braced wide apart, hat-brim flipped against the wind, whiskers flowing four to five feet behind him—or so it seemed—Father Time was having the ride of his senile years in that flivver that all day long had been a wreck in a ditch. And the grandson was gripping him around his aged waist for dear life. Actually I doubt that I was traveling more than forty miles an hour, which was practically stalling for my Super-Six. But Father Time was traveling like a guided missile.

WELL, the epochal tow ended in Provo with all parties safe and sound. I got out to detach. "Got to pay you f'r this, young fellar," Father Time insisted, "how much for that wonderful, wonderful ride?" I told him he didn't owe me a cent. But it didn't go. Not much. He wouldn't be beholden to any man living or dead—not for a free tow job at any rate. I wanted to leave but he detained me. "No, siree, sir! I gotta pay you, I tell yer." I still insisted I didn't want his money—for doing a decent human kindness for a man in a desert dilemma as his had been. "Lemme buy your tow rope then," he begged. No, I didn't want to part with my invaluable towrope. Whereupon—believe it or not—his risibles overcame him anew, and Father Time sat down on a main thoroughfare of Provo, Utah, and started to blubber afresh. That was precisely where I'd come into the picture. His heart was broken. He simply *had* to pay me or he'd be eternally cast down, from some karma or other. I looked at the wistful barefaced boy regarding it all with the wonder of life in his eyes and the manner in which bearded grandfathers behaved on principle. "Tell you what I *will* do, Pop," said I, "I'll charge you a certain price for the tow job, but if you pay me the money, *you've got to promise me I can do anything I want with the cash.*" This was better and Father Time blew his big nose and got up off the curbing. "How much kin I pay ye?" he queried me eagerly. "Fifty cents," said I. Whereupon he felt in his jeans and dug up the longest and fullest purse I'd ever set eyes upon in my life. He must have pulled out \$2,000 to \$5,000 in folding money to get down to the silver. Finally he located 50c. He handed it over to me, his conscience assuaged. I took the silver half-dollar, reached for the sweaty little hand of the grandson, folded his small grimy fingers over it and looked pitchforks at his grandsire. "Go and buy yourself some peanuts, bub," I counselled him, "and if your grandpop takes it away from you before you've spent it, tell him I'll come back, tow him back to Cisco and push him in the ditch on the other side the road." I got in my car and drove for California. The sizable aperture in the old man's beard was his mouth, where his lower jaw had dropped, seeking to fathom whether he'd been done in. Let's see, that was in 1924. That bug-



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SOULCRAFT CHAPELS

Noblesville, Indiana

eyed little boy would be an adult of 37 in this present year. Wonder if he remembers—wherever he is—the city slicker who took 50c away from his grandpop back in 1925 and told him to buy peanuts . . . Automobiles, ho-hum! You remember different cars from the adventures you've had in 'em . . . and the person who hasn't come up with the sundry models of freak American motor cars, hasn't truly lived. Also the Ameri-

can who isn't hanging onto some old crate for sentiment's sake, hasn't lived either . . .

—THE RECORDER

SAYS an eminent lung specialist, a man who sings at the top of his voice for an hour a day, won't be troubled with chest complaint in his old age.

He probably won't be troubled by old age, seeing we're talking about it.

¶ DO YOU believe in survival after death? Have you ever had experience with Discarnate Intelligence? If you are skeptical about survival, what evidence must you have to convince you that people do live consciously after vacating their bodies? Are you open to conviction that personal survival is a provable fact?



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

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE SOULCRAFT SCRIPTS

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.

### Supernatural Evidence that Astounds

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**

## Heaven and Hell

(Continued from Page 6)

perfectly with his physical fingertips in life.

In short, they demonstrate by every material test that could be imposed upon a soul with its gross outer mechanism still alive, occupied, and functioning, that they are still in existence and performing in the Greater Universe.

Whereupon the ignoramus shrieks: “Spiritualism! Phantasmagoria! Demonism!” and asks for his Fundamentalist Expert to pray for the “salvation” of all those who note it.

IT HAS been observed in many psychological-research instances that the body of a pregnant woman is many times surrounded by necromantic pin-points of light—aspects of sheerly disembodied consciousness in units, each perfectly aware of himself, and “waiting to get in” to the physical and infantile mechanism that is on its way toward ultimate delivery.

In one interesting case, a Boston woman was made aware of the tacit identity of one of these which announced its forthcoming occupancy of the maturing child within her womb, the soul that anticipated being born through her, even going so far as to give her a set of symbols to preserve until it had become a resultant child of understanding intelligence in such matters, the symbols to become as aids in recalling its prenatal self and identity.

The author has on record the remarkable case of a celebrated woman obstetrician of Detroit who vouches for the fact that she never lost her prenatal memory during the business of acquiring her present mechanism. In her early years she utterly confounded her mother, her older relatives, and even the doctor assisting her mother’s delivery, by reporting to the minutest degree all the incidents that happened preceding and following her mother’s confinement and travail. As a small child she still manifested the mental maturity of her prior existence, and was even able to produce with a pencil the lacy design on the nightgown worn by her mother in her delivery-bed—a garment that had long-since been discarded while the subject was still physically an infant.

## Washington's Vision

(Continued from Page 2)

ed from heaven attended by legions of bright angels. These immediately joined the inhabitants of America, who, I perceived, were well nigh overcome, but who immediately took courage again, closed up their broken ranks, and renewed the battle.

"Again amid the fearful noise of the conflict I heard the mysterious voice saying, "Son of the Republic, look and learn." As the voice ceased, the shadowy angel for the last time dipped water from the ocean and sprinkled it upon America. Instantly the dark cloud rolled back, together with the armies it had brought, leaving the inhabitants of the land victorious.

"Then once more I beheld villages, towns and cities springing up where they had been before, while the bright angel, planting the azure standard he had brought into the midst of them, cried with a loud voice, "While the stars remain in the heavens, and the sky sends down dew upon the earth, so long shall the Republic last." And taking from his brow the crown on which was blazoned the word UNION he placed it upon the standard while the people, kneeling down, said "Amen!"

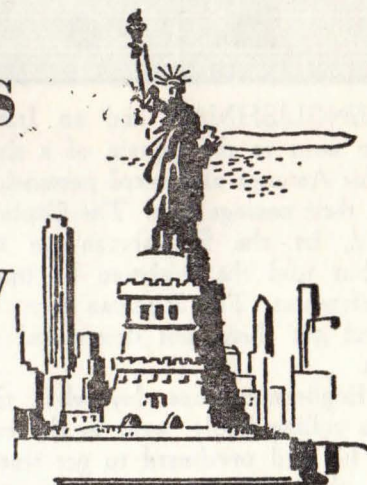
"THE SCENE instantly began to fade and dissolve, and I at last saw nothing but the rising, curling vapor I at first beheld. This also disappearing, I found myself once more gazing upon my mysterious visitor, who in the same voice, I had heard before said, "Son of the Republic, what you have seen is interpreted thus: Three great perils will come upon the Republic. The most fearful will be the last, passing which the whole world united shall not prevail against her. Let every child of the Republic learn to live for his God, his land, and his Union." With these words the vision vanished, and I started from my seat feeling that I had seen a vision wherein had been shown me the birth, progress and destiny of the United States.'

\* \* \*

'Such, my friends," concluded the venerable narrator, "were the words I heard from Washington's own lips, and America will do well to profit by them."

# Thresholds of Tomorrow

By the Author of  
"No More Hunger"



Here are the printed versions  
of the **MAGIC CASEMENT**  
series of *Electronic Discourses*  
available to you in one book!

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 Clairvoyant Picture of Changes Coming at Home and Abroad

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 CASEMENTS series of broadcasts, here is your opportunity to get the meat of them. These thousand copies won't last long, so get your order on record at once.

**A Beautiful Volume: \$5**

Soulcraft Press, Inc., Noblesville, Ind.

## T h e P a y o f f

AN ENGLISHMAN and an Irishman went to the captain of a ship bound for America and asked permission to work their passage over. The Captain consented, let the Englishman go on board, but told the Irishman he must bring references. The Irishman went ashore and got them, but determined to get even.

The Englishman, one day when the ship was rolling badly, went to the rail and let his pail overboard to get water to swab the deck. A huge wave came along and swept him overboard. The Irishman made certain he was gone for good, then hied himself to the Captain.

"Cap'n," he said, "perhaps ye remember, when I came aboard this ship, ye asked me fir references but didn't quishion the Englishman. Oi'm here to till ye, Cap'n, ye trust has been betrayed."

The Captain exploded, "Whatta you mean, my trust has been betrayed?"

"Sure, and thot Englishman, he's gone off wid yer pail."

IN CERTAIN hospitals the ailment of the patient upon admittance was denoted in the files by certain letters. T. B., for instance meant Tuberculosis. But a young physician came in and began putting G. O. K. after the names of certain new entrants.

"What's this epidemic of G. O. K. broken out in this town?" a venerable physician wanted to know.

"Means 'God Only Knows' the new doctor declared, picking up a saw to detach a human leg.

THE SICK man moaned, "Oh, Abie, send quick for a priest. I'm dyin'." "But Papa," the son protested, "you should have it the rabbi."

The sick man sat up. "I should give a rabbi small-pox? Send for a priest, I tell you!"

THE COLORED attorney advised his client, "Mistah Johnson, Ah has re-discovered Ah can git yo' your divorce on de grounds dat yo' marriage never was legal, on de grounds dat her father he never did have no license to carry a shot-gun."

## GOLDEN SCRIPTS



THERE are 448 pages of them—in the so-called *Cleric Edition*—done on Bible paper and bound in limp round-cornered covers. To those who have "discovered" them they amount to *new* Sermons on the Mount, coming apparently from our Elder Brother's matchless intellect for His disciples in this modern generation. They cover every personal and ethical subject troubling spiritually hungry people of today.

*You Can Have a Copy Free  
if You'll Properly Value It!*

Donations from over 300 ardent Soulcrafters have made over \$50,000 worth of these volumes available for gratis distribution. If you wish a \$5 copy sent you, merely make the request in a letter to Noblesville, Indiana, Headquarters. Address—

S O U L C R A F T C H A P E L S

DURING the Sunday night revels in a frontier town, the scrawniest and skinniest citizen got shot in the leg. The only doctor in the place had been celebrating himself, but gone home to bed. A posse of citizens went to wake him up.

"Whazzamatter?" he called down. "Come runnin', Doc," said the leader. "Beanpole Smithers been shot in one leg."

"Some shootin'!" exclaimed the sawbones, slamming down the window and starting for his clothes.

AS the train pulled into the station, the porter knocked on the compartment door.

"Chicago!" he announced. "Shall I brush you off, lady?"

"Certainly not," she responded icily. "I'll descend in the usual manner."

TWO Aberdeen women were holding a stairhead confab one morning on the troubles of life and husbands in particular.

"I dinna wonder at some poor wives havin' to help themselves out of their husband's trouser pockets," remarked the first.

"I canna say I like them underhand ways mahself," returned the second. "I jist turn ma mon's breeches doonside oop and help mahsel' off the carpet."

JOCK SAID, "Sandy, suppose I was to have a fit and ye had a bottle o' whiskey. Would ye kneel doon and put the bottle tae ma lips?"

"Nae, I wudna," Sandy declared. "I'd bring ye tae yer feet quicker by standin' oop in front o' ye, and drinkin' it maself."