

Valor

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

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Number 2

Let the Money Changers Have their War . . .

LEVENTS in the Near East are running on schedule with Divine Prophecy, it would seem. The Suez region, just west of Megiddo, is becoming a military powder-keg—precisely as Nostradamus predicted back in 1555, and precisely as Supernal Mentors of the present have given unmistakable warning it would become. However, the Supernal Mentors of the present advise confidentially that Egypt's sudden bellicosity toward the British is by no means isolated, or private to Egypt as Egypt.

The usual Russian agents are at their customary devil's work, and the Near East situation is tied into the Iranian oil embroilment.

It's all one dish of nitroglycerine, so to speak, with Russia yielding the stirring-ladle.

The United States must get into it, not so much to protect Britain and keep the Suez Canal from falling into



the hands of Stalin, as to maintain her internal economy. As a nation we've gone into the munitions business. Because of the faculty foundation of our economic structure, we must manufacture bullets or face Hard Times.

These are facts to be acknowledged . . .

Viewed from the higher standpoint, so long as we must manufacture bullets or face Hard Times, we're confronting the prospect of a Money Changers' Economy and a Money Changers' War as the need comes for the bullets to be shot off, in order to create a federal seller's market for more bullets and thus keep people employed. Of

course, symbolically speaking, we're all "five men on the desert island" of Thomas Carlyle, making our livings by whittling clubs to batter each others' brains out.

There's no need to be particularly pessimistic or distressed over it. Nothing can now change the *basis* for the practices of peoples and nations but pursuing imbecilic error to its ultimate demonstration in futility.

When the statesmen of the nations are forced to adopt different policies and different tactics, they'll start back at scratch and perchance reconstruct civilization after a blueprint of sense. But one nation can't do it alone. All must have the hearts to do it and think in other terms than whittling brain-bashing clubs in order to get mere food to eat.

RUSSIA, by stirring up a perimeter of Near East nations to give the Free West a continual dose of headaches, is naturally disclosing her own inherent military and economic weakness, because setting a flock of military hornets around the heads of the nations of the West takes the limelight and criticism off herself, as well as permits her to sit in on the camps of her enemies in UN. Any strong nation, any sovereignty capable of fighting a major war, wouldn't be obliged to resort to such dilatory and strategic tactics, getting a dozen minor nations to pull various chestnuts out of the international fire for her. The fact that Russia thus fanaggles, indicates what a hoax her real military "might" is. A truly strong Russia wouldn't bother with it. She'd lay down the law as to how things were to be and let other nations obey it or court showdown.

In a Money Changers' Economy, however, the whole devil's brew is quite according to Hoyle. It isn't too fantastic to suspect that Russia is even getting help or counsel from the Money Changers as to how best to keep the devil's brew bubbling. The private citizen, of course, lacks the sophistication to grasp that Russia, as Russia, has direct nuisance value—or rather, pressure value—to stave off Hard Times as long as possible in western countries.

To maintain a war economy there must always be a war in the offing.

If nobody is mad at anybody, so that war can develop from the cauldron of emotionalism, the same war markets can be maintained by frightening the leg-gar-

ments off everybody on both sides.

Staving off Hard Times, however, is the real issue and by no means should be lost sight of, for a moment.

Let's concede it without pother and give thought to what can come out of it, of constructive value subsequently . . .



ACCORDING to "sacred clairvoyance", several interesting developments are coming out of the Iranian-Suez complication, or its equivalent in Armageddon realities. It's only going to be a question of time, apparently, till China gets drawn into the whole of it. The ghastly and costly business in Korea "contains" the Chinese military masses, giving them something to do so that they don't decide to go fighting Russia on the plains of Manchukuo and Siberia.

Under the unleasements that accrue from the explosive Near East situation, however, we shouldn't be unduly surprised nor upset to see Miao-Sei-Tung "come to the rescue" of his good pal, Stalin, with his "overwhelming" man power—meaning his two-footed millions who must eat twice a day. And Stalin may not be in a position to say him nay or turn down the "assistance" . . . That puts the Chinese Reds outside of China, and once they depart China proper, when can they be expected to return, if ever? The "Sacred Mentors" imparted to the publishers of this journal as early as 1929 that "you will live to see Chinamen in the streets of Moscow" . . .

What will they be doing in the streets of Moscow but embarrassing Phoney Joe? Miao-Sei-Tung has more man-power than Phoney Joe ever had. Russia may crack under the embarrassment of it, but that won't ship the laundrymen back to Cathay . . .

THE EPISODE in the life of Christ where He lashed the Money Changers out of the Temple was more than a pictureseque incident in the career of a great moral leader. It represented in dramatic instance the opposition of two philosophies—one Material, the other Spiritual.

True, the literal Money Changers of nineteen centuries ago were so whopping mad that they assisted in getting the Elder Brother crucified within the week. But they merely transferred Him to spiritual freedom, outside fleshly limitation, where He could go and come unhampered by circumscriptions of terrain.

It will be the Christ Sanity that stops this Money Changers Economy up here in the last half of the Twentieth Century, and the embroilment in progress in Iran and Suez will transfer the Christ Sanity to freedom, outside fleshly limitation, where it can go and come among the nations unhampered by circumscriptions of terrain.

When men discern that there is no physical nourishment in a War Economy—making their livings whittling out battle-clubs—and the great cry of "When do we eat?" is altered to the cry of "How do we eat?" those who've been intelligently aware of the nature of the world's distresses may be permitted to make some suggestions that scour. What the Money Changers themselves are doing right now is maneuvering a condition where they expect to continue their riches by engaging in a perpetual creamery business, getting milk from turnips. They don't mind a slave economy succeeding this war-club economy, providing they're the owners of the slaves and wield the whips.

However, it may not work out that way. Divine Prophecy, as well as secular prediction, says it isn't going to work out that way. Conditions are going to arrive where the Money Changers themselves are going to be out of jobs.

They'll be out of jobs because the vocation of Money Changing will have become archaic.

But that time can't come till humanity sees through the complete fallacy of its pre-Armageddon economy.

In that, as well, take note, humanity may have a bit of help from the Elder Brother in person. Iran and Egypt and Suez are all straws in a thickening gale.

"When these things happen, take heart, for your deliverance draweth nigh" . . . concerning which the Money Changers aren't able to grasp what's being talked about . . .

Let the Money Changers have their war. Its due to end without their possessing any further merchandise with which to do business.

This is one time when they're not going to be able to escape paying the piper.

Golden Scripts Are Ready!

Clergy of Nation to Be Challenged by Divine Preachments Given in Abridged Volume with One Hundred Thirty-One Topics for Pulpit Sermons Indexed . .



HERE'S an old anecdote about the man who didn't know that a particular thing couldn't be done. Not knowing that it couldn't be done, he went ahead and did it. If he'd known that it couldn't be done, he'd probably have saved himself the surprise of success.

Seven months ago, in May, Soulcraft Chapels announced that it would make a printing of the *Golden Scripts* and distribute them free to the nation's clergymen. The "can't be done" chorus started. Raise the money for any such venture? It "couldn't be done." Send them to the nation's preachers? The nation's preachers would repudiate them.

Refusing to credit any of it, Soulcraft Chapels appealed for the funds to underwrite the project. Instead of 50 pledgers, 92 came in. Not all of them were for the original amount asked. Not all of them were paid at once. But cold cash came under the wire in sufficient amount to warrant the purchase of a third of a car of paper stock. The Headquarters' plant went to work on it. With the "No preacher is worth \$50,000" grump trying to cast a wet blanket on the distribution of the Man of the Ages' modern speakings, 448 pages of the *Golden Scripts* were printed and bound by November 1st.

A BOOK of 448 pages has been produced, 166,408 words of the Elder Brother's modern addressings to the man-race of the present—almost as many words as were contained in the two-volume novel *Road into Sunrise*—bound in flexible Bible covers with round corners, holding 131 chapters of the original edition—and first volumes started out to financial sponsors and pastors of the country on Friday of last week, with 4,908 still to be forwarded to clergymen of all Protestant denominations as fast as their names are made available to Headquarters. Something like 7050 copies of the full edition, 844 pages, will be completed around February 1st, for the Spiritual leaders of the country who want the unabridged edition. The point is, "they" said it couldn't be done. But it is being done.

The printed version of the Great Teacher's clairaudient addressings, covering a period from October 28, 1928 to approximately May of 1930, has been completed at the Noblesville plant after a record-breaking run that started on July 9th.

We shall see what happens.

WHAT is the genesis of the *Golden Scripts*? Why should they have been dictated to the person to whom they were dictated? Are they the literal words of the Supernal Teacher? The first two queries are more difficult to answer than the third . .

The story of the genesis of the *Scripts* has been told many times in detail. A long and technical account has been given in the first chapter of the book *Star Guests*. That the souls of celebrated people with work to accomplish during life-spans on earth, "come back" for such purposes, is authenticated by the words of the Transfiguration. Christ Himself made plain



statements to His disciples about such matters that "I say unto you, Elijah hath come again and they knew him not," and coming down the Mountain "the disciples knew that He spake unto them of John the Baptist." Elijah and John the Baptist were obviously then, one and the same personage.

The amanuensis of the *GOLDEN SCRIPTS* does not lay any claim to the distinctions concerned in the Transfiguration account, but the life-principle apparently holds—and operates. When there is a great Transcript to be made of sacred speakings, particularly in this fraught period preceding Armageddon, a given soul may "come back" to accomplish it.

THE IMPORT of these colossal *Scripts* is, that nowhere and at no time over the past 1900 years, has any record been of moment where literal words from the Man of the Ages have been addressed publicly to society with a theme of consolation and encouragement to the race, coming from such authority.

From Gethsemane of 32 A. D. to Manhattan of 1928, there has been almost an unbroken period of silence up across nineteen centuries, from the colossal intellect whom mankind adulates as Sav-



“You Had a Dream”

Alyce Tucker-West

Across the border lies “the Great Unknown.”
 We say, “No man has ever yet returned to tell
 what therein is;
 If God so willed that we should know—
 Why, we would know.” What foolishness all this!
 Thousands there are—nay millions
 more than like—
 Who go and come from this plane to the higher
 And do return and tell what there they’ve seen
 and done.
 And we, just conscious of the carnal man, say,
 “You had a dream—a lovely dream—
 it can’t be so.”
 We think, because we have not seen and functioned
 In the higher octaves of our memories,
 The other man lives only in his fancy;
 But day by day and night by night and step by step
 The hosts are rising to the consciousness
 that all is One,
 The one is truly part—alive and integral—
 of the One,
 And all shall be revealed to one when it attunes
 itself to Light
 And seeks to be the channel through which
 such Light is manifest.
 The Unknown then becomes the Known,
 And one who has this contact made shall say,
 “I’ve seen the Unknown has no fear for me.”
 And thus shall Jesus’ teachings gradually be
 grasped;
 That there is no thing not attemptable to one
 who truly seeks
 To be and do and know the All, as He had done.

ior. But of the night in 1928 in that celebrated New York apartment—on a spot now occupied by Rockefeller’s Radio City—that silence was apparently broken.

The evidence is the evidence.

THE RECORDER of them labored seven years to make the transcripts complete. Over a quarter-million words he indited, as originating from such source. In 1941 he printed them in an 844-page book which had a private circulation of 1100 copies. Copies of this edition in the nine years since have brought as high as \$40 each in private sales.

The 1100 copies were exhausted so swiftly that a second edition was demanded. But not until May of 1951 was the way opened by a private subscription for a printing of these Scripts that should go out to the nation’s clergymen.

Now the Clergymen Edition of the *Golden Scripts* starts out to the Men of the Cloth, to be considered or rejected by them, as the seed falls on ears prepared to understand and credit the intelligence being conveyed.

The printing of the Clergy Edition has been done. Almost \$20,000 was given outright, in a gesture of unheard-of altruism, to assure the printing of these remarkable transcripts, by and from people who had been literally and visibly helped by reading the words of the 1941 edition.

November 1st has come and the project materializes that the Doubting Thomases of May declared was impossible of execution.

DO YOU want a copy of the *Golden Scripts*, to prove to yourself whether these words be honest or fallacious?

It is yours for the asking.

A copy of a book that would sell in any bookstore for at least \$5, *is yours for the asking*, and will be forwarded on to you as donors of the underwriting redeem their pledges in full or others provide funds for finishing the 844-page edition.

Nothing like this has ever been heard of before.

Already 5,000 copies of the 448-page edition have been underwritten for clergymen and are coming back from the bindery in weekly shipments.

Professedly it couldn’t be done by contact with any but the Christ Vibration.

What You Should Know about the Altar to the Lord

in the Land of Egypt



THE GREAT Pyramid is coming back into importance as an accurate forecaster of world-wide events. People who assume that this huge monument on the Lower Nile in Egypt is merely a burial chamber for some king of antiquity, should revise their ideas. Increasingly it is becoming apparent that the Great Pyramid is Prophecy in Stone. Constructed far back in antiquity indeed, probably before the destruction of Atlantis, it was erected as a means of preserving occult and astronomical truths. Even its passages aren't corridors for human feet in the strict sense of the word. They would seem to be ways for recording measurements of Time, internally. And the whole vast pile is mystically associated with the celestial ministry on earth of Christ.

VALOR forthwith intends to run a series of papers on the significance of the Pyramid as interest becomes revitalized in it in the light of maturing world event.

Particularly does the Pyramid hold interest for the people of the United States. Evidently the symbology of it foretells precisely the role of the United States between now and the end of the century. It wasn't by accident or caprice of the Founding Fathers that the Great Pyramid appears on the obverse side of the Great Seal of this Republic.

DR. DAVID DAVIDSON of England, world-wide authority on this massive Prophecy in stone, points out that the symbolism of the Pyramid of Gizah indicates that it is America's part to complete the "unfinished pyramid" of Christian civilization. Strange as it may seem, the heraldic theme on the reverse side of the Great Seal of the United States of America shows a pyramid with the cap stone not yet placed in position, as first outlined by the fundamental law in the Journal of Congress for June 20, 1782.

Mr. Davidson points out "that the 'unfinished pyramid' awaits completion in the United States of America, under the guidance of Providence, materially instrumental in bringing about the spiritual change essential for completion. The missing 'Headstone and chief cornerstone' is symbolic of Jesus Christ, the goal and guiding factor of the builder's work from which they have deviated. The completion of the work awaits the time when men will find their error, guide themselves by the principles of Christ and find the cap stone which will be ruler over the nations of the earth.

"This is precisely what is indicated by the mitring or 'marrying' symbolism of the Great Pyramid's apex construction,

which is the Key Symbolism to the Great Pyramid's Allegory of Displacement and of the *mystical* builder's mistake in failing to follow the example of the Master Builder. *The whole symbolism proclaims the futility of all attempts at reconstruction until it is realized that credit and debit on an interest and profit basis cannot be carried forward in the Kingdom of Heaven now imminent on earth.*"

NOTHING could be more significant than the heraldry on the reverse side of the Great Seal of the United States of America. The All-Seeing Eye has been the symbol of the one God through all of the ages. The three-fold aspect of God in the triangle, emphasized by the glory of light conclusively establishes in this symbology that the apex of the pyramid—not yet placed in position—is to be none other than the representative of God, or the Christ who said, "I and my Father are one."

There are thirteen tiers to the pyramid, symbolical of the original thirteen states. There are thirteen stripes to our flag, thirteen arrows in the grasp of the eagle's talons on the obverse face of the seal, and the number thirteen has been esoterically established in numerous ways as the national number of our country.

It therefore follows that the particular role of this country is the placing of the capstone of Divine Rulership over the pyramid of our Christian civilization. Strangely, considering that the mathematical perfection of the Great Pyramid was not ascertained at the time of the preparation of the Seal, the proportions on the Great Seal correspond exactly with the Pyramid of Gizeh.

As Davidson has stated, it has been scientifically established that there was a purposeful error in the building of the Great Pyramid which prevented a perfect capstone from being placed in position.

That the United States of America, after these thousands of years, should indicate in its heraldry—no happenstance—that it is its responsibility to place the capstone in position is more than significant!

The words "Annuit Coeptis" mean "HE has prospered our undertakings." The date in Roman numerals is that of 1776 indicating that this was the beginning of the reconstruction of the pyramid of civilization according to the ancient plan in the renewing of the cycle on a higher plane of activity. The words, "Novus ordo seclorum—a mighty Order of Ages is born anew," make this interpretation indisputable.

WHY should we give so much importance to the Great Pyramid? One fact is enough. It is the greatest work of mass-masonry construction on the face of the earth, and its message from the ancients is expressed in terms of modern science!

The Great Pyramid was built more than a thousand years before the first elements of the Old Testament were given to the Israelites, and its message has been sealed all of that time merely because engineering and scientific knowledge had not progressed to the point where it could grasp or interpret the mathematical accuracy of this great monument. Scientifically, the Great Pyramid is beyond the present power of invention or construction by man.

The entire structure was erected in harmony with the motions and measurements of the earth. In many respects it gives us lessons in exactitude. The Pyramid inch is *exactly* 1/500,000,000th of the polar axis diameter of the earth, while our inch is "off" by about 11/10,000th of an inch.

The solar year is 365 days, 5 hours, 48 minutes and 49.7 seconds which resolves itself into the decimal of days 365.242242. Using the Sacred Hebrew Cubic which Sir Isaac Newton proved to be 25 inches, *this is the exact length* of each base line of the pyramid. As if this were not enough, the solar or tropical year, the sidereal year, and the anomalistic or orbital year, are also defined!

The dimensions of the Great Pyramid likewise give the length of the Procession of the Equinoxes and the mean of the two much disputed distances between the earth and the sun.

The measurements of the coffer in the King's Chamber are truly amazing. It is carved from a solid piece of granite and is too large to go through the entrance of the chamber. The length plus
(Continued on Page 14)



ON October 24th of a recent year, Edmund Dunn, brother of Mrs. Agnes Paquet, of London, England, was employed as stoker and machinist on the *Wolf*, a little steamer which towed boats into the port of Chicago from Lake Michigan. About three o'clock in the afternoon the tug was attached to a vessel to draw it up the Chicago River. While adjusting the buoy, Dunn was pulled overboard and drowned. His body was not recovered for three weeks after the accident, when it came to the surface not far from its place of disappearance.

His sister in London became instantly aware of the tragic mishap when and as it was occurring, which she describes in the following narrative—

"I AROSE, the morning of the day of the accident, at the usual time; it must have been around 6 o'clock. I had slept well, but I awakened sad, depressed, and not a little alarmed without knowing why. During the morning I was unable to shake off my uneasiness.

"After breakfast my husband left for work and the children went to school, thus leaving me alone in our home. Shortly afterward, I decided to make some tea. I went into the pantry and secured the tea-caddy. Turning with it

Strange Experiences

London Woman Saw Chicago Brother Drowning

in my hand, I saw before me, some feet away, my brother Edmund—or his exact image. The phantom—if it were that—had his back halfway turned to me. Its posture was leaned forward as if it were in the act of falling, drawn by two ropes or the coil of a rope pulling at his legs.

"The phenomenon lasted only an instant, and yet it was most distinct. I dropped the caddy, hid my face in my hands and cried, "Edmund's been drowned. I know he's been drowned!"

"About half-past ten my husband came home from his work suddenly, bearing a cablegram that had just reached him from Chicago, informing us of my brother's drowning. But my husband sought to soften the blow by telling me, 'Edmund is ill. He's in a hospital in Chicago. I've just had a cablegram.' I answered him at once, 'He not ill, he's dead! I saw him in the act of dropping into some water.'

"I then gave my man a detailed description of what had somehow been made made visible to me almost halfway round the world. I said that my brother, when I had seen him, had been bare-headed, that he'd worn a blue sailor's shirt with no coat, and that he'd been pulled over a hand-rail, or railing. I'd noticed that his trousers were turned up and showed the white lining of their legs. I also described the appearance of the boat at the spot where my brother had been lost.

(Continued on Page 15)



Son Arrested for Larceny; Father Will Make Good

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



MORE news in the evening paper that truly has esoteric explanation behind it but which is mere dramatic happening if one lacks the Ageless Wisdom to supply interpretation. A son who has been trusted treasurer and cashier of a sizable business firm has been methodically filching moneys from the exchequer and covering up by making false entries on the books. Unable to keep the defalcation covered when an assistant took hold, he was arrested and lodged in the local jail. His father, a real estate operator in reasonably affluent circumstances, announces he will “stand by” the son and try to save him from penalty by raising the money to return the missing sums.

What probably is operating “behind the scenes of life” in the case of both individuals? Was the son’s departure from financial rectitude a karmic matter—that is, something in the line of an experience that his soul-spirit needed to acquire spiritual profit and expansion of consciousness? Is the father paying off some sort of prenatal debt if he saves the son harmless in the end, or is he interfering in the learning of a major moral lesson that might come if the lad served penal time for being sticky-fingered with the funds of another?

Looked at in one light, what we would seem to have here is a matter concerning the relationship of all parents and children . . . The superficial way of regarding the situation would be to conclude that the father had been remiss in “teaching” the boy to be honest in younger years, and is willing to pay a \$40,000 forfeit for his apparent failure. But can any parent “teach” another soul that obeying the moral law is a mundane “must”? . . .

THE FIRST thing we have to consider is the character of the son, that he should become man-grown before he ap-

propriated to his own use sums of money belonging to others. Let’s leave the father out of it for a moment, or rather, consider him separately.

“Honesty” is not something which can be “taught” children—like the procedure in spelling *cat* or how to fix a complicated motorcar when something goes wrong in the engine. Honest parents can expect honesty in offspring that have arranged to be born into their family circles, because the assumption is that like attracts like, in the earthly domestic relationship as elsewhere in Nature. Honest parents can set the example of dealing scrupulously with others that their children may be constantly reminded that they in that family circle are “that sort of people”.

But an attribute like moral integrity is something that any given soul acquires over long series of social contacts, and lies not so much in the realm of sagacity in outwitting chastisement as in weighing the values involved in the light of Reason.

Gradually a consciousness must accrue to any given soul, out of series of life experiences, that if he does not wish his goods purloined by dishonest people, his cue for deportment is to deal similarly in the item of the goods of others. Christ expressed this principle in the Golden Rule, “Whatsoever ye would that men do unto you, do ye likewise unto them.”

Physical or penal punishment should not enter into it, not as an equation entering into the character. The man who says, “I will be honest because if I don’t, I’ll be caught and punished,” is merely choosing the lesser of two evils. He is just as deficient a scoundrel as the man who declares, “I’ll take whatever I find available because I’m too smart to be caught and chastised for it.”

No, somewhere along the line—the path of upward spiritual progression—

the evolving soul must recognize from the nature of his experiences, “Dishonesty makes for loss and rancor and disorder and spoiled illusions in the souls of the people with whom I’m called into contact. I not only retard my own spiritual development when I indulge in it, but I cause others to make blunders and suffer embitterments—which work out in karma for me to discharge toward those I so damage. By living a life of strict honesty I enjoy confidence of others and stand to them for faith in principles of love and constructive betterment of all. I will be honest because I improve the whole social world, and give it moral stability and faith in the inherent divinity of human nature. Likewise I remove from my own consciousness any chance of living under concernment that I may be apprehended for malodorous conduct. I am free of rancorous treatment from others for behavior that keeps them suspicious and vigilant regarding me, and I am free of nervous anxiety that I can be visited with penalty if retaliation is taken against me on my exposure.”

It has to be a calm, philosophical, *intellectual* decision that is entertained and embraced—in other words, a character enhancement—that carries along into whatever succeeding careers may be lived. Becoming inducted into households of people who have previously arrived at similar intellectual decisions helps the feeling of compatibility, faith, and accord. But no such intellectual principle can be “taught”—it can only be recommended or perhaps demonstrated.

THE SON in tonight’s news cannot have arrived at that “reasoning out” episode in the composition of his philosophy, at least not consciously and strongly enough to make the decision a
(Continued on Page 10)

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Yuletide



YOU undoubtedly have a select list of relatives and friends to whom you customarily send gifts of more than transient value. You ordinarily think very little of expending four or five dollars, on an average, as the cost of such gifts. We have worked out an arrangement at Soulcraft whereby a CHRISTMAS PACKET of esoteric books may not only solve your gift problems this Christmas but put in the hands of those friends something in the item of a gift that leaves consolation and inspiration with them that lasts beyond Christmas.

We will make you up an assorted lot of Soulcraft books in a Packet, containing one copy of *Behold Life*, one copy of *Thresholds of Tomorrow*, and one copy of *Road into Sunrise*, and mail it anywhere in the United States for \$10. By first class mail we will send you at the same time three Soulcraft Christmas Greeting Cards, with lines thereon for names of donor and recipient.

This arrangement enables you to remember three friends with the gift of a priceless book of spiritual nourishment at an average cost of about \$3.33 per person. The books will come to you in one parcel, and you will be able to wrap them personally and present them, using the Soulcraft Christmas Card, if desired, to tuck into the wrapping.

This CHRISTMAS PACKET IDEA will last only from now to Christmas, and the reduced prices are only possible because of the number of volumes expressed at one time to one purchaser. If you have more

than three friends whom you wish to remember this Christmas, order more of the CHRISTMAS PACKETS.

You will not only be giving a gift that is always in good taste—a valuable book accompanied by a distinctive Christmas card—but by thus circulating Soulcraft volumes among discerning readers, you are helping to carry the inspirational message of Soulcraft to America.

But in addition—

With every PACKET will be included a copy of the new 448-page *Golden Scripts for personal presentation to your local minister!*

There being three titles in each Christmas PACKET, you can thus have choice of titles to fit the temperament of the person you're remembering. This reduced rate on *Road into Sunrise* offers you the chance to send a valuable novel, if the friend being remembered does not particularly care for material as "deep" as that in *Behold Life* or *Thresholds*.

Thresholds, by the way, makes an excellent and appropriate gift for a man, especially if he be overly concerned about the trend of the times.

In the event that we have depleted stock of any of the above titles by the time your order comes in, we reserve the right to substitute a copy of *Star Guests* in blue cover. Also, for this low Christmas-Gift price, we also reserve option upon the style of *Road into Sunrise* that we include. If the two-volume edition is near exhaustion, we will ship the \$6.00 single-binding size.

Remember, in ordering, just write your check, or send currency, for \$10 and say, "Send me a Christmas Packet" and the books will go forward to you within the week. All books are on hand and ready for delivery.

The new *Golden Scripts* included in the packet are part of the national circulation plan to get these priceless volumes in the hands of spiritual leaders.

We should like to include more GOLDEN SCRIPTS in such a packet but we feel that Soulcrafters using them for personal Christmas gifts would not be keeping faith with those underwriters who understood they were to go to the nation's spiritual leaders.

If donors want to dispose of their own quotas as gifts, that is their own concern.

This Christmas PACKET should solve your Yuletide problems—if you have them.

How many PACKETS can you use?

Too Much Is Plenty



YOU HEAR it asked from time to time, in a sort of smug intellectual superiority, "What's the matter with the American public, that it seems to have lost its sense of discrimination and integrity in the matter of political and economic lecheries? Why does it tolerate malefactions and chicaneries that our fathers and grandfathers would have rioted about? What's happened, that the general morale seems to have fallen so low?"

In the English language we have the term "stale" . . . the dictionary defines it, "Having lost freshness, slightly changed or deteriorated by standing; being in some stage of decay; lacking in interest from age or familiarity; worn out; trite."

What the lexicographer who compiled Webster's Unabridged was striving to say, but couldn't because he wasn't an esoteric student, was that stale meant: profit to Spirit become arid or sterile.

Apply it to this matter of the public tolerating malefactions or chicaneries and the definition becomes apparent.

The vast rank and file of Americans have experienced so much within the past two or three decades, in the way of political and economic vicissitude, that the individual spirit is no longer able to absorb the increment in the way of conclusions and convictions that retain any permanent value in the consciousness.

The American—and for that matter foreign—populace has "gone stale" in the matter of being able to discern the purpose and spiritual dividends from the higher ethical attributes. The spirit of the individual, so to speak, has become so saturated with the effects of experiences that the power to evaluate them has been dulled.

People are not to be held responsible for this. A man so abused that he can no longer feel sensibility to pain is not to be held responsible for the non-response of his nerve mechanics.

There seems to have been a providential decreement that when human beings in organic enhousement reach the point that suffering is more than they can endure, they either faint or die.

Nature doesn't require the sentient being to stand physical torment beyond a given capacity. When it ceases to have

profit for spirit, consciousness vacates.

It isn't consciousness that has vacated in the current state of affairs among the nations. Rather a moral coma has come compassionately to the rescue of souls sated with vicissitude from which they're acquiring nothing.

The ethical anemia that seems to have taken charge of humankind of recent years attests, more than all else, the actuality of Cosmic Law—that people are in mortality to develop Spirit by reactions from experience. Spirit isn't *being* developed in this hurly-burly of dilemma and predicament which is permitting the individual soul little time for cogitation and absorption of character-profits.

In normal life, when this condition is arrived at in the individual private case, the individual "dies" . . . that is, he vacates his physical vehicle through which such experience is obtained. But the race as a race cannot die in the present world situation, for its organic perpetuity is required to carry man through, as an organic species, to more propitious times. Man merely goes into a sort of ethical amnesia and waits for turmoil and trouble in too generous doses to pass. The predatory element refers to this condition as "tiring the public out", in which state it is supposed to be amenable to polite or official duress which it wouldn't tolerate if temperaments were normal. The state is a dangerous one, of course, because in such sequences of lassitude, institutions may too often be changed

What the people of this world truly need, to recover their moral balance and sensitivity to malefaction, is a long period of peace and quiet. They need a holiday from care, anxiety, and military bedlams. They need, in other words, a tranquillity of civilization whereunder they can repair their ethical tissues and feel the welcome balsams of civic and economic securities.

They'll come back to normal in the spiritual way, when they can do that. Just now they're *tired*—tired to exhaustion.

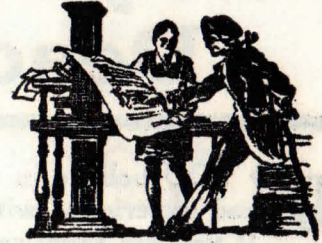
Let's try to understand this, and be lenient in judgments of them. Nothing fundamental has altered in their characters. Their ewers of Profit-from-Experience are merely filled to overflowing.

Gradually the fresh and unwearied souls of the new generation will take over, but tranquillity, peace, and constructiveness for ten to twenty years will recreate America—if we could have it.

Scripts in Bindings

DID YOU KNOW YOU CAN OBTAIN . . .

the SOULCRAFT SCRIPTS in bound volumes, No's 1 to 39, for \$5 per volume? They are done in deluxe leatherette, Burgundy in color, as each 13 weekly issues are completed. You can obtain all back numbers in this beautiful and enduring form. Remember, \$5 per volume, each volume containing 13 numbers.



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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

Women



ALF-serious ribbing has been the general penalty paid by the Recorder for making the *Roads Courageous* discourse on Women, in which it was expounded that the Higher Realms of Consciousness were uniformly matriarchal realms, and that the salvation of America, civically and economically was

due to come through its femininity. One man—a big manufacturer in the west—wrote: "I played the reel on Women to an assembly of our employes at noon-hour and now insofar as the feminine employes are concerned, there's no living with them." From Pennsylvania came the acrid comment: "I couldn't believe the statements therein actually reflected your views. Leave the planet to the women alone and you'd really have something to write home about . . . Take an after-

*The most fascinating
and challenging book
you ever read .*



“Why I Believe the Dead Are Alive!”

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

Supernatural Evidence that Astounds

Ever since boyhood, the man who was to project and found the great doctrine of Soulcraft had encountered supernatural experiences in his affairs. With maturity these increased. He got his first direct evidence of survival in his epochal “Seven Minutes in Eternity” adventure, published in the American Magazine, when he met face to face, and talked with, people whom he had seen buried in caskets. Since that episode, evidence of survival piled up in his affairs, terminating with the full materialization of his daughter Harriet, a woman of thirty-seven, who had died physically at the age of two.

You Should Read this Volume First as Prelude to Understanding Soulcraft

Finally, in 1942, the author put the whole uncanny history of his explorations into phenomena, between one pair of covers. He called this startling and entrancing volume, “Why I Believe the Dead Are Alive.” It is a book that belongs in the hands of every student of Soulcraft, that he may find his own peace of mind at preserving his personality after death as well as become conversant with the whole agenda of mystical happenings that have put Soulcraft in the forefront of current thought.

¶ You can buy this book in the cloth edition, printed on white paper, at \$3 the copy, or in the India paper, deluxe edition, in Burgundy Leatherette covers, for \$4—each postage prepaid.

Soulcraft; Noblesville, Indiana

noon off sometime and classify Madam Perk, Eleanor, Lizzie Bentley, and other classic specimens of the Fair Sex . . . they represent the distaff side of the rawest political deal this nation ever got and are proper mates for their opposite numbers . . . What your discourse amounted to was, you lacked time to bring it into balance and point out the peculiar place of women. No one denies their function and their place, but as for turning the whole government over to them, that strikes me as being facetious exaggeration. Are you going to make General MacArthur an elevator-boy and Colonel Lindbergh a redcap? And where do Washington, Lincoln, Daniel Boone, Davy Crockett, Nathan Hale and Ethan Allen come off in a world run by dames? Postscript: This is not transmitted for one of your recording spools.”

Yes, the men-folks squirmed.

The fact that they squirmed, demonstrates how effectively the discourse got under male hides.

Poor Florence Nightingale, Julia Ward Howe, Sister Kenny, Joan of Arc, Catherine d’Medici, Molly Pitcher, Mary Baker Eddy, Queen Elizabeth, Anne Hutchinson, Edith Cavell, Jane Addams, Amelia Earhart . . . they just tagged along in the rearguard of masculine civilization, apparently.

Turn the world over to them?

Why not?

They couldn’t make it any worse than it is at present and they might possibly make it a great deal better.

VALOR is still strong for the women. Trouble is, they’ve been content for so long to tag along, picking up after males, that they haven’t had the time to show what they could do for themselves.

Give them a real break, and we might be surprised.

Son Arrested

(Continued from Page 7)

cardinal principle of his character. He is still going through misadventures of life that must ultimately bring it to his attention, but which haven’t made him crystallize his conclusions as yet into permanent convictions. Terms in jail, the odium of being everywhere hailed as a financial miscreant, not being “trusted” any more by those who have known of his defections, these are having the effect

of raising him to that point and hour where he calmly and sagaciously makes the deliberate decision to be honest as a life-principle thereafter because its spiritual benefits are richest.

Now what is the current father doing, declaring that he will "make good" the losses his son has inflicted on others? . . .

HE IS doing two things, probably, if the truth could be known. First and foremost, being wrongly instructed about the nature of parenthood and the identity of offspring—imagining he and his wife "created" this human being that has suddenly behaved so lamentably—he is subconsciously attempting to salvage his own vanity. He is quite in a class with the deficient workman who spoils a bit of product in handling it and says to his boss, "Sorry, charge the value of it up to me. Take it out of my Friday night pay-envelop." Such a workman isn't trying to restore the value of the spoiled article to the employer. He is essentially penalizing himself for being clumsy, and buying the right to spoil more work with further clumsiness if he elects to do so, on the principle that after all he's merely spoiling his own property.

This particular father, by offering to make good the boy's thievings, is saying the same thing to society. "I spoiled this bit of humanity by my inefficient 'teaching' in his minor years, and I'm ready to penalize myself for having been so inept."

The second thing this father is doing, is subconsciously apologizing for having made arrangements with this immature soul to act as parent to him, disclosing a sort of chagrin that he's mixed up with a spirit so immature in the moral decisions that he's formed no convictions about Mine and Thine.

On the other hand, he may have said to that soul before either entered life, "It was a very wonderful thing you did for me, saving my life back in the Revolutionary War period at the risk of your own. I know you have the reputation of being a damned scoundrel, but you come along into life with me as my son and I'll try to coach you to live in such a way that you don't merit such castigations as men are giving you. If you stub your toe anew, I'll endeavor to make the reactions as painless as possible till you really grow strong of your own election."

Growing strong of one's own election!



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

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

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

"STAR GUESTS"

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

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

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

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

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

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

SOULCRAFT PRESS, Inc.
Noblesville, Indiana



.. COGITATIONS

IHAVE previously referred to automobiles in this column. An automobile is, and has always been, a contraption on four wheels propelled by an engine. Various inventors, in the evolution of the automobile, have experimented in locations above the four wheels to attach this engine. Originally, in the first cars, this placement was under the driver's seat. This gave an excellent rocking-chair effect to persons in the passenger department. Nothing made an elderly prig of the Nineties—or at least Nineteen Hundreds—more affable and compatible than to sit in the seat of a horseless carriage with the engine turning over and have it do things to neck and skull. To nod to all and sundry was mechanical reaction. In those early cars, the party with the rocking-chair head clothed himself, or rather enveloped himself, in a "duster" from neck to ankles, to "go motoring" . . . The idea was that the terrific speed of twenty-one miles per hour raised highway dust and this settled upon the human raiment. Therefore the "duster" prevented this from happening. Along with the "duster" went a canvas cap, fashioned somewhat in the pattern of those distinguishing duck-hunters. Wrapped about this cap were goggles on a leathern strap. To "protect" the hands and wrists, "gauntlets" were devised. Thus dustered and capped and goggled and gauntleted, the venturesome motorist climbed aboard his vibrating contraption, set himself beneath the wheel and "steered" . . . He steered through one street after the other, avoiding small children, old ladies, and gentlemen on crutches as he could. When

he encountered a horse-and-buggy, the horse usually rose up on hind legs and walked through the nearest plate-glass window. Frequently horses walked up on verandas and into front halls and dining rooms, first forgetting to divest themselves of vehicles attached to them. Nothing distinguished life more redundantly of the developing motor age than a family sitting down to meat and having a horse come walking into the eating room with an owner, wife, and five small children in an attached vehicle, the entrance occasioned by the fact that a "horseless carriage" had just passed through the thoroughfare out front. What the householder did with the walking horse was often eccentric. But history records that in most cases he got rid of it . . .

o—o

THE FIRST "horseless carriage" I ever beheld was a "steamer" belonging to a man named Bancroft. Bancroft was known up and down the county as being "rotten rich." This meant that he owned a goodly portion of first mortgages but probably didn't carry more than \$8.75 on his person at any given time. However, he acquired a "steamer", also the aforesaid duster and cap and goggles and gauntlets, and when his steering faculties were so perfected that he bethought it safe to essay the business section of the community, well, he essayed the business section of the community. Horses walked right and left in the aforesaid business section. One walked through the plate glass of the store next door to my father's emporium of second-hand goods and they pulled him out by the tail and made dog-meat of him, the horse, not father. Bancroft kept right on however, "steered" the corner by the bank and clothing store, and brought up to full stop in front of Garland's Pharmacy. He didn't get out and hitch the radiator to the tie-rail, but he got out. Also he went inside the pharmacy to refresh himself with an ice-cream soda. Out by the curbing he left his horseless carriage with strange little jets of steam escaping

hither and yon. Those were the days too when a horseless carriage stopped by a curbing resulted in a small aggregation of the mechanical-minded, who gathered about it and peered up into its inner workin's, as though by such peering they enlightened themselves as to how its motive facilities operated. About seventeen men had gathered about Bancroft's steamer on this particular evening and peered up into its inner workin's to enlighten themselves as to how its motive facilities operated. At least eleven of them were thus peering when the horseless and self-propelled vehicle of Mr. Bancroft decided to blow up. In other words, Mr. Bancroft had neglected to see to his safety-valves of one kind or another and obviously one of them plugged. Mr. Bancroft, straddling a wire-legged stool inside the pharmacy heard a very loud noise outside and in the wake of the very loud noise he might have owned quite a roster of first mortgages but he didn't own any more horseless carriage. His horseless carriage had separated into parts. Some of the parts were here and some of the parts were there. Quite a few were five blocks up Central Street bothering the diners in Priest's Restaurant. I think they found his cushions in the pulpit of the Baptist Church up on Richmond Street. As for the peerers up into the inner workin's, although their peering had begun in Gardner, Massachusetts, they finished in Main, Vermont, Rhode Island, Connecticut and sundry parts of northern New Jersey. One man was blown into the molasses-candy machine of Winterbloom's Confectionery, and Winterbloom sued Bancroft. Nothing spoils a molasses candy kiss like biting into it and discovering everything from human shoes to bits of crank-case . . . Bancroft didn't acquire any other machine after that, because that very loud noise had cost him too many first mortgages . . .

o—o

WE moved from Gardner to Springfield in 1901, and in Springfield was made the Knox Automobile. You

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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

knew Springfield was the home of the Knox because everybody had one. The Knox Automobile was a sturdy machine, weighing about 2 tons, with its power plant under the aforesaid seat, or upon the chassis under the aforesaid seat, where you could stare at it from the sidewalk—or the first crossbar of the nearest phone-pole—and see the fly-wheel spinning 'round and 'round. It was a ponderous flywheel and it turned ponderous revolutions. The explosions in the engine made it do that. People rode seated above this fly-wheel and steered by means of a horizontal bar coming in from a steel post at the left. If you pulled the bar backward, the machine went right; if you pushed forward the machine went left. On the front of it, where the radiator

of a later day would be, was a rumble seat hung over the front axle. It was wide enough for two children. People named Ladd owned a Knox. There was a Mr. Ladd and a Mrs. Ladd, and when properly dustered, they occupied the main rocking-chair seat over the power-plant. Carl and his smaller sister, the children, sat in the rumble-seat in front of these adults and old man Ladd steered over their heads, so to speak. This domestic arrangement had the advantage of putting the children first as human bumpers for the parents, in case the Ladds in the main seat should hit anything. Strangely enough, however, we never heard of them doing that. We always knew, however, when the four Ladds were taking a breather in the cool of a heated day, be-

cause a strange series of stacatto noises erupted in the distance from Beech Street and presently Carl and his baby sister came around the corner into Florence Street, the parents being in the main seat behind, old man Ladd pushing for left and pulling for right—or maybe it was the other way around. Anyhow, the four Ladds drove thus at fourteen miles per hour all over the residential section, walking at least eight horses per mile on their hind legs to each evening breather. Staid citizens without Knoxes came to the edge of the veranda to see them go past. It was a pretty domestic picture.

o—o

HOWEVER, one evening something happened to that Knox that no one figured out as being able to happen, not even the manufacturers. Ladd went to shut off his gas and discovered that it wouldn't shut off. Or maybe it was his clutch that wouldn't disengage. Anyhow, he found out with a sudden sickening feeling that he couldn't stop his family from locomoting in that self-propelled contraption. He was going about seventeen miles an hour when he made this discovery. It was not appraised at the time whether he said anything to Mrs. Ladd about it, but by the fifth time he had gone past our house we knew that matters in the Ladd family were not as they should be. They had strained looks on their faces, if you know what I mean, and every time they went around the same block, the same horse tried to climb the same telephone pole. The butcher's horse, for instance—the butcher coming in from a day peddling meats in a white-hooded cart and stabling over in the next street from where we lived. That butcher's horse would climb down from a phone-pole when the Ladds would return around the corner in their Knox, and the butcher's horse would go up again.

o—o

My father called to my mother that something must be wrong with the Ladd's Knox because they were on their ninth circuit of the block, and mother suggested that father query Mr. Ladd on the tenth time, if they were hunting something to hit that was cheap? Father did so, but he failed to answer. Neither Carl nor Lucy could desert their seats without leaping directly in the way of the wheels. The whole Ladd family was committed to staying aboard till the gas ran out. Along about eleven o'clock in the evening, over in front of Curley's Livery

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.

Stable in Ashley Street, it did so. Seventeen horses in Curley's Livery Stable had all gone up the sides of their box-stalls at once—when the gas ran out. And that was at least two miles from Beech Street where the Ladd family lived. Mr. Ladd borrowed red lanterns and set them fore and aft of his Knox throughout the

night, so nobody in the public highway of Ashley Street would crash into the two-ton thing that earlier in the evening had been the means to a "breather" for the dustered Ladd family. With the lanterns set, the Ladd family walked home. Ladd said afterwards that he rolled up 16 miles on his speedometer that night before the gas ran out, and political fathers quoted it as evidence of the staying qualities of their Park Commissioner, which Mr. Ladd was. And why shouldn't he be reelected?—which he was. The youths of today, who slam the doors on the Chevie and do three hundred miles before curfew, to dine their sweeties at the Drive-In down below Mason-Dixon Line, may smile at the enforced 16 miles of the refractory Knox, but it was the pioneer motoring of the Ladds, adult and minor, that made today's Chevie possible . . . I have visions of my dad consulting with my mother on how to stop the Ladds as they completed their eighteenth circuit. Father thought it might be a good scheme to pull the front steps out into the middle of Florence Street, but mother said to remember the children. Meaning Carl and Lucy Ladd. Also our front steps cost money. Mother thought of that also. The Knox people didn't give any award to old man Ladd for his marathon, being anxious to forget the incident of the refractory clutch. But those were the early Days of Motor-ing. And I remember them and am still occupying the same lifetime . . . Oh, well! . . .

Great Pyramid

(Continued from Page 6)

the breadth is equal to Pi times the height. Pi, or the solution of "squaring the circle," is given time and again in the various measurements of the Pyramid.

The coffer is exactly the same size as the Ark of the Covenant, the "lavars" or baths of Solomon's Temple, and one thousandth the size of Noah's Ark as given in the Bible.

In the Magna Charta, the Anglo-Saxons decided the just measurement of wheat and called it a "Quarter." But, a quarter of what? The Pyramid gives the answer. It is exactly one-fourth the contents of the coffer of the King's Chamber.

It is also worthy of note that the "inch" is only in use among Anglo-Saxon peoples.

The Pyramid ton is the weight of 71,250 Pyramid cubic inches of distilled water, the capacity of the coffer, and on this basis the weight of the Pyramid is 5,273,834 tons or 1,000,000,000,000th the weight of the earth.

BUT these very few facts, out of many concerning the stupendous knowledge of the Architect of the Great Pyramid, are insignificant beside its message to our own age, for which it was primarily constructed.

With the key of the Pyramid inch, the monument definitely and exactly indicates the date of every important event in the history of man from 4,000 B. C. to 1953 A. D.

A few of the highlights are: the Call of Abraham, the Exodus of the Children of Egypt, the Birth and Resurrection of Jesus, the exact date of the beginning and end of the World War, and a forecast in the immediate future of a great catastrophe, to be followed by a long period of constructive peace.

The dates given in the Great Pyramid jibe perfectly with history and with the dates and prophecies of the Bible. It constitutes the *Third Witness* to truth that prophecy has indicated would be given to man at the time of the end.

DAVIDSON has gathered from his researches the following brief history of the people who built the Pyramid of Gizeh:

"The Divine Revelation of the Great Pyramid was delivered to the progenitors of our own race 5000 years ago. Some centuries before, the Revelation was conveyed to Egypt and enshrined in the construction of the Great Pyramid . . . To enable the massive works of construction that were planned in each primitive country to be executed to the building standards of the building race, the primitive native races were organized on a mass-production basis to participate in the execution of highly skilled work . . . About two centuries passed in the acquiring of this necessary experience . . . With this standard attained, the Great Pyramid was built to monumentalize the supreme achievement of mass-masonry construction within the entire span of all ages of material civilization, and to en-

shrine therein, in comparatively indestructible form, the Revelation of the Gospel of Salvation, and the Revelation of the Gospel of the Kingdom of Heaven on Earth . . . Once the Great Pyramid was constructed, the standard of workmanship in later pyramids rapidly deteriorated, as a consequence of the withdrawal of the skilled supervisors of the intruding race, after their objective had been attained. This withdrawal has its parallel in the withdrawal of our race, in our current emergency, from participation in the development of world civilization on a material basis.

IN this ancient civilization, "as the supply of commodities and luxuries increased, with the expansion of commercial intercourse, demand had to be created to absorb supply, and consumption had to be artificially stimulated to keep the machinery of organization in operation . . . With the passing of this control international rivalry became the dominant note in commercial relations; aggressive and defensive measures, commercial and military, followed; warfare ensued as a natural consequence; and chaos and isolation succeeded."

(Continued Next Week)

Experiences

(Continued from Page 6)

"I'm not particularly nervous nor psychic, that I'm aware of, and this was the first time anything of the sort had ever happened to me. My brother wasn't subjected to spells of weakness nor dizziness, either. And yet by some projection of his, or expansion of my own consciousness, I'd witnessed the whole tragedy within the confines of our pantry. Strange to relate too, Edmund gave no further evidences of himself after making this Passing. It's just one of those things for which neither science nor religion has any explanation—one wonders why?"

Attested, AGNES PAQUET

WHY DID IT HAPPEN?

WE'RE considering practical applications of esoteric principles to life.

Now what's this news story down here in the left-hand corner of the page: *Girl's Death Suicide, Says Coroner; Couldn't Stand Broken Engagement?*

Let's look into this one next week.



"Detailed Discussions
of the World
that Is Coming . . ."

You owe it to
yourself to read--

Thresholds of Tomorrow

*A Clairvoyant Picture of Changes
Coming at Home and Abroad*

WE HAVE ready for shipment same day ordered, one thousand new volumes containing most of the prophetic material that Soulcrafters have been hearing this past winter and spring in the electronic discourses. The printed discourses are not complete as Soulcrafters heard them on the broadcasts, but the America we are going to have tomorrow after this Communist headache is laid, is described.

A Digest of . . .

MAGIC CASEMENTS

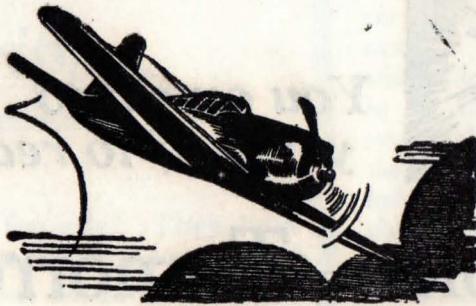
Opening on Vistas of
Tomorrow's Achievements

THIS MOST recent printing from Soulcraft Press runs to 385 pages, done on India-tinted paper in the usual burgundy covers distinguishing all deluxe volumes in the Soulcraft library. If you didn't hear the MAGIC CASEMENT series of broadcasts, here is your opportunity to get the meat of them. This thousand copies won't last long, so get your order on record at once.

A Beautiful Volume: \$5

Soulcraft Press, Inc., Noblesville, Ind.

T h e P a y O f f



"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

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Noblesville, Indiana

A CITY man was returning home from a hunting trip with empty game-bag. He came along to where a farmer was surrounded by a flock of domestic ducks.

"My man," he proposed, "I'll give you ten dollars to let me shoot as many of these birds as I like."

"What fer?" asked the rustic.

"Because I want to tell my friends truthfully that I came home from this trip with some game I shot myself."

"Okay, go ahead."

The city man slaughtered fourteen birds.

"Sorry to kill so many," he said as he paid over. "But after all, a bargain's a bargain."

"Sure is," agreed the other, putting the ten-spot in his pocket.

"You're taking it lightly."

"Why not? The dam' ducks ain't mine."

A CONNECTICUT woman had occasion to employ a local carpenter and she was putting him through the paces.

"You understand carpentry in all its branches?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Can you make doors and windows?"

"Yes, ma'am."

On and on the interrogatory went. Finally she asked, "How would you make a Venetian blind?"

The carpenter was sick of it.

"Punch him in the eye," he growled, walking off.

THE KNIFE-THROWER was entertaining at a circus in New England. Carefully gauging his distance, he hefted the wicked-looking blade and let it fly. It entered the soft board neatly against the maiden's throat.

A disgusted native cried, "Missed her, by heck!"

ONE TEXAN demanded of his pal in a bunkhouse, "Joe, how you spell rat?"

Joe drawled absently, "R-a-t."

"Naw, I don't mean no animile, Joe. Ah means, how you spell rat now!"